

BLOND GODDESS

A New Serial by Herbert Jensen

SYNOPSIS: Don Raoul Ortega has taken Frank Grahame to his hiding place on the coast of Mexico, and is explaining his "racket" which is gun running and another "game." Frank does not care; he is interested in trying to find his friend Bill Langton, the aviator who is supposed to have crashed some months before in the neighborhood, and in forgetting Janice Kent, the movie star, who may be coming to Mexico to make a picture, but who certainly rejected Frank's proposal of marriage.

Chapter 19

NIGHT ATTACK

"WHAT cargo is that?" asked Grahame, idly, still pondering on the strangeness of this subofficial transaction.

"Cocaine," said Ortega. "It is very profitable. From Progress it is taken to the United States."

They were seated at the table smoking over the remnants of their meal. Grahame threw his cigaret stub away.

"I am not interested in dope running," he said. "But I would like to investigate the country back of here. You need not be concerned," he continued, half contemptuously as he saw Ortega's face darken. "You'll tangle yourself up sooner or later. No need for me to interfere."

Ortega rose and stood facing Gra-

Dawn was faintly tingling the ragged tops of the palm-trees back of the clearing when a dark figure drifted across the open space and disappeared into the shack that housed the American. Grahame lay in his hammock breathing evenly.

The figure approached the hammock and leaned over the recumbent man. There was a cry and a scuffle and Grahame's long arms shot out and gripped the stranger by the throat and wrist.

Still holding to the wrist, he snapped on his flashlight.

"It is I—Juan!" The whisper was hoarse and agitated. "Turn out your light, for the love of God!"

Grahame snapped the switch and dropped the light to the hammock. His free hand travelled over Juan. The boy's sheath knife was in its case.

"What is it?" he asked. He released the wrist he held.

"Ortega and Pedro. They stopped the launch at the mouth of the lagoon and are coming back over the trail to kill you. Don Raoul says you are an American spy. They left me at the launch, but I know a shorter way, and ran here to warn you."

"Why didn't you enter boldly?"

"They may have gotten here before me, and would have killed me, too," replied the boy simply. Frank suppressed a chuckle.



Ortega's hand flashed to his holster.

hame. Through the open door came the sounds of his two companions as they hustled themselves stacking the cases in an adjoining shack.

"You will leave with me in the morning," said Ortega distinctly. His hands hung loosely at his sides. Grahame remained seated, but hitched his chair around so that his feet were clear of the table.

"I stay here."

"As you will." The Mexican's hand flashed to his holster. Grahame lashed forward with his leg. Ortega cried out in pain as the toe of the heavy boot snapped against his wrist. His gun dropped to the floor and Grahame covered it with his foot.

"Next time," said Grahame, "you'll be really sorry."

He picked up the heavy revolver and tossed it on the table. Ortega glowered at him, his teeth bared in a half snarl. He held his wrist tightly with his other hand.

Grahame took up the revolver from the table and slipped it into his pocket. He strode to the door and turned. "I'm sleeping with your car tonight," he smiled a little grimly. "In the event I don't see you in the morning, adios."

HE GATHERED his dunnage at the launch and took it to the building where the arms were stacked. He unrolled his hammock and lashed it in place. He lay down fully dressed with his automatic ready beneath his hand and his flashlight in the other.

He could see a light glowing through the thatch from the other building, and heard the voices of the three as a low mumble. Later he heard them moving about outside.

The engine of the launch coughed and settled to a steady throbbing. Evidently they were not waiting for the morning's light to leave by. His thought was confirmed when he heard the slow grind of the reverse gear, and the quick chug of the launch under way.

The heat of the engine lessened, then grew fainter as distance swallowed its sound.

Grahame relaxed and closed his eyes. He dozed fitfully, however, his mind restless and wary. Finally he slept.

TWO figures loomed in the square made by the doorway, but about five yards distant from it.

Grahame threw himself from the hammock as two guns spat flame. He heard the thud of the bullets hitting the cases, then his own gun began to jump in his hand.

Above the crashes he heard one of the men cry out, then both melted from his gun sights. He jumped to the doorway. The two were fleeing toward the clearing's edge. He sighted on the back of the larger of the fleeing men, then lowered his gun.

He shrugged his shoulders and turned to the boy standing beside him.

"How are you, Juan?" he asked, throwing an arm over the lad's shoulders.

"I am all right." He drew a deep breath. "But very frightened, señor."

Frank grinned. "Well, so was I. But I suspect not half so much as our two friends."

He looked at the boy appraisingly, who gazed back at him with candid eyes. Despite the young fellow's assurance that he had been afraid, there was no trace of timidity in that straightforward look.

Frank said, "How old are you, Juan?"

"Sixteen, señor."

"Do you know the jungle back there?" He waved his arm in a direction away from the coast. "Have you ever been in there?"

"A little, señor. To shoot deer, or to trap the wild turkey."

"Would you go in there with me—even if it will take weeks to go only a few miles?"

Juan said thoughtfully: "It is very dangerous, señor. I would advise you not to go."

Vaguely Frank was disappointed. He said heartily: "Then you would rather not go with me. But that is all right. Here . . . I will give you some money, muchacho, for what you did for me this night, and you can head back toward the coast when you wish."

