

DAUGHTER OF THE SUN

A Tale of Adventure
 BY QUIEN SABE (Who Knows)

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THIS BEGINS THE STORY
 Jim Kendrick, a dark-haired, dark-eyed American, was waiting at the station in Philadelphia for the train which would take him to New York. He was looking at his watch, and when he saw that it was ten minutes past the hour, he turned to the agent who was standing at the ticket counter. "What time is it now?" he asked. "It's ten minutes past the hour," the agent replied. "The train is not due until eleven o'clock."

Jim Kendrick looked at his watch again. It was now eleven o'clock. He looked at the agent. "The train is not due until eleven o'clock?" he asked. "That's what I told you," the agent replied. "The train is not due until eleven o'clock."

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AND HERE IT CONTINUES
 BUT from this they went to other matters. Kendrick merely decided that while they spent a long tomorrow morning he would look into the matter. There was no great temptation to tarry for treasure and the incentive to go on the way, traveling light, was sufficiently emphasized. But there was a quiet day to be put in tomorrow, if all went right, and he was not the man to forget what had brought him southward.

"We'll both go to sleep," he said presently, "and not do any worrying about what the other fellow may be doing. With our fire out and a lot of dead limbs scattered about the entrance to crack under a man's foot, they'll not surprise us tonight, even if they should know where we are. Tomorrow we'll keep a watch over the ravine. And tomorrow night I hope we'll be on the trail toward the gulf. Now, a good-night slip out with you for a good-night drink of water? Or would you rather sleep here for me?"

Betty was on her feet in a flash. "I've done enough waiting today to last me the rest of my life!" she cried sympathetically. "I'll go with you."

So again, and as cautious as they had been last night, they made their way down the steep slope and drank in the sunlight. They carried a little by the trickle of water, heading the silence, breathing deep of the soft night, lifting their eyes to the stars, the world seemed young and sweet about them, clean and tender, a place of infinite peace and kindness rather than of a pursuing hate.

They stood close together; their shoulders brushed companionably. To Betty hearkened to a tiny voice throbbing through the emptiness, the monotonous vibrating cadences of some happy insect, the heat of the day had passed with the day, the perfect hour had come. It was one of those moments which Jim Kendrick found in his liking. Many such still hours had he known under many skies and in all climes. Betty looked at him curiously, then away swiftly.

"Breakfast is ready," she announced. He slipped at his coffee absentmindedly; he looked past Betty, saw into a hidden, cliff-rimmed valley in those other, fresher mountains further north, glimpsed vistas down narrow trails between tall pines and cedars and fir, fancied a lodge made of boughs on the shore of a little blue lake. He'd like to show Betty this camping spot; he'd like to bring in for her a string of gleaming trout; he'd like to lie on his side under the cliffs and watch her. He had whittled two sticks for spoons; he ate his stew with his and forgot to talk.

As Betty, watching him covertly, wondered naturally over the first meal she had cooked for him Jim Kendrick wasn't readjusting his ancient ideas of woman. For some hidden reason, or for no reason at all, her glance was as deep as his.

After breakfast, however, it was Betty who started talk. They ought to plan definitely for tonight. Kendrick told her of the way he and Barlow had come, of the Half Moon awaiting his and Barlow's return, of his determination to make use of the schooner if they could come to it. Barlow's plans were not at Kendrick's disposal; the sailor might be counting on the vessel and he might not. At any rate he and Betty

could slip down the gulf in it and either take ship at La Paz, sending it back up the gulf then, or steer on to San Diego. Of course he would seek to get in touch with Barlow; he could send a message of some sort. But after all, Barlow had taken the game into his own hands and had said that it was now each man for himself.

"We can make the trip during the night, if we can make the get-away," he told her. "We'll have to take a roundabout way at first, edging the valley along the foothills on this side until we're well past the ranch house, then cut across the shortest way and pick up the trail on the other side. We can take enough water in our milk tins to last us, especially since we're traveling in the cool."

"And if," suggested Betty, "the Half Moon isn't there? Or if Zoraida has set some of her men to watch for us there?"

Naturally he had thought of that. It came to the gulf and a new problem of this sort offered itself, then it would be time to consider it.

"We'll just hope for the best," she answered, "and try to be ready for what comes."

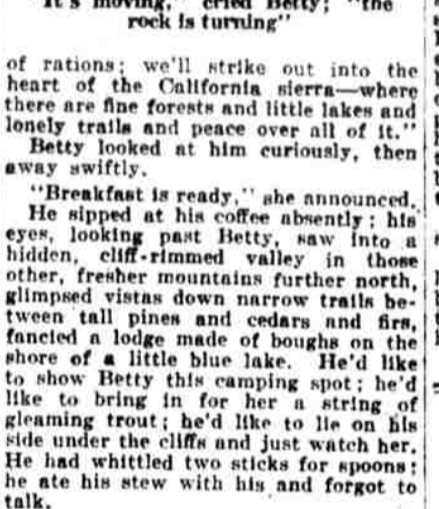
Carefully they conserved each tiny fragment of food, using their fingers for cupboards. They went cautiously to the entrance of their hiding place and for a long time crouched behind the bushes, watching the canyon sides, looking for a sign of life. And during the quiet hours they explored the place in which they were.

