

DAUGHTER OF THE SUN

A Tale of Adventure
BY QUIEN SABLE (Who Knows?)

Copyright, 1921, by Charles Scribner's Sons

"All right," his voice floated back to him. "I'll be right down." He had reached the bottom of the stone staircase; his feet shifting back and forth, informing him that he was on a floor that was full of inequalities and that pitched steeply ahead of him. The fire was almost out, deteriorating into a mere smudge curling up from the embers. The air was bad, thick and heavy; breathing was difficult. He looked up and made out the dim square by which Betty knelt. He could go a little further without danger since he was running back up the steps. The floor seemed to pitch still more steeply. Fearful of a precipice or a pit and a fall, he went down on his hands and knees, and crawled on. Thus he held his poor torch before him and thus he made a first discovery. The smudge was drifting steadily into his face. And that meant a current of air.

Still crawling, he pressed forward eagerly, sniffing the air. But he realized none of his starting the floor underneath still pitched steeply. He seemed to him, grew steeper. Then his light began to brighten; the embers glowed, and when he blew on them, broke again into flame. He looked up; he saw not the square of light he was now. Evidently he was passing into some sort of wide tunnel or lengthy chamber. Dimly he could discern walls on either side of him. Ahead and behind black shadows underfoot the uneven floor seemed to grow smoother and to slant still more abruptly downward.

"I'd better go easy," he told himself grimly. "If a man started sliding here I wonder where he'd land!" Decidedly the air was better. He filled his lungs and stopped where he was, moving his torch above his head, lowering it, peering about him on all sides. At last he made out that a dozen steps higher on there was a level space about which the walls were squared so as to give the effect of a small room. He drew nearer; step by step and again was forced to kneel and then feel his way forward with his hands, for the floor under him grew steadily steeper so that it was difficult to keep from sliding down the incline.

"Oh," cried Betty. "We are lost!" Then he saw that following Rios had come Zoraida and that she stood and looked at them, her eyes filled with mockery and triumph. "Who is it that speaks of what shall be done with that which rightfully is Zoraida's?" she demanded, her voice ringing out boldly. "And you too, who thought to escape me, I have you in a trap!"

Kendric swung his rifle about so that the muzzle was toward her. His eyes hardened. "If we have to shoot our way out of this, we're going for it," he told her shortly.

Zoraida's only answer came quickly, unexpectedly, before he could step forward. Her hand went to her bosom; out came her silver whistle; a blast shrilled forth into it, loud and penetrating.

"Twenty of my men, all armed, hear that," she said defiantly. "They are just below. Listen and you will hear the sound of their feet." The sound, first of men's voices somewhere outside, then of rattling stones under running feet, told that Zoraida spoke truly. Kendric heard and for an instant was struck motionless with indecision. The entrance was narrow and he could make a fight for it—there was Betty to think of, behind him but in the path of glancing bullets—there was Rios, wounded but treacherous—there was Zoraida—there was the treasure below and he had no mind to see it snatched from under his eyes.

Then the one chance presented itself to him, clear and imperative. "Rios," he commanded, "down you go through that hole or I swear to God I'll blow your brains out! Quick! And Zoraida, you with him!"

He sprang upon her and dragged her with him, showing her toward the opening in the floor. He took time then to whirl and fire one shot along the narrow way which Zoraida's men must come, confident that they would pause, if only for an instant. "Down, Rios! Down, Zoraida!"

A sort of fury looked out of his eyes and even Betty drew back from him fearfully. He grasped Rios by the shoulder and the Mexican seeing the look in his eyes made no resistance. Had he fought back he would have been killed and he knew it. He went down the steps.

Zoraida would have held back, but again Kendric's hand, rough on her arm, sent her forward and, rather than fall, she was forced to follow. Kendric fired again along the cleft. Then he began knocking loose the stones which

held the lever-rock back. When only one stone kept the boulder in place, he called sharply to Betty: "Down we go with them. Then I'll knock that stone out from below and we'll have time to breathe before they come on us."

"But," exclaimed Betty, "can we lift it again from below?" "God knows," he returned. "I think so. But I don't know that we'll have time; I think there's another way out. Hurry!"

Voices were calling excitedly from without. Plainly the men taking Zoraida's pay would in time steel themselves to make an entrance, but just as plainly they saw death in store for some of them and hesitated. It struck Kendric that their delay would give him time for one other thing and that other thing would mean much more time gaining.

"I'll bleed to death!" Quick fricht sent a shiver through him. "For the love of God, stop the blood for me!" Kendric could scarcely do less than look at the wound. Presently he straightened up with a grunt of disgust. "It's only a flesh wound," he said coolly. "The bone isn't even touched and it's a clean hole. You'll last for a lot of time."

