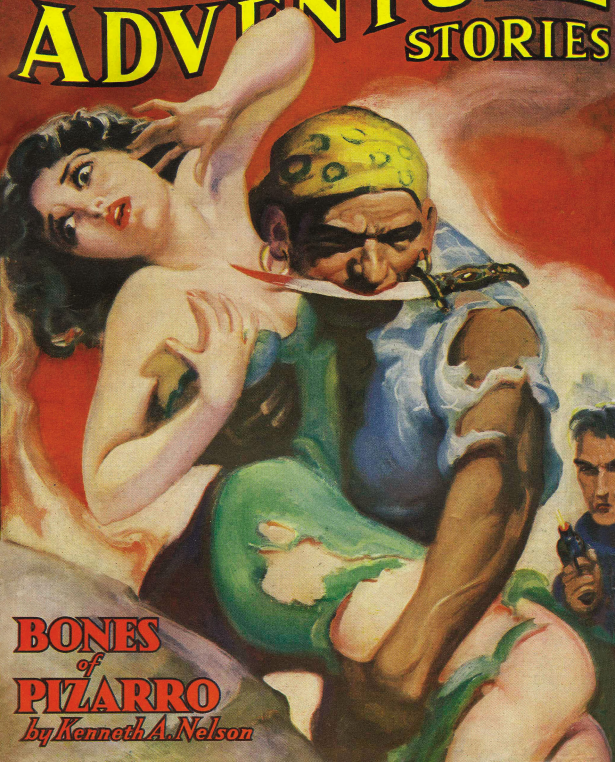


MAY

25¢

# SPICY-ADVENTURE STORIES



**BONES**  
*of*  
**PIZARRO**  
*by Kenneth A. Nelson*

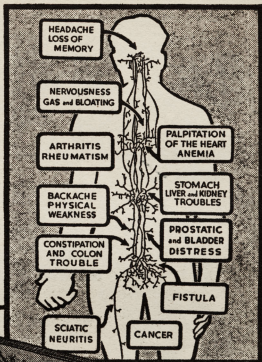


What Diseases are caused by

# PILES

and other Rectal Afflictions?

These dangerous ailments undermine the health in many ways. Thousands of sufferers from such common complaints as Headaches, Nervousness, Constipation, Stomach and Liver Disorders, Bladder Disturbances, Heart Troubles, Despondency, Loss of Vigor, general "Tired Out" feeling have found the real cause of their ill health to be Piles or some more complicated rectal trouble.

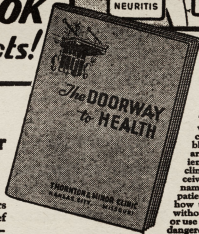


**This New Book**  
*gives you the facts!*

Many Common  
Ailments Disappear  
after cause is removed!

If you suffer from any of the disorders on the chart and nothing gives relief—don't neglect your rectal trouble—minor as it may seem—it may be the cause. The new, illustrated Book tells of many cases where patients had teeth or tonsils removed, or abdominal operations without benefit—but regained their health when given proper rectal treatment. The facts now may save you from long suffering, worry and heavy expense. Feel free to ask any questions about your own case. There is no obligation, and FREE literature comes in plain wrapper.

**Thornton & Minor Clinic**  
Suite C-1918  
926 McGee St., Kansas City, Mo.



Read how 47,000  
Sufferers were  
permanently cured!

Send for this new FREE Thornton & Minor book which explains how even cancer may develop if rectal troubles are neglected. These facts are based on 58 years' experience in the world's oldest rectal clinic. With the book, you'll receive a Reference List giving names and addresses of former patients, with statements telling how they were restored to health without loss of time, hospitalization or use of ether, chloroform or other dangerous anaesthetics.

**Clip and mail today!**

**THORNTON & MINOR CLINIC**  
Suite C-1918, 926 McGee St., Kansas City, Mo.

Please send me, without obligation or charge, your new Descriptive Book and Reference Literature. I am troubled with

☐ Piles ☐ Fistula ☐ Other Rectal Disorders

Name

Address

City  State

Please mark X indicating your trouble.

**Coupon Brings Book FREE**

When answering advertisements please mention SPICY-ADVENTURE STORIES



# SPICY- ADVENTURE STORIES



May, 1936

Vol. 4, No. 2

## CONTENTS

<b>PUPPET PRINCESS .....</b>	<b>4</b>
Lew Merrill	
<b>MOUNTAINEERS ARE TOUGH.....</b>	<b>16</b>
Mort Lansing	
<b>THE BONES OF PIZARRO.....</b>	<b>24</b>
Kenneth A. Nelson	
<b>PISTOLEER'S PARADISE .....</b>	<b>36</b>
Clow Mand	
<b>DEATH'S PUPPET .....</b>	<b>48</b>
Ken Cooper	
<b>DIANA DAW .....</b>	<b>60</b>
Clayton Maxwell	
<b>IN DEBT TO THE DEVIL.....</b>	<b>62</b>
Robert Leslie Bellem	
<b>TRIANGLE BY ARRANGEMENT.....</b>	<b>74</b>
E. Hoffmann Price	
<b>TERROR ISLAND .....</b>	<b>86</b>
Tay Philips	

SPICY-ADVENTURE STORIES is published by the Culture Publications, Inc., 900 Market St., Wilmington, Del.





## HERE'S PROOF that my training pays



### \$3,200 in One Year

"My books show that for the year 1933 I can \$3,200. Radio service doesn't come too tough for me now. You know who I taught the Radio?—N. R. I.—J. P. Wilson, Box 45, Westville, Okla.



### More Work Than He Can Do

"At times I have more work than I can do. I average \$400 to \$500 profit a year in my spare time. I can always make a good living or better, in Radio, thanks to the N. R. I.—GORDON ANGIN, 1815 Barrett Ave., Richmond, Calif.



### Picked Up \$1,800 While Studying

"I picked up \$1,800 while studying, and I call that easy money—the time I gave my Radio work did not interfere with my other business.—J. L. DENTON, 14105 Lorain Avenue, Cleveland, O.

**MAIL THIS NOW**

## I'LL TRAIN YOU AT HOME In Your Spare Time For A GOOD RADIO JOB

**MAIL THE COUPON NOW.** Get the facts about Radio—the field with a future. N. R. I. training fits you for jobs in connection with the manufacture, sale and operation of Radio equipment. It fits you to go in business for yourself, service sets, operate on board ships, in broadcasting, television, aviation, police Radio and many other opportunities. My **FREE** book tells how I train you quickly at home in spare time to be a Radio Expert.

**MANY RADIO EXPERTS MAKE \$30, \$50, \$75 A WEEK.** Why struggle along in a dull job with low pay and no future? Start training now for the live-wire Radio field. I have helped many men make more money. Hundreds of successful men now in Radio got their start through N. R. I. training.

**MANY MAKE \$5, \$10, \$15 A WEEK EXTRA IN SPARE TIME WHILE LEARNING**

Hold your job. I'll not only train you in a few hours of your spare time a week, but the day you enroll I start sending you Extra Money Job Sheets which quickly show you how to do Radio repair jobs common in most every neighborhood. I give you Radio Equipment for conducting experiments and making tests that teach you to build and service practically every type of receiving set made. James R. Ritz, 3525 Chapline Street, Wheeling, W. Va., writes: "During my training my spare time earnings netted me an average of \$1,000 to \$1,600 yearly."

### FIND OUT WHAT RADIO OFFERS

My book has shown hundreds of fellows how to make more money and win success. It's **FREE** to any ambitious fellow over 15 years of age. Investigate. Find out what Radio offers you. Read what my graduates are doing and making, about my money back agreement, and the many other N. R. I. features. Mail the coupon in an envelope, or paste it on a 1c post card TODAY.

**J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 6EXI  
National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.**



**J. E. SMITH, President  
National Radio Institute**  
The man who has directed the Home-Study Training of more men for the Radio industry than any other man in America.



**J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 6EXI  
National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.**

Dear Mr. Smith: Without obligating me, send your book which points out the spare time and full time opportunities in Radio and your 50-50 method of training men at home in spare time to become Radio Experts. (Please Print Plainly.)

NAME..... AGE.....

ADDRESS .....

CITY..... STATE.....

When answering advertisements please mention SPICY-ADVENTURE STORIES



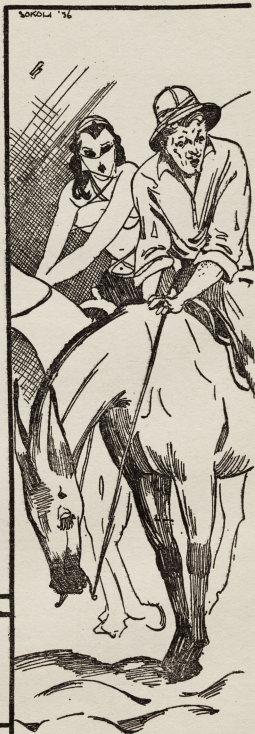
# PUPPET

*Bill wasn't seeking adventure. He was only a sewing-machine salesman in Albania. But when he dishonored the young princess by looking at her face, he found himself in a net of royal intrigue and romance*

AT THE first outbreak of firing from the hill on the left, Bill Hendrick's escort fled. Before Bill had quite taken in what was happening, his three Tosks were galloping wildly back along the mountain trail upon their mules. But what was far worse in Bill's eyes, was that the span of mules that drew his cart, containing half-a-dozen samples of his new Model F sewing-machine, were following at a pace that ensured almost instant destruction.

Destruction came. The vehicle swerved, the mules kicked, reared, plunged in their traces, and then mules and cart and precious models were lying in an indistinguishable heap at the bottom of the ravine.

Crack, crack! The rifles were blazing from the hill, but Bill had already seen what his guides might have seen, if they had not been so panic-stricken. The hid-



# PRINCESS

By  
**LEW  
MERRILL**

"Very bad men along these roads," he warned protestingly. "The signora and signora must stay here tonight."

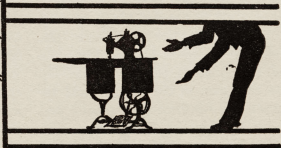


den marksmen were not firing at him and his party, but at the party of four that had been visible for two hours past, ascending the hill ahead of them.

Three men and a woman, the head Tosk had said, though to Bill's eyes each of the four was only a tiny figure upon a mule.

Now, as Bill watched, he saw two of the party drop in their tracks. The third was kneeling, replying to the rifle firing. As for the fourth, that shrouded figure—yes, Bill could see it was a woman now—she remained seated on her mule, apparently paralyzed by fear into inertness.

But the hidden marksmen were not shooting at her. A woman was safe, by immemorial tradition in Albania. Nor was there any likelihood that she would be struck by a stray bullet. Marksmanship was too good, ammunition too precious. Even as Bill watched, he saw the third man keel over and lie prone on the ground in the gathering darkness.



**B**ILL had kicked his mule savagely in the flanks, and was already on his way to aid beauty in distress. Beauty, apparently panic-stricken, was now spurring her mule along the upland trail, and most of the mule was hidden in a flutter of flying draperies. But still a mile, and an intervening ridge, separated her from him.

Before he had topped the ridge he heard her screaming. Dimly in front of her he could see her struggling with three armed men, who seemed to be attempting to kidnap her. Her furious resistance sent the draperies flying in all directions, revealing a flurry of youthful loveliness.

Bill's appearance upon the scene took the marauders wholly by surprise. They had apparently dropped their rifles for the moment, and now they made frantic efforts to grab them. Too late. Bill's automatic cracked, and the slug caught Marauder No. 1 in the arm or shoulder. Marauder No. 2 ducked and began streaking for the hills, followed by his two companions. Without their rifles, it was evident they were unwilling to face the newcomer.

Bill picked up the rifles and quickly tossed them into the ravine behind him, before turning to the girl, who was crouching, sobbing, beside her mule.

**A**S BILL approached she grabbed up an armful of drapery and tried to throw it about her, then got all tangled up in it till she looked like a mummy struggling to get out of its case. She seemed at present to be attired in a slip and some kind of panties, but the slip had been torn in the struggle half revealing two small, rounded breasts, and flashes of white skin below them.

Soft kid boots, reaching to the thighs,

apparently supplied the place of stockings. There was a white line between the top of either boot and the lower rim of the panties, which were frilled, like a fashion picture of the eighteen seventies. And the panties themselves threatened every minute to cut loose from a criss-cross waist-strap that appeared to support them.

The girl herself was perhaps twenty years old. Light brown hair. Eyes that were probably blue or gray by day. The prettiest thing Bill had ever seen. His heart was gone in a moment.

"Don't be afraid, I've come to help you," he said in Italian. Bill's Italian wasn't very good—not as good as his French, for he had sold sewing-machines in Tours for three years before taking on the head agency for Italy.

But the girl began sobbing and chattering volubly in French. She had begun to disengage herself from the draperies now, but the only result was to enlarge the rent in the slip; then both little breasts slipped out, and Bill felt his heart begin pounding. She was so small, so dainty, so desirable.

"Let me help you," he answered in the same language.

"No, no, go away! I am shamed for ever now. You have seen my face!"

And it was her *face* that she was trying to cover with the tangle of draperies, and not the rest of her! She didn't seem to care a damn about what else he saw, so long as Bill didn't see her face!

He tried to pull the draperies away, to wrap them about her, and she screamed and struggled till he was forced to desist. The slip was swiftly resolving itself into a mass of tatters, and the panties were maintaining their position by a miracle, but the girl's face was completely hidden in the draperies.



When this was done, Bill pulled them down about her, until every trace of the feminine human form had disappeared. Then he picked the girl up in his arms and placed her upon her mule.

"Which way?" he asked.

"That way! That way!" she sobbed, pointing up the track. And still she kept her face concealed. And she didn't care at all that one of the prettiest legs in the world, even though hidden in a kid boot was showing over the side-saddle.

"That way," she repeated. "Castle Adjevo!"

**B**ILL understood then, for Castle Adjevo was his own destination. It belonged to Prince Michael Adjevo, one of the Christian lords of Albania, and he was at war with Prince Hassan, of the Beni-Hassan tribe, Mohammedans. All through the early part of that day Bill had heard the crackle of Italian musketry fire as the Italian expeditionary force endeavored to push its way to the scene of the disturbance and restore order, since Italy was protector of Albania.

Bill hadn't been greatly interested. What he wanted to do was to introduce the new Model F sewing-machine among the tribesmen, or, rather, tribeswomen. You can go into the wilds of Albania, Turkey, or Siberia, where the nomads pitch their goatskin tents, and you may not find much else, but you'll always find a sewing-machine.

You'll probably find them in the back blocks of Arabia too. For the sewing-machine is the one American invention that has commended itself to uncivilized womankind from pole to pole.

And the Model F was a beauty. It didn't operate by power of course, but it ran so smoothly on its ball-bearings,

and it never got out of order. Bill had been sold on the Model F the moment he got his first consignment from the factory.

And Bill was confident he could sell Model F to the tune of twenty-five thousand in Albania.

So he had crossed the narrow Adriatic from civilized Italy, into the one barbarous land remaining in south-eastern Europe. An unknown land of mountains, where half-savage tribes have maintained a feudal independence since the days of Noah—that is to say, since the Albania mountains rose out of the floods.

"**M**Y POOR friend, you are mad," said the Italian consul at Durazzo. "All Albania is engaged in tribal warfare, and if you listen, you'll be able to hear the guns of our expeditionary force cracking down castles. Once across that chain of mountains, and nobody can help you."

"Nobody's going to hurt me," said Bill. "Not when they've seen the Model F. Boy, it's a dandy! I'm taking half-a-dozen chromium-plated ones up there to present to the ladies of the chieftains."

"You'll never come back," said the consul. "And I forbid you to go."

**B**ILL had just slipped out of Durazzo with his escort and the cart. Now his Model F's were lying at the bottom of the gorge, and Bill was jogging along side by side with the unknown girl through the gathering darkness. Now and again the wide top of the kid boot would brush his leg, and send a thrill up and down his spine.

But the girl's face was completely hidden in the draperies, and she was sobbing spasmodically.



"I am ruined," she moaned, heedless of his protests. "You have seen my face—what is there left now?"

THE inn sprawled into the middle of the road, and the inn-keeper was voluble, insistent.

"But the *signore* and *signora* cannot travel further tonight," he explained in profuse Italian. "Very bad men along the roads. In the morning it will be safe. You must stay here."

Castle Adjevo was seventeen miles further along the road, Bill had learned, and both the mules were mule-tired, and preparing for that display of mulish obstinacy that consists in lying down and refusing to move on.

"We shall have to stay here," Bill said to the girl.

"Very well. It is for you to decide," she answered, in her fluent French.

Bill got down off his mule, and a *Tosk* boy shooshed it into the stable. He lifted his companion down.

"We want two rooms," he said to the inn-keeper.

"Very nice rooms," replied the Italian. "Come with me. I fix you."

About fifteen minutes later Bill was sitting opposite his veiled companion in a single room. Each of them had a steaming omelette and a bottle of Albanian wine. The table was set in the center of the enormous room. But it was only one room.

There was an enormous bed, which yet occupied only an insignificant portion of the room. There was a magnificent night view of the mountains. There was the





romantic presence of the fair, veiled unknown, whose face Bill had seen only for a few moments.

Bill hadn't asked her any questions. But she seemed more composed now—or else it was the strong Albanian wine released her repression.

"I must thank you so much for rescuing me from those men," said the girl in her rapid, perfect French. "You are Monsieur Beel Hendrick, yes?"

"Now how do you know that?" asked Bill.

"But everybody in Albania knows that you have brought a new sewing-machine into the country. All the women are talking about it. They await you, Monsieur Beel."

"God," groaned Bill, "and those sample machines are lying down in that gorge."

"I must introduce myself. I am the Princess Clothilde, of the Assabaian clan. The oldest in the country, Monsieur Beel. You wonder that I speak French? But my sister and I had a French governess. My father was very progressive, even though he retained all our old Albanian customs.

"I am betrothed to Prince Michael Adjevo. The marriage is for tomorrow. He is the last of his line, and so an heir is considered a matter of urgency. Prince Hassan, the accursed Moslem, sent his men to kidnap me on the way. You saved me. Tomorrow you take me



on to the castle, and I remain always your grateful friend. Is it not so?"

"Why, I—I guess so," answered Bill, a little dumbfounded by the girl's forthrightness. "And I guess I can get the landlord to fix me up with a bed somewhere else."

"But, my friend, my rescuer, what is the matter with this bed?" inquired the Princess Clothilde. "It is a beautiful bed. It is big enough for four people."

**B**ILL lost his head. Not that he showed it in any outward action. But the situation had become so weird and impossible that he decided to wait upon events.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Somewhere in the distance an Italian field gun was firing upon the disturbers of the Albanian peace. The echoes came rolling back from the mountain tops. Bill heard the sounds in a dim way, but he remained in a state of mental knockout, wondering what was going to happen.

For Clothilde had removed her draperies, leaving her face swathed in a heavy veil, and was quite evidently making ready to retire for the night. Those little, piquant breasts of hers were peeping forth unashamed and unabashed beneath the tatters of the ripped slip, and Clothilde acted as if she didn't know a thing about it.

She had removed the kid thigh-boots, and two exquisitely tapered legs showed milky white from the perfectly formed toes and slender ankles up to the frilled edge of the step-ins, which still hung, crazily suspended from the waistband.

"If those fall down, I'm gone," Bill said to himself.

But they didn't fall down. In another minute Clothilde was snugly ensconced in the bed, in the torn slip and step-ins,

and was pulling the blankets up to her veiled face, and motioning to Bill to occupy part of the remaining three-fourths of the piece of furniture.

Very gingerly, and still feeling that it was all a dream, Bill divested himself of his shoes and coat and crawled into the bed. He lay there, breathing hard, and trying to pull himself together.

Then suddenly there was a movement beside him. Two soft arms were around his neck, two small breasts were crushed against him, a rounded knee was pressing his, and the face of the Princess unveiled now, was close against his own. Two moist, warm lips met his own in clinging kiss.

"Say, listen, Clothilde, remember—you're going to be married to Prince Michael tomorrow," protested Bill.

"I do not care. You are the first man who has seen my face, except my father and my brothers. What is there left now?"

It was almost as if she were accusing Bill of having betrayed her.

"Yes, you have taken away my innocence," continued Clothilde, snuggling up to him. "Besides, I have never been within twenty feet of a man before. *Mon dieu*, how nice men are! I never dreamed it! Kiss me again!"

"Princess, you're a dream," said Bill. "But I—damn it, don't you see I'm responsible for you, and—oh hell, I mean *diable!*"

Bill leaped out of the bed, snatched up his coat and shoes, and vanished from the room.

**I**N A shed behind the inn Bill spent the night, alternately thanking himself and cursing himself. But what else could he have done? Love was love, and maybe he wasn't under any obligations to

Prince Michael, but he'd come to Albania to sell the Model F and he didn't intend to let anything interfere with duty.

When he went back to the bedroom in the cold, unromantic light of dawn, he found the Princess sitting, with her face veiled, at the table, finishing up the wine. His reception was quite a chilly one.

**"MY FRIEND,** I thank you from depths of my heart. We have all heard of you, and of the wonderful sewing-machine that you are contributing to the cause of civilization, and you must remain my honored guest during the period of my nuptials."

So spoke Prince Michael Adjevo, on the following afternoon. His followers had met Bill and Clothilde on their way toward the castle, and conducted them there. It was a crazy old feudal building, at least a thousand years old, with a central keep and a moat, and thick stone walls that would have been proof against at least three discharges from a field-gun.

As for Prince Michael, he was a fine young fellow. Fair-haired, blue-eyed, six feet tall, and carrying himself with the *aplomb* of a Princeton graduate.

Bill had been assigned a room in the keep. Tosk servants had brought him scented water to wash in. Now he was in the huge banquet hall, for it was the wedding feast, and the Prince and Clothilde had already been united in the chapel, by the resident Bishop.

Bill was seated not far away from Prince Michael. At Michael's side sat Clothilde, her face very much swathed; in fact, she had reverted to the mummy again. Bill was wondering what Prince Michael would think if he knew that he had seen those little breasts under those wrappings. Probably Prince Mich-

ael wouldn't have cared a damn. But you couldn't tell. It was all crazy, crazy.

Clothilde wasn't looking at Bill. She hadn't looked at him since his return to the bedroom, and she hadn't spoken to him either.

Well, they were man and wife now, and all that remained was to get in some new Model F's and show them to the ladies.

But Clothilde was the only lady present at the marriage feast. The table, reaching all along the hall, was packed with Prince Michael's retainers, huge, husky men, with moustaches, beards, and whiskers, and their belts stuffed full with daggers and antique pistols.

Clothilde was sitting on Michael's right. On his left was the priest, wearing a flowing black veil over his funny little rimmed hat. Michael was on his feet, apparently replying to some toast. Everybody had been toasting, and Bill was a little drunk. Even he had stood up and toasted the bride. Nobody had understood him, but there had been a general atmosphere of harmony and good-feeling.

**A**ND what happened took place like lightning. A dozen men, leaping out from behind the altar. The crack of very modern automatics. Prince Michael staggering back, slumping into the priest's arms. Six men down, and the rest rushing forward with roars of rage against the assassins.

It all happened so quickly that Bill was simply out of it. In an instant the long hall was a jam of fighting men, daggers against guns, a bedlam of murderous invectives, shrieks, groans of the falling.

Then the assassins were in flight, with Michael's men streaming after them, and

Bill was with Prince Michael and the priest and Clothilde.

They were trying to raise Prince Michael to his feet, but his face was blue, and he lay inert in their arms. Six dagger wounds were in his body, and one of them had pierced his heart.

Then something snapped in Bill's brain. He forgot all about Model F. He drew his automatic and rushed behind the altar, to join the battling throng, whose yells were receding in the catacombs beneath the castle.

**H**OURS later Bill returned with Prince Michael's adherents. The invaders apparently had found some secret ingress into the castle. Michael's men had repulsed them, only to run into three times their number of Prince Hassan's men, who were preparing for an assault.

The castle was surrounded, but it had stood many sieges in the past. The walls were crumbling, but the central keep was inviolable. The score and more of defenders retreated into this citadel, from which they hurled defiance at the howling Moslems who surrounded them.

Protected by the outer walls, Prince Hassan's men poured in frequent fusillades, which spent themselves harmlessly against the stone walls of the keep.

On a bier in the chapel lay Prince Michael's body. Bill had forgotten all about his Model F. He hadn't seen death before in quite this swift, dramatic way.

It was the Prince's chamberlain, a little, elderly Tosk, who drew Bill aside late in the night, when there was a temporary lull in the activities of the besiegers.

In his halting Italian he explained: "Prince Michael was the last of his line, which reaches back to the time of the

great Julius Caesar. We hoped there would be an heir. Otherwise, you understand, the kingdom passes—"

"Yes, well?" said Bill.

