

DARK JUNGLES

BY JOHN C. FLEMING & LOIS EBY

NEA SERVICE, INC.

DISCOVERY

CHAPTER XXVII

BARRY threw open the door and swept the small beam of his flashlight around the dark room. Suddenly it rested on the cot in the corner. He saw the slender form of Allison sleeping there.

"It's all right," Barry said in a low tone. "It's me, Barry."

Allison rubbed her eyes like a frightened child trying to pull herself back to realities.

"Barry," she said thickly. "But how'd you ever find this place?"

"Tony got away from the guards and came to the camp for me. What happened?"

"We had just come out of the jungle—was almost dawn," Allison said breathlessly. "Four men suddenly appeared from nowhere, threw blankets over our heads, tied our hands and brought us here."

"It must have been the Quiche chief who is responsible for this," Barry said grimly.

Allison suddenly caught hold of Barry's sleeve. "Wait a minute!" she said in a hushed voice. "Where is Tony now?"

"Outside tying up the guards. Why?"

"From the next room came the sound of footsteps as they paced back and forth over the plank flooring."

"Do you hear that?" Allison said in a hushed voice.

"Yes!"

"I've heard it ever since I've been here but I thought it was Tony being held in that next room!"

"Then there's someone else being held prisoner here!" Barry said slowly.

HE stepped to the door that opened into the adjoining room and threw the beam of his light to the keyhole. Then he tried the door. It was locked and the key was gone.

"The guards must have the key," he said.

Barry swung out the door. In a moment he was back. He turned the key in the rusty lock and swung the door back slowly, leveling his automatic into the darkness.

Allison stood behind him, breathing rapidly. He flashed on his light and it caught and held on a tall, slender man with a bushy growth of beard covering his face.

His white ducks and shirt were badly soiled. For an instant all was deathly still except for the wind in the trees outside. Then, in sudden recognition, Barry cried, "Hall, is that you?"

Hall's face broke into a wide grin as he stepped forward and wrung Barry's hand.

"I knew sooner or later help would come!" Hall said quickly. "But I didn't expect to see you down here!"

Allison stood quietly at Barry's elbow. He glanced down at her and smiled.

"This is Jeff Hall, Miss Topping."

"The man your company sent down first to line up the mining rights?" gasped Allison.

Barry nodded. Tony led the way on foot while Allison rode behind him on his mule. Barry and Hall each led a pack mule. The night was inky black and the going was rough. Tony threaded his way, slowly, cautiously, and the rest followed. The distant rumble grew slowly more distinct. The sky to the east was awash with gray light when the procession suddenly stopped. Tony cried out, "Here is their path!"

It was a winding trail of deep ruts that led up from the sea. Barry flashed on his light and stooped. He came up with something in his hand and said excitedly:

"Hall, you're right, look at this ore that has spilled from the carts. It's red as the fires of hell!"

Hall took a bit of it in the palm of his hand and put the light directly on it. "That's cinnabar, all right!" he said.

Blackness had begun to melt from the sky as the little group wound wearily up the trail. A hillock ahead loomed through the murkiness. Tony scrambled up the side of it with the stealth of an animal. When he reached the top he called in a hushed, excited voice, "Just beyond." He was pointing with his hand. "It's the mine!"

Allison waited while Barry and Hall fought their way up the sharp bank. When the scene unfolded before them they could plainly see a dozen or more Indians digging out the precious ore.

Tony was pointing again and saying excitedly:

"They're all Quiches but two!"

"The two montadores from the new chicle grove!" Allison gasped. Barry sucked in his breath. His gaze had swept past the montadores to the huge figure emerging from the mine.

"All Quiches but three," he said

grimly. For the huge figure was plainly Jose.

(To Be Continued)

Rumania and Hungary object to shouldering a large share of the axis defense against invasion. The strings on Hitler's puppets are weakening.

Every picture tells a story—except some we've seen at the movies.

Nevada became a state on October 31, 1864.

Twelve yards of barbed wire might slow down a Jap just long enough for one of our boys to draw a bead on his noggin.

War Stamps buy barbed wire. Your spare room—RENTED—will buy War Stamps.

I'm a Herald and News Want-Ad, and I'm enlisted for the duration.

Phone me at 3124 and I'll turn YOUR spare room into barbed wire!

Herald & News Want-Ads Get Results

THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson

BEETHOVEN'S FIFTH SYMPHONY BEGINS WITH THE "V" FOR VICTORY SYMBOL... THREE SHORT NOTES AND ONE LONG ONE... THE COMPOSER CALLED IT, "FATE KNOCKING AT THE DOOR."

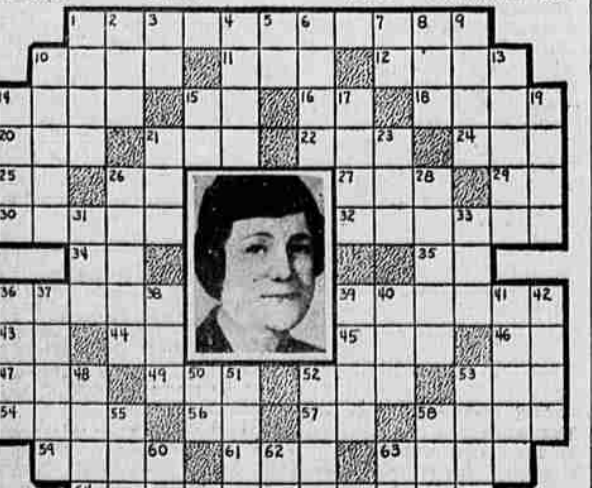


QUOTING ODDS MANY DECISIONS REST ON THE OUTCOME OF THE INCOME TAX, says Z. L. PHIPPS, Tallahassee, Florida.

