

DARK JUNGLES

BY JOHN C. FLEMING & LOIS EBY

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THE STORY: Barry Fielding was struck with malaria after his escape from the Quiches Indians, and his faithful Mexican guide, Jose, took him north to a strong enough to make the trip back to Allison Topping's plantation. He falls unconscious when they finally arrive. A week later Allison tells him that a letter arrived from his fiancée, and he is sick, and that she has answered it for him. Knowing Lila's nature, Barry is worried.

TRIBAL SACRIFICE

CHAPTER XV

AS the days passed and the fever hung on, Barry was half wild with impatience. For hours—days sometimes—he would think it had run its course only to be shaken with the cold chill that preceded another attack.

Rinaldo had warned him of this that same afternoon Allison had read him Lila's letter. The Spaniard had knocked and come in, looking taller and handsomer in his fresh whites than Barry remembered him. He had towered over the bed, with his swift, engaging smile.

"You really picked yourself a stalwart mosquito, my friend."

"I'll throw it off," Barry said irritably.

"You will, but it will be slow going."

Allison brought his medicine, holding up his head and tossing the tablets onto his tongue with deft motions. Barry gulped the water she held to his lips, and smiled his thanks.

"You were right about Allison," he said to Rinaldo with amused camaraderie.

"Right about what?" Allison was gathering up tray and glasses for the servant to take out.

"We bet, Rinaldo and I," Barry told her lazily, feeling all at once easy and comfortable, "on whether you'd make the trip."

"And how did you bet?" She paused beside him, her lashes almost touching her cheeks as she looked down into his face.

"I bet you wouldn't," Barry told her.

"Which proves," she laughed, "that Rinaldo understands me better than you do."

"Oh, but it wasn't quite fair," Rinaldo protested gallantly. "Because I knew your father, Mr. Fielding didn't. I gambled you had the jungle in your blood like he did. And I'm afraid you have."

He turned to follow her with his eyes as she walked to the hall and handed over the tray to the Indian woman. Barry watched him in deepening surprise. He realized abruptly that Allison was not the only one who had changed during his absence. Rinaldo, too, was different. Gone was the stern, quiet-almost condescending—command in the Spaniard's manner. A subtle warmth had crept in, a tentative friendliness. He had used the same phrase that night on the trek—he feared the girl had the jungle in her blood—but where there had been apprehension, antagonism in his voice that night, now there was something almost like pride. And in his dark eyes...

BARRY controlled a sharp rising irritation. Why shouldn't the handsome Rinaldo fall for a girl like Allison Topping? She was warm and vivid and delicate. Her blondeness was a perfect foil for the Spaniard's dark good looks. And if she really wanted to stay here... He roused at Rinaldo's laugh.

"You are looking very unhappy, my friend. I am sorry about your trip."

Barry's anger swept into another current.

"Sorry is no name for it!" he exploded. "I want to talk to you about it. Of all the dirty, double-crossing deals I ever ran into—!"

Allison was standing beside Rinaldo again. "May I hear it, too?" she asked.

Barry hesitated. Then he said bluntly, "Sure. It's no worse than a Gospel Column."

Allison and Rinaldo pulled chairs close to the bed while Barry talked. He told them in painstaking detail every step of the trip. The meeting with the chief, his cordial hospitality, his apparently sympathetic hearing of all Barry had to say, his honest indecision in the matter of revealing the mines. Turning to Rinaldo, he added:

"Your letter to him seemed to make him our friend. He said a lot of complimentary things about you."

Rinaldo nodded thoughtfully. "He's a great old fellow."

Barry grimaced with rueful humor. "But you should have seen him that night at the trial. He couldn't have been any colder if he'd been molded out of liquid air." He told them then of his rude awakening by the angry natives, of the weird, frightful judgment scene in the chief's tent and of the death sentence of the girl. Finally of their imprisonment and escape.

Allison shuddered. "How perfectly ghastly! But the girl won't die, will she?"

RENALDO looked serious. "I wouldn't be surprised."

"But why," Allison cried, "would anyone want to frame Barry? Some Quiche, perhaps, with something against the girl or her family?"

"Perhaps," Rinaldo said slowly, "but I don't think so. The Quiches are a united and peaceful tribe within themselves. I'm afraid it is even more serious than that."

Barry and Allison watched the young Spaniard as he paced the floor nervously. At length, unable to endure her curiosity, Allison burst out:

"What is it, Rinaldo? For heaven's sake, tell us!"

Rinaldo paused at the foot of the bed, flashing Allison a sympathetic half smile. His dark eyes were brooding and sorrowful. "For a number of years now," he began slowly, "the chief and I have been as close friends as a Quiche ever is with an outsider. I admire him. I am fond of him. That is why I know he is filled with a great anxiety."

Barry watched the Spaniard, fascinated. There was power in those black eyes. Small wonder he had gained the fear and respect of the Quiches as well as the Indians on the Topping plantation, he thought.

"Each month or so," Rinaldo went on, "when the Quiches bring their clay jugs of quicksilver down to the coast to trade for bananas and salt, they have been buying more and more other things—bright ornaments, sometimes dresses or suits from the trading post, mingling more with other tribes, carrying back their stories. The chief has been struggling against this tendency. It is his duty to see this slow infiltration of foreign ideas does not betray their precious isolation. I have felt, during our last meetings, he was growing desperate over the situation, unable to stem the tide of his people's interests in the outside world."

Barry gasped. "You don't think the chief framed me?"

