

MRS. PARKER SOLOIST AT C. C. BANQUET

Mrs. A. K. Parker, of La Grande, was soloist at the annual meeting of the Enterprise chamber of commerce last night at Enterprise. Eight from La Grande attended and several presented short talks during the evening.

DR. HAUN WILL SPEAK AT H. S.

Dr. James J. D. Haun will address the vacation class at 3 p. m. Thursday at the High school on the subject of medicine, according to J. H.

Blunt, in charge of the class. This is one of a series of lectures that have been arranged for the benefit of the students in this class who are studying vocations from a practical standpoint.

Sore Throat Is Dangerous

Act quickly, many dangerous ailments develop from Sore Throat. Take Thoxine, a doctor's prescription. It soothes the irritated membranes relieving the soreness instantly. It also reduces fever, stops achiness, is mildly laxative and does all that a good Sore Throat medicine can possibly do. Take no chances, take Thoxine. Demand it. 35c. at Glass Drugs, Inc. -Adv.

BLOOD GODDESS A New Serial by Herbert Jensen

SYNOPSIS: Frank Graham, pit London, Jamie Kent, and their worst enemy, the high priest of the savage Yuratan jungle tribe that has tried to kill all of them, are trapped in a jungle valley. The high priest is badly injured and helpless. But the rains season is beginning, and soon the valley will be filled with water. Frank plans to cut a hole in the rock wall down an underground river to the sea, and bring aid - if he is not drowned.

Chapter 42 THE START

"With luck," repeated Langton. "I can be back here and get you out. With a ship I could fly from the coast to here in twenty minutes."

Frank smiled weakly. Turning on his heel he walked back to the shack. His movements thereafter were methodical.

He brought out the balsa-wood jacket, and for the time being, set it aside. He brought out two coconut shells, split and put together again and sealed with pitch.

Within them was a quantity of dried meat, matches, and - he smiled at the apparent incongruity of it - the matted pad of his book of traveler's checks. They could be used at the coast - if ever he got there.

The two coconut shells he slipped into a bit of fiber netting he had made for them. This arrangement could be tied to the jacket float.

He put on the crude device that was to keep him afloat - with luck - for the eight or ten hours he would be swept through the unknown cavern. Although the morning was not warm, beads of perspiration gathered upon his face.

It was with a straining effort of will that he banished thoughts of the accidents that might happen to him in the darkness.

Would the river be like the surface ones? Would there be waterfalls, rapids, or jagged submerged rocks to 'car at him as he passed? Might not eddies sweep him into blind pockets where he would thrash his way about until exhaustion claimed him?

He walked down the trail to the stream's edge. Langton, straining at the rying of the last timbers of the raft, looked up startled. Janice, collar of fiber in her hands, approached from upstream. Puzzled, she looked at the crude girth of the balsa-wood jacket.

She said in a curious voice. "Frank, what is that? What do you intend?"

"Nothing doing, Frank - that's my job," said Langton quietly.

Frank's voice as he replied was level and brittle. "Nothing you can say - or do, for that matter - will alter the plan, Billy. This is just a job I can do better than you can under the circumstances. We'll say no more about it!"

Janice made a gesture of appeal to Langton. Her face was pale beneath his tanned skin. "What is it Billy? What is he going to do?"

"He's going to float down the cavern to the sea and get help - if a pop bottle made it, so can he, he thinks."

The girl put the palm of her hand to her mouth. Her eyes widened. The coils of fiber over her slim shoulder fell to the ground. "Not!" she whispered. "Oh, no, please!"

Frank stepped into the water. His face was set. "Billy," he began, turning to his friend, "before I start, I have a few suggestions -"

JANICE splashed into the water beside him. Her hands caught him by the shoulders and she pulled at him until he faced her.

"You're not going!" she exclaimed breathlessly. "You can't! You shouldn't!" She tugged at him with little desperate jerks.

"Either Billy or I must. Please, Janice. Billy will explain. We haven't much time now, since the rain, I've -"

"You mustn't... either you or Billy. What do you think I am! What do you think I'd be if I let you?..." Her voice broke on a little note of hysteria. "The raft is nearly ready. We'll all go together. Why should one of us take risks for the others? The raft will support us all -"

Gently Frank put up his arms and disengaged the girl's hands from his shoulders. He turned his face toward Langton.

"Bill, it would be a good idea, I think, to make more of these jackets to wear on the raft when the water rises. Provide yourself with a stout rope and a rock for an anchor. And a long rope with a stone to throw to the bank. You might get... see enough and slip enough to reach the cliff tops. I'll be back I'll be all right -"

The girl was sobbing against him. She lifted a tear-wet face.

