

The BLACK LILY

By **CORA BALL MOTEN**
Nationally Known
Serial Writer

A Story of Romance and Daring, Laid
in the Intrigue of a Strange South American Cult

Chenah and Dolores at Last Find Help; But Ramon and Northington are in Grave Danger

SYNOPSIS

John Northington, graduate of Howard University, is wounded by a poison arrow while attempting to penetrate to the Sacred Grove of THE BLACK LILY in an effort to rescue the fiancée of his South American friend, Ramon Montes.

The girl, Dolores, escaping by her own initiative saves his life by sucking the wound free of poison. She is later wounded as they seek safety together by travelling down stream in a pirogue that they have captured from the priests by killing a guard.

They believe Ramon to have perished in the torture ritual of his enraged subjects but later meet up with him and take him with them.

A series of mishaps separates Ramon and the girl from Northington who is left unconscious in the pirogue as it floats to what appears to be certain destruction in the rapids of the crocodile infested stream.

Fleeing by land Ramon is left wounded, hidden in a tree in the forest while Dolores, discovered by the ceremony of the Questing Arrow, leads the chase away from him and down stream by way of the treetops. She is pursued by a novice of the priesthood by whose carelessness she has been allowed to escape.

The other members of the hunting priests have to take a way overland deeper in the jungle.

The novice, Chenah, captures Dolores before they arrive but instead of waiting for them takes her with him and she senses that he is trying to save her. He descends with her on the river bank.

Installment VI

Chenah and Dolores were standing on the bank of the river. Behind them rose the solid wall of the forest. At this point there was such a thick growth of vegetation that it seemed impossible for even the smallest wood's creatures to penetrate it.

It was evident that the runners, whose weird hunting cry came to them more clearly now, were making the long detour because of the swamp lands just above the rapids. It would take them some time to reach the place where the two now stood.

In front of them, the river, which in its upper reaches was a sluggishly flowing sheet of dark water, was here, a welter of angry fury. It rushed over a rock strewn bed, flinging spray high into the air, chuckling like a live thing at the secrets in its wild boom.

The Overturned Canoe

The novice and the girl were near the lower end of the hundred feet or so of rapids where the water, having dropped to its lower level, boiled sullenly into calmness over a foot-stool of pointed and corrugated rocks.

Looking out over the sucking roll of white foam, Dolores gave a start of surprised fear. Rising and falling like a beating heart, with the rise and fall of the water, was an overturned pirogue. It was caught between two giant rocks, close in shore on the other side of the stream.

She turned a pale face to her companion. "Ramon's frien," she said reverting to the speech of the outlands that she had learned to lip so prettily under her lover's tutelage.

Chenah turned a puzzled look upon her. "Thou usest the outland magic in thy voice. Is it that which hast destroyed the sacred pirogue of my brothers there amid the teeth of the Water Demons?"

He used the guttural native speech, and his soft eyes were clouded with

doubt and a great sorrow as he bent his gaze on Dolores. The soft intonation of the gutturals was not unbecomingly beautiful in the youth's voice although it could be horrible in the thunderous nasal of Jonthra.

were loosed upon that Great One into the river, and he, Ramon, came through to me and that friend who—" she paused and looked mournfully at the pirogue rising and falling, rising and falling with the rise and fall of the water.

There was a minute of stillness. Chenah followed her gaze. His face was blank with the effort to catch the full meaning of what she was saying to him.

"Ramon's friend lay unconscious in yonder pirogue when it was dashed to its end yonder among the demon teeth at the end of the devil-water," she went on, "and Ramon lies now at the mercy of the demons of the Forest—or worse—back there where the questing arrow found me.

"I led the chase hither that he might have a few minutes longer of rest and—perhaps—safety. He is helpless." She looked deeply into Chenah's faithful eyes.

Marked by Torture-Canes

The look that answered her gave her the satisfaction she desired.



Dolores moved a step nearer to the opening, and stood waiting breathlessly. In a moment, Chenah came backing through, bearing a burden.

Dolores remembered. Chenah could not understand the speech of the outland people. To his simple, priest-trained mind it would seem to be magic. Yes, she knew. So she reverted to the common speech.

Afraid of Ramon's Fate

"Nay, it is not outland magic that I use, Chenah. Nor did magic cause the loss of the sacred pirogue. It is but the result of a sad destiny for the young man who was friend to—him who is"—she paused a moment before completing the sentence—and looked at Chenah—"in graver danger, perhaps, than I."

He returned her look with one of surprised question.

"Ramon!" she said with slow impressiveness, "Your beloved ruler." At his quick start of her beginning explanation she raised her hand in a gesture for silence and went on.

"Nay, the god did not choose that he should die by—there and—thy fellows. The gods of the Forest pursued and drove the evil demons that

"Yes, Chenah, Ramon is back there hidden high up on one of the tree-mats. You remember we used to find them when we were children playing in those forbidden jungle playgrounds where the vines grew thickly and our parents warned us of the dangers that we laughed at, and—forever escaped.

"I left him there, helpless with his torture-bruised body and a broken arm. The torture-canes used by the Priests of the Ordeal left many marks on my beloved. Only the gods who protected him in his innocence saved him from the death. He found his way with the god's help to us, his friend and me.

