

# AMAZING STORIES

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a heap of battered material which must have once been part of a door, and he knew instinctively, rather than remembered, that beyond lay a long, musty hall. On, on. As his feet left the last sign of the wrecked door a gust of cold air poured into his face and he felt suddenly strengthened. Soon, quite soon, Captain Sto was up and leaning against the wall—

And then to darkness and silence was added something that made him recoil in his tracks. From somewhere nearby came a thick voice. His face hardened. He knew that voice, yet it sounded somehow different—soft, passionate, so soothing. It said: "Ioane."

Silence.  
"Ioane."  
Silence.  
"Ioane," it burst out again suddenly, "you do be open the beautiful eyes! Ya! You do! Say to Captain Pignoff, yes."

From out of the darkness came a woman's scream. Captain Sto crouched a moment against the wall and then threw himself against the invisible door with the ruthlessness of a demon. His body crashed again into something that gave way immediately and the next instant he went staggering into another tiny room, a helium torch flickering against its wall, the green-clad, pouchy little figure of the Elisian kneeling over the beautiful Ioane, as if he had just pressed his lips to hers.

Sto rushed him instantly. The woman went back to the floor and the Elisian went grunting backward across the room. The wall stopped him. The Elisian war cry suddenly burst from his lips. Sto had reached suddenly down and grasped Ioane up in his arms.

"She does go out of here now!" he spat, and started for the door, but the now enraged Elisian flung himself across the room and dealt out a terrific blow on his rival's face, stunning him.

"Na! She do stay!" The Martian in green sprang to the door, whirling his fists, while Sto staggered out there in the middle of the floor. "She do stay! Ya! Go you—or me—we do see! Captain Pignoff be rather die! He be love her!"

What happened then must have gone down in Martian romantic history! The great Spite War between the Elisian and Pragian kingdoms was literally fought all over again.

Ioane, trapped in a corner, watched them. Her reaction bore out the reason for the nicknames she had earned as food girl in the fine feast-

ing places of Kobo, in the western part of the recently conquered Elisian Kingdom, where Captain Pignoff had many a time ordered "veak" and "fingo" when he neither thirsted nor hungered, where Captain Sto's romantic advances had been smothered with a cutting, almost scornful laugh. Neither soften nor cease the disdainful curl from her lips, did she now, which wasn't strange, for all her life the girl had lived in fear of men.

"Be fools!" she suddenly cried, as the two black Martian officers whipped into each other again and again; "Be fools! What be it you battle for?"

The battle went on. No answer came from them. Anyway, Ioane knew the answer, and so she answered her woman's soul, "You be love Ioane! Na! All men do say it! Men say it to my mother—and where be she now? Deserted! You be fools! Ioane love . . . love no man."

And yet, if you had been there you would have seen the beautiful dark woman's lips tremble, seen the scorn gradually vanish from her eyes, seen the great change which came over her when the two compact bundles of Martian flesh and bones collided again now with an impact which gave off a dull thud.

It had been a battle of brains and brawn. Even now they were battling as if they were two of those deadly little monsters that are said to dwell in that vast snow-bound area between the two great black Martian kingdoms!—gothas. They charged and countercharged. They ripped and sputtered. They smashed and they shattered—

Their faces and fists smeared with blood, their uniforms ripped to shreds, the men, both reeling with exhaustion, made their last stand. Both shrieked the war cry of their kind. Both charged. Two pairs of black fists smashed into black flesh. Two fierce grunts were born; two Martian curses filled the room and two tattered bodies went crumbling down to the stone floor.

The battle was over—the battle in which neither brain nor brawn had triumphed!

Ioane saw them go down. She saw them go down. She saw the one in green, quiver and grow suddenly very still. She saw the one in red, writhe and writhe. Why be he not die? Wild-eyed, Ioane scrambled weakly up against the wall. What to do, what to do? What be it Ioane the Man-hater should do?

"Ioane!"

now half sitting up in tense listening attitudes, turned bloodless faces to the exhausted man above them.

"There is no hope, Jack?" Ramon Montez, his fine dark eyes glazed with terror, his tortured body still quivering with the pain of the horrible searing irons of the torture rite of his savage subjects, and exhausted by the superhuman efforts that had carried him thus far toward escape, dropped hopelessly back on the rugs, as he uttered the words.

"What is it? What do those sounds mean?" John Northington's face grew grim with purpose and determination. He waited for the answer.

"They have found our trail. A

Already she had flown to the door. "Ioane!"

She stood there with the fingers of her right hand spread fan-like upon her breast, gasping.

