

BLOND GODDESS

A New Serial by Herbert Jensen

Chapter 49 DELIVERY

JANICE heard a scream and a crash behind her. In an instant of dull bewilderment she realized she was not hit.

She saw an expression of stupid dismay in the face of the rifleman. His gun-barrel dropped.

She shrank against the cage in time to avoid the falling figure of the little bearer who had stopped the bullet. She saw brown arms striving to reach the flogging limpness that was the body of the paralyzed high-priest.

To steady herself she put up the hand that held the knife. It came in contact with the 'hongs tying the cage gate. A sudden desperate thought swept her mind. At any cost the area of the great square must be cleared for the landing of the plane!

Her knife slashed at the thongs, the keen steel sliced through the leather as through grass. She was aware of snarling jaws, of yellow eyes wild with hate and frenzy.

The gate slammed back upon her. Tawny black-spotted bodies soared above as she stumbled down the steps.

She heard a deep-voiced scream. The multitude knew the cats were loose!

She was sobbing. Scarcely conscious now, she tugged at the limp body of Langton, hoping to drag him to the cage that now offered protection from the jaguars only from within. The figures were running everywhere. Suddenly the motors ceased their roaring. She heard vicious, staccato bursts, like short volleys from grouped rifles.

THERE was a crescendo of shouting—scattered rifle fire, then more bursts from the machine gun.

Strong arms gripped her about the waist; she struggled futilely, twisting away to reach the knife she had dropped to assist her companion. But with the arms came a voice, a voice that drew the strength from her and left her sobbing weakly.

"Janice . . . dearest . . . It's I: Frank. Dear—"
The arms lifted her to her feet. She buried her face in the stained and ragged shirt. Long, blissful seconds later, it seemed, she withdrew. She smiled uncertainly and blinked away her tears.

"Frank . . . dear. Look to Billy. He was hurt!"
"I'm all right," came Langton's voice at their feet—weak but undoubtedly Langton's. "I . . . I was just resting."

"You dam' clown," muttered Frank, a curious softness in his voice. "You're as bad as Greene."

"Here he is now."
Mr. Horatio Greene, press-agent extraordinary, was approaching with his smiling gait. He carried a monstrous pistol in one hand—monstrous in relation to the size of the little warrior—and over the other a gold, turquoise studded collar.

"Got it off one of the leopards," he explained.

"Jaguars, Greene, not leopards," smiled Grahame.

"Jaguars or leopards they won't need these any more." He lifted the collar. "It's the one souvenir I'm going to take home from this—"

Suddenly he broke off. His eyes widened; slowly the color drained from his face. He moistened his lips and gently expelled his breath.

Frank put his arm about Janice's waist and firmly drew her against him. "Don't look dear. It . . . it isn't—"

"Waw!" exclaimed Greene, drawing his forearm across his forehead. "Did you see what they did to the high-priest—"

Suddenly catching Frank's eye, he hesitated.

He mumbled:
"Those leopards—jaguars, I mean—wouldn't make loving house pets. I'll . . . I'll just take the collar, thank you. Come along folks, Spin's waiting to us from the ship. You, Langton—I guess you're Langton—can you make it?"

"Fine. I'll give you a hand. We've gone to a lot of trouble about you."

THE END

MRS. SAGE, FORMER RESIDENT PASSES

TABLE ROCK, March 12.—(Sp.)—Mrs. D. D. Sage, formerly of Medford, passed away at her home at Dilley, Ore., March 11, after a brief illness. Effie Marion Prescott was born in Trumble county, Ohio on Jan. 21, 1858, and when a small child moved with her parents to Chatfield, Minn., where in 1882 she was married to Dudley D. Sage, Mr. and Mrs. Sage homesteaded a large farm in South Dakota where they reared a family of seven children, all of whom survive. In 1906 they moved to Medford, Ore., where they lived until they purchased what is now the Lydiard and Chil-

Dance at Rogue Elk Saturday, March 17.

In keeping with the times—Drugs and Toilettries at Cut Prices at JARMIN'S DRUG STORE.

