It gives more pleasure than you thought tea could give

"SALADA" TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

724

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. They save Prentiss' life from the natives. Next day Tinky, Elise's two-year-old orphaned nephew, is kidnapped. Prentiss has been seen heading through the jungle with a child. Elise, Vilak and Lincoln Nunnally, elderly chemist, head an expedition and follow. Calamity overtakes them and when they emerg from the jungle only the three whites are left. They are captured and taken prisoner on the outskirts of an old Inca city, and discover they are in the power of Carlos D'Albentara, whom they had known as an engineer in Porto Verde. The black ruler of the city decides to marry Elise and put Vilak and Nunnally to death. They are to be tortured at the feast of Raymi.

NOW BEGIN THE STORY

CHAPTER XLII.

That afternoon Vilak saw a procession pass through the courtyard. At its head was Elise, carried on a litter borne by four men.

Her face was pale and drawn as though she had been eating little; her black eyes had narrowed and darted nervously, feverishly about her at any sound, any movement near her, as do they eyes of a nervously over-wrought invalid who has not slept for days.

She was still wearing the hunting suit she had donned in Porto Verde. Following her waddled a fat halfbreed woman with three golden rings in each distended ear and an apron of painted bark at her waist; around her arms were tatooed three scarlet lines.

Eight other women came in two files behind her, garbed in the same fashion except that the rings in their ears were fewer and their tattooing and the decoration on their aprons less brilliant. The huge chief stood on a stone seat and watched, grinning. On a smaller seat sat D'Albentara. Standing at their feet was the half-breed with the enormous nose.

The procession entered the ruined temple, remained half an hour while the prisoners could hear far-off voices raised in a droning chant, then reappeared and crossed the court once more.

Elise's European dress had now given way to a robe of brilliantly colored wool. Her long, magnificent black hair had been cut very short and twisted into tiny ringlets which hung grotesquely about her forehead. Into these green birds' feathers had been woven. Batalagos saw her. He giggled in delight. The procession disappeared into one of the doors of the chief's apartments from which it had come.

Vilak chewed his lip. A tiny spot of red appeared on the pink surface. He had bitten through. He closed his jaws stonily.

After the guards had brought the customary food and departed, he redoubled his efforts to escape. He rolled over every stone on the floor, ran his fingers along every cranny in the wall that his shackled hands could reach, tugging here, thrusting there, hoping to find some section of the wall which time an decay had weakened, and through which he could perhaps force his way into some other portion of the building and there find means to free himself and his friends. He found nothing; the walls and floor were solid as a mountain side.

He turned his attention to the stones about the window. Here, too, he could discover no weakness. While he was so engaged he saw a shadow beneath his window. He craned his neck forward. The shadow disappeared. He returned to his groping investigation.

He came upon a tiny rock splinter, hardly larger than the joint of his finger, wedged in a crevice. Carefully he dislodged it and examined it closely in the moonlight. It was rounded and had no cutting edges. He began to rub it against the stone floor to make it into a knife, holding it almost under his body so that the sound might be checked and the guards not aroused.

The work was slow, tedious. The rock was hard as granite; his position, strained, uncomfortable, greatly limited his strength and effectiveness. Though he spent the entire night working in this laborious fashion, when morning came and he was compelled to cease there was no more of an edge than when he had begun.

The next night he recommenced the task. Then, finding that all his efforts only succeeded in giving a high polish to the stone, he was reluctantly convinced that he was merely dissipating his energies. He replaced the splinter in the crevice where he had found it. As he had examined ten times already, he again looked at the edges of the stones forming the windows to see if there was a single projection against which he could rub his fetters and wear them down until they snapped. There again he found nothing, only smooth rounded surfaces, which testified to the expert craftsmanship of the long dead builders.

The next day he determined to try an expedient he had so far left unused; bribery. When the guards entered on their morning rounds, he told them in Guarany that he would give them many presents and charms if they would help him escape. They listened willingly and were impressed. But Batalagos, they muttered, was very, very wise; instantly he would know their treachery, instantly would he kill them. And then what use would be their presents?

In the afternoon signs of the approaching festival began to be noticeable in the courtyard. Numbers of Indians began to walk to and fro through it, carrying great bundles of mountain and forest flowers and a sort of Indian corn which grew in the region. These they hung in strands upon the walls of the buildings or placed in great mounds at the foot of the stone shafts and idols and upon the flat, tablelike stones.

A few of these Indians were lighter-skinned than the others and seemed to have more finely molded, more intelligent faces. As each passed the burning fire before the two idols, he carefully tossed a flower into it and made a low obeisance.

