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Jungle Breath
 © 1927 NEA Service
 by Ben Lucien Burman

THIS HAS HAPPENED
 To the queer little South American town of Porto Verde, in west central Brazil, a town fringed by dark, forbidding jungle, comes an elderly American, Lincoln Nunnally, a famous chemist. An air of mystery seems to hang over the place. This impression is accentuated when the porter who handles Nunnally's grips hints of strange deaths that have occurred and mumbles gloomy prophecies. In the barber shop, the barber, a strange, dark man with an Oriental cast to his eyes, speaks to Nunnally, who then recognizes him as Vilaka West, known to him as Vilaka West, known to him as Vilaka West. He asks Vilaka what he is doing in Porto Verde. To his amazement, Vilaka says he has sent for him, that he and his cousin, Elsie Marberry, own the Porto Verde Development company, and need assistance in getting at the root of a mystery that already has cost several lives and threatened Elsie's.

NOW BEGIN THE STORY
 Vilaka drew a pin from the lapel of his coat and touched the point to Barbetta's arm. The flesh did not twitch as ordinary living flesh would have responded to the experiment, but the little Italian's eyes showed that he felt the pain. "This is certainly unusual," Vilaka whispered to his companion.

"I can't conceive of anything which could possibly have put him into such a state. His muscles are completely paralyzed, yet his sensations of pain aren't affected in the slightest." His blue eyes half closed and the closing accentuated their distinct Chinese cast. He stood thus a moment, lost in thought, then abruptly knelt beside the body. "I think I may have it," he whispered. "Take hold of his arm there. We'll try artificial respiration."

Nunnally leaned to obey. As he did so a step sounded near him. Prentiss, the archeologist, came forward from the bushes where he had been watching, the curious mark on his forehead suddenly aglow. "You can't save him," he mumbled. "No power on earth can save him."

Vilaka glanced up, peered at him and instant, then with Nunnally began alternately lifting Barbetta's arms above his head and pressing them against his chest. There was a slight movement as of restored breathing on the Italian's lips; the pain evident in his eyes lessened. For ten minutes the two friends labored vigorously; then one of Barbetta's legs jerked feebly.

"I think we've won," Vilaka murmured. Five minutes later Barbetta was sitting up to his feet. With Latin passion he shook his fist at the handcuffed Englishman who had watched him rise as sullenly as he had watched him lie outstretched. Then he turned to those around him and recognized Vilaka. "I tell

you, Meester Riggs," he burst out passionately. "Then you tell Miss Marberry. Limey he badda man. He try to keel her like he keel me. You will tell her he try to keel her? You will tell her he try to keel her? He gasse violently for breath."

Vilaka nodded. "I'll tell her, Tony," he said soothingly. "Don't you worry. And he hasn't killed you. You're all right now. You're not going to die. You're going to live a long time. You'll take a long rest. Then go back to Italy maybe and see your mother and father. Tell me what happened?" "The Italian shivered and clutched Vilaka's arm for support. "I tell you. Sure I tell you. I near my house. In bushes. You know my house. Pretty house. Little red roof. Like houses in Italy. Looking for snakes who steal my little chickens. Then I see a man creeping through bushes. I wait. He comes closer. I see him. It is Limey. Limey the badda, the evil Limey that I hate. In his hand is something. I think he come to do me harm. I want him far, oh far from my little house with the red roof. He badda man, badda Englishman. I follow through the bushes. And then I see Miss Marberry in the road driving in her car. It is she he follows. And then I have great fear for her, for the last days have I heard him talk much against her. Evil talk. Because last week she have make me head foreman and not him. He climbs a tree to a limb where the leaves will hide him. He holds his knife. But I, Tony, I see his plan. When the carriage will pass under the tree, he will jump down upon it and kill her."

He went on feverishly. "I cross to the road where it is not so bushy where I can run faster and warn her. I run. I cry out. 'Run Miss Marberry! Run! Fast!' She hear. She drives fast. Too fast for him to fall upon her. She is gone. Limey jumps from the tree to the ground. He runs after me. 'What you mean by screaming like that, you dago blighter?' He shout. 'What you mean? What you mean?' I not dago blighter. Good Italian. Good American. No!" His voice suddenly dropped to a whisper. His face resumed its gray pallor. His grip on Vilaka's arm became weaker than a child's. "He killa me. An' he killa Miss Marberry like he killa me. Tell her, tell her..." He pitched forward and fell to the ground.