"There must be an heir," whispered the chamberlain. "They were married, and they were together for a few minutes, while he took the veil from her face, which no other man has looked upon."

"I still don't get you, quite," said Bill, as well as he could, in Italian.

"In those few minutes an heir—an heir might have been sent by God. But it was not. Her Highness is a lady of such modesty—"

"Well, but still—" said Bill.

"There is nobody in the castle whom we could trust but you. You would not betray us, and you will be going away after that wolf, Prince Hassan, has been defeated."

"Now I'm beginning to get you," answered Bill.

"We have talked it over. Her Highness understands, and has agreed, for reasons of state. She awaits you now."

Yes, it was all like a crazy dream. Bill just stared at the chamberlain for a half-minute before he found his tongue.

"You mean I—?"

"Yes, signore Americano. For the sake of the Adjevo dynasty. It should not be so hard."

"No, it's not hard," said Bill. "But how do you know—how do you know that—well, how do you know that anything would happen in consequence?"

The little chamberlain stroked Bill's sleeve. "My dear friend," he answered, "it always happens in Albania. The royal bed has just been blessed."

**Y**ES, it was all a dream, just a crazy dream. The huge four-poster in the center of the room, and the mummified



SOKOLI 36

"This is the second time he has dared insult me!" cried the princess, springing at Ted savagely.



lady lying in it, her face heavily veiled. The priest beside the bed, the two women in waiting, dressed in the picturesque Albanian garb, and the little chamberlain.

Bill stood in the middle of the room. His head was still swimming from the heady Albanian wine. He couldn't see anything of Clothilde but just wrappings and wrappings.

"Well?" asked Bill.

"Everything is ready, signore."

"Then why don't you all get the hell out of here?" asked Bill in English.

"Pardon, signore?"

"*Allez-vous-en! Allez à l'enfer! Beat it! Scram!*"

"But, signore, I am the chamberlain. This is the priest who has blessed the bed. There must be records."

Bill saw the two young Albanian girls looking at him with expectation in their eyes. Suddenly it dawned on him that he was dealing with folks of a prehistoric civilization. Never, if he lived to be a centenarian, could he make his mind adjust itself to theirs.

"What do you think I am?" asked Bill heatedly.

"Signore?"

"I'm through!" Bill shouted in Italian. "I came here to sell Model F sewing-machines, not to become the father of a dynasty. I'm going home!"

"But signore, signore—" protested the little chamberlain. "It is essential that there be an heir. And it must be in accordance with etiquette. You will not refuse Her Highness?"

"I tell you I'm through," said Bill doggedly.

And somehow Clothilde seemed to understand. In another moment she was upon her feet, a blazing fury. She whirled the draperies about her face and

head, revealing once more the pert little breasts and those crazy, lop-sided step-ins, and she was making for Bill's face with nails like claws.

"This is the second time he has dared to insult me!" she cried in French. "I cannot live in such humiliation."

Bill caught her by the wrists. She was wrestling madly with him, breast to breast, and shaking with indignation.

Next moment the room was a riot. The priest and the little chamberlain were dancing madly around the two, trying to stop the scrap, and the two ladies-in-waiting were on the job too, infuriated at the disappointment of their expectations, and getting in some nasty rakings from their own nails on Bill's face.

Then in the midst of it there arose a frantic din outside. Bill could distinguish just one word, "Beni-Hassan!"

THE troops of Prince Hassan were storming the keep. There burst forth the savage crack of rifles, the yells of combat, the shrieks of wounded men.

Bill grabbed his automatic, thrust in a fresh clip of cartridges, and ran from the bridal chamber.

In the starlight, as he reached the outside of the keep, he saw a hundred men beating back the few defenders. Daggers were flashing, rifle butts were cracking down on heads; the Adjevo clan was yielding before the Moslems, beaten back by sheer numbers.

Bill emptied his automatic twice before it was torn from his hands, and he went staggering back half-numbed by a sword-stroke across the head, fortunately the flat of the blade.

Then the keep had been won, and Bill was fighting his way through a maze of jet black passages, ignorant who was friend and who was foe.

The Beni-Hassan seemed to be masters of the situation. They had apparently accounted for practically all the males within the castle. They were getting acquainted with the ladies, if those feminine squeals that Bill could hear had any significance. It looked as if the two little ladies-in-waiting were having romances of their own, instead of having to enjoy them vicariously.

Bill hadn't the vestige of an idea where he was, for the sword-blow had completely dazed him. He was just fighting his way through the darkness when another human form encountered his.

Bill caught it by the throat, and then his grip slackened as he felt two conical mounds against his chest, and a wealth of hair sweeping his face. He must have shouted, for suddenly two slender arms were about his neck.

"Signore Beel! *Ah, mon dieu*, I thought you were dead! Come with me! The catacombs! I know the secret, for I learned it when they brought me here as a child, to betroth me to Prince Michael!"

Bill let himself be conducted now. There was another maze of passages, and gradually the shouting died away in the distance. There followed perfect peace and perfect silence.

**T**HEN a great flood of light from a newly risen moon. Bill found himself standing with Clothilde in a great excavation underneath the castle, which towered up, pile upon pile of wall and parapet.

Again he could hear the faint sounds of shouting, but they seemed to come from far overhead. To all intent and purpose they two were alone.

Beyond them, Bill could see the moat, and the rugged hills. There seemed a way to freedom.

"I must go back," said Bill thickly. "I can't desert your people."

"No," answered Clothilde, "it is ended now." She began giggling. "They tried to catch me, but I was too quick for them," she said. "Poor little Modjesta! She always said she wanted to be in a town when it was captured by an enemy. Well, she has got her wish now. Signore Americano, you have seen my face! You have taken away my innocence. Now what are you going to do about it?"

And then, in the moonlight, suddenly Clothilde's face was revealed to Bill again. She had torn away the draperies. And it might have been the face of any very pretty American girl. For, after all, the Albanians were the oldest white race in Europe, and their blood was probably flowing in the veins of two-thirds of the nobility of England, France, Italy, and America.

"You've got me beat," Bill muttered thickly, for the impact of that sword blade still left him groggy. What was a man to do? He'd fought his best, and here he was in the catacombs of the castle, with the prettiest girl he had ever seen in his life.

With a superb gesture, Clothilde tore away the draperies that clung to her, and let them fall upon the stones.

She stood there, in the slip, which was little more than a rag now. There was no longer any attempt at hiding those two small breasts that tried to push their dauntless way through the rents in it. Pert, and completely shameless, they appealed to Bill, as if they were asking what he intended to do about it all.

Clothilde shivered. Her arms went out about Bill's neck and clung in a stranglehold. She was shaking.

"Oh lord!" groaned Bill. "Now listen.

(Continued on page 124)

# Mountaineers

**A**RT, the chauffeur, said, "To hell with it! What is there to see?"

He sat in the front seat of the parked automobile and glowered at Tony Bulotti, who sat behind. The glare was returned, for there was little love lost between Tony, the bodyguard, and Art, the chauffeur.

Skaggtown—what there was of it—

slept soggily in the midday sun. Four buildings on the left, three on the right. Beneath a tumbledown wooden awning a hundred feet away squatted a group of mountain men. All were silent. From time to time one of the group glanced toward the big sedan, spat gustily through yellow teeth, and relapsed into his beard and his silence.

Art was lifted  
bodily, hurled  
aside. . . .



*He called himself "the sword that slays, the steel that slaughters"—but the vengeance he took on the double-crossing couple was worse than death*



# Are TOUGH

By MORT LANSING

"What in the hell is the boss doing?" snorted Art.

Tony glanced aloft. They were parked beside a rambling two story structure, the most pretentious in Skaggtown. Since early morning the boss, Cinch Bogan of New York and points west, had been in the second story of this decrepit structure. The boss, a gallon demijohn of moonshine, and the boss' woman, Velma, were all there.

Tony grinned. "What would you be doing if you had that blonde off by yourself?"

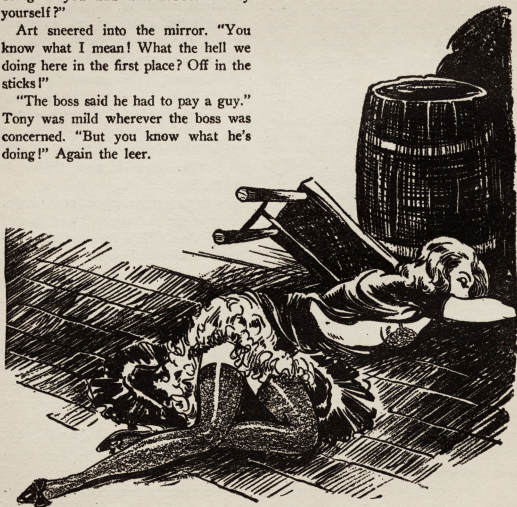
Art sneered into the mirror. "You know what I mean! What the hell we doing here in the first place? Off in the sticks!"

"The boss said he had to pay a guy." Tony was mild wherever the boss was concerned. "But you know what he's doing!" Again the leer.

A blonde stuck her head out a broken window on the second floor. She looked at the parked sedan and said— "Art! Art! Come quick!"

Art looked at Tony. Tony looked at Art, leered again. Art got out of the car, went into the rickety store, went up an equally rickety stairway. He drew aside a burlap curtain.

Velma, the boss's blonde, lay huddled on the bed against the opposite wall. She looked up, eyes round with fear.



"What's the matter, kid? Where the—"

Velma got up.

SHE wore the remnants of an orchid chiffon dance set. The brassiere dangled like a surrendered battle flag from one white shoulder, disclosing curving, palpitant, white flesh. Even the step-ins, once dainty and seductive, were in tatters. Her hair hung over her face, disarrayed; one eye was almost closed. From the corner of her mouth a red trickle of blood, thin and crimson.

Art looked at her with bulging eyes as she staggered to her feet. He wasn't surprised at the scantiness of her attire. He'd seen the boss's woman this way before. But the fear on her face, the battered wreck of her features, the tenseness of the atmosphere itself!

She huddled against him, his arm about her quivering shoulders. He saw the blue bruises on her shoulders, the splotches on her arms, the crisscross welts on her trembling body.

He groped vaguely for the holster beneath his own arm. "Damn him," he grated, "I'll kill the heel! What happened?"

For a moment longer she sobbed against him while his tiny eyes dilated and contracted in rage. He patted her shoulder clumsily, glared around the room. She whined, "Oh, Art, you know how he is when he drinks! Like a beast! I knew when we came up here and he started drinking that damn' moonshine, that this would happen."

"I'll kill the heel," said Art again.

"He accused me of carrying on with both you and Tony and then—"

Art stiffened. "I'll kill him," he said, "the dirty, lousy rat!"

She said, "You won't have to. I did."

His eyes followed the direction of her pointed finger.

CINCH BOGAN, dean of the east-coast gamboleers, rumored money man for a dozen gangs, lay on his face behind the bed. He wore reddish brown trousers and a blue silk shirt whose color was gradually turning red.

"God!" from Art.

He pulled the bed away, knelt beside the figure. The scalp was split open, gaping and yawning. A heavy metal candlestick, bent and crumpled, lay beside the man. Art pulled aside the sticky shirt, saw that the bloody wound on the muscled back was long but shallow. He turned to the girl.

"I only had a pair of nail scissors," she said almost apologetically, "but the candlestick was the stuff! The big heel!"

Art listened, his ear against the broad back. His face was white when he arose, then he sat heavily on the edge of the bed.

"You'll have to scram, baby," he said dully. "You done it now! He ain't dead!"

She lit a cigarette, glared at the body, looked at the distraught Art with calculating eyes. "He'd find me," she said slowly, "wherever I went."

Art's nod was hopeless. Cinch Bogan had connections; he was powerful.

"You told me anytime I needed help, you'd go to bat for me, Art." Her voice was pleading. She laid a hand on his shoulder, swayed toward him; her red, parted lips, moist and trembling, were very close to his. Art inched away nervously.

"I would, kid, but I ain't holding nothing. Three or four hundred. You can have that."

For a moment longer she stood looking down at him. Her voice held a world

of promise now. "Art, you know why he came down here? Why he made you drive us to this God forsaken hole?"

Art moved uneasily, his bulging eyes on the unconscious, bleeding figure of his boss. "Some kind of payoff, he said."

She moved to the curtain that shielded a corner of the wall, drew out Cinch Bogan's expensive kitbag. She carried it across the room to Art, opened it wide. "Looky."

Bundle after bundle of neatly taped bills reposed in the bag. Art caught his breath, raised his brows. "How much, babe?"

"Plenty, Art, plenty."

Silence while they sized each other up. She came over and sat down beside him, spoke persuasively in his cauliflower ear. Art's eyes gleamed.

"Mean it?" he asked a little thickly. Her answer was an enveloping arm that pulled him close to her. Art's skinny chest heaved against her warm throbbing breasts, his own hands reached for soft flesh. For a moment they wavered, then Art jerked away, his eyes bright.

"Okay, babe," his voice was husky. "I'm a damned fool but I'm in."

"And Tony?"

"I'll take care of Tony. Listen."

TEN MINUTES later the woman looked out the window. At the curtained doorway, Art took off his coat, rolled up his sleeve. For a moment he held a match beneath a handleless teaspoon. A quick movement, a flash of metal, a stabbing steel needle in pitted flesh. Back went the coat. He walked toward the woman with quicker, firmer strides. He patted her back, jerked her to him again in passionate embrace. "I'll take care of Tony," he said. As he went out, he kicked the still body of the unconscious man.

TONY BULOTTI, the bodyguard, disliked having anyone behind him. Art preceded him up the rickety stairs, but stood aside to draw back the burlap curtain. Tony went in, saw the disheveled blonde, the marks of the beating still on her.

"Somebody work you over?" he grinned. Black eyes swiftly swept the room, overlooked the body, and flashed back to the sobbing blonde.

"Cinch," she moaned. "He beat me up."

Tony was admiring the blonde's alluring curves. His eyes held interest.

"Aw, he always gets tough when he's drunk, keed. Where is he?"

Art said, "Tony!" Tony turned, stared, quit grinning, and stuck his hands over his head. His brows were up. "Behind the bed, Tony." Art's voice was thin.

Tony went around the bed slowly, kept his hands aloft while he looked down at his boss, the biggest gamboleer the east coast ever saw.

"So you bumped him! You, a damned cokey! That's rich! But I'd hate to be you, kid; I'd hate to be you!"

"Sit down, Tony." The blonde.

Tony sat down, kept his hands in the air until Art took his gun. His little black eyes glared at the driver.

"Look, Tony." She laid the boss's money, stack after stack of yellow-backed currency on the bed without any further words.

Tony said, "Well?"

"About twenty grand apiece, Tony. Want in? Let's split it and scam."

"And leave him here?"

Art said, "Hell no! Are we foolish? That's what we need with you, to help us walk him out of here like he was drunk."

Tony thought a few moments. "I don't

believe I want any part of it." His voice was silky.

"Then take it here, rat!" Art raised the gun but the blonde was between them.

"No! Art, lay off! Listen, Tony—"

She sat on the arm of the rickety rocker. Her breasts almost touched Tony's swarthy cheek. She talked persuasively with her head turned from Art. He couldn't see the things she was promising Tony with her eyes. Tony weakened.

"Suppose we do get him out. How much start would we have? He came up here to meet somebody and they haven't showed yet. Maybe we'll run into them."

The blonde said, "Please, Tony," with her too-red lips, and a thousand other words with her eyes.

Tony said, "Okay, I'll wait downstairs. Holler when you're ready."

He went out. Art kept his gun, but he knew damn' well Tony had another stashed in the car.

**H**URRIEDLY they got the unconscious Cinch on his feet, got coat and vest, socks, shoes on him. The cut on his back bled through his shirt; his vest covered it. Art grinned and tied a necktie about his scrawny neck. When he used a wet towel to wipe the blood away from the split scalp Cinch stirred, showed signs of coming to.

"I've been wanting to do this for a long time," giggled Art and hit him on the temple with the butt of his gun. Cinch didn't come to.

They got him downstairs, Art on one side, Tony on the other, the blonde bringing up the rear, her overnight bag in her hand. She paused to speak to the tobacco-chewing ancient who owned the place.

"Mr. Dolan's kind of drunk and wants to take a ride. He was meeting a party here, so if they show up, tell 'em we'll be right back."

The old man nodded. The four of them went out.

They stuffed Cinch Bogan in the front seat of the car, stepped back. Art looked at Tony.

"You drive," said Art, gesturing.

"Let you sit behind me? Nuts!"

"To hell with it," said Velma, "I'll drive myself."

They rolled away through the mud while the road gradually dissolved into bumpy ruts. Cinch kept bouncing against the woman who drove. She cursed each time she shoved him back. Tony and Art sat stiffly in opposite corners of the back seat.

Down into the valley, up the opposite side of the mountain. Through a wooded area, around the shelter of a natural rock wall. The car stopped. To their right, a sloping descent of some sixty feet, sparsely wooded. At the foot of the slope the Holly River, swollen with the Spring fill from early rains.

"Get out," said Art.

"Get out yourself, rat," said Tony.

They got out opposite sides of the car.

Tony said, "This is kinda foolish. Let's just toss him out in the weeds and scam."

Velma said, "Let's do it right. We can tear our clothes, daub on a little mud, and tell the hicks we managed to jump."

She tugged Cinch over beneath the wheel of the big car, sat his fifty dollar hat on his head at a college boy angle, and said, "So long, heel!"

Tony pushed on the left side, Art on the right. Velma stepped aside. As the car began to roll, she hit Tony behind the ear with Art's blackjack. The car stopped.





Art said, "Swell, baby!" and came around to pick Tony from the mud. He threw the little gunman into the back seat. Together, he and Velma pushed the car to the brink, gave it a farewell shove.

It careened wildly down the slope, banged through bushes, crashed over saplings, hit the water with a tremendous splash. Art grinned.

"Well, kid, let's walk on back. These hicks won't suspect anything. We'll tell 'em we got out to pick daisies!"

The blonde grinned and picked up the bag.

"STOP! In the name of the Lord!" A reedy voice behind them. Art reached for his holster—too late.

Two men stepped from the bushes, both with rifles. The first held his in the crook of his arm; the second pointed his at Art's stomach. The speaker was tall and gaunt, at least six and a half feet tall, as gaunt as a skeleton. His

"You won't have to kill him," she said. "I already have."

leather-like face was almost covered by a heavy, thick beard. His eyes were beady, fiery and black beneath beetling brows.

"Jezebel!" He spat at the open-mouthed blonde. "Are you a harlot that you paint your cheeks and daub your mouth? Do you know the Kingdom is at hand?"

Velma giggled, and said, "Hi, pop!"

Art relaxed a little, glanced at the river where the car had disappeared. "What's on your mind, old man? Tell that monkey to take the gun off me; he might hurt somebody."

The man with the leveled gun was the exact counterpart of the speaker except that his scraggly beard was red, the speaker's interspersed with grey. His eyes were just as beady, just as fiery, just as mad as those of the older man.

"Bring 'em, Lafe," muttered the old man, and turned away.

Lafe waved the rifle. He said, "Git," and spat into the mud at Art's feet.

Art said, "Now wait a minute, pop, are you the sheriff?"

The old man turned, drew his skinny shoulders erect. His eyes seemed to smoulder, then flame with new viciousness. "I am Jethro Suggs, the Avenger of Jehovah! I am the sword that slays, the steel that slaughters!"

He turned, walked back toward the bushes. Lafe said, "Git," and cocked the gun. Art shrugged, looked a little blank. Velma giggled nervously and picked up the bag.

"Let's go," she said. "The damned fool might fire that blunderbuss."

**T**WO hours later they still walked, the old man in the lead, Art and Velma in the middle, the younger man bringing up the rear, rifle alert. To any suggestion that they stop, any protest of weariness,

the young man had one word. It was "Git."

Once Velma lost a slipper in the sucking mud. She stopped. Art stopped. The mountaineer prodded him with the barrel of his gun. Art wheeled with an oath, went into a half crouch and jerked at his shoulder. The younger Suggs calmly hit him on the head with his rifle. Art groaned and rolled over beneath the prodding brogan. Old Jethro leaned over him, extracted the ugly little automatic and threw it contemptuously into the bushes. Lafe prodded Art to his feet. The procession went on.

The house was a rambling log shanty, spread and sprawling in a muddy depression. A tumble-down lean-to served as a barn for a skinny mule. A rusty plow lay in the front yard, a few ragged chickens scratching about it. As the four people approached, a razorback hog squealed viciously and ran around the corner of the house pursued by a yapping hound puppy.

Another hound trotted dejectedly to meet them, sniffed inquiringly at the city pair, and slunk off whining when Lafe delivered a well placed kick.

A barefoot woman met them at the door. She wore a single faded calico garment, rent and torn to reveal spotty skin beneath. Her breasts bulged flabbily, her thighs were enormous hams. Her eyes held a blank, vacuous stare while the spread slot of her open mouth was expressionless, disclosing yellow, snuff-stained teeth. She moved aside, her eyes fixed curiously on Velma and Art.

The old man, Jethro, stood silently in the doorway. Velma set the bag down carefully, sat down herself on a puncheon chair. Art shifted nervously. The old man said, "Keep 'em in there," to the woman and disappeared after handing her his rifle. She grinned into the

room, the stupid drooling grin of a feeble-minded child. Art shuddered. His hands trembled as he lighted a cigarette. His voice was a snarl in answer to Velma's question.

"Naw, I don't think they saw us push the car over. I don't give a damn if they did! We'll get away from here somehow. Damn' crazy hicks."

The girl in the doorway giggled.

"Scram," snarled Art, his lips curled back. "Beat it! You look like hell." He made a motion as if to advance.

She raised the gun muzzle, giggled again and said, "Doncha do it, mister. I'll shoot ya!"

Art stopped. Then, desperate in his need, oblivious of who might see, he retreated to a chimney corner, pulled up his sleeve. The flare of a match.

Velma sat disconsolate, worn out, shoulders hunched wearily, her eyes shrewd. Returning bright-eyed from the chimney corner, Art slapped her on the back.

"Buck up, kid," he smiled. "I'll get us out of here as soon as Grampa gets back."

But the girl was wary. "Art," she said, "I think the whole outfit is crazy. We'll have to take it easy or they'll get wise to this." She prodded the handbag with her toe. "If they knew how much money was in there, they'd kill us!"

Art nodded, started to reply.

"Haw! Haw!"

Art stiffened; the girl glanced about anxiously. A dark hulk straightened erect in a dim corner, took a wavering step toward the pair. Velma screamed, threw her arms about Art in unreasoning fright. Art's own eyes bulged.

THE man or beast advancing toward them towered at least two feet higher than Art. His shoulders were in propor-

tion; bare feet protruding from frayed homespuns were spadelike. One great arm with a ham-like hand was extended toward them; the other sleeve was tied in a knot. The creature had one arm only!

But it was his head that provoked fear and nausea. It was as colorless and as hairless as a billiard ball, enormous, sickening in its resemblance to soft putty. No brows, no lashes above the red-rimmed sunken little eyes that blinked so uncertainly in the dim light. His nose was a bulbous mass above the slathering slot that was his mouth.

He laughed again, "Haw! Haw! Haw!" diseased eyes feasting on the soft figure of the blonde. At arms length he paused, his eyes burning. A purple tongue slid gruesomely from his lipless mouth to lick at the drooling spittle. He reached out his single arm, grasped Velma by the shoulder and whirled her across the room. She crashed against the wall, fell in a sprawling heap in a flurry of chiffon, her dress crumpling thigh-high. Hand still extended, mouth drooling and muttering, the idiot started over toward her.

Art, frozen until now, seized the puncheon chair, crashed it down across the giant's head and shoulders. The man never tottered, never swayed. He turned and looked at Art, blinking a little foolishly. Again, "Haw! Haw! Haw!" again a darting tongue, again a ham-like hand. Fingers closed in the front of Art's shirt, he was lifted bodily, hurled through the air. He crashed over a bench, fell against the log wall, and lay still.

The giant turned back to the unconscious girl. For a long while he leaned over her, eyes feasting on the white roundness of her exposed legs, licking his lips at the sight of stridently rising

(Continued on page 98)

# The BONES of PIZARRO



By  
**Kenneth  
A.  
Nelson**

A THIN sword of shadow swung like a pendulum in the blue Peruvian moonlight; crossed the bars of Bob Newton's tiny cell window. Newton sprang from his cot; leaped up; caught at the window's high bars. He hung there, waiting, watching for that shadow.

"She's alive! She *must* be alive. They can't have . . . murdered Ellen!" he muttered through clenched teeth.

