CHAPTER XXXIII.—(Cont'd.)

"Respecting the tests to which candidates were put, she spoke with more freedom. Those who, having reached the arcana grade, aspired to the first, were submitted to three very severe ones, to test the trial of their courage, purity, and humility. Failure in any of these trials resulted in instant death, and the final test, the trial by fire, which took place in a subterranean chamber of the great temple, resulted in a candidate whose courage failed him being decapitated into that lake of acid which I have already described—a dreadful form of death, which by accident I had witnessed.

"I have the reputation of being a cold, hard man. So had Antony believed he met Cleopatra. But seven years ago, under the Indian moon, I learned tolerance for the human weakness which forgets the world for the sake of a woman.

"It led to end. Sooner or later, discovery was inevitable. One night I told Naida that I must go. Over the years that followed I will pass in silence. It needed all the strength of a life straight, hard life to help me keep to my decision.

"She understood at last, and consented to release me. But there were obstacles—big ones. The snow on the lower mountain slopes had begun to melt, and the water-gate in the valley by which I had entered was now impassable. As a result, I must use another gate, which opened into a mountain path, but which was always guarded. At first, on hearing this, I gave myself up for lost, but Naida had a plan.

"Removing a bangle which she always wore, she showed me the secret mark of Fire-Tongue branded upon the creamy skin.

"'I will put this mark upon your arm,' she said. 'In no other way can you escape. I will teach you some of the passwords by which the brethren know one another, and if you are ever questioned you will, saying you were admitted to the order by the Master of the Jungle Lake, new, of whose death has just reached us.'

"'But,' said I, 'how can I pose as an Oriental?'

"'It does not matter,' Naida replied. 'There are some who are not Orientals among us!'

"She exacted an oath from me that I would never divulge what I have seen or heard.

"She exacted an oath that I would never divulge what I have seen or heard."

wait. The important things are these: first, I learned why Sir Charles Abingdon had been done to death!

"The unwelcome attentions of the man known as Ormuz Khan led Sir Charles to seek an interview with him. I may say here and now that Ormuz Khan is Fire-Tongue! Oh! it's a tough statement, but I can prove it. Sir Charles practically forced his way into this man's presence and immediately recognized his mysterious patient of years ago!

"He accused him of having set spies upon his daughter's movements—an accusation which was true—and forbade him to see her again. From that hour the fate of Sir Charles was sealed. What he knew, the world must never know. He had recorded, in a private paper, all that he had learned. This paper was stolen from his bureau—and its contents led to my being summoned to the house of Fire-Tongue! It also spurred the organization to renewed efforts, for it revealed that Sir Charles contemplated telling the story to others.

"You will have observed, gentlemen, that I am somewhat damaged. However, it was worth it? That the organization of the Fire-Worshippers is destroyed I am not prepared to assert. But I made a discovery to-day which untied my hands. Hearing, I shall never know how, that Naida had had a secret interview with me, Fire-Tongue visited upon her the death penalty.

"I found her lying on a silken divan in the deserted house, her hands clasped over a little white flower, like an odontoglossum, which lay on her breast. It was the flower of sleep—and she was dead.

"My seven years' silence was ended. One thing I could do for the world: remove Fire-Tongue—and do it with my own hands!

"Gentlemen, at the angle where the high road from Upper Claybury joins the Dover Road is the Merton Cottage Hospital. Mr. Harley is awaiting us there. He is less damaged than I am. A native chauffeur, whose name I don't know, is lying insensible in one of the beds—and in another is a dead man, unrecognizable, except for a birthmark resembling a torch on his forehead, his head crushed and his neck broken.

"That dead man is Fire-Tongue. I should like, Mr. Commissioner, to sign the statement."

The End.

"I have decided, prisoner," said the magistrate, "to let you off on promising not to offend again, and would strongly advise you for the future to keep out of bad company." "Thank you, sir," replied the accused. "You won't catch me here again in a hurry."

Murphy—"Did ye hear that, poor Tim Casey's dead?" O'Flaherty—"Ye don't say so?" Murphy—"Yes; an' 'e's left all 'e 'ad to the Dewy Poorhouse." O'Flaherty—"Ow much did he lave?" Murphy—"A wife an' ten children."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

COL. BENN'S STORY (CONCLUDED).

