SWAMI RAM'S REINCARNATION

By FRANK BLIGHTON

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CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

—7—

Williams seized the ringed key from the guard's inert fingers and thrust it into the lock. The last barrier swung inward, the soft breeze of the refulgent night kissed his feverish face, and he was blotted out by its protecting curtain.

Jalisingrao Jitendra squatted in the corner of the cell from which the American had so miraculously been released, and bent over the prostrate figure of the Mexican who had been on guard in the corridor.

Back and forth on the breast of the soldier, who lay rigidly upon his back, swayed two sinister, menacing points of crimson, and in perfect unison swayed also two others upon the head of the Hindu.

"Wouldst thou have life?" sternly demanded the little brown man of the prostrate figure.

"Si, senor!"

"Then heed well what I shall say," went on the other in cold, precise accents. "If they wake to find Sahib Buck gone, thou, instead of he, will die. So, thou too must depart."

He leaned closer to the man, whose face was distorted with a hideous terror. As the Mexican comprehended the half-friendly attitude of the Hindu, hope struggled with despair in his eyes.

"Tell me, is it true that I, too, am to die with the coming of the sun?"

The Mexican nodded. "But that, senor, is not of my doing, nor is it in my power to save you—unless you flee with El Americano."

"We shall see," crisply returned the Oriental. "Where is it that the killers of men will work their evil powers upon me if I remain?"

"In the yard of the carcel, senor. They will tell you to go, that you are free, and then as you near the gate to pass through it they will fire at your back."

Jitendra pondered a moment, his head inclined a little forward. He was debating what course to pursue. If he attempted to flee now out into the night in this unknown country, his swollen feet would be a terrible handicap. Even with a horse he would almost certainly be seen, overtaken and shot by the soldiers who swarmed through the province of Sinaloa.

Beside, Sahib Buck must have ample time to reach his friends, else what he had done for his preserver would count for nothing.

"Where will the men stand to slay one who bears them no malice?" he queried.

"Does the senor remember how the carcel yard looks?"

"Somewhat."

"The passage through which you were brought to this cell leads to the carcel yard. Directly across on the other side is the gate to the street. The soldiers—"

"How many?"

"Six, senor, and a corporal, make up the firing squad. These will take you to the yard. You will be told that any reasonable request of yours will be granted. It may also be made to appear that you are free to depart. But, if so, be not deceived. You will never pass the gate alive.

"Behind, near the edge of the yard, close to the building and directly over an old drain, the six will stand with rifles ready. As you near the gate you will die by their shots. I have spoken truth, senor, I swear it by the saints."

"What is this drain?—I do not understand."

"A very old, large, round pipe, senor, once used to carry off waste, but now abandoned. You may see the end above the ground on the way to the gate. It is not far from the carcel itself where it comes up through the ground, from there it runs along the yard beneath where the soldiers stand. Senor, I swear I have told you all—will you now not take from me this strange, hideous monster with the flaming eyes, ere I die?"

"One more thing must I know," icily replied the Hindu. "If I should ask of the corporal a cigarette—what then?"

"The officer in command would give it to you."

"Now, listen with care to my words—for on them hang life or death for thee," venomously hissed Jitendra, bending so low that his lips almost touched those of the other man. "I shall ask for that cigarette when I start for the gate. And, if I am given it not—well, it were better for thee that thou wert never born. If I receive it, and thou also obey me in what I shall now require of thee—it shall be life and joy to thee in the years to come. Heed well, therefore, and fail not to obey me in all I shall command of thee."

He whispered a few words in the ear of the prostrate figure.

"That is all," he observed.

"I understand, senor. By the blessed saints, I swear to do as you have asked. Now, may I depart?"

Slowly Jitendra arose and stood before the door. The angry, crimson orbs above the breast of the soldier vanished, to reappear near the other two above the Hindu's turban.

"All men are brothers and thou art mine," resumed Jitendra. "To kill is sin. Therefore, and because thou hast promised to do as I have commanded, I bind upon thee the sacred symbols of Vishnu and Siva—that no harm may hereafter come to thee. Loose thy shirt."

The quivering Mexican obeyed. Something cold, clammy, and unspeakably repugnant wrapped itself around him.

"Thus does Siva enfold thee," went on the Oriental. "Never again canst thou offend the gods by causing the death of any living thing." His lithe arm flung itself out in the darkness, and again the shuddering Mexican experienced the sublimity of horror as his hot blood raced through his icy body.

