

The FLAMING JEWEL

by ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

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BEGIN HERE TODAY.

Twice had the beautiful EVE STRAYER been near death that day, twice had she barely escaped with her life from the hands of men who fought with blind frenzy in the Adirondack woods to gain possession of the gem of priceless worth, the flaming jewel, which her rough and law-breaking step-father.

MIKE CLINCH, madly hoarded as the means of giving her "the education of a lady."

First stolen from the refugee COUNTESS OF ESTHONIA by QUINTANA, the great international thief, and then stolen from Quintana by Clinch, the jewel had reached America and was now under Eve's pillow as she recovered from her treatment at the hands of Quintana and the murderer, Laverett.

Clinch was now in the woods, save only intent on wiping out Quintana's gang, and with him was JAMES DARRAGH, known as HAL SMITH, who, unknown to Clinch, had sworn to restore the jewel to the beggared countess. Guarding Eve was TROOPER STORMONT, the man she suddenly realized she loved.

Go On With the Story.

EPISODE SEVEN.

Clinch's Dump.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN Mike Clinch bade Hal Smith return to the Dump and take care of Eve, Smith already had decided to go there.

Somewhere in Clinch's Dump was hidden the flaming jewel. Now was his time to search for it.

There were two other reasons why he should go back. One of them was that Laverett was loose. If anything had called Trooper Stormont away, Eve would be alone in the house. And nobody on earth could forecast what a coward like Laverett might attempt. But there was another and more serious reason for returning to Clinch's. Clinch, blood-mad, was headed for Drowned Valley with his men, to stop both ends of that vast morass between Quintana and his gang could get out.

It was evident that neither Clinch nor any of his men—although their very lives depended upon familiarity with the wilderness—knew that a third exit from Drowned Valley existed.

And that was why Darragh, or Hal Smith, finally decided to return to Star Pond—because if Quintana had been told or had discovered that circuitous way out of Drowned Valley, he might go straight to Clinch's Dump.

And, supposing Stormont was still there, how long could one state trooper stand off Quintana's gang?

No sooner had Clinch and his motley followers disappeared in the dusk than Smith unsling his basket-pack, fished out a big electric torch, flashed it tentatively, and then, re-slinging the pack and taking his rifle in his left hand, he set off at an easy swinging stride.

For a long while he did not dare to use his torch; but now he was obliged to.

He shined the ground at his feet, elevated the torch with infinite precaution, throwing a fan-shaped light over the stretch of sink he had suspected and feared. It flanked the flat, wet path of rock on either side. Here death spread its slimy trap at

his very feet.

Then, as he stooped taking his bearings with burning torch, far ahead in the darkness a light flashed, went out, flashed twice more, and was extinguished.

Quintana!

Smith's wits were working like lightning, but instinct guided him before his brain took command. He leveled his torch and repeated the three signal flashes. Then, in darkness, he came to swift conclusion. For three hundred yards, counting his strides, he continued on. Then, in total darkness, he pocketed the torch, slid a cartridge into the breech of his rifle, slung the weapon, pulled out a handkerchief, and tied it across his face under the eyes.

He continued to move forward. After a little while his ear caught a slight splash ahead. Suddenly a glare of light enveloped him.

"Is it you, Harry Beck?"

Instinct led again while wits worked madly. "Harry Beck is two miles back on guard. Where is Sard?"

The silence became terrible. Once the glaring light in front moved, then became fixed. There was a light splashing. Instantly Smith realized that the man in front had set his torch in a tree-crotch and was now cowering somewhere behind a leveled weapon. His voice came presently:

"He! Drapa-a that-a gun damn quick!"

Smith bent, leisurely, and laid his rifle on a mossy rock.

"Now! You there! Why you want Sard? Eh?"

"I'll tell Sard, not you," retorted Smith coolly. "You listen to me, whoever you are. I'm from Sard's office in New York. I'm Abrams. The police are on their way here to find Quintana."

A movement might have meant death, but he calmly rummaged for a cigarette, lighted it, blew a cloud in a soliloquy toward the white glare ahead. Then he took another chance. "I guess you're Nick Salzar, aren't you?"

"Si! I am Salzar. Who the dev' are you?"

"I'm Eddie Abrams, Sard's lawyer. My business is to find my client. If you stop me you'll go to prison—the whole gang of you—Sard, Quintana, Piquet, Sanchez, Georgiades and you!"

After a dead silence: "Maybe you'll go to the third chance he took."

There was a dreadful stillness in the woods. Finally came a slight series of splashes; the crunch of heavy boots on rock.

"For why you come-a here, eh?" demanded Salzar, in a less aggressive manner. "What-a da matt, eh?"

"Well," said Smith, "if you've got to know, there are people from Esthonia in New York. If you understand that."

"When do they arrive?"