"The incidents of the next seven years do not concern you, gentlemen. I had one aim in life—to forget. From the time that I left India until the moment when fate literally threw me in the way of the late Sir Charles Abingdon, I had heard nothing of the cult of Fire-Tongue.

"Then, lunching with the late Sir Charles, after my accident in the Haymarket, he put to me a question which literally made me hold my breath.

"'Do you know anything of the significance of the term Fire-Tongue?' he asked.

"I am not accustomed to any display of feeling in public, and I replied in what I think was an ordinary tone:

"'In what connection, Sir Charles?'

"'Well,' said he, watching me oddly, 'I know you have traveled in India, and I wondered if you had ever come in contact with the legend which prevails there, that a second Zoroaster has arisen, to preach the doctrine of eternal fire.'

"'I have heard it,' I replied, guardedly.

"'I thought it possible,' continued Sir Charles, 'and I am tempted to tell you of a curious experience which once befell me during the time that I was a guest of my late friend, Colonel Banfield, in Delhi. My reputation as an osteologist was not at that time so fully established as it later became, but I already had some reputation in this branch of surgery; and one evening a very dignified Hindu gentleman sought an interview with me, saying that a distinguished native noble, who was a guest of him, had met with a serious accident, and offering me a fee equivalent to nearly five hundred pounds to perform an operation which he believed to be necessary.

"'I assured him that my services were at his disposal, and blankly declined to accept so large a fee. He thereupon explained that the circumstances were peculiar. His friend belonged to a religious cult of extremely high order. He would lose caste if it became known that he had been attended by a Christian surgeon; therefore my visit must be a secret one.

"'Accordingly I was driven in a car which was waiting to some house upon the outskirts of the city and conducted to a room where the patient had been carried. I saw him to be a singularly handsome young man, apparently about twenty-threo years of age. But there was something effeminate about him which repelled me, I cannot say in what way; nor did I approve of the presence of many bowls of hyacinths in the room.

Constantinople Ready to Evict 3,000 Russians

Refugees Must Quite Turkish Capital by Feb. 1; League of Nations Has Task of Finding Homes for Them

Geneva. — The League of Nations, which has already sent to Latin-American countries many families of Russian refugees, finds itself confronted with the task of evacuating from Constantinople the last 3,000 refugees resident there.

Under a Turkish edict, all the refugees must leave Constantinople by February 1. Up to 1921 no fewer than 90,000 Russians had taken refuge in the Turkish metropolis from their native land, at the time of military movements inaugurated by Generals Denikine and Wrangel.

Nansen Places Refugees.

Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, high commissioner of the League of Nations for refugee questions, succeeded in dispersing most of the refugees to forty-five different countries, where employment was found for them in collaboration with the International Labor Office. Funds furnished by member states and by American and British relief organizations financed the migration.

As the evacuation progressed, however, the task of finding employment in other countries for the refugees became more difficult.

A climax was reached in 1926. At the same time that Turkey declared all Russian refugees must obtain Turkish nationality o rleave the country before August 1, 1927, France decided that it could accept no foreign workers because of the economic crisis which followed the stabilization of the franc.

All Must Quit Turkey.

Only in exceptional cases could the refugees obtain Turkish nationality. A temporary suspension was granted in the decree that the rest must leave, but now all have to go.

Among the 3,000 Russians left in Constantinople are many jazz artists, dancers, agriculturists, carpenters, sailors, domestics and commercial folk. It costs to transport and settle them in South America about $160 apiece. The labor office estimates that for the final liquidation of Russian refugees in Turkey some $250,000 will be required, including some $75,000 for the removal of 800 invalids.

Some of the 2,000 probably will be sent to the Argentine, Bolivia and Peru.

"Men always take up collections because few women can pass a hat."

From Rab and His Friends

Paddy Tims whose soul at ease is
With the point of his nose
And the tips of his toes
Turn'd up to roots of the daisies.
—Anonymous Epitaph.

From Rab and His Friends

He was killed by a cannon splinter,
Quite in the middle of the winter;
Perhaps it was not at that time
But I can get no other rhyme.
—Marjorie Fleming, Edinburgh, 1810, 6-year-old poet prodigy.

Freshman (to witty partner)—"Why do so many men at the 'Varsity wear torn and shabby gowns?" Witty Partner—"Well, you must remember the undergrad has always had a weakness for rags."

