

# Africa Waits

by Achmed Abdullah  
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## MEDICINEMAN CHAPTER XXI

THE other walked ahead with the gliding step of the jungle-bred. The American followed close on his heels, weapon ready for instant use.

Shortly afterwards, he discovered the cause of the Niam-Niam's mirth. For there was a fugitive trail cutting sharply to the left; the wilderness ceasing as a basalt ridge rose like a wall; a short climb; and there, a few minutes from where Lincoln had almost surrendered to despair, he saw below his feet the great lake offering its steaming expanse to the sun.

The pygmy pointed to the southern rim of the lake where a forest vanished toward the horizon. It was through this forest, he explained, that the path led to the Meeting of the Elephants.

"An easy path," he added. "Hut!—with sth humor—a path so easy and so broad that even a great Arab sheikh cannot miss it."

Lincoln smiled. He liked the man for his irony—irony was such a human trait. Too, he was grateful to him. He'd give him a present. But what? His resources were decidedly limited.

Then he remembered his silver watch. Rotten with moisture, clogged with miasmic atoms, it had stopped ticking.

He took it from a fold of his waistband.

The other's beady eyes glistened.

He grabbed the watch. Nor did he stop to give thanks. Rapidly, lest Lincoln change his mind, he half ran, half slid down the basalt rocks and dashed into the jungle that took him silently to its bosom.

Laughing, the American looked after him. Then he, too, left the ridge and turned toward the forest.

HE was utterly worn out. Still, he was near the end of his quest, the end of his crusade. He would succeed, would die in succeeding.

Nobody would ever know of his sacrifice. Soon he would be forgotten. People, chiefly democracies, were quick at forgetting. Forgetting the good as well as the bad.

There was, for instance, his half-brother, Raoul.

Raoul, so careless and gay. Always at odds with his stern, puritanical New England stepfather. Fond of horses, champagne, women. Drummed out of the army for defalcation of regimental funds.

Yes, Raoul, also, was forgotten—thank God!

He reached in the evening a ramshackle hut where, the season before, a Negro hunter must have kept his simple belongings.

He went inside; stretched out. He tried to sleep; could not. His head ached. It was so hot in here, so stuffy.

Why not sleep in the open? He started to get up. Could not. His limbs refused to obey.

His feet were like lead. His mouth was parched. His temples throbbed. A flood of red color with broad, interlacing veins floated before his eyes.

Even as his mind became a blank, he knew what it was: a sudden, violent attack of black-water fever—the worst fever in the world.

AN hour passed. Two.

A narrow beam of moonlight stabbed into the hut. Gradually it widened, lengthened.

Two hands then.

Small, powerful, black hands, one closing about a knife, that leaped from the outside darkness into the moon's silver stream. A small, powerful, black body followed.

It was the Niam-Niam.

There was this wondrous amulet which the Arab had given him. It had roused his greed. Perhaps he could steal more. So he had followed.

He would kill if he had to. He raised his blade. Then, as he twisted sideways to give more strength to the blow, the moonbeams fell on the prone man's face, bringing it out startlingly greenish-white, showing lines of intense suffering.

And something clicked in the Niam-Niam's primitive brain. He had come here to steal, belike to kill. He remained to pity—and help.

He ran back into the jungle; returned with a handful of wild herbs. Using his fingers and his saliva, he mashed them into an

evil-smelling pill. He forced it down the American's throat, gently massaging the trachea. Then he squatted down by Lincoln's side, rocking to and fro like a chained beast, and chanted his juju charms in a falsetto voice—minute after minute.

After a while, the American stirred a little. He babbled words, delirious words, over and over again. Some stood out sharply: "Nancy—Zaman Khan—Yebba—"

The Niam-Niam smiled. Ah—but it was good to be a medicine-man, to have superior wisdom. Yebba—he knew what it meant!

## CROCHETED FANTASY FOR YOUR HAIR

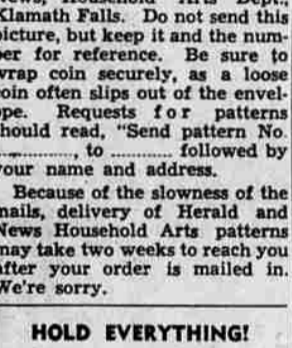


Get into the swim! Have up-to-the-minute hair ornaments done in crochet! You can make them of straw yarn, wool or cotton... bright colors or white. And it takes no time at all when you follow these simple directions. Every friend you have will want one, too. Pattern 7592 contains directions for hair ornaments; 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!



"Where are you going on your vacation?"