"Frank," she cried with choked voice, "Frank, dear. You said once you love me! As you love me, please don't go! Billy, stop him!"

"You don't know what you're saying," said Frank gently. "Billy will explain why I'm going -"

"I do! I do know what I'm saying. I love you Frank! I love you so much that I'd - Frank, I'd die if anything happened. Take me with you! We'll go together -"

His heart ached. He blinked his eyes to clear away the mistiness. He was pained that her distress had brought her to confess a love he believed she did not - could not - feel.

He pressed her gently from him. She strove to follow. Step by step she waded deeper, still facing him. Over his shoulder he sent a glance to Langton - a glance both helpless and full of appeal.

Langton hobbled into the water beside them. Gently but with firmness he took her by the arm. Trance-like she stared at Frank who backed away toward midstream. The water swirled above his waist.

Janice's face was dazed; pain showed in her eyes, but with Langton's hand upon her arm she made no move to follow Frank. The water eddied under his crude life-belt. He was floating.

Swiftly the current caught him. He saw the bank and the figures of the man and girl recede. As the darkening shadow of the cavern's mouth fell upon him, he saw Janice turn her head suddenly and bury her face against the shoulder of her companion, as if she could not support the sight of his disappearance.

Langton lifted his hand and dropped it. It was like a salute.

BLACKNESS. Impenetrable blackness. The water, gurgling about him, seemed to Frank like a living invisible substance. He was conscious of a variety of sensations. At one moment he felt that he was suspended immovably in a void, at another it seemed that he was being impelled forward in a vacuum - a swift, silent projectile - and must sooner or later crash into extinction.

He strove to unclench his aching teeth, to allow the nervous rigidity of his muscles to relax. He wondered if he could bear for several hours this vivid expectation of annihilating impact.

Then suddenly he was curiously aware of a glow about him; it was at the level of his shoulders, below him, surrounding him; but it was not above his head. It came from the water; it was minutes before his reason informed him that these were phosphorescent glimmerings in the water.

By counting he tried to estimate the time he had been within the cavern. Already it seemed hours, but he realized that it was probably much less than that.

He splashed his way to the right or left, unless his outstretched hand would touch the side wall. He hoped to estimate the speed of his drifting by fingertip contact with the stone.

But it was slimy and chill, foul with a slippery growth that brought to mind the wormy life that lived within the jungle swamp bogs. Thereafter he tried to keep in mid-stream.

The gurgling grew louder, the phosphorescence brightened. Dimly he could see the tufts and plumes of glowing light as the current splashed and whirled against the dark walls.

Suddenly he struck something that gave. Long, fingerlike tendrils raked his face. He cursed his reluctance and strove to claw away the obstruction.

He was held tightly. The current seethed and swirled about him, tugging at him. Automatically he looked upward. A faint gray slit parallel with the current was above him, so close that it seemed he could reach it.

Instantly he realized his situation. Here was a break in the cavern roof - the beginning of a cavern - and the obstruction that held him was a netting of vines growing over the lip of the opening down to the water.

He brushed himself loose. The tendrils were gone from about his face; the gray slit above disappeared.

He was beginning to feel chilled. Long weeks in the sun had thickened his blood. The water in this underground stream was touched by the sun only at the intervals that it appeared from the caverns.

Frank floats through unseen perils, tomorrow.

OUT OUR WAY



THE NEWFANGLES



JOE PALOOKA



OLLY OF THE MOVIES



DIANA DANE



SCORCHY SMITH



THE DILLYS



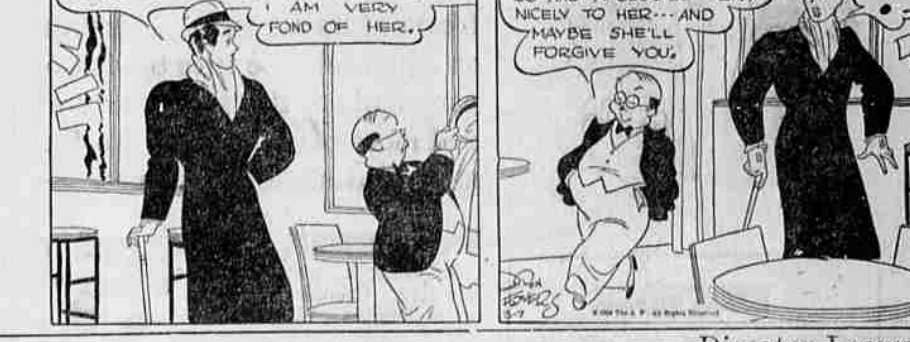
Out of Luck



They Even Have Her Doing It!



Disaster Looms!



Haven of Horror

