

Fiction And
Story

JOURNAL'S MAGAZINE PAGE

Timely And
InterestingThe FLAMING
JEWEL

by ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

© 1922 GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

(Continued from our last issue.)

CHAPTER II

Quintana, on a fox-trot along the rock-trail into Drowned Valley, now thoroughly understood that it was the only sanctuary left him for the moment. Egress to the southward was closed; to the eastward, also; and he was too wary to venture toward Ghost Lake.

No, the only temporary safety lay in the swamps of Drowned Valley.

He meant to settle matters with Mike Clinch anyway. He was not afraid of Clinch; not really afraid of anybody. It had been the dogs that demoralized Quintana. He'd had no experience with hunting hounds—did not know what to expect—how to maneuver. If only he could have seen these beasts that filled the forest with their hobgoblin outcries—if he could have had a good look at the creatures who gave forth that weird melancholy volume of sound!—

"Bon!" he said coolly to himself. "It was a crisis of nerves which I experienced. Yes. . . . I should have shot him, that fat Sard. Yes. . . . Only those damn dogs—

And now he shall die an' rot—that fat Sard—all by himself, parient—like one bird dead thing all alone in the wood. . . . Ah!—mon dieu!—a million francs in gems that shine like festering stars in this damn wood till the world end. Ah, bah—nôme de dieu de—"

"Halt!" came a sharp voice from the cedar fringes in front. A pause, then recognition; and Henri Picquet walked out on the hard ridge beyond and stood leaning on his rifle and looking sullenly at his leader.

Quintana came forward, carelessly, a disagreeable expression in his eyes and on his narrow lips, and continued on past Picquet.

The latter slouched after his leader, who had walked over to the lean-to before which a pile of charred logs lay in cold ashes.

As Picquet came up, Quintana turned on him, with a gesture toward the extinguished fire: "It is cold like hell," he said. "Why do you not have some fire?"

"Not for me, non," growled Picquet, and jerked a dirty thumb in the direction of the lean-to.

And there Quintana saw a pair of muddy boots protruding from a blanket.

"It is Harry Beck, yes?" he inquired. Then something about the boots and the blanket silenced him. He kept his eyes on them for a full minute, then walked into the lean-to. The blanket also covered Harry Beck's features and there was a stain on it where it outlined the prostrate man's features, making a ridge over the bony nose.

After a moment, Quintana looked

Finding

a surplus of these scarves in our stock at the first of November, we are offering them to you for three days only at this unheard of price.

These scarves are single animal-style, complete with tails, paws, and head, chains and clasp.

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday

Black Wolf
Regular, \$30, \$35, \$45
\$15.00

Natural Wolf
Regular \$30, \$35, \$45
\$15.00

Natural Lynx Cat
Regular \$25, \$30
\$10.00

Taupe Lynx Cat
Regular \$30, \$35, \$45
\$15.00

Guaranteed of course.

D. Magee's Sons, Ltd.
63 KING ST.

So genuinely good is its reputation in our Home Provinces here in the East, folks who like good Tea are wont to say: "We use RED ROSE TEA."



The fine quality of RED ROSE COFFEE will please particular people.

he began screaming with fury while the big, soft-nosed bullets came streaming in all around him. His broken arm was hit again. His screaming ceased; he dragged out his big clasp-knife with his left hand and started running toward the shooting. As he ran, his mangled arm flopping like a broken wing, Byron Hastings stepped out from behind a tree and coolly shot him down at close quarters.

Then Quintana's rifle exploded twice very quickly, and the Hastings boy stumbled sideways and fell sprawling. He managed to rise to his knees again; he even was trying to stand up when Quintana, taking his time, deliberately began to empty his magazine into the boy, riddling him limb and body and head.

Down once more, he still moved his arms. Sid Hone reached out from behind a fallen log to grasp the dying lad's ankle and draw him into shelter, but Quintana reloaded swiftly and smashed Hone's left hand with the first shot.

Then Jim Hastings, kneeling behind a bunch of juniper, fired a high-velocity bullet into the tree behind which Quintana stood; but before he could fire again Quintana's shot in reply came ripping through the juniper and tore a ghastly hole in the calf of his left leg, striking a blow that knocked young Hastings flat and paralyzed as a dead flounder.

A mile to the north, blocking the other exit from Drowned Valley, Mike Clinch, Harvey Chase, Cornelius Blommers, and Dick Berry stood listening to the shooting.

