

# DAUGHTER OF THE SUN

## A Tale of Adventure BY QUIEN SABE (Who Knows)

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**THIS BEGINS THE STORY**

Jim Kendrick, a devil-may-care, who had been a soldier in the first world war, and who had seen some of the most exciting and dangerous things that had ever happened in the world, was sitting in a room in the city of Philadelphia, waiting for a man who he had never seen before. He was looking at a clock on the wall, and he was thinking about the things that had happened to him in the past. He was a man of many adventures, and he was always looking for new ones. He was a man of many talents, and he was always using them to his advantage. He was a man of many friends, and he was always helping them in their time of need. He was a man of many secrets, and he was always keeping them close to his chest. He was a man of many mysteries, and he was always trying to solve them. He was a man of many adventures, and he was always looking for new ones. He was a man of many talents, and he was always using them to his advantage. He was a man of many friends, and he was always helping them in their time of need. He was a man of many secrets, and he was always keeping them close to his chest. He was a man of many mysteries, and he was always trying to solve them.

known full moon Kendrick. Nor was the depressing emotion an emanation alone of his glowing front on Betty's account; the atmosphere of the place through which he moved began to weigh him down, to weigh the spirit within him. The left the treasure chamber, which was five times doubly looked after. They went through the ancient country ways and out into the garden. Kendrick, looking up, saw the small, ragged patch of sky and felt as though upon his own soul, stifling him, rested the weight of the hollow mountain. To Jim was food the fresh, wind-swept world, too open sea with its smell of clean salt air, the wide expanse where the sunshine lay everywhere, in this peace across of a long dead royalty was become misty, fog, permeated with an aura of a great ghilid tomb. His sensation was almost that of a drowning person one of one awaking from a trance to find himself at the narrow confines of a buried coffin. The air seemed heavy and oppressive. He felt as if he were in a great, dark, and cold tomb. He felt as if he were in a great, dark, and cold tomb. He felt as if he were in a great, dark, and cold tomb.

Barlow, glowing, but awaiting her, too. Well, the time had passed when he could largely concern himself with them and what they did and thought. Tonight he must serve himself and Betty. If she would listen to him.

Presently he saw where it was that Zoraida was conducting him. He remembered the dim anteroom in which they paused a moment while Zoraida fastened the door behind them; then, the curtain thrown aside, they were again in that barbaric, tapestry-hung chamber in which, the first night here, he had been brought before her. As before the ruby upon the thin crystal stem shone like a burning red eye.

Now, for the first time since they had turned away from the golden Tezucan's treasure chamber, was Kendrick given a full, clear view of Zoraida's face. During their progress many thoughts had come and gone swiftly through his mind; now as they two stood looking steadily at each other, he realized clearly that one matter and one thing alone had occupied her. No abatement of cruelty had come into her long eyes; no flush of color had swept away the cold whiteness of her cheek. She was set in a merciless determination, relentless thought in her mind lay as clear to her love as a white marble in a sunlit pool. Then her eyes passed on, beyond him. He turned and saw the hangings parted at that spot where Zoraida had returned to him that other time; one of the British, stout forms which Kendrick remembered stood in the opening.

Zoraida spoke with the man swiftly, her voice hard and sharp. A quick change came into her face, she looked flippant; the face was distorted as by some hideous anticipation. Zoraida ended what she had to say; the man spoke gutturally, nodding his head. Then he dropped the curtain and was gone.

For the instant only she had looked at him as though she were probing into his secret thought, and there swept over him the old, disquieting sensation that he was being watched. He felt as if he were being watched. He felt as if he were being watched. He felt as if he were being watched.

to the back of each mirror, he slipped the end of a tall ebony rod. Then he rolled back the heavy rug from two-thirds of the floor. The floor was of stone, laid faithfully in colored mosaic; here and there, seemingly placed utterly at random, were smooth round holes in the stone blocks. Into each hole the half of one of the rods was thrust, so that when the man stepped back to a little to the left, the floor would be raised, revealing a small room. He saw the door open and a man come in; it was either the man who just now had obeyed Zoraida's commands or his twin-fellow. The man began looking through the what appeared to be several frames of steel bars. Working swiftly he shaped them into a steel cage hardly larger than to accommodate a man standing. Kendrick's heart leaped and then stood still. He remembered words which Juanita, terrified by idle threat from him, had spoken.

