

# 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

### SYNOPSIS

John Northington, graduate of Howard University, wounded by a poison arrow while trying to rescue his South American friend's fiancée from the Sacred Grove of THE BLACK LILY is saved by the girl, herself, who sucks the poison from the wound.

They seize a priest's pirogue and escape down the river. They meet Ramon, the girl's lover, whom they thought dead by torture, and take him with them.

Northington is separated from the two by an accident and is left unconscious in the pirogue which floats toward the rapids on the crocodile infested waters.

Dolores is discovered by the priests and leads the chase away from where Ramon lies wounded in the jungle. She is caught by Chenah, the young priest whose intended negligence let her escape. Instead of turning her over to his colleagues, he helps her to escape to the underground PLACE where an ancient priest called Father Jose lives in hiding. Here they find John Northington who has been miraculously saved from death by water or crocodile. Father Jose helps them all.

As he is treating John Northington's wounded leg, the young man opens his eyes.

the heart. Father Jose nodded and smiled. He understood the tone if he could not understand the words.

"It is well," he replied in the strangely soft gutturals that in some of the tribe could be so harsh and full of menace. "The stranger is welcome in THE PLACE. It is for all who are hunted and sore beset. Rest!" He paused and bent again over the wounded man. He began the delicate operation of removing the wet mud caked clothing from his sorely wounded body. Chenah came forward at a gesture with the great kettle of warm, steaming water.

"Food, my daughter. Thou wilt make it ready. It is there. Father Jose pointed to the opposite corner



A swinging branch struck him smartly in the face. He recoiled and sat down a moment to recover himself.

### INSTALLMENT VII

For a moment the wounded man lay looking up into the faces bent above him. When his glance fell on Dolores he cried out: "And so they have taken us at last," his voice loud and strong. "Where is Ramon? Is he—?" Something in the faces of the two strangers stopped him.

Back of the utter blankness of lack of understanding he still could read the language of kindly intent.

"But, senor, thee eez frien'. Eet eez Fathaire Jose who saf you from zee evel Black Death," Dolores reverted to the language of the stranger. The words came gently with her odd inflections and foreign lilt.

Northington's eyes again sought the old man's. He smiled wanly up into his face. "Thanks—a lot," simple words they were as John Northington spoke them but the tone came from

where behind a swinging curtain of bright cloth lay hidden the shelves of food and odd shell and pottery dishes.

Dolores needed no second bidding. She had been schooled as were all the maidens of her tribe in the unusually sufficient housewifery of their people.

For a space there went forward the two separate lines of action.

#### Haven of Rest

The wounded man found himself as easily and as skillfully cared for in this subterranean chamber as he would have been in the most modern and well equipped hospital. With strange instruments and miraculously soothing unguents his wounds seemed to suddenly cease paining him.

When the savory fumes of the food that Dolores was preparing began to penetrate the room, he was surprised to feel the healthy pangs of hunger flowing through him like an eager current, sure of finding a sea of plenty.

Father Jose watched him closely as the flush of warm healthy color flooded his face and the lines of pain erased themselves from his high bronze forehead. Chenah, in the

## Don't Ruin Your Life For A Faithless Sweetheart

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



By JULIA JEROME

A young man from the South threatens to do violence in the name of love.

My dear Mrs. Jerome:—

I am from Memphis and my girl is a native New Yorker. She seems to love me sometimes and then again she will go out with other fellows and when I bawl her out she just laughs. Now, where I come from a dame doesn't act that way toward the man she loves. I told her I was going to lose my head and kill somebody some night and she said that if I did then I'd be dumber than she thought. She did not heed my wishes and had a date with my worst rival. Do you think she can love me and act this way? What would you do in my shoes?

DESPERATE.

Well, I wouldn't murder anybody, that's certain! Snap out of it, my son. You don't own the lady, and the jail

are full of silly, impetuous youngsters like you who have learned wisdom too late.

Now, it may be just an old "Southern Custom" to murder one's rival, but that sort of thing won't work the same way in Manhattan. Jealousy murders aren't treated with the same indulgence in the North as in Dixie, where normal entertainment is scarce and violence serves to take its place.

Get another girl to console you on the nights that your lady steps out. Let her see that you are attractive to others.

That, more than murder, will nail her to your side. And if it doesn't work, then she doesn't love you and you better put an end to seeing her.

Why ruin your young life for a faithless woman? The world is full of nice girls just dying for a good Romeo. Don't you know every one has to go through with amorous disappointments and disillusionment? That is part of the game, and helps to broaden one's point of view and deepen one's understanding.

The trouble with young people in love is, they have no sense of humor. Start laughing at yourself and you'll last longer.

background watched too, and his face wore a look of something like worship as it turned to the elder man.

