

"Don't go down into the diggings!" she was moaning. "Paul, promise me you won't go down!"

A vivid memory of that metallic, ape-like figure clinging to the side of the radium pit flashed before Ford's eyes. He shivered.

"Ford!" Nina was at his side, more alluring than ever in the dim light from the Square. Her slim body enfolded in a shimmering negligee. "Please don't take it too hard. It is fate; a thing you must feel is for the best. Tiron welcomes you with open arms. You will be happy here."

Mechanically, Ford nodded. The awful significance of the calamity had not struck him in its full force yet. He was dazed.

But the wide eyes looked up at him, pitying and beseeching. The fragrance of her tumbled hair was in his nostrils. Swiftly he folded her in his arms, drew her close. Kissed her upturned, yielding lips. Lost himself in the wondering knowledge that his feeling for her was reciprocated. Time stood still.

A long while after, he gripped the balcony rail and stared off into the night. The others had gone in. Owen, his narrow shoulders drooping. Paul and Carlotta whispering, excited. Nina, suddenly abashed and self-conscious, had slipped from his arms and was away on twinkling feet.

He was alone, and the hideous truth smote him with staggering force. The breath-taking wonder of this love that had come to him was submerged in his thoughts of Earth. To-morrow the red twilight would return.

Never again to feast his eyes on the beauties of Earth's forests and fields. Never to battle the surf on a wind-whipped shore; to breathe in the salt tang of an ocean breeze. To be a part of the bustling life of Earth; to throw himself whole-heartedly into her whirlpool of social and business activity.

Yet Ford could not down the idea that somewhere there was still a solution. To save humanity now would mean an almost hopeless battle, but he would never give up.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.



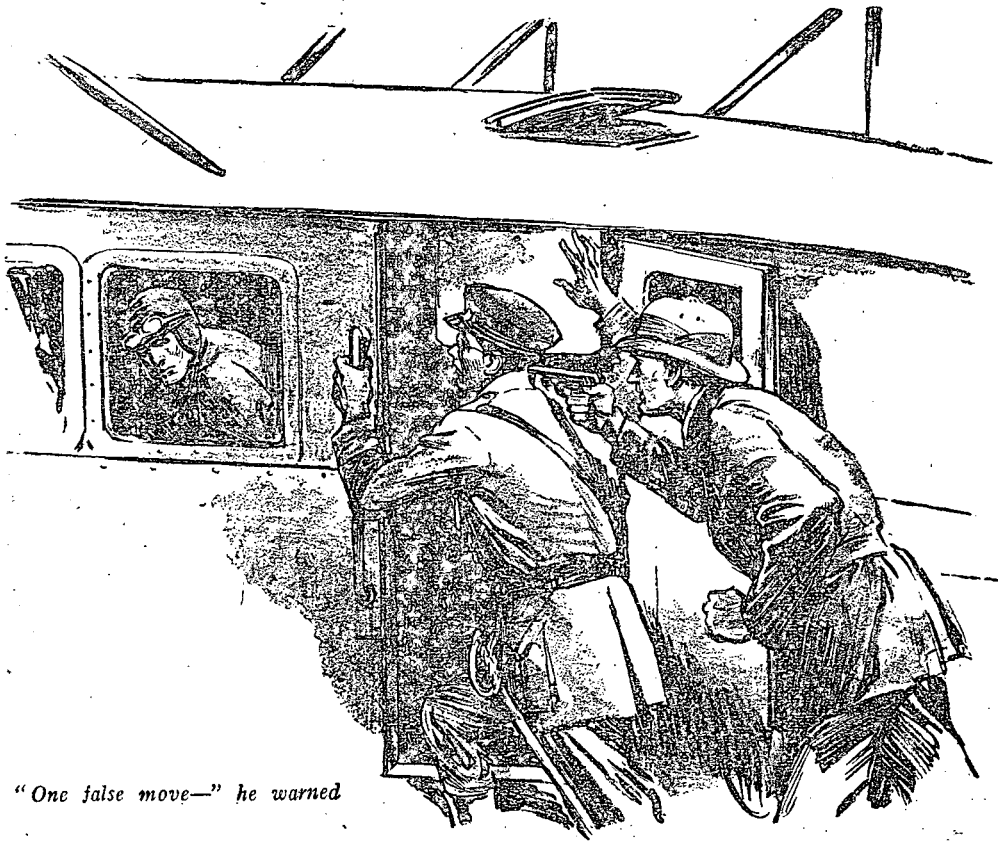
Bulldog Vampires

AT an elevation of ten thousand feet in Peru vampire bats of great size and resembling bulldogs are numerous. The resemblance is because of the bat's undershot jaw, cropped ears, and broad muzzle. Its legs are well developed and heavy, enabling it move on the ground with the true bulldog waddle.

In the bulldog vampire the gullet is restricted and only fluid can enter the stomach. They are the terror of farmers because they attack late at night while most persons are asleep, their victims being cattle, horses, mules, and donkeys. They are particularly hard to see because their flight is low, and close to the earth.

Vampires of this type have teeth only fitted for incisions and none for grinding. For this reason they must find blood. Many stories of humans being attacked by vampires are rife in Peru. But none of them seem to be well authenticated.

Charles Adams.



"One false move—" he warned

Diplomacy by Air

Vincent Connor's political intrigues were so secret and successful that they puzzled all China; but this blow drove him to open and reckless action

By H. BEDFORD-JONES

VINCENT CONNOR sat in the lounge of the Tientsin Club and stared dully at the telegram in his hand; the wording of it had knocked him into a chair. In more than one sense, the props were swept out from under him.

About him was the luxury of the club—uniformed boys, English and American business men nodding good morning to him, privately thinking him an idler who had inherited the Connor

fortunes and was doing nothing to preserve or enlarge them. Outside was the scurry of Tientsin — Chinese voices, shrill and singsong, the rattle of trams, the honk of automobile horns. The only real thing was here in his hand.

Until now, Connor had not known just how much he depended on the old man down in the south—old Chang, his father's partner in all the great Connor interests that stretched half