Vilaka touched his wrist. "Dead," he pronounced laconically. The gardener looked in a sort of stupid awe at the motionless body, then began to move off with his prisoner. The Englishman turned to the barber. "It's a damn dago blighter's dope dream," he grumbled. "A dope dream. You just remember that if they call on you to testify. You remember that and I'll make it all right with you. See? All he says about my killing him is true. I killed the blighter or all right. But it was in self defense. He was wavin' a knife at me. Anybody'd kill if someone was wavin' a knife at him. Bloody well ought to. Will you remember?" His lip curved in an expression between a threat and a

promise. "What see it you would say?" the policeman grunted. The question seemed to bring Prentiss to a decision. He mumbled something to himself, spat scornfully on the ground, shrugged his shoulders and again taking hold of his straw basket, which Vilaka saw was filled with cans of condensed milk, walked briskly away. A wide lane quickly opened in the crowd of motley half-breeds to let him pass, while two or three of the bolder muttered a curse and after he had disappeared drew knives across their throats in ugly, dramatic portrayal of what they would do if they dared.

Vilaka and Nunnally slowly retraced their steps to the town. For a while they walked in silence. Then with an effort the chemist threw off the gloom which had enveloped him, and began searching once more for his matches, which had again eluded him. "Ee—Por to Verde—er—frightens me," he said. "Ee—er—confess I'm getting old. Ten years ago, I would have been enthusiastic—enthusiastic at the opportunity of witnessing the—er scientific aspects of a death like that one. But this was not pleasant." He grew thoughtful. "Could there be any—er—connection between the two women I saw making—er—signals and this—er—tragedy?"

"I don't know, mon cher."

"Your—er—cousin will surely leave Porto Verde now, will she not? After such a deliberate—er—attack upon her life?" "I'm afraid you don't know my cousin. I'll warn her again, but it will be simply wasted energy. She'll be all the keener to stay and find out what's at the bottom of it."

"Times have—er—changed. In my day a woman was a—er—husband if she did not faint at the sight of a scratched—er—finger—Yes, faint. But even you—er—modern cousin would have been affected—er—affected had she seen poor Barbetta. Have you any idea yet as to the cause of that extraordinary—er—paralysis?"

Vilaka withdrew from his pocket a thin bronze cigaret case, a bit of expert Oriental workmanship fashioned in the form of a Chinese dragon. He pressed it. It snapped open, exposing a row of brown cigarettes. "Stop looking for those matches and here and lavender cigarettes of yours, and try one of these favorites of mine," he invited. "They're good for old man's nerves. Cheer you up. A little discovery I made down in the Malay Peninsula on my last trip east. I made them out of perique and the ground up leaf of the eucalyptus. May find them a little bitter. But they're powerful as opium."

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Maybe they'll give you the answer to your question about the paralysis. I haven't it. In fact my ideas on the entire subject of Tony's death are notably vague and scanty. Except that I'm quite positive that Limey Poits did not kill him!" (To be continued.)

If Limey Poits did not kill Barbetta, who did? In the next chapter a mysterious investigation gets under way.

FATHER SELLS NEWSPAPERS TO PAY FOR LAW COURSE

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)
 CHAMPAIGN, Ill., June 23.—A 31-year-old "newsboy" with a wife and two children has won a doctor's degree in the college of law at the University of Illinois. He is Dudley Woodbridge, and he has delivered The Champaign News-Gazette since 1917.

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f 12:43	f 6:17	f 6:17 Creswell	f 2:29	f 2:48	
12:57	f 12:47	6:30 Cottage Grove	2:05	2:31	
1:33		7:12 Drain	f 1:15	1:49	
1:45		f 7:24 Yoncalla	f 1:02	1:35	
2:20		f 7:53 Oakland	12:34	1:08	
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f 6:39		 Hugo	f 7:57	f 8:37	
f 6:53		f 12:35 Merlin	f 7:45	f 8:25	
7:23	6:40	L:00 Grants Pass	7:20	8:05	12:35
7:45		 Rogue River	6:55	7:45	
8:02		f 1:30 Gold Hill	6:40	7:27	
8:28		 Central Point	6:22	7:08	
8:45	7:35	2:05 Medford	6:15	7:00	11:42
f 9:00		 Phoenix	f 6:00	f 6:46	
f 9:12		 Talent	f 5:55	f 6:40	
9:30	8:15	2:40 Ashland	5:45	6:30	11:20
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