

Fiction And
Story

JOURNAL'S MAGAZINE PAGE

Timely And
InterestingThe FLAMING
JEWEL

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

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(Continued from our last issue.)

CHAPTER III

Always Clinch's pale eyes searched the forest twilight in front of him; not a falling leaf escaped him; not a chipmunk.

The slightest noise behind him. He waited, turned slowly. Eve stood there.

He died in his pale eyes as she came to him, reeled silently in his gentle embrace, returned his kiss, laid her flushed, sweet cheek against his unshaven face.

"Darling?"
"Yes, my baby."
"You're waiting to kill Quintana. But there's no use watching any longer."
"Have the boys below got him?" he demanded.

"They got one of his gang. Byron Hastings is dead. Jim is badly hurt. Sid Hone, too—not so badly."

"Where's Quintana?"
"Dad, he's gone. . . . But it don't matter. See here!" She dug her slender hand into her breeches pocket and pulled out a little fistful of gems.

Clinch, his powerful arm closing her shoulders, looked dully at the jewels. "You see, dad, there's no use killing Quintana. These are the things he robbed you of."

"Tain't them that matter. . . . I'm glad you got 'em. I allus wanted you should be a great lady, girlie. Them's the tickets of admission. You put 'em in your pants. I gotta stay here a spell."

"Dad, take them!"
He took them, smiled, shoved them into his pocket.

"What is it, girlie?" he asked absently, his pale eyes searching the woods ahead.

"I've told you," she said, "that the boys went in as far as Quintana's shanty. There was a dead man there, too; but Quintana has gone."

Clinch said—not removing his eyes from the forest: "If any of them boys has let Quintana crawl through the hills, kill him, too. . . . G'wan home, girlie. I gotta Mosey—I gotta kinda loaf 'r a spell."

"Dad, I want you to come back with me."

"You go home; you hear me, Eve? Tell Corby and Dick Berry to look it for Owl Marsh and stop the Star Peak trails—both on 'em. . . . Can Sid and Jimmy walk?"

"Jim can't."

"Well, let Harve take him on his back. You go too. You help fix Jimmy up at the house. He's a little fella, Jimmy Hastings is. Harve can tote him. And you go along."

"Dad, Quintana says he means to kill you! What is the use of hurting him? You have what he took—"

"I gotta have more'n he took. But even that ain't enough. He couldn't pay for all he ever done to me, girlie. I'm a-aimin' to draw on him on sight."

Clinch's set visage relaxed into an alarming smile which flickered, faded, died in the wintry ferocity of his eyes.

"Dad—"

"G'wan home!" he interrupted harshly. "You want that Hastings boy to bleed to death?"

She came up to him, not uttering a word, yet asking him with all the tenderness and eloquence of her eyes to leave this blood-trail where it lay and hunt no more.

He kissed her mouth, infinitely tender, smiling; then, again grim and scowling:

"G'wan home, you little scut, an' do what I told ye, or, by God, I'll cut a switch that'll learn ye good! Never a word, now! On yer way! G'wan!"

Twice she turned to look back. The second time, Clinch was slowly walk-

ing into the woods looking straight ahead of him. She waited; saw him go in; waited. After a while she continued on her way.

CHAPTER IV

And Clinch's mind was on her. All else—his watchfulness, his stealthy advance—all the alertness of eyes and ear, all the subtlety, the cunning, the infinite caution—were purely instinctive mechanics.

Somewhere in this flooded twilight of gigantic trees was Jose Quintana. Knowing that, he dismissed that fact from his mind and turned his thoughts to Eve.

Sometimes his lips moved. They usually did when he was arguing with himself.

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Let The "Universal Aunts"
Do It, Now London Slogan

MISS SATARA FORT AND SOME OF HER JOBS AS UNIVERSAL AUNT

BY MILTON BRONNER
NEA Service Staff Correspondent.

London, Nov. 3.—Let the "Universal Aunts" do it.