Night came. The workers did not depart. Instead they took seats upon the ground around the fire crackling within a circle of small, triangular stones. Other Indians began to file in and take places beside them.

Soon the court was packed with a mass of naked, silent savages. Then through the throng strode four men whose painted and feather-decorated bodies pronounced them priests. They were followed by Batalagos, now wearing a robe of purple-dyed wool fairly covered with gold ornaments. With him was D'Albentara, clad in a similar but somewhat less magnificent mantle, and the ugly-nosed Indian.

They assembled before the fire. The chief stirred it with his ceremonial wand. The fantastically garbed priests danced and prayed that the sun might not be clouded during the three days of the feast of Raymi, the feast which was to do him honor. The priests danced again.

An old man, with face wrinkled like a nut, so weak from age that he could not walk without two tawny youths he used like crutches on either side, came forward at the chief's grunted command. He began to tell of the feast of Raymi of his far-distant childhood, then of the feasts of Raymi greater than men's feasts, the first feast of Raymi when the little gods worshipped the mightiest god, their master, the sun.

Hour after hour he told the legends of the moon, the stars, the sacred rainbow; the legends of the mountains and the desert and the gods roaming them who were sometimes surprised in their hunting or their pleasures by far-wandering men. His hearers listened raptly. An hour before dawn, at another grunt from Batalagos, he ceased.

"There's the story of the man who walked through the fire again," murmured Vilak, who had been listening to the old man's voice rising shrilly from the flame-dancing redness beneath him. "Spread all over this section of South America. Undoubtedly these fellows got that much at least from the Incas, directly or indirectly. And the Incas brought it from the Orient, I'd take oath to that.

"I've heard that story too many times in the Malay Islands and seen the shamans there walk through fire too often not to recognize an old friend when I see it again. Wonder whether the halt in the ceremonies has anything to do with us? If I can't think of something pretty soon we'll be in rather a bad way. I wish to the devil I could get at my cigarets and have a smoke."

The four white-and-green-painted priests made a new obeisance to the fire, once more droned a prayer. Then with a file of warriors carrying torches behind them, they made their way into the ruined building where Vilak and the old man were confined.

They reached the prisoners. Four of the soldiers put each upon a crudely made litter of boughs and carried them down the stone steps into the fire-lit enclosure. A low, excited murmur ran through the crowd as they appeared. The soldiers deposited the litters near the seven table-like stones radiating out from the one-armed idol. Quickly the priests placed them upon adjacent stones, secured their cords to rings cut in the surface of the rock. Batalagos looked on and gave his usual silly giggle of pleasure; D'Albentara smiled urbanely.

There was a short ceremony. Then a young deer was flung down upon the largest stone, a sort of altar directly under the arm of the idol, and killed with a knife. The priest examined the entrails; the marriage and sacrifice were set at sunset of the following day, the second day of the festival.

Suddenly the king spoke softly to D'Albentara. The Portuguese clapped his hands. The watching multitude fell to the ground and lay there groveling, while Batalagos waddled slowly forward to the ruined temple. He reached the door and disappeared inside.

Five minutes later dawn began to streak the horizon. A cry of joy went up from the black and tawny savages, still prostrate. A moment later the chief reappeared. The worshippers scrambled to their feet and began to move away. Soon the court was empty except for a single kinky-haired soldier standing guard.

(To be continued.)

BENEFIT

No other sweet lasts so long, costs so little or does so much for you.

WRIGLEY'S

Promotes good health when used regularly after every meal.

It cleanses teeth and throat, sweetens mouth and breath, and strengthens the gums.

Your health is aided while your pleasure is served.

WRIGLEY'S JUICY FRUIT CHEWING GUM FASCINATING FLAVOR

Good and Good for You

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AFTER EVERY MEAL

ISSUE No. 37—'30

THE TONGUE

The Proverbs of Many Lands Speak About It.

"The boneless tongue, so small and weak,
Can crush and kill," declares the Greek.

"The tongue destroys a greater horde,'
The Turk asserts, "than does the sword."

The Persian proverb wisely saith,
"A lengthy tongue—an early death!"
Or sometimes takes this form instead,
"Don't let your tongue cut off your head."

"The tongue can speak a word whose speed,"
Say the Chinese, "outstrips the steed."
And Arab sages this impart,
"The tongue's great storehouse is the heart."

From Hebrew wit the maxim sprung,
"Though feet should slip, ne'er let the tongue."
The sacred writer crowns the whole,
"Who keeps his tongue doth keep his soul."