"Egosh," blurted out Chase, "it sounds like they was goin' through, Mike. Egosh, it does!" Clinch's little pale eyes blazed, but he said in his soft, agreeable voice: "Stay right here, boys. Like as not some of 'em will come this way."

The shooting below ceased. Clinch's nostrils expanded and flattened with every breath, as he stood glaring into the woods.

"Harvey," he said presently, "you an' Corny go down there an' kinda look-around. And you signal if I'm wanted. G'wan, both o' you. Git!"

They started, running heavily, but their feet made little noise on the moss.

Berry came over and stood near Clinch. For ten minutes neither man



CLINCH STARED AT THE WOODS IN FRONT OF HIM.

moved. Clinch stared at the woods in front of him. The younger man's nervous glance flickered like a snake's tongue in every direction, and he kept moistening his lips with his tongue.

Presently two shots came from the south. A pause; a rattle of shots from hastily emptied magazines.

"G'wan down there, Dick!" said Clinch.

"You'll be alone, Mike—" "An' right. You do like I say; git along quick!"

Berry walked southward a little way. He had turned very white under his tan.

"G'ol ding ye!" shouted Clinch, "take it on a lode or I'll kick the pants off a ye!"

Berry began to run, carrying his rifle as a trail.

For half an hour there was not a sound in the forests of Drowned Valley except in the dead timber where unseen woodpeckers hammered fitfully at the ghosts of ancient trees.

(Continued in our next issue.)

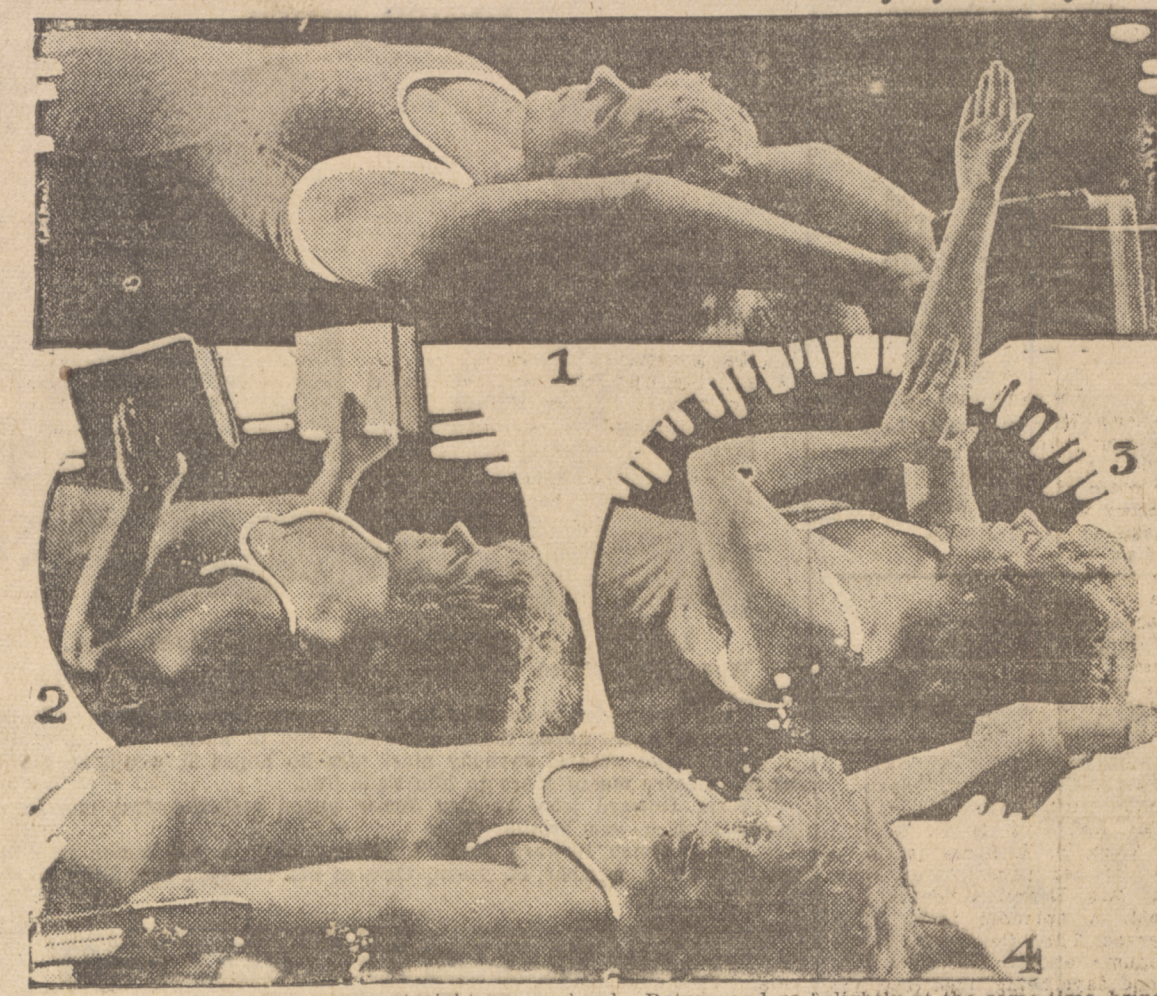
A PUZZLE A DAY.