"With Vishnu, too, do I crown thee, brother. Now, if thou do but keep thy promise all will be well with thee. But"—Jitendra paused significantly—"of this also be assured. If I die at sunrise because thou hast lied, the gods Vishnu and Siva die not with me, but live on forever. Whither thou goest, even if it were to the ends of the earth, there Vishnu will pursue thee—and Siva, too, will seek thee out!"

CHAPTER VII.

Jitendra Disappears.

His excellency, Governor General Juan Moreno, scowled blackly into the sleep-heavy countenance of Herbert Hardinge. The two sat in the temporary official headquarters of the provisional government of Sinaloa. It was a little before dawn.

"Your bird has flown, senor," he tersely observed.

"What do you mean?" Hardinge's dismayed face grew gray beneath its reddish tan.

Moreno shrugged his shoulders.

"I have the honor to inform you," punctilliously sneered the insurrecto, "that Senor Williams escaped from his cell some time tonight and is still at large. I have given orders that he shall be brought in, dead or alive. My men are searching everywhere for him. We learned of it an hour ago, when the officer of the night changed the guards at the prison."

"Why—it's impossible!" gasped Hardinge. "How did he manage to do it?"

"We do not know. The sentry at the gate was found with his skull crushed and the gate open. Williams was gone. The guard who was on duty in the corridor, and who was personally responsible for the security of the prisoners, is under suspicion, but he cannot be found."

"Did the other prisoner escape also—the one claiming to be a British subject?"

"No. I do not understand why. We found him asleep in the cell. He answers no questions. He will be executed at sunrise, and Williams will be shot wherever found—those are my orders."

Hardinge nodded uneasily.

The escape was a thing he had not counted upon. With El Tigre's owner at large, his plans for seizing the mine might not be so easily carried out. The American government might make representations to Great Britain or Mexico, through diplomatic channels.

Hardinge's position, in that event, would be far from enviable. The little brown man who had been in the cell during his interview with Williams a few hours before might also prove to be an awkward stumbling block. With him gone, there would at least be no confirmatory witness to his threats.

Hardinge rose from his chair.

The first faint shimmer of the dawn was glinting the tops of the hills in the east. The time for the execution was near, and the Englishman determined to observe the removal of, at least, one possible impediment to his future schemes.

"Five million dollars is too big a stake to take any more chances of losing," he muttered as he reached the jail gate. "I might have known that a resolute fighter like Williams would be up to some trick—probably he promised that guard enough pesos to make him rich. If I'd been at all clever I would have seen this thing through myself, even if I had to walk that foul-smelling corridor all night to make sure."

He slipped into the jail yard, heedless of the glorious beauty of the new day, just in time to see the frail figure of the Hindu as he emerged from the building.

Jitendra was curiously calm—the face of Buddha himself could not have been more inscrutable, nor unmoved by fear. He chanted something in a low, clear tone as he passed Hardinge without a look of recognition.

The agent for the United Kingdom Exploration company shivered.

There was a quality in the timbre of that voice suggesting a mysterious, malign presence—a sense of something hovering over and around the place of death, invisible but, nevertheless, very real. The words, too, were disquieting.

If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They little know the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Jitendra paused, waiting meekly for directions. The corporal in command of the squad pointed toward the wall.

"Your sentence has been set aside, senor. There is the path to the street."

The prisoner had not been bound.

As the gate of the jail yard swung invitingly open the leering soldiers parted their ranks, resting their rifles on the ground—assuming an air of careless indifference, but, nevertheless, covertly watching the man.

"They're going to give him la ley fuega," shivered Hardinge. "I guess Moreno's got cold feet on his court-martial sentence—don't want to take chances officially. I wish I hadn't told him yesterday that this fellow claimed to be a British subject. If he should prove a good sprinter and they should miss—"

He chilled and broke off.

Jitendra stepped lightly and without emotion toward the gate, flinging back over his shoulder the innocent smile of a pleased child. Hardinge heard the low command and saw a soldier start to raise his rifle. He turned away.

A formal execution, with a man defiantly facing the firing squad, was not so unusual as to excite horror when the condemned was a native. But this was the epitome of betrayal—the deliberate, cowardly assassination of a man who has been told that he is free to depart, only to fall, bullet-shattered from behind, at the very verge of his coveted freedom.