Coming events must cast their shadow. How else can you account for calling Chicago the Windy City so many years before the arrival of Bill Thompson?

Lindbergh made a full stop at colon.

MAKING HISTORY

President Cosgrave made a statement at the Prime Minister's Dinner at Ottawa after his railway accident earlier in the day that deserves a prominent place in our annals.

"I have witnessed some stirring incidents in my time," he said, "but never a finer example of bravery and coolness than on that train today, when a railwayman, (Frank Lafleur, Montreal brakeman, injured in the derailment of the Presidential Special), lying on his back with a broken arm, asked: 'Are the guests all right?' The country which produces men like that is bound to succeed."

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Mushroom Recipes

In cooking mushrooms it is essential to retain the flavor which is so delicate. Serve them as soon as they are prepared. If necessary let the family wait for the mushrooms, but do not let the mushrooms wait for the family.

For creamed mushrooms remove the stems and peel one pound of mushrooms. Melt five tablespoons of butter, add the mushrooms broken in pieces and cook for three minutes. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, dredge with one and a half tablespoons of flour and pour over them half a cup of thin cream. Cook for five minutes, stirring constantly.

A more unusual mushroom dish is made by sprinkling half a pound of mushrooms, prepared as usual, with salt and pepper, dredging them with flour and cooking three minutes in a hot saucepan with two tablespoons of butter. Add one cup of boiling water in which a bouilion cube has been dissolved and cook slowly five minutes. Sprinkle with three tablespoons of grated cheese. As soon as the cheese is melted arrange the mushrooms on pieces of toast and pour over them the sauce. Garnish with parsley and serve at once.

Soup offers an excellent way to utilize the stems which may not be required in other recipes. Scrape the stems and cut in thin slices. Add them to four tablespoons of melted butter, dredge with two tablespoons of flour and add one slice of onion cut fine. When the mushrooms are tender force them through a fine sieve and add milk or cream to make a thin cream soup. Season with salt and pepper and serve with croutons.

Breslau's Expansion to Add 40,000 to City's Population

Breslau—Breslau will gain 40,000 inhabitants and thus increase its population to more than 600,000 with the coming into existence, probably on April 1, of Greater Breslau.

The annexation to the city of various outlying districts will make necessary a material increase of the street-car system, for which plans already are being made. Statisticians estimate that the greater city will have 1,000,000 inhabitants in 1950.

A certain grumpy clergyman made his home life almost unbearable. His wife, however, rarely complained and seldom did anything that might bring on one of his tantrums. Emerging from deep thought one day, he said: "I often wonder when I am in Heaven how I shall get my coat on over my wings." Whereupon his wife regarded him silently for some moments, and then replied: "You need not worry about that. Your difficulty will be getting on your trousers over your tail."

He—"Dearest, do you think I shall prove a satisfactory mate?" She—"Oh, you'll do for a mate all right. Now, look me over and tell me what you think of your captain."

Lock of Borgia's Hair Put Under Glass at Milan

Strand Sent to Poet Bembo by Beautiful Lucrezia in 1505 Nearly Worn Away by Hands of Curious

TRESS INSPIRED BYRON

Wrote Poem About It; Originally Bought by Ambrostian Library Founder

Rome.—The lock of Lucrezia Borgia's hair, jealously kept in the Ambrostian Library, of Milan, together with a number of her love letters, as well as the letter itself which accompanied the lock, has been put where it cannot be touched by the curious. For years it had reposed in a paper box; now it has been placed in a special glass reliquary and stands on a shelf, where the golden remnants of a past glory can be seen. So many visitors have stroked this lock that it was being worn away.

The hair is tied at two ends with silk, just as Lucrezia prepared it prior to sending it to her poet lover, Bembo, the Venetian, who, having studied at the University of Ferrara, had returned there on a visit and met the beautiful duchess, who had married Alphonse d'Este by proxy in Rome in 1505, and had journeyed with her suite to her bridegroom's home in Ferrara.

Discovery Meant Death.

It was when Bembo left and was visiting the Strozzi family at Villa Ostellate that the love missives were exchanged by means of trusty messengers who knew that the discovery meant death, as Alphonse d'Este was jealous.