"I lay helpless in that same pirogue while the bronze young outlander manned the boat after a night of sleepless horror and days of traveling through the underbrush of the jungle without food.

"We would have won to safety but for the 'trailer.' It was the struggle with him that took our friend's last ounce of strength and left him helpless at the last—and alone in his

Should a Wife Support Her Husband?

Have you a puzzling love affair on which you need friendly advice? Write to Julia Jerome, care of this newspaper. If you wish a personally reply please send a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



By JULIA JEROME

This question is asked by a young wife in the windy city of Chicago: My dear Mrs. Jerome:

When I married Jim two years ago he had an excellent job and he made me promise that I would never work out. He wanted to take care of his wife, he said, and he felt proud that he could give me pretty things and leisure enough to always look and feel fresh and happy. He was wonderful to me!

But now how different things are! He has been out of work four months and our savings are all gone. He tramps the streets by day, and by night sits silently staring at the floor.

Now, I used to be a beauty expert and know where I could get work but I am afraid to broach the subject to Jim. He is so proud that I fear he won't accept my help. But if I don't do it he will in desperation go to racketeering or maybe worse. I know

helplessness. "But Ramon—" It was Chenah who spoke. His voice was anxious.

"Back there, as I said" she lifted her hand and pointed. "Think you we can win our way back to him?"

Like an answer to her question, there came a loud chorus of sound almost upon them it seemed, except for the impenetrable wall of vegetation at their right.

"Your safety, first, Dolores mia," Chenah's voice was eager and soft through its grim purposefulness. "Come."

He swung her to his shoulder and plunged, as it seemed to her bewildered senses, straight toward a huge tree that stood a bit apart and yet within the semi-circular growth of dense vegetation at a point slightly below the spot where the pirogue lay lifting and falling so regularly.

Chenah Leads the Way

But almost at the tree he swerved to the right, and bending low until he seemed to be almost crawling, he wormed his way under the trailing vines that, she perceived, swung like a curtain over a green tunnel of growing bushes.

As he proceeded forward with a low word of warning for her to protect herself from the sweeping branches above and beside the way, she felt rather than saw that the path led downward into what but for the dense forest growths would have been a very perceptible ravine.

At a lower level he set her down. "Follow me closely," he whispered. "It will grow darker in a space." He reached back and gripped her fingers firmly.

Stepping carefully they took a few steps then suddenly the descent began again. This time Dolores knew that they had entered an earth burrow apparently leading under and away from the increasing nearness of the yelling hunters above ground.

For a long time they went on and on in the darkness, then, imperceptibly, the girl noticed, it had become a dimness, and ahead she saw a clear spot of light glowing against the smooth side of a rocky earth wall.

The next minute and they had turned a corner and stood in the full glow of diffused light revealing a large, oblong room. On the hard rock

he's had offers to enter a crime ring. What shall I do?

ANXIOUS.

Stop feeling so much awe of your husband and have a comradely talk with him.

Tell him that your love and respect do not rest upon money. Tell him that you have as much right to keep your marriage intact as has he; that you would a thousand times rather work than have him to go into something which might mean the loss of his liberty.

Say to him that, as an equal partner in your relationship, it is your duty in time of stress, to keep the home fires burning; that you do not mind working and would consider it rather a lark after your long rest.

Remind him that wives all over the country now are going out to help their men and you consider it an honor to contribute something to a love which has been so beautiful. Also suggest that he take up the study of some new trade and quit looking for work for a couple of months and rest his nerves. By that time things may be easier. Then put on your hat and walk out of the house and get your job.

floor were spread soft animal pelts. The walls were hung with roughly woven, bright colored blankets and at the end farthest from them was a low comfortable cot set beneath an altar-like shelf on which stood a crudely beautiful pair of exquisitely carved candelabra. The tall candles

(Continued on Page Four)



IF YOU WANT Money, Love, Easy Life SUCCESS
Write today. Send no money. I guarantee to give you a start in life.
M. WILLIAMS
901 Bergen Ave.
JERSEY CITY, N.J.

PLANTEN'S C&C - BLACK PARSULES
Over 80 Years of Effective Use for **BLADDER and KIDNEY TROUBLE**
At all drug stores
H. PLANTEN & SON, INC.
93 Henry Street B'klyn, N. Y.

GET A LUCKY HAND WITH A WRITTEN GUARANTEE

Its Principles Will Help You in Health, Happiness, Love, Money, Peace, Power, Influence, Control, Jobs, Business Worries, and Happiness at Home.

Information Free—Write Today

Business By Mail Only
D. ALEXANDER
200 W. 135th St.
New York City, N. Y.

Call in Person
D. ALEXANDER
524 Jackson Ave.
Jersey City, N. J.
Phone Bergen 0282

Getting Up Nights Quickly Alleviated

If you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Backache, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Acidity, or Burning, due to functional Bladder Irritation, and feel tired, depressed and discouraged, try the quick-acting Cystex Test. Two treatments in one. Starts circulating thru the system in 15 minutes quickly allaying painful Bladder Irritation. Contains a gentle, soothing kidney diuretic. 3 doses or narcotics. Praises by thousands. Registered in 20 foreign countries. Don't give up. Get Cystex (pronounced Sian-tex) from your druggist, under the Ironclad Guarantee, for only 60c. It must quickly ally your conditions. Improve restful sleep and energy, or your Money Back.