Jungle Breath

by Ben Lucien Burman

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Several mysterious deaths have occurred at Porto Verde, a little town in Brazil, and Elise Marberry, owner of a plantation, has been threatened. Owing to the vigilance and protection of her cousin, Vilak, no harm has come to her. Vilak believes that Gaylord Prentiss is the instigator of all the trouble. Word comes that the dam at Avilos has broken, and Elise, Vilak, and Lincoln Nunnally ride to warn Prentiss. They find it is but a ruse to get Prentiss into the open so he can be murdered by the natives. Vilak tells this to Prentiss and the four then defend Prentiss' fazenda. Vilak blows up a dam and the lake is let loose and floods out the attackers. When the waters go down Prentiss is missing.

CHAPTER XXXII

Vilak continued to light the fires fires until for a quarter of a mile the woods were ablaze. The old man interestedly watched the strange creatures that bolted onto the road to escape the danger suddenly come upon them; the long-legged, crane-like jabiru, the ugly, ungainly peccary, the graceful, agile bush-deer. But he was not long afforded this spectacle, for Vilak had been careful to build back fires and the leaping flames quickly died away. The party returned to Elsi's fazenda.

"Hear anything about the boat yet?" Vilak asked his cousin as he strode upto the veranda and met her carrying her tiny nephew outside to bask in the sun.

"Yes. I certainly did. Word came just after you left. Smashed a paddle-wheel up at Benca, and won't be down for another three days. High water sent her onto some rocks. Water's falling everywhere there. Looks as if the flood danger's over."

"Humph. That's cheerful." He helped her adjust mosquito netting over the child's crib which had been placed on the grass. "Another question. Who knows most about the geography of the country around here?"

She thought a moment. "Senhor de aurenco or Senhor Cojoseria. I'd say Laurenco would undoubtedly have been the best for you. ice chap, too. Like him very much. But unfortunately he moved away from here about six months ago and lives about thirty miles down the river now. Cojoseria I don't know so well. He seems pleasant enough to talk to, though some of his fellow-Brazilians haven't a very high opinion of him. But he does know the country and he is nearby. Just a few miles past my place at Vilapa. Do you want to see him?"

"Yes. I want to have a little talk." He drew out his watch. "If it wasn't so late, I'd go out there this afternoon. I'll make it first thing in the morning." His blond brows knitted. "Mighty sorry about that boat. If it doesn't come Friday we can't wait for it any longer. We'll have to get you and Tinky out some other way. Judging by appearances, things have quieted considerably. But appearances are the one thing I never trust."

The remainder of the day passed without incident. In the morning he set off alone to visit the fazenda of Senhor Cojoseria. assing Villapa on the way, he stopped for a moment to converse with Wilson, the carrot-faced superintendent of Elsie's fazenda, then rode on.

The servant of Cojoseria's white, luxurious home who greeted him said that his master had gone to inspect one of his rubber developments up the river and would not return for at least a week.

Vilax rode back the way he had come. He neared the castanho trees which bordered the driveway of the fazenda. To his surprise, he saw Elsie hurry forward from between the trees to meet him. Her lips were gray, drawn. "Tinky's gone again," she said quietly.

He leaped from his horse and took her hand. He pressed it gently. "Steady. Steady," he murmured.

She smiled wanly. "No, I'm not going to break down this time the way I did before. It know that it doesn't accomplish anything. Just makes matters harder for you."

"Good girl. Don't worry. We'll find him. The way we did before." Still holding her hand, he took his horse's bridle, and began to walk toward the house. "Tell me . . . what happened, if it isn't too hard . . . Perhaps you'd better wait a minute or two."

"No. I'll tell you now. I've been waiting here to tell you. I'll not permit myself to break down again."

With an effort she drew herself erect. "It was practically the same this time as it was before. Tinky was in his bed outside, under the trees. Hannah was taking care of him, for I had some things to do in the house. She got up to get him a drink. You know where we keep the distilled water. On the back veranda, just around the corner of the house from where Tinky was lying, not more than thirty or forty feet away at the most.

