Jungle Breath

by Ben Lucien Burman

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Attempts have been made on the life of Elise Marlerry, owner of considerable property near Porto Verde, Brazil. Vilak, her cousin and protector, believes Gaylord Prentiss to be responsible. Vilak, Elise and Lincoln Nunnally, an elderly chemist, rescue Prentiss from being murdered by the natives. Next day Tinky, Elise's little orphaned nephew, is kidnapped. Prentiss has been seen entering the jungle with a white child. An expedition sets out to rescue the child. After many hardships, all are left behind but the three whites, who emerge from the jungle on the outskirts of a strange city. They are overcome by gas, and when they awake they find themselves prisoners of Carlos D'Albentara, whom they knew as an engineer in Porto Verde. D'Albentara leads them to the city's strange ruler.

NOW BEGIN THE STORY

CHAPTER XL.

It was the figure of an enormously fat, half-breed negro, with thick grinning lips, and fat, not unkind face. On his huge shining breast hung a row of Spanish dollars, on his head was one of the steel helmets which Pizarro's men had worn during the conquest. The helmet was now ornamented by a row of tall purple feathers.

His fat ears had been pierced and in them had been inserted two golden suns of beautiful workmanship like the carvings on the stones overhead, modeled in the form of conventionalized human faces. These had so distended the cartilage of the ears that tea-cups could have been put into the orifices without difficulty.

Around his fat legs were two pieces of old Spanish armor, obviously constructed for some cavalier of Madrid or Toledo half his size, for his puffy flesh bulged out in great rolls where the guards ended and their pressure ceased.

A beaded breech-clout completed his fantastic costume. Fires were burning in two stone braziers on either side of him. These he turned to stir now and then with a short decorated wand of metal he held in his hand.

"Lovely old boy, isn't he?" Vilak whispered to the chemist. "He's a perfect study in primitive reliigons. Spanish relics, Inca ritual and ornaments, and African superstition all beautifully jumbled together. I think I heard one of the guards whispering his name, and if it was, even that's mixed Spanish and Indian. Undoubtedly, though, he thinks he's Manco Capec or one of the other famous old Inca emperors come to life."

The fat chieftain saw the newcomers approaching. He twiddled the wand in his thick, clumsy fingers. "Kneel!" he roared in thick Guarany. The soldiers and their captives obeyed quickly and began crawling on their knees toward the throne. O'Albentara remained standing. The chief noticed this, looked at him reproachfully.

The Portuguese fingered his tiny mustache. "I have brought them, O august son of the flaming sun," he announced in a monotonous droning voice, as though the speech were some foolish rigamarole of which he was long weary. "Your humble slaves have gone to bring the others here also. What is your royal will that I, your slave, do with these two miserable wretches who crawl before you as loathsome snakes crawl at the feet of the mighty jaguar? What is your will, illustrious chief?"

The ridiculous figure on the throne beamed at the flattery. He leaned down, peered at the captives, poked at their clothes with his wand, scratched it playfully against the top of Nunnally's bald head, then grinned broadly.

"Not look bad men," he grunted in Guarany. "Good men think maybe. Little man funny. Look like rabbit. Make Batalagos laugh. Good thing laugh. Batalagos like. Let stay one moon, two moons, maybe, talk Batalagos. Tell Batalagos stories great mountain, great water. Then Batalagos give presents and let go away. What high priest say?"

D'Albentara had lost his calm. His lips were trembling nervously. "You mistake, O son of the flaming sun," he said hastily. "These men are not good. They are evil. Evil. They are like the piranha of the rivers, whose colors are beautiful as the shining rainbow but who eats human flesh. Their breath is death. They would kill the mighty Batalagos and put another on his sacred throne. Last night by the rising moon the high priest spoke thus to the noble Batalagos. Now he speaks thus again in the setting of the sun."

The chief's smile faded. His thick lips puffed out uglily. "Kill Batalagos?" he muttered. "Make other man chief, Batalagos' throne?"

