

OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



FIRE TONGUE

BY SAX ROHMER

ILLUSTRATED BY A. W. SATERFIELD

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BEGIN HERE TODAY

To ascertain why he is being shadowed, Sir Charles Abingdon engages Paul Harley, criminal investigator. While dining with Harley, Sir Charles falls dead. His last words are "Fire-Tongue" and "Nicol Brinn." Dr. Murdoch pronounces death due to heart failure. Harley insists Sir Charles was poisoned. Harley questions Polly Jones, parlor maid. Nicol Brinn is summoned to the home of Ormuz Khan, wealthy head of the Fire-Tongue cult, and friend of Paul Abingdon. Sir Charles' daughter, Brinn loves Nicola, a member of the cult. While shadowing the home of Ormuz Khan, Harley is discovered and imprisoned in the house.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

At noon the voice again addressed him from behind the gilded screen: "Mr. Paul Harley?"

"Yes!"

"Your last opportunity has come. For your own future or for that of the world, you seem to care little or nothing. Are you still determined to oppose our wishes?"

"I am."

"You have yet an hour. Your final decision will be demanded of you at the end of that time."

Faint sounds of withdrawal followed these words.

He began to pace the room nervously, listening for he knew not what. His mind was filled with vague im-



SEATED IN A CARVED CHAIR, TALKING EARNESTLY, WAS PHIL ABINGDON.

aginations: when at last came an overture to the grim test to be imposed upon him.

A slight metallic sound drew his glance in the direction of the gilded screen. A sliding door of thick plate glass had been closed behind it, filling the space between the metal work and the curtain. Then—the light in the brass lantern became extinguished.

Standing rigidly, fists clenched, Paul Harley watched the curtain. And as he watched, slowly it was drawn aside. He found himself looking into a long room which appeared to be practically un-

MOTHER!

Child's Best Laxative is "California Fig Syrup"



Hurry Mother! Even a fretful, peevish child loves the pleasant taste of "California Fig Syrup" and it never fails to open the bowels. A teaspoonful today may prevent a sick child tomorrow.

Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.—Advertisement.

The Best Cough Syrup is Home-made.

Here's an easy way to save \$2, and yet have the best cough remedy you ever tried.

You've probably heard of this well-known plan of making cough syrup at home. But have you ever used it? Thousands of families, the world over, feel that they could hardly keep house without it. It's simple and cheap, but the way it takes hold of a cough will soon earn it a permanent place in your home.

Into a pint bottle, pour 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex; then add plain granulated sugar syrup to fill up the pint. Or, if desired, use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, it tastes good, never spoils, and gives you a full pint of better cough remedy than you could buy ready-made for three times its cost.

It is really wonderful how quickly this home-made remedy conquers a cough—usually in 24 hours or less. It seems to penetrate through every air passage, loosens a dry, hoarse or tight cough, lifts the phlegm, heals the membranes, and gives almost immediate relief. Sore throat, throat tickle, hoarseness, spasmodic cough and bronchitis.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and has been used for generations for throat and chest ailments.

Be disappointed ask your druggist for Pinex; then add plain granulated sugar syrup to fill up the pint. Or, if desired, use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, it tastes good, never spoils, and gives you a full pint of better cough remedy than you could buy ready-made for three times its cost.

The floor was spread with rugs and at the farther end folding doors had been opened, so that he could see into a second room, most elegantly appointed in Persian fashion.

Seated in a carved chair, over which a leopard skin had been thrown, and talking earnestly to some invisible companion, whose conversation seemed wholly to enthral him, was Phil Abingdon!

CHAPTER XXVI
The Orchid of Sleep

"My God!" cried Innes, "here is proof that the chief was right!"

Wessex nodded in silent agreement. On the table lay the report of Merton, the analyst, concerning the stains upon the serviette which Harley had sent from the house of the late Sir Charles Abingdon. Briefly, it stated that the serviette had been sprinkled with some essential oil, the exact character of which Merton had found himself unable to determine, its perfume, if it ever possessed any, having disappeared. And the minute quantity obtainable from the linen, rendered ordinary tests difficult to apply.

The analyst's report, however, concluded as follows: "Mr. Harley, having foreseen these difficulties, and having apparently suspected that the oil was of Oriental origin, recommended me, in the note which he inclosed with the serviette, to confer with Dr. Warwick Grey. I send a copy of a highly interesting letter which I have received from Doctor Grey, whose knowledge of Eastern poisons is unparalleled, and to whose opinion I attach immense importance."