It makes little difference what the job is—meeting the children at the railroad depot, caring for your pet

animals or buying a trousseau for a bride—they will see that it's done. It's their business.

Organized by Miss Satara Fort, an enterprising young woman from India, this group of "Universal Aunts" now consists of 165 workers who are

hooked it off you; you hooked it, didn't you? Now I got it again. That's all square. . . . No, 'aint that grudge, you green-livered whelp of a cross-bred, still-born slut! No! It's becuz you laid the heft of your dirty little finger onto my girlie. 'N' now you gotta hop!

Quintana's sinister laughter was his retort. Then: "You 'damfool Clinch," he said, "I got in my pocket what you rob of me. Now I kill you, and then I feel ver' well. I go home, live like some kings; yes. But you," he sneered, "you shall not go home never no more. No. You shall remain in these damn woods like a dead old rat that is all wormy."

He! I got a million dollars—five million francs in my pocket. You shall learn what it cost to rob Jose Quintana! Understand?"

"You liar," said Clinch contemptuously, "I got them fools in my pants pocket—"

Quintana's derisive laugh cut him short: "I give you the flaming jewel if you show me you got my gems in your pants pocket!"

"I'll show you. Lay down your rifle so's I see the stock."

"First you, my friend Mike," said Quintana cautiously.

Clinch took his rifle by the muzzle and shoved the stock into view so that Quintana could see it without moving.

To his surprise, Quintana did the same, then coolly stepped a pace outside the shelter of his hemlock stump.

"You show me now!" he called across the swamp.

Clinch stepped into view, dug into his pocket, and, cupping his hands, displayed a glittering heap of gems.

"I wanted you should know who's gottem," he said, "before you hop. I'll give you something to think over in hell."

Quintana's eyes had become slits again. Neither man stirred. Then: "So you are buzzard, eh, Clinch? You feed on dead man's pockets, eh? You find Sard somewhere an' you feed." He held up the morocco case, emblazoned with the arms of the Grand Duchy of Esthonia, and shook it at Clinch.

"In there is my share. . . . Not all. Ver' quick, now, I take yours, too."

Clinch vanished and so did his rifle, and Quintana's first bullet struck the moss where the stock had rested.

"You black crow!" leered Clinch, laughing. "I need that empty case of yours. And I'm going after it. . . . But it's because your filthy claw touched my girlie that you gotta hop!"

Twilight lay over the phantom wood touching with pallid tints the flooded forest.

So far only that one shot had been fired. Both men were still maneuvering, always creeping in circles and always lining some great tree for shelter.

Now, the gathering dusk was making them bolder and swifter; and twice, already, Clinch caught the shadow of a fading edge of something that vanished against the shadows too swiftly for a shot.