"Half a dozen and half a score Make just twenty and not one more."

According to the above verse, 6 plus 10 equals 20. Can you explain the riddle?

Here is some hair-raising news. Al Apple says women will return to the pompadour this winter.

Bernarr McFadden On How To Gain Grace of Bodily Symmetry



By Bernarr McFadden.

Beautiful womanhood is impossible without a well-developed, symmetrical body formed bust and chest.

This particular area of a woman's body indicates her vital condition. A strong chest in nearly every instance insures a heart that is vigorous and capable of satisfactory functioning and well-developed lungs that are in turn responsible for a clear, smooth, healthy skin. A flat, under-developed bust, or an over-fat one is equally undesirable and unlovely.

The following exercises will make a decided improvement in the contour of your chest and bust, and will bring it to the point of perfection nature intended it to attain.

First Exercise.

For exercise, one, lie flat on a couch and hold two books over the head in the position shown in the picture, keeping the elbows rigid. Bring the books immediately over the head. Return and repeat until tired.

Bernarr MacFadden, well known writer on and teacher of physical culture, urges the women of this generation to develop their bodies to the point of beauty and symmetry of which they are capable. In his article, which follows, he tells how to gain health as well as beauty by building up the chest and bust.—Editor.

Then hold the books in the hand as shown in figure two. Raise them

WELLESLEY WON'T LET GIRLS SMOKE

When it Came to Question of Quitting, Two Girls Take Their Cigarettes and Left the College.

Boston, Nov. 2.—When it came to a question of quitting cigarettes or quitting Wellesley college Billie Burse of Barre Vt., and Jean Roth of Stamford, Ct., chose the latter and quit Wellesley last night. They were taking the hygiene course and will continue their studies by entering Dr. Sargent's School for Physical Education. Both are also pupils at the New England Conservatory of Music. Billie is a graduate of Goddard seminary and Jean of Haywood school. They were freshmen at Wellesley.

The trouble at Wellesley started when Mrs. Campbell, house mother at the Maples, caught the girls smoking in their room.

"I've a good mind to tell the dean," she told them. "You know the penalty, girls—she'd expel you in a minute. Next time I catch you—"

"Why wait?" asked Billie. "We'll go now," said Jean.

"We're resigning," she said, "as a protest against the antiquated notion that ladies do not smoke. Wellesley is too narrow. They talk here of progress. Why, they do not know the meaning of the word."

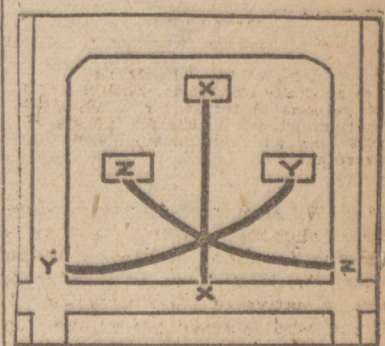
"The college does not permit of the development of the new woman. To advance a girl must dare and again dare and dare forever more. The faculty frowns on daring. They frowned on our ideas. And now having found our cigarettes, they're frowning again."

"They say nice people don't," said Miss Burse. "That's bunk, plain, old fashioned hokum. Why, as a matter of fact, our great great grandmothers of frontier times smoked corn-cob pipes. We're a little daintier about it. Instead of a smelly old pipe we have our graceful little cigarettes. And most girls look darned attractive with a cigarette held nonchalantly in their fingers."

A poor man gets shot when if rich he only would have been sued for breach of promise.