THE FLAVOR L-A-S-T-S

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM

5¢ EVERYWHERE

COPPER NITRATE IN CHERRY TREE DISEASE ADVISED

Cherry trees showing signs of bacterial gummosis cankers may be given at this time the copper nitrate treatment, according to the advice of County Agent L. P. Wilcox.

Bacterial gummosis is a serious disease causing gum cankers on trunks, main branches and spurs of all the common varieties of the sweet cherry. In severe cases young trees may be killed outright.

The copper nitrate method of treatment as worked out by the California experiment station is the best known control and is therefore recommended to Jack-in county cherry growers.

At this time of season gummosis cankers may be easily located because of their dark colored bark tissue, somewhat sunken and near a gum area. Such cankers when found should be given the following treatment:

Make numerous longitudinal cuts with the grain of the wood, cuts to be through the bark and into the sap wood. Extend the cuts some eight to ten inches above and below the diseased area. Space the cuts about one inch apart and make sufficient number around the branch so that healthy tissue is encountered on the sides. After preparing the canker in this manner, mop the entire area with copper nitrate solution, being sure that the liquid penetrates well into the many slits. A

sponge may be used for this purpose with good results.
The copper nitrate solution to be used is made up as follows: Stir one ounce of copper carbonate into two quarts of water, then add one and one-half ounces of concentrated nitric acid. When the solution becomes clear add to one gallon of denatured alcohol. The solution should be prepared in glass or enamel ware containers and kept in bottles tightly corked.

Protest Co-education.
JUAREZ, Mexico.—(UP)—A suggestion that both boys and girls be allowed to attend the same grade schools in Juarez brought a fiery protest from the Parent-Teacher association, which warned that co-education is "immoral." The protest petition was signed by 200 parents and sent to the governor of Chihuahua.

Not Affected by Repeal.
JUAREZ, Mexico.—(UP)—One liquor shop here which is not affected by repeal across the Rio Grande is "La Unica Julqueria," which sells nothing but pulque, the milky-looking drink made by fermenting "honey-water" from the maguey. It generally contains less than 3.2 per cent alcohol.

GIVE IT A WHIRL by Hatio

YES! RUN THE CIDER PRESS, MILK 16 COWS, CUT 3 CORDS OF WOOD AND DELIVER THE MILK—ALL ON A GALLON OF STANDARD GASOLINE WITH TETRAETHYL UNSURPASSED BY CRACKY!

INDOOR BASEBALL

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

GETS HIS BASEBALL EQUIPMENT FROM THE ATTIC SO AS TO BE ALL READY WHEN BASEBALL WEATHER COMES

GETS THE FEEL OF HIS BAT AGAIN

TAKES A FEW SWINGS, BLISSFULLY UNAWARE THAT HE MISSED THE LIGHT BULB BY 1/2 INCH

CALLS DOWNSTAIRS IT'S ALL RIGHT, THAT BANG WAS JUST HIM ACCIDENTALLY HITTING THE BED-ROOM DOOR WITH HIS BAT

PRACTICES THROWING BALL AND CATCHING IT, MISSING 3 OUT OF 5, BALL FINALLY THUMPING ALL THE WAY DOWNSTAIR

DECIDES TO OIL HIS GLOVE

RUBS OIL INTO GLOVE, NOTICES HE HAS UPSET BOTTLE WITH HIS FOOT MOPS IT UP MORE OR LESS

HEARS EDDIE SELZER'S WHISTLE, WIPES HANDS ON SHIRT, AND RUSHES OUT, LEAVING THINGS ON FLOOR, FATHER EVENTUALLY TRIPPING OVER BAT

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SMATTER POP

NOT MUCH OF A TOSOGGAN, BUT THE SNOW IS ALL GONE SO WHAT CAN A FELLA DO?

OOMP!

WHAT'S WRONG? POP, HE KICKED ME!

HUH? SAY, YOU!

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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Love Turned To Hate!

LET US CUT TO THE APARTMENTS OF M. L. LAVALLE WHERE WE FIND THE AND, MARIE IN TEARS!

