

for LOVE or MONEY

H.W. CORLEY
FICTION
NEA

CHAPTER FORTY-FIVE (Continued)

I OTTIE returned in an amazingly short time, smooth of hair, dressed in baby blue and looking more than ever like a blonde angel. The girls reclined in their deck chairs, the fragrant honeysuckles retelling the breeze from across the harbor. The little speedboat in which Bud had arrived swung in the harbor.

From the kitchen they could hear Miss Gracie's lilting voice suggesting guava paste for tea. Josie, squeezing lemons, was singing happily.

"We'll be alone," remarked Lottie.

"It looks that way. Yes."

As if in answer, to her query, there was a shout beneath the hill. Native boys, moving faster than the girls had ever seen them, came streaming out of the green tunnel trees, running and shouting. The car, moving carefully under Bud's guidance, following.

Barry was in the back seat bending over some one, or something. Steve! Where was Steve!

"What is it, Mona?" Lottie stammered. She rose and ran to the edge of the terrace. "What can have happened? Where is Steve?"

The boys, running ahead, reached the doorway. One of them shouted for Miss Gracie, who came hastily with Josie, Florence and Maria close behind.

The girls could hear a sharp order from Barry. Mona put her arm about Lottie. Barry was safe! Barry was safe. Where was Steve?

"There, there, dear," Mona began as Lottie started forward with a cry.

"What has happened?" she cried. The boy came toward them, his eyes round in alarm. "Boss, he hurt very bad, Meestress! Very bad!"

The car had reached the gate now and Sam ran back again to meet it. The natives already were walling with that monotonous note of despair they reserved for irrevocable misfortune.

"What happened?" asked Lottie, struggling from Mona's embrace. "How is Steve hurt? Did he fall? Was he shot accidentally?"

"Oh no, Meestress! Boss Steve hurt by fer-de-lance. The fer-de-lance!"

CHAPTER FORTY-SIX

THE native's cry struck terror in both girls' hearts. "Boss Steve hurt by fer-de-lance." The deadly snake of the West Indies! If Steve were a victim of the fer-de-lance, he would die!

Lottie groaned and hurried forward, Mona close behind. The car had reached the entrance now. Barry was issuing orders and Bud was helping the native boys lift out Steve.

With quick, sharp directions from Miss Gracie, they carried Steve into the house and laid him gently on a lounge. The terror-stricken natives were hustled away. Josie came running, bringing hot water.

Inside the door, Mona and Lottie waited, too frightened to speak.

Suddenly Lottie said, "The Miranda! Dr. Allen is aboard with Steve. They must be close to Granda now!"

Oh, Mona, if we could get some of that serum, perhaps it would save him!" She gazed at her watch. "I'm going to try, Mona!"

The maid passed with a basin of water. Lottie ran into the room where Barry was.

"Barry!" she cried. "Quick! If we can get antitoxin from the snake institute, won't that save him?"

HORORIZONTAL Answer to Previous Puzzle

1 To carry, i	23 Silver coin,	24 Sharpened as
5 Backward	GRAND	GRAND
(prefix). d.	ROSSO	ROBBERY
10 Dress fastener.	PROTEST	ABASING
14 Obsequies.	LAPS	INN
15 Homer's fa-	EVER	EVER
mous Greek epic poem.	AGO	CHOWDER
16 Ebb and flow of water.	HER	ERE
17 In what state in the U. S. A.	TED	TEED
18 Detroit?	HEN	IVY
19 public speaker.	LEA	LOW
21 Ireland.	LEAVE	
22 To thrash.	GAS	EVE
23 Apportioned.	EVER	LIDE
25 Those who work with in-	LIDE	ARK
defatigable energy.	ANI	REMODEL
26 The heart.	REMO	DOE
27 The	OD	
28 Sweethearts.	ELEVATE	BOOK
41 To change a diamond set-	WIDER	MOTE
ting.	SLOES	

STICKERS



A man paid \$2 for a five-gallon can of milk. He sold half of it at 12½ cents per quart and half at 15 cents per quart. What was his profit?

Yesterday's Answers

COARTPRUHTPAS
APR-CAPT-THURS-O

The letters in the top line were switched around so that, reading from left to right, they formed the abbreviations for April, Captain, Thursday and Ohio, as shown in the lower line.