La ley fuega is truly Mexican.

"Will you give me a cigarette, sar?" Hardinge whirled.

Jitendra was retracing his steps toward the corporal in command. Murder is murder—but, even in Mexico, it is hard for a murderer to shoot down a pitiful, gaunt, soft-eyed, unsuspecting atom of humanity while appealing to him for a last solace.

The officer sheepishly passed over the materials. Jitendra dexterously rolled the golden-brown tobacco in the wrapper, and, still smiling, reached for the match which was tendered him.

He bowed his thanks and again walked firmly toward the gate. A few feet further on he stooped to ignite the match on the end of the old drain where it projected above the ground. Crouching low, he sheltered the flame with his cupped hands.

The blazing remnant he dropped into the hole. He rose, facing the impatient soldiers, puffing vigorously then turned and walked a step or two further in the direction of the entrance, still some distance away, which it was never intended he should reach alive.

This time Hardinge knew there would be no delay in the death-dealing volley.

A sound, curiously resembling a hiss, swept along beneath the surface of the ground, almost at the English man's feet. It was not unlike the subdued "swish" of a rocket as it hurtles through the air, or the whisper of a serpent beneath a tuft of grass.

The corporal had no time to recover from his surprise. Beneath his feet the earth suddenly upheaved, followed by a roar that mingled with the volley of the firing squad.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ANIMAL OF LOW MENTALITY

Writer Asserts That Stories Crediting Elephant With High Intelligence Are Pure Fiction.

The elephant is a mental pygmy, and his reputation for intelligence is mere fiction, writes Richard L. Garner in the Forum. His sensibilities are dull and all his mental faculties slow and irresolute. Almost every detail of the elephant's conduct indicates an intelligence inferior to that of monkeys, baboons and carnivores.

Native hunters usually use little dogs, wearing wooden bells, while hunting elephants. The dogs can chase the huge beasts wherever they will without even barking at them, and the tinkling of the bell advises the hunter as to the beast's location. A metal bell would alarm and stampede a whole herd of elephants, hence the wooden bell. Hunters track an elephant until they find the elephant dozing, or else surprise him when he passes a certain section, driven by the dog. Sometimes they pour a lot of broken metal at him from an old flintlock gun, or else spear him. A single shot is rarely ever fatal, and hunters sometimes trail the beast for a week before finally killing him. No one man would ever think of taking such liberties with a wounded gorilla, chimpanzee or leopard.

Beginning of Rubber Industry.

One day, a little over 500 years ago, a Brazilian Indian noticed near his hut a tree doomed by a large hole that had been bored into its trunk. Great was his surprise, sometime later, to find, not only that the tree was flourishing as usual, but that the sap, a milky juice, had coagulated and formed a solid gummy mass where the opening had been. Cutting off a chunk he found it malleable and well adapted to be used for many of the games which the natives played. Thus it was that Columbus, landing on the coast of Brazil on his second voyage to our hemisphere, found the Indians playing ball on the shore. Indeed, one of the discoveries of the expedition noted by Herrera was a "ball used by the Indians made from the gum of a tree" which was lighter and bounced better than the balls known at the time. The Indians soon found that the white man was glad to trade trinkets for "biscuits" of the sap, and so started the rubber industry.

Cheerful, Happy Singer.

The brown thrasher is a beautiful bird both in the coloring of his body and in his song. On the upper parts, that is on head and back, the bird is of a delicate and refined reddish brown, and below white with black spots. But it is the song of the bird that is particularly pleasing and musical. Unlike some other birds, he does not seem to care whether he is being watched or not as he sits on the topmost branch of a tree in the meadow and pours forth his energetic and fervent song, which sounds as if he were telling the farmer to "hurry up, hurrry up; plow it, plow it; harrow it, harrow it; hoe it, hoe it;" and so on through a list of similar happy instructions.

Informed.

Mr. Batz—You ought to brace up and show your wife who is running things at your home.

Mr. Meek (sadly)—It isn't necessary. She knows.—Life.

His Business.

"That fellow is going to the dogs as fast as he can."

"What makes you think so?"

"He's a veterinarian."

SPORT SKIRTS FORETELL SPRING



THE new separate skirts which make their appearance early arrived the latter part of December and by the middle of January we were quite familiar with them. They are more indispensable than ever to the southern tourist, whose time is supposed to be spent out of doors in the pursuit of some sort of sport. Judging from the color and rich appearance of some of these new skirts the most popular resort sport is the wearing of good looking clothes.

