ing note of mirth. "Did you see

back at Barry. There was a dazed look on her damp, white petal face, and she formed the words with difficulty but with a quaver-

ing note of mirth.

"Did you see Cassidy's ears
when Renaldo said 'home?' You
should feel him. He's quivering
all over."

"He's made a stout march for
a homebody," Barry grinned. He
could see the mule shaking now.
It took sidewise mincing steps
hack toward one side of the trail.

back toward one side of the trail

It took sidewise mineing steps back toward one side of the trail. Sudden apprehension clutched Barry. He dug spurs into his own animal and started forward, calling, "Something's there!" and pulling at the flashlight in his pocket. Even as he rode forward, the slender writhing form slid upward through the air in the arc of light toward its prey!

As Allison's shrill scream echoed through the dark fastness of the jungle, the cold horror of a nightmare gripped Barry. His gun and Renaldo's spoke almost together. The snake lay writhing its last in the occe of the trail. But Barry knew it had been too late. He reached the girl's side as Renaldo came up. His arm jerked stirfly with the flashlight. Renaldo tore it from him and swept the light

it from him and swept the light over Allison's body with thorough speed. Then slowly he moved it down over the front flank of the

animal.

"Take her off," he said brusquely, "Thank Ged, the mule got it."
His command was none too soon.
Allison was scarcely off when the
small animal toppled into the mud.

"Cassidy!" Allison screamed.

"Can't you help him, Renaldo?"

"There is nothing that can be
done," Renaldo said steadily. His
foot indicated the still form of the

foot indicated the still form of the snake. "That is a bushmaster. In a few minutes Cassidy will be

LURKING DEATH

CHAPTER X

FOR six days the tortuous trek
continued through the raindrenched jungle. Six days of heat,
of aching from the long hours in
the saddle, of fighting off the
hordes of voracious insects. Even
Barry, who had a natural affinity
for the tropics, felt the gruelling
strain of the continued discomfort. His anxiety for the stubbarn

fort. His anxiety for the stubborn girl riding before him mounted. As they reached the chicle es-tancia they were using for the night and Allison almost fell from high and Allison almost fell from her saddle, anger at Renaldo rese in him. He waited till the servants had cleared the small thatched hut and she was lying in her mosquito tent. Then he searched out the

tent. Then he searched out the Spanlard.

Renaldo was in the clearing beside the hut overseeing the unloading of the mules for the night. The flickering light of the small campfire illumined his tall erect figure, threw dancing shadows across his narrow, handsome face as he called orders to Jose and the Indian servants. the Indian servants,

Barry went close to the fire for protection against the buzzing in-

sects.

"Is the trip worse than usual?" he asked Renaldo.

"About the same." Renaldo went on untying ropes lashed about the donkey's head.

Barry's anger exploded. "Then why in hell did you let her come?" Renaldo turned darkly amused eyes on Barry, and shrugged. "You tried to stop her, too, did you not, Mr. Fielding?"

Barry glowered at him. "If I had known it was going to be a murderous trek like this," he said bitterly, "I'd have stopped her if I'd had to use brass knuckles for arguments. How much longer is ments, How much longer is

"We ought to be at the head estancia by mid-afternoon tomor-row," the Spaniard murmured im-perturbably.

"I don't believe she'll stand it till then."

• • •

RENALDO did not answer at nce. He waved a graceful hand toward the unloaded group of pack mules now being rubbed down by the Indian boys.

of pack mules now being rubbed down by the Indian boys.

"They are using a mixture of sand and water," he told Barry.
"It is to scrape off the big red and black ticks that bedevil the poor creatures." He crossed to superintend the raking of ramona leaves for the mules' feeding. When he finally returned, there was a strange glimmer of a smile on his face. He said to Barry without preface:

"You didn't know her father." Barry scowled at him. "What do you mean?"

"Jeremiah Topping," Renaldo murmured, the glint of humor deepening in his eyes. "He was frail, too, but he went through more than six natives could endure. She will finish the trip. I only hope it will prove sufficiently uncomfortable so that she will return immediately to the coast."

In sudden, blind rage, Barry swung on him. Renaldo staggered back under the blow's impact. But as Barry moved in for battle, his arms were suddenly pinioned to his sides by the iron grip of Jose. As he struggled to free himself from the giant muleteer, Renaldo stepped close. There was no anger or resentment on his face.