MARIE!—WHAT'S WRONG?

PLEASE TELL ME—I WISH TO HELP YOU—

EET-EEZ BRUCE—HE DO NOT LOVE ME ANYMORE SINCE HE MET ANOTHER GIRL—

BRUCE?—DO YOU MEAN BRUCE—ERR—WILKINS?

OUI—WE WERE ENGAGED IN PARIS—CAME HERE—TO BE NEAR HIM—BUT ANOTHER GIRL—MARJORIE SHE—

BUT SHE SHALL NOT HAVE HIM—I'VE KEEL HEEM FIRST—!

MARIE! WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?

READER—PUT THIS EPISODE DOWN IN YOUR NOTE BOOK RIGHT NOW—IT MAY AID YOU TO SOLVE A MYSTERY LATER ON—

HAL FORREST

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BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—A Gruesome Discovery!

WELL, SON, THE WORST IS OVER, AND WE'VE LIVED THROUGH IT! I KNOW I'M THIN, BUT YOU ARE, TOO!

YOU BET I AM, MR. JEFFARD! I THINK I'LL WALK AROUND AND SEE WHAT DAMAGE HAS BEEN DONE—

HOLY SMOKES! A BOAT! WHAT A BREAK! IF SHE'S SEAWORTHY, MR. JEFFARD, AND BRIAR AND I CAN LEAVE SHARK ISLAND!

WE'LL BE ABLE TO REACH HURRICANE ISLAND AND I CAN FLASH WORD OF WHAT I'VE FOUND OUT TO UNCLE NAT! I TOLD HIM TO HOLD ON NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENED FOR AT LEAST TWO WEEKS AND THAT TIME ISN'T UP YET! COME ON, BRIAR, STEP ON IT!

WH-WH-WHY? IT'S "SLIDER" WEBSTER! HE ALIVE OR— AND WHAT BECAME OF THE OTHER MEN WHO MUST HAVE BEEN ON BOARD WITH HIM?

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THE NEBBS—The Ingrate

SLIDER WAS OVER AND HE ASKED ME TO TELL YOU NOT TO DEAL WITH THAT FELLER, LOTTS, WHO'S DOWN HERE FROM HIS SON'S PLACE

THAT FELLOW, LOTTS, NEVER SPOKE TO ME ABOUT ANY DEAL—I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT HIS BUSINESS IS. AND IF SLIDER COMES IN AGAIN, TELL HIM I WANT HIS ADVICE LIKE I DO HIS COMPANIONSHIP

AFTER ALL, I THINK IT'S PRETTY GOOD ADVICE COMIN' FROM A FELLER THAT YOU AIN'T EVEN TALKING TO—THIS BUSINESS WAS MADE FOR YOU—YOU WAS NEVER MADE FOR ANY BUSINESS.

IS THAT SO?—WELL, IF THEY OFFER ME A GOOD PROPOSITION, I'LL LISTEN. A SMART MAN IS A GOOD LISTENER—SLIDER'S A SMART MAN GOING TO GET THE BEST OF THESE SHARPER—AND IF I WANT ADVICE ABOUT HOW TO PUT GOOD 6% MONEY OUT FOR 3%, I'LL CALL ON YOU—UP UNTIL THAT TIME, DON'T LOSE ANY SLEEP OVER MY FUTURE!

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BRINGING UP FATHER

I'LL WAIT OUT HERE, MAGGIE DARLIN!

OH, NO YOU WON'T, YOU'LL COME IN THIS STORE UNTIL I LOOK AT SOME HATS, YOU'LL NOT SNEAK AWAY!

OH, MRS. JIGGS—I'M GLAD YOU DROPPED IN! THE MODELS ARE SHOWING THE LATEST THINGS IN BATHING SUITS!

AH!

OFFICER—JUST HOLD HIM UNTIL I COME OUT—

ALL RIGHT, MRS. JIGGS!

RATS!

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By Sol Hess

By Edwin Alger

By George McManus

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