A sandy mop of hair dropped down over his tanned, lean face. With a steel-hard grip he clung to the window's bars, his feet dangling almost a yard above the cell's stone floor. His shoulders ached with the effort of supporting his tall, muscular frame.

Again the shadow passed his window. But it was more than a shadow. It was a narrow ribbon of fragile silk, hanging down from the floor above.

Bob Newton tensed. There was a spill



of paper tied to the end of the dangling ribbon.



*"The secret of the remains of the dead conquistador will bring bloodshed in its wake," the old man had warned. And his prophecy had come true! Bob wasn't worried for himself, but for his lovely fiancée*

*"Whip her," ordered Moreno, "until she whips her lover!"*



He thrust out one hard, brown hand; clutched; missed. Then he tried again. This time he succeeded. He drew the scrap of paper through the bars of the

window, unfastened it. Tying the dangling ribbon to a window-bar, he dropped to the floor and opened the paper.

In the brilliant moonlight, he read the message:

Bob—

*If it's you beneath, come for me  
before it is too late!*

Ellen.

A wave of relief and hope flooded through Bob Newton's soul. Ellen—his Ellen—was alive! They had not harmed her . . . yet!

Desperately he ran his hands through his pockets. He must send her a reply. But he had nothing with which to write. Yesterday, Moreno's cutthroats had stolen everything, when they had kidnapped Newton and Ellen on the Callao waterfront . . .

**T**HEN an idea came to him. Carefully he tore the note, until he had three words. They were "Bob," and the pair "It is." His message was: "*It is Bob.*"

He leaped back to the cell window with them, tied the scraps to the dangling ribbon. He jerked the ribbon lightly. Jubilantly, he saw the ribbon being pulled upward.

He dropped back to the floor of the cell; stared about him. He must break out—gain his freedom—rescue Ellen! But how? He was caged, imprisoned, helpless. The dungeon's only exit was a narrow, heavy door. In sudden red fury, Newton hurled himself at the wooden portal; crashed his two hundred pounds of bone and sinew against it.

Amazingly, it burst open, spilling him out upon the floor of the pitch-dark hallway outside the cell. Dazed, bewildered, Bob Newton scrambled to his feet and

stood there for a brief moment, unsteadily. He shook his head. He was out—free! He was free . . . and Ellen was on the floor just above in this strange house that had its cellar divided off into cells!

Stealthily, he crept down the hall. He found a narrow staircase; hesitated. Everything was strangely, ominously quiet. There was an atmosphere of danger, all-pervading and intense in the darkness. Newton still could not understand how his cell-door had come to be unbarred. And Ellen . . . ?

Up the stairs he went swiftly, noiselessly; gained the floor above. He was in another hallway now; and still he had encountered no sign of his abductors. Yesterday it had taken a half-dozen men to bring him here. Perhaps they were all gone—

He counted the doors on this floor, found the room directly over the cell in which he had been imprisoned. He tried the knob.

The door was unlocked. Slowly, quietly, he pushed inward. And then he was inside the chamber. He heard a faint sound in the solid darkness; crept toward it.

**H**E stumbled against a cot; put out his hands. His fingers encountered soft, warmly-pliant flesh. . . . A girl's flesh. . . . A woman's naked shoulder!

"Ellen!" Bob Newton whispered. Something caught in his throat. Was she unconscious? Had they hurt her? "Ellen!" he breathed again, harshly. In the blackness his hands groped for the warm loveliness of her unseen body. Tingling thrills raced through his veins as he pulled her close. Never before had he been so near to Ellen Lanhart, his *fiancee*. Her natural modesty and reserve

had forbidden any situation as intimate as that which danger now forced on them. . . . She wore nothing now but a brief tissue-thin wisp of underthings . . .

"Ellen—my dearest dear!" Newton whispered for the third time, desperately.

The girl moved, stirred uneasily. "Bob!" she moaned.

"Ellen—waken!" he panted. "We've got to get out of this place—quickly!" He bent over her, slipped an arm under the lovely sweetness of her waist, lifted her. Then some impelling attraction forced him to draw her toward him, crush her against his chest.

Her usual reserve had vanished; he heard her sigh, felt her breath against his cheek. . . . She quivered against him, and her arms drifted about his neck. "Bob—darling!" she whispered. "We cannot leave here, until you have told them the secret they want to know!" Her voice sounded oddly thick and accented.

"Secret?"

"Yes! The secret of Pizarro's bones!" her whisper held a sharp, vibrant quality. To Bob Newton's nostrils came a faint suggestion of perfume. It was strange; because Ellen never used perfume—

"Pizarro's bones!" Newton repeated, wonderingly. And then, suddenly, he remembered! The reason for his abduction and imprisonment was abruptly clear to him. And he cursed the blind chance that had brought him and Ellen here to Callao on a pre-nuptial, round-the-world tour. . . .

**P**IZARRO'S bones! Bob Newton recalled the legend which had existed in his family for three generations. It was a legend handed down by Bob Newton's grandfather, who once had been an archaeological explorer in Peru, in Cuzco. The story dealt with the fabled bones of Francisco Pizarro, Spanish *conquis-*

*tadore* who had subdued Peru centuries ago.

There was a mummy on exhibit at the cathedral in Lima—a mummy reputed to be Pizarro's body. But most historians agreed that the mummy was a fake; that it was not the mortal remains of the real Pizarro—

Pizarro's bones, according to the legend, were hidden in some other place, a secret crypt. And Bob Newton's grandfather was supposed to have stumbled upon that fabled tomb; to have discovered the last resting-place of the true Francisco Pizarro.

During the older Newton's lifetime, he had never revealed to his family the exact location of his discovery. "The knowledge will come in due time, and it will bring bloodshed in its wake . . . ." the old man had often mumbled.

And now, Bob Newton realized the truth. His captor, Moreno, must have discovered in some way that Bob Newton was the grandson of the older Newton, the man who had found Pizarro's secret tomb. And Moreno thought that Bob Newton knew the secret! Moreno wanted to learn the tomb's location, so that he could exhume Pizarro's mummified body for exhibition purposes. . . . It would mean a fortune for Moreno!

Bob Newton fingered the huge, old-fashioned signet-ring on the third finger of his right hand, the ring his grandfather had willed to him. He held the girl closer to him. "I can't tell Moreno where Pizarro's tomb is located!" he whispered.

"Why not?" she asked sharply.

"Because I don't know! My grandfather never told me!"

"You lie, Señor Bob Newton!" the girl said suddenly, viciously. And as she spoke, Bob Newton stiffened; and a

great amazement filled him. This girl in his arms—with her accented voice, her exotic perfume—*she was not Ellen Lanhart!*

Even as he realized it, lights flashed on in the room. Newton dropped the girl. She fell back toward the cot. He stared at her.

She was Spanish—a brunette. And Ellen was blonde.

"Who are you?" Bob Newton rasped out suddenly.

The strange girl's hand darted under her pillow; emerged with a flat automatic. She smiled mirthlessly, cruelly. "You are right, Señor Newton. I am not Ellen. I am Conchita Moreno, sister of the man who abducted you and your sweetheart!"

Bob Newton's widened eyes saw a trailing ribbon which ran zig-zag across the floor to the shuttered window. "You—you sent me that note!" he accused. His face went slowly pale.

"Si. I sent you that note. It was a trick to bring you up here. I thought to dupe you into mistaking me for your *fiancee*, in the darkness. I planned to make you tell me the location of Pizarro's tomb."

"You failed!" Bob Newton said slowly. His hard jaw jutted forward. "And now that you've failed—where is Ellen Lanhart? What have you done to her?" His voice rose vengefully, savagely.

The dark-haired girl shrugged. Her swollen white breasts undulated with the movement of her smooth shoulders. "Señorita Lanhart is with my brother, Rico Moreno. He will entertain her very well!" she sneered.

AT Moreno's name, Bob Newton's face hardened. Rico Moreno—the Peruvian whom he had befriended a year ago, back in the States . . . and who had re-

paid the friendship by kidnaping Newton and Ellen Lanhart here in Callao! With a snarled oath, Bob Newton whirled toward the room's door—

"Stop!" Conchita Moreno called sharply. She leaped to her feet; leveled her automatic; squeezed the weapon's trigger.

The gun barked, and a singing slug whined past Newton's head, spanged into the wall before him. He froze; turned slowly to face the Spanish girl.

He sucked in his breath, and unwilling admiration dawned in his angry eyes. In the subdued light of the room's single electric lamp, she was beautiful with a feline, pantherish beauty as she stood there, legs spread wide, automatic held waist-high. Raven coils of hair tumbled about her pearly, naked shoulders. Despite an air of hardness about her lithe, slim figure, she was utterly feminine. Her dark eyes were narrowed, cat-like, glowing. . . .

"The next bullet will not miss, Señor Newton!" the girl spoke evenly.

"You wouldn't dare!" Bob Newton flung at her.

Her dark brows rose. "No? Try me and see!" she challenged.

He read the purpose in her narrowed, feline eyes. He knew that she would shoot him, without fear and without compunction, if he attempted escape. And then he thought of Ellen, his lovely, yellow-haired fiancee . . . .

Ellen was somewhere in this house; was in Rico Moreno's clutches. Abruptly, Bob Newton knew that he must tread carefully; that it would require all his guile, all his cunning to get to Ellen and save her from . . . death or worse . . . .

He forced a slow smile to his lips. "I believe you'd actually shoot me!" he whispered.





She laughed, shortly. "I shall not be fooled by your flattery. Your tongue is smooth—but not smooth enough!"

"You think I'm flattering you when I say that you are beautiful?" he asked her gently.

She shrugged. With her left hand, she patted lightly the curves of her hip. "I know that I am beautiful. I do not need you to tell me so."

"Your loveliness is a weapon far more

"Look, Ellen—a map showing the location of Pizarro's tomb!"

"I would indeed, Señor Bob Newton!"

His eyes went to her generous breasts; took in the wide arches of her hips, the cream-smooth, ivory-white contours of her legs, her thighs. . . . Then, once more, he met her eyes with his own. "It's hard to believe that one so beautiful could be so hard!" he said.

potent than that automatic!" Bob Newton insinuated.

"Meaning—?" she purred, her dark eyes narrowing once more.

"Meaning that a bullet wouldn't make me tell you the secret you want to know. But you might learn it, through other means!" he said boldly, audaciously.

She stared at him. A new, compre-

hending light dawned in her gaze. She grinned faintly. "Then you *do* know the resting-place of Pizarro's mummy?"

"Maybe!" Bob Newton's heart leaped a little, but he strove to maintain the expressionlessness of his tanned features. He had a plan—a desperate plan. If he could trick this dark-haired girl into accepting his kisses, his caresses . . . he might wrest that automatic from her . . .

She looked at him. "And you would tell me the secret, if I permitted you to make love to me?"

"How could I resist?"

She lowered the automatic. "Kiss me!" she commanded.

HE went toward her; gathered her into his arms. He kissed her—and she responded with all the sultriness of her Latin nature. Despite himself, Bob Newton felt a tingling, electrical sensation of desire lancing through his veins.

This girl was a smouldering volcano of feminine passion—passion that leaped from her parted lips to his, and from her body to his body. He felt her quivering against him . . .

He pressed her close; kissed her shoulders, her throat. She clung to him, caught a sharp breath as his lips moved over her throat. She was like a vibrant flame that set fire to his soul—with a fire that charred his senses, seared his consciousness. He held her still for a moment, felt the little shudder that suddenly possessed her. . . . He lifted her in his arms.

And then, abruptly, from somewhere behind him, Bob Newton heard a smothered, gasping sob—a woman's bitter cry of hurt and disillusionment. It was the voice of his fiancée, Ellen Lanhart—

And then a door slammed!

In a flooding, receding rush, desire departed from Bob Newton's veins; was

replaced by disgust, dismay. Disgust with himself and with the blackhaired Conchita Moreno, whom he held in his arms. Dismay that Ellen Lanhart should have seen him in such a position!

NOW he remembered that he had begun making love to the Spanish girl for a certain definite purpose . . . and he realized that he had permitted that purpose to be sidetracked by sheer involuntary desire . . . !

Like a flash, he leaped to his feet. At the same instant, his hand darted forward, seized the automatic from the brunette's grasp.

"You damned slut!" he rasped. Leveling the weapon, he backed away from the girl, toward the closed door of the room. Ellen Lanhart had been at that door, an instant before; and now Bob Newton would follow her, find her, rescue her . . . tell her the meaning of the scene she had inadvertently witnessed . . .

Conchita Moreno sprang to her feet. With a lithe bound, she reached the door first. Her fingers found the key; flipped it in the lock. Then, before Newton could stay her, she dashed for the window, pulled aside the drapery, flung the key out into the moon-drenched night.

"Damn you to everlasting hell!" Newton snarled. He sprang at the girl.

She fought him with tooth and claw. He felt her sharp nails raking diagonally downward across his cheek. With an oath, he slapped her with his open palm, full across the mouth, with all his rage-born strength. She cried out; staggered backward. Newton hurled himself upon her, bore her backward to the floor.

His anger, built up by frustration, could be neither controlled nor checked.

He pinioned her; reached at the window's heavy drapes; tore at them.

With a muffled crash, the velvet curtains came down, bringing the drapery-pole with them. Swiftly, Bob Newton yanked at the curtains, pulled away their long, tasseled cords. With the cords, he bound Conchita Moreno—trussed her, hand and foot. He stuffed his handkerchief into her open mouth, gagging her.

Her eyes glared up at him, twin pools of venomous hate. But Newton knew no remorse for the way he had manhandled her. Cursing, he leaped at the window, swung himself outward. In the baleful glare of the moon, he dropped.

He must find that key—get back into Conchita Moreno's room—unlock her door—and then commence a frantic search for the yellow-haired Ellen Lanhart! Desperately he went to hands and knees on the ground, seeking the key which the Spanish girl had tossed through the window.

To the left, below the hill on which the house stood, the Pacific was a broad, gleaming jewel in the moonlight; and on the open harbor of Callao, among that welter of anchored ships, was the steamer *Spardian* which had brought Bob Newton and Ellen Lanhart here.

In the opposite direction, the fertile valley of the Rimac widened toward the distant spires of Lima, limned against the purple range which ran inward to meet the mighty Andes . . .

**F**RANTICALLY, Bob Newton searched for the key; and then, suddenly, he went cold. Something round and hard and metallic was boring into his back—

A gun's muzzle!

"Get up, Señor Newton. And no tricks!" a sibilant whisper came to Bob Newton's straining ears,

The American straightened, turned—and stared into the glittering eyes of Rico Moreno, the man who had abducted him!

"You Peruvian rat!" Newton rasped. His muscles tightened, tautened.

"One false move and you are a very dead *Americano*!" Moreno spoke silkily. "Come back into the house. Since my sweet sister's plan failed to elicit from you the information I desire, we will try a different scheme!"

For an instant, Newton toyed with the idea of chancing combat with the Spaniard; of hurling himself at the man, knocking aside his revolver, smashing his fist home against Moreno's jaw. But that would be foolhardy . . . and besides, there was Ellen somewhere within the house. She must be saved. Newton dared not risk a bullet through his belly just now. Not until Ellen was out of danger!

Moreno was leading him into the house now; was prodding him up the corridor, toward an open door. They entered a room.

It was Conchita Moreno's room. Evidently there had been a duplicate key, for the door was now unlocked and open. Conchita herself was unbound, ungagged. And now a tight-fitting silken dress covered her voluptuous body.

Rico Moreno spoke. "*Listen*, Señor Newton!" he rasped. "You are going to tell me the location of Francisco Pizarro's tomb—do you understand?"

"How can I tell you something I do not know?" Bob Newton grunted.

"Ah, but you *do* know!" Moreno said. "You admitted as much to my sweet sister here. I overheard you. That was when I brought your lovely, golden-haired fiancée to the door of this room and permitted her to see you making love to Conchita!"

"Why did you do that?" Newton asked harshly.

"I thought to destroy her faith in you, Señor. I thought perhaps she, too, knew the secret—and if she believed you to be unfaithful to her, she might decide to loosen her tongue. Unfortunately, your fiancée could tell me nothing."

"And neither can I!" Newton retorted.

Rico Moreno's dark brows went up swiftly. "No? But perhaps there may be a way of unlocking that stubborn mouth of yours!" He raised his voice. "Fernando—Felipe! Bring the yellow-haired girl here!" he called loudly.

Bob Newton tensed. And then, a moment later, two saddle-colored Peruvian natives entered the room, hauling between them the struggling form of Ellen Lanhart!

Lovely she was, with a slim, entrancing youthfulness. Her blonde, wavy hair, her fair shoulders, the seductive lines of her tiny breasts beneath her linen dress, the winsome contours of her slender hips and delicately-tapered legs, all combined to make a picture of naive deliciousness. When Bob Newton saw her, his heart gave a great bound.

"Ellen—my dear!" he gasped hoarsely.

She looked at him; and a dim contempt came into her starry blue eyes. Her red, kissable lips were tremulous as she turned her gaze away from Newton . . .

It was more than he could bear. He whirled on Moreno. "Damn you!" he rasped. "You've made her think that I —" His fist smashed at the Peruvian's jaw.

**M**ORENO staggered, almost went down under the exploding impact of Newton's savage blow. And then

Moreno's two henchmen leaped at Bob Newton, bludgeoned him with the butts of their automatics, hammered him down under the force of their battering attack. Raging pain made a Niagara of agony through Newton's brain. He sagged into stupefied semi-consciousness . . .

"Water!" he dimly heard Moreno's rasping command.

And then one of Moreno's henchmen leaped from the room, to return in a moment with a bucket brim-full of cold water. Moreno took it; flung its contents full into Bob Newton's blood-smearred face.

"D-don't . . . ! You b-beast!" Ellen's voice rang out sharply. And to Bob Newton, slowly reviving, her attempt at intercession was like a reprieve from hell. Then she still loved him—didn't want him to be tortured.

But even as he opened his eyes, Moreno had whirled on the golden-haired girl. "You keep your mouth shut!" the Peruvian snarled. And he dashed the remainder of the water on Ellen Lanhart's shrinking body.

It soaked her thin dress; and where the garment clung to her lovely body, wet and tight, it revealed more than ever the sweet outlines of her young breasts. Like a second skin the wet material limned every seductive curve, every enticing line. Two alluring mounds of girl-flesh pressed outward through the wet dress until they appeared so clear in detail as if they were bared . . .

Bob Newton groaned, staggered to his feet. Rage made a red haze of hatred before his eyes. He tried to fling himself at Rico Moreno.

But the Peruvian's two native henchmen were upon him, pinioning him so that he could not move. Helpless in the grasp of his captors, Bob Newton stared foggily at the scene before him.





"Stop!" yelled the Spanish girl. She leaped to her feet, squeezed the trigger of the automatic. . . .

Rico Moreno held Ellen in his hard arms. The man was leering wickedly. He turned his hard eyes on Newton. "Now, Señor Gringo!" he barked. "You are helpless, and I have your sweetheart here as my prisoner. Will you tell me what I want to know? Will you reveal the secret hiding-place of Pizarro's bones?"

"I've already told you I don't know!" Newton panted thickly.

"You are a stubborn jackass, my friend. But perhaps I know a way to cure that stubbornness!" With that, Moreno's claw-like hands went to the neck of Ellen Lanhart's frock. He ripped downward, savagely—

ELLEN cried out; tried to struggle away from her captor. But it was useless. Moreno was ripping, tearing at her dress, until at last he had snatched all but tattered remnants from her lovely form. Now she stood there, completely unclad save for brief silken panties. . . . She tried to turn away, tried to cover her naked breasts with her fluttering palms . . . .

Wide-eyed with rage, livid with a consuming hate, Bob Newton felt a surging and consuming fury welling up in his throat. Moreno had defiled Ellen Lanhart—the girl Newton loved. And for that Moreno would pay, the American swore silently!

Rico Moreno once more pulled Ellen toward him; enfolded her half-nude body in his arms. He locked her in a rough and savage embrace. . . . He kissed her, despite her agonized struggles to free herself from his brutal arms—his seeking hands. . . . Then he turned to Bob Newton. "Will you tell me the secret, gringo dog? Or must I . . . go further . . . ?

Sweat stood out on Newton's strained forehead. Desperately, vainly, he attempted to release himself from the two natives who held him. "I tell you I don't know where Pizarro's bones are buried!" he cried hoarsely, insanely.

"Still stubborn, eh?" Moreno's eyes narrowed. He barked a command to his henchmen. "Rope the *Americano* to the wall!"

Newton felt his wrists being bound with a length of rawhide. His arms were jerked over his head; fastened to a huge spike which protruded from the wall. He swayed against his fetters.

Moreno turned to the cringing Ellen Lanhart. His hand dropped to his wide leather belt; unfastened a many-thonged quirt. He handed the whip to the yellow-

haired girl. "Here!" he barked. "Take this and whip your lover until he is ready to tell me what I wish to know!"

Ellen's eyes widened in horror. "You—you want me to whip Bob Newton?" "Si!"

"I won't do it!"

MORENO turned to his sister, the dark-haired Conchita. "Take a whip from one of my men. Then whip this girl until she in turn whips her sweetheart!"

Conchita's cat-like eyes lighted up sadistically. "With the greatest of delight, my brother!" she grinned readily. She snatched a thick-handled rawhide quirt from the belt of one of Moreno's underlings. She hefted the lash; swung it deftly, viciously—

The long, snaky thong curled out and cut sharply across the snowy, flawless whiteness of Ellen Lanhart's back . . . .

Ellen screamed. Again Conchita Moreno raised her quirt, brought it singing down across Ellen's rounded hips. And Ellen moaned with agonized pain—

"Ellen—for God's sake do as you've been ordered!" Bob Newton gasped out desperately. "Go ahead and lash me!"

"I—I can't! Even though I saw you in this other girl's arms, I—I still love you. . . ." Ellen sobbed.

"I made love to her in order to get her automatic!" Newton grated. "And now, for the love of God—lash me!"

Ellen hesitated. Once more Conchita's quirt descended upon the yellow-haired girl's naked back. And then, because she had no other course, Ellen raised her own whip, brought it down across the chest of her sweetheart, Bob Newton.

And as Conchita's stinging whip-blows bit into Ellen's cringing white flesh, Ellen in turn increased the tempo of her own lashes at Newton's squirming body.

Newton closed his eyes to the pain. Ellen's quirt was cutting through his shirt, biting into his flesh. . . . But he knew that this torture was not really meant for him. Rico Moreno had another purpose, now. The man was a fiend, a sadistic monster, a flagellant . . .

Like some modern Caligula, the Peruvian was gloating over the scene now being enacted before his narrowed eyes. Slash—slash—slash—the whips descended, upon Bob Newton and upon the agonized Ellen Lanhart—

Newton's shirt was ripped and slashed to ribbons, now, and his flesh was raw, bleeding. Ellen Lanhart's unwilling and inexperienced hand could not control her whip, and every blow she dealt him was like a razor-cut. Whereas Conchita Moreno, more adept, was careful not to draw blood from Ellen's lovely white body.

Conchita's slashing quirt was a thing of finesse, of exquisite and graduated cruelty that raised angry red weals on Ellen's back, but drew no crimson . . .

Bob Newton gritted his teeth under the double torture of being whipped and seeing his beloved Ellen similarly lashed. And then, abruptly, hope leaped into his heart. The rope, which bound him to that overhead spike in the wall, seemed to be loosening!

He pretended to sag, semi-conscious; and he threw his full weight against the rawhide thong. It slipped, stretched—

And he almost slipped his hands from the noose!

**A**T the same instant, Ellen saw what he was doing. Like a flash, she pivoted—and her next quirt-blow, instead of lashing down on Newton, sang through the air and sliced full across Conchita Moreno's face.

Conchita screamed a harsh, agonized

cry. Blood dripped from her mutilated cheek. She dropped her whip, staggered backward. . . . And simultaneously, Bob Newton launched himself headlong at Rico Moreno, Conchita's brother.

Moreno was totally unprepared for the attack. He went sprawling; punched up against the far wall. And as he fell, Newton leaped after him, flicked the Peruvian's automatic from the man's broad leather belt. Newton whirled.

Moreno's two henchmen were closing in. Bob Newton's finger tightened on the automatic's trigger. He squeezed hot lead out of the weapon's flame-belching muzzle; and the two natives went tumbling down to some Peruvian hell, with bullets through their skulls.

But in that brief instant, Rico Moreno had regained his feet. Now he hurled himself upon Bob Newton from behind; and the American went down, with Moreno on top of him. Desperately, Newton squirmed over on his back, so that he was face to face with the savage-eyed Moreno who pinioned him.

Moreno was battering at the American's face; was snatching at the automatic in Newton's right fist. Newton strove to bring the gun's muzzle upward; to blow a hole through Moreno's guts. But suddenly, the Peruvian plunged his knee into Bob Newton's groin; and as the nauseating agony ate like a cancer through the American's abdomen, Moreno got the automatic.