Cardinal Borromeo, when he collected 8,000 manuscripts, including the letters between Lucrezia and Bembo and the lock of hair, founded the Ambrostian Library. For years this lock of hair had been almost forgotten. Then one day the poet Byron visited the library and was shown the lock. He wrote a poem about it and called it "the softest and lightest hair in the world." From that day until the present time visitors journeyed to Milan just for the privilege of touching the hair and gradually its color and quantity dwindled until the director of the library thought that little of this relic of a famous beautiful woman would remain.

Bought By Cardinal.

When Lucrezia wished to send to her lover a remembrance she cut this lock from her head and placed it in the piece of parchment, together with the letter, where it still remained when Cardinal Borromeo bought it. Besides the original with the hair, there are others, dating to the same period, together with Bembo's poetic answers. In one missive Lucrezia mentions that it is no longer safe to sign her own name, and that in future only the double initial P. P. will bear evidence that the letter is from her. Only a year had passed since Lucrezia had journeyed to Ferrara as the bride of the heir of the powerful D'Este family.

Lucrezia was so proud of her hair that during the journey northward from Rome she stopped five times for the purpose of washing her golden locks, according to the Venetian fashion, with a hair wash compounded according to a recipe of Catherine Sforza.

It is said that her two handmaidens spent much of their time brushing it and sometimes gathering it into a golden net, as light as a cobweb, or else arranging it over her shoulders, where it seemed as if colored with the rays of the sun. Now this lock is an ashy blond, for time has bereft it of its golden tints.

Leniency Shown Slayers Stirs French to Protest

Paris—"The Crimes of Juries," as one critic describes the acquittals of husbands, wives and lovers who shoot to kill, are stirring many to protest against conditions.

Many jury reforms have been debated in Parliament, but nothing has been done. There remains, however, much agitation for the jury's participation in fixing penalties, now the prerogative of the judge. It is argued that in murder trials juries often return "not guilty" verdicts rather than take a chance on the judge being too severe.

This element of sympathy for the defendant is because most murder trials now involve women either as the killer or the killed. Women of late do more shooting than men in Paris, and their aim generally is good.

A peculiar feature of these cases is that the old "triangle," where an outsider does a little family wrecking, is soon followed by gaudiro, figures more often in the provincial courts, while in Paris, the bright light, night life centre, family quarrels result in criminal deaths more often than do love affairs.

British Charity Bequests Decline in 10-Year Period

London.—Are British people less charitable than they used to be?

An affirmative answer is suggested by an article in "The Nineteenth Century," by Wyatt Tilby, who computes that whereas in 1918 the amounts bequeathed in wills to charity or other public or religious purposes were more than 8 per cent. of the total bequests, in 1927 they had dropped to 2 per cent.

As individual wealth has increased during the last thirty years it is suggested that the decrease in bequests to charity is due to the fact that the state now does more for the community, while the increase of taxation inclines the family to do more for itself when money is bequeathed.

An old Negro got up one night at a revival meeting and said: "Brudders an' sisters you knows an' I knows dat I ain't been what I oughter been. I've robbed hen roosts an' stole hawgs, an' told lies, an' got drunk an' slashed folks with mah razor, an' cussed and swore; but I thank Heaven dere's one thing I ain't neither done—I ain't neb her lost mah religion."

A man was smashed up in a railroad accident. The family received a wire saying: "Mr. Hess in railroad wreck. Both legs, both arms, back and neck broken, and skull fractured." And a few hours later a second dispatch arrived: "Not so bad as at first reported. One arm not broken."

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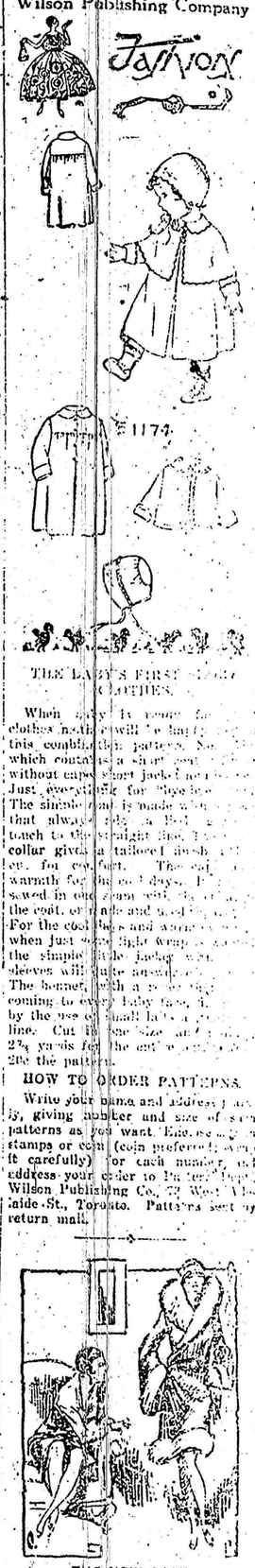