"A week ago, Sard's place is in the hands of the police. I couldn't stop them. They've got his safe and all his papers. City, state and federal officers are looking for him. The constabulary rode into Ghost Lake yesterday. Now, don't you think you'd better lead me to Sard?"

"Sard, he is a mile ahead with the others. Me, how should I know what is to be done? Me, I have my orders from Quintana. What I do, eh? What to do? What you say I should do, eh, Abrams?"

A new fear had succeeded the old one—that was evident—and Salzar came forward into the light of his own fixed torch—a well-knit figure in slouch hat, gray shirt and gray breeches, and wearing a red bandanna over the lower part of his face. He carried a heavy rifle.

Smith said slowly: "If Quintana is marching on Clinch's he's marching into a trap!"

Salzar blanched above his bandanna.

"The state troopers are there," said Smith. "They'll get him sure."

Salzar faltered. "—then they are

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JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES.



JACK then crept cautiously around the rear of the castle. Another guard was sleeping on duty. This was luck for Jack. Nevertheless he decided to remain quiet and await developments. In the meantime he made Flip lie down so he couldn't be seen.



SHORTLY the guard awoke. Then he started away to make his rounds. This gave Jack his chance, and he climbed carefully over the fence. Flip followed, and the two companions ran as fast as they could, away from old Ogre's mansion. Jack was glad to be free again.



AFTER they had traveled out of sight of the big castle Jack picked out a place to spend the night. He was tired and very glad to rest. Flip slunk down beside Jack and the boy put his head on the dog's back. Soon they were fast asleep. Continued.

Butterfly Sleeves, Bertha Collars, On New Dancing Frocks



THE modern college girl may wear—and does—flat-heeled shoes, wool-jersey dresses, plain-tailored suits, sweaters and skirts, but there is one article in her wardrobe that is exempt from all utilitarian rules. That's her dancing frock, of course. Here are two she'd like for the winter parties and hops.

"Now," he said, "you dirty desperado, I am going to try to kill you clean. Look for yourself!"

For a second Salzar stood rooted in blank astonishment.

"I'm one of Clinch's men," said Smith, "but I can't stick a knife in your back, at that! Now, take care of yourself if you can—"

His voice died in his throat: Salzar was on him, clawing, biting, kicking, striving to strangle him, to wrestle him off his feet. Smith reeled, staggering under the sheer blows of the man, almost blinded by blows, clutched, bewildered in Salzar's rather grip.

"If I feel you! I feel you!" panted Salzar, in convulsive fury as Smith freed his left arm and struck him in the face.

Now, on the narrow, wet and slippery strip of rock they swayed to and fro, heaved upward, interlocked, their heavy boots splashing, battling with limb and body.

Twice Salzar forced Smith outward over the sink, trying to end it, but could not free himself.

Once, too, he managed to get at a hidden knife, drag it out, and stab at head and throat; but Smith caught the fist that wielded it, forced back the arm, held it while Salzar screamed at him, lunging at his face with bare teeth.

Suddenly the end came: Salzar's body heaved upward, sprang for an instant in the dazzling glare, hurtled over Smith's head and fell into the sink with a crashing splash. Frantically he thrashed there, spluttering and foundering in dark-

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Miss Shapleigh's Hints On Baking Bread and Rolls

BY BERTHA E. SHAPLEIGH

of Columbia University.

To use a common, often-heard expression, "bread is the staff of life." To make a loaf of bread which is sweet, well-risen, well-baked, and of a good flavor is a great accomplishment and gives one a most satisfied feeling.

We hear much about the desirability of every housewife's making her own bread. If she can supply her family with bread which is well-baked, and cannot buy good bread, let her by all means make it.

But the large bakeries can bake bread much more satisfactorily than the individual. The ingredients are weighed, the mixing is done by machinery, and the large ovens bake the loaves uniformly well.

The housewife can relieve the monotony of plain raised bread by making biscuits, muffins, corn meal bread, pop-overs and the like. In these the raising is done chiefly by the use of eggs, baking powder or soda combined with sour milk or buttermilk.

Using Sour Milk.

Housewives who have a good deal of milk which becomes sour or who have buttermilk would like to use more in cooking, but do not always have good results.

The best way is to use soda enough to sweeten the milk, say one-half teaspoon of soda to one cup of milk, and then use baking powder in the same quantity as if sweet milk were being used.

Variety can be secured by adding to the plain yeast dough sugar, spice, butter, eggs, fruits or nuts and shaping into rolls or loaves.

Some of the dough may be kept in the ice box, and used from day to day for several days, having hot, plain or sweet rolls often with little trouble.

Or when shaping the loaves knead into the dough for one loaf some chopped nuts or raisins, or both. This bread will be much appreciated, especially by the children.