He got it, raised it, aimed it—

With the last ounce of his strength, Bob Newton smashed upward with his fist, knocking the automatic aside even as it spat flame and belched leaden death. The bullet whined across the room. Newton heard a sudden, wailing, feminine cry—and the thud of a slumping body.

Cold horror gripped at the American's

*(Continued on page 117)*

## By CLOW MAND

*From Chihuahua to Calgary, wherever he rode,  
Tex Claydon always seemed to run into trouble.  
And now he was finding that girls cause more  
hell than anything else—especially those who  
need fast six-guns to protect them*







The man let go both guns  
and slumped back, a hole  
under his eye.

# PISTOLEER'S PARADISE

**H**OT SUN blistered the sandhills and shimmered the faded green across the mesquite flats. Tex Claydon's green eyes were on the chaparral ahead, and the squat adobe hut in the little clearing was a welcome sight.

The indolent way, then, was gone from him and his horse leaped ahead at

the bite of spurs. A woman's high-pitched scream rang shrill into the heated quietude, and then she was in the doorway of the hut.

A Mexican girl, not more than sixteen. Much prettier than most, Tex Claydon thought—and he had an eye for them. When it came to gambling, riding, shoot-

ing, dancing, and making love, this tall, flat-bodied Texican had few equals from Chihuahua to Calgary.

He smiled as the girl pawed at the door-casing. Another Mex family quarrel, he thought—and *hombre*, how they could quarrel! He started to ease his horse's gait, and then went swiftly forward again. A huge pair of hands, hairy, muscled, came over the girl's shoulders and held her. One hand came down, seized the front of the cheap gingham dress and jerked it, tearing it.

The upper hemispheres of small, firm brown breasts quivered into view. Below through the thin material, he could envision a flat, olive-tinted stomach, slender, appealing hips, and the slender, rounded limbs of Latin youth.

Tex, because of the sunlight outside, the gloom beyond the doorway, could see nothing of the man's face. He heard him laugh, and the laugh was one Tex never could have liked. The girl was picked up, dragged inside. Her screams gave way to pitiful moans, and a low, frantic pleading.

TEX left his horse in the rim of the mesquite and went quickly to the hut. He closed his eyes a moment, so he would not be blinded when he stepped into the gloom. Then, cat-like, he was inside the place, and a long stride carried him across the little room.

The man was bending above the girl, pressing her against a bunk built against the wall. She pleaded in a low voice, and writhed from side to side. Her slender legs kicked wildly. The man's huge right hand grabbed for them.

Tex leaned and smacked down the hand, grabbed the jumper collar and jerked the other to his feet and slammed him back against the wall. Until then, he did not realize how big the attacker

really was. A red one, he; red-haired, red-whiskered, red-eyed, with the reek of tequila to his breath.

Surprise held him momentarily, and then his hands dropped swiftly to the butts of twin guns, tied down and holstered low. Tex Claydon leaped, smashed rights and lefts to his whiskered face, hooked a heel behind his knees and jerked him down. The sharp toes of his boots kicked the half-drawn guns across the hut.

Soundlessly, then, they went into it, while the girl, kneeling by the bunk, stared with fear-filled large eyes. Surprise, the swift attack of Tex Claydon, gave him the upper hand. Otherwise, he doubted he ever could have handled this other man. He set to work, then, a side-glance at the girl spurring him on.

Now, he began taunting the other: "Your left eye, now. Ain't you man to take it, big booger? Now, 'at lily-bulk beak. . . ." His blows landed. The red one staggered blindly, both eyes closing, his lips crushed, blood running down his chin. Tex spun him, aimed him at the door, kicked mightily. The other sailed outside and landed on his face.

"You—you got me dirty!" he bawled, wabbling to his feet. "We'll meet ag'in. An' when we do, I'll—"

"You'll get a brisket full of Colt medicine," Tex snarled. "Get, huddem you! Hightail yonderly!"

He turned back inside.

A RUSH, and warm brown arms were around his neck. For a moment, he picked the girl clear of the floor and her soft lips were frantic on his own. She squirmed her soft body against him and made crooning, panting little sounds.

Fire ran from Tex's toes through his body and surged hot in his face. But even if she was Mex, she was still a

kid. He put her down, thrusting her back.

"The so brave Americano, not like the gringo peeg from which you leetle Doncia haff save!" the girl cried, "Eet ees I would reward you. Ees niieee reward, no?"

She pirouetted before him, her breasts quivering, her legs vibrating as she twisted this way and that.

"Too nice," Tex mumbled. "But you don't know what you are sayin', kid."

"Noooo? Doncia ver', ver'—what you speak?—*caliente* ma-ma for you. I haff dream—"

"Go back to sleep, then," Tex Claydon growled, "an' see if you can't dream some more. Cool off."

He left her, then. She was calling after him; and then she was screaming insults and calling him a dumb gringo.

"Mebbe I'm dumb," Tex grunted as he took up the trail again. "But they's some kinds of pepper 'at's too hot for even me.

"Anyhow, I bet 'at red-whiskers don't do much horsin' or ridin' for a few days, nohow."

He knew the red-whiskered one was dangerous, a killer. He yawned, turning where the trail forked. His destination, for no real reason save the itch to roam, was the blue-haze line of the Footstool Range, far to his right.

**T**WO days later, in late afternoon, Tex Claydon rode into the light timber of the lower Footstool Range. He followed a tiny seep of water, and came finally to a little artificial lake that lay at the head of it. A spring broke out of the dry hills and the ravine below it had been dammed with earth and stones. A few willow trees offered shade along the bank. Tex followed a cattle trail up to

it, dismounted and stood surveying the ridged, broken country all around.

He frowned, then, and walked to a rock at the edge of the little lake. Still frowning, he stooped, and when he straightened, he held clothing in his hands. A pair of riding pants, a shirt, small boots—and dainty underthings that caused a wide grin to crease his face. He looked swiftly this way and that.

A faint, alluring perfume came from the silken garment that wasn't half as large as the neckerchief Tex wore. Chuckling, he told himself: "Like to meet the li'l lady in person—riiight now! Bet she's hidin' somewheres in these gullies an' rocks."

He raised his voice. "Ma'm, come on out an' meet me, Tex Claydon. Or, if you ain't willin', I'll leave your clothes here an' turn my back."

He waited, but no answer came. He frowned again. Funny, he thought, there was no sign of a horse around, and there was no dwelling, no ranch house in miles, as far as he knew. He placed the clothes beneath a willow, got his horse and started riding a wide circle around the little lake.

He reached a rise and paused. Off to the east, below this rise, a horse broke out of light timber, a rider bent low along its neck.

"Hell!" Tex gasped. "A woman, an' she ain't wearin' much more'n a plucked jaybird. I didn't aim to scare her like 'at."

He watched her ride, enjoying the vision of white flesh on the saddle, of dark hair blowing in the wind, of the full, white limbs that gripped the animal's sides. For a moment, he envied that horse!

And then his admiration ceased. A man had come quirting and spurring out of the timber after the girl. The girl

looked back, saw him, swung in a circle and came back toward the rise where Tex was occupied with his observation. She disappeared now, into a ravine. The man circled, this way and that.

It was a grim game of hounds and hare, and Tex Claydon decided to join in. He cut into a water-cut gulley and came down toward the one where the girl was hidden, unseen by the man who sought her.

"I have *the* dam'est luck," Tex complained. "An' I never seen such a horsin' bunch of wimmen chousers in my born days. Ain't they no men in these parts 'at can make a gal *want* 'em—without havin' to ride their tails from here to yonderly?"

HE rode down the ravine. The girl heard him. She was urging her horse the other way when Tex came around a turn and sighted her. She reined in, then, so quick, her horse reared high. The party chasing her had come into the ravine from the other end.

"This is gonna be worth a lot," he bawled, lashing his horse.

"A lot of lead!" Tex Claydon snarled.

The rider's mouth went agape as he sighted the intruder. He pawed at his gun as he slid toward the off-side of his horse.

Tex Claydon's right arm moved in a blur; sunlight glinted on his pistol as he sprang it free and upward, and a blossom of smoke burst into the air. The roar of the gun rang back and forth in the canyon, setting the girl's horse rearing and buckjumping.

The man beyond her let go his gun and his saddlehorn and, as his horse sprang and ran, rolled along the ground. There was a tiny hole just under his left eye. The rest of the story was told by

the back of his head: It wasn't nice to see.

Tex jammed his gun into the holster and spun his horse toward the girl. He grabbed the bit close to the horse's mouth and jerked it down.

"It—it's terribly hard to hold him, without boots or spurs, or—" she blushed from head to foot—"riding-breeches."

Frankly, Tex Claydon looked at her. Exertion and excitement caused her breath to come fast and heavy. Her breasts, delicate and smooth as the cheeks of a baby, rocked with her breath, straining the thin bandeau that cradled them.

Tex let his eyes follow down the soft contours of her body, and noticed the raw angry red of the tender white skin of her legs; skin roughed where she had tried to clamp the saddle with her knees. His gaze fastened on her barely covered hips and thighs.

The girl's head flung high in a proud, imperious gesture. Tex tore his eyes away from the bruises around her knee and looked at the blushing, delicate oval of her face.

He shifted in the stirrups, wiped his forehead with his sleeve and his tongue ran out to moisten dry lips.

"Your—er, your legs is goin' to be sore, ma'm, unless you do somethin' quick," he said hoarsely. "I got some salve in my saddlebags—Why, li'l lady..."

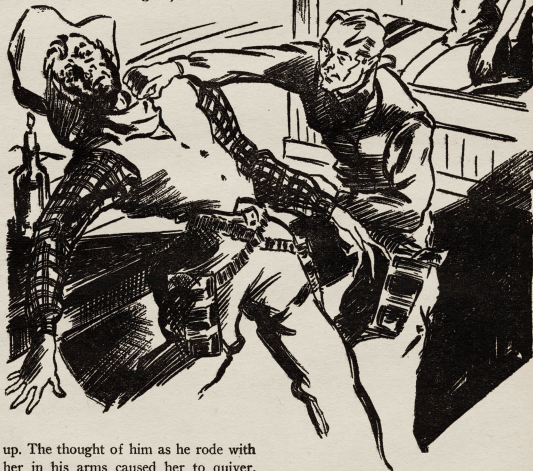
SHE would have fallen from the saddle had he not caught her. Her eyes were closed and she lay, a soft, alluring, delicious thing as he held her in his arms. He hugged her close as he led her horse and started back for the lake. His blood beat faster as he held her close. He leaned, kissed her, kissed her again upon



her closed eyelids. The girl opened her eyes, then closed them quickly; her lips parted and she stirred restlessly, nestled closer to him.

He was glad when they got to the lake and he could put her down on a little patch of grass. While he sought in his saddlebags, the girl opened one eye and looked at him. She seemed undecided: to pretend to remain in a faint, or get

"You never give this girl a break," Tex swore. "And I'll give you the same!"



up. The thought of him as he rode with her in his arms caused her to quiver. She lay quiet.

She had never been drawn to any man before; she had been sufficient unto herself; proud, commanding, wishing to be alone. Now, as Tex Claydon knelt and began rubbing salve onto the raw spots on the skin of her legs where the

saddle had chafed, she had to fight herself.

Here was a man she had never seen before, whose nearness made her want to scream, wind her arms about him, pull him even closer. Even though she

knew his ministrations were impersonal, that he was only trying to alleviate her pain, her whole body tingled and her pulse pounded maddeningly.

She could hardly resist opening her eyes and throwing her arms about his neck, and giving into a mad kiss all the ardor burning in her lips. With a violent effort she restrained herself; lay still for long, stunned moments.

He was done, then, stumbling back to his horse. When he returned, he brought her clothes. She sighed, sat up and reluctantly reached for them. They looked long into each other's eyes. He said, heavily: "Do you—?"

"I don't know!" she panted. "—I don't know what you mean."

He let it go at that.

THEY came back to reality as she dressed. Tex Claydon had to look away, his nails biting into his palms as he clenched his fists. They mounted, and the grimness of the thing returned to them.

"Who was it I kilt?" Tex inquired. He felt no remorse. He was glad he had gunned out that skunk.

"A man," she said darkly, "who rode for Sug Horween. His name is—was—Ace Toltec. I'd ridden over here to take a swim. I never thought they'd come this far of the line laid down. That means that Sug Horween is ready to come out in the open. And Ace Toltec being killed—Oh, it means the end!"

"Even Sug Horween can't be so bad as to sanction what Toltec was up to . . . I reckon he come on you while you was swimmin', an' run you out?"

"He did. And Horween—why, he's worse than his men. He gave them orders to chase me, and to—to . . . Well, he has been after me himself. I got away. You see, he wants the small

ranchers to make the first move, and knows that would bring it about."

"How about your folks?"

"I have none. I own a little place on Quirt Creek, and run it myself, except when it's haying or branding time."

"You need a man," Tex Claydon commented.

She didn't answer, but inside herself, she wondered if she didn't—now that she had been awakened to herself.

"The trouble?" Tex briefly inquired.

"Sug Horween is the type the law lets alone—and there is little enough law here. He owns most of the range in the hills beyond Quirt Creek, but isn't satisfied. Besides, it isn't so easy to raid, bring cattle in and turn them on the range when there are honest ranchers nearby."

"Why don't the li'l fellers just up an' bodaciously bust this Horween hairpin between the horns?" Tex demanded.

"Horween has gunmen. Fact is, they run his outlaw spread. He is riding around, most of the time, spotting cattle they can steal. There are few of the small outfits left—and most of them not able to begin to stand up to Horween. But they'll try; they'll have to. And Horween will kill them just as sure as they do."

"One of his gunmen ain't goin' to bother," Tex succinctly advised. He rolled a smoke and said, dryly: "Y' know, I always found it the best to go right to the root of things. Take this Horween, now. Get a man who can sashay right up, look'im in the off-eye, spit in 'er an' tell him to drag his iron. Fill 'im so full of lead they gotta melt 'im to bury 'im. Next, bust his segundo the same damned way.

"You'll always find the rest of the pack will roll their tails an' run."

"Are you a gunman?" she asked. And then: "W-why, I don't even know your name!"

"I don't know yours, neither."

"It's Honey Walters."

"Honey. Hon-eeeeee." He sighed. "Name sure fits. Well, *Honey*, my brand is Tex Claydon. Don't tell me you've heard of it?"

Her lips compressed and she tried to look angry. Then, she laughed. "Who hasn't? A wild, fight-for-fun, high-riding, dancing cowboy who makes love for the fun of it. But you aren't a professional gunman, and if you were, I doubt you could stand up to Sug Horween. Add—" she held up another finger to check off on—"that the small outfits couldn't pay you if you were"—She shrugged.

HE started to tell her there would be pay enough if she—But he stopped this idea. He was wise to ways of guns, horses, and women. This girl would hate him for the very suggestion; if she ever loved a man, it would be for himself—not through gratitude.

Anyhow, Tex told himself, this was no affair of his, and he wasn't the butt in sort. He'd forget this, ride on. There would be other days and other girls. But, dammit! would there be another like Honey Walters? He figured there would not.

"Mebbe you're right," he agreed. Then, to make talk: "What sort of *hom-bre* is this Horween *cabron*?"

"Vicious!" she shuddered. "He cornered me, once. I can still feel his lips on my face, his hands . . . ugh! I managed to beat him off with a quirt, and get away. And his whiskers—uh! Horween, Tex, is a half-head taller than even you. Dirty red hair, and always has a three or four day growth of beard

on his face. He drinks raw tequilla until he's half insane."

Tex Claydon's voice was a concentrated thing of harshness, then. "He packs two guns, too; worn low an' tied down," he spat.

"You know him?"

"I met him, a couple days ago," he growled. "Botherin' a li'l Mex gal, only about sixteen. He said we'd meet again. Usual, folks do, if they rod this country long enough. An' I never like threats to run after me too long. Best settle them early. Y'know, I reckon it's a man's duty to stomp out snakes like Horween. An', come to think of it, I don't like the idea of ridin' on, leavin' you to be finally run down.

"You think you could use a hand?"

"I will use one," she declared. "Only, Tex—remember I am human. Don't try to run your hand too far. Please!"

"Until you ask me to," he promised reluctantly.

AT HER little place along Quirt Creek, Tex Claydon unsaddled the horses and turned them into the corral while Honey Walters went inside the three room log cabin, to cook supper.

It was peaceful here on this little willow-lined creek. The murmur of it was music to Tex's ears. He smoked a couple of cigarettes, then snapped the butt of a third one to the ground when he heard horses splashing across the creek farther down.

He went to the house. "They's somebody comin'," he said. "If they ain't friends, I wanta know it before they come on up."

Honey looked out. Worriedly, she said: "It's old Gabe Taylor, Bill South, and Banty Giles. They own small spreads below here. They're about the only ones who've a chance to fight Hor-

ween—and they've little hope. Just courage."

The three men, more above than below middle age, dismounted by the corral and came toward the house. They stopped, stared from Tex Claydon to Honey Walters, slowly shaking their heads.

"Honey," old Gabe Taylor said, nodding at Tex, "is this the ranny thet kilt Ace Toltec?"

"I'll answer the question," Tex cut in flatly. "I'm the man."

"You done a pert job," Bill South offered. "But you sure have done raised hell. Horween is on the warpath. He thinks you are workin' for the small ranchers, an' says we're goin' to pay."

"I am workin' for a small outfit," Tex advised. "Miss Walters, here, put me on. . . ." He told what had happened that afternoon.

"Damn their tick-bitten, loafer wolf hides!" Banty Giles barked. "Horween's been warrin' this way too long. He wants Honey about as bad as he wants our range. It's gone long enough. They's only two things to do: Lay down the chips we done fought for, or lay them down forever fightin' for what we've won. Runnin' never fit my hoofs, none a-tall."

"Nor mine," South grumbled. Taylor nodded concurrence.

"Tex Claydon, eh?" Banty Giles went on. "I heard of you. But it wasn't so bad—mostly wild. How c'n you figger to stand up to Sug Horween?"

"Done 'er once." Tex explained.

"But you admit you got the jump on him," Taylor pointed out.

"I got more reason to get 'er on him again," Tex snorted. "I got a few personal chips in this. I owe it to myse'f to meet Horween an' rid myse'f of 'at

threat. Besides, my killin' Toltec has brought this trouble to a head. Just try declarin' me out."

"Listen," Honey began. She did not finish what she started.

Outside, in the gloom of thickening dusk, a rifle laid flat, vicious sound into the evening quietude. The bullet screamed through a window and smashed dishes on a shelf. The chatter of two more saddle guns added to the smashing noise. Windows tinkled out and lead sped through the doorway to slap into the walls.

"Outside!" Tex Claydon snarled. His six-gun in his hand, he leaped headlong through the door, rolled over and over, gained his feet and made the shelter of the corral. A flash of gunfire came from along the creek. He fired twice, the deeper boom of his six-gun rolling down the rifle tones.

**T**AYLOR, South and Giles had gained the outside, and were adding their gunfire to the rising hell. The rifle fire ceased. Then abruptly commenced again, from a point farther beyond the creek. Again, running forward to gain the water edge, Tex Claydon sent his lead at a rifle flash. A man choked, cried hoarsely, and there was the sound of a horse running riderless into the dark.

Tex went on. A dark, sprawled shape lay across the creek. Tex knelt beside it. The rest came up, Banty swearing softly and mopping where a bullet had cut one cheek.

"Hell," South grunted. "That's Rincon Yait! Next to Buck Stole, he was Horween's best gun-hand. Dam'f I c'n figger why they—"

They had their answer, then. From across the creek, a scream of despair struck pointedly. It came again. Honey's voice, calling for Tex.



"Help—Tex! Horween's got me and —"

The yelling ceased in a way that only a hard, sudden blow could bring about. A clatter of hoofs, a mocking laugh, and Horween had gone.



Horween leered, brought the knife up, and came toward her.

Running, his face a devil's mask in which his green eyes blazed, Tex Clay-

don splashed across the creek and gained the corral. He listened intently. He could hear the thud of Horween's horse, and the beat of the hooves was slow.

"He didn't run off our horses," Taylor squalled. "Don't stand there. Let's get after him an'—"

"An' be a fool!" Tex snapped. "He's goin' slow. He wants to lead us on after him, 'at direction. An' while we're all follerin', them skunks 'at 'bushed us to get us away from Honey, they will be strippin' the range of ever' head of cattle, an' likely burnin' down your homes.

"Go warn every'body; get all the men you can. I'll foller Horween. Honey'll be back—but Horween won't. Don't stand there, dammit. H'ist your tails an' make a fog."

They didn't like the complexion of this thing, but they had to admit Tex Claydon was using his head.

"Claydon, if Horween should stop you—" Giles began.

**T**EX CLAYDON wasn't there to hear. He was riding into the night in the direction Horween had gone. He rode carefully, and his horse seemed to know—lifting its hooves and setting them down almost silently. It was said of Tex Claydon, he had the ears of a wolf, and the scent, the gift of it, to track a man by smell.

Horween must have gotten worried. He speeded up. His plans were not working out. He'd expected to lead them all pell-mell, then give them the slip. Yet there was no sound, no sign of pursuit at all. He went on, faster now, working higher into the Footstool range.

Tex Claydon, his horse not carrying double, made easier time. He did not want to get too close just yet. No tell-

ing what Horween might do to the girl. Then, abruptly, on a timber-studded bench, all sound ceased. Claydon listened, straining in the night. A hard, cold fear assailed him as he quitted his horse and went ahead on foot.

Horween had holed in somewhere, perhaps? But would Tex Claydon find the place on time?

**H**ONEY WALTERS opened her eyes as a match flared and the dim, murky glow of a smoked-up kerosene lamp flamed up. She was, she could tell by the looks of things, in some old linerider's shack, or outlaws' roost. Her head spun and her jaw, where Horween had struck her, ached steadily.

He had dumped her on a long bench beside a homemade table. The girl rolled off the bench and ran for the door. Cursing, Horween was after her, grabbed her, spun her around. She fought him silently, knowing there was little use in screaming.

A heavy, open-handed blow dropped her to the floor. Conscious, but unable to defend herself, she knew she was put back on the bench; knew her hands were looped above her head, her feet tied together beneath the bench, leaving her in a strained, defenseless attitude.

Making animal, grunting sounds, Horween stepped back. He pulled a bottle of tequila from his pocket, drank deeply, croaked throatily. Hope sprang inside the girl when someone tapped on the line shack door.

"Boss," came the gunman, Buck Stole's voice, "they ain't no sign of anybody comin'."

"Stay out, anyhow," Horween snarled. "Mebbe, when I get done with this snippy, too-particular little wildcat, I'll hand 'er over to you."

Horween came toward Honey Walters, stopped, leered down at her. He took a clasp-knife from his pocket, opened it and hooked the point of it under the collar of her shirt. Slowly, his eyes glassy, mouthing strange sounds, he cut the shirt away. Honey writhed, whimpered, closed her eyes.

He grabbed her roughly and a numb, icy dread seized her. Even the pain as his fingers cruelly bit into her tender flesh could not thaw the ice around her heart.

She cried out, faintly, and tears squeezed from under her lids as the point of the knife went under her belt and cut it. One pants leg, the other, and Horween slit them with the blade. She felt the cruel thrust of his hands but faintly, as he seized her last outer garment, tore it from her and held it triumphantly above his head.

She blushed from head to foot, then grew cold again. Horween was slowly bending down to her. She struggled, but the writhing of her body only madened him, only gave cruel strength to his arms. She felt his hot breath on her face, her throat. His terrible hands were clutching her, rough fingers pinching and clawing. If she could have defended herself! But she was worse than helpless, with her feet tied beneath the bench.

She twisted this way and that, panting, sobbing, crying. Horween's fiery, big hands grabbed her and held her. She suddenly commenced to scream even though she had no hope that it would help her.

Horween was lost to everything but the perfection, the purity of her body. He held her tighter. . . .

"You low—damn' skunk—stand up!"

GROUND through clenched teeth, the words had a sibilant, hellish hiss to them that penetrated the fog of Horween's mind. It was a voice he knew; the voice of a man who stopped this sort of thing once before.

Horween stepped back, Honey between him and Tex Claydon, who stood just inside the door. He glared the hate of hell at Tex; he slavered, ground his teeth.

"Your watcher shouldn't've smoked. I sneaked up on the glow on his cigarette," Tex growled. "An' I hit as hard as I could with the barrel of my gun. He won't wake up."

"You won't give me the even breaks," Horween snarled.

"You never give this girl no break. Damn you, but I'll give you a rope."