"Hannah got the drink—it may have taken a few seconds longer than usual because she had to open a new bottle—and hurried back with it toward the trees. She stooped over the bed. And saw that it was empty . . . That's all I know."

"You saw no one lurking around the house?"

"No one. Just the same way as when the rifles disapeared. No footprints of anyone we don't know. Nothing. I looked closely."

They reached the cluster of palm trees under whose shade the child had rested. The old man, who had been on the veranda, came forward to meet them. Vilak looked at the empty cot, then on the ground about. In it were three sets of footprints, one narrow and delicate, which he at once recognized as the impression made by Elsie's pointed shoes, another flat and heedless, the mark made by the slippers of Hannah. The third was the print of a man's working shoe, broad, squarish.

Vilak looked at this closely. "Schwartz has been here, hasn't he?"

Elsie nodded. "Yes. He came when I was taking care of the baby to find out whether I had decided on some changes we had been considering in the warehouse."

"Humph." He stooped, searched among the leaves drifting on the ground, then picked up something and put it carefully in his pocket. A moment later he was quickly folowing a strip of trees which led to the road as he had done after the child's first disappearance.

He reached the highway and after considerable examination found the print of a horse's hoof which led to the trees and then away. Mounting with Elsie and the old man on their horses beside him, he began folowing the trail. For four hours he rode, his eyes ever on the ground, through dense woods, along the edge of seething swamps, past long cliffs of brilliant volcanic rock, over a stretch of green upland where the grass on either side was high as a man's head.

At last as the setting of the sun was about to put a swift end to their hunting, they reached a narrow swamp which quickly ended and gave way on all sides to matted jungle. Here the trail of the horse's hoofs ended. But new prints, the confused footprints of three of four men, some apparently with naked feet, showed at the beginning of a narrow path that had been freshly cut in the tangle of vegetation.

Vilak dismounted. "Chap got down here. Friends here waiting for him. Let his horse go, and they all went off into that."

He peered into the tangled murkiness where the new path led. He chewed his lip. "No chance of following them any more to-day. Be night in fifteen minutes. I hate to stop, but you know how absolutely futile it is to try to search the jungle at night. Worse than futile. We'd only obliterate the trail. Probably haven't gone far. Get some beaters and come out first thing in the morning. Better for us in that wilderness if we have some natives who know the country. They can pick up a trail where, trained as I am, even I'd lose it. And they can spread the radius of our search if the trail comes to an end. The chaps ahead know where they're going, and we don't."

He turned to Elsie and pressed her hand again. "oDn't you worry about this delay. It'll be all right. Just a little time and we'll find him."

The lines in her delicate face had deepened. "I know you will," she said.

The sun sank behind the horizon as they turned their horses homeward. Back at the fazenda, Elsie selected twenty of the best laborers in her employ, and ordered them to be ready at dawn. Streaks of sunlight were begining to show faintly over the distant mountains when the party set out.

Vilak, Elsie and the old man rode ahead. Behind them tramped twenty picturesquely assorted negroes, half-breeds and Indians, some clad in a cheap red cotton shirt and trousers some in nothing but the trousers, some in a single robe-like garment made of dirty burlap.

Here a gigantic black chattered with a chocolate-skinned pigmy who hardly reached his shoulder; there a ponderous mulatto argued with a withered old Indian whose gaunt ribs showed clearly tarough his tawny skin. All carried machetes for cutting the brush, a few carried short spears in case of an encounted with the jaguars which were known to infect the neighborhood.

They reached the newly cut path by the swamp which Vilak had marked with a notch in a mango tree. They entered the dark, gloomy fastness. Paulos, the gigantic black, who was one of the ranch sub-foremen, with the chocolate colored pigmy went ahead to swing their machetes at any twisted lianas, or call out the direction if the path seemed to fail. But there was little work for them to do. Those who had passed the day before had taken no pains to conceal their course; there was always a broken branch or crushed leaf under foot to point the way.

