Jungle Breath

by Ben Lucien Burman

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Attempts have been made on the life of Elise Marberry, owner of considerable property near Porto Verde, Brazil. Vilak, her cousin and protector, believes Gaylord Prentiss to be responsible. Elise, Vilak and Lincoln Nunnally, an aged chemist, rescue Prentiss from an attack by natives. The next day Tinky, Elise's little orphaned nephew, is stolen. The trail leads into the jungle. A native reports that Prentiss has been seen with the baby. Vilak makes preparations for a long pursuit possibly of two months, to recover the baby.

NOW BEGIN THE STORY

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Elise turned to Vilak. "A month? . . . Two months? . . ." she repeated. Her words were dull, lifeless. Drearily she resumed her labor.

They continued working throughout the night. Shortly after dawn the puffing Schwartz returned from his quest. He sighed wearily as he plodded up to Elise. "I haf found some men, Fraulein Marberry. But vot a night haf I had. Und vot men. Der good men vill not come. They haf their homes here now and they do not wish to leave. So I must take der rascals, der loafers, der ones who do not work other days and who come now only because you pay them so much moneys.

"Three, four, maybe, iss good Indians, fine Indians. Der rest iss I know not vot. Der vorst off Porto Verde. I haf get a guide, too. An Indian vot calls himself Atabapo. I do not know him vell. He haf just come to Porto Verde. He iss a Indian from the west, toward Equador, toward Peru, I dinks. A Bororo, maybe, maybe a Nhambiquara. He say dat he know der country and iss not afraid. Maybe he knows it, maybe he does not. But der iss no others. So I can do noddings but to take him. He and der others who mit us go vill be here ven comes twelve o'clock tomorrow."

Elise thanked him. She gave him some orders. In half an hour the fazenda was humming with activity. Supplies were collected and loaded upon the backs of eight mules which were to accompany the men until too great stretches of water made their use impossible.

From her fazenda at Villapa Elise obtained a second canoe, also of canvas, for the native boats were little better than dugouts and so heavy and cumbersome as to be almost impossible of transportation over the land.

About two o'clock in the afternoon, two hours later than the time which had been set for their appearance, the natives who were to accompany the three Americans began to straggle in. Laziness was evident in the sleepy, drooping faces of some; callousness, brutality in the visages of many.

Two half-breeds, almost albinos, with thick mouths and snow-white hair covering their small animal heads, Nunnally thought appeared dangerous. Three Indians, tall, tawny, almost naked, towered over their companions. The newcomers began leisurely to assist in loading the animals.

At three o'clock Atabapo, the guide, arrived. Tall like the other Indians, he had more of the Mongolian characteristics which have led anthropologists to be certain that the Indian is merely a development of the Mongols who crossed Bering Straits and spread down the American coasts or the Polynesians who sailed in their staunch outriggers from the Pacific islands. His eyes were slanted only a degree less than Vilak's, his cheekbones very high, his nose straight but broad. Scarcely moving his long, thin mouth when he spoke, his bony face gloomy, impassive, he announced that he was ready.

With the guide and the three friends at the head, the caravan set off. Schwartz, together with the cadaverous Wilson, who had come over from Villapa with the canoe and doggedly insisted on accompanying the expedition, followed. After them came Paulos with the eight placid, heavily laden mules. Then came the two canoes, each borne on the heads of three negroes.

The procession ended in a line of Indians and sleepy half-breeds, the latter listlessly smoking cigarets and sadly thinking of the time when the mules could no longer trudge along the trail with them and they must carry the heavy burdens on their backs.

Due to the lateness of their start, it was almost sunset by the time they had reached the swamp where the newly cut trail began to pierce the jungle. Going on half a mile farther where the land was slightly higher and the danger of fever and of insect plagues consequently less, they cleared out a narrow patch of underbrush and pitched camp for the night. They ate; an hour or two later they began to crawl into their hammocks. Vilak, sitting at the fire to keep watch, was left alone.

He drew a map of Brazil from his pocket and for a long time studied the great river valleys and equatorial wastes that lay to the westward, then returned the map to his pocket. At two-thirty he arose, woke Schwartz, who took his place at the fire, and swung into his hammock for a brief sleep. At five o'clock the caravan was once more en route.

They reached the river winding through the jungle blackness where Paulos on the first expedition had rebelled. The white man began to inspect the mules cargoes and transfer anything which might be injured by water to the canoes.

The natives glanced apprehensively at the other side of the stream, and began muttering. Paulos put a quick end to the possibility of a mutiny by plunging in and swimming swiftly to the other shore. The others laughed, the grumbling ceased.