"Ioane!"  
Now, like an earthly bird which hesitates to accept freedom, she drew further back into the room, her lips trembling. Something penetrated into her woman's heart, something new, something compelling, something sweet, exhilarating, soothing

"IOANE!"  
"It be I, Captain Sto."  
"I be love you, Ioane!"  
Silence, a long, sweet silence, and then, "And . . . And I . . . be love you, Captain Sto. I say you be fool. But . . . but it do be Ioane who be fool—"

"Ioane!"  
As Captain Sto ended the story of Ioane, I was suddenly presented with an example of Martian enthusiasm. He jumped up to his feet and, with a single stroke of his hand, the row of little stone images, each representing a woman in his life, went crashing to the floor!

"Ioane!" he cried. "Ioane do bless this house soon!"

(THE END)

## UNUSUAL RECIPES

If you are always seeking unusual dishes that will both surprise and delight your guests, the two recipes below should prove valuable additions to your file.

### COFFEE CARNIVAL

4 tablespoons quick-cooking tapioca  
¼ teaspoon salt  
1-3 cup seedless raisins  
2 cups decaffeinated coffee infusion  
½ cup sugar  
1 teaspoon vanilla  
1 cup cream, whipped

Add tapioca, salt, and raisins to coffee, and cook in double boiler 15 minutes, or until tapioca is clear, stirring frequently. Add sugar. Chill. Add vanilla; fold in cream. Serve in sherbet glasses. Serves 6.

### COFFEE SOUFFLE

1 cup milk  
1 tablespoon ground decaffeinated coffee  
4½ tablespoons quick-cooking tapioca  
Dash of salt  
1-3 cup sugar  
3 egg whites, stiffly beaten  
3 egg yolks, beaten until thick and lemon-colored

Scald milk with coffee and strain immediately. Add tapioca and salt, and cook 15 minutes, or until tapioca is clear, stirring frequently. Add sugar. Cool. Add egg yolks and fold in egg whites. Bake in greased baking dish, placed in pan of hot water, in moderate oven (325 d. F.) 60 minutes. Serve with custard sauce.

### Custard Sauce for Coffee Souffle

1-3 cup sugar  
1½ cups milk  
3 egg yolks, slightly beaten  
¼ teaspoon salt  
¼ teaspoon vanilla  
¼ cup cream, whipped (if desired)

Combine milk, egg yolks, sugar, and salt, and cook in double boiler until mixture coats spoon, stirring constantly. Cool. Add vanilla. Chill. Fold in cream just before serving. Serves 6.

### PERHAPS A TREE SITTER

A recent report states that a wealthy Scotchman brought suit against one of the national ball clubs because he broke an arm while watching a double header. He fell from a tree.

single searcher is watching us. The call was his tribal 'view halloo.'

The answer will bring a bunching of the hunt that all may be in 'at the death.' He shuddered and the girl shuddered with him.

She drew closer to her lover and with a despairing gesture threw her arms around him where he lay. He placed his good arm across hers in mute tenderness.

"If ze death could come soon, my Ramon," she whispered, "it would be bettaire." She looked beseechingly into the face of John Northington as she uttered the words. "You haf the death—ze so kind death in ze gon, Senor. Eet iss bettaire for all. Ze othaire—" She hesitated and a violent trembling swept over her.

Ramon turned his gaze up to his friend's face. There was a dumb acquiescence in his looks and the words that followed were hollow with despair.

"She is right, Jack. There is nothing that can surpass the hellish torture to which they will put us, and you will share it with us. I am a priest of that Flower of Hell that they have made of the Black Lily of our forests, because of its queer phenomenon at blooming. Think of it!" he laughed bitterly.

"Because a flower is oddly colored and at its blooming explodes its seed in a fine mist of spraying moisture, a nation of people worship it and prostitute it to nameless terrible orgies and rites. And even the knowledge of its ruler and high priest cannot convince them of the ignorant superstition that makes of innocent people ravening fiends. My God—"

"But," the girl had placed one hand over the man's mouth, "my Ramon forget ze evil power. Zere iss a Spirit." There was abject fear and belief in her trembling, awed tones, "Ze Flower He iss bring Ze Death Spray to unbelievers an' in marriage He take ze Bride by Ze Breath off Hiss Lof, to Himself."

She shuddered.  
"Eet iss so, Senor." She looked at John Northington. There was no doubt of her utter faith in the things she uttered.

