

BLOND GODDESS

A New Serial
by Herbert Jensen

SYNOPSIS: With horror Frank Grahame just has seen Janice Kest, movie star, being led up the steps of a Mexican pyramid surrounded by ruffians. He, with Juan, a Mexican boy, has been searching the Mexican jungle for Bill Longtin, missing flier. In a flash he realizes that from now on all his effort will be expended toward rescuing Janice from a most dangerous predicament.

Juan shrugged his shoulders. "If our legs are better than theirs—which I doubt—we might make the coast ahead of them."
"There's a chance," mused Grahame. "They would travel more slowly, fearing ambush. You could never hope to hide your trail. It is worth the chance. We part here, Juan. You've been a good boy. Head for the coast the best way you can, and may luck be with you." He held forth his hand.
"And you, Senor?"
"While you go east, I will head south, for a while. Later I will confuse my trail, if I can, and return here. They will follow me, which will give you the better chance."
"No," said Juan.
"Yes," corrected Grahame. "This is an order. I have a plan. There is a white woman held captive in the big pyramid. I must see that she escapes, or—"
"I know," interrupted Juan soberly. "The senor is not Catholic!"
Puzzled, Grahame shook his head; whereupon Juan said:
"Well, that is doubtless a very good thing. It will not matter so much if you die unshriven."
Despite his concern the American chuckled. "Beat it now, son. We've talked quite long enough. Goodbye, and again, good luck."
"Adios," answered Juan with a secretive smile. He turned, crossed the American's hand, and then passed into the jungle to the eastward.

Chapter 26 AMBUSH

"I THINK," said Juan finally, "that they will stay there today. At this season, it rains in the late afternoon, and sometimes at night. It is more pleasant to be about between the showers. I think these people are all sleeping now."
Still Grahame hesitated to leave his lookout.

"If you will climb down to our packs, I will watch for you. There is nothing we could do now, except learn if they take those prisoners elsewhere. Even then we could do nothing, and we might be seen here sooner or later. Also, I am hungry."

Juan smiled as he mentioned his appetite.
Frank gave him an uncertain smile. "Maybe you're right, son. Let's both slide down. I have a hunch we ought to find some safe place out far from here, and hold a council of war."
"Not that any place near here would be particularly safe. But it ought to be possible to find a spot where we could keep out of sight, and yet be able to get into the city during the night, or into the jungle for food."

They made a cautious descent, and slipped toward the trail. They had left so precipitously that morning, beside which they had cached their packs.
Juan was in the lead, a trail-position that Grahame usually accorded him, since he had found that the boy had a canny instinct in sensing trail danger, before he, Grahame, could ever possibly be aware of it.

They reached the tangle of fallen scrub palmetto where they had left their packs. Grahame heard Juan's low murmur of astonishment, and hurried forward. Unconscious of the action, the American's fingers closed over the butt of his automatic.

Juan stood staring thoughtfully at the place where they had left the packs. There was no doubt that this had been the spot; the grass and palm leaves still showed indentations where the weighty sacks had been; but the packs, with their hammocks, their extra clothing and ammunition, with their first-aid kits and emergency rations, were gone!

At the instant of discovery Juan did a thing which proved that jungle wisdom is instinctive. He leaped backward toward Grahame. The American, muscles reacting to the suddenness of the boy's movement, crouched.

From a screen of bush behind the spot where their packs had been, the naked torso of a man appeared, golden in the sunlight. He held in his hands a rifle. In a camera-shutter glimpse, Grahame saw that the butt of the gun was almost to his shoulder.

The American fired from under his arm, the muzzle of his pistol barely free of the holster. With the report of the shot, the man slipped through the bush onto his face. The rifle, falling from his limp hands, clattered against a stone.

AMBUSH! Grahame saw Juan's arm crook backward, and then snap forward like a spring released from compression. A silver streak sped from his hand and into the bush to the left. There was a thud—the unmistakable sound of a knife slipping into flesh and a short, throaty "B-uh."

Two rifles cracked. Grahame felt a tug at his collar where his shirt laced away from his neck; then the sound of a bullet crackling through underbrush. He fired quickly, right and left, at the faint wreath of smoke curling upward. He heard a cry.

From the corner of his eye he saw Juan weaving backward, half crouched. He followed. Two eccentric leaps brought them to cover. Once again a rifle cracked. The bullet whined noiselessly overhead.

The action had taken only a few seconds. Stealthily they slipped into the jungle. Behind them they heard a shot or two, and the sound of many voices raised in shouted question and answer. They ran now more openly, careless of the noise they made. Frank knew that distance between them and their pursuers counted vitally.

A half-mile from the scene of the ambush, they paused.
"Where now?" asked Grahame, breathing deeply.

On the first day of the year a white leghorn hen owned by Dr. J. R. Thornton of Santa Cruz, Cal., laid an egg 9 1/2 inches in circumference and more than six ounces in weight.

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OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams

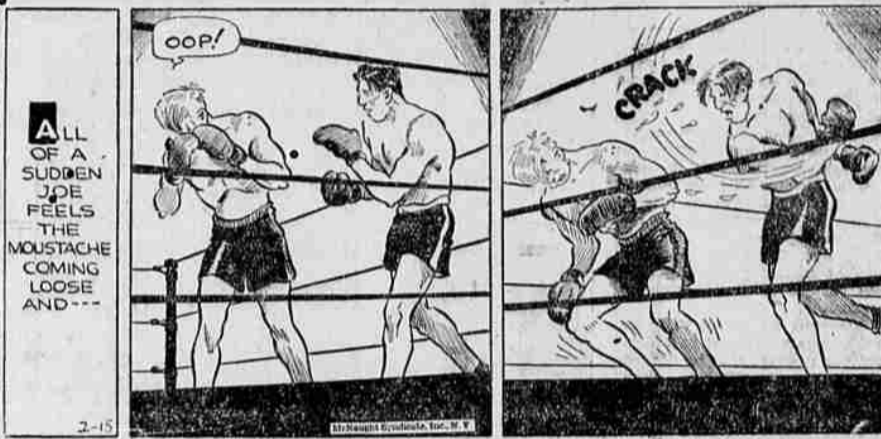


THE NEWFANGLES

Deeper and Deeper!



JOE PALOOKA



Unmasked



OLLY OF THE MOVIES

by Ollendorff



A Few Words to the Wise!



DIANA DANE

(Trademark Registered) U. S. Patent Office



Victor and Vanquished



SCORCHY SMITH

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Miller's Story



THE DILLYS

YEAH, IF HE WAS TO KNOCK A FEW POUNDS OFFA HIS MIDDLE TOOTSIE TWINKLE WOULD TAKE HIM BACK AND YOU'D BE MINJ'S A BOY FRIEND



Heavy Love