The woolen skirts are mostly in large plaids in which very soft and quiet colors are skillfully combined. There are some smart black and white combinations among them and some in which black and white plaid stripes alternate with soft colors in stripes. These are made up with inverted plaits, like the skirt shown at the left of the two pictured above. No colors but the black and white appear, except as the plaits are spread apart by walking. The model pictured is the most popular for wool skirts. Girdles are plain and narrower than those of last year. Such a skirt, with the new handmade and simple blouse of voile or batiste and a sweater that looks well with it, is as dependable as a tailored suit.

The skirt at the right is one of those irresistible silks in the heavy weaves that make innumerable sport skirts de luxe. They are quite plainly made, as may be gathered from the picture, and they have girdles to match. In the matter of pockets designers have been endlessly ingenious and one may have them set in or set on in any number of ways. It is on the wonderful new colors that they rely for novelty and they are more often two-toned than plain. Very fine voile, batiste or georgette waists daintily made bear these skirts company and together they are the aristocrat in sports costumes.

Blouses Grow in Importance



BLOUSES rank with hats now in diversity of design and beauty. They have grown in importance with the passing of each season, and many shops devoted entirely to them find business brisk all the year around. Styles cover a range all the way from the simplest tailored models to rich and brilliant things for evening wear.

Every time the subject of blouses is up for discussion women congratulate one another that sheer and dainty hand-made blouses in simple styles have returned to high favor. Once again we have with us the painstaking and beautiful needlework that we have learned to associate with France. Whether the new blouses are the work of French women or not, they come up to the standard of daintiness and elegance that those patient needlewomen have taught us to love.

Fine voile, batiste and net are the mediums chosen for interpreting the new wash blouses. Net with eyelet embroidery is a favorite, and voile makes opportunity for drawn work and hemstitching, the introduction of filet and fine cluny laces. Fine tucks find a place on all materials, and with batiste very fine net is used in frills and insertions. A pretty net blouse shown at the left of the two pictured is a lovely model. The collar and cuffs are edged with narrow frills and further adorned with small sprays of embroidery with eyelets cunningly introduced in tiny flower motifs. Crochet buttons pendent on short cords slip through button holes for fastenings in this blouse.

At the right of the picture the brilliant blouse for a gray haired matron is made of black georgette crepe. Jet beads outline the neck and supply a handsome bead embroidery for the panel at the front of the waist and the cuffs. Such a blouse worn with a skirt of black satin would make a handsome toilette for afternoon or dinner wear.

Yarn embroidery and crocheted yarn flowers are featured in the decoration of new blouses of georgette or crepe de chine. Narrow grosgrain ribbon in strips, with the strips fastened across the front and back of blouses at the bust line, is something entirely new. At the top of each strip a flower embroidered with yarn introduces a color. Flat crystal cabochons about the size of a silver dime have eyes at their edges and are sewed like buttons to light colored blouses that they match in color. These are presented as novelties in decoration; their success remains to be proved, but about steel and crystal beads there is no question.

Julia Bottomley

Last Winter's Suit.

In freshening up a last winter's suit or separate coat the lining of the garment is often badly worn under the arms, requiring a large piece of new material for repairs. When the lining is a fancy one, impossible to match, the question seems almost a hopeless one. But why not borrow the material from the sleeve lining? This is an easy trick. Measure the size of the piece required and cut this out of the sleeve lining, leaving sufficient at the top near the armhole to "keep up appearances" when the coat is removed. The rest of the sleeve can then be relined with silk as nearly like the original as possible, or plain material will answer, as it will not show.

To Wear With Navy Blue.

Light and neutral shades dominate for wear with navy blue.

Shoe Decorations.

Shoes are perforated and decorated in quaint and ancient designs.

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

By Mary Graham Bonner



ELIZABETH'S CHARGES.

"Elizabeth," said Daddy, "was a gray goose. In fact, I should say that she is a gray goose. She is a very fine goose and looks quite important and fine and tall until she begins to walk and then she wabbles along in such a funny way that she doesn't look important at all.



"Led Them."

"Some time ago a lot of little ducks were left on the farm where Elizabeth lives without any mother. They had lost their mother and were rather lonely little ducks, not knowing quite what to do, or whom to go to if they were hurt or tired.