D'Albentara nodded. "I have heard them talk so even as they mounted the sacred mountain. I have heard them talk so even now as they lay in their prison. Truly they are evil men. And all things about them are evil."

The chief's eyes blazed sullenly. "High priest smart. Do what high priest say. Bad men wish kill Batalagos. Batalagos kill bad men first. When Batalagos kill? What say high priest?"

"Tonight, O son of the sun. For while they live they are evil and will work evil spells upon Batalagos. While in dead men there is naught but good."

The chief twiddled the wand in his fat fingers again and looked thoughtful. Batalagos think something else," he said at last. Batalagos not kill them tonight. Batalagos wait half-moon till feast of Raymi, feast of sun, feast of fire. Kill evil men then. Sacrifice. Make sun-god, fire-god, happy. Very happy. Happy sun-god, fire-god good to Batalagos. Make Batalagos happy too. Batalagos not afraid evil men. Keep evil men prison. Batalagos big, strong."

"Kill them tonight, noble Batalagos."

The chief's stubbornness was aroused. He stamped his enormous foot. "No, kill feast of Raymi. Not afraid. Batalagos spoken."

The stunted half-breed with the enormous pimpled nose, who had been D'Albentara's foreman at the railroad camp, entered with Elise marching stiffly at his side. She saw Vilak and tried to move toward him; the guard checked her.

Vilak caught her eye; his lips framed the single word: "Steady." A faint smiling response showed him that she had understood. As she neared the ridiculous figure on the throne, D'Albentara turned his head. Her face brightened as she recognized him, as though his unexpected presence might mean her swift deliverance.

"Senhor D'Albentara!" she flashed. Then her countenance fell again as he coldly turned away. Her escort knelt dragging her down with him. The chief stared at her, drew himself up on his throne, then giggled with delight.

D'Albentara looked on tranquilly, pulling at the ends of his mustache like a sleek, satisfied cat cleaning its whiskers. "Is she not beautiful, son of the sun?" he crooned.

The chief giggled again. With the aid of a soldier who stood by him, he lifted his enormous body from the throne, and waddled to Elise. He passed the wand over her hair and along the outlines of her small, delicately molded body.

"Pretty," he grunted. "Pretty. Batalagos much like." He thoughtfully scratched a lock of kinky hair which the steel helmet on his head had left uncovered. "Batalagos make wife. Wait half-moon. Feast of Raymi. Raymi good time sacrifice, good time marry. Girl make Batalagos fine wife. Batalagos have other wives" — he clumsily counted out nine on his enormous fingers—"but never other wife like this one. This wife make Batalagos very happy."

Though Elise's knowledge of Guarany was slight, she had caught the purport of the chief's announcement. Her interest, however, centered not on her ludicrous wooer, but on D'Albentara. Her eyes were fixed on him so steadily, so questioningly, that he turned his back to avoid her gaze.

The huge chief helped her to her feet. The Portuguese was facing her once more. Her eyes were no longer questioning; they were bitter, weary. "Was it you then who took my little nephew?" she asked stonily.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Is he dead?"

Again the other made no answer.

"I can't understand it. I can't understand anything about you. You helped me find him once. I don't want to misjudge you. I know I'm not thinking clearly. I'm all upset, and my head feels as if it would burst. You come of a civilized, cultured race; you have the air and certainly the training of a gentleman. Yet you're here, helping this silly savage who thinks he's a king, make prisoners of myself and my friends. I don't know whether you have taken my baby. I can't know. Perhaps you are as ignorant as I am. But I beg of you, if you do know of anything that concerns him, tell me."

D'Albentara put out his hands in a gesture of resignation. "I regret. I regret. Much. But it is business. Business."

He gave a short command; the natives guarding Vilak and the old man jerked them to their feet and led them away. They walked the length of the ruined chamber again, then across a court and into a stone building slightly smaller but otherwise almost the counterpart of the one they had just left.

They were conducted up a flight of wide stone steps into a small prison-like room, their feet bound again, and they were flung to the floor. A heavy wooden door closed behind them; they were left alone.

