

Wrote of War and Inspiring Novel and Motion Picture Drama

Written by Hereward Carrington. Dramatized by Charles W. Goddard.

CHAPTER XLIX.
The Elementary Spirit.
This morning, so fair and restful a day, Dr. Payson Alden and Myra Maynard rode out to the cemetery to leave a flower tribute on the grave of the sacrificed Hindu.

The ungrazed earth of the pathetic mound was marked with a simple stone:
HAJI DHINN
Died
December 21, 1915.
Aged 27.

Myra's face was wet with tears as she looked at this humble final resting place of the man who had given his life to save her life and that of the physician. And Alden wiped away a suspicious moisture from his eyes, as he turned away silently.

"Haji! Greater love than this hath no man, that he gives his life for his friend. I wonder if the sacrifice has been really worth it. These implacable scoundrels are still so active, that I am almost beginning to despair," observed the physician.

"You must not do that," objected Myra, forcing a smile, as they walked back to the waiting automobile, "for I am sure that they are at their wits' end. I feel so relieved now, after these terrible days. Let us forget them for a few more hours at least."

Alden sighed and agreed. But the "forgetting" was decidedly one-sided: "For in a small, crudely dug cavern not many miles away from the Devil's Workshop were astiduously pursuing a new line of activity.

The members hardly understood the nature of their work, as they followed the bidding of the High Master. But that gentleman seemed sure of his results and his facial features, as he watched through a tiny peep-hole of the room while his confederates went about their curious tasks.

In the center of the cavern was a huge stone chimney, with a large, open fireplace. Beside it, a number of New England farmhouses, but in this case the freshness of the mortar which intersticed the crude granite rocks gave evidence that the structure was of recent erection. The black-garbed brethren were now bringing in great faggots of wood, as they deposited the fuel upon the andirons of curious appearance.

These andirons were of curious appearance; at the end of each was the grotesque figure of an imp, while all about the dark compartment were painted upon the walls and floors diabolical figures and skulls. Before this huge fireplace, as they gathered about the altar decorated with odd hieroglyphics, while in its center was a brass incense pot.

which played about it. It advanced into the room, and with its bobbing head and its shining eyes, as if at the place with a curious, half-animal, half-spiritual manner.

It was only on the room who did not cover its eyes in fright as this specter joined the group was the high master. The head of the strange spirit seemed to be a glowing orb, and the red glow which surrounded it caused the eyes of the members to smart as though from dense smoke.

"Who wishest thou?" came from the elemental's lips, in tones which suggested the crackling, hissing noise of a great conflagration.

The master regarded it stolidly for an instant and then replied with his cunning smile:

"What is the reward?" came the prompt response, with a greedy eagerness. "What do I obtain?"

"The high master leaned forward, and almost whispered the response: "A blood sacrifice—the greatest reward which an elemental can obtain!" he snarled indignantly. A blood sacrifice? Is it sufficient?"

The elemental spirit looked about. "One of these here assembled?" it asked, and the members trembled with apprehension.

The master laughed and looked at the cunning figures.

"The noise continued at regular intervals, and then suddenly stopped with what seemed to be a click against the side of the slate. The doctor stepped toward the quivering curtains, but Myra stopped him.

tied again, in quietude, although the medium had declared that she was more nervous than ever.

It would have been evident, had the room been lighter, that Varney was far from mentally comfortable as he sat there waiting for the demonstration of the spirit. However, he concealed his disquietude from the others.

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"Alden was dumfounded, as the figure began to fade from view, and Mrs. Maynard continued her hysterical sobbing.

"Well, that's good news, isn't it?" he exclaimed. "You're wonderful, doctor!"

"Oh, I am so relieved!" exclaimed Mrs. Maynard. "But let me out of your room, for I cannot stand it another moment."

"The curtains were bulging out, as though some tremendous fan were blowing behind them.

"It is the cold spirit breeze!" answered Alden, stepping away.

careful for awhile. But, there, the medium is coming from her trance. She knelt down by the woman's side and began to chafe her wrists.

familiar countenance of the murdered Oriental.

"Haji! Have you no message for me?" demanded Alden slowly.

"The lips moved, but the voice came from the mouth of the silent medium who lay with closed eyes and stiff fingers, in the chair.

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and as she started to leave the room, suddenly remembered the scratching sound which had come from the boudoir.