"My shoulder is broken," he groaned. "You're in luck to be alive," Kendric told him sternly. "What do you want here?" "I'll bleed to death!" Quick fricht sent a shiver through him. "For the love of God, stop the blood for me!"

Kendric could scarcely do less than look at the wound. Presently he straightened up with a grunt of disgust. "It's only a flesh wound," he said coolly. "The bone isn't even touched and it's a clean hole. You'll last for a lot of time."

"My shoulder is broken," he groaned. "You're in luck to be alive," Kendric told him sternly. "What do you want here?" "I'll bleed to death!"

Quick fricht sent a shiver through him. "For the love of God, stop the blood for me!"

can talk. And, if we are sensible people, a new day can begin for all of us here. Rios' wound must have been even less severe than Kendric had supposed it. For now the Mexican seemed utterly to have lost consciousness of it. He was striking fresh matches; he stooped and picked up something at his foot; a little gasp broke from him. He tossed it down, caught up everything else.

"Gold!" he muttered. "Gold every-where!" Zoraida looked about her, seeming unmoved. Her eyes followed Rios contemptuously, moved away about the room, carried only briefly with the heaped-up treasure, sped to Kendric and to Betty.

"You are fools, fools!" she taunted them. "All thanks, Senor Kendric, for having led me straight to that for which I have been looking all my life. Rios and I came back to her side, both hands full. "Zoraida," he said swiftly, "let us talk reason as the American says. We have this gold. He held up his two high heels and gestured. Let them have their lives and go, so that they take nothing in their hands. Look at this!"

His words trailed off abruptly in a scream of terror. He had moved only a trifle as he spoke, he had taken a step backward between the two high heels. He was falling—he threw out his arms, clutching wildly. In a flash he was gone from sight. But not alone. For his hand, seeking to save him, had caught at Zoraida and she was snatched back, overbalanced, drawn down with him. Her scream rose above his cry of terror. Betty, kneeling, looked into each other's wide eyes.

"Do you think—they are dead?" faltered the girl. They went to the hole and looked down. The view which Kendric had seen before slowly disentangled itself from the darkness. They saw nothing of those who had fallen.

He did not explain then; it would take too long and they had their own salvation to work out. But here was his thought; Zoraida had dropped back into the gardens of the golden king. He did not believe she would be able to climb up this way again. And he did not believe that she would have with her the many keys needed to open the way she knew. It impressed him that here might be the judgment of a just God—Zoraida immured for all time in the heart of ancient Mexico, Zoraida with her priests and young men and children whom her stern decree had imprisoned here, Zoraida and Rios Rios together in the place of hidden treasure.

He came to where Rios was and set the rifle barrel in the small of his back. Rios cursed bitterly but moved on. Kendric's hand found Zoraida's arm and gripped it tightly. "We're all together in this," he said sharply. "And don't start your old favorite knife act. This is no time for foolery."

Zoraida moved on. But again she set her whistle to her lips and thereafter called out loudly to her men, commanding them to follow swiftly. "They won't hear you," said Kendric. "And they couldn't obey you this time anyhow. Hurry; we'll all slide if we don't get out of this foul air. Rios, give me some matches; mine are getting short."

Rios, without comment, having a little love as another for the uncertainty of the dark about him, did as he was commanded. He also saved half of his box and began striking them himself. And thus they went on, all of them save Kendric wondering. Making the last, steepest descent they stood huddled together in the treasure chamber. "Here," said Kendric, releasing Zoraida, "we have fresh air. Here we



"Rios," he commanded, "down you go through that hole or I swear to God I'll blow your brains out! Quick, and Zoraida, you with him!"

He scooped up handful after handful of dirt and poured it into the hole in the boulder, filling it even with the surface. Thus, it would not be readily detected and might never be noted. Then, snatching up his rifle and the bag of food, he ran down the steps with Betty. A thrust with his rifle barrel, and a quick jerk back, knocked the wedge stone free and saved him his gun. The boulder toppled back into place, the stairway and tunnel below were plunged into absolute darkness.

Kendric caught Betty's hand. "This way," he told her. "It's straight going and no danger for a while. Rios, Zoraida! Stand where you are and wait for us or I'll start shooting wild. Where are you?" "Here," growled Rios, his voice indicating that he had gone no great distance.

To be concluded tomorrow
Minstrel for Disabled Soldiers
Automobile buses will be sent tonight to the Naval Hospital, the Pennsylvania Hospital, the Public Service Hospital and others caring for disabled war veterans, to take the inmates to Moose Hall, 1214 North Broad street, where a minstrel show and dance will be given by the National Disabled Soldiers' League.

