

DARK JUNGLES

BY JOHN C. FLEMING & LOIS EBY

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TO THE RESCUE CHAPTER XXVI

LILA had broken with him! She was going home! As he showed, Barry wondered if the impact of the shock just hadn't hit him yet. Six months ago—even three months ago—such a catastrophe would have knocked him for a goal. They had been engaged for two years, waiting to marry until his business was a little more secure and they could buy a place out near her folks' estate.

"We'll wait a while now and then start out right," Lila had always said. Somehow, in Lila's charming, perfumed background, it had seemed right and logical. But down here in the jungle, natural instincts had a way of showing up in the most brutal, perfect, how the same traits that seemed like wisdom and discrimination in one civilization, could be predatory, ruthless self-preservation in another.

She would have him trade his own safety for failure in a mission that might mean the lives of thousands on the battle front. She couldn't understand that, even if he lost, he had to give the job the best he had. He couldn't live with himself in that comfortable house they had picked out for her home now.

And she would never change. That was the thing which made this parting seem right and inevitable. They would have been happy as long as their lives were moving in the charming, perfect pattern she had worked out for them. But she would never fit into a new pattern.

The challenge of meeting change had always worked as an elixir in Barry Fielding. The thought of a lifetime fighting change instead of going eagerly to meet it was deadening.

Even his meeting with Lila had been on the verge of rapid change for him. Riding the crest of a wave of success in his business that carried him into a new circle of friends. The life of comfort, charm and serenity she symbolized had seemed for the moment the end and aim of existence. But it wasn't—not for him. His life had always been struggle, achievement, adventure.

He dressed rapidly. His mind was clear this morning. His body felt weak but the fever had once more purged it of the aching pain that had racked it yesterday. He could hear Lila packing.

The air was fresh and the sunshine brilliant this morning. The tropic storm had spent itself just as the fever in his own body. He crossed the clearing and went to Tony's small thatched hut.

Tony's wife came to the door, her baby in her arms. She smiled proudly as he asked after the child.

"He is good now," she told him, flipping back the corner of the bright blanket to show him the child's face. She told him then all she knew of the trail that Tony and Allison had planned to take.

He ordered an Indian boy to get the best mule ready. Then he hurried back to the place where the Indians were packing the chicle.

An old Indian, Ramon, was directing operations. He told Barry proudly that before Allison's father had hired Renaldo he had once had charge of all the Indians. Barry grinned at him. "It's a good thing you're still around," he told him. "Everyone seems to be deserting camp at harvest time."

He told him then that Lila would be going back to Puerto Barrios with the pack train and that she would need three mules for her luggage besides a mule to ride.

Ramon promised to make provisions for the passenger. "It is all right if she will ride a mule," he said slowly. "But I do not want two of the plantation workers to carry her in a chair. It is too hard on them for such a long journey. The two who carried her in will never work much again."

"I see."

A grim smile was on Barry's face as he went back to the estancia. He did see now—a lot of things. Lila's fake fortune. Allison's disgust. But Allison hadn't told him. She must have known.

He was suddenly in a tearing rush to be off. He drank his coffee at a gulp and stowed the food the servant had fixed in his packed saddlebags.

pushed mule a breather and to check his way carefully. He didn't dare take the wrong path in his impatience!

It was then he heard a faint rustle of undergrowth. He was being tracked! He pulled his mule back into the shelter of a tree and waited, gun in hand. The rustling sound of twigs cracking under the foot of the intruder.

And then the form leaped into the open trail, and ran toward him. With a gasp of relief, Barry stepped out to meet him. It was Tony!

"Where's Allison?" Barry cried. Tony explained hastily. "She told me to get away—to come back for you." He told Barry of the holdup and capture at dawn. Stubbornly he insisted their captors had been Quiches.

"All right, let's go," said Barry tersely. Silently the Indian turned and led the way. For an hour they tramped through a winding half-trail. Then Tony halted, finger on lips. And Barry saw the small stands in the tiny clearing.