THE FASTEST SPEED AT WHICH A BOMB CAN TRAVEL, NO MATTER HOW FAR IT FALLS, IS ABOUT 630 MILES PER HOUR, BUT NO PLANE EVER HAS GOTTEN HIGH ENOUGH TO GIVE ITS BOMB SUCH VELOCITY.

U. S. MILITARY NURSE

- Horizontal Answer to Previous Puzzle 15 Deciliter (abbr.) 17 Cultivate 19 Lamproy 21 Type measures 23 Stain 26 Change 28 Prepares for publication 31 Limb 33 Collection of sayings 36 Old 37 Roman date 38 Piece of wood 39 Lure 40 Serpent 41 On the watch 42 Short letter 48 Satisfy 50 Any 51 Half (prefix) 52 Turkish coin 53 Farm building 55 Wand 58 Also 60 West Indier (abbr.) 62 Symbol for acetyl 63 Jumbled type



Let's see what we can find, Hall whispered.

Our Way

By J. R. Williams



NOTHING TO DO BUT BE THERE

HOLD EVERYTHING! Red Ryder

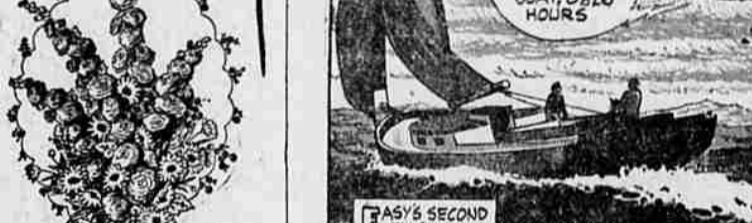


Who wiped their dirty hands on my towel?

HOLLYHOCKS MAKE A COLORFUL BEDSPREAD by Alice Brooks



That most delightful of old-fashioned flowers—the hollyhock—makes a colorful embroidery design to "plant" right on your bedspread.



INDIA—NUTS COME FROM India is both the world's largest producer and consumer of coconuts.

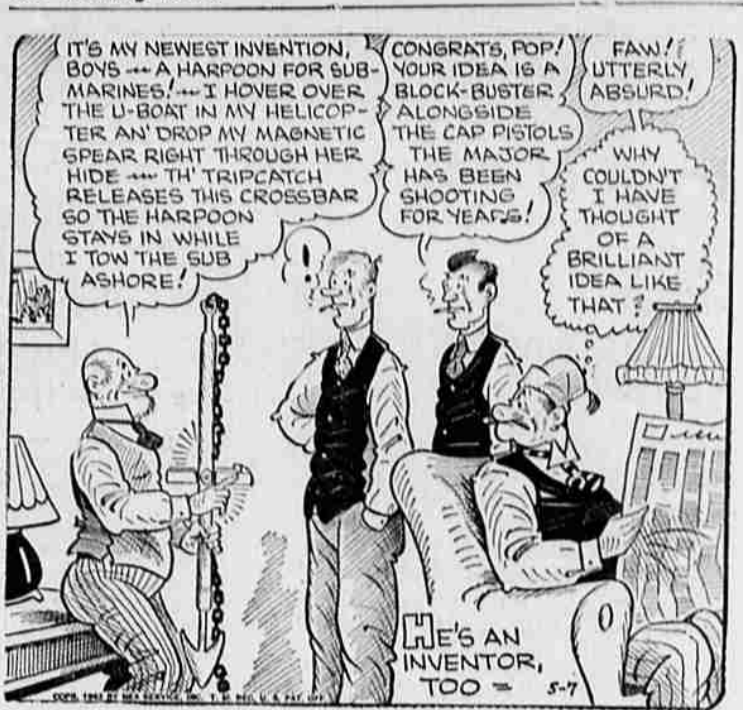
SHANGHAI CASUALTIES Chinese casualties during the conflict with Japanese troops in Shanghai during 1932 numbered 214 officers and 4060 men killed; 688 officers and 1154 men wounded.

"GUILLOTINE" WORM The palolo, a marine worm, is said to sever its head from its body when full of eggs.

Be thankful anyway that you don't have to work up a lather before cutting the lawn.

Our Boarding House

With Major Hoople



HE'S AN INVENTOR, TOO

Red Ryder

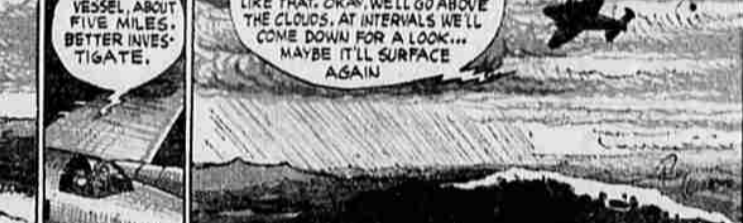


Freckles and His Friends

WHY IS ROOM 103 ALWAYS LOCKED?



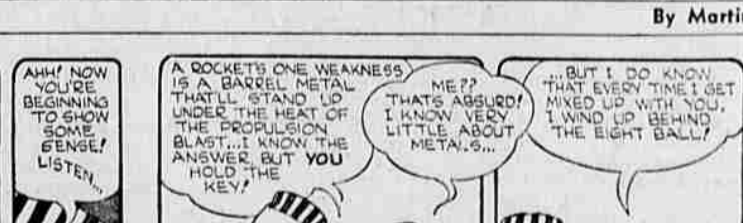
Wash Tubbs



Boots and Her Buddies



Allep Oop



Little Orphan Annie



Little Orphan Annie