Plants roses in children's cheeks
Victor Bread
Big Loaf 6c
Sold only in Asco Stores
AMERICAN

Your Gift—A Simplex Sunbowl
GOOD cheer and personal comfort go with your gift of a Simplex Sunbowl Radiator. The glowing copper bowl, attached to any electric light socket, pours sunny warmth into any corner of any room.

The Simplex Sunbowl chases chill from bathroom, den or living room; it takes no more current than a Simplex electric iron or toaster—it is economical, safe and conveniently portable. The Simplex Sunbowl is a "thoughtful" gift.
At your dealer's
SIMPLEX ELECTRIC HEATING CO.
Cambridge, Mass.

Record-Breaking Values for Saturday

Extra Preparations to Handle Big Crowds

FRANK & SEDER

Eleventh and Market Streets

The Store of Practical Gifts

EXTRA COATS \$35, \$45 & \$50 Values

600 All-Wool Bolivia \$18
Up to \$75 Coats \$28

Rich Bolivians, Suedines and Chamoistynes. Trimmings of Australian Opossum, Nutria, Wolf and Skunk Opossum. All silk lined.
Gorgeous deep-pile bolivias, handsomely embroidered, elaborately silk stitched, richly silk lined and interlined. Positively without a rival in Philadelphia for marvelous values.

1 MEN \$1 Buys an Extra \$25 SUIT OR OVERCOAT

Your Money earns money in this Sale, for this is the biggest Clothing Sensation in years. Men, don't miss it! Come see for yourself what an EXTRA Dollar will do in This Big Sale.

This Is How the Sale Works:
First buy any \$25 suit or overcoat for \$25; then pay \$1 extra and get a second \$25 SUIT OR OVERCOAT. If you don't want two garments, bring a friend, select two garments; get \$50 worth for \$26 and split the price between you.

THE SUITS

—they're the sensation of Philadelphia. Unlimited assortments of newest patterns and models in finest all-wool fabrics.

SALE! SILK SHIRTS

\$8.00—\$10.00 & \$12.00 Shirts at \$3.85—\$4.85

Wherever you find more lovely shirts than these. The qualities are all "Ace" high and the prices drastically low. Come, judge for yourself and choose from:
Satin Stripe Jersey, Satin Stripe Crepe, Heavy Broadcloth, Baby Broadcloth, plain and satin stripe white Jerseys and Crepes.
STREET AND THIRD FLOORS

Big Girls' '12 Winter COATS—Only

Girls' \$10 Wool Serge Dresses \$3.85
Kiddies' \$10 Coats \$4.90
Girls' \$16.98 Coats \$7.90
Girls' \$19.98 Coats \$9.75
SIZES 6 to 14—Tomorrow \$5
Positively marvelous values are these stunning coats in warm zibelines, chevils, velours and polos. Smartly belted or flare backs; large collars, pockets and good-looking button trimming. Mothers, don't fail to see them!

Just Unpacked! 1800 CREPE DE CHINE OVERBLOUSES

\$4 to \$5 Values
Mohawk, Old Blue, Brown, Navy, Black, Bisque and White
Exquisite Blouses \$3.98 & \$4.98

SALE! Fur-Brimmed HATS

\$6 and \$8 Values \$3.49
Bright-looking, stylish hats—the kind smart women are seeking just at this time for holiday wear. Dozens of stunning styles to choose from.

\$5 Flower Trimmed Duvetyn Hats

Duvetyns of real quality—with colorful flower and fruit trimmings. Also hand-embroidered Duvetyns.
FRANK & SEDER—FIFTH FLOOR

Wonderful Xmas Gifts Low Priced!

\$3 Silk Chemise GOWNS \$1.94
Heavy crepe de chine in light blue, flesh, orchid and honey dew. "Gifty" looking chemise of lovely quality, lace trimmed and tailored.

\$5 Crepe de Chine GOWNS \$3.95
Gorgeous for gift. Heavy crepe de chine gowns; all colors; lace-trimmed or tailored.
\$1.50 Satin Camisoles, 94c
Lovely satin camisoles in fascinating new styles with rich lace trimming or tailored effects.
\$1.50 & \$2 Fabric Gloves 79c
High-grade imported fabric gloves; strap-wrist and heavy duplex quality. Big values.

CHAPTER XXI
How One Returns Unwillingly Whither He Would Willingly Enter by Another Door
Again and again as he ran Kendric thought to Betty that he was coming. He had last, after an agony of fear and silence, he heard her call in answer. He stumbled; but ran on. When he came to where he could see the square of light marking the hole which led to the level where the light shone, he caught his first glimpse of Betty. She was standing by the opening, tense to the finger tips that were tight about the rifle. He sped up the steps and to her side.

Dave Henderson promises to be good and to do good
"From Now On"
Read how he kept his pledge, thanks to the love of a girl in Frank L. Packard's new story.
BEGINS TOMORROW on this page.