

Africa Waits

by Achmed Abdullah
CONTRIBUTOR, THE
NEA SERVICE, INC.

YEBBA

CHAPTER XIV

ZAMAN KHAN WAS true to his promise.

There was a camp in a clearing where a dozen Arab thoroughbreds were whinnying and straining at their heel ropes. There was a profusion of rich food, cooked in the hearty Afghan manner, a bottle of Algerian brandy made more potent with a strong dose of red pepper, and a telling of riotous, highly-spiced Central Asian tales—so highly spiced that later on, Lincoln remarked he did not know that he was still able to blush.

Finally the Afghan rose. With the American's help, he began striking camp.

"We must be off," he said, "before the Benni Sfa can read the riddle of the tracks."
"You—ah—acquired the mares from them?"

"Yes, sheeb. Two nights ago. For night is the time when a shrewd man trades in horseflesh. The price is cheaper."

They went on their way; and, after the camel's pacing, side-wheeling gait, Lincoln was glad to stride a smooth-trotting horse.

THE heat was brassy, enormous. It was like the blast of a lime-kiln, and the sun, poised like a great balloon, seemed to melt all colors into a swimming milky-white.

Both men suffered. Both were silent: Zaman Khan, the typical extrovert, with the happy Oriental faculty which allowed him to think of nothing at all and thus clear his mind in time of stress; the American with a tense feeling of what the future held in store for him.

After all, he was too brave a man not to be afraid. Afraid, chiefly, of death, that final, irrevocable thing. And he knew that he would have to pay for the life of the *hykmoot amez* with his own.

So he went on through the wilderness, day after day, until, one afternoon, it feathered out into a low, flower-spotted undergrowth; then, gradually, into a wide plain that was stippled with Negro kraals and crude cattlefolds.

"A short ride," said the Afghan, "and we'll be at Yebba."

An hour later, Yebba jumped into the focus like a smudge of purple and copper against the scarlet of the sinking sun; and it was nearly 8 o'clock when the horses' hooves clattered on the cobble-stoned pavements.

A FASCINATING old place it was. A narrow tangle of crowded, shadowy alleys where burnoosed men and veiled women went upon their various occasions; cloth-roofed bazaars overflowing with fruit, vegetables, grain, saddles, weapons, copper pots and whatever else measured the scale of the nomad's modest wants; open-air butcher shops, the fly-blown stock-in-trade of mutton and camel-meat hanging from the limbs of dead trees; and, dominating the whole town, a mosque with a tall minaret whence, just then, a muezzin was chanting the *maghrib*, the sunset prayer:

"Es salaat waah es salaam aleyk, yah suudal khulk Allah wah khattimatussalat ilah—peace be to Thee and the glory, O first-born of the creatures of God and seal of the apostles of God! Bless ye His Prophet! Prayer is better than sleep! Prayer is better than food..."

"Not better than food," laughed the Afghan, "where I am concerned. So, since here our road splits, let us go to Moise Torjeman's caravanserai and tinkle our palates with a farewell dinner of rich food and strong *figour*—and, if Allah be willing, while away our sadness at parting with a couple of dancing girls."

He led the way; dismounted when they reached the inn.

"Wait," he said, "while I arrange for a private room and a meal worthy of a silken-breeched Sultan. My credit here is excellent."

He went aside; and it appeared, not many minutes later, that his boast as to the soundness of his credit had been optimistic, to say the least. For there came, suddenly, the sounds of a loud argument; two voices in a mixture of bad Arabic and worse French.

"Nothing!" announced one of the voices. "Not as much as the smell of a stale crust of bread, until I see the color of your money!"

"By Allah!" It was Zaman Khan talking. "Do you mistrust me?"

"I do."
"But—oh— wheedlingly—"I swear to you, O piece of sweetmeat..."

"Do not call me sweetmeat, O piece of camel-dung! Money I want! Money for the room, the food, the wine, the fodder for your horses! And," stridently, "money money!"

7586
CORNER BEAUTY FOR HOUSEHOLD LINENS



by Alice Brooks

Get a "corner" on linens—gay corners like these that offer you variety in design and stitchery. There are enough motifs to make a complete cloth or scarf in each design. Replenish your linen closet or that gift pile with useful and lovely pieces. Pattern 7586 contains a transfer pattern of 24 motifs ranging from 5 by 7 1/2 to 14 by 14 inches; 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 read, "Send pattern No. _____ to _____ followed by your name and address.

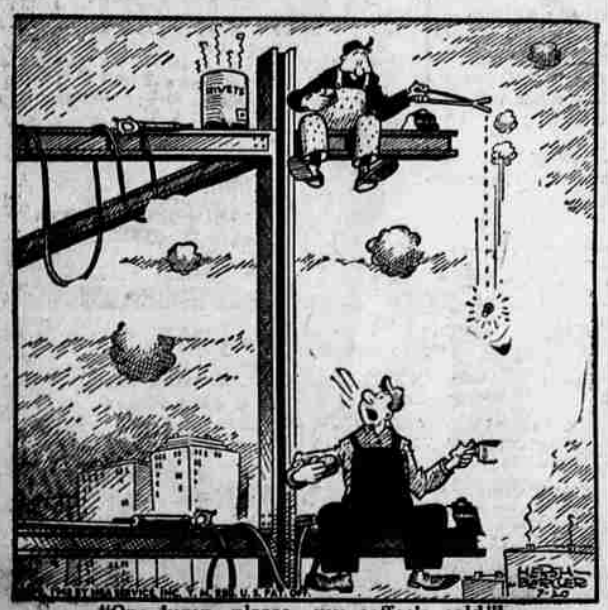
Because of the slowness of the mails, delivery of Herald and News Household Arts patterns may take two weeks to reach you after your order is mailed in. We're sorry.