They traveled swiftly until noon; the trail showed no signs of ending. Vilak looked at his compass. "Due west," he said. "Almost a straight line."

(To be Continued)

ISSUE No. 27—'30

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

A yellow dimity printed in white daisy pattern is just precious for wee tots of 2, 4 and 6 years.

The buttoned yoked bodice is typically French.

It presents a spic and span appearance with the front skirt pressed in kilted plaits with box-plait at the centre. The skirt at back shows slight gathering.

To make Style No. 2516 takes but 1⅝ yards of 32-inch material in the 4-year size. Think of it!

It's very pretty in nile green and white polka-dotted linen with the yoke of plain white linen. Omit the sleeves and finish armholes, neckline and the edge of the yoke with plain green bias piping.

Orchid and white gingham check with yoke of plain orchid gingham is cute.

Pique, printed batiste, dotted swiss, and tub silks appropriate.

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.

GOING HOME

A rush to enter bus or tram,
A scrum to reach the train;
Umbrellas dripping down your neck
Their rivulets of rain;
A jolting, shaky, noisy ride,
Packed like a tinned sardine—
Two people standing on your feet
And two more in between!

A station, and a grinding stop;
A blessed breath of air;
A villa gate, a shaded lamp,
Soft slippers, and a chair;
The evening paper, supper, too,
At someone's kindly call;
A little peace, one evening long!
At home! And worth it all!

Answers—A.M.F.

Idaho Ranchman Uses Plane to Herd Sheep

Scott Anderson, of Rupert, Idaho, is perhaps the first man in the West to use an airplane in herding his vast flocks of sheep. Anderson owns three planes which he uses to visit his different sheep camps, many miles apart, to which he takes supplies for his sheep herders.

The long journeys across mountains and plains to the various sheep camps which require days for wagons and even trucks can be made by airplane in a few hours. The sheep have become used to the airplanes and do not become scared or stampede when they land near them.

The Prince of Wales has set a fine example to the world's big-game hunters by doing a large part of his hunting in Africa with a camera. We hope some day he'll do all of it that way, declares "Our Dumb Animals" Humane Society magazine.

For Blisters — Minard's Liniment.

Beware of Silver Polish–Poisonous

Cleaning Powder Found to Contain 20% Sodium Cyanid

Silver Polish is not intended to be eaten, but unless knives, forks and spoons are carefully washed after polishing, we may swallow some of it. When the polish contains an active poison, trouble results.

A number of cases of acute cyanid poisoning, apparently due to consuming silver polish, are reported from the United States in The Lancet (London). We read:

"In June, 1928, about thirty persons became acutely ill after dinner at a hotel in Utica. No evidence of food deterioration could be discovered, but on examination the powder used for cleaning silverware was found to contain over 20 per cent. of sodium cyanid. It was ascertained that similar cases had occurred at many hotels where this compound and others containing cyanid were used as a routine. Usually the utensils were dipped about once a week in a solution containing the poison, and the result was that ineffective rinsing might easily lead to poisoning of the next guest who used them. Oddly enough, none of the servants employed in cleaning silver seem to have developed symptoms. These were acute gastroenteritis with vomiting, purging, and, later, signs of shock. In one of the cases recorded, diarrhea was violent and persistent. The shock was so severe that in more than one case the illness was critical, with pallor, sweating, dyspnoea, and thready pulse; in several cases also there was albuminuria. The managers of the hotels usually received the explanation with gratitude, and stopped the use of the dangerous preparations. Certain hotels which had received complaints of food poisoning from their guests have been able to record the disappearance of such complaints since these polishes have been abandoned. Legislation to prevent this danger has been attempted in the State of New York, where the sanitary code has been amended to forbid the use of any cyanid preparation or other poison for cleaning nickel, copper, or silverware, or other articles used in the preparation of food. The Department of Health of Newark, New Jersey, has placed a similar ban on the use of poisonous compounds for cleaning silverware, and warnings have been given through the American medical press."