Gun leveled, he came on inside. "I'm cuttin' you loose, Honey. When I do, get me that lass rope hangin' on 'at peg. I—"

Horween dropped his feet from under him and fell behind the bench to which Honey was tied. As he fell, he drew his guns. Tex Claydon, too, however, fell to the floor. He saw what Horween's next move would be.

On their stomachs, heads lifted, guns thrust before them, each man sought to thumb his gun-hammer first. Fire streaked under the bench as Horween and Tex Claydon fired, the report blending as one. Tex felt the sting of splinters as Horween's lead ripped a long gouge in the floor.

All the energy, the nerves, the will of Tex Claydon went into his gun-hand, then. He thumbed the arched hammer back, let it fall, continued this. One-two-three—

A heavy bullet caught Horween's left

(Continued on page 103)

**Kill the girl he loved and  
escape the Nazi headsman's  
axe! That was the situation  
that confronted Bradley.  
... Could he outwit them?**

**A** BRIGHT, dust-flecked ray of the late afternoon sun slanted across the barred window of the cell and formed a network of light on the damp, cement floor.

Ted Bradley rose from the cot and jammed into one corner of the steel and stone cubicle, flexed the broad sweep of his shoulders, and sauntered to the window. He gripped two of the bars and pulled out his arm muscles.

Five days! Good God, he'd go mad if they didn't do something soon! *Do something!* His firm lips smiled mirthlessly. There was only one thing they'd do—ultimately. He knew what to expect. His head on a block in the prison yard and a black-hooded executioner wielding a razor-sharp axe—a *headsman's axe!*

There wasn't a chance in the world to squeeze out of it. Time and again he had asked permission to communicate with the American consul, but nothing



## Death's

doing. These *Heinies* knew enough to avoid international complications—just yet.

Maybe he had been a fool even to attempt it. They had warned him in France that the German border was an impassable ring of iron, but the lure of excitement made anything possible and plausible. If only he hadn't lost his head



By **KEN COOPER**



him around. Two prison guards with leveled carbines stood in the gloomy corridor. The barred door swung open. One of the men motioned for Ted to come out.

A guard skipped ahead of him and called a halt where the corridor turned to the left and led to the high-walled yard. Without a word, he opened a solid steel door. The second guard jammed the muzzle of his carbine into Ted's back and prodded him across the threshold. The door clanged shut and a bolt slipped into place. Ted was alone.

For long minutes his eyes swept the room. It was without windows or visible means of ventilation. A yellow light shone from a reflector sunk into the center of the high ceiling. Not a stisk of furniture graced the complete barrenness. It was just four walls, a floor, and a ceiling.

Ted wondered as he tapped a wall and found it to be steel sheeting, whether he was to be subjected to some cabalistic torture; some modern, *Nazi* inquisition.

Again he examined his surroundings, noticing what seemed to be a box-like

## Puppet

and clubbed the Storm Trooper to death. But even that was a matter of self-preservation. It was a case of either the Trooper's life or his own.

And now he was waiting. Five long, inactive days! Good God, why in hell—?

**T**HE sound of a key scraping in the rusty lock of the cell door brought



loud speaker attached to the wall over the door. As he looked at it, a voice poured from the grilled baffle-board.

It was a thick, Teutonic voice; a voice trained in the giving of orders; a voice that was without personality; a cold, steel-tempered voice.

"Herr Bradley!" it boomed. Ted came to automatic attention. "You have committed the crime of murder against the Nazi State. For this, *mein herr*, the punishment is—*death!*" There was a long pause; a silence broken only by the impulse hum of the loud speaker.

"However," the voice continued, "we are prepared to offer you your life for a service. In Berlin, at present, there is a Russian spy. We are certain of this and yet have no proof. Under these conditions, we are powerless to act." The voice bristled.

"And yet, this enemy of the State *must* be destroyed without endangering our diplomatic relations with the country this spy represents. Are you willing to trade freedom for murder? Will you agree to do away with this spy if we release you? You are even now being watched. Raise your right hand if the proposition appeals to you?"

ONLY the hum of the loud speaker and the mad, excited beat of Ted Bradley's heart. Cold beads of sweat formed on his forehead.

"Well, *mein herr!*" The voice was imperative, demanding.

Ted drew a deep breath. It sounded like the blowing of a bellows in the steel-walled room. His hand came up slowly until it was above his head.

"Gut!" the voice boomed. "You have chosen well, *mein herr*. Now, listen carefully. This spy is at present employed in the *Rokoko Tanzpalast* on the *Alexanderplatz*. You will go there tonight

and strike up an acquaintance. Somehow, you will be informed as to the spy's identity. As you leave the prison you will be given money sufficient for your needs. The rest will depend upon you."

Here, for the first time, the voice changed pitch. It became ominous. "*Remember, mein herr, that at all times you are being watched.* One false move and it will be the end. Good luck."

There was a click in the loud speaker and even the power hum died. A moment later the steel door swung open. A guard stood at attention in the corridor. Ted glanced at the loud speaker. Then he stepped out of the room.

AN hour later he emerged from a black car that had stopped on the *Wilhelmstrasse*. The car sped away immediately and he was left a free man with one thousand gold marks in his pocket.

It had all happened so quickly and with such military dispatch, that Ted was left with a sense of awe. He knew what he had bartered in exchange for his life, but not until this moment had he considered what his ultimate fate would be. Granted that he did do away with the spy. Would prosecution for murder follow? It was too late to do anything but go ahead.

After engaging a room and making himself presentable, Ted inquired for the *Rokoko Tanzpalast*. He found it easily, somewhat surprised to discover it to be an immense night club splashed with gilt and chromium and crowded with merrymakers of both sexes.

The show was in progress when Ted entered and was led to a small table adjacent to the polished dance floor. He was amazed at the Parisian brevity of the chorus girls' costumes. For the most

part they were large, buxom girls with blonde hair and a Nordic fullness of figure.

Thin net brassieres made little effort to cover the smooth, white globes of their soft breasts. Sweeping his eyes along the line Ted could see ten twin hillocks swaying and trembling in luscious unrestraint. He dropped his line of vision to the weaving lower portions of their enticing bodies.

Shimmering silk dance trunks sheathed their mature hips and the upper fullness of their powdered thighs, tightening with every motion of the dance and limning the sweep of magnetic woman-curves beneath.

THE chorus danced out to a spontaneous burst of applause and its place in the silver spotlight was taken by a young man smartly attired in a tuxedo. He bowed and approached a microphone in front of the band-stand.

The orchestra went into the opening bars of a popular ballad and the youth sang. His voice was husky and liquid like that of a female blues singer. When his song was concluded, the orchestra increased its tempo and his small, patent-leather shod feet clicked rhythmically on the hard floor in a graceful tap dance.

Ted was watching the entertainer's tap technique and thinking of Fred Astaire when a waiter approached his table. Ted accepted the menu thrust into his hands, but his eyes popped as he noticed a typewritten note attached to it. He read the message quickly.

*The entertainer now on the floor is the one we suspect. You will make every effort to leave the country once your mission is over. You may cross the border at Aix la Chapelle.*

Ted tore the cryptic note from the

menu card and slipped it into his pocket. He glanced up at the waiter. The man's stolid German face was an impassive mask. He motioned him closer.

"That man who is dancing," he said. "What is his name?"

"*Herr Linskaya, mein herr.*"

Ted licked his dry, hot lips. "You will bring me first an order of pig's knuckles, and then you will inform *Herr Linskaya* that a gentleman—an American gentleman—would like to speak with him."

The waiter nodded. "*Ja, mein herr.*"

TED had decided on his method of procedure long before the young singer and dancer approached the table, a quizzical smile of greeting curling his too-feminine lips.

"You wished to see me, sir?" he queried in German, tinged with the faintest of Russian accents.

"You speak English, *Herr Linskaya*?" Ted countered.

"Certainly."

Ted extended his hand. "I am Theodore Bradley, a theatrical producer. Your performance interested me. I wondered whether you would consider an offer to return to the United States with me?"

The young man drew up a chair. His manner was soothingly gracious. "I am afraid, *Herr Bradley*, that it would be impossible." His lean, white fingers smoothed down the silk lapels of his tuxedo jacket. "I am returning to Russia soon," he said. "To my home."

Ted hid his annoyance. "But the opportunities for one of your talents are marvelous in America, *Linskaya*. I might offer as much as \$500 a week." He leaned over the table confidently. "It deserves consideration and discussion. This is no place for it. Can't we

find a more private atmosphere? Your dwelling, perhaps, or mine?"

The entertainer shook his head. "I am sorry but I will have to perform again at midnight. And—"

"That's perfectly all right, Linskaya. I'm going to remain to see the entire show through anyhow. I'll wait for you. Then we can go to my place or yours and discuss the matter at greater length. You're young now, you know, and opportunity only beckons once."

The Russian smiled. Ted was certain he could detect something behind that smile. It was almost secretive.

"It is a waste of time, *Herr Bradley*," he said, "but if you insist—"

"I insist!"

**D**URING the intermission between performances, when the floor was crowded with dancers, Ted slipped out of the *Tanzpalast* and down to the street. The palms of his hands were nervously moist and his heart-beats were thunderous against his ribs.

He found a hardware store open, and as calmly as possible purchased a bone-handled hunting knife, the blade of which folded up so that the knife could be slipped into a pocket.

Returning to the *Tanzpalast* and his table, he waited anxiously for midnight and the last performance of the Russian. It was a grisly business, but in the final analysis it was again a question of his life or the young man's. He knew he could never leave Germany alive unless the deed was done.

If only Linskaya had been a little older and somewhat repulsive. As it was, he was just a youngster whose face had yet to know a razor. It seemed a shame to snuff out so immature a life, but the macabre warning of the loud speaker

voice offered no other course. "Remember, *mein herr*," it had said, "that at all times you are being watched. One false move and it will be the end!"

Midnight came, and with it the final performance of Linskaya. At its conclusion he joined Ted, still attired in his tuxedo, but carrying a black felt hat.

"Shall we go to my room?" Ted queried, fearful lest the nervous tremulo of his voice betray him.

"It will be my pleasure to entertain you at my apartment, *Herr Bradley*," Linskaya replied. "However, I might warn you that I will be deaf to your offer."

Ted forced a wan smile. He was thinking of how soon the boy would be deaf to all offers; of the ghastly end in store for him. It made him shudder to think of it. Murder in cold blood! With his hand guiding the knife! Ugh!

**T**HE Russian occupied a pleasantly artistic two-room apartment on the *Oberstrasse*. He poured cherry brandy into small, crystal glasses and set out slices of white sturgeon and pumpernickel.

"*Zum wohl sein, Herr Bradley*," he toasted.

Ted sipped the brandy. Right now he had no stomach for anything. His only desire was to get the nasty, gory mess over with and then to put healing distance between himself and the scene. He patted the pocket containing the knife, crossed the room and placed his half-empty brandy glass on a sideboard. His next gesture was typical of American good-fellowship. He slipped his arm around the Russian's shoulders.

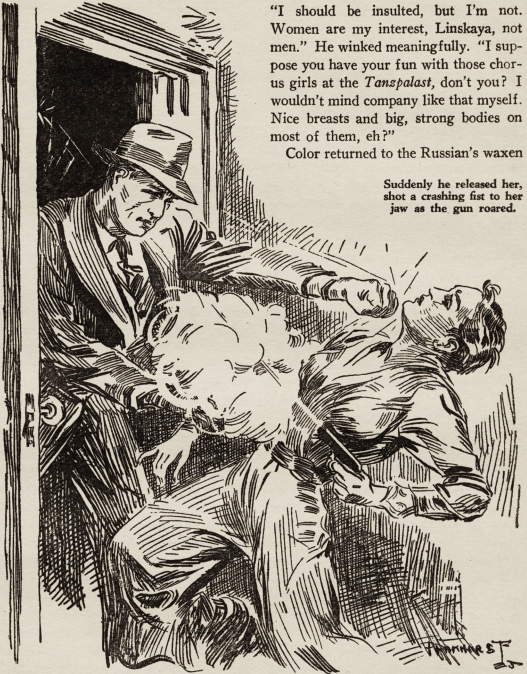
Linskaya did a strangely suspicious thing. He jerked away spasmodically. Color drained from his cheeks and his blue eyes flamed.



"I should be insulted, but I'm not. Women are my interest, Linskaya, not men." He winked meaningfully. "I suppose you have your fun with those chorus girls at the *Tanzpalast*, don't you? I wouldn't mind company like that myself. Nice breasts and big, strong bodies on most of them, eh?"

Color returned to the Russian's waxen

Suddenly he released her, shot a crashing fist to her jaw as the gun roared.



For a chilling moment Ted was certain the Russian knew he was marked for death. Then Linskaya smiled sheepishly.

"I am sorry, *Herr Bradley*," he murmured, "but in Berlin there are so many of these men who—"

Ted's heart slipped back into place.

cheeks, but it burned in two pink feverish circles. His eyes avoided Ted's.

"Er—yes, of course," he mumbled.

Ted came close to him again. "About your coming to America, Linskaya." He dropped his hand on the youth's shoulder, filled with a sense of shame at having to match himself against anyone so

slim and undeveloped. "Why, you'll be making a thousand a week before you know it, man!"

IN order to free his right hand so that it might secure the knife, he tapped the back of his left hand against the Russian's chest in a gesture of emphasis. The movement brought startling reactions in both of them.

Linskaya leaped back. His hand flashed to the rear pocket of his trousers and came out gripping a short, stub-nosed automatic. Dazed, Ted's eyes moved from his own knuckles to the gun leveled from the Russian's hip. He was sure that—

"I think you may go now, *Herr Bradley*," Linskaya said quietly. His voice was pitched on a low, even keel.

Ted shook off his amazement. "Isn't this a little silly, Linskaya?" he snapped. "Do I look 'queer'? You show me a woman and I'll prove I'm not!"

"I think you had better go," the Russian repeated.

Ted shrugged. He turned toward the foyer. He could hear the Russian's footsteps behind him. Suddenly he ducked, spun on his heels, and lunged at Linskaya.

Hurling through the air he felt the hot hiss of a bullet and heard the roar of its thunderous discharge. A timeless moment later his right shoulder hit the Russian above the hips.

Down they went with Ted on top and Linskaya fighting like a tiger beneath him. The gun had slipped out of his hand, but he raked his fingernails over Ted's face with animal fury. Ted groped for the knife in his pocket, but something held him back. He hadn't the heart to kill the man while he was conscious. It would be better—easier—to knock him out and then finish him.

He drove his fist into Linskaya's face. Blood gushed from a cut lip. A quiver shot through Linskaya's body and he lay still, his face white as the bosom of his shirt. Ted slipped his hand over the man's chest to find the exact location of his heart, to mark the spot where the knife would go in.

THE moment he touched the chest his fingers snapped back as though they had contacted fire. Ted's eyes widened and his mouth gaped open. For a long silent moment he sat astride the Russian's body, staring at him in stark, frozen amazement.

Then, with trembling hands he ripped away Linskaya's black bow tie and wing collar. His fingers were too cold to unhook the gray pearl studs. Instead, he tore the shirt down the front. A gasp escaped his lips. There, beneath the stiff, starched bosom were a woman's young, rounded breasts; twin mounds of firm, white-skinned flesh that rose and fell feverishly with each breath!

Ted wanted to reach out and assure himself of the reality of those heaving globes. But he knew it was no optical illusion. These were full, mature breasts; *Linskaya was a young girl!*

Feverishly, like a man who is fighting against the truth, he grasped the suspenders on the Russian's slim shoulders. Already in his mind's eye he could envisage that, in place of male undergarments, he would find lyred hips encased in tissue-thin panties, and sleek, columnar thighs melting into gorgeous limbs. Already he was convinced that the sweetly rounded breasts were no curious anomaly of nature. Linskaya was a woman—and a beautiful one!

Completely forgetting his mission Ted lifted her in his arms and bore her to the adjoining room. As he carried her,

his mouth was so close to her lips that he could almost feel their throbbing warmth.

Returning to the living-room, Ted filled a glass with cherry-brandy. He forced the liqueur between her pale lips, having first wiped the blood away from them. That done he massaged her warm flesh in order to restore circulation, stealing the opportunity to kiss her again and again.

TOO soon she regained consciousness. Her eyes fluttered open. A reflex protective mechanism, inbred by constant deception, brought her hands to her breasts. Horror pinpointed the pupils of her eyes. Her half naked body stiffened.

"Why didn't you tell me?" Ted whispered.

Realizing that her disguise was no more, her hands slid off her breasts. "You—you must understand, *Herr Bradley!*" she gasped. "It is only that a woman cannot leave Russia to appear on a foreign stage! Only a man!" Her eyes pleaded eloquently. "Please, you must understand!"

The hideous reality of his situation struck Ted like a blast of cold wind. This girl—*she must die at his hand!* There was no other way except—

"What is your name?" he questioned. "Your real name?"

Her bosom swelled as she sucked in air. "Sonya Linskaya," she breathed. "I swear to you, *Herr Bradley*, that it is nothing else save what I have told you." The muscles of her gently curved body rippled under alabaster skin. "If you think I am one of those women who dress in the clothes of a man because—because of twisted desire—"

She paused abruptly, sitting up. Without warning she twined her arms about

Ted's neck and urged her warmth against him. Her moist mouth found his lips and clung there.

Somehow Ted's hands moved up her smooth skin toward her armpits. The feel of her arms around him, soft and warm and young, set his blood throbbing hotly. . . . sent it racing like a fever through his body, melting it like so much putty.

She sank back slowly on the divan, bringing him with her. She was breathing fast and her eyes were closed. Her cheeks were pink with the warm flush of pulsing blood. Her skin burned beneath his lips.

For an instant he drew his mouth away from her clinging lips. "God . . . you're beautiful!" he gasped.

Her heavy-lidded eyes urged him on. The languor of her slow movements—pulling his arms around her more tightly, writhing closer as her lips hungrily welded to his—all inflamed Ted beyond control. . . .

A CHIME clock in the living-room had just struck three. Sonya kissed Ted lazily, then rolled gently out of his arms.

"Now," she whispered. "Now do you believe?"

Ted made no reply. Already he was passing through a torture of mental hell. The knife in his pocket was a leaden weight on his heart. How could he kill her now? His eyes lingered on the soft swell of her breast. That was where the blade should go. Right where the flesh curved out to form the taut globe. Right there! In his mind's eye he could see blood staining the alabaster skin. Blood on her breast! Blood from his knife!

He jerked erect. "No! No!"

The light from the living-room fell

across her face. Tears dampened her eyes. "You—you do not believe me, even now?" she queried.

Ted stared at the loveliness of her. Panic seized him. He wanted to be alone; to think.

"Yes!" he gasped. "I—I believe you. But—but now I must go!"

She came to her feet and followed him into the living-room, her mannishly cut hair contrasting incongruously with the graceful swaying of her ripe, feminine figure.

She spoke when Ted reached the foyer. "I will see you again, *mein herr*?"

Ted turned. For a fleeting moment he saw her curved body in the warm light of a floor lamp. His eyes were drawn to the spot where he had imagined blood—on her left breast. The *murder* spot!

"No!" he gasped, swinging the door wide.

AS he emerged from the house, Ted was certain he saw a shadowed figure darting across the street and losing itself in one of the dark hallways. He fumbled in his pockets for a cigarette and lit it. "*Remember, mein herr, that at all times you are being watched!*" The dire warning rang through his ears.

Ted turned up the collar of his coat. A fine penetrating mist was falling. He had no idea as to what his next move should be. When he had agreed to the barter of life and death, not in the wildest flights of imagination could he have dreamed that his victim would be a woman!

"*One false move and it will be the end!*"

Yes, this was a false move! And the end would be—the *headsman's axe*! He tried to shake off the cold that permeated his body, to tell himself that this

Russian girl meant nothing to him, but it failed to work. He knew, now that after those hours with her, after his lips tasted the nectar of her mouth, that she had wormed her way deep inside him. How could he drive a knife into the girl he had caressed?

Lowering his head to keep the chill, cutting mist out of his face he walked quickly toward the Wilhelmstrasse. Possibly they had been wrong and the girl was not a spy? No, her very disguise pointed to espionage. Ted thought of warning her so that she might escape the country, but that would mean death for them both. Each idea his mind fastened on tenaciously was in turn discarded.

No matter how he looked at it, Sonya Linskaya was marked for death! If not by his hand, by another's!

He hesitated on the corner, torn between a desire to return to the Russian girl's apartment and give her a fighting chance for life, and a pitiful hope that he might lose himself in the metropolis. Lose himself! It was a grim joke. These Nazis were combinations of vultures and bloodhounds. Even now he was certain alien eyes were watching him.

He glanced up the street. Someone was approaching. The mist was an effective curtain, but he could hear the *tap . . . tap . . . tap of feet*—feminine feet. Suddenly a muffled scream pierced the gray shroud, followed by the thud of a falling body.

TED ran in the direction of the cry. A hundred yards from the corner he almost stumbled over the figure of a woman crumpled on the wet pavement. In the dim light of a street lamp he could see her hard, pretty face painfully contorted. She was clutching her right ankle with taloned fingers.



Ted stared in amazement. His Russian spy was no man, but a lovely young girl!



"I—I have fallen—slipped, *mein herr*," she panted. "My—my ankle—I think it is broken! *Gott!* The pain is killing me!"

Ted leaned over her. Her coat was open and he could see the full-blown maturity of her figure beneath a cheap rayon blouse. She reminded him of the dancers at the *Rokoko Tanzpalast*. Her face was attractive for all its blood-red lips and mascara-coated eyelashes.

"You live far from here, *fraulein?*" he questioned.

She managed a smile. "*Ja*, too far." She sat up, favoring her twisted ankle. Her hand slid to her breast, "*Gott in*

*himmel* how my heart beats!" She leaned back, squaring her shoulders and tightening her bodice over the soft curve of her bosom. The tip of her tongue licked her lips. "If you will help me, *mein herr*," she purred, "I will see that you will not be sorry."

Ted straightened. Common decency demanded that he be of assistance. The girl's too evident flaunting of herself was a secondary consideration, and one, that at present, he was inclined to ignore. He searched the street for a cab, but none was in sight. He slipped his hands under the girl's arms and lifted her off the wet pavement. She leaned heavily against him, so close that the warmth of

her plump body pierced his closely buttoned jacket.

A MOMENT later twin headlights loomed out of the gray blackness and a cruising taxi came along the *strasse*. Ted hailed it and helped the woman in. Not until he was seated beside her and the door closed did she give the driver the address.

It occurred to Ted as the taxi whizzed along the wet street that this might be the means whereby he could elude whoever was stalking his trail. At least, it would give him temporary respite to collect his scattered thoughts.

Therefore, he made no objection to entering the woman's shoddy, disordered room after he had helped her up a flight of rickety steps.

She sat down heavily on a large chair. "Close the door, *ja, mein herr*, and turn the key, eh? *Frau Hoffnagel*, my landlady, sometimes would like to know too much." She slipped out of her coat. "It is her business, I ask you, whether I entertain a handsome man in my room, eh?" She straightened her blouse, pressed her hands for a moment to the under curves of her breasts. "And such a handsome man!" she gushed. "You are American, *ja, mein herr?*"

Ted nodded. He watched her struggle with her blouse to pull it over her head. The bottom of it caught under her breasts, shielded by nothing more solid than the top of a diaphanous slip. Finally she got it off, rumpling her flaxen hair in the process.

"The key, *mein herr*," she said. "You had better lock the door and put the key on the dresser." Her hot eyes narrowed. "We will not be going out, either of us, will we?"

Ted followed instructions. When he was through, the girl stretched out her

arms. "One kiss, *mein herr*," she whispered. "Before it is too late."

Something in her eyes warned Ted, but not soon enough. A voice sounded through the locked door—the same cold, steel-tempered voice.

"*Herr Bradley!* You have performed your mission?"

Ted's eyes were riveted to the door. He knew an answer was expected but he waited.

"Speak!" the voice boomed.

"N-not yet."

"There is little time, *Herr Bradley!* You were within striking distance once! Was your hand that of a coward! We give you final warning! The man, *Linskaya*, must be removed! You have until dawn! If you fail it means—*death by the axe!*"

THE hollow echo of footsteps sounded in the hallway. Ted's hand shot out for the door key. As he turned, he faced the flaxen-haired girl. She was standing erect on *both* feet, covering him with a gun. No longer was she attempting to impress him with her lush beauty. A faintly contemptuous smile curled her lips.

"You will remain until I am ready to dismiss you, *mein herr*," she said quietly. "It is too bad such a cheap trick fooled you. Next time you will know better."

Ted stood rigid. Something the voice had said was shooting through his mind like a bright ray of hope. "*The man, Linskaya, must be removed! . . . The man, Linskaya. . . !*"

They were under the impression the Russian was a man! He looked at the woman with the gun and thought of Sonya, young, fresh, maidenly. He formed a mental picture of her in feminine attire, her short-cut hair covered by a hat! Yes! Yes! It was a chance!

