

THE BRIGHT BEES OF TOUPAN—By James Branch Cabell

One of the Evening Public Ledger's New Short Stories in the Series of Unpublished Fiction by the Best American Writers of the Day

MIRAMON LLUAGOR had very wonderfully prospered at magic. He was, as they say, now blessed with more than any reasonable person would ask for...

that live, were spoken to quite candidly, the better it would be for everybody concerned. SHE was irritated by the mere sight of Flamberge...



"And with what are you cluttering up the house now?"



If James Branch Cabell had written nothing else, as the author of 'Jugum' he would have a unique place in American literature...

mon hungered for the lost freedom of his bachelorhood. His wife also was discontent, because the ways of the Leshy appeared to this mortal woman in decorous...

enjoys a really good dream more than I do when I have time for it. With the million and one things that are put upon me...

have astonished the mages and the enchanters who had given over centuries to searching for the cantrap which would release the bees of Toupan...

with you. Meanwhile, I have made all things as they are. And in that instant Miramon Lluagor, as he stood blinking in his ivory tower...

With that he caught the soiled scouring rag from the hand of Gisele, and he slapped at one of the remaining bees...

MIRAMON sighed. "That is true. There is no marriage for the maker of dreams, because he is perpetually creating...

THE last bee flew in a wide circle and returned to the cross. The rawkoke in all which had perished in that hour...

JACK O' JUDGMENT

An Unusual Story of a Blackmailing Gang and a Mysterious Avenger, by Edgar Wallace

THE STORY SO FAR COLONEL DAN BOUNDARY, a fat, pear-shaped man with a prominent nose...

realization of those wonderful visions which the Greek agent had so carefully sketched. In half a dozen South American towns...

to take her into the interior of the North. You're not to leave her in one of these coast towns where English and American tourists are likely to meet her...

She doesn't want to go and she doesn't know she's going, but I want her out of the way. The colonel smiled grimly. "Cut that stuff out, Paul," he said brutally...

they had parted at the door of the North. Lambeth Police Court, and there was in Colonel Boundary's smile something of forgiveness and gentle reproach...

little talk with your friend—he nodded to Pinto and Pinto started. "Ah," added the cheerful Stafford...

To be continued Monday