It was the contents of this appended letter which had inspired Innes' remarks. Indeed, it contained matter which triumphantly established Paul Harley's theory that Sir Charles Abingdon had not died from natural causes. The letter was as follows:

No. — Harley St., London, W. I.

My Dear Merton:

I am indebted to you and to Mr. Harley for an opportunity of examining the serviette, which I return herewith. I agree that the oil does not respond to ordinary tests, nor is any small perceptible. But you have noticed in your microscopic examination of the stains that there is a peculiar crystalline formation upon the surface. You state that this is quite unfamiliar to you, which is not at all strange, since outside of the Himalayan districts of Northwest India I have never met with it myself.

Respecting the character of the oil employed, however, I am in no doubt, and I actually possess a dried specimen of the flower from which it is expressed. This is poetically known among the Mangars, one of the fighting tribes of Nepal, as the Bloom or Orchid of Sleep.

It is found upon the lower Himalayan slopes, and bears a close resemblance to the white, odorless, odorless of commerce, except that the flower is much smaller. Its perfume attracts insects and sometimes small animals and reptiles, although inhalation seems to induce instant death. It may be detected in its natural state by the presence of hundreds of dead flies and insects upon the ground surrounding the plant. It is especially fatal to nocturnal insects, its perfume being stronger at night.

Preparation of the oil is an art peculiar to members of a nobiscure sect established in that district, by whom it is said to be employed for the removal of enemies.

An article is sprinkled with it, and whilst the perfume, which is reported to resemble that of cloves, remains perceptible, to inhale it results in immediate syncope, although by what physiological process I have never been enabled to determine.

With the one exception which I have mentioned during my stay in Nepal and the surrounding districts I failed to obtain a specimen of this orchid. I have twice seen the curious purple stain upon articles of clothing worn by natives who had died suddenly and mysteriously. The Mangars simply say, "He has offended someone. It is the flower of sleep."

I immediately recognized the color of the stains upon the enclosed serviette and also the curious crystalline formation on their surface. The identity of the "someone" to whom the Mangars refer, I never established. I shall welcome any particulars respecting the history of the serviette. Very truly yours,

Warwick Grey.

"Sir Charles Abingdon was poisoned," said Wessex in a hushed voice. "For the girl's sake I hate the idea, but we shall have to get an exhumation order."

"It is impossible," returned Innes, shortly. "He was cremated."

Wearing a very gloomy expression, the detective inspector proceeded on foot to New Scotland Yard, and being informed on his arrival upstairs that the Assistant Commissioner was expecting him, he entered the office of that great man.

The Assistant Commissioner, who had palpably seen military service, was a big man with very tired eyes, and a quiet, almost apologetic manner.

"Ah, Detective Inspector," he said, as Wessex entered. "I wanted to see you about this business of Mr. Nicol Brinn."

"Yes sir," replied Wessex; "naturally."

"Now," the Assistant Commissioner turned wearily in his chair, and glanced up at his subordinate—"your accepting the parole of a suspect under the circumstances, was officially improper, but I am not blaming you for a moment, Mr. Nicol Brinn's well-known reputation justified your behavior." He laid one large hand firmly on the table.

"Mr. Nicol Brinn's absence alters the matter entirely."

"I am well aware of it," murmured the inspector.

"Although," continued the Assistant Commissioner, "Mr. Brinn's record leads me to believe that he will have some suitable explanation to offer, his behavior, you will admit, is that of a guilty man?"

"It is, sir; it certainly is."

"He is, sir; it certainly is."

"He is, sir; it certainly is."

"He is, sir; it certainly is."

"He is, sir; it certainly is."

"He is, sir; it certainly is."

"He is, sir; it certainly is."

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"He is, sir; it certainly is."

"He is, sir; it certainly is."

"He is, sir; it certainly is."



DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—



THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY



THE TOBACCO SMOKE IN THE CHECKER CLUB WAS TOO MUCH FOR "HOP" HENDRICKS WHO IS DETERMINED TO MAKE GOOD ON HIS RESOLUTION TO STOP THE USE OF TOBACCO FOR A YEAR.

business, particularly unpleasant because it involves such well-known people. You will see to it, Detective Inspector, that all publicity is avoided if possible. Meanwhile, as a matter of ordinary departmental routine, you will circulate Mr. Brinn's description through the usual channels, and—" the Assistant Commissioner raised his eyebrows slightly.

CHAPTER XXVII
At Hillside

Phil Abingdon arrived at Hillside in a state of mind which she found her-

Pies, Pastries, Puddings, Deserts

Pie, they say, is the great American national dish. And it is astonishing how many varieties of pie can be made. Our Washington Bureau's cookery expert has compiled for you recipes and directions for making almost every known variety of pie, and

In addition, the latest bulletin now ready for you includes pastries, puddings and deserts of all kinds. If you want this cookery bulletin, just fill out carefully the coupon below, enclose the required postage and mail as directed.