TARZAN AND THE ANT MEN

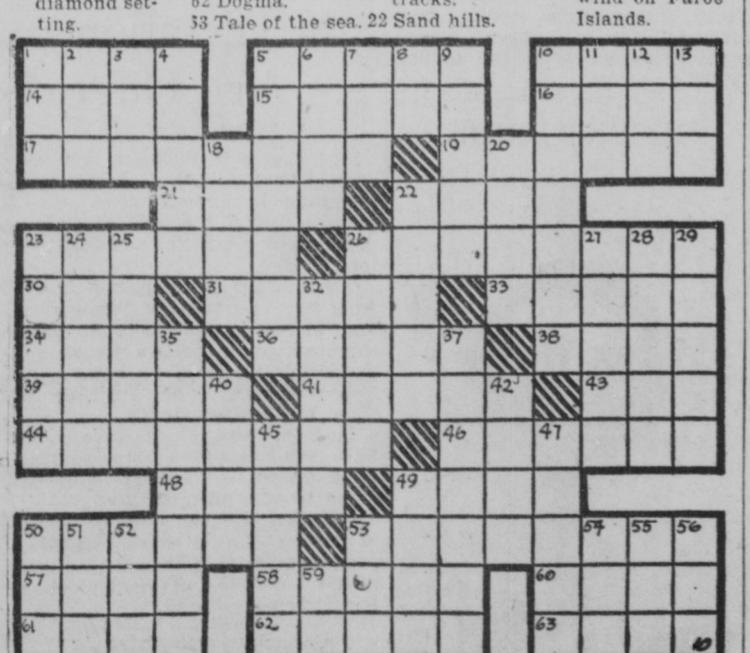


As Talaskar laid her fingers upon the spring of the secret panel, on the other side of it the Princess Janzara was leading Tarzan toward a doorway. "You are afraid," she said. "You do not trust me? Well, look yourself into the chamber before you enter."

Komodoflorens and Talaskar saw the floor give suddenly beneath Tarzan's feet. Talanthor disappeared. As he shot down a polished chute he heard a wild laugh from Janzara. The floor that had given way slipped quietly back into place!

The princess stood trembling in passion. Turning, she saw Komodoflorens and Talaskar. Tarzan reached the bottom of the chute and picked himself up from the earthen floor. He found himself in a room, and for a brief second he thought it was unoccupied.

Komodoflorens leaped for the spot at which Tarzan had disappeared. It gave beneath him, and he heard the Princess scream. "So it is YOU he loves? But he shall not have you!" Janzara rushed upon Talaskar with drawn dagger, screaming, "Die, slave!"



WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM
KEPT RIGHT IN CELLOPHANE

shelf. Ah, this was it. This would bring him back all right. Even without it he might have a chance!

He has wonderful vitality, a wonderful constitution. I've seen men die from a snake bite in less time than it took to bring him here!"

She stopped, abstractedly to pick up a towel, indicated the basin of water to Josie and was off to the

other hanging over the edge of the couch.

The wounded leg was propped up carefully with pillows. It was bare from the thigh to ankle, a compress over the wound.

He lay so still that Lottie shivered. Except for the slight motion of breathing he might be dead!"

Lottie dropped onto a chair beside the couch where Steve lay. He seemed asleep, not unconscious, except that his face was pale and his lips hung open a little like a child off guard.

His hair, curling about his forehead, was matted with perspiration.

The neck of his shirt was open, his tie missing. His hands, usually so

strong, so capable, were relaxed.

One was flung out along his side, the other hanging over the edge of the couch.

The maids came clustering about the door in excitement, old Maria bringing up the rear.

"Boss Barry coming!" Florence was saying eagerly.

There was no doubt about it. The drumming hum, the increasing roar was the Ladybird. It came hurtling through the air, closer and closer.

"Landing on the golf course, I expect," Miss Gracie was saying.

"That's closer. One more time won't hurt it."

"One more time!" Lottie repeated.

The song she and Steve had sung as they danced together went that way. "One more time! Just one more time!"

One more time to see Steve alive

and well was all she wanted of heaven or of earth.

The Ladybird settled abruptly into a circle of trees and was lost to view. Presently the stream of native boys began once again to pour out of the tunnel, gesticulating wildly. The car followed at top speed.

Mona sat in the car. Bud was hanging on the running board and at the wheel this time was Barry.

There was a stranger with them, Young Dr. Allen! That must mean that they had brought the serum.

Lottie grew weakly limp and quietly dropped to the veranda. She had, for the first time in her life, fainted away.

(To Be Continued)

OUR BOARDING HOUSE



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASHINGTON TUBBS II



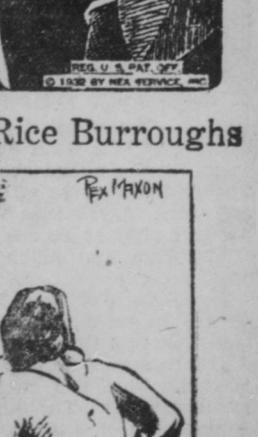
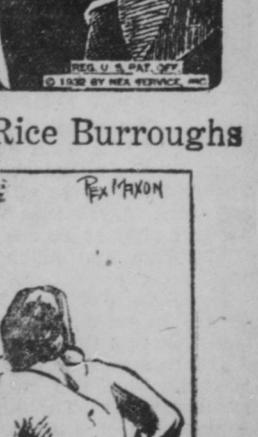
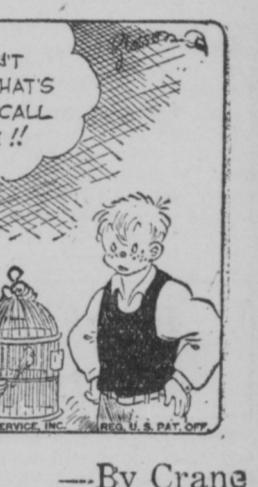
SALESMAN SAM



OUT OUR WAY



By Williams



THE STRAIGHTENING DEPT.