Tactful

A very short woman said to a millinery assistant who came forward to serve her, "I've come in to buy a hat, but I don't want you to tell me that any particular shape adds to my height. I've had to listen to that so many times that it makes me feel as if I were dumpy. And I'm not dumpy, am I?"

"No, indeed," replied the assistant, who promised that, no matter how many hats the customer tried on, she would say nothing about her size.

The woman tried on hat after hat, and then at last she selected a shape that suited the assistant, who expressed honest admiration.

"You wouldn't find anything more becoming. It suits the way you wear your hair and the quill adds to your ——" She clapped a hand over her mouth.

"Well?" asked the customer, indignantly.

"Your literary appearance," finished the tactful assistant.

NO RESULT

The conversation was on the fashionable topic. It was about dieting.

"Yes," said Farmer. "I've eaten beef all my life."

"But do you think it has done you any good?" she asked.

"Good?" he returned confidently. "I feel as strong as an ox."

"That's strange," she ventured. "I've been eating fish for about three months, and I can't swim a stroke."

A—"How did you find the weather while you were away?" B—"Just went outside and there it was."

Minard's Liniment for Foot Ailments.

Some British M.P.'s Who Fought Pirates

Some of British Legislators Have Proved Themselves Men in the Hour of Danger.

"A set of plump, prosperous, middle-class business men" was the rather cruel comment of a hard-bitten young Australian, sitting for the first time in the Gallery of the Mother of Parliaments. He would not believe when told that whole books of wild adventure might be written from the life records of some of these quiet-looking, quiet-spoken men who carry on the business of the British Empire.

Yet it is true. True of the present Parliament and of all past Parliaments. Many of these men fought in the Great War. Young Oliver Baldwin, for instance, who ended up, after the war, in a Bolshevik prison, where he had a very cold and hungry time.

Mr. F. Shillaker, Member for Acton, was once a member of the French Foreign Legion, and can tell hair-raising stories of battles with savage tribes in the burning wastes of the Sahara.

SHANGHAIED IN 'FRISCO

Mr. James Sexton, who represents St. Helen's, began life as a sailor before the mast. Once, at San Francisco, in the old, bad days, he was doped and found himself shanghaied on an American ship under a "bucko" Yankee skipper. The voyage took him across the Pacific, and off the Chinese coast the ship was attacked by junks manned by Chinese pirates, who were only beaten off after a bloody and violent battle.

There is perhaps no Member who has had wilder adventures than Mr. Winston Churchill, who nowadays indulges in the quiet amusement of building brick walls with his own hands.

As correspondent of the "Morning Post" in the South African War, he was captured by Boers and imprisoned in a "laager," from which he managed to escape. He stowed himself away in an open truck of a luggage train under a tarpaulin, and, after all sorts of hardships, at last reached safety, very nearly dead with hunger.

CHASED BY AN OSTRICH

Another little adventure of his was being held by the heels over the parapet of the famous Blarney Castle so that he might kill the Blarney Stone. Mr. Churchill has also learned to pilot an aeroplane.

Speaking of Mr. Churchill's African adventures calls to mind the experience near Ladysmith of the late Sir Joseph Walton, formerly Member of Parliament for Barnsley. He had left his horse to walk up the hill to an old camp, when he was tackled by a big cock ostrich. It was the breeding season, and the bird was savage. Sir Joseph bolted for a laager of rough stones, and got on the wall.

The bird followed, striking up at him viciously with its huge claws, the blow of which is worse than the kick of a horse. Fortunately it was unable to reach him.

Sir Joseph hurled stones at the bird, but only made it more frantic. At last he managed to lure it round to the far side of the laager. Then, bending double, he bolted across the enclosure and raced for his horse.

He reached it just in time, and galloped away, vainly pursued by the bird.

WHEN THE LION CHARGED

Another legislator, the late Mr. Philip Glazebrook, was on a shooting expedition in Somaliland when a lion sprang right into the camp and seized a donkey. One of the party fired and hit the great beast, which retreated.

Mr. Glazebrook and his companion followed. It is no joke hunting a wounded lion, and just when they least expected it the brute charged. Mr. Glazebrook fired, and the great beast fell dead at his feet. His bullet had smashed its skull.

Mr. John Burns' early career was a stormy one, and most of us know that he has seen the inside of a prison. Perhaps it is not so well known that, on one occasion, he disguised himself in old clothes and worked for long days with the pea-pickers on an Essex farm in order to find out the real conditions under which they worked.—"Answers."

TRUST

One of the most beautiful things in the world is the trust that someone places in us. Of course, there are varying kinds of trust.