THE LADY'S FIRST [illegible] CLOTHES.

When [illegible] clothes [illegible] this combi[illegible] which contains a short [illegible] without cap[illegible] short jacket [illegible] Just everything for "[illegible]" The simple [illegible] that always [illegible] touch to the straight line. [illegible] collar gives a tailored [illegible] for comfort. The [illegible] warmth for [illegible] days. [illegible] sewed in one [illegible] the coat, or made and [illegible] For the cool [illegible] when just [illegible] the simple little jacket [illegible] sleeves will [illegible] The bonnet, with a [illegible] coming to every baby face, [illegible] by the use of small [illegible] line. Cut in one size [illegible] 2¾ yards for the coat [illegible] 20c the pattern.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address [illegible] 5, giving number and size of each [illegible] patterns as you want. Enclose [illegible] stamps or coin (coin preferred; [illegible] it carefully) for each number, [illegible] address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 77 West Wellington St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

THE NEW RAGE

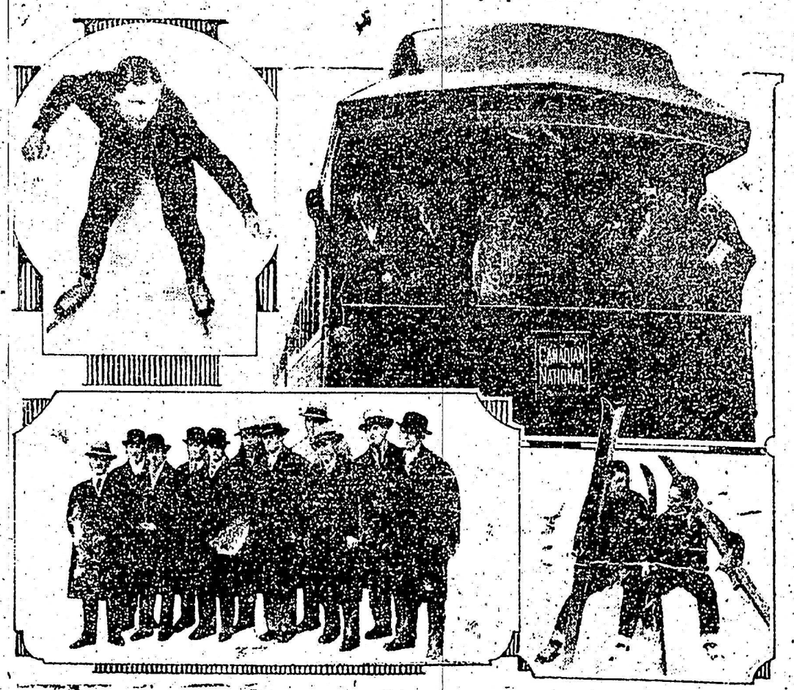
"Making any resolutions for the New Year?"

"Why yes, I think I'll limit myself to five companionate marriages in 1928."

RATHER LISTEN THAN READ.

He: Do you read love stories?
She: No; I like to have them told to me.

Canadian Athletes Leave For Olympic Games



Canada's representatives at the Olympic Games at St. Moritz, Switzerland, now on their way across the ocean, journeyed from their homes to the seaboard via Canadian National Railways. Most of the party were photographed by the Canadian National camera man at Montreal en route to Halifax. Photographs show: Lower left, The Varsity Grads hockey team, of Toronto; right, Lehan and Dupuis of Montreal and Ottawa respectively, skiing representatives. Upper right, the party aboard the Maritime Express of the Canadian National Railways; left, Ross Robinson, Toronto speed skating champion, who will represent Canada in the speed skating events.

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