At last, as Northington's hungry eyes began a steady trailing of the girl from pot to pan and from pan to dish, the old man laughed aloud. A happy wholesome laugh of pure enjoyment in good well-done.

"Thy wound is in thy stomach it seems, my son," he said, jestingly, "and for that, it is good. For in the hands of the maid there it will find its instant healing."

Dolores smiled cheerfully as she set a steaming earthen dish down upon the table. At the look of puzzled interest in Northington's face she hurriedly translated the joke for him.

He laughed and rolled himself over smartly, feet out. With an effort he sat erect on the edge of the cot.

"Ho, ho, but careful, now, Sir Hungry man," Father Jose was at his side and motioning Chenah to bring one of the crude stools.

"It is not well to let the injured foot touch earth yet," he went on admonishingly, laying the foot, swathed in its bandages, athwart the pelt-padded stool. "By grace of the unguents of the Forest gods thou hast no pain, but there still works there the poison of the crocodile's teeth. It must be cleared away or—?" He made a motion as of cutting off the foot.

#### A Sinister Sound

Again Dolores translated. Very gingerly Northington examined the swarthy foot and with meticulous care kept it as Father Jose had placed it.

They were eating when the sinister muffled sounding of the drum came trembling through the earth walls in agitated vibrations.

All of them stopped to listen. At the second loud booming note, Dolores jumped up. Her eyes were haunted and wild with fright.

"They have found the pirogue," she said. "They will cease now to hunt this way. The first find always before the questing arrow must be used again and—it is only on the earth and air that it can find and trace. It will lead them to Ramon."

"Quick, Father—Chenah—we must go to him." She was frantically looking about for some weapon. She seized a quiver of arrows. Calmly, easily, the old man took them from her tremulous, excited grasp.

Chenah, his face grave and purposeful, stood before her. His eyes were grave.

"But, it is not thou shouldst go, my dear one. It is my task. The Montez is my chief. It is I that shall go to his defense, and rescue. Gently he removed the cloak from her shoulders, and wrapped it around his own. "I go," he said; and before any one could speak, he was gone, the red cape of the novice hidden beneath the somber folds of Father Jose's wide cape-like cloak.

#### Ramon in Danger

For a long moment after Dolores left him in the high swinging mat of vine and bough, Ramon lay with closed eyes and pain-furrowed brow.

Waves of nausea rolled over him. His very senses were submerged in the black mists of pain. Then, very gradually and very slowly, the sickness quieted down to a steady throbbing weakness.

He opened his eyes and looked about him. Overhead the thick green forest curtain swayed slowly, in the receding wave of the impetus imparted by the flight of Dolores along the aerial path.

While Ramon lay watching it, there

(Continued on Page Four)

## ENDS DIGESTIVE ILLS QUICK AND GAINS 13 POUNDS



Food does not nourish when it is not properly digested. That's why people who suffer from gas on stomach and bowels, belching, nausea, headaches, dizziness, etc., due to indigestion, often find themselves underweight, weak, with little energy and vitality.

All this is quickly changed when you start using the simple discovery known as Pape's Diapepsin. When people experience for themselves the amazing results of using these tasty tablets, they invariably feel compelled to tell others.

Mrs. Relda J. Glenn, 7031 Zoeter Ave., Cleveland, Ohio, says: "I suffered for over two years with pain in my stomach, gas and headaches; trying all the time to get relief by using medicines and treatments.

"Then I learned about Diapepsin and began using it. It has been a wonderful help to me. I eat pastries now without bad after-effects. How they used to make me suffer!"

"Friends that I have told about Diapepsin have been helped in the same way. I have gained thirteen pounds since starting on it."

All druggists sell it; or if you wish to try it before buying, write "Pape's Diapepsin," Wheeling, W. Va., for a trial box, FREE.



## COLDS MAY DEVELOP INTO PNEUMONIA

Coughs from colds may lead to serious trouble. You can stop them now with Creomulsion, an emulsified creosote that is pleasant to take. Creomulsion is a medical discovery with two-fold action; it soothes and heals the inflamed membranes and inhibits germ growth.

Of all known drugs, creosote is recognized by high medical authorities as one of the greatest healing agencies for coughs from colds and bronchial irritations. Creomulsion contains, in addition to creosote, other healing elements which soothe and seal the inflamed membranes and stop the irritation while the creosote goes on to the stomach, is absorbed into the blood, attacks the seat of the trouble and checks the growth of the germs.

Creomulsion is guaranteed satisfactory in the treatment of coughs from colds, bronchitis and minor forms of bronchial irritations, and is excellent for building up the system after colds or flu. Money refunded if not relieved after taking according to directions. Ask your druggist. (adv.)

## CREOMULSION

FOR THE COUGH FROM COLDS THAT HANG ON



Builds Healthy Blood

## 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 0285