St. Bernard of Alps Ousted by Progress

Shaggy Life Saver Has Rivals in Thermos Bottle and Telephone

Tourists returning from the land of the friendly St. Bernard dog report that his life-saving days are numbered. Science with its thermos bottle, they say, is triumphing over the shaggy hero who, for generations, has valiantly carried his little keg of stimulating liquid to despairing wayfarers storm-bound in the Alps. Recently three travelers, lost during a Swiss snowstorm, were rescued by a monk from the St. Bernard monastery and were revived with hot coffee poured from a thermos bottle carried in the rescuer's knapsack. Vegetable capsules and concentrated meats completed the resuscitation of these three adventuring alpinists.

Despite scienific achievements threatening his romantic career, however, the St. Bernard is still cherished by dog lovers for his benign and gentle manner and his dependability in time of crisis. Dog authorities assert that a St. Bernard cannot be stampeded. And St. Bernard puppies continue to frisk clumsily and to yap boisterously around the hospice at St. Bernard Pass, where patient monks continue to train the dogs to search out travellers lost in Alpine snowdrifts.

Origin of the Strain

The original St. Bernard of the Alps, it is said, was probably the Swiss sheepdog bred with a mastiff in order to obtain greater strength.

For centuries the monks specialized in the breeding of these dogs and eventually got a strain which was one of the finest, if not the finest, in the world. But tragedy came to the monastery kennels. First a bad epidemic of distemper wiped out a large number of the dogs, later an avalanche demolished part of the kennels and killed the dogs. In order to replenish the kennels, the monks then brought dogs from the Pyrenees and bred them with the bloodhound. The result was not the rugged breed for which the monastery had long been notable. According to dog fanciers, its kennels do not to-day produce the fine strain of former years. In fact, England is now said to have the finest St. Bernards in the world. This is due to a strain brought to that country from Switzerland in the seventeenth century. Careful breeding has strengthened and improved the strain.

Minard's Liniment for all Strains.

News of motorcars which cry out when anyone tries to steal them, and of automobiles that operate traffic lights themselves, encourages the hope that a car may yet be invented whose "soft answer" will turn away the wrath of a traffic officer, or that will even pay the fine imposed for violation of traffic regulations.

"The political machine triumphs because it is a united minority acting against a divided majority."—Will Durant.

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Economy Corner

Liver Puddings

One pound liver, 1½ tablespoons ground suet, 1½ teaspoons salt, 1 small onion, minced, ¼ tablespoon pepper, 2 eggs, 3 slices stale bread, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1-8 teaspoon nutmeg, ½ tablespoon bacon fat, 2-3 cup flour. Soak the bread in water to cover until soft, squeeze dry and crumble up into small pieces. Put liver through food chopper and add to the bread together with the well-beaten eggs, parsley, nutmeg and minced onion cooked in the bacon fat, and stir in the flour. Drop from a spoon into boiling salted water; cover closely and boil 10 minutes. Drain and serve with baked onions.

Date Squares

One cup brown sugar, 1-3 cup butter, 2 eggs, ½ pound dates, 1¼ cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, ½ cup milk, ½ teaspoon each, ginger, nutmeg and ½ teaspoon salt. Cream sugar and butter, add beaten eggs, next sifted dry ingredients and chopped dates, then the milk. Mix and bake, in shallow pan, about 30 minutes, over 325 degrees. Cut small squares.

Potato Border

Mash 9 good-sized boiled potatoes; add 2 tablespoons butter, 1 good cup boiling milk, 1 large tablespoon salt and the well-beaten yolks of 2 eggs; beat till very light. Pack in to a well-buttered border mould (an inverted dish will do) and let it stand away from the heat, 8 minutes. Beat egg whites stiff an add ¼ teaspoon salt; turn the border on a warm platter, cover it with the beaten white, and brown in a moderate oven. Put meat or fish, heated in sauce, in the centre.