He sat like a man in a trance. The dim mirrors seemed untraced. What he saw elsewhere was it a reflected reality or was his mind under the spell of Zoraida's? Was she through hypnosis projecting a living image into his groping consciousness? Absolutely, he did not know. He drew his eyes away from the vision of that room and turned them questioningly upon Zoraida. Stern she was and rigid and white, a dim figure in that dim light save alone for her eyes; they burned ominously, glowing like a cat's.

A quick shifting of the image in the glass jerked back his straying attention. The man had completed his brief labor with the steel frames which now made a strong cage; he shook the bars with his hand as though trying them, and they were firm in their places. He opened a section which turned on hinges, so that a narrow door swung back. Then he drew away and across the

Zoraida did not appear to hear, but sat rigid, waiting.

At last, when all but one opaque shaded lamp were extinguished and the room was cast into shadowy gloom, Kendrick, impelled by environment, a curious dread and perhaps the will of Zoraida, sat down on the stool.

"Clap-trap, you say?" scoffed Zoraida. "Watch the first mirror!"

At first the mirror reflected nothing save the shadowy room and a vague, half-seen line of other mirrors. But while Kendrick watched there came a swift change. Somehow a lamp had been lighted—several lamps, for there was a brilliant light. He saw reflected what appeared to be a small room with a door in one wall. He saw the door open and a man come in; it was either the man who just now had obeyed Zoraida's commands or his twin-fellow. The man began looking through the what appeared to be several frames of steel bars. Working swiftly he shaped them into a steel cage hardly larger than to accommodate a man standing. Kendrick's heart leaped and then stood still. He remembered words which Juanita, terrified by idle threat from him, had spoken.

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room. And now the remarkable thing was that though he moved several paces, still he remained in full view at the center of the mirror.

Plainly in a complicated series of reflectors there were mirrors which were being turned as the man moved, cunningly and skillfully adjusted to his slow progress; otherwise would he have passed out of the scope of Kendrick's vision. As it was, the cage slid away out of view, an uncanny sort of thing since it had the appearance of gliding under a will of its own.

Presently, however, the man opened a door in the wall and was gone. For an instant the mirror darkened; then the light flashed back and Kendrick was treated to a broken procession of images which set him marveling. First he saw straight into the heart of the gardens of the golden Tezucan; he saw the sacrificial stone; he saw one of the old men approach it and pass by; he saw the room and in it Bruce pacing up and down, swinging suddenly to look eagerly at his door; he saw Barlow's back as

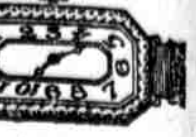
ment of this sort of parlor magic was a thing to keep. There would be small tube-like holes through walls, angled with reference to other mirrors; there would be, somewhere in the great house, a sort of operating room, a room of mirrors with a trained hand to manipulate them.

Perhaps, with modern reflectors, she had improved on some fancy of an ancient king who sought to guard himself against treachery or his boardings against the hand of his treasurers.

Again and again, as Kendrick sat watching, the mirrors darkened and grew bright again, with always a new image. He saw the room in which he had spent a long day immured and knew then that had Zoraida been of the mind she could have sat here in her private room and have observed every move he made. He saw still another room and in it Bruce pacing up and down, swinging suddenly to look eagerly at his door; he saw Barlow's back as

Barlow stared out of a window—where.

Continued Tomorrow



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My friend, there, there. You see the sky just now and thought to yourself that all of my safeguards here would be foolish and unavailing if a man sought the way to make his entrance from above. He saw the way is guarded there, too. Above us towers Little Quetzal Hill, which has long been the home of the gods. The air is so pure and clear that it is almost as if it were a step and dangerous mountain climb. The old legends do not forget so easily a thing. Captives told up there while their fellows burrowed down here; the hazardous way through infinite labyrinthine passages through many peaks, made infinitely more hazardous. They are balanced rocks of a thousand tons' weight that are secure in the outward seeming, placed to lead to destruction the adventurous who attempt to pass over them; there is a spring, and it is death to drink of it; there are pitfalls for a man to slide down into and in the bottom of these pits are countless venomous snakes, fangs and sharp fangs as men of our time know nothing of them. There have been chance travelers on yonder at infrequent intervals and for every such traveler there has been a death so that the mountain bears an evil name. And, further, should a hardy spirit once win to the hole in the bottom of the volcano's cone and find the way to lower himself hundreds of feet into the gardens, there is always, night and day, one of Zoraida's guards at the spot where he must descend, and that guard, night and day, is armed and eager to grapple with a devil whom he has been told to expect soon or late.