Rinaldo's eyes were fixed on him, compassion in their black depths. "The chief is a smart man," he said simply. "Can you think of a better way to impress his people with the danger of outsiders? The sacrifice of one of the tribe's most beautiful maidens has often been the shock which taught them the error of their ways."

The logic of Rinaldo's reasoning appalled Barry. "In that case," he said hopefully, "is there nothing I can do?"

Rinaldo released a long breath.

"I urge you to let me turn your discarded things into War Stamps to buy cartridges to help win this war."

"I'm a Herald and News Want Ad, and I'm enlisted for the duration. Phone me at 3124 and I'll turn YOUR unused things into cartridges!"

"The first thing for you to do is to get well, my friend. After that, we will see."

(To Be Continued)

TO REMOVE BODY?

WATERBURY, Conn., (AP)—Armed guards of a factory engaged in war production, who recently completed an army course in plant protection, were being inspected by an army officer. "What would you do if you spotted an intruder on the grounds?" asked the officer. "I would immediately notify the main office," was the quick reply of one guard.



10 CENTS BUYS FIVE CARTRIDGES

Five cartridges might save the lives of five Americans—Might shorten this war by five Japs or five Huns. I urge you to let me turn your discarded things into War Stamps to buy cartridges to help win this war. Phone me at 3124 and I'll turn YOUR unused things into cartridges!

Herald & News Want-Ads Get Results

Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams



THE BED SPREAD

Our Boarding House

With Major Hoople



WHY THAT'S THE MAJOR'S FATHER!

HOLD EVERYTHING!

Red Ryder

By Fred Harmon



George sends his notes airmail!



NOBODY WOULD BUY THE VEGETABLES, SO HE LET THEM ROT HERE!



MR. SCUTTLE, WE DON'T MAKE IT A PRACTICE TO CALL PRISONERS NAMES...

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



ON BOUGAINVILLE

ISLAND. A BACHELOR OF THE KERIKAS TRIBE MUST WEAR A HAT SIMILAR TO THE ABOVE FROM THE TIME OF YOUNG MANHOOD TO THE DAY OF HIS WEDDING... AND ANY WOMAN SEEING HIM BAREHEADED IS LIABLE TO DEATH.



LOBSTERS

ARE MORE CLOSELY RELATED TO SPIDERS THAN TO FISH!

MARY'S LITTLE LAMB

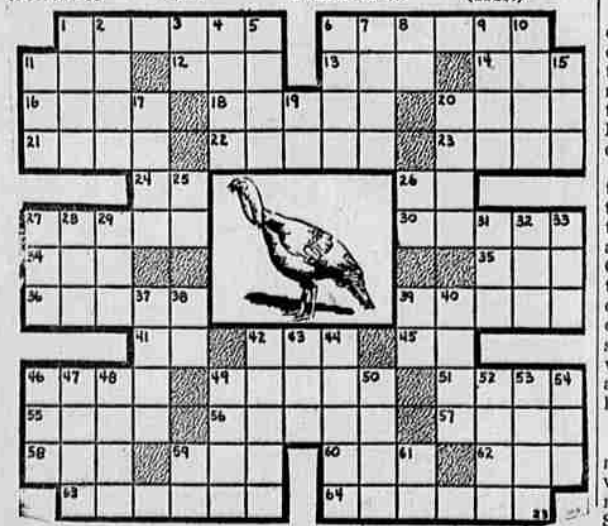
ON A BABY QUILT



7539 by Alice Brooks

DOMESTIC BIRD

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for horizontal and vertical words.



Freckles and His Friends

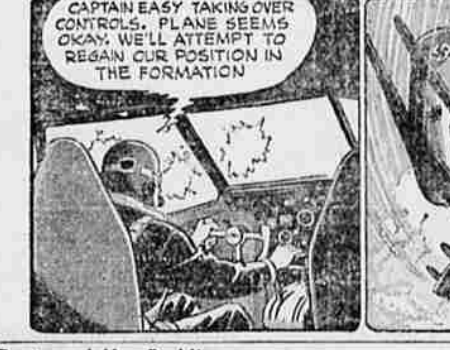
By Blosser



Wash Tubbs



By Crane



Boots and Her Buddies



By V. T. Hamlin



Allep Oop



By Martin



Little Orphan Annie



By Harold Gray



THEY'RE BEGINNING TO SUSPECT ME—YOU STEP OUT THERE, BIG GEORGE—THAT OUTFIT WOULD FOOL ANYONE—



RIGHT ON AHEAD! YOU CAN'T MISS HERR SALTZ'S ROOM—

A chubby lamb framed with flowers makes an engaging center for this quilted crib or carriage cover. This quilting is just running stitch with an occasional back stitch, both worked through the top, the padding and lining. Pattern 7539 contains a transfer pattern of a 15 x 17 inch and four 4 x 6 1/2 inch motifs; materials needed; 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 number for reference. Be sure to wrap coin securely, as a loose coin often slips out of the envelope. Requests for patterns should reach, "Send pattern No. 7539, to _____ followed by your name and address.

ST. CHARLES, Ill., (AP)—An empty coal car and a loaded box car ran away from a freight train, outdistanced it for two miles and then left the railroad tracks and stopped—in front of Police Magistrate Harold Olson's office.

The freight train had bumped the cars as workmen attempted to couple them to the train. But the two cars were not coupled and rolled into St. Charles from Geneva, the train in pursuit. At the end of the switch track, the cars broke through a barricade, continued on across the street, sweeping two automobiles along with them, and came to a stop at Olson's office. No one was hurt.

Labor must not repeat the mistakes of arrogant capitalism, which forged the shackles that now restrict its every move.—Senate Defense Committee.