Department A-100, Washington Bureau, Indianapolis Times, 1322 New York Ave., Washington, D. C.

I want the bulletin, PIES, PASTRIES, PUDDINGS AND DESERTS, and enclose herewith five cents in loose postage stamps for same. I am printing my full name and address carefully below:

Name

Street and number

City

State

Do Not Use Ink; Write Carefully.

self unable to understand. Mrs. Murdoch, who had accepted the invitation under protest, saying that if Dr. Murdoch had been at home he would certainly have disapproved, had so utterly fallen under the strange spell of Ormuz Khan, that bug before they had come to Hillside she was hanging upon his every word in a way which was almost pathetic to watch.

When at last the car was drawn up before the porch of Hillside, and Ormuz Khan, stepping out, assisted the ladies to alight, for one moment Phil

Abingdon hesitated, although she knew that it was already too late to do so. They were received by Mr. Rama Dass, his excellency's courteous secretary, whom she had already met, and whom Ormuz Khan presented to Mrs. Murdoch. Almost immediately—

"You have missed Mr. Harley by only a few minutes," said Rama Dass. "What?" exclaimed Phil, her eyes opening very widely.

"Oh, there is no occasion for alarm," explained the secretary in his urbane manner. "He has ventured as far as Lower Claybury station. The visit was unavoidable. He particularly requested that we should commence luncheon, but hoped to be back before we should have finished."

Phil Abingdon glanced rapidly from the face of the speaker to that of Ormuz Khan. But her scrutiny of those unreadable countenances availed her nothing. She was conscious of a great and growing uneasiness; and Mrs. Murdoch, misunderstanding the expression upon her face, squeezed her arm playfully.

"Cheer up, dear," she whispered; "he will be here soon!"

(Continued in Our Next Issue)

BABY HURT IN WRECK

Child Thrown Through Windshield Is Expected to Live.

By United Press
SEYMOUR, Ind., Jan. 2.—Oakley Allen, Jr., 2, was hurled through the windshield of his father's automobile in a collision. The baby, although severely shaken and badly cut, is expected to live.



Danny Delivered



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER



HOOSIER BRIEFS

Roy T. Marshall assumed duties January, 1924, as commander of the Columbus Post of the American Legion. He succeeds William Dipper.

The Rev. Merrill was expected to arrive in Bloomington this week to assume the pastorate of the United Presbyterian Church. He succeeds the Rev. J. L. Kelso, now a member of the faculty of the Xenia Theological Seminary at St. Louis.

The first suit against a fraternal order ever filed in Bartholomew County has been brought against the I. O. O. F. by Mrs. Emily Morledge, who alleges \$500 death benefits due her.

A baby born in Vigo County has a 37 per cent chance to grow into womanhood or manhood. Of the 395 persons who died in 1923 146 were children under the age of 21 years.

The Seymour Post of the American Legion has definitely decided to buy a residence property to be remodeled as a home for the organization.

On the recommendation of Senator Samuel M. Ralston, George Beinfang, a senior and honor student in the Lebanon High School, has been appointed to West Point Military Academy.

The Grant county board of commissioners plan a road school for prospective superintendents. It will

probably be held shortly after the first of the year.

Plans for the dedication of the new Moose Lodge home at Marion are being made for February, when the building is expected to be completed. The building is three stories and one of the finest Moose homes in the State.

Because of the long wet season, farmers of Delaware county report that less than half the corn crop in the county has been cribbed.

The Warsaw city council is con-

sidering resurfacing the brick pavement on East Center St. with asphalt. Repairs would cost as much as a new pavement, but the asphalt pavement laid in this way would probably provide a superior thoroughfare.

A new system of street lighting for the business district of Tipton is planned, and it is the intention to install it in the spring.

Mrs. Carrie Radabaugh has assumed duties as Cass county recorder, the first woman to be elected to public county office at that place. She succeeds Cleo Tousey. Walter Bowyer succeeds John Miller as sheriff.

In ancient Rome married men had a right to the best seats at the public games.

DEMAND "PHILLIPS" MILK OF MAGNESIA

Protect Your Doctor and Yourself - Get the Genuine!

Refuse imitations of the genuine "Phillips" Milk of Magnesia, the original Milk of Magnesia prescribed by physicians for fifty years. Accept only genuine "Phillips," 25-cent bottles, also larger size, contain directions and uses—any drug store.—Advertisement.