(To be continued.)

The stunted half-breed with the enormous pimpled nose entered with Elise marching stiffly at his side.

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AFTER EVERY MEAL

ISSUE No. 35—'30

Economy Corner

BALMORAL SCONES

One pound flour, 2 ounces butter, 2 dessert spoonfuls baking powder, 1 egg and a teaspoon salt. Mix to a light dough with sweet milk, then roll out lightly and cut into diagonal or other shapes. Bake in a hot oven two minutes until a nice brown.

STUFFED CABBAGE

One head cabbage (2 or 2½ lbs.), 1 lb. sausage meat, 1 cup freshly-boiled rice or 1½ cups bread crumbs, moistened with milk. Separate leaves of cabbage and boil until tender; boil the heart whole, spread the heart all over the sausage meat and rice or crumbs mixed together; place leaves all around this and tie up. Bake until tender, basting occasionally. Serve hot, sliced.

Two tablespoons gelatin in ¾ cup cold water. Let stand 5 minutes. Dissolve 1 cup sugar in ¾ cup hot water and dissolve gelatin in it. Add 1 can shredded pineapple and ½ pint whipped cream. Stir all together and set away to cool.

WEBSTER CAKE

Three-quarters cup melted butter, 2 cups sugar, 3 eggs (save out 2 whites for icing), 1¼ cups milk. Beat with an egg beater for one minute. Add three and one-half cups flour, one teaspoon soda, one and a half teaspoons baking powder, ¼ teaspoon salt, one teaspoon cinnamon, one-half teaspoon clove and nutmeg. Beat.

PEPPERS STUFFED WITH CORN AND HAM

Slice lengthwise as many peppers as needed. Remove the pith and seeds and parboil in salted water. Fill with following mixture: Combine 6 tablespoons of minced ham with 8 tablespoons of canned corn; add 9 tablespoons melted butter and 3 of milk. Season to taste. Put into shallow pan, cover tops with bread crumbs, cover bottom of pan with soup stock, gravy or buillion cubes. Bake for 25 minutes.

Tired Eyes

Tired eyes make the rest of the face look tired, while the sensation of trying to keep tired eyes open or persuading them to go on working is unpleasant, to say the least of it. Don't keep them open! Shut them, if only for a few minutes. Shut them even over your work. A few minutes' rest is better than none. And eyes that habitually grow tired should be given a few minutes rest periodically during the day.

Salt is a great strengthener of the eyes. Hardly more than a pinch to a cup of water is a good proportion. Lukewarm salt water is particularly good., If the eyes are inclined to be sore very cold water should be avoided for bathing purposes.

Boracic lotion is, of course, excellent for the eyes. Buy boracic crystals and make the lotion for yourself. It is much cheaper this way than buying it already made up, and it dissolves more easily. Allow a teaspoonful of crystals to a pint of water.

Eyelids that feel heavy or are inflamed may be relieved considerably if swabs of cotton-wool soaked in witch-hazel are applied. Another method of resting tired eyes and eyelids and incidentally beautifying the lids is to massage the lids very gently with cold cream applied on the tips of the middle fingers.

A drop or two of castor oil will relieve the irritation left by grit in the eye. Often the sensation of something in the eye is only the irritation caused by something that has been there. Rubbing, in any case, only aggravates the conditon. If, however, you are sure there is something in your eye, deliver yourself into the hands of the nearest chemist.

FOUR THINGS

Four things a man must learn to do
If he would make his record true;
To think without confusion clearly;
To love his fellow-men sincerely;
To act from honest motives purely;
To trust in God and heaven securely.
—Van Dyke.

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Many Plants Named as Suitable To Cover Bare Spots on Lawns

New Brunswick, N.J.—A. C. McLean, of the New Jersey Agricultural Extension Service, recently gave a list of plants which can be cultivated to cover the bare spots often seen in lawns at this season.