He watched the flaxen-haired woman as a cat watches a mouse. The minutes dragged by, interminably long, maddeningly quiet. Finally the woman spoke.

"You may go now, *mein herr*, if you wish." Her breath quickened, agitating her breasts. "Do not play the fool," she muttered. "Go and do as you have been told, and then return to me, eh?"

Ted managed a knowing smile. "You mean—you mean—"

"Ja," she whispered, her eyes bright with desire. "I will be waiting."

Ted drew near to her. He placed his hands on her soft shoulders and moved them slowly down her arms. He was amazed to find her skin so warm and silken.

The woman quivered and her head went back. She raised her arms and twined them about his neck. "Go!" she panted. "Do not be long!"

Ted kissed her moist, parted lips. They were hot. Her body went limp against him. With his mouth against hers he counted off the seconds. When he reached ten, he stepped back suddenly and drove a crushing blow to the point of her jaw!

There was just the cracking, sickening thud of bone against bone. The woman's eyes rolled and she slumped. Ted caught her before she dropped and dragged her to the bed.

IT was four o'clock when Ted Bradley's thumb pressed the buzzer button at Sonya Linskaya's door. A long soundless wait, punctuated only by the throbbing beat of his own heart, marked the passing of time. Then padded footsteps behind the door and a husky voice.

"Who is it?"

"Herr Bradley!" Ted whispered.

A key turned in a lock and a bolt slipped. The door opened a crack. Ted

caught the glint of a revolver, then the Russian girl's pale, beautiful face. She swung the door wide when she recognized him. Ted stepped inside and closed it behind him.

"There's no time to lose!" he gasped. "You must listen to me and trust me!" He brought a bundle of feminine garments from beneath his coat. "Put these on! Hurry!"

The girl's eyes widened. "I—I do not understand."

Ted shoved the bundle into her hands. "The Nazis know you're a spy!" he panted. "This is your one slim chance to escape!" His voice broke. "I—I was supposed to kill you in exchange for my own freedom! Please trust me!"

Sonya tensed. Her cheek muscles twitched spasmodically. When she spoke her voice was a monotone. "I trust only myself," she said. "How am I to know whether or not this is a ruse?" Beneath her pajama top, her firm, conical breasts trembled.

Ted balled his right hand behind his back. He measured the distance between them. If her reflexes were good, he would probably get a bullet through his heart. Somehow, he was unafraid. Once, long ago, he had saved a drowning man, by beating him into unconsciousness. Now—

He came off the balls of his feet, fist flying. The gun in Sonya's hand roared but the death-dealing bullet only creased his ear and sped on to bury itself in the wall.

Ted sickened as his blow landed. It was a crushing drive to the girl's jaw that dropped her in her tracks. For a fleeting moment before she sagged, her body arched and all the lovely woman-curves of her figure were limned beneath tight-drawn pajamas.

(Continued on page 110)

# Diana Daw

DIANA, DEPARTED FROM TED, HAS HALF-HEARTEDLY GIVEN HER LOVE TO THE SHEIK TARAFI, AN EDUCATED ARAB WHOSE MOTHER WAS AN ENGLISH WOMAN

By CLAYTON MAXWELL

TARAFI HAS TAKEN DIANA TO HIS FORTIFIED CITY IN THE ARABIAN DESERT



JUST A LITTLE SKIRMISH, DEAR. I MUST REGAIN MY CARAVAN... IT MEANS THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS. REMEMBER... YOU'RE IN COMMAND HERE!



STOP IT! YOU OLD FOOL! WHAT DO YOU WANT?



TARAFI TOLD ME TO WATCH YOU!



WHAT'S HAPPENED?

AN AMBUSH! TARAFI IS SORELY WOUNDED. TWO ARROWS STRUCK HIM!





DIANA, NOW QUEEN OF TARAFI'S ARAB BAND, LEADS HER FOLLOWERS OUT TO BATTLE

THERE'S THEIR CAMP!  
WE ATTACK THE STRANGE  
PEOPLE AT DAYBREAK!

SEE THE MULTITUDE OF  
CAMPFIRES! IT IS A  
GREAT HOST --- TOO  
MANY TO ATTACK ---  
COMRADES, SHALL WE  
LET A WOMAN LEAD US  
TO SURE DESTRUCTION?



I'M IN COMMAND HERE,  
YOU COWARD! RIDE  
BACK AND TELL THEM  
DIANA SENT YOU HOME  
TO NURSE THE  
CHILDREN!



BUT QUEEN --- SEE  
THEIR NUMBERS ---  
WE WILL ALL BE  
SLAUGHTERED!

I SEE YOU DON'T TRUST  
ME. ALL RIGHT! RE-  
TIRE TO A SAFE DISTANCE  
IN THE BACKGROUND ---  
WHERE YOU MAY RUN  
TO SAFETY. JUST  
LEAVE ME THAT CHEST  
AND I'LL CONQUER  
THEM --- ALONE!



AT DAYBREAK ---  
AHOY, THERE  
STRANGE PEOPLE!  
I'VE COME TO  
WITNESS THE ATTACK  
ON TARAFI'S CARA-  
VAN! THROW DOWN  
YOUR ARMS  
AND I'LL  
SPARE YOU!



I THOUGHT THAT INSULT  
WOULD BRING ON A CHARGE.  
WELL, HOW DO YOU LIKE  
IT, STRANGE PEO --- WHY  
--- THEY'RE THE SHEBANS!  
THEY ARE THE STRANGE  
PEOPLE WHO HAVE BEEN  
ROBBING CARAVANS FOR  
CENTURIES!



COME ON, YOU COWARDS,  
AND ROUND UP THE  
SURVIVORS --- AND  
DON'T EVER DOUBT  
MY WISDOM AGAIN!

LOOT AND  
SLAVES!

WE SALUTE  
YOU, OH  
QUEEN!

WELL DONE,  
OH QUEEN  
DIANA!



FOLLOW DIANA'S  
ADVENTURES AS QUEEN OF AN  
ARAB BAND IN THE JUNE ISSUE  
OF SPICY ADVENTURE STORIES

# In DEBT to

## A Larry Kerrigan Story



A SINGLE shot shattered the noonday silence. It blasted through the shimmering heat-waves of upper British Guiana, echoed across the slimy green stretches of the sluggish Mazaruni River. And on the heels of that barking report, Larry Kerrigan felt his sharp-bladed shovel being torn from his hands by the impact of a high-velocity slug.

Even as the implement went skittering from his numbed grasp, Kerrigan threw himself face-forward upon the gravel in which he had been digging. A diamond "pipe," that gravel was; a vein of coarser stuff in the heart of a bank of yellowish-blue clay near the slow-flowing Mazaruni's edge.

For the past six days Larry Kerrigan, American adventurer, had been probing

*In the wilds of British Guiana, Fortune's Rogue once more finds his sweetheart in peril. What will their fate be—to die slowly, with a bloated corpse for company, or—?*

# the DEVIL

By **ROBERT  
LESLIE BELLEM**

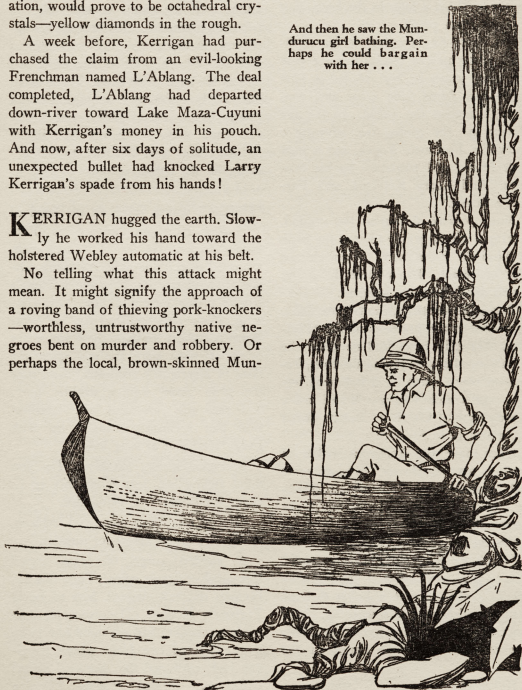
into that gravel "pipe". Had been extracting occasional chunks of greasy material which, under microscopic examination, would prove to be octahedral crystals—yellow diamonds in the rough.

A week before, Kerrigan had purchased the claim from an evil-looking Frenchman named L'Ablang. The deal completed, L'Ablang had departed down-river toward Lake Maza-Cuyuni with Kerrigan's money in his pouch. And now, after six days of solitude, an unexpected bullet had knocked Larry Kerrigan's spade from his hands!

**K**ERRIGAN hugged the earth. Slowly he worked his hand toward the holstered Webley automatic at his belt.

No telling what this attack might mean. It might signify the approach of a roving band of thieving pork-knockers—worthless, untrustworthy native negroes bent on murder and robbery. Or perhaps the local, brown-skinned Mun-

And then he saw the Mundurucu girl bathing. Perhaps he could bargain with her . . .



durucu savages had decided to hit the war-path. It might even be a blackleg white man—an escaped *libere* from the penal colony in French Guiana to the eastward. Hard characters, those who escaped the hell-hole of Cayenne; characters who wouldn't hesitate to slit a throat or shoot a man in the back, if it brought them profit.

Yet Larry Kerrigan had no fear, either of white men or black. For the past five long years he had played a lone hand—had faced long odds and won through against the world. In the far corners of the globe, the adventurer known as Fortune's Rogue was a man both feared and respected by his enemies. And Larry Kerrigan was Fortune's Rogue.

Now, pressed flat upon the ground, Kerrigan stared grimly toward the bank of the river. From there, the unexpected shot had come. From there, he might expect another at any moment.

Through the sticky, humid heat-haze, he peered at the green-scummed Mazaroni. Abruptly, he noticed something he hadn't seen before. It was a native *piragua*—a canoe made of a hollowed log. The craft's snub nose was buried in the muddy bank of the river. But its owner was nowhere in evidence.

Once more, the American soldier of fortune started slowly, cautiously, to inch his hand toward his holstered Webley. And then, unexpectedly, out of the surrounding jungle verdure, a voice spoke crisply—in English.

"Don't go for your gun, my friend. You're jolly well covered—and I'm an excellent shot. I put a bullet through your shovel-handle as a warning. Now you can get to your feet and come slowly toward me—with your hands in the air."

Kerrigan stared at a sun-tanned,

chunky man in the jungle-green uniform of the B. G. P. P.—the British Guiana Provincial Police. The constable had his service .38 trained at Kerrigan's middle.

There was no other course but to obey. Larry Kerrigan arose slowly, stiffly, with his palms shoulder-high in token of surrender. But beneath his apparent submission, hot resentment seethed. Anger prickled the short red hair at the nape of his neck. To be taken thus easily—without a struggle—was a grimly ironic jest of Fate. And Kerrigan knew what lay before him if the British officer took him back to Georgetown, on the coast.

THERE was a price on the head of Larry Kerrigan, known as Fortune's Rogue. He was a wanted man, a hunted man. The police of many outlands would pay much to see Fortune's Rogue under lock and key. Gun-running, illicit diamond buying, an occasional necessary killing—these and many other offenses were chalked upon the slate of Kerrigan's misdeeds. And now the grim game was apparently over. The race was run—and lost. Retribution had seemingly caught up with Larry Kerrigan at long last.

Kerrigan spoke, harshly. "Do you mind telling me just what this is all about, constable?" he demanded.

"Not at all. Your name is L'Ablang, and you're under arrest for murder."

A sudden surge of hope leaped through Kerrigan's veins. Then this policeman did not suspect him of being Fortune's Rogue! The constable had made a mistake; had assumed him to be that evil-faced one from whom Kerrigan had purchased this diamond claim!

Kerrigan smiled thinly. "You've



made a mistake," he said quietly. "I'm not L'Ablang."

"Come, come, my man!" the constable in green stepped forward swiftly. "Corporal Jeffry Harker isn't that easily fooled. You're wasting your time, trying to pull the wool over my eyes."

"But I'm not. Listen, Corporal Harker. I purchased this claim seven days ago—from a Frenchman who called himself L'Ablang. He's evidently the one you're after. Well, he's not here. I gave him my money, took over his claim. He went downstream at once—and I haven't seen him since then."

The green-uniformed policeman was evidently unimpressed. He kept his well-oiled .38 aimed at Kerrigan's heart. "Again I say you're wasting your time with your lies!" he clipped out. "You murdered a man named Ted McNair—an American who owned this diamond pocket. Or rather, you shot him mortally and threw him into the river. At the same time, you kidnaped McNair's wife, Anne McNair. Unfortunately for you, McNair managed to catch hold of a drifting log and floated down to the factor's *shando* on Lake Maza-Cuyuni, below here. He lived long enough to tell his story; then he died. I set out at once to capture you—and now I've got you. Stick out your wrists for the cuffs, my bucko; and then tell me where you've got Mrs. McNair imprisoned. I don't want to waste any more time."

As Constable Harker spoke, Larry Kerrigan went slowly pale beneath his deep tan. He saw the whole thing, now. That Frenchman, L'Ablang, had tricked him. L'Ablang had shot the American, Ted McNair, and dumped him into the river—McNair being the true owner of this diamond claim. L'Ablang must have had McNair's wife tied up somewhere in the jungle when

Kerrigan came up-river in search of a likely-looking diamond claim. L'Ablang had sold this stolen claim—McNair's claim—to Kerrigan; then the Frenchman had decamped. Probably L'Ablang had stopped only long enough to pick up McNair's wife in her hiding-place; then had taken her downstream with him. . .

But it was not this reconstruction of the picture which brought sudden pallor to Larry Kerrigan's lean, weather-seamed face. It was something else. Another knowledge, cruel and penetrating. The knowledge that L'Ablang had kidnaped Anne McNair—she who had been Anne Ordway—

Anne Ordway, who once had been Larry Kerrigan's sweetheart, back in the States!

LIKE the drums of doom, that knowledge pounded into Kerrigan's constricted heart. In his mind's eye he saw Anne as she had been when last he had met her, in Burma, half a world away.\* Sharply, poignantly, he recalled the sweet fragrance of her golden hair, the lovely contours of her firm breasts and slender hips, the liquid melody of her voice and the haunting beauty of her azure eyes. . . .

Kerrigan had loved her; would always love her, until time itself was not. But she had given her heart to a man named Ted McNair. And Larry Kerrigan had aided McNair in a certain dangerous enterprise, so that McNair and Anne Ordway could marry. . . .

That had been more than a year before. And now, Ted McNair was dead—dead at the hands of some murderous Frenchman named L'Ablang. And Anne McNair—she who had been Anne Ord-

\* "Tryst with Death," Spicy Adventure for April.

way—was the prisoner of this brutish-looking killer of a L'Ablang!

Abruptly, the knowledge came now to Larry Kerrigan that he must somehow go to Anne McNair's rescue. He must wrest her from L'Ablang's evil, esurient clutches—save her from the murderous Frenchman's bestiality. But how? How could he set out to find her, when this British constable had him under arrest?

True, perhaps he might be able to convince the officer that he was not L'Ablang. But to do that, he must needs divulge his own real identity; must acknowledge himself to be Larry Kerrigan, otherwise known as Fortune's Rogue. And that would be fatal to his hopes. As Fortune's Rogue, he would still be under arrest. There would be no chance of Constable Harker turning him free!

The policeman was already coming at him with the shining steel handcuffs, ready to gyve his wrists. "Stick out your hands, my lad!" Harker was saying. "Let's get this business over with."

And then Larry Kerrigan stiffened. His widened eyes had seen something—

A long, sinuous, yellow-bellied shape crawling swiftly at the officer's ankles! A *surucucu*—a deadly, brown-spotted snake! The dreaded South American bushmaster—the "ten-minute snake" whose poisonous fangs brought paralysis and death to a human being within ten minutes of its striking!

AT PRECISELY the same instant, one day's journey down-river, two persons faced each other in a shabby, unkempt canvas tent. One was the dark-visaged, scowling Frenchman, L'Ablang. The other was the golden-haired Anne McNair.

Despite the terror which now held her in rigid thralls, Anne McNair was ineffably lovely. Her hair was like silk-

spun yellow metal, and her eyes were blue-shining stars. The pallor of fear was upon her delicate features; and her hand fluttered to her swelling, firm breasts as L'Ablang drew sneeringly closer to her in the confined space of the shabby tent.

She could feel the desire that emanated from him as he stared at the outward-curving contours of full breasts, the lyric sweep of her hips and thighs. A great fear was upon Anne McNair—a fear that this was the culmination of six days of terror, in which L'Ablang had toyed with her as a cat plays with a mouse. Intuitively, she realized that she could no longer fend him away—that she could no longer plead any excuse to escape his brutish kisses and his coarse attentions. . . .

"*La petite* is surely not afraid of my arms and my lips?" L'Ablang grinned thickly, meaningly.

"Don't—don't touch me!" Anne McNair whispered. Terror stricken, she crouched away from him, cradling her breasts in her protecting arms.

"Do not touch her, she says!" L'Ablang laughed harshly. "*Mille tonnerre*—but do you think I am made of ice, *hein*? For nearly a week you have held me off with your woman's excuse! But it will no longer hold water, my pretty one. You know and I know that there is no reason, now, why I should not make love to you! *Sacre bleu*—do you take me for an idiot?"

"I take you for a murderer!" Anne cried out wildly. "You killed my husband! I saw you shoot him and throw him into the river. . . ! And now—"

"And now, *petit-chou*, I shall slake my love-thirst upon your late husband's widow! *Grande Dieu*—I have waited too long for this moment, already!" And the Frenchman sprang.

HIS hands snaked out, clutched at Anne's blouse. The silk parted with a ripping sound, fluttered in ribbons about her slender waist. She wailed a frightened cry; tried to cover her unbrassiered breasts with her ineffectual palms. But L'Ablang had her now; had her in his strong, bear-like arms. His sinews were vise-strong, steel-hard. She fought against him, kicked at him, struck



Just as the constable said, "Stick out your hands," Kerrigan saw something writhe by the other's leg . . . a deadly *surueucu*!

at his ugly face with her tiny fists. But he only laughed at her, sardonically, triumphantly. He laughed, and lowered his lips to her mouth.

His reeking, fetid-hot breath was nox-

ious upon her face; and she could feel his mouth working at her crimson lips, forcing them open. . . . She tried to bite him, but he only grinned and transferred his kisses to her shoulders, her arms, her throat. . . .

Oh, God! How long must this agony endure, she wondered desperately? She could feel him pawing at her, sinking his thick fingers sadistically into her palpitant flesh. He was bearing her backward—bearing her toward the pile of smelly blankets on the far side of the tent.

"No—no!" she gasped as she felt his hands at the belt of her whipcord skirt, tearing at the garment that hugged her squirming hips. His rough shirt was rasping her delicate skin. . . .

Helplessly, impotently, she writhed and struggled against his foul advances. His stubbly beard was like sandpaper upon her soft white shoulders, and his panting breath blew gustily in her face, like a hot wind from hell. In her agony, she managed to raise one knee. Spasmodically she brought it up. . . .

He rasped out a savage, agonized curse; and on the heels of his insane blasphemy, he struck her across the cheek with his open, calloused palm. Then he struck again, this time with his doubled fist—buried his knuckles into her cringing body, so that her entire being was a raging inferno of pain. "Damn you!" he roared. "You would cripple L'Ablang, *hein?* Mais—I have a way of dealing with such as you!" A third time he punched her. "Take that, you yellow-haired slut!" he grated. "I will teach you to kick me, you she-devil!"

**W**HIMPERING with pain, she now cringed away from him, crouched in a huddled, pitiful heap upon the dirty

blankets. A blue bruise already showed upon the white skin of her body . . . a bruise that loomed darkly against the delicate flesh tones. . . . The marks of his fingers showed redly upon her pale cheek, and her golden hair hung in wild, tumbled disorder about her sobbing shoulders. Miserably now she cowered, awaiting the inevitable moment when he would force himself upon her once again; the moment she must capitulate to his overwhelming strength—

But he did not come toward her again. Not for the moment. Instead, he drew back, still cursing viciously. "You shall pay for that knee you fed me in the belly!" he snarled. "I promise you—my love-making will be of a most unpleasant sort, when I come back!" Then he limped out of the tent, holding his middle. . . .

Alone, Anne McNair looked wildly about her. If only she might find some weapon—a gun, a knife—she would end her agony here and now. Her husband, Ted McNair, was dead; L'Ablang had murdered him. There was nothing in life for her, now—nothing but the promise of L'Ablang's evil caresses. . . . Death would be far sweeter than another session in his sinewy arms! Death would be a sure avenue of escape. . . .

But there was no weapon, no instrument with which she might slay herself. L'Ablang had craftily seen to that. His revolver and his knife he kept with him, constantly. There was nothing in the tent that she might use—

She crouched down upon the blankets, and an overwhelming bitterness now descended upon her . . . the bitterness of inevitable defeat, surrender, degradation. . . .

**L**ARRY KERRIGAN'S hard grey eyes had widened as he perceived



the deadly bushmaster-snake crawling toward Police Constable Harker. Now the American adventurer opened his lips to cry out a warning.

But already it was too late. The *surucucu's* fangs were already striking at the officer's ankle. In another split-instant, the death-venom would penetrate Harker's flesh—

Larry Kerrigan took a long, desperate chance—the only possible chance. He went for his holstered Webley. Even as his hand flashed downward toward the weapon's grip, he knew what to expect. Constable Harker had the drop on him; and when he made his move, Harker would draw only one conclusion. The policeman would think that Kerrigan was attempting to murder him. . . .

All this flashed through the American's mind in less than the twinkling of an eye. And then he had whipped out his Webley, taken lightning aim. He squeezed the trigger—and leaped sideways, even as the weapon roared and spat flame.

Simultaneously, Constable Harker pulled his own trigger. "Blast you!" he snarled. "You'd try to shoot me, eh?"

Larry Kerrigan staggered as Harker's slug tore into the fleshy part of his shoulder. Had Kerrigan not leaped sidewise, that bullet would have found his heart. As it was, the .38 pellet clipped through the fleshy part of his upper arm, missing the bone. Kerrigan scarcely felt the pain; his attention was too desperately centered on the snake at which he himself had fired.

Larry Kerrigan's slug had gone true. It had smashed full into the bushmaster's writhing length; had shattered the reptile's back. Yet even so, the whole thing had been in vain. The *surucucu's* fangs sank viciously into Constable Harker's ankle.

The officer yelped and jumped backward. He stared down—and went white. "God in Heaven!" he gasped out. "A bushmaster—and it got me!" Then he turned his widened eyes on Larry Kerrigan. "Great God, man—you took a chance on drawing your gun and shooting that damned thing, knowing I'd misunderstand? Knowing I'd think you were trying to plug me? Knowing I'd put a bullet through you?"

The American soldier of fortune now nodded grimly. "No other way!" he clipped out. "Had to take that chance. Even so, I failed to save you. But there's hope. I've got a packet of serum and a hypo in my duffel. Wait here!"

LIKE a flash, Kerrigan raced for his tent at the edge of the clearing. Instants later he was back again with a first-aid kit. Swiftly he sliced away the constable's shoe-top; cut a deep criss-cross wound in the officer's ankle, just over the puncture-marks of the bushmaster's fangs. Then, making every precious second count, he plunged a hypodermic needle into a tube of the *surucucu*-serum—the only known antidote for the bushmaster's deadly venom. Filling the hypo, he jabbed the needle into the policeman's leg, just above the spot where the snake had bitten.

That done, he smeared potassium permanganate crystals into the open, criss-crossed wound he had sliced in Harker's flesh. Then at last he stood up, trembling.

Already, Constable Harker was beginning to writhe stiffly, rigidly, as swift toxins coursed through his agonized veins. He managed to gasp a faint query: "You—you're sure you jabbed—the proper—serum into me—?"

Kerrigan nodded grimly. He knew what was on the other man's mind. In

that country, one must carry very many snake-sera. Each is an antidote for only one particular sort of venom. A man bitten by a fer-de-lance must employ fer-de-lance serum; a man bitten by a bushmaster must inject the bushmaster serum. *Any mistake is inevitably fatal.*

Larry Kerrigan smiled thinly at the prostrate police constable. "Yes," he said. "I'm sure. It was a bushmaster that struck you—and I gave you bushmaster serum."

But Harker was past hearing. Complete rigidity—almost catalepsy—had already set in. The man would remain utterly paralyzed for at least twenty-four hours. Then, with luck, he might possibly recover . . . if that serum did its work.