You can hardly blame the north wind for whistling. It is going south where it is warm.

A PUZZLE A DAY



THE THREE DRIVEWAYS

Three men kept their automobiles in separate garages, X, Y and Z (see Fig.) In order to reach the gate each one desired, the driveways crossed as shown in the diagram. One night an accident occurred at the crossing. The garage owners decided to eliminate all crossings, but each one still wanted to use the same gate. How did they rearrange the driveways so there would be no crossings?

MACKEREL OR BLUEFISH BAKED WITH TOMATOES

(By Bertha E. Shapleigh of Columbia University.)

All dark fish, as mackerel, herring, bluefish or carp, are rich in fat, and while they are always delicious when well boiled the cooking may be varied. The following is a good recipe:

2 large mackerel or 1 bluefish 6 strips bacon or 3 tablespoons butter

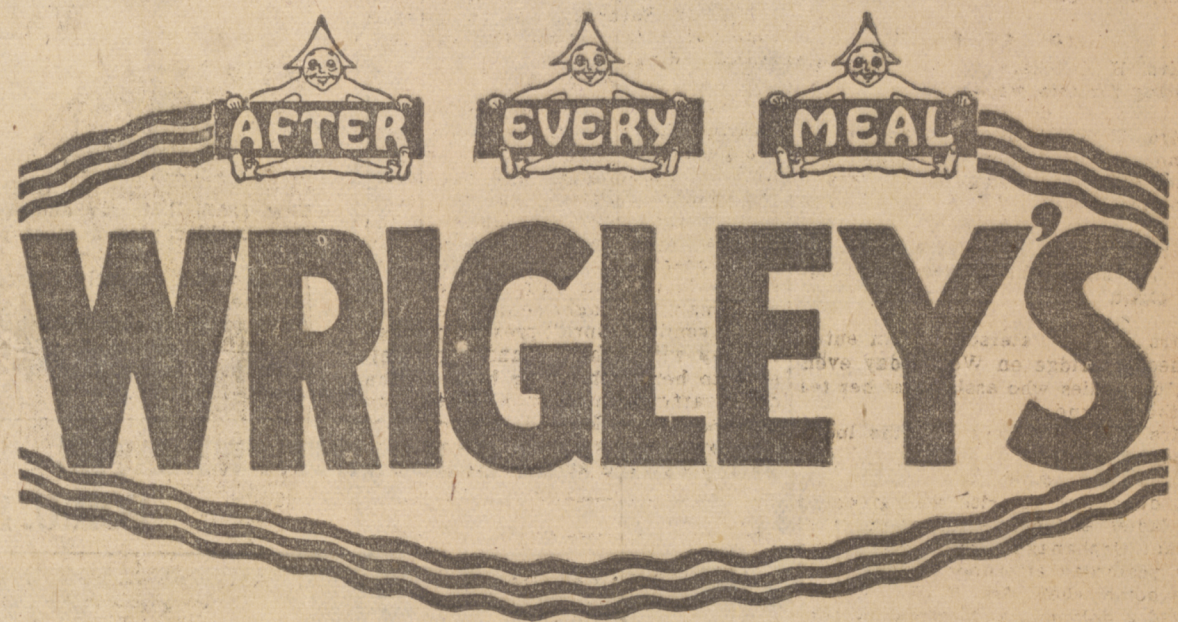
4 tomatoes peeled and cut in pieces 1 onion thinly sliced 1 cup water 2 teaspoon salt

1 teaspoon paprika or a little pepper 3 tablespoons chopped parsley

In a baking pan, preferably granite, not tin, place three strips bacon and one-half the onion. The fish may be split or left whole. After thoroughly cleaning place it on the bacon.

Over it sprinkle salt, paprika, the remaining slices of onion and bacon, the tomatoes and water.

Place in a moderately hot oven and cook 35 minutes. Remove to a platter, sprinkle the parsley over, and serve the gravy and vegetables around the fish.



The Utmost in Quality

Purest materials, scientific manufacture under conditions of absolute cleanliness—then wrapped and sealed against all impurity.

That is Wrigley's as it comes to you—fresh and full flavored.

Aids digestion, helps to keep teeth white and clean—breath sweet and disposition sunny.

Making the next cigar taste better.

Have you tried this one?



WRIGLEY'S NIPS is the new peppermint-flavored sugar-jacketed gum.

A combination refreshment that can't be beat.



Wrigley's Adds a Zest and Helps Digest