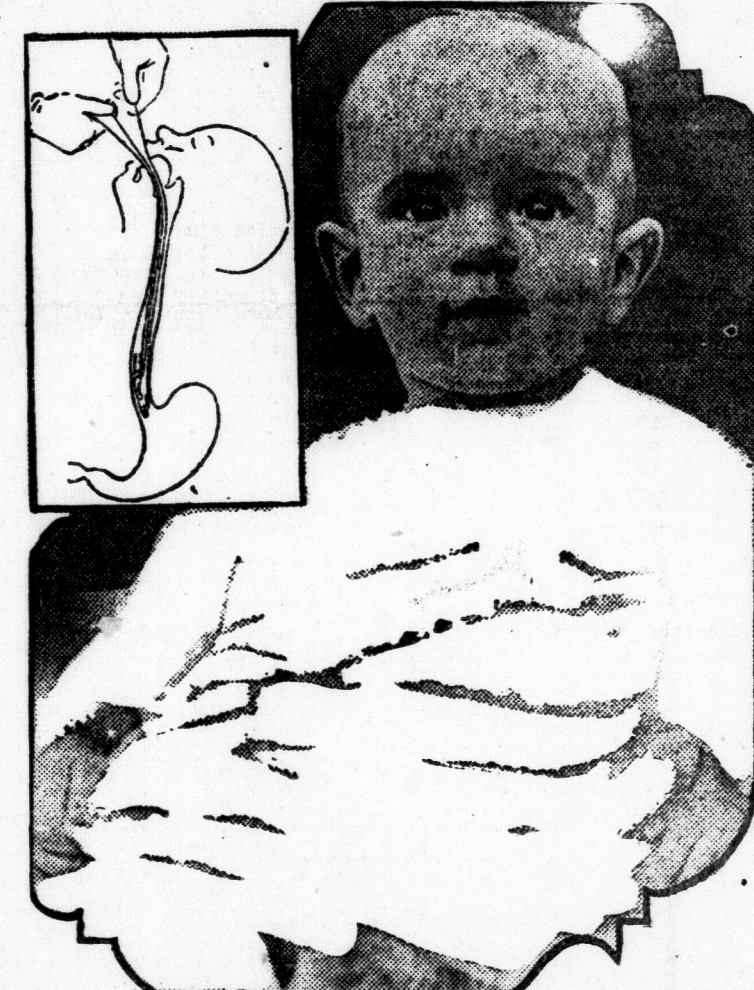
Use More Yeast.

It has been found by experienced bread-makers that it is better to shorten the length of time for fermentation by using more yeast, this causing a better result in the quality of the bread.

But when a housewife is careful and gives bread a good deal of thought and attention, the result is good with a smaller quantity of yeast.

The old method of setting bread by night is sometimes not advisable as the temperature of the room is likely to change during the night.

Pins? He Swallows 'Em!



MAC ASHBILL JUN. has won considerable note in Atlanta, Ga., by swallowing a safety pin—an open one. Thereby he gave local doctors a chance to perform the remarkable feat of first closing the pin, then removing it from the neck of the stomach. The child's coughing turned the pin point downward, threatening to puncture his stomach with fatal results. The child was not in pain during the operation. Inset shows how it was done.

Galosh's Successor



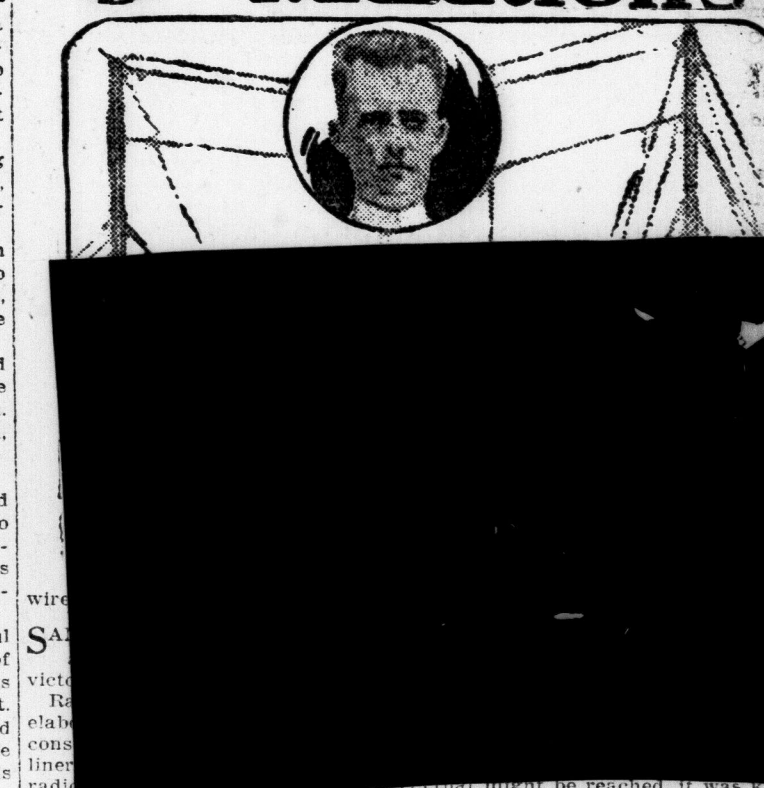
THE new radio boot has just been turned out from fashion's laboratories. This novel bit of footwear has a number of virtues to recommend it.