Swiftly, Kerrigan carried the unconscious policeman to the nearby tent; laid him on the cot. He placed a water-canteen close by, so that the constable could reach it upon emerging from unconsciousness. With that attended to, Kerrigan gave attention to his own wounded shoulder. Awkwardly now he bound the flesh-wound, soaked the bandage with antiseptic solution. Then he inspected his Webley automatic, reloaded it. There was a grim tenseness to his mouth as he made swift preparations for departure. He no longer had Police-Corporal Harker to contend with. He was free to go to the rescue of Anne McNair. Free to find her and take her from the clutches of that murderous Frenchman, L'Ablang. . . .

Kerrigan resolutely closed his eyes to the possibility of failure. He had a certain plan in mind; a plan that might bring him successfully to the end of his venture. But meanwhile, he went forward with his preparations. For one thing, he must make sure his first-aid kit was in proper order—

Inspecting it, he noticed that a vial of fer-de-lance serum was leaking a bit. It was his only supply of that particular serum; and he might need it ere his journey was done. He poured the contents of the leaky vial into a different bottle—the empty bottle from which he had drawn the bushmaster serum for Constable Harker. He made a little mark on the newly-filled vial's label, so that he would recognize it; so that he would know it did not contain bushmaster serum, as the label read, but instead contained fer-de-lance serum.

Then, closing the kit, he went quickly out of the tent; strode forward toward the river.

SWIFT TROPIC darkness had fallen.

Anne McNair saw a light coming toward the tent in which she lay exhausted. She tensed; a numbing fear clutched at her heart. "L'Ablang—I!" she whimpered.

Swinging his lantern, the Frenchman shoved his gross bulk into the weather-beaten canvas shelter. "Oui. It is L'Ablang. And the hour has come for our little feast of love, *n'est-ce-pas?*" He came toward her, leering.

Anne tried to draw herself away from him; tried to cover her nakedness with the filthy blankets upon which she lay. But he snatched at them, pulled them from her. And then he feasted his pig-like eyes upon her revealed femininity.

Slowly, implacably, his gaze took in the white contours of her breasts, her delicately-modeled hips, her slim, bare legs. He leaned over her, grabbed her, crushed her against himself. . . .

Her breasts ached with the pressure of his embrace. He kissed her unwilling mouth, repugnantly and foully.

For a single, long moment she fought against him. But it was to no avail. He



"You rat!" rasped Kerrigan, and sprang like a thunderbolt at L'Ablang.

was too strong for her; too powerful. At last she relaxed, went limp. . . .

What did it matter? She closed her eyes to this ultimate degradation, this climax of misery. Strangely, even as she resigned herself to the inevitable, she thought of someone she had not seen in more than a year. A man who once had

loved her—and who had surrendered her to Ted McNair, the man she had married. Larry Kerrigan!

Why should she think of him now? She had last seen him in Burma—on the other side of the globe. She had no reason to think him anywhere within a thousand miles of her, now. Yet some-

how, in her mind's eye, his vision arose before her—tall, lean, hard-featured, and sun-tanned—

If it were only possible to summon him to her aid! If only Larry Kerrigan were here to protect her from L'Ablang's unholly caresses. . . !

But that was impossible, of course. Wearily closing her eyes, she now clenched her tiny fists as L'Ablang's foul breath seared her cheek. . . .

Without understanding just why, she wailed out a sudden tortured cry from the depths of her shame. "Larry—Larry Kerrigan—!"

IN THE late afternoon of that same day, Larry Kerrigan had guided his *piragua* toward the bank of the river. For hours, he had paddled the dugout swiftly downstream. Now he glimpsed a native Mundurucu village; and he swung his craft toward it.

At the river's edge, he had spotted a crouching, tawny figure. It was a young girl of the Mundurucu tribe; she was bathing, naked, in the stream. As he grounded his *piragua* near her, she had looked at him with lively curiosity.

She seemed completely innocent of any false modesty as she splashed toward his beached craft. She wore nothing but a breech-cloth of some woven bark; and her golden-brown body glistened in the late sunlight. Her breasts were high, firm; her hips rounded and voluptuous.

Kerrigan smiled at her. The women of her particular tribe he knew to be tractable; but the men were a suspicious lot, resentful of white intruders. Therefore, Larry Kerrigan knew that he must proceed cautiously. If possible, he must avoid contact with the men of the village, confine his efforts to this tawny-skinned young girl.

He spoke: "Thou art a fair maiden, O Little Flower!" he said. "I observed thee bathing, and I guided my *piragua* closer so that my eyes could drink in more of thy loveliness."

"The white man's tongue drips forth honey," the girl answered boldly, staring at him.

"My tongue gives voice to the feeling within my heart!" he said. "Thou art beautiful beyond any comparison. Thy breasts are like ripening melons, and thy hips are fairer than the dawn. Thou must have very many suitors among the young men of thy village."

"Aie. But no white suitors!" she whispered.

Kerrigan stepped out of his *piragua*, touched the native girl's arm. "Thou hast a white suitor now, Little Flower."

Her eyes had narrowed coquettishly. "Wouldst give me trade-goods in return for my love?"

"Aie—even would I give you something more valuable than trade-goods. Behold!" He dumped into her hand three of the greasy-looking pebbles he had taken from his diamond claim. "Thou knowest the value of these stones. In the white men's settlement, you will be paid much money for them."

The girl widened her eyes. "These pebbles are for me?"

"Yes. In exchange for a moment of your love. . . ." Kerrigan whispered audaciously.

She giggled, led him to the seclusion of an overhanging bank by the river's edge. "I am thine," she said simply.

Despite his inner, urgent desire to hasten on his journey, the soldier of fortune felt a tingling sensation coursing through his veins as he put an arm around her. She was young, yielding, feminine; and her body was swift to



respond to his caresses with a savage, sultry ardor as hot as the tropics in which she lived. . . .

LATER, holding her in his arms, he asked a guarded question:

"There are no other white men near here?"

"There is one. But he has a woman. A woman of his own color. A white woman with pale yellow hair."

Kerrigan's pulses began to pound. "Where is this other white man?" he whispered.

"His tent is two hours' journey downstream, in a clearing beyond a double bend in the river. He has been there six days. He is encamped in a clearing just behind a rock which thrusts outward into the stream and looks like a *tiger* fallen on its side."

The American adventurer got to his feet. His jaw was grimly set. No question about it—from this native girl's description, that white man must be L'Ablang, the Frenchman. And the yellow-haired woman with him could be nobody other than Anne McNair. . . .

Without another word, Larry Kerrigan leaped away from the tawny-skinned Mudurucu girl, hurled himself into his beached *piragua*. Then, desperately, he paddled out into midstream, set the prow of his craft down-river.

Sweat stood out on his forehead as he sent the dug-out canoe shooting forward with long sweeps of his paddle. Two hours' journey, that native girl had said. Grimly, Kerrigan determined to slice that time in half. . . .

A yellow moon appeared on the far horizon as dusk descended. Abruptly, Larry Kerrigan saw a double bend in the river before him; saw an out-jutting rock that faintly resembled a sleeping

tiger. It was the spot where L'Ablang was encamped!

Like a madman, the soldier of fortune sent his *piragua* smashing into the bank; leaped clear of the beached craft. With murder in his narrowed eyes, he crept toward a clearing where a dirty tent-wall gleamed—

And even as he approached, he heard a feminine voice wail out: "Larry—Larry Kerrigan—!"

AN AVENGING human thunderbolt, Larry Kerrigan smashed himself at the tent from which that cry had come. That cry—Anne McNair's cry!

Forgotten was the Webley automatic in Kerrigan's belt. Forgotten was everything save a savage, atavistic desire to bash his hard fists into L'Ablang's evil face, throttle the breath from the Frenchman's thick gullet. Like a catapulted missile, the American adventurer went roaring into the tent.

In the dim yellow lantern-light, he saw L'Ablang leap; saw the golden-haired Anne McNair lying spent and helpless upon the piled blankets, where L'Ablang had pinioned her an instant before. In a flash, Kerrigan knew what had happened; and crimson rage flamed through his seething soul.

"You rat!" he rasped; and hurtled at L'Ablang's throat.

He slammed his fist into the Frenchman's mouth; felt the impact of splintering teeth upon his balled knuckles. L'Ablang bellowed bloodily and came back with a rain of piston-like, sledgehammer blows. Kerrigan side-stepped; his foot caught in a blanket on the floor. He stumbled, lost balance—and pitched forward just as L'Ablang bashed a mighty smash to his unprotected jaw.

(Continued on page 106)

# TRIANGLE

by



Farrell broke away swiftly as  
Djenane yelled for the guard:  
"Ya mumineen! O true believ-  
ers! Help!"

# Arrangement

By E. HOFFMANN PRICE

*American soldiers of fortune spying in Arabia—it's dangerous work at best, but with a couple of native beauties to complicate it . . .*

**H**ODEIDAH is a section of hell enclosed by a crescent-shaped stone wall whose both ends reach to the shallow harbor. The lousiest spot in Hodeidah is the *samsarah*; a flop house for itinerant merchants, thieves, men who prey on women, and Red Sea riffraff.

The two men who squatted on the pounded earth floor of a second story cubby hole opening to the gallery that overhung the compound of the *samsarah* blended admirably into their surroundings. One was broad-shouldered, wiry, and had a lean, aquiline face. The other



was iron hard, body and face alike, and was built like a box car. Though both were tanned to the color of old leather; neither were Arabs.

The lean man was Glenn Farrell, and like his companion, he wore a compact turban and a loin cloth. The other was Red O'Hara whose flaming beard was the envy of the Somali Coast.

Farrell, leader of the duet, passed as an Arab; O'Hara's blue eyes, and bold, rugged face and henna-colored beard automatically made him an Afghan. Their names varied according to circumstance.

THEY dared not risk even a whisper of English. Their speech was Arabic, but in effect Farrell said, "Red, something is screwy. Why in hell did that gun boat blast our *sambuk* out of the water? And why did they hose us with a machine gun when we went over the side?"

"Because, like a couple of saps," countered O'Hara, "we left Tajura in a boat loaded with nigger slaves, and the British patrol was tipped off."

"But that," declared Farrell, lowering his voice, "doesn't account for the persistent search of the whole damn' town. How do they know *who* to look for?"

O'Hara's face lengthened.

"By God! That's right."

Farrell ceased his coffee-making and probed his loin cloth. He dug out a packet of oiled silk. The papers it contained were faked credentials to enable him to go north to Sanaa, the capital of the fanatic Imam of al Yemen. He tossed the documents in the fire.

"Someone in Cairo got wise that Ibn Saoud is sending us to spy on his friend the Imma. If we're caught with this evidence, our number is up."

O'Hara glared at the coals.

"We can't make it without papers," he muttered. "But in case we're jammed up trying to get out of this louse-bound

corner of hell, we'd better separate. Chances are better for at least one of us to get through."

"Right," agreed Farrell. "Be seeing you in Sanaa."

THE two American soldiers of fortune were making their final coup before resigning from the service of King Ibn Saoud. Their mission was to enter the guarded capital of the king's enemy, the Imam of al Yemen and find out what strangle hold that sour-faced prince had on a powerful desert tribe whose allegiance Ibn Saoud had thus far not secured. That done, the pay-off; then back to the states, and to hell with Arabia.

Farrell turned again to his coffee-making, but before the contents of the burnished brass pot foamed up to the bell mouth, the door burst open. A squad of the governor's *askaris* filed in, bayonets lowered.

"In the name of His Excellency—"

"Nuts for His Excellency," rasped Farrell, and as he spoke his hand flashed forward, splashing the now foaming, sticky coffee into the sergeant's face. O'Hara flung himself aside as a ragged volley raked the room. Farrell, kicking over the taper that illuminated the cubicle, hurled a newly purchased duffle bag at two bayonets closing in on him. As it entangled the blades, he tackled low, bowling over one of the *askaris*.

O'Hara's lunge from the flank carried him through the doorway and down the gallery.

Farrell snatched a rifle. Plying butt and bayonet, pounded his way to the gallery. The pack wheeled, but he cleared the railing.

A blast of rifle fire spattered slugs about him as he dropped to a tower of



baled merchandise stacked in the compound. The group of merchants at its foot scattered in every direction. Farrell, rolling down the heap of bales, dashed for the entrance of the compound.

It was blocked. A squad of *askaris* guarded it.

"Hell on the sea shore!" gasped Farrell. "Which way did Red go?"

No time to think. But the merchant's evening meal gave him a hint. Snatching a pot of *pilau* from the fire, he hurled it at a bearded Arab who was scrambling to his feet. The kettle connected, catching the merchant squarely between the shoulders. He pitched headlong, covered from head to foot with rice and gravy.

"I've got him!" roared Farrell diving from the shelter of the bales and toward the prostrate Arab. "Help, O true believers! I've got a robber."

The guard at the entrance charged.

As the law pounced down on the gravy covered merchant, Farrell skirted the wall and dashed toward the exit.

**I**T WORKED for about three split seconds. Then the sergeant learned what was beneath the *pilau*. The pursuit wheeled. A ragged volley followed Farrell into the street.

A donkey with a heavily laden pack saddle blocked the narrow street. Farrell stretched long legs, hurdling the obstacle. The pursuit, however, was seriously disorganized. Farrell gained; and to improve the lead, he tried looping and doubling. Each turn stole a yard from the foremost pursuer; but his grin faded as he reached the end of a blind alley. The maze had tricked him.

A blank wall faced him, and not the archway he had expected. Shouts and

the pounding of feet around the corner became louder every moment. The wall was too high to scale.

An *askari* rounded the corner. Farrell froze into the shadow of a pilaster, but he was an instant too slow. A whoop, a rifle blast, and a slug flattened against the masonry.

"This way, *ya naik!*"

The *askari* paused to gesture to the detachment that followed him. As they answered, he bounded down the alley, bayonet lowered.

Farrell wrenched savagely at a loose block in the face of the pilaster, hoping to brain the *askari* with a well placed missile. It was slipping. Another tug—

And that was much too good. The sudden yielding threw Farrell off balance, and empty-handed. But during that heart-stopping instant in which he was wondering whether to pray or curse—the only two things left to do—he not only crashed backward against the wall, but through it. A door, unperceived in the shadows, had flung open, precipitating him into a dark passageway.

Farrell gained his feet with an instant to spare. He slammed the door and shot the bolt home. The alley was now a confusion of voices. And as he crossed the courtyard, the *askaris* attacked the door with rifle butts.

The house had the musty odor of vacancy.

Farrell dashed up three flights of stairs and to the roof. The bolt of the street door was still holding, but it was time to travel.

He was too far up to dive down into the street in the rear of his pursuers. He dashed to the further coping. From its edge he looked down to the adjoining roof, a story lower.

A plump, full-breasted woman was reclining among heaped cushions, seeking the sea breeze that filtered in from beyond the city wall. She was unveiled. Her broad, sensuous mouth was a crimson splash against the whiteness of her face. Hennaed curls crept from the confinement of a head dress spangled with golden coins. She wore voluminous trousers of scarlet silk, gathered at the waist by a girdle embroidered with gold thread.

A Circassian, judging from her white skin and reddish hair. The number one wife of some dignitary. One yep from her, and half a dozen eunuchs would make short work of an intruder.

And in the meanwhile, the *askaris* were pounding the door to splinters. If Farrell dropped to the adjoining roof, and thence to the street, the Circassian woman would betray his direction of flight.

"Might throttle her before she yelps!"

He gathered himself to clear the parapet; but he checked himself as a slender, shapely Syrian girl with swaying hips and long lashed, dark eyes emerged from the stairway and handed the henna-haired Circassian a note. He certainly could not nail both at one swoop.

And then the door yielded. The pursuit surged into the house.

He had to risk an alarm set up by two women.

Luck, however, turned his way. The Syrian maid, dismissed by her mistress, turned to the stairway and faded into its sombre depths.

**F**ARRELL lowered himself over the side. He was barefooted. His landing would be soundless. And while the hennaed Circassian's attention was distracted by the letter she was trying to

read by the failing light, he could slip to the shadow of the western parapet without being observed.

Only, it did not work out that way.

Farrell had scarcely landed when he heard a crumpling of paper and an exclamation of annoyance. The Circassian woman was looking directly at him. The discarded note lay at her feet.

"Ayyub!" she exclaimed. "Why—I just got your letter—"

And then she saw it wasn't Ayyub. Her eyes widened.

Farrell gathered himself to lunge; but she smiled and regarded him with friendly interest.

"Let's say no more about Ayyub," she said, beckoning. "It may be just as well that he is conferring with the governor tonight."

Whoever Ayyub was, his breaking two dates in succession was giving the Circassian beauty vengeful ideas.

Beauty?

Well—a few years ago, yes. Her hips were as generous as her full blown breasts, and nothing shorter than Farrell's long arms could hold her tight enough to do either party much good; but she had nice features, and tiny feet.

Her appraisal of Farrell's aquiline face and bare, bronzed chest put an eager look in her splendid eyes.

"With that terrible riot going on next door," she said, catching him by the hand, "I think we'd better go downstairs. We'd be conspicuous here."

Before they reached the lower floor, he learned she was Djénane Hanoum, whose husband was in Zanzibar; but though that was a long way off, Zayda, her maid, had arranged to open the vacant house so that Ayyub could follow the route which had saved Farrell.

"Because I simply couldn't have him

come in my front door," she explained. "I have to be awfully discreet. The governor's wife is a very dear friend of mine.

The room into which she ushered Farrell was a grotesque blend of Arabic architecture and European furniture of the gilt-rococo period; but Djénane gave him little time to survey his surroundings.

Farrell whirled.  
Sock! The pistol  
dropped.



FROM a cabinet she took glasses and a flask of *arrak*, downed a slug of the blistering stuff, and then draped herself around Farrell's neck. The enthusiastic embrace toppled him over in a heap of cushions. He began to envy the missing lover; but before he could regain his balance, the torrid softness of her body made the problem of leaving Hodeidah less and less important.

Somehow she managed to wriggle out of her pearl-embroidered jacket, leaving nothing but a silk slip between Farrell and that simmering double armful of amorously scented flesh. And when he finally caught his breath, he saw less and less reason for objecting to the match; though he was outweighed by thirty odd pounds, they were well placed. . .

By dint of straining one arm, he drew her close enough to wake up to the advantages of Circassian upholstery. There was lots of Djénane, and she was alluringly soft and resilient and clinging.

Her lashes shaded her misty eyes, and in the wavering light of a pair of tapers she was becoming lovelier every moment. Her breath murmuring in his ear sent thrills racing down Farrell's spine . . . and when one arm uncoiled from his neck to loosen still further her clinging, pearl-embroidered garments, Farrell didn't know whether to lend a hand or hold her tighter—

But both alternatives were out of order.

The door flung open. Djénane gasped and broke away. Zayda, the Syrian maid, was at the threshold.

"Sitti," she apologized, "I thought—I'm sorry—"

"Get out, you idiot!" flared Djénane.

But Zayda persisted, "Sitti, the governor's wife—I didn't know—"

A chatter of feminine voices and a tinkle of anklets came from the hall. Djénane's expression changed thrice in as many instants. Then she lifted the lid of a teak chest. Farrell needed no directions. He made it just as the ladies entered the room.

"Darling," the governor's wife greeted, "your maid said you were bored to tears, and that you'd like to go to the *hammam* with us."

"Awfully sweet of you," purred Djénane, assembling scattered odds and ends, and doing some swift retouching before her gilt-framed mirror.

In a few moments Zayda had her dressed for the street, and with her mistress was following the invasion out of the house.

Farrell emerged from the chest. He wrathfully cursed the governor's wife, then decided that it might have been for the better. Find some of the absent husband's clothes and check out.

His search, however, was interrupted. A hinge creaked. The teak chest was too far away. He snuffed the taper and darted to the shelter of a pilaster. The door slowly opened. He could just distinguish a shadowy, shapeless figure silhouetted against the sky glow filtering in through a barred window.

Farrell poised himself. The robed figure advanced into the gloom. He lunged. They piled headlong across the room and into the cushioned alcove.

But those feminine curves certainly did not belong to any *askari*! Farrell struck light.

IT WAS Zayda. The gauzy veil could not conceal the crimson loveliness of her lips and the delicate olive oval of her face. And her legs, exposed by the disarray of her gown, were amber-tinted fascinations in the taper glow.



"*Ya Allah!*" she gasped, recognizing him as she regained her breath. "I thought you'd still be in that chest."

"Allah be praised, I wasn't!" countered Farrell, still tingling from the pleasant contact.

"The governor's car," explained Zayda, "is the only one in town, and his wife's friends are so crazy to ride in it there wasn't enough room for their maids, so I had to come back."

All of which gave Farrell time to decide that his antics with Djénane had been a bit foolish. A deadly waste of talent.

Her next remark hinted that Zayda had a like opinion on what she had witnessed.

"Are you awfully wild about her?"

"Yes—if she stays at the *hammam* long enough," he countered; and to make the point clear, he reached for an armful of Zayda.

The shapeless native robes tricked the eye but not his sense of touch. He simultaneously learned that she was high-breasted, that the inward curve of her waist had been designed for his left arm, and that another instant's delay in kissing her would have left her smoking. Djénane's unintentional demonstration apparently had left Zayda a bit upset!

The Syrian girl finally had to break away to catch her breath, and shed her *habara* and a few other encumbering odds and ends. Farrell saw that his caressing explorations had given him scarcely a suspicion of the ivory-tinted loveliness that now smiled at him through a single layer of gauze. But before he was fairly cross-eyed from trying to cover all her fascinations in one glance, Zayda cut short the sight-seeing by drawing him to her torrid lips.

And that was better than any amount of looking. . .

"Maybe," she finally suggested, "we could do with a bit of that *arrak* Djénane Hanoum always keeps locked up."

The first few gulps of the blistering stuff were hard to take, but as they reached the bottom of the flask, Zayda remembered a quaint Turkish song. Then they hunted and found more *arrak*. Farrell became very despondent.

"Allah blacken his face!" he cursed, referring to the governor. "I've got to get out of town before sunrise."

Between planning on making the flight a duet, *arrak* and Farrell contrived to give Zayda a few hints about the governor's unaccountable grudge against him and Red O'Hara.

In the meanwhile, the taper was guttering to extinction. They both were passably dizzy. Zayda was warm and clinging; and they forgot that the governor's wife would not stay at the *hammam* forever. . .

THEY made a charming picture, some hours later, but not to Djénane Hanoum, who had spent an entire evening wondering when she could break away from the Hodeidah center of gossip.

Farrell, breaking away from a closely fitted armful of Zayda, thought for an instant he was back in the states listening to a police siren.

"*Ya mumineen! O true believers! Help!*"

Djénane was calling for the guard, and the tiles shuddered. Farrell was the first to reach his feet, but his dash toward the street was hampered by Zayda, who clutched for support and caught him about the ankles. He pitched headlong to the floor.

But it wasn't the guard that floored

Farrell a second time. It was a vase Djénane smashed across his head. And when the city watch arrived, scooping Farrell from the deck was simple enough.

They hustled Farrell down the deserted streets, and through the side door of a pretentious building. A long corridor opened into an audience room at the further end of which was a dais occupied by a hook-nosed, white-bearded Arab who radiated garlic, attar of roses, and wrath in equal proportions: Shaykh Yussuf, the governor of the city.

"The peace upon you, *ya shaykh!*" Farrell saluted.

"No peace to you, O son of disease!" countered Shaykh Yussuf. He addressed Farrell by his most recently acquired alias: "Abu Faris, we know that you are a spy sent by the enemy of our Lord, the Imam."

That deflated Farrell's last chance of bluff. One stroke of a sword would take the place of evidence and a trial.

Then the governor uncorked his second surprise. He smiled amiably and said, "You may buy your head by serving me instead of Ibn Saoud. My Lord the Imam is holding my cousin as a hostage in Sanaa. You will go there and release him from captivity."

The wily Imam had secured the fidelity of this official by imprisoning some relative whose head would guarantee good faith. Shaykh Yussuf's demand hinted that he was preparing to revolt against his overlord, the Imam; but, how could that white-bearded schemer trust Farrell?

Shaykh Yussuf anticipated the query.

"I have a hostage to compel your fidelity," he explained.

Farrell froze. That must mean that Zayda had been denounced by her jeal-

ous Circassian mistress. Her head would answer.

The governor clapped his hands. An orderly left the audience hall. In a moment he returned, followed by a squad of *askaris*. They had a prisoner: Red O'Hara.

"Abu Faris," said the white-bearded intriguer, "if my cousin is not in Hodeidah within thirty days, this man's head will be spiked to the city gate. And I may first have the hide peeled from his carcass."

Then, to a steward, "Daoud, get Abu Faris some clothing and a mule. See that he gets clear of the guards. And happy journeying to you, Abu Faris!"

"Satan rip you open!" countered Farrell as they marched him away. But as he passed O'Hara, he said, "Hang on, Red. I'll make it."