"I have told you," said Kendrick, "what I have to do to steal that which is another's."

"One thing I have told you; here is another. I speak it frankly because I may gain by it and am not in the least afraid of losing, since your destiny lies in my hands. It is that a portion of the great treasure is here with us; another portion was hidden outside. She put her hand on one of the tumbled manacles. The hole is here. The treasure bearers were trapped in the mountains by the Spanish; they had no time to come here. One by one they were killed. They hid much gold where they must. That is the sort of man your friend Barlow speaks; that is the sort of man which the Spanish priests knew of and held in awe. And that, Senor Jim, I would add to what I have here."

She nodded her head. Her eyes glittered, the fevered gold lust was in her blood. With all this here—his eye swept the wealth-laden tables and chests—she still craved gold, more gold.

"The third thing," said Zoraida sharply, "that you may understand why I mention to you the second, is this: You will never go free until I see the gold. And I shall never see the gold until you and I have brought the rest and placed it here."

"So there was other treasure? Like this, right, tonight, vessels, fine gold, pearls, emeralds? And Zoraida has been at you know where it was? Barlow had had enough sense to keep his mouth closed. Jim Kendrick's thoughts flew back and forth rapidly; the strange thing was that at a time like this the vision which shined before him, vivid and clear-cut in his mind, was of little Betty Gordon with a double string of pearls around her throat.

"Of what are you thinking?" demanded Zoraida sharply. She had been watching him keenly. "There is a look in your eyes."

For an instant she almost dared think that that look was for her. Jim flashed, Zoraida's black brows gathered, her eyes went as deadly cold as ever over the eyes of her ancient forbears, though they watched the priests at the sacrificial stone.

"You think of her?" she cried angrily. She stamped upon the stone floor, she clenched her hands and lifted them high above her head in a sudden gesture of abandonment of rage. "You think that having made much of me, you shall turn to her? Fool! Seven times occurred food! I will show you the doll-faced, half-eyed girl—and you will see, too, what fate I have reserved for her. To cradle the part of Zoraida means—but what are words? You shall see!"

It was Betty

lacked them here; she had spoken of Betty. It was likely that they were returning through the long passageway to the house.

Dark hallways to thread, the dark mind of his guide to seek to read. Now, while darkness outdoors was well enough, the black gloom of a maze at any corner of which Zoraida might have placed one or a dozen of her henchmen, had little lure for him. She did not mean to let him go free; she had kept him all day immured in his own room; she would no doubt seek to lock him up again.

"It's tonight or never to make a break for it," he decided as he followed her.

They were passing the block of Jasper, the ancient stone of sacrifice. Zoraida went by first; Kendrick was passing when an impulse prompted him to put out a sudden hand for the keen-edged knife of obsidian. He slipped it into his belt and hid the haft with his coat. If it came to an ambush, to an attack in the dark, a revolver bullet might do something more palpable than this air. They went on, returning along the way they had come. When the gardens of the golden Tezucan were behind them and a door barred Kendrick experienced a sense of relief, even though the tunnels were ahead of him. He kept close to Zoraida, prepared for any sort of treachery and with no desire to lose her which suddenly through a door somewhere and slam it in his face. His one urgent prayer was for a breath of the open just then the consummation of human happiness seemed to him to be freedom on horseback somewhere in the mountains with the whole of the wide starry sky generously roofing the world. He thought of Betty—and he thought, too, of the little horse doomed to count themselves happy back yonder where at most the sun shone down upon them a few minutes of the day.

Never once did Zoraida turn, nor once did she speak as they hastened on. What little he saw of her face where there was lamplight showed him hard-set muscles. At last they were again in the house, which was hushed as though unattended or as though its occupants were asleep or dead. He could fancy Bruce in some remote room, tickled by some false message of Zoraida's, eagerly expecting her, hungering for her living explanations; he could

But he knew that now was no time for such fancies and he shook them off and bent his mind to the present effort. Zoraida was retreating the steps which



It was Betty

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