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'Fresh from the gardens'

Jungle Breath

by Ben Lucien Burman

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Posing at times as a barber, and at others as Attorney Davis, Vilak has come to Porto Verde, Brazil, to help his cousin, Elise Marberry, solve a strange mystery.

Elise, a beautiful American girl, owns a coffee plantation. Several mysterious deaths occur and she herself is threatened, warned to leave and her two-year-old nephew is kidnapped. Vilak and Lincoln Nunnally, an aged chemist and a friend of Vilak's, track the kidnappers and find the child unharmed and being cared for by a gang of railroad laborers in charge of one Carlos D'Albentara, who have found it. Vilak believes Gaylord Prentiss is involved in all the trouble, and tells Elise that she and the child must leave on the next boat. He saves an Indian from cruel treatment at the hands of two ruffians and is himself stabbed in the wrist. As he is closing his barber shop up, an excited native appraches, bearing news.

NOW BEGIN THE STORY

CHAPTER XIX.

The old man, glad to receive another auditor, thrust out his skinny hands. "He have escaped," he mumbled excitedly.

"Who has escaped?" Vilak's glance was puzzled.

"The Engleesh. The Engleesh."

Vilak grunted in surprise. "You mean Limey Potts, the Englishman who was put in jail for killing Tony?"

"Yess Yess. Leemey. Leemey."

"Last night, the gendarme have tell me. Or these morning early maybe. They do not know. Bad man, Leemey. He kill other man soon, too. You see, maybe. Nice Englishman, nice; bad Englishman, bad, worse than bad Brazilian, bad Italian, bad anything. Kill somebody, you see maybe. You go see self, you don't believe me he escape, you go."

"Think I will go take a look," Vilak responded, and assuring the old man that his news always surpassed that of any other inhabitant of Porto Verde, hurried off. A short walk brought him to the jail where Limey had been confined to await trial before the judge who would come to Porto Verde in a month.

It was a small red brick structure consisting of two cells and a tiny room to house the gendarmes who stood before it. Both cells had windows opening onto the street, protected by heavy iron bars. A glance showed Vilak which cell the Englishman had occupied; two of the thick bars at the rear had been cut with a file and bent widely to the side, affording a fairly comfortable passage even for one of as ample a build as the brawny Englishman.

Vilak turned to the huge blue and red garbed negro, who, rifle at his side, stood looking gloomily up at the twisted metal.

"Do they trail the prisoner now, amigos?" he inquired politely.

The gendarme's gloom deepened. "Si, senhor, they trail him," he muttered. "But what will they find?" With his thick hand he pointed off the jungle. "The cascavel, the boa, and the crocodile with the hungry mouth. It is not good to chase in the jungle, senhor." He grumbled a curse. "May the fiery Satan catch this Engleesh and make him suffer. Hear, senhor. Hear and pity. Next month they were to make me a corporal. A corporal with the beautiful stripes upon the arm. And now, because this night-crawler has escaped, what will they do? Will they make me a corporal? Assuredly not. Will they give me gold stripes upon my arm? Assuredly not, senhor. Better will they give me red stripes upon my back."

"He must have made some noise filing. Didn't you hear anything?"

The gendarme's huge mouth opened wider in protest. 'I am but a man, senhor. I am not the snake who creeps upon the ground and can hear a frog breathe in the pool half a mile away, so have I heard men say. My ears are sharp. But his filing was soft as the brook which flows in summer. I have heard nothing. Once during the night I have heard voices outside his window. But what are voices? Many pass here during the night. If I waked each time I hear a voice I should have no sleep and grow thin and die. No, it was the devil who has helped him, for he is the son, the father of the devil, even more, the father of the devil's father."

Vilak looked at the tiny bits of metal which covered the drifted leaves below the window. "Have you found the file?"

The other shrugged his huge shoulders. "I have not looked, senhor. Of what use, even should I find it? A file is . . . but a file. Is it not so?"

With an appearance of being quite casual, Vilak began kicking about the leaves to see what he could discover. finding nothing here, in the course of conversation he gained the other's permission to visit the inside. In a dark corner of the cell, something metallic glinted. He walked over to it.

It was a file, tossed there with slight attempt at concealment after the escape had been made ready. Vilak picked it up. It was shining with the bits of metal it had cut from the bars. He glanced at the name of the maker cut into the trianuglar shaft, then at a small mark hammered into the metal a quarter of an inch from the name.

"Humph," he murmured to himself. "This comes from Elise's fazenda." The file had been manufactured by the American factory from which she bought all tools of this description and at the side of the maker's name bore hammered into the metal the swastika which was cut or painted upon all material immediately on its arrival at the fazenda. Slipping it unobtrusively into his pocket, he walked outside again, wished the gendarme the least of punishments, and hurried back to his shop.

He spent only a moment here, and, taking his personal possessions, locked the door and walked off in the direction of Avilos. He rode only a few miles through the tangled woods, however, and turned from the main road to take a short cut which led him back unobserved to his house behind the mango trees.

Here, for what he expected would be the last time, he took off the gray suit he wore as the barber, and put it inside a trunk. Then in the fashionably cut dress of the immaculate Attorney Davis, he rode up to the fazenda. There he met Elise and the old man, who at her urgent request had given up his room at the hotel and established himself in the comfortable chamber he had occupied on his first night in her house.

In the afternoon it began to rain, but notwithstanding, the two men went to visit the manganese deposits which had been discovered on a wide, rocky plateau which rose a few hundred feet from the general level of Elise's Porto Verde properties.