For bare areas which are shaded he describes the Japanese spurge (Pachysandra terminalis) as one of the best. Good ground covers for similar areas are the bugle (Ajuga genevensis), sweet woodruff (Asperula odorata) and creeping jennie (Lysimachia nummularia).

"Any of these plants grow well in shady spots, provided the trees do not take all the moisture," Mr. McLean said. "When tree roots are close to the surface it is advisable to dig up the soil and destroy the roots. This root pruning will not materially hurt the trees, and the ground covers will have a better chance to grow and become established. They can then more successfully compete with the trees for moisture and plant food.

"For dry, sunny spots where the soil is poor dwarf phlox (Subulata), the thymus, and sedums are among the best ground covers. A good time for planting any of these ground covers, either in the sun or shade, is from September until November. They are hardy and if planted as suggested they will become established and ready to make a good growth in the spring."

Passenger Stumps Language Experts

Winnipeg—Interpreters in the colonization department of the Canadian National Railways in Winnipeg have met their Waterloo. For some years they have proudly boasted that, with the exception of the day when they were asked to talk like a Welshman, they have met all comers in their native tongue.

Last week the Canadian National Railways train the "Continental Limited" carried a lady passenger travelling to Edmonton. As usual when the passenger department officials find themselves ignorant of a passenger's language, they solicit the aid of the colonization department. An interpreter met the train and tried German, Dutch, Russian and Polish with no avail. Another one was called and Icelandic, Swedish, Norwegian and Danish brought no success. A third, a fourth and finally a sixth was called, bringing the total number of languages spoken to twenty-three, including English, and still they could not make her understand, nor could they understand her. Finally one produced a passport and indicated that she show hers. She did. Under the heading of nationality was written Arabian.

Gorillas to be Studied In Native Haunts

Columbia University and the American Museum of Natural History have sent a joint expedition to Central and West Africa for the purpose of securing entire, well preserved adult gorillas of all known variety for anatomical study. Of course, specimens of chimpanzees and other African primates will be obtained for comparison. The expedition, which is under the leadership of Henry Rayon, plans to spend about six months in its journey across Africa from east to west.

"The man that walks like a bear," as the gorilla has been termed continues to be the storm center in the vexed problem of man's origin. Is he an off-shoot from the base of the human stem, as Dr. William K. Gregory maintains in his "Our Face from Fish to Man," or is he hardly even a distant cousin of proud man, as Prof. Osborn seems to imply in his "Man Rises to Parnassus?" Whichever may be the answer, the expedition is ambitious to secure the "corpus delictum" in this famous mystery case. Special studies and photographs will also be made of the feet of the unshod natives unspoiled by civilized footwear. This material is desired by Dr. Dudley J. Morton, of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia, who has taken a prominent part in organizing the expedition and who expects to use the information in his studies on the evolution of the human foot and on its postural disorders.

The expedition expects also to visit the grave of Carl Akeley who lies buried on the slopes of the beautiful Mount Mikeno in the Park National Albert, east of the Belgian Congo. Largely as a result of Akeley's efforts to secure protection for the gorilla, King Albert and the Belgian government set apart this district to be a perpetual sanctuary for wild life. Living gorillas will be studied and photographed in this canctuary while anatomical specimens will be secured in other regions. In the Gaboon district of French West Africa the West African gorilla made famous by Du Chaillu will be collected."—"The Humane Pleader."

Wifey's Away

She's gone away. The house is still,
The bird sits silent on his perch.
It seems to me as though I were
A prisoner in an empty church.

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Yellow pique with white piping and yellow grosgrain ribbon tie dotted in white is cute.

Red and white cotton broadcloth print, baby blue handkerchief lawn, pink shantung, tub silk in pale pink tones and nile green linen are becoming and practical combinations.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

"I'm very tired," said the lady at the head of the supper table one Sunday evening. "You should not be,' said her minister, who had been asked in to the evening meal; you haven't preached two sermons to-day." "No," said the lady, absent-mindedly, "but I listened to them."

HEADACHE?

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