"I do not wish to fight you, Mr. Fielding," he said in quiet, conversational tones. "It is not good for the natives to see white men bickering among themselves. Release him, Jose." As the muleteer dropped his huge arms, Renaldo added, "Please know I am also trying to do what is best for Miss Topping. It is only to my best interests. After all, she is my employer."

BARRY was forced to admit as BARRY was forced to admit as the mule train sloshed along the next afternoon that Renaldo was right. Though he had carried Allison to her mule that morning, looking too white and sick to sit upright, she had stuck it out hour after hour through the fetid heat of the day, swaying drunkenly in the saddle but refusing to stop.

Only once did she come out of her sick stupor to notice what was going on.

her sick stupor to notice what was going on.

"Won't it ever stop raining?" she asked, bitterly.

Renaldo replied quietly, "This is called the 'tain forest.' There probably is more rainfall around here than any other spot in the world. That is why the zapote tree grows so well."

"Thanks!" Her voice was a muffled half scream, half sob. Barry thought for a minute she had broken. But her sobs dwindled out wearily and her small body in the torn and muddy white suit continued to stay comparatively upright on the muscular little mule as it sloshed along the slippery trail. He could see her pat the animal's shaggy neck after a hard bit of going, and murmur

pat the animal's shaggy neck after a hard bit of going, and murmur affectionate words of praise. She would attek it out, he thought with reluctant admiration, just as Renaldo had predicted.

When at last Renaldo turned in his saddle and called back, "Ander hour will see us at home!" Barry could scarcely believe it.
The Indian boys chattered jubilantly, sang wailing melodies to relieve their impatience. Even the mules seemed to sense their trial

mules seemed to sense their trial was about over. The caravan moved with a quickened tempo. Allison turned slowly and looked

twice his size. If you will per-

Allison nodded. She sobbed as Renaldo's shot rang out. The Spaniard said soothingly as he holstered his gun, "We are prac-tically at the estancia. We will get you to your bed."
But Allison had fainted in

Barry's arms. (To Be Continued)

More U-boats and speed boats are constantly being put into service to attack convoys. We must pursue the enemy clously and doggedly and allow him no respite wherever he shows himself. — Grand Adml. Carl Doenitz of Germany.



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THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson





means "brotherly love."

NEXT: A whale of a durerence,

ARMY AIR CADET INSIGNE

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Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams

NO! BUT THAT'S YOUR CHIE AND LOOK -- HE'S GOT A BACK -- A U.S. MAIL

I BELIEVE HE HAS A "C" CARD YES

Our Boarding House

WILL BE HIS

FIRST STOP=



EGAD, BOYS! JOLLY MORNING, ISN'T IT? --- JOVE, WHAT A KEEN THRILL TO LEAP FROM BED THIS MORNING WITH THE WAS I BORN ROEY PROSPECT OF OH, AT MY JOB AT MY JOB A QUICK BREAK-SILLY, OR DID I PICK IT UP AG I WENT FAST, SO I WON'T JAKE FOR WORK! BETS! PAY PARK BENCH

HOLD EVERYTHING!

Red Ryder

By Fred Harmon

With Major Hoople



can't I wear 'em-ain't war to save western civilization?"

CHANGE-ABOUT IDEAS CROCHETED IN JIFFY





POP. YOU'RE ON THE GAS RATIONING BOARD! WHAT KIND OF A CARD HAS MR. A SCUTTLE? I'M S



By Blossos





By Crane



By V. T. Hamlin









Allep Oop

7531

by Alice Brooks

It's a suit season—it's the time

to make the most of every frock! Jiffy crochet this smart neckwear and let it work trans-

formations in your wardrobe. The bow in pineapple design, revers trimmed with lace, the

rosette with matching cuffs cost

little to make. Pattern 7531 contains directions for neck-

wear; list of materials; stitches

To obtain this pattern send 11

cents in coin to The Herald and News, Household Arts Dept.,

Klamath Falls Do not send this

picture, but keep it and the num-

ber for reference. Be sure to wrap coin securely, as a loose coin often slips out of the envel-

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A mother opposum-with a

A cottontail rabbit.

Four more bunnies. .Three polecats.

dozen babies.

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Little Orphon Annie

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By Martin







SPORT? OH SURE AND TH KIDS CAN DO THEIR JOB WITHOUT STARTIN' A LOT YOUNGSTERS 學學