Small, powerful, black hands, one closing about a knife, that leaped from the outside darkness into the moon's silver stream. A small, powerful, black body followed.

## FUNNY BUSINESS



"He says he can't stand marching in wet grass!"

the Arab town many miles away. And the other two words? Names, surely, of friends—a desperately ill man would think of friends... The pygmy frowned. What should he do?

Then he jumped up. Once more he went to the jungle; came back, carrying a tall, thin wooden drum. Squatting on his haunches, holding it with his prehensile toes, he beat it with elbows and palms.

Rub-rub-rub—rub—rumbddy-rub-rub.

The sounds leaped up. Spanning the jungle, the swamps and forests, the desert. Droning and throbbing on. Farther and farther.

Other drums joined in. The sounds reached Yebba. (To Be Continued)

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## THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



HOME IS SAID TO BE THE SAFEST PLACE TO BE, BUT STATISTICS SHOW THAT ABOUT ONE-THIRD OF ALL ACCIDENTAL DEATHS OCCUR THERE.

FLIES HAVE BODIES FLATTENED FROM SIDE TO SIDE, (LIKE A FISH) WHICH ENABLES THEM TO MOVE ABOUT BETWEEN THE CLOSELY SET SLATS OF ANIMALS.

"MANY A MAN IS COWED WHEN HE'S BULL-DOZED," Says F. ELIOT, New York, N.Y.

NEXT: Dusseldorf's monument to success.

## LUNG PROTECTOR

- HORIZONTAL
- 1 Depicted protective device.
  - 7 People in have carried them for years
  - 13 Any
  - 14 Presently
  - 15 Burden
  - 16 Either
  - 17 Part of mouth
  - 19 Also
  - 20 Finish
  - 21 Wood sorrel
  - 22 Send forth
  - 24 Two times
  - 26 Unclosed
  - 27 Bargain event
  - 28 Negative word
  - 29 Brink
  - 30 Rent
  - 33 Fish
  - 35 Painful
  - 36 Clock face
  - 37 Section
  - 39 Dress formal
  - 42 Clothe
  - 44 French coins
- ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE
- THOMAS MANN CORRECT OPERA NO SENT ADIT RD AVELL ESIDE THOMAS RENT RT SOON OT LN MANN SPAL SEC UN NEAT CRYPT OVEN ION TREE OS ORIT POTTIED PLOT VIT YEARS PRELUDE POET RENEGE
- VERTICAL
- 1 Big winds
  - 2 Beast
  - 3 Mother
  - 4 Insect
  - 5 Smudge from smoke
  - 6 Recognized
  - 7 Choose by ballot
  - 8 Not any
  - 9 Roam idly
  - 10 Limited
  - 11 Guilty
  - 12 Swallowed liquid
  - 18 Heap
  - 21 Gem
  - 23 Irritate
  - 25 Electrified particle
  - 26 Stone pillar
  - 31 Feudal lord's power
  - 32 Before
  - 33 Drank slowly
  - 34 Injure
  - 38 Female deer
  - 40 Druggery
  - 41 They are used to the air
  - 42 Type of meat
  - 43 Twist
  - 45 Parts of vessels' keels
  - 46 Soldiers in the wear
  - 47 Lily plant
  - 49 Sesame
  - 51 Female sheep
  - 55 Compass point



## Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams



THE MEN BEHIND

Zachariah Bridgen, a Harvard man, is said to have been the first student on record to earn his own way through college.

Between 1900 and 1930, the population of the United States increased 62 per cent.

First city to introduce a chemical water purification system was Jersey City, N. J., in 1908.

There are 52 species and sub-species of rays and skates in American coastal waters.

Kentucky and Virginia both have towns called Ordinary.

## Our Boarding House

With Major Hoopla



THE LAST LONG MILE TO UNCLE ROGER'S

Red Ryder

LOOKING FOR A TUNON JACKPOT, LITTLE DEVER!

TOWN GO-LUM PLUMB LOCO, RED RYDER!

SOAKEM U SALOON

LOOKUP! THAT AUNT DUCHESS' TEAR AN' DUCKBOARD!

WE'LL TROT OVER AN' SURPRISE HER!

## 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



## Red Ryder

By Fred Harmon



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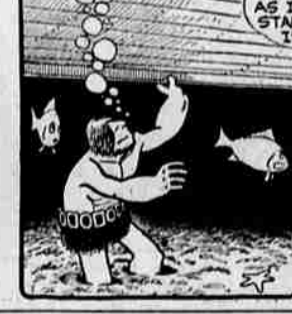
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