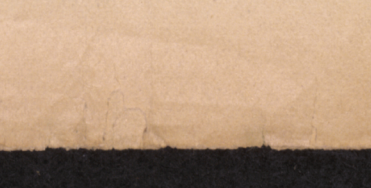
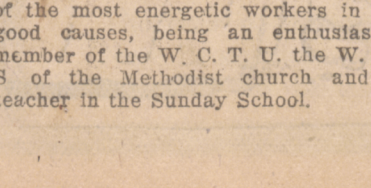
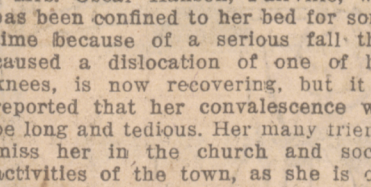
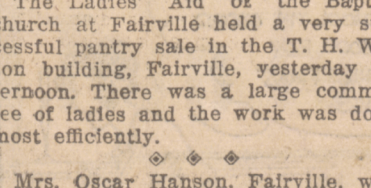
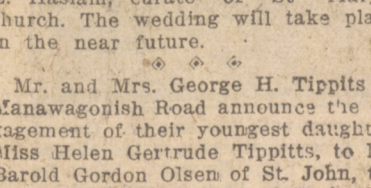
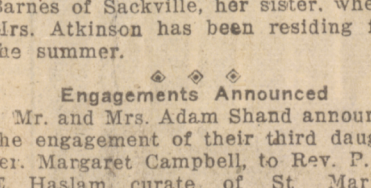
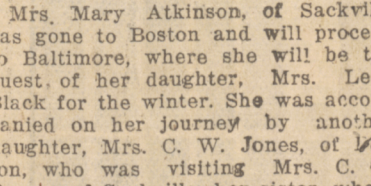
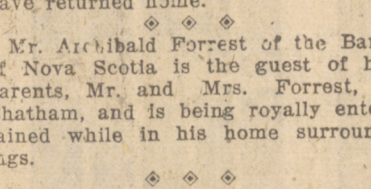
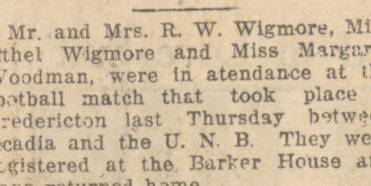
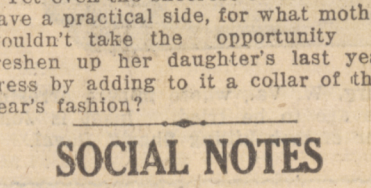
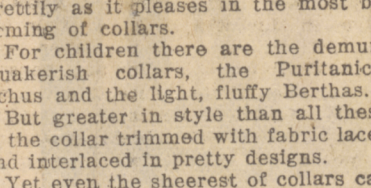
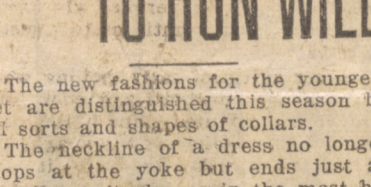
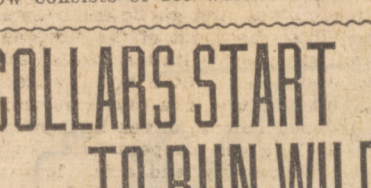
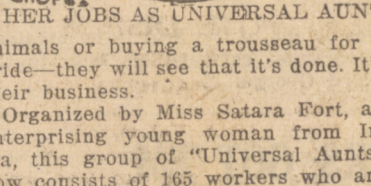
Now Quintana, keeping a tree in line, brushed with his lithe back a leafless moss-bush that stood swaying as he avoided it.

Instantly a stealthy hope seized him; he slipped out of his coat, spread it on the bush, set the naked branches swaying, and darted to his tree.

Waiting, he saw that the gray blot his coat made in the dusk was still moving a little—just vibrating a little bit in the twilight. He touched the bush with his rifle barrel, then crouched almost flat.

Suddenly the red crash of a rifle lit up Clinch's visage for a fraction of a second. And Quintana's bullet smashed Clinch between the eyes.

(Continued in our next issue.)



doing a flourishing business here helping others.

To Many Relatives

It all developed from Miss Fort's having too many relatives.

When she came to London her married sisters, brother, cousins, aunts and uncles kept asking her to meet their sons, daughters and friends, take them to the zoo or out shopping and look after them generally. She was so fine a guide, that they sent others.

So Miss Fort said:

"If I am constantly being of service to my nieces and nephews when they come up to London why shouldn't I be a sort of universal aunt to anybody who pays me a fee for my work?"

She took a small office, hung out a huge brown flag bearing in big white letters the legend: "Universal Aunts," and went to work. Her success was instantaneous. The organization grew rapidly.

Ready For Anything

It would be hard to tell what the "Universal Aunts" won't do. They announce themselves "ready at any moment for any undertaking."

In the course of one week here are some of the jobs they performed:

Met travelers at the stations and looked after them; furnished chaperones for young couples; conducted special shopping parties; found, rented and furnished some houses; arranged a bazaar; gave bridge lessons; attended to the gardening on some estates; told fairy tales to children at some birthday parties; sold home products; looked after visitors' laundry; arranged a wedding; and placed some servants.