The white men, Elise and four of the natives clambered into one canoe, the remaining nine blacks and Indians into the other. They started across the stream, some paddling, some holding the swimming mules by the bridles. As they neared the land the huge alligators basking in the mud crawled off sluggishly into the water, frightened at their numbers. They unloaded the canoes, replaced the burdens on the backs of the mules, then set off once more. The trail continued uninterruptedly through the forest.

As the caravan pierced deeper and deeper into the wilderness, Elise's spirits somewhat brightened.

"You look better," Vilak said.

"I am. I've been thinking." She forced herself to smile. "If I let myself go, if I stopped to . . . remember . . . I'd . . . break down again . . . 'But I'm not going to . . . I'm not . . . I realize it would only hinder you. Only . . . delay us. You're doing everything you can . . . everything . . . I'm not going to make it harder for you by looking mournful all day long."

"Good scout," he answered and pressed her hand.

(To be continued.)

Vilak, sitting at the fire to keep watch, was left alone.

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Better digestion—steadier nerves—clearer brain, are all factors that count and are gained from the use of Wrigley's.

After every meal

Long Skirts, Wind and Spiders Fatal?

Accidents suggest automobiles, grade-crossings, airplanes, explosions, or high-speed machinery.

But a recent survey of the injuries listed in claims under workmen's compensation insurance reveals that even the decorative daffodil, a timorous mouse, or the wind at the Battery wall may mean months in a hospital for the victim. Says the New York correspondent of the Boston Herald:

"Oddly acquired injuries come to light frequently through the claims work of the New York State insurance fund, which is the largest carrier of compensation insurance in the State. A perusal of the claim files at the home office discloses that hidden perils often beset the most innocent-appearing circumstances.

"An elderly man engaged to run errands could not cope with the strong wind at the Battery. He was blown against a railing and his leg severely injured.

"Some danger lurks in the current fashion—a girl forgot she had placed a needle in the hem of her skirt. Her leg struck against a table. The needle was driven into her leg just above the knee.

"A spider in the cellar bit a plumber."

"A machine at which a girl was working broke with a crash that sounded like an explosion. The girl's facial muscles became paralyzed from the fright.

"A school principal handed a diploma to a girl graduate. With it he presented a bouquet of roses a relative had sent. A thorn pricked his finger and blood poisoning developed. He was incapitated for several months and the courts awarded him compensation, holding that the injury was received in the course of his employment.

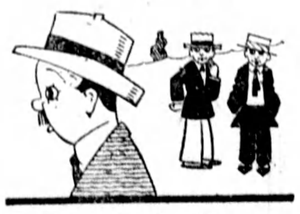
"A bookkeeper turned his head suddenly and a pen in his hand pierced his nose. Infection developed that brought on a fatal brain abcess.

"A delivery boy, who says that, in accordance with safety instructions, he waited for the proper signal light before crossing Fifth Avenue traffic, alleges that as a result he was incapacitated by inhaling the fumes from passing automobiles.

"Even the safety of the home may be overestimated.

"'It is not generally realized,' said Charles G. Smith, manager of the State fund, 'that about one-fourth of all fatal accidents are in the home. The best information is that there were approximately 100,000 persons killed in accidents of all kinds in the United States last year, and that about 25,000 of these deaths occurred in the home.

"'In general, automobiles brought about most accidental deaths, while falls took the second largest toll of life. In the home falls stand first in the list of causes of accidental deaths'."



"Gruet is pretty close."

"Yes, he is so small that he could take a full bath in a finger bowl."

THE MARRIAGE SCHOOLS

"Matrimony," says a writer, "is an institution of learning, in which a man loses his bachelor's degree without acquiring a master's."

Minard's Liniment gives quick relief.

The Poppies Are Asleep

The poppies are asleep now
  Upon the lonely hill,
With petals rolled about them,
  Their dancing measures still;
Hid in the cool green grasses,
  Deep in the night's full shade,
Dreaming of sunlit spaces
  Snugly and unafraid.

Dreaming of wandering breezes
  That whisper many things,
When noon is at its fullness
  And birds are on light wings;
When day is at its fairest
  With laughter in the streams—
The poppies are asleep now
  And mirthful are their dreams.

—Mabel Whitman Phillips.

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

Jane is so thrilled because her new yellow and white dimity frock is sleeveless. It has a capelet collar just like mother's that makes it doubly attractive. The collar is crisp white organdie. The scalloped edge is finished with a running stitch in yellow thread.

The front and back of the dress are gathered and joined to a yoke. The scalloped hem has bias binding in plain yellow organdie.

It's so easily made and so comfortably cool and pretty for summery days.

Style No. 2503 may be had in sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years.

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The Perfect Housekeeper

She always kept everything perfectly clean,
From the cellar clear up to the top;
For neatness and order she surely was keen,
And no one could get her to stop.