Advantages For The Children

Hilda Richmond

Mr. Schramm was rejoicing over his wonderfully good year in business, more because of what he could do for his children than for his own personal benefits.

"I'm going to get the boys each a tip top sled," he confided to his wife as December twenty-fifth approached. "When I was a boy I had to make my own things, and I want my children to have some advantages. I well remember how it took four of us boys to drag the heavy old sled we sobbled together to the hill where we wanted to slide."

Santa Claus was very generous to the Schramm children, and their parents enjoyed the fun as much as they did—winding toys and making wheels go round on Christmas morning. It was an ideal Christmas for coasting, so after dinner in company with a number of neighborhood youngsters the three boys set out for the hill a few blocks away.

"Let's go over and watch them, Mary," said Mr. Schramm. "We won't let them see us, but I'd like to know if they are able to manage their new sleds, this being the first winter we've lived where they could coast. It's a novelty to them, but their Dad coasted from November till spring, year after year, at his little farm home."

Four boys panted along near Mr. and Mrs. Schramm with a home-made sled. Their caps were tied firmly down with old pieces of flannel that might have been a petticoat in former days, and their home-made mittens were clumsy and big. Mr. Schramm looked at them with pity in his eyes remembering his own limited outfit in boyhood. But the chattering boys hurried merrily on. They reached the brow of the hill out of breath and throwing themselves face down on the sled they flew like birds down the hill. Back they came panting and instantly every boy on the hill was bargaining for a ride. Mr. Schramm became intensely interested. He and his wife arrived in time to hear their own children begging to go down "just once."

Catching sight of their father they rushed to him to say, "O, Papa, won't you help us make a good sled like that? It is so much better than the ones Santa Claus made!"

When Mr. and Mrs. Schramm walked homeward after watching the fun, the father laughed as he said, "Mary, all my ideas of advantages have had a severe jolt this afternoon. We'll be cheating our children if we don't encourage them to meet and overcome difficulties."

"I'm glad we've both found that out before the children are grown up," said Mrs. Schramm.—Issued by the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th Street, New York City. These articles are appearing weekly in our columns.

New Diving Suit Defies Octopus

Suit Weighs Seven and a Quarter Cwt.—Resembles Lobster or Crab

"I spent about an hour at the bottom of a tank in the newest design of armoured deepwater driving suit," writes Commander H. M. Daniel in the London Daily Mail.

The dress, which weighs 7¼ cwt., is the invention of J. S. Peress, a British subject of Persian extraction. It is hoped that it will greatly facilitate the recovery of treasure from the bottom of the sea.

As the wing of an aeroplane imitates the wing of a bird, so this diving suit resembles the points of a lobster or crab. In the dress at the bottom of a tank I felt strangely like a crab in an aquarium.

At the end of each arm I had a steel claw with which I could get a cruel grip of any victim or article within reach. With practice I was able to use my unwieldly limbs with surprising aptitude, picking up a penny at the first attempt from the bottom of the tank. Instead of the joints being on ball bearings, which, understand, are to be found on other armoured suits, the joints of this suit are like that hard bit of cup-shaped shell of the lobster claw, fitting into a larger cup filled with grease. The result is certainly remarkable in its freedom considering the weight and strength of the armour.

By the latest form of a decompression chamber it has been possible to descend in such a dress more than 50 fathoms. But the inventor hopes to be able to get down to 100 fathoms, where, he thinks, are ancient marble statues and treasure in sunken ships.

One advantage which can certainly be claimed for an armoured dress is invulnerability from sharks and octopuses. I know from experience that it is an unpleasant feeling going down the diver's ladder with sharks circling round. Octopuses are also a deadly danger. In an armoured suit a diver would have little to fear.

Fond Parent: "Now, Doris if you won't kiss your uncle, I shall have to send you to bed." Doris (after a few moments' silence): "Very well—good-night, mama."