"Great Scott! I've been stupid. That message was so queer that it put me off. Let us see what was written," he exclaimed, turning toward the little table.

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wade up to the old barn without the telltale footprints before they came into the boudoir.

"With her virile young arms, strengthened by desperation, Myra drew herself up to a long position which burst over the side of the deserted vessel.

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vampires and are blood hungry. Then this ought to work."

"He poured out the gory contents of the jug into the shallow bowl.

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CHAPTER L.

The Ghost of Haji.

IN Dr. Payson Alden's laboratory, Myra and her mother were chatting with a young woman whom the physician introduced to them as a well-known spiritualist medium.

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MYRA SOUGHT CONCEALMENT



THE HANDCUFFS DISPLEASED THEM—NOY AT ALL!

ed Alden, stepping away. "The presence is there! That is nothing but solid walls behind it and no possibility of any wind."

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GOLD TEETH CALLED PASSPORT TO HEAVEN

Jats, East Indian Troops, Believe Fillings Will Keep Wearer From Telling Lies.

LONDON, June 8 (by mail).—Wear gold in your teeth and have a passport to heaven.

"This is an Indian legend. It comes from the River Tigris, in Mesopotamia, where British and Indian troops are fighting the Turks.

Many of the Indian Sepoys, fighting in Mesopotamia are "Jats," a people of Northwest India. "Jats" wear gold in their teeth if they can possibly afford it.

How a newspaper correspondent drew the legend from one of the Indian soldiers is told in a dispatch direct from the Tigris.

Tara, a "Jat" of five years' service in the Indian Army, was called into the commanding officer's tent to explain why "Jats" wear gold in their teeth.

"For the sake of appearance, Sahib," responded Tara. "To give them an air."

"Is there no other reason?" Tara pondered a moment and slowly spoke:

"There is a saying among my people, Sahib. Behind the gold in the teeth must always appear a true gold in the teeth stops the passage of lies."

But you have no gold in your teeth?" "No, Sahib."

"Is that why you tell the tall story about all these Germans you killed at Festubert?"

TODAY'S BEAUTY TALK

You can make a delightful shampoo with very little effort and for a very trifling cost. If you get from your druggist a package of canthox and dissolve a teaspoonful in a cup of hot water.

DON'T USE COCOANUT OIL ON YOUR HAIR

Or Anything That Must Be Washed Off.

The scalp is not like other skin on the body that can be thoroughly cleansed with soap and water. The scalp contains a hair germ that must be treated with respect.

All soaps and everything that foams contains alkali, and alkali dries up the scalp. Don't use them.

Dandruff comes from too dry a scalp. The most sensible way to treat your hair is to thoroughly brush it once a day to keep it clean.

Then use Speiser's Scalp Tonic after brushing to give your scalp that life and health which produce glossy hair.

Speiser's Scalp Tonic corrects any abnormal condition of the scalp, kills dandruff, and relieves itchy and irritated skins.

But even Speiser's Scalp Tonic cannot do the best work against the persistent use of soaps, perfumed oils, coconut oil, and patented concoctions that must be washed out of the hair to make your head presentable in public.

Speiser's Scalp Tonic is for sale only at O'Donnell's Drug Store, at 50 cents, and is absolutely guaranteed by them in every respect.

Modern Chiropractic Offers instant and satisfying foot comfort. Our service you will never again treat painful feet. Consult GEORGES & SON, Inc. CHIROPRACTISTS, 1214 F St. N. W.

SENT TO WORKHOUSE FOR BRADDOCK RIOT

Socialist Editor Gets Three Years and Associates Lighter Terms.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., July 2.—Frederick H. Merrick, Socialist orator and editor, recently found guilty of inciting to riot in connection with the fatal Braddock outbreak of May 2, was sentenced to serve three years and six months in the workhouse.

John Hall, Rudolf Blum, and others convicted with Merrick, received lighter sentences. Seveg of the fourteen found guilty were paroled. Anna Goldberg, the only woman convicted, was sent to jail for one year.

Stolen Cattle Ordered Returned to Americans

EAGLE PASS, Tex., July 2.—Governor Mirrales, of the state of Coahuila, through Mayor Schmidt, of this city, signed a manifesto ordering the return of 100,000 cattle recently seized from American owners just south of the border.

LOANS HORNING

Relax. Va. (south end of Highway Bridge). Free automobile from 9th and D st. a.w.