"That's what I call a real hide-out," he muttered. Leaving the mule at some distance, they crept nearer. There were two Indians asleep near the half-dead camp fire before the thatched hut. Barry kept them in sight until Tony had prowled about the clearing. He reported every Indian was gone but the two on guard.

It was the work of a minute. They crept up to the sleeping natives and with quick, carefully delivered blows at the base of their skulls knocked them out. Barry took from the belt of one the keys on a leather thong. The

second unlocked the door of the hut. With bated breath and hammering heart he swung open the door. Would Allison be here? (To Be Continued)

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PROMPT INVITATION LONDON, May 6 (AP)—William Gallacher, only communist member of the House of Commons, informed the house today that he had been invited to visit India and look into the situation there. Members promptly shouted: "Go and stay there!"



PURCHASE COUPONS \$25 TO SPEND

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THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson



LIFE SIZE STATUES OF FIVE TOWERING REPTILES THAT ONCE LIVED IN THE AREA STAND GUARD OVER THE GATEWAY TO THE BLACK HILLS.



ANSWER: The Mediterranean is more salty.

ONE IN FIVE

Word puzzle grid with clues for horizontal and vertical words. Includes a list of answers for previous puzzles.

Crossword puzzle grid with numbers indicating starting positions for words.

Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY

Our Boarding House

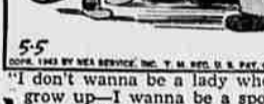
With Major Hoople



YES, WE'LL WIN THE WAR NOW



HOLD EVERYTHING!



PINEAPPLE SQUARES FORM PARTY CLOTH



7488 by Alice Brooks

Spread your dinner table with lacy beauty—and crochet this exquisite cloth! It's in the pineapple motif, long a favorite with all crocheters, and it's easy and inexpensive to make. Use the pattern for a bedspread, scarf and smaller items, too. Pattern 7488 contains instructions for square; stitches; list of materials needed.

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 read, "Send pattern No., to followed by your name and address."

GENEROSITY

PORTLAND, Ore., (AP)—One Portland man overdid things a bit in contributing to the Salvation Army's scrap paper drive. He called back later for a check.

ON EACH SHOULDER OCEANSIDE, Calif., (AP)—Col. James W. Fleet of Highlands, N. J., has two eagles to attest to his rank. They're live ones, caught at the marine camp by Lieut. Charles W. Byers, Apollo, Pa., to celebrate Fleet's promotion to lieutenant colonel.

Red Ryder



Red Ryder



Freckles and His Friends



Freckles and His Friends



Wash Tubbs



Wash Tubbs



Boots and Her Buddies



Boots and Her Buddies



Aller Oop



Aller Oop



Little Orphan Annie



Little Orphan Annie



Hold Everything!



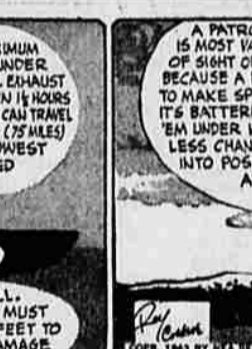
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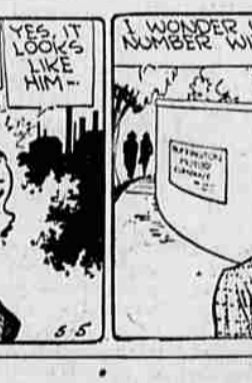
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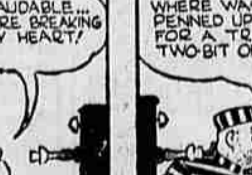
Generosity



Generosity



On Each Shoulder



On Each Shoulder



Red Ryder



Red Ryder



Red Ryder



Freckles and His Friends



Freckles and His Friends



Wash Tubbs



Wash Tubbs



Boots and Her Buddies



Boots and Her Buddies



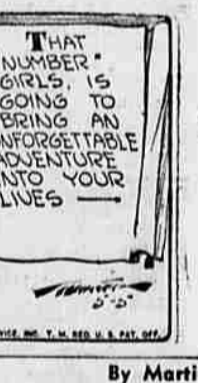
Boots and Her Buddies



Aller Oop



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Little Orphan Annie



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