"Well, maybe all you both are saying is so, and maybe not. But I'm not dead till I'm killed and I am going to get out of this or die trying, and I am going to take you both with me." The big bronze man gripped the paddle more firmly between his hands and sent the pirogue shooting ahead.

Along the left bank there was a steady rustling that ran along paralleling the course of the traveling boat. Northington, with his hearing preternaturally sharpened by anxiety, heard it. Already at the limit of his strength, his face pale as he realized his inability to cope with superior strength just now.

Just beyond lay a bend in the stream. A somewhat more thinly wooded cape projected into the stream almost directly in the straight course of the pirogue. As he neared the point the rustling sound advanced and seemed to bear outward towards the point of land.

John Northington slowed the stroke of his paddle as he drew near and peered cautiously into the deep shadows of the green bordered point of land. His gaze was rewarded. He caught the flickering irregular movement of a bit of grey-green cloth that under less careful scrutiny might have passed for a waving bough or fluttering leaf.

Boldly he turned his boat in-shore and ran it against the projecting beach.

The bit of grey green instantly paused in the shadows. John Northington gathering his little remaining strength together climbed out of the long craft. He stepped onto the shore.

"There's no good in trying to get away," Ramon's voice followed him. "The scout trailer is watching us from somewhere even now. Of course he could pick us all off with a poisoned arrow. But that is not my people's way when a Chosen Bride of the Sacred Flower and its High Priest have recanted their faith and broken the Oath. DEATH in its most horrible form alone can

# THE BLACK LILY

By CORA BALL MOTEN

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atone for that crime." He laughed bitterly and fatalistically.

But Northington did not answer. He turned as if to rest a minute from the labor of pulling the pirogue up onto the sloping bank. As he leant forward he fumbled for a minute in the bottom of the boat. When he straightened he held the strung bow that he had taken from the dead guard in his hand.

Before a man could run two steps he had raised the bow and a small red winged shaft sped through the air into the shadows. It struck with a dull muffled thud at the same instant that Northington leaped forward to the place where the small square of grey-green cloth began a violent fluttering.

Before he cleared the space, a long ululating cry split the air and went echoing and re-echoing out into the forest.

Ramon and Dolores, overcoming wounds and exhaustion, sprang up and joined in the struggle of John Northington as he dragged the struggling, fighting, grey robed form of a panting man toward the boat.

Before the cry could ring out again, Ramon's right hand gripped the man by the throat, and Dolores lent her aid in dragging him into the boat. As he was pulled in, his struggles suddenly ceased. He stiffened and grew rigid, then with two or three convulsive tremors lay quite still.

Northington leaped into the boat and hastily pushed it again into the stream. The thud-thum-thum of far drums was sounding from all around them through the trees as he gripped the paddle and with desperate strength sent the laden craft down again to the center of the river. The current, a little swifter here, caught it and helped it forward.

"If we can only make the rapids." It was Ramon who spoke.

As he finished, John Northington, weak from loss of sleep, and food, and hunger, suddenly slumped forward and slid into the bottom of the boat. The paddle slipped from his hand and hit smartly against the side as it splashed into the water.

END OF THIRD INSTALLMENT

Each town talk about—

Its leading citizen. He leads everything from the Sunday School picnic to the annual banquet of the Eastern Star.

Its honest man. His work is as good as his bond. Two generations of little boys have had him pointed out as a model for their future years.

Its public scold. There is more bite to her tongue than there was to the dog that went mad on Main Street several years ago. Arouse her ire and you may as well go on your vacation.

Its man or woman who can prove positively that no other town in the state is as bad morally.

Its bad boy and its wicked girl; its horrible example; its tightwad; its know-it-all; its atheist, and its town arguer.

Probably we need these men and women to make our town a natural one.

TOO THOUGHTFUL

The kind little wife had just informed her husband that she had mended a new hole in his trousers' pocket.

"Am I not thoughtful, dear?" she asked.

"You are, darling," he replied.

All the way down town he wondered how she had discovered the hole.

COLDS SHOULD BE

BROKEN AT ONCE

It's dangerous to let the simplest head cold hang on; and it's so unnecessary! Lax-ana (double strength) contains the best cold medicines known to medical science together with effective laxatives which bring overnight relief from head colds, and colds of a more serious nature that make you feel dizzy, weak and "achy." Take Lax-ana before you go to bed and wake up feeling fine. Costs less per dose; does more per dose. Your money back if it doesn't help you. Now sold at all drug stores.

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DOUBLE STRENGTH

## Charming Chorine



DOROTHY KENNEDY, one of the main attractions in Lew Leslie's "Black-birds," now running on Broadway.