"I have never seen so many tiny . . . er . . . lakes," the old man said, as he stood on an abrupt red cliff and looked at the watery surfaces dotting the black vista unfolded before him. "Judging by the . . er . . strata . . . I should say this had all been one huge volcanic lake not many . . . er . . . geological ages ago."

"I don't know, but I do know that as Elise said it makes it awfully dangerous here in the flood seasons, particularly when the rain comes down as hard as . . is coming now. He looked at the huge drops falling with such force that their splash against the hard surfaces of the leaves sometimes attained two inches. "If this keeps up, we will have a bad one."

The chemist took a few samples of the deposits for analysis later. The two men returned to the house in a downpour that showed no signs of abating. The remainder of the afternoon and evening passed without incident.

"I could really imagine that I was up in our old summer house in New Hampshire," Elise remarked as she put down the cards after a game of double Canfield, in which Vilak as usual won. "The jungle is so quiet in the rain, and nothing has happened to upset us in the slightest. Outside of the flood threat, which is always with us, and which I am accustomed to, it's really the quietest day I've known in Porto Verde for a long time. Perhaps things are through happening for a while. Perhaps I won't have to take Tinky away after all. What do you think, Vilak?"

Her cousin flicked some cards in his long fingers, then etrxacting the queen of spades with a few deft strokes of the pencil changed the outlines of the crowned head, and sketched in a few figures behind it. He gave the card to Elise.

"What does it mean?" she asked wonderingly. "Is that a hearse you've drawn around the queen?"

"Exactly. And the figures behind are mourners, the family of my cherished cousin. Which is merely my quiet way of telling you what will undoubtedly happen if you stay here. Your memory is very short, my dear. One day of quiet— or at least what you think is quiet—and you are sure that all danger is over. While the truth is much more likely that the quiet is occasioned because the greatest danger is being prepared.

"However, I'm not worrying about your leaving. I feel quite certain now that when the time comes for your boat the day after tomorrow even you will be only too glad to go. If even tomorrow will be one-tenth as tranquil as you apparently think today was, I'll . . . let's see, what will I wager? A new Paris frock? No, that's not enough. A pearl necklace? No, that's not enough, either. Let's see." He laughed. "I know. I'll marry you before nightfall. And knowing my feelings on that subject, and how much that would annoy me, you can guess how secure I feel in my opinion."

"What glorious conceit!" she flashed.

"Seriously," he went on, "don't get over confident. It's one of your few faults. Keep close watch over Tinky and over yourself. Have that pistol always with you. There are forces working here which are going to reach a climax of terrific violence. That climax is coming quickly. Too quickly. I only wish that boat left tonight."

He bade her good night, played cards a few moments with the old man, then both retired. The torrential rain continued throughout the night. The three were at breakfast when the kinky-haired little negress who was serving them came out from the kitchen and approached Elise timidly.

"What is it, aria?" Elise asked.

"There is sometheeng who weesh to see you. A man. He have just come on a horse. From Meester Wilson at Villapa. He say he must see you queeck."

(To be continued.)

WRIGLEY'S

Life—like good golf—is made up of many little things each one of which helps the score.

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GK 12

ISSUE No. 14—'30

LITERATURE AND LIFE

One of the greatest mistakes the moralists—many of whom are literary critics—make is to imagine that literature is primarily a representation of life. Of course, it is nothing of the sort. Life consists for the most part of innumerable ordinary moments of which the lives of ordinary people are made up. Literature scrupulously pushes aside the ordinary person, or takes him into account only in some moment in which he becomes extraordinarily interesting or beautiful.

Use Minard's in the Stable.

Getting Ready For 1930 Accidents

The tide of motor traffic will soon be swelling with the coming of summer. It is some comfort to know that, along with "Safety First" injunctions from many quarters, Bell Telephone linemen and construction chiefs will be found on many highways carrying on their big 1930 construction program. The Bell men are practically all skilled first-aiders. They undergo a thorough training in that useful art, and their timely aid in all parts of the province has saved the lives of many who, without skilled initial attention to injuries, would have been in grave danger. Over 2,300 Bell employees—men and women—successfully passed First Aid examinations in 1929. Sixty-three per cent of the 7,500 male workers are qualified First Aiders.

ON A PICTURE FOUND IN A SECOND HAND STORE

Time pushed it from a parlor-table, where
For long it stood, and with the tenderest care
'Twas handled, as some loved one viewed it there.
I found it folded in an old brown book
Among things faded, dusty and forsook,
And at the face I could not help but look.
She had it taken on a summer day;
'Twas long before Time's thieving took away
That hair's young gold—done in that girlish way.
She dressed for it, and tied that ribbon so,
And stood before the mirror, all aglow;—
The style says it was forty years ago!
'Twas given and received—a kindly thought,
Eyes lit with joy on getting it, I wot;
Now giver and receiver are forgot!
From home to home it went, as the owner moved,
And gathered the choice things the family loved;
By chance it was to this dim region shoved.
This picture served its day—recalled a face,
A world, jogged memory a while; I place
It back, but whose it was—I have no trace.

—Alexander Louis Fraser.

Minard's Will Kill Corns.

ELEVATION OF SOUL

I know of but one elevation of a human being and that is elevation of soul. Without this it matters nothing where a man stands or what he possesses; and with it he towers, he is one of God's nobility, no matter what place he holds in the social scale.—Channing.

Great men should not have great faults.—La Rochefoucauld.

"The European regards music as a pleasure, a joy; the American looks upon it as a course in education."—George Jean Nathan.

Germans have developed a farm tractor powered with a Diesel motor in which almost any kind of heavy oil can be used for fuel.

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