

gestures. He touched Polgarthen lightly and pointed to the South. Then he picked up a bundle and indicated a man setting out on a long journey. He seemed to be talking to others as he went.

"It's a kind of expedition," thought Polgarthen, uneasily, "and by Jove, they're having a rough time. There's a man down—down and out, poor devil. They're burying him just as we—. They're off again—there's a smash, something has fallen on the fellow in front—they're burying him—that's two—"

His thoughts stopped with a sudden jar as he realized that he was being taken step by step through his own ill-fated expedition. The people of the Terai must have followed them ever since they left civilization a year ago. Polgarthen stared at the circle of impassive faces and for the first time felt fear knocking at his heart.

The priest took no notice of his agitation. He went on picturing the expedition until there were only two men left. He showed how Driscoll fell in his tracks and how he died by the camp-fire the same night. And finally Polgarthen was shown lying beside the dead body of his friend with the Teraians creeping up to surround him.

Then the priest shed his impassivity like a garment. He shook his forefinger threateningly at Polgarthen and pointed to the sky, indicating how an all-powerful hand had stooped to punish the man who had dared to approach the Sacred City. Then he pointed to the sky again and to the strange figures standing silently in their niches. He took Polgarthen by the sleeve and urged him to go closer.

Polgarthen looked at him grimly and then shrugged his shoulders and walked across the hall, his head erect. He had given up hope now; all he could do was to die bravely. But at that moment, as luck would have it, the sunlight slanted across his face through a loophole in the wall. His thoughts flew back to the old homestead in New Brunswick with its red-tiled roof and the birds nesting in the eaves—he saw his sister—and then he saw that the priests were watching him.

His fist clenched swiftly and crashed into the face of the nearest one, who dropped like a log. Pol-

garthen turned to the others. They stared at him without abating one jot of their impassivity and he swung on his heel and strode up to the nearest niche. It was occupied by an Elizabethan bravo, a big man with a shabby doublet and patched hosen, upon which the wine stains of three centuries ago were still visible.

He wondered what pitiful story this figure represented. He thought they had killed the man and then embalmed him in some way that preserved the appearance of life. The bravo's hand hung loosely by his side. Polgarthen took it in his own, but dropped it with a cry of horror. It was a hand of a living man. For the second time a great tide of fear broke in his heart.

He felt his self-control was going. There was a roaring in his ears as though the world was falling to fragments about him. He stretched out his hands but nobody moved. One of the priests pointed to the sacrificial altar at the end of the Temple and then looked at Polgarthen with a singular intentness.

The latter returned the look disdainfully and thereby lost his last chance. The eyes that were fixed upon him assumed a steady hypnotic stare until his will weakened and his bodily strength seemed to be draining away. He swayed slightly from side to side. Then his body tumbled like an empty suit of clothes.

At that sight the priests and people of the Terai found their voices at last. They broke into a long swelling song of triumph that rolled up to the burnished dome of the Temple.

FOR nearly a month the A. S. "Indomitable" had been cruising over the lonely swamps and forests of the Terai, searching for the Sacred City.

The "Indomitable" was a novelty in airship construction. Balloons are lighter than air, aeroplanes are heavier. The "Indomitable" was either at the will of its engineer. It was driven by motors, but it could be surrounded by a kind of atmosphere of electricity that made it independent of the Law of Gravitation and enabled it to float in mid-air for any length of time.

In addition to the crew and four passengers, the "Indomitable" carried a well-armed force of a hundred men. Blundell and Colonel Colverton and Joan Polgarthen were there and the fourth passenger was a Monsieur Salpetriere, the object of whose presence was known only to two persons on board.

On the sixth day of the voyage, Joan took up her usual position on deck immediately after breakfast, and was presently joined by the others. The little brown-faced man had a curiously intent look this morning as he searched the empty landscape.

"You have some news?" said Joan, quietly.

"I think so. I hope so. Lal Chunda recognizes something in the scene this morning. He thinks we are near the Sacred City."

The conversation became general. Everybody was excited. Joan slipped away from the others. Blundell urged Monsieur Salpetriere to go and have some breakfast.

"Better not," said the Frenchman, seriously. "Everything may depend on the next few hours. I want us to have success, and the subjective faculties are stronger when one is fasting."

At this time the airship was beating up West against a stiff breeze. Just as Blundell turned to acquiesce in his friend's remark, the course was changed several points. A strange, expectant silence fell upon everybody.

"It is there," said the Indian guide, suddenly. "Beyond the valley. More to the right."

The airship turned again and shot forward so swiftly that they were over the Sacred City almost immediately. It was a medley of palaces and hovels with the Temple in the centre, its burnished dome glittering in the sunshine like a ball of fire.

"That will be the Temple?" muttered Blundell.

"An important place to capture?" suggested the Colonel.

Lal Chunda whispered to Blundell: "They must not. The Temple must not be hurt. The Sahib knows what I fear."

The little man nodded reassuringly. The airship was steered swiftly round the Temple and brought down right in front of the gateway, upon which a machine gun was promptly trained. The great doors opened and a long procession of priests came forth, with arms lifted appealingly.

"That will do," said Blundell, "they are badly scared and it's our business to keep them so. Are you ready to descend, Monsieur Salpetriere?"

"Quite ready," said the Frenchman, gravely.

Blundell took with him fifty men, in addition to his two friends. At the last moment, Joan climbed down and joined them.

"I can't wait there," she said, resolutely. "I want to know what there is to know, good or bad."

Blundell became extraordinarily distressed. He begged the girl to return.

"It may be well that Mademoiselle should accompany us," said Salpetriere, suddenly. "She can help us greatly. There will be terrible things to see and to do. Mademoiselle will be brave."

Joan stared at the impassive faces of the priests and then at the more kindly sunlight overhead. But priests and sunlight were as one to her. She saw nothing. The voice that had whispered in her dreams was crying to her again and she was slowly drifting into a state of semi-consciousness.

Her face became white and rigid, her eyes were like those of a woman who walks in her sleep. She began to move towards the open door of the Temple. Colonel Colverton and Blundell looked grimly at each other and followed. The guard from the airship hesitated for a moment and then at a signal from their officer strode after them.

Still walking in the same fashion the girl made her way into the Temple. She passed one niche after another until she reached the last. Colverton felt his knees weaken. A deadly sickness overcame him. He pointed to the niched figure, but could not speak.

Joan stopped opposite the silent figure of her brother and looked up at it. The rigid expression in her eyes gradually softened. She lifted her hands.

Salpetriere made a gesture for absolute silence. This was the work he had come to do, but there were reasons why the girl could do it far better.

The silence remained unbroken. The tears were (Concluded on page 16.)

## NO HUN BOMB HAS YET HIT THESE



AMONG so many aerial bombardments of London it is one of the many wonders of the world that the great Westminster group of buildings has never been hit. More great administrative buildings are grouped together here over a radius of a mile or less than in any other similar area in the world. Even the old Abbey has never been struck—thank Heaven! And the greatest Parliament in the world continues to sit regardless of German bombs. This picture shows the American Legion marching over Westminster Bridge during the recent triumphal procession of Gen. Pershing's army through London.