And it wasn't a very busy week!

Something About
Hand-Made Canes

Large Number Used in Various European Countries—Suggestion to Boy Scouts.

A prominent member of a leading institute in the city, during a tour of European countries some little time ago, noticed in the various centres visited, the large number of hand-made canes that were carried by both men and women alike. In Ireland canes made from the black thorne and ash were largely used.

The Grand Falls of Labrador are 2,000 feet high, as compared with Niagara's 164 feet.

Without being classed as a dwarf or giant, a man may vary in height from 4 feet 1 inch to 6 feet 8½ inches.

HAT AIMS TO PLEASE



The sterling virtues of economy, practicality and durability were not emphasized in this hat, or could it be induced to take a decided stand on the large or small issue. It merely aimed to be becoming. Black lace, feathers and black satin, helped it achieve its end.

People in Scotland make and carry a cane, carved from the hazelwood. The Swiss produce a cane from a species of ash, which to all appearances might have been turned out by an up-to-date factory.

Specimens of all the above mentioned canes were brought to the city, and the handicraft in connection with the turning of the wood into the finished product provides an interesting study. For the Boy Scouts who go into the woods for a considerable part of their training, the suggestion that work of this nature be included in their schedule, would not be amiss, especially as the province is endowed with a large number of trees suitable for this kind of occupation. Many canes can be readily fashioned from small trees, using the curved portion of the root for the grip or handle.

The Hawaiian Islands number 29, though some of them are very small.

Many of us save for a rainy day as if we only expected a shower.

Photographs

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COLLARS START
TO RUN WILD

The new fashions for the youngest set are distinguished this season by all sorts and shapes of collars.

The neckline of a dress no longer stops at the yoke but ends just as prettily as it pleases in the most becoming of collars.

For children there are the demure Quakerish collars, the Puritanical rufous and the light fluffy Berthas.

Yet even the sheerest of collars can have a practical side, for what mother wouldn't take the opportunity to freshen up her daughter's last year dress by adding to it a collar of this year's fashion?

SOCIAL NOTES

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Wigmore, Miss Ethel Wigmore and Miss Margaret Woodman, were in attendance at the football match which took place at Fredericton last Thursday between Acadia and the U. N. B. They were registered at the Barker House and have returned home.

Mr. Archibald Forrest of the Bank of Nova Scotia is the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Forrest, at Chatham, and is being royally entertained while in his home surroundings.

Mrs. Mary Atkinson, of Sackville has gone to Boston and will proceed to Baltimore, where she will be the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Leop Black for the winter. She was accompanied on her journey by another daughter, Mrs. C. W. Jones, of Weston, who was visiting Mrs. C. M. Barnes of Sackville, her sister, where Mrs. Atkinson has been residing for the summer.

Engagements Announced
Mr. and Mrs. Adam Shand announce the engagement of their third daughter, Margaret Campbell, to Rev. P. J. E. Haslam, curate of St. Mary's church. The wedding will take place in the near future.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Tippits of Manawagonish Road announce the engagement of their youngest daughter, Miss Helen Gertrude Tippits, to Mr. Harold Gordon Olsen of St. John, the marriage to take place late in November.

Visit Friends
Miss Helen Farrell of Fredericton is visiting friends in the city.

Pantry Sale in Fairville
The Ladies' Aid of the Baptist church at Fairville held a very successful pantry sale in the T. H. Wilson building, Fairville, yesterday afternoon. There was a large committee of ladies and the work was done most efficiently.

Mrs. Oscar Hanson, Fairville, who has been confined to her bed for some time because of a serious fall that caused a dislocation of one of her knees, is now recovering, but it is reported that her convalescence will be long and tedious. Her many friends miss her in the church and social activities of the town, as she is one of the most energetic workers in all good causes, being an enthusiastic member of the W. C. T. U. the W. M. S. of the Methodist church and a teacher in the Sunday School.



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