Again Juan gave him that level look.

"I did not say I would not go, señor. I said that it was dangerous."

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Tomorrow, Mr. Greene learns of Mexican difficulties.

Heavy Apple Shipments

SEATTLE, Wash., Feb. 5.—(AP)—The greatest January movement of apples ever handled over Elliott Bay piers was recorded last month when shipments totaled 1,179,465 boxes, the port of Seattle announced today.

Thrill for Berlin

BERLIN, Feb. 5.—(AP)—Berlin society buzzed with excitement today when it became known that at a dinner last night former Crown Prince Frederick Wilhelm conducted none other than Mme. Andre Françoise-Poncet, wife of the French ambassador, to the table.

Living Costs To More Than Double Professor Claims

NEW YORK, Feb. 5.—(AP)—Professor Edwin Walter Kemmerer, writing in the New York Sun, predicted today that the cost of living will be more than double that of last November when the depression is over and the results of the Roosevelt administration's dollar devaluation have completely worked themselves out.

Kemmerer, a monetary expert, who is professor of international finance at Princeton university, foresees a general price level 118 per cent higher than last November's and a cost of living 126 per cent higher.

WHITNEY COLT IS DERBY FAVORITE

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Feb. 5.—(AP)—Forgetting the fillets and equating the ratings of various handicaps, the colt considered most likely to be post-time favorite in the Kentucky derby at Churchill Downs May 5 is Mrs. Pandy Whitney's First Minstrel.

This is a rather surprising choice, considering that First Minstrel won only \$5,945 as a two-year-old and was not even among the first fifteen of last year's juvenile money-winners. Close to First Minstrel in the colt

ratings is Mrs. J. H. Whitney's Singing Wood, winner of the Belmont sturture and \$62,950, which gave him honors as the leading two-year-old money-winner last year. Both First Minstrel and Singing Wood are by the same sire, Royal Minstrel.

Third in the handicap consensus of colts is Chicotaw, George D. Widner's winner of the Pimlico handicap. Close up in the ratings are High Quest and Cavalcade, both owned by the Brookmeade stable.

Receiver Arrives

PENDELTON, Ore., Feb. 5.—(AP)—Charles A. Reynolds, Silverton banker, reached Pendleton today to take over his duties as receiver of the First Inland National bank of Pendleton.

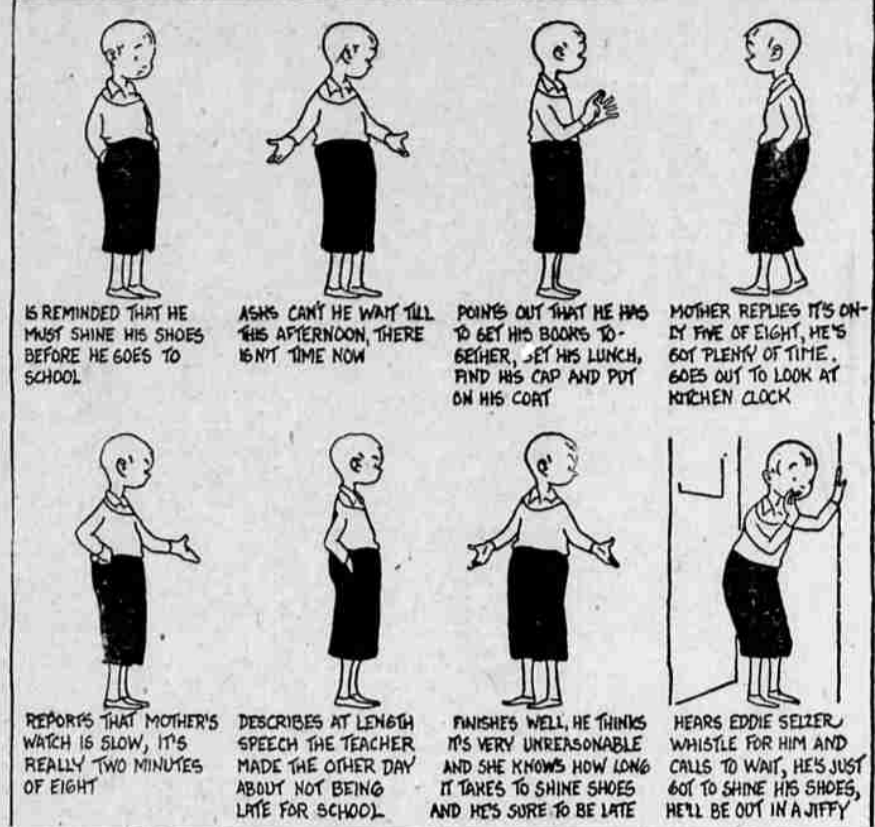
A Resignation

SALEM, Feb. 5.—(AP)—Kenneth Dawson of Portland today turned in his resignation from the Post of Portland commission to Governor Meier.

GIVE IT A WHIRL



NO TIME



By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

S'MATTER POP—



By C. M. Payne

TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Flight—To Save A Life!



By Hal Forrest

BOUND TO WIN—Luke Is Stunned!



By Edwin Alger

THE NEBBS—Big-Hearted Max



By Sol Hess

BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus

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A FAMOUS FLAVOR

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