"But when they got to the farm and Elizabeth saw that they had no mother she took them in charge. She fed them and showed them where to find the food. She led them around all summer long and when winter came they were put together so Elizabeth could still be in charge.

"She was always in the center and the ducks were always around her and she never seemed to scold them, but just somehow they seemed to know that they must do what she said, for she would do the right thing for them.

"So Elizabeth taught the little ducks all their lessons and their manners and on the winter afternoons she told them stories and she chatted in her shrill, harsh voice which sounded very lovely to the little ducks.

"And they talked to her and asked her questions and their little noisy quack-quacking sounded very sweet to Elizabeth for she had become their own mother and they were her own ducklings.

"But one day some of the chickens got quarreling and scolding and they were really quite old enough to know much, much better, for they were big chickens at this time.

"'I'm glad you're not my charges,' said Elizabeth.

"We would like to have you better than our mother,' said the chickens.

"'For shame,' said Elizabeth.

"'Well, the ducks aren't your own children so why couldn't you have us, too,' the chickens said.

"'The ducks didn't have any mother,' said Elizabeth, 'and I didn't have any little ones so the little ducks became my children and I became their mother so as to make all of us quite happy.

"'But my little ducks always took their baths in the summer and I remember what dirty little creatures you were.'

"The chickens hung their heads in shame, for they remembered what Elizabeth was talking about.

"'Yes, the chickens ate the cherries which fell from the trees, the black, black cherries, and their little faces became all dirty. For shame, such dirty little faces as the chickens had! My charges would have washed their faces so quickly, oh, so quickly.

"'My charges like the good, clean water; they love their baths.

"'But I will never forget the dirty little chickens and it was such a long, long time before they had clean faces. Their faces were just covered with squashed cherries; for shame!'

"'They didn't take as many face-washings as they should have, quack-quack,' said the little ducks.



"Hung Their Heads."

"'No, they did not,' said Elizabeth. 'I like my nice, clean charges, I do.'

"'It's mean to bring up the things we did do,' said the chickens.

"'I wouldn't have done it only you said that my ducks weren't my real children and they are now even if they weren't then,' said Elizabeth. 'And you're good now even if you were not good then, but you weren't good a moment ago; no, you weren't.

"'However, I will not speak of what has past if you will not, for it isn't kind. My ducks are my own little children now for they call me mother and I look after them, and I call them not only my little charges, but my own little ones whom I love and look after. So let's forget about the old days and mind your own mother and don't quarrel,' ended the goose Elizabeth, who really talked quite sensibly!"

Suitable Policy.

"Pa, what do they do with the raw recruits?"

"I guess the first thing they do with them is to roast them."

Dog Sense.

Caller—Is your dog intelligent, dear?

Bobby—Well, he hasn't got so very much sense in his head, but his tail seems to know a lot.

When Father Does It.

Mother—I tried to get Jack a new suit today and $35 was the least price.

Father—Fiddlesticks; that is too much. Let me go and buy it.

Later—Mother—Well, how did you come out?

Father—I got the suit and paid $45 for it.—Knoxville Sentinel.

A War Child.

"Tommy, shall I never teach you that it isn't right to throw hand grenades at your elders?"—Stockholm Sondags Nisse.

IF BACK HURTS USE SALTS FOR KIDNEYS

Eat less meat if Kidneys feel like lead or Bladder bothers.

Most folks forget that the kidneys, like the bowels, get sluggish and clogged and need a flushing occasionally, else we have backache and dull misery in the kidney region, severe headaches, rheumatic twinges, torpid liver, acid stomach, sleeplessness and all sorts of bladder disorders.

You simply must keep your kidneys active and clean, and the moment you feel an ache or pain in the kidney region, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good drug store here, take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and is harmless to flush clogged kidneys and stimulates them to normal activity. It also neutralizes the acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is harmless; inexpensive; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everybody should take now and then to keep the kidneys clean, thus avoiding serious complications.

A well-known local druggist says he sells lots of Jad Salts to folks who believe in overcoming kidney trouble while it is only trouble.—Adv.

Economy.

"Are you giving away your old shoes?"

"No; I am having them soled and re-soled."

Sure Relief



6 BELL-ANS Hot water Sure Relief

BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION



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Dr. Tutt's Liver Pills

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