First they considered the odd hole in the big boulder, seeking to find some logical reason for its being, asking themselves if it could have any connection whatever with the ancient hidden treasure, said Kendrick. "But it could mean anything. Or nothing," he was forced to admit.

It was only in the later afternoon, after a long period of inactivity and silence, that an inspiration came to Kendrick. Meantime they had poked into every crack and cranny, they had gone back and forth and up and down over every square inch of the place repeatedly. And Kendrick thought that he had given up when the last idea came to him. He went quickly back to the boulder. Betty watched him intently.

"I thought we'd given that up," she said.

"I had both hands on the boulder, his fingers gripping the edge of the baffling hole, and was seeking to shake the big block of rock. Betty came to his side. You think that it was made as a



"It's moving," cried Betty; "the rock is turning!"

hand-hole? That you can turn the rock over?"

"It does move—just a little," he said. He put all of his strength into a fresh attack. The boulder trembled slightly—that was all.

"I'll bet you my half of the loot that I've got here!" he said triumphantly. "Wait and see."

He began looking about him for something.

"If I only dared slip outside for a minute," he said. Then his eye fell on the rifle. "We'll have to make this do. I run a risk of jamming the front sight, but I guess we can fix that."

He protected the sight as well as he could by wrapping his handkerchief about it. The muzzle of the gun he thrust down into the hole in the rock.

"Get it now?" he asked. "If that hole wasn't made to allow a lever to be inserted, then tell me what it was made for. And here's even the place to stand while a man uses it! I'll double the bet!"

That excitement which always gets into a man's blood when he believes that he is on the threshold of a golden discovery already shone in his eyes. He stepped to a sort of shelf in the cavern wall close to the boulder, so that now his feet were on a level with the top of the rock he meant to move. So he could just reach out and grasp the butt of the rifle. Betty was watching with an eagerness no less than his own. Gradually he set his force at work on his lever, trying this way and that.

"It's moving!" cried Betty. "The rock is turning!"

And now it turned readily, his leverage being used to the task.

"Look under the rock as it tips back," he told Betty. "See if there isn't a hole under it. Big enough for a man to go through."

"Yes!" answered Betty after a breathless fashion. "Yes. A little more. Oh, come see. It looks almost like steps going down!"

"I'll have to force it back a little further," he returned. "Maybe it will balance there. If not we'll have to get loose stones and wedges to push it back into its former place. But Betty had seen and already was bringing fragments of stone to block under the edges."

"Now," she called. "Come see."

He jumped down; the boulder

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wedged securely, lay on its side. He went to Betty and from what they saw before they looked into each other's eyes wonderingly.

"The tale was true," he said with conviction. "You and I have found the way to the treasure."

In the floor was an opening a couple of feet square. Very rude, uneven steps led down, vanishing in a forbidding black dark. Kendrick lay flat and looked down. Little by little he could penetrate a bit further, but in the end there lay a region of impenetrable darkness into which the steps merged.

"You're going down there?" gasped Betty.

"Am I?" he laughed. "You wouldn't want us to skip out tonight without even having looked into it, would you?"

"No-o." But she hesitated and even shuddered as she too lay down and peered into the forbidding place.

"We'll not take any chances we don't have to." He got up and began immediately to make his preparations. "Here's the rifle; I'll leave it handy for you in case our friend Rios should surprise us. I'll take a handful of stuff with me to burn for a torch. And we'll have another look out into the canyon to look with."

He drew out the rifle and gave it to Betty. He placed other stones with the ones she had slipped under the edges of the boulder. And finally he went to look out into the canyon.

"No one in sight," he reported.

"And now, here goes."

He sat down at the edge of the opening in the floor, set a match to his crude torch, flamed comfortably up at Betty and wriggled over and set his foot

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"From Now On"
 will appear daily on this page beginning SATURDAY

to the first step. As he did so there came to him an unpleasant memory of the fashion in which Zoraida had guarded her own secret places with rat-tenskens; he wondered if any of the ugly brutes lived down here? As it happened the thought had its influence in saving him from mishap later. For though he came upon no snakes, he went warily and thus avoided another danger.

His torch burnt vily and smoked copiously. But what faint light it afforded was sufficient. Step by step he went down until feet and legs and then entire body was lost to Betty above; she had set the rifle aside and was kneeling, her hands clasped in her excitement. Now she could see only his head and the torch held high; he looked up and smiled at her and waved the faggot. Then she saw only the dimly

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 The Manuscript Music Society of Philadelphia held a meeting at Presser Hall, in the Presser Building, last evening. There was a good-sized audience present, and some new and interesting compositions were performed. Among these were a group of songs by Agnes Clune Quinan, several well-written pieces for the piano by Maurics N. Way, and some compositions by Raymond, transcribed by Charlton L. Murphy and performed by members of the Philadelphia Orchestra. These latter numbers have been performed before the Manuscript Society before and were repeated by request.

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