If we are trusted in our business affairs, how we thrill at the opportunity of proving that the trust is entirely justified! Perhaps there steals into us, at some untoward moment, the still, small, and cunning voice of evil—and we forget. Then our world tumbles around us. We have failed; and the iron of disappointment enters into our soul.

It happens, too, sometimes, in our private life. We are loved dearly, and with sacrifice. We feel that we shall never fall before the specious temptations that jostle us as we go a-wandering. Alas! it is the pride in us that lets down the drawbridge for the tempter to enter our castle.

We must watch our trust valiantly; aye, and ruthlessly, or less . . .!—G.H.G. in Tit-Bits.

Teacher—A stratum is a layer of anything. Can you name one, Tommy? Tommy—Yes'm—A hen!—Humane Pleader.

They melt in your mouth. No one ever says "*No thank you*" to such a dessert as Christie's Water Ice Wafers. Serve them to anyone at any time and you are sure to please. Just tasty water ice sandwiched between crisp pure biscuit wafers. Delicious . . . and dainty too.

Christie's WATER ICE WAFERS

Crows Not Thieves Grossly Accused

By M. Graesser, in "The Humane Pleader."

"Even when crows have been seen among the hills of sprouting corn and have been shot on the spot, I have always found the stomach contained quite as large an amount of insect remains as of corn, the cut-worm forming one of the crow's choicest articles of diet, and the question arises as to whether it is not better to let the crow have a little corn and get rid of the cut-worm than to let the cut-worm take off a lot of corn if we get rid of the crow."

This opinion is expressed by Charles W. Nash, in Bulletin 218 of the Ontario Department of Agriculture. He believes that crows are not so black as they are painted, and that though their number should be reduced it would be a mistake to exterminate them.

Scheleh, a German investigator, says that no less than 78 per cent. of 375 crows examined, fed on insects. Especially noteworthy is the number of injurious insects and their larvae destroyed. 178 crows had devoured cutworms, 133 maggots, and 92 weevils of various species, including some very injurious sorts.

Animal food is of special value to nesting crows. At that time they take eggs and attack young birds. But because this animal food includes a number of insect pests Scheleh declares emphatically that the nesting crow is of special assistance to agriculture. It is a dangerous experiment to exterminate a bird or animal, for by doing so we may disturb the balance of nature.

Crows are regarded by many naturalists as belonging to the highest family of birds. They make mischievous but most interesting and amusing pets. They are so intelligent and well able to take care of themselves that they are likely to survive even if the most stringent measures are adopted against them.

"Calls the crow from the pine tree top when April air is still," writes one of our poets. If that cheerful caw were silenced something dear and familiar would be missing from the countryside.

Although most of us know only two varieties of banana by sight, there are numerous others, the Philippine Islands claiming fifty-seven, Malaya thirteen, Spain ten, and Burma eight.

Minard's Liniment a household friend.

Children's Feet Need Daily Care

During hot weather children should wear sandals instead of boots or shoes. Sandals allow the air to get about the feet, thus keeping them cool and free from perspiration. Care should be taken that the sandals are not too short, otherwise they will squeeze the feet and spoil the balance of the body.

The nails of the children's feet should receive as much care as the nails on their fingers. These should be carefully pared at least once every week. Should any of them show an ingrowing tendency, cut a little V-shaped nick in the middle. This will cause the nail to close up, thus removing the growth from the skin.

Stockings made of wool or cashmere are best. Those made of cotton, or a mixture of silk and cotton, are not to be recommended, as they have a tendency to draw the feet.

The feet should be washed every evening. A little table salt may be added to the water. During summer the temperature of the water should be slightly cooler than blood heat.

Here are a few definitions given by some school-children: "Etc. is a sign used to make believe you know more than you do." "The equator is a menagerie lion running around the centre of the earth." "The zebra is like a horse only striped and used to illustrate the letter Z." "The vacuum is nothing shut up in a box."—Christian Observer.

"Thought without action is a disease."—Dr. Will Durant.

PAINS

No matter how severe, you can always have immediate relief:

BAYER

Aspirin always stops pain quickly. It does it without *any* ill effects. Harmless to the heart; harmless to anybody. But it always brings relief. Why suffer?

ASPIRIN

TRADE MARK REG.

"Would Anyone be a social lion this way?

A faded, battered hat is hardly respectable . . . yet no worse than dull, gray-looking shoes . . . your morning toilet should always include a "Nugget" shine—which waterproofs the shoes as it polishes.

"NUGGET" SHOE POLISH

The NUGGET TIN opens with a twist!

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