Her husband could never find comfort at home,
For fear he would muss up the place
Where his wife with a broom and a duster would roam
With a stern sort of look on her face.

She never had time to be reading a book,
She never had time for a call,
Instead, she was scrubbing corner or nook
Or sweeping the stairs in the hall.

She swept all her beauty and gladness away,
She swept all the joy out of life,
Until she became an automaton grey
A cleaning machine—not a wife.

She scrubbed all the love from the heart of her spouse,
Her children were playless and glum,
She had her reward—an immaculate house,
Where nobody ever would come.

She swept and she dusted and scrubbed like a slave
Till she swept herself into the tomb,
And the monument now at the head of her grave
Is a duster, a brush and a broom.

—Berton Braley.

Sunspots and Rabbits

The numbers of pelts received by the Hudson's Bay Company from year to year since about 1840 show marked periodic variation. According to an investigation made at the Dominion Observatory, Ottawa, the number of rabbit pelts was, on the average, three times greater one year before the minimum of sunspots than at the maximum.

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"SALADA" TEA

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'Fresh from the gardens'

Taking the Hint

Harold Fish was sitting in the dark in the drawing-room with his young lady friend, and he did not notice that the hour was getting late.

Suddenly the door opened and the girl's father appeared on the scene.

"Do you know the time?" he asked.

Fish jumped to his feet at once, snatched up his hat, and almost ran from the room.

When he had gone the girl's father turned to his daughter.

"Is that young man a fool?" he asked angrily.

"What makes you think that, father?" querried the girl. "He only went because he thought you were giving him the hint."

"Nothing of the sort," her father explained. "My watch has stopped and I came to ask him the correct time."—Answers.

Pickled Plums

Ingredients: Four pounds of plums, one pound of Demerara sugar, one pint of best vinegar, six cloves, a piece of cinnamon, a few grains of cayenne. Prick the plums well with a silver fork. Put them in an earthenware bowl. Put the sugar and spices in a stewpan with the vinegar and bring to the boil. Cool, and when it is only warm, pour it over the plums. Leave it for twenty-four hours, then reboil the vingar and pour it over the plums again. Repeat this for three days. Then put plums and vinegar in a preserving pan and boil altogether for five minutes. Turn into jars and tie down when cold.

Minard's Liniment for all Strains.

The Right Atmosphere

Scribber dashed into the editor's office.

"Can I have $5 advance on the story I'm writing?" he asked.

The editor looked up from his desk.

"That is a very unusual request," he murmured.

Scribber gave an appealing look.

"I know," he returned; "but it's like this. I've got to a point in the story where the hero sits down to a square meal, and I want to get the right atmosphere."—Answers.

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PAINS

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ASPIRIN

TRADE MARK REG.

Economy Corner

Date Custard Pie

Line a pie plate with a good crust and put in 2 cups chopped dates, then make a custard as follows:

Two egg yolks, ½ cup sugar, 1 cup milk, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla (a little nutmeg may be used in place of vanilla). Beat this all well and pour over dates. Bake until firm, then cover with beaten egg whites, to which a teaspoon of sugar and pinch of baking powder have been added. Brown in moderate oven.

Cardinal Salad

Boil 2 large beets until tender, or use canned beets; slice, cover with 2 tablespoons vinegar and allow them to stand over night. Drain off vinegar and add to mayonnaise. Take 1 cup wax beans, 1 cup peas, 1 cup asparagus tips and mix with the red mayonnaise. Serve in little roselike nests of lettuce leaves and garnish with red radishes.

Strawberry Shortcake

Beat 1 egg, add ¼ cup sugar and 1 cup milk and mix. Measure 2½ cups pastry flour, 5 teaspoons baking powder and ¾ teaspoon salt. Add through a sifter to the egg mixture. Beat well. Melt ½ cup butter, add mixture, ond beat again. Turn into 2 greased 8-inch layer cake pans.. Bake at 400 degrees, 25 to 30 minutes. When baked, remove from pans. Place cakes on a cake cooler until cool. Wash and stem 2 quarts strawberries. Reserve about 1 dozen of the finest shaped berries for garnishing. Crush remainder slightly with potato masher. Then add 1 cup sugar and mix. Place one-half of berries between the two layers and the remainder on the upper layer. Whip ½ pint cream; add ¼ cup powdered sugar, pinch salt, and ½ teaspoon vanilla, and mix. Cover the upper layer of cake with cream, garnish with whole berries, and serve at once.

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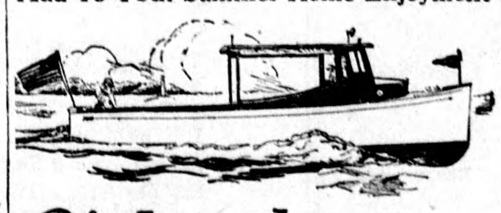

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