First, it will make the flapper flapper, because it has no buckles to swish about after the fashion of the well remembered galosh.

Then, too, it is very chic, being a hybrid cross between an old-fashioned rubber and a pair of trout-fishing leggings, with a layer of lamb's wool about the top to lighten the Russian effect, and make for durability.

Though the fashion calls for the dress being worn outside, the wearer may, if she prefers, tuck in

Radio Radiations



SAVED FROM THE clutches of a shark, the radio operator of the U. S. transport Thomas and the steamer Enterprise were going to the aid of the burning ship, but they were at least 240 miles away.

Maps and charts of the sea lanes might hold an answer. Conferences with shipping men showed that, with any luck, the steamer West Farallone should be nearby. This boat carries but one operator. He was asleep.

All through the night the West Farallone did not answer. In the morning the "air" found her. The West Farallone was nearby, as distances go at sea. A matter of 200 miles in travel had been gained and the helpless survivors saved from hardship and death. Also all vessels had been constantly informed on points of latitude and distance.

It was the air's greatest victory—one to be written alongside the rescue by the Baltic of the 1,650 passengers and crew of the Republic. But the radio has put on many trills since then, which made its latest showing even more spectacular.

For the first time continuous communication was maintained with a ship in distress. This was made possible through use of the system of transmission known as the federal arc, which played a part in the great war.

For the first time a land station picked up where the fired ship left off, directing ships hundreds of miles away at sea by means of maps and charts.

For the first time the air turned "reporter" and newspapers completely covered a story without a human reporter within 600 miles. Interviews were obtained. Newspapermen questioned passengers and crew and secured signed stories—all by radio.

The major portion of the land work fell to the federal wireless station here. But for the untiring activity of their operators the small boats of the doomed vessel might have floated about for days and deaths resulted.

The Rescue.

First word of the raging fire

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Colds in chest try Sloan's



It scatters congestion

You get quick relief from a cold by applying Sloan's. By quickening circulation blood the congestion is broken up. Millions have also found in Sloan's a welcome relief from rheumatism. Keep it handy for sore, bruised muscles, back-aches and neuralgia.

Made in Canada

Sloan's Liniment—kills pain!

Job Getting

As a practical suggestion for those who are seeking employment, and those who are looking for competent workers as well—make use of the Wants.

The Wants provide a means of reaching the greatest possible number of people who are interested in just what you are seeking.

The Wants appeal to all walks of life, those in every sphere of activity. Every legitimate desire may be satisfied through the Wants.

The Advertiser Want Ads are read by those who are quick to take advantage of opportunity.

Miller's WORM Powders

Contain No Narcotics

When your child is restless, peevish, sleepless, or when convulsions threaten, it indicates the ravages of worms and that the little one's strength is being sapped and undermined. Miller's Worm Powders get promptly at the root of the trouble and restore the digestive organs to a healthy condition. Sold by all druggists.

Clears the Head Instantaneously

VapoRub Salve Is a Real Boon for Catarrh Sufferers.

Melt a little Vick's VapoRub in a spoon. Inhale the vapors. Then insert some in the nostrils, snuffing it well back. You will be delighted to see how it clears the head.

Catarrh sufferers seem to think they have to endure it forever because they live in a "catarrh climate." The disease is hard to get rid of, but Vick's brings welcome relief, and in many cases persistent use has wrought permanent benefit.

Vick's is a quick-acting treatment for all cat troubles. Absorbed like a liniment and at the same time inhaled as a vapor.

Mr. S. B. Putnam of 175 Sydenham street, London, Ont., says: "I have used Vick's VapoRub, and am still using it, and find it excellent when the nose gets clogged from either cold or catarrh. I would not like to be without it in the house, as I am troubled a great deal in that way, and have never found anything that gave me relief as quickly as Vick's VapoRub."

Marlatt's Specific for Gall Stones

FOR SALE AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

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Eczema Covered Arms of This Healthy Child

Mrs. Alex. Marshall, Sprucedale, Ont., writes:—

"When my little son was three months old he broke out in sores on his chest and arms. We did all we could to heal those terrible sores, but nothing did him much good. Finally I ventured on a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment and kept on using it. At last we were rewarded by the steady healing of the sores, and finally he was completely relieved of them. He is now three years old, and has had no return of the trouble since."

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT

60 cents a box, all dealers or Edmanon, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

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