The Chicago people are right in claiming that there is no place like home.

Sunday School Lesson

July 13. Lesson II—Jacob (A Selfish Man Transformed)—Genesis 29-34; 28: 18-22; 29: 18-20; 33: 18. Golden Text—For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in change for his soul?—Matthew 16: 26.

ANALYSIS.

I. TAKING ADVANTAGE OF A BROTHER'S WEAKNESS AND A FATHER'S BLINDNESS, Gen. 25: 29-34; 27: 1-46.
II. BARGAINING WITH GOD, chapter 28.
III. CONFESSION AND RECONCILIATION, chapters 32 and 33.

INTRODUCTION—Jacob, the grandson of Abraham, is one of the most fascinating characters in Old Testament story. There is much in him that is mean and dishonorable, much also that is very fine and noble. It is true that he cheats his brother both of his birthright and his father's blessing, but it is also true that he values very highly that birthright with its great material and spiritual inheritance, held in slight esteem by Esau. The spiritually minded and ambitious Jacob stands out in the story, with all his faults, in striking contrast to Esau, who, to satisfy the appetite of the moment, sold that which would have made him heir to the promise of Abraham.

I. TAKING ADVANTAGE OF A BROTHER'S WEAKNESS AND A FATHER'S BLINDNESS, Gen. 25: 29-34; 27: 1-46.

Jacob's pottage was made of lentils, still a favorite dish in the East, usually stewed with onions, rice, oil, or small bits of meat and farina, seasoned to the taste (Driver's "Genesis"). The birthright which Esau parts with so lightly, accompanied the father's blessing (chap. 27), would probably have made him head of the tribal community and heir to a greater part of his father's possessions. Pressed by his appetite he sells the future for an immediate gratification. Jacob takes a mean advantage of his heedless brother. To such far-seeing ambition he is willing to scheme and plot and lie. But of the two he is clearly the stronger character and capable of the greater achievements in life. It may be that the character of Esau was reflected in the Edomites who claimed descent from him, as that of Jacob in Israel.

II. BARGAINING WITH GOD, chapter 28.

Jacob, a fugitive from his home in southern Palestine, fleeing from his brother's wrath, and commanded by his jealous mother to choose a wife for himself from among his own kinsfolk, leaves his home and his father's blessing, while Esau, of the profane, who had married two wives of the Hittites, who tarried for a time in his father's home, there is no less slumber to dream of angels on a stairway which reaches to heaven and the Lord standing beside it. There his regeneration begins. It is true that Jacob's scheming and seeking spirit here again asserts itself. His morning vow is conditional: *God will be with me and will keep me . . . then shall the Lord be my God.* There is nevertheless genuine piety in this vow, a real desire and search after God, even though it be still on the lower plane of material advantage and success.

III. CONFESSION AND RECONCILIATION, chapters 32 and 33.

After many years Jacob returns to Canaan with his family and his servants and his flocks and herds. At the fords of the river Jabbok, east of Jordan, he hears that Esau is coming to meet him with four hundred men. He is greatly afraid. Perhaps he wondered how did his conscience really stand with him as regards his treatment of Esau, and now his conscience is awakened by fear of Esau's vengeance. Jacob does three things. He divides his company into two companies with the hope that if one is attacked the other may escape. He sends forward his servants with rich presents to meet his brother. Then he prays to God for deliverance (chap. 32: 9-12). Night falls and he is left by the river he wrestles with a mysterious adversary. Was it part of God's Spirit was urging him to repentance? When at last he answers the question, *What is thy name?* he said, "It is Jacob, his conference made." For the word Jacob means a supplanter, one who takes the place that rightfully belongs to another. The name fitted well Jacob's character. Now that he has confessed and admitted his guilt he receives the blessing which he sought, and a new name, *Israel, for as a prince he had power with God.*

Sure of His Ground

Straw Hat—"You'll never be popular as I am, you big stiff!"
Derby—"Possibly not, yet a superiority is felt."

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