HOLD EVERYTHING!



"He just inherited a million dollars!"

FUNNY BUSINESS



"One lump, please—my coffee's cold!"

—By the God of Abraham and of Jacob!—to pay in full for what you owe me already!"

The door burst open, and two men appeared. One was Zaman Khan, and the other was, doubtless, Moise Torjeman, the owner of the caravanserai, an Algerian Jew fully as tall and fully as rough as the Afghan.

"Listen to me!" said the latter. "I will listen to nothing, O grandson of a wart, except the clink of gold!"

Lincoln laughed. A second later, he heard his laughter echoed in high, silvery notes; and he gave a start of surprise as he saw a girl who had come from the inside and stood there, watching the scene with enjoyment. A white girl, and—he thought—the prettiest he had ever seen.

(To Be Continued)

WPB says there are plenty of diapers—it's just a question of distribution. They're "just around the corner"—but that's not where mothers want them.

Save Your Screens



SCREEN ENAMEL
Use on wire or metal mesh and frames with brush or applicator. Won't clog mesh.
Retards rust.
44c per pt.
Black and Copper

F. R. Hauger

OPEN ALL DAY SATURDAY

515 Market Phone 7221

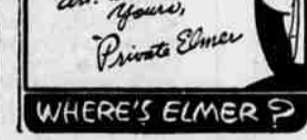
THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



MALE SILKMOTHS

WILL FLY IN A DIRECT LINE TO MEET A MATE THAT HAS JUST EMERGED FROM A COCOON, EVEN THOUGH SHE IS SEVERAL BLOCKS AWAY, DOWNWIND, AND INSIDE A BUILDING THAT HAS NO OPEN WINDOWS.



SMALL-MOUTH BASS

ANSWER: Philadelphia, Pa.

FORMER SPORTS STAR

HORIZONTAL
14 Pictured former sports star
19 Fashions
24 Stove part
25 Drop of eye fluid
27 Pass a rope through
28 Foodstuff
29 Tissue
30 Century (abbr.)
21 Make a mistake
22 Meal
23 Speedy
24 At all times
26 Diminutive of Timothy
27 Earns
28 Repulse
32 Rough lava
33 Symbol for radium
34 Gloomy
38 Caper
41 Row
42 Card game
43 Mast
45 He was a

Answer to Previous Puzzle
ANN MILLER LAKE
LOW ONIONS AMEN
AS DON PD SWANS
SEDAN SPIN
AM AN TRI
PAD D ANN IGLIOS
OF EA NET AL
RAVEN MILLER TR ONE
ERAC S MD
SEAR FAGED
TUNIS ER AUX TIA
ATOP SNARLS FOR
NETS PONIES ANT



Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY

GRAND CANYON DEEPENING

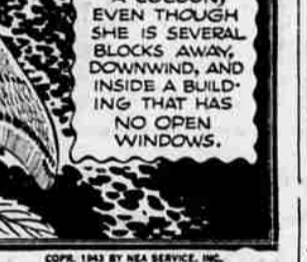
The Grand Canyon is getting deeper, but the bed is not getting any lower since the entire structure is moving upward about as fast as the river cuts down its bed.

TEXAS LEADS IN WOOL

Texas is the leading wool-growing state of the union, with more than 23,000 growers who produce between 50,000,000 and 100,000,000 pounds of wool per year.

Red Ryder

By Fred Harmon



Freckles and His Friends

By Blosser



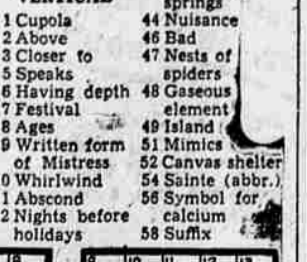
Wash Tubbs

By Crane



Boots and Her Buddies

By V. T. Hamlin



Allep Oop

By Martin



Little Orphan Annie

By Harold Gray



With Major Hoopie

By J. R. Williams



Red Ryder

By Fred Harmon



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



With Major Hoopie

By J. R. Williams



Red Ryder

By Fred Harmon



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



With Major Hoopie

By J. R. Williams



Red Ryder

By Fred Harmon



Freckles and His Friends

By Blosser



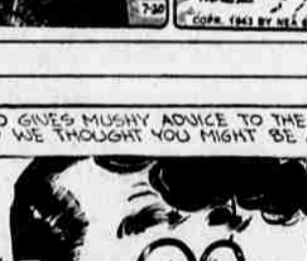
Wash Tubbs

By Crane



Boots and Her Buddies

By V. T. Hamlin



Allep Oop

By Martin



Little Orphan Annie

By Harold Gray



With Major Hoopie

By J. R. Williams



Red Ryder

By Fred Harmon



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