A WEEK later, Farrell reached the end of his march to Sanaa, a pearl grey city whose shimmering spires and minarets towered above the verdant Arabian plateau.

In the old days when the Turks misruled Sanaa, it was a red hot spot; but since the conquering Imam had taken charge, there was neither music nor mirth, neither bawdy houses, liquor, nor hasheesh. Sanaa had become an unpleasantly moral town where the executioner's sword cured people of amiable vices.

Farrell glumly eyed the foreboding fortress in which Habeeb Ali, the governor's cousin, was imprisoned.

"Be damned if this isn't the first time I ever had to break *into* jail!"

For a week Farrell prowled about town, getting the lay of the land.

The women of Sanaa were fascinating, with their Himyar veils, that con-

cealed nothing; but the sword of the Imam kept the ladies looking straight to the front.

At sunset of the eighth evening, Farrell wandered into the leading and loudest *samsarah* in the city. No travelers had any gossip from Hodeidah. Farrell was about to go his way when he heard a stifled, plaintive sobbing from a room on the second floor.

Farrell investigated. Anything to escape his own hopeless problem.

"Destour!" he rumbled, tapping at the door.

A woman answered. She did not raise her veil in time to cheat Farrell of a dazzling eyeful. A lovely little creature, with long lashed dark eyes that reminded him of Zayda's. She was younger than Zayda—but not too young.

Her name was Ayesha, and her room at the *samsarah* had been stripped clean by sneak thieves. She was stranded in Sanaa. Walking to the coast would be tough on bare feet.

"My father," she concluded, "came to Sanaa to be a hostage in the Imam's prison. I accompanied him, and was to go on to Hodeidah to stay with my aunt. And now—"

A fresh supply of tears impended.

"Ayyub," she cried, "I've—" And then she saw it wasn't Ayyub. . . .



Farrell had spent over a week trying to get into the Imam's prison, and here Ayesha was in a tough spot because her father had succeeded! He was thinking fast. By pleading Ayesha's case with the Imam, he might get a chance to play his own cards.

"By Allah!" he declared. "I will go to the Imam. I will demand an escort and money for you—I will tell that white-bearded goat—"

A brave voice and a face to match; but Ayesha had every reason to fear the stern Imam and his many spies.

"Oh—do be careful!" she warned, interrupting the tirade. "If anyone hears—"

She was quite close now, and her dark eyes were wide with mingled fear and admiration. Her soft fingers closed on his wrist, ripe, warm curves whispered to Farrell through her shapeless outer robe. Ayesha was marvelously well equipped, and as she drew closer, Farrell became less and less concerned with immediately defying the pious Imam.

His plans were becoming slightly incoherent, but Ayesha was not critical. That might have been because only one of Farrell's hands now gestured. The other was shaping itself to the latest discovery.

Ayesha's eyes were becoming misty and her breath came in short gasps that made Farrell's ears simmer, and when he found her lips, she eagerly clung to him.

Luckily, the thieves hadn't stolen the prayer rug. . .

But unluckily, Farrell hadn't barred the door. It slammed open. Ayesha's scream lifted the tiles, but fright froze her arms about him. Before he could break clear, he did not need a guide book to tell him that someone was jabbing a pistol against his back.

"Don't!" shrieked Ayesha, her shrill voice piercing the oaths that rumbled like a cavalry charge. "Would you kill your own daughter?"

She doubtless overestimated the penetration of the pistol; but the blast was delayed.

IF THE man behind the gun was Ayesha's father, he had a remarkably wide range of action for a hostage! If this wasn't a frame up, nothing was.

"No, by Allah!" raged the irate parent. "But I will call the guard! I will have him impaled in the public square!"

Farrell was up to his neck. This sort of thing wasn't being done in Sanaa any more. Not by anyone who wanted to keep his head.

"And you—cutting up this way before I even get to my cell!" raged the old man. "*Ya Allah—!*"

"Wait a minute!" interposed Farrell, desperately snatching at the last words. "*Haven't you been there yet?*"

The Arab gasped, taken back by the irrelevant, insistent question.

"Nay."

"Then I will take your place," said Farrell.

"There is no God but Allah!" exclaimed the astonished Arab.

The pistol sagged. Farrell whirled.

*Sock!* Arms and the man crashed into separate corners. That calmed everyone; and explanations were forthcoming.

"*Wallah*, I am Shareef Nuri," said Ayesha's father. "And before reporting to the warden, I remembered my prayer rug. So I returned—"

"Does the Imam inspect his hostages very often?" Farrell interposed.

"What difference?" countered Shareef Nuri. "He has never seen me. He knows only my uncle, whose fidelity my head guarantees."



That made it a bargain. Farrell took the Shareef's credentials, gave him half of his cash, and paused only long enough to exchange a regretful glance with Ayesha.

"Too bad," he muttered as he strode across the *maidan*, "this would have worked just as well an hour or so later. . ."

Presently Farrell presented credentials to the warden.

The food was good, and the vermin not excessive. Only one move remained: find the governor's cousin, and make good use of the hack saw blade which had eluded the search of the sentries.

A few moderate bribes, and Farrell found his man. Habeeb Ali was in a tower at the end of a corridor, and overlooking the city wall.

That night he hailed the jailer: "Take me to the cell of Habeeb Ali. Get some tapers, so we can play chess."

Plausible enough, and three Maria Theresa dollars clinched it. Farrell ceremoniously saluted Habeeb Ali. As the jailer's footsteps receded down the passageway, he whispered to the wizened, sharp-featured little man, "Keep up a lusty argument about this game, O brother, and Allah will reward thee."

**H**ABEEB ALI was perplexed, but as Farrell set to work with his hack-saw blade, he caught the point and staged a good act. It muffled the rasp of the saw, and though the blade was giving Farrell more blisters than a rowing match, it was biting into the soft, hand-wrought iron window bar.

An hour passed, and a second yielded. Farrell bounded to the sill, gripped the free ends, and slowly wrenched them upward.

"Go first, *ya* Habeeb, and may Allah

prosper thee," Farrell invited; but the Arab drew back.

"Nay," he protested. "Go your way. I stay where I am."

He meant it. It occurred to Farrell that perhaps Habeeb Ali suspected a snare.

"Your cousin, the governor of Hodeidah, sent me to liberate you."

"I stay here, regardless," declared Habeeb Ali.

Farrell was convinced that he was dealing with a madman.

"You idiot," warned Farrell. "Supposing your cousin is planning a revolt. You know what would happen to you."

"My cousin wants me released to have me assassinated," declared Habeeb. "So that he can inherit my estate. Now rub your head, or by Allah, I will call the jailer."

"Listen, fellow!" growled Farrell. "You're going to be rescued, whether or not!"

He lunged; but he landed only after Habeeb's yell had echoed down the corridor. An earthenware jar crashed to shards. Then Farrell caught up with Habeeb. *Pop!* The Arab froze in his tracks.

Farrell unwound his prisoner's turban, spliced it to his own, and looped the free end under Habeeb's arms. Then, shouldering his captive, he bounded to the sill as the jailer and the guard came pounding down the corridor.

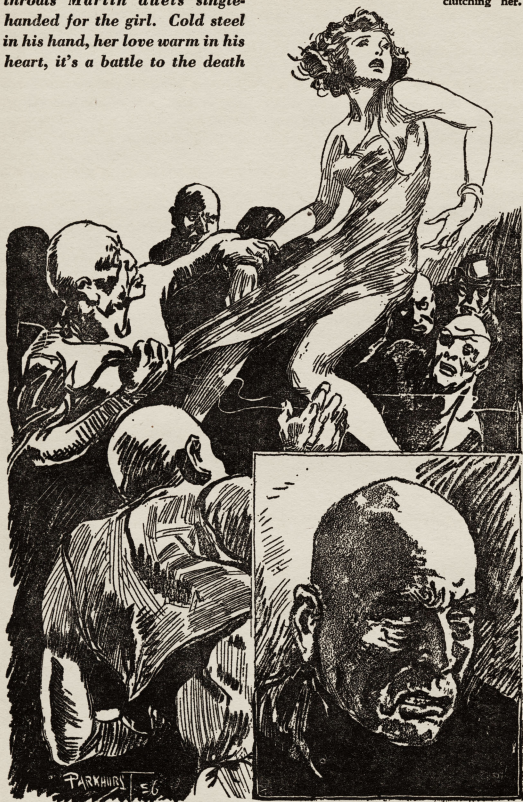
It was touch and go. Farrell lowered Habeeb to the city wall. He leaped clear of the sill as the guard surged into the vacated cell.

Seizing his unconscious prisoner, he cleared the crest, beating a hail of slugs by a split second. He crashed heavily to the ground; but badly shaken as he was, there was one advantage; the near-

(Continued on page 114)

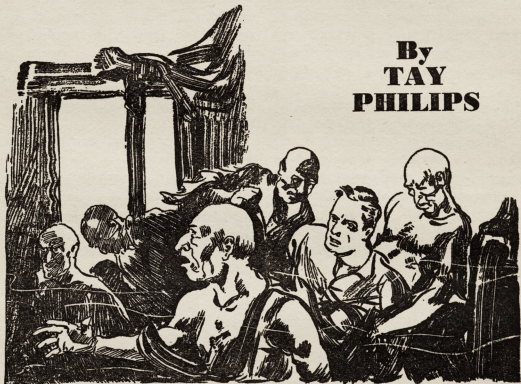
*In the stronghold of the cut-throats Martin duels single-handed for the girl. Cold steel in his hand, her love warm in his heart, it's a battle to the death*

**"Mine! Mine!"  
they shouted,  
clutching her.**



# TERROR ISLAND

By  
**TAY  
PHILIPS**



**I**T WAS a wild, piercing scream, and the funereal stillness of the lagoon threw back despairing echoes as it ended in a strangling gurgle. Hal Martin had just arrived in the lagoon, and was giving mental thanks that he had reached the island ahead of the hurricane. Then the scream drove everything else from his mind.

He jerked his eyes down from the harsh green of the jungled hillside to the glassy water. A second later a girl's head broke the surface. Another scream followed, and the head disappeared.

Opening the throttle, he aimed the bow of his trim little cruiser at the spot, but before he reached it, she re-appeared and sank again. He threw the motor out

of gear, swung out over the rail and leaned down.

Then he saw her in the crystal depth, feminine and white, with nice rounded breasts, smooth thighs, and softly curved hips. She was floundering badly as she came up again. She'd just about make it without forcing him to dive for her.

She rose within arm's reach. He locked his fingers in her thick black hair and pulled her head out of water. Bracing himself by hooking one knee over the rail, he caught her wet wrist and managed to lift her, fainting, out of water and over the rail to the deck.

The contact of her flesh against his bare arms and against his chest through

his thin shirt sent electric thrills surging along his spine. He glanced down. A firm little breast half bared itself invitingly from her dripping undergarments. He felt urged to draw her closer, but the sight of the long black lashes of her closed eyes resting on her wet cheeks jerked him back to his senses. She was half naked, helpless, and unconscious in his arms.

HE put her down on the deck, and got the whiskey bottle from the cabin. Cradling her head in the crook of his elbow with her lovely face turned up toward him, he gently parted the small red lips and spilled a little of the whiskey into her mouth.

She gagged and coughed. Then her big violet eyes opened. Horror appeared swiftly in them.

"Oh my God!" she gasped, and began to struggle.

He held her easily. She relaxed, exhausted.

"Who—who are you?" she breathed.

"The name's Hal Martin; winter residence, Miami."

"Are you one of them?" she whispered fearfully.

He eyed her curiously and shook his head. Then abruptly she realized her semi-nudity. She gasped and sought frantically to cover herself with hands and arms. He reddened.

"Scuse me," he mumbled. "I forgot."

He caught up his slicker which hung beside the wheel and threw it over her. She hugged it close about her.

"My clothes are over there." She thrust a shapely white arm out of a gap in the slicker and pointed. "I was afraid they'd hinder me; it's a long swim across. Will you get them?"

"Sure."

"Then we can ride out the blow here in the lagoon," she concluded hurriedly.

He glanced at her sharply, then raised his eyes again to the jungle-matted hillside. For an instant he had the impression of a sinister, nameless horror drifting down from it like a miasma to envelope them. Irritably he shrugged off the feeling, and steered the cruiser to the narrow ribbon of beach where the mouth of a trail broke through the jungle wall. She got up shakily and sagged against the wheel.

"I'll get your clothes," he said quickly and leaped ashore.

"They're just beyond the rock," she said with a wan smile.

He hurried round the limestone outcropping and found a dress of thin flow-ered silk lying on the white sand. Beside it were slippers, stockings, and garters, everything but the gossamer underthings she still wore. He picked up the garments. A faint perfume rose from them to his nostrils.

Then the girl screamed again, a horrible ululation of frantic terror. He jerked round and plunged past the rock.

His boat was floating away from the beach, and the girl was struggling madly in the clutches of two shaven-headed, tattered men on the deck.

One of the men saw Martin. He let loose of the girl and dove for the wheel. With a grinding clash of gears he threw the motor into reverse. The cruiser shot backward out into the lagoon.

As it did so, the girl writhed free of the second man and threw herself overboard, leaving the slicker in the man's baffled grasp. Martin plunged into the water, but before he reached her, she was stroking frantically toward him. He caught her hand, dragged her up the beach and whirled defensively.



**B**UT there was no need of it. The boat was far out in the lagoon. The scare-crow figure at the wheel clashed gears again. Water boiled white at the stern, and the lean craft shot forward in a gentle arc out through the opening in the reef onto the open Gulf Stream beyond. The second scare-crow figure danced in glee on the deck, thumbing his nose at Martin and the girl.

Martin watched grimly. The cruiser was irrevocably gone, was fast dwindling to a black dot on the brassy water, with the man still dancing on the deck. Martin knew he was watching dead men, for the first blast of the coming hurricane would send the little craft to the bottom. But the thought uppermost in his mind was that his guns were aboard the boat, and he was unarmed.

Then he was aware that the girl's trembling fingers were seeking his.

"Come," she whispered. "I'm dressed now, and we'll have to hurry to get round the end of the lagoon out onto the reef. There is a little cave there and we can hide in it. I was trying to swim across the lagoon to it."

"Wait." Martin's voice was harsh, and his eyes were riveted to something up the trail beside them.

He strode toward it. The thing he saw was a human foot. As he came closer he discovered that it belonged to the corpse of an old negress lying naked beside a half dug grave. Death must have come only after long, screaming agony had died to blubbing moans. The eyelids had been cut away, and the lips were missing. One eye had been gouged out of its red socket. Patches of black skin and flesh had been shaved away, and the pathetic body terribly beaten. A crooked leg spoke vividly of a knee twisted and splintered till only the gristle of the joint held it in place.

Beside the grave lay two shovels. These two scare-crows who had stolen the cruiser must have been digging the grave and dropped them there, Martin decided. Obviously they had heard him and the girl down on the beach and sneaked down to steal the boat.

He stared a long, questioning moment at the eerie, silent trail now growing saffron in the gathering dusk, then, suddenly remembering, the girl went back to the beach.

"What's the matter?" she asked tensely.

"Nothing," he lied, keeping himself between her and a view of the dead foot. She caught his hand and pulled him along the beach.

"Oh please hurry!" she cried.

He quickened his steps.

**I**T'S terrible for you to find yourself suddenly mixed up in a horrible thing like this," she said hurriedly. "If it hadn't been for the hurricane, you would have passed up this island as though it were any other, and now you would be safe. I know you are wondering what it's all about; anyone stumbling in here like you did couldn't help wondering why I was trying to swim the lagoon by myself, and why those two men stole your boat and put out to sea in the face of certain death. I'll try to explain.

"I'm Patricia Bennett. My father owns the Bennett Fruit Line that each year carries the banana crop of the Salvano Republic to New York. This island is our winter home. Dad and I have been living here for his health, with two old negro servants to take care of the house. Day before yesterday a plane called for dad and took him to Salvano. That left only myself and the two old negroes, Mammy Lou and Uncle Tom, here. It

seemed safe enough, but this morning *they* came, and I haven't seen Mammy Lou or Uncle Tom since. I'm terribly afraid they've—"

She broke off with a gasp, clutching his arm. He stared.

Tattered, shaven-headed figures had materialized out of the gloom on the beach ahead. A sinister rustle of the leaves sounded warning beside them. The girl screamed. Two more scarecrow figures leaped out of the jungle at Martin.

His fist slammed home to the snarling teeth of the first. The cropped head snapped back, and the man crumpled. The other leaped tigerishly and whipped long arms about Martin's waist. Martin twisted futilely, lashing knuckles to jaw and ear. The shaven-head jerked under his mauling fists, but the gripping arms still held to him.

Martin heard the girl scream again, and knew they had seized her. The murky, saffron gloom was alive now with tattered men closing in on him. He struck at them desperately, and felt the solid impact of his fists against their faces, but he went down under the weight of their foul, stinking bodies. The man hanging about his waist was unconscious, but he still held on. The others began to stamp Martin, to kick him.

Wildly he threw his arms about his head to protect it. He glimpsed a dark, snarling visage, and the owner of it drawing back his huge booted foot. He kicked brutally. The toe caught Martin's skull with a glancing blow. A burst of stars shone before Martin's eyes. Swift blackness followed. . . .

**M**ARTIN awoke lying on his back, with the yellow light of candles in his eyes. He was in a big room. Massive teakwood beams crossed the ceiling

above him. Along the top of the wall he could see the tops of leaded casement windows with the black of closed storm shutters showing through them.

A long, blubbing moan, the agonized, exhausted sound of a man in the last stages of human endurance sounded above the thunder of the wind. Martin twisted his head.

He saw several shaven-headed, tattered men against the wall staring breathlessly at a man who sat hunched on a chair before them. The man sat faced around so that his chin rested on the back of the chair, and his hands and feet were lashed down tightly to the chair legs. His back was bare to the waist, and was a mass of bloody, shredded flesh.

Leaning over him was a huge, hulking beast of a man with a knife in his hand. This big man's head was cropped, too, and his nose was crooked. His lower lip was loose, and a large drop of saliva drooled from it. His eyes were little and piggish and aflame with an unholy light.

As Martin stared, he straightened and turned to a tall cadaverous figure with a perfectly bald head, lean features, and eyes like black ice. He was watching the bound man on the chair, and stood enveloped in a long, ragged black cape buttoned about the throat.

"Do I go ahead?" breathed the bullet-headed man.

The figure in the cape nodded. The line of staring, tattered men swayed.

"Gawd, ain't he had enough?" blurted one, his white, pocked face twitching.

The caped figure spoke through frozen lips.

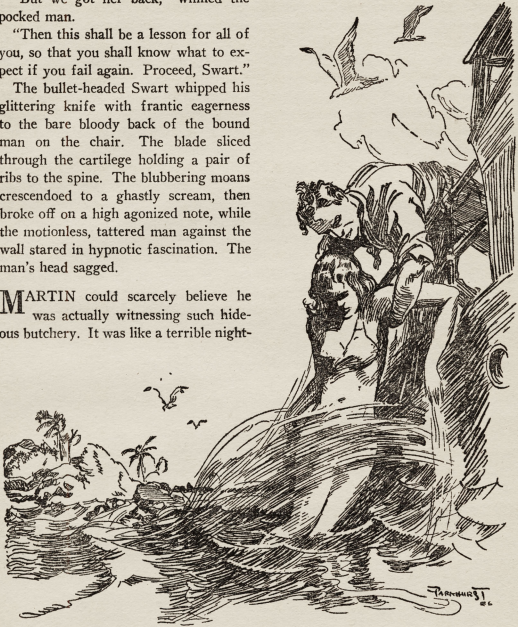
"He was guarding the girl when she got away. This is the reward for failure."

"But we got her back," whined the pocked man.

"Then this shall be a lesson for all of you, so that you shall know what to expect if you fail again. Proceed, Swart."

The bullet-headed Swart whipped his glittering knife with frantic eagerness to the bare bloody back of the bound man on the chair. The blade sliced through the cartilage holding a pair of ribs to the spine. The blubbering moans crescendoed to a ghastly scream, then broke off on a high agonized note, while the motionless, tattered man against the wall stared in hypnotic fascination. The man's head sagged.

MARTIN could scarcely believe he was actually witnessing such hideous butchery. It was like a terrible night-



Martin caught her in his arms, heaved upward . . .

mare that constricted his lungs and throat with such mad terror he could scarcely breathe. His thoughts turned to himself. Surely that tall caped man could not have failed to recognize him; that's why he wasn't dead already. They were saving him for torture. Already he seemed to feel the gloating degenerate

Swart leaning over him and probing his vitals with that bloody knife.

Desperately Martin sought to throw off the terrible paralysis of horror. He gritted his teeth with the effort to rise. Thongs bit into his ankles, wrists, and chest. He was lashed down tightly to the table top like a dog in a vivisection

laboratory. Then abruptly the knowledge was dwarfed by the discovery of small icy fingers clutching his hand. He twisted his head in the opposite direction, and saw Patricia Bennett crouching on a chair beside him, with her face averted from the shambles across the room.

He saw that she wore the same flowered dress he had rescued from the beach for her, and her hair was combed. No ropes bound her to the chair. The discovery puzzled him.

Suddenly she turned her head and saw him looking at her. She gave a little cry.

At the sound Swart whirled from the slaughtered corpse and leaped savagely at Martin. Hal writhed wildly against his bonds but without avail.

"Stop!"

The word cracked whip-like from the lips of the cadaverous leader. It jerked the pig-eyed, drooling Swart to a halt in mid-stride.

"Plenty of time for your knife later, Swart," said the tall man tonelessly, and for a long moment his eyes probed Martin's. Martin steeled himself to meet their piercing stare without flinching.

In the tense silence the stout storm shutters rattled savagely under the fearful impact of the mighty wind. The score of candle flames in the big room bent weirdly as the chill, menacing breath of the hurricane forced its way into the room through the tight cracks of doors and windows.

Abruptly the caped leader turned to the girl.

"Untie your husband and put him to bed," he ordered curtly.

She gasped. Then hesitantly she loosened the knots that bound Martin to the table and helped him up. He clinched his teeth at the darting agony of half paralyzed limbs, slid off the table and

nearly sprawled. Swart's watching eyes were murderously aflame.

They crossed the floor, forcing their eyes away from the bloody thing on the chair by the wall. Martin was aware of her trembling body against his. He opened the door. She picked up a candle from the nearby sideboard and followed, closing the door after them.

THE puny candle flame set monstrous shadows to dancing weirdly in the corners of the bedroom. Martin noted a fourposter bed, a low dressing table, and colored rugs on the winking, polished floor. The girl backed against the door, wide-eyed and breathless.

"There is some trick about this," he said grimly. "That fiend out there must have some hideous plan. Did you tell him we were married?"

"Well, not exactly. When the men brought us to the house you were unconscious, and he stared at you a long time. Then he asked me if you were my husband. I—I just let him think you were. I thought it might help in some way if he believed we were married, but I never dreamed it would come to this."

Martin's brows knitted.

"It's not like him to be so considerate of married couples," he said, half to himself.

"Do you know him?" she asked, startled.

"Yes, but we have never met, so far as I know. He's Pocine, that infamous dictator of Salvano who was thrown out of office by a revolution which installed the present dictator. Pocine was also sentenced to life imprisonment on the Salvano prison island for torturing natives. I suppose you know all this, but you probably don't know that I am the man who engineered the revolt against Pocine.



"When Pocine and that gang of murderers escaped the prison island by capturing the supply schooner, the present dictator of Salvano immediately sent for your father because he was afraid Pocine would start another revolt.

"If you don't already know why Pocine is here, I might add that he came here to murder your father for financing the revolution against him, and also to get the \$100,000 in cash your father is known to keep here."

"I know," she said. "He's been hunting for the money ever since he's been here. Maybe he's saving us for torture to find out where it is. I'm sure that's what happened to Mammy Lou."

Her voice trailed off with a hint of tears. Martin's thoughts leaped back to the butchered negress beside the half dug grave on the lagoon trail, and he pressed his lips together in fierce silence. He locked the door and smiled at her.

"At least if they think we're married, it ought to slow Swart down a bit where you're concerned," he said. "He thinks every unattached girl is his personal property."

"Let's go through with it—I mean pretend to," she said hurriedly and leaned down. She caught the hem of her dress and pulled it off over her head, revealing to him again that sweet alluring body that had thrilled him so when he rescued her from the lagoon.

His eyes widened a little at the sight of the silk stockings rolled at the knee, the wispy panties snuggled close about the soft, curved hips, and the breasts locked in their silken brassiere. The vision set his heart to thumping and his nerves coursing with strange, sweet fire.

She tugged at the brassiere with a breath taking little quiver of the firm breasts, then seemed to change her mind.

She dropped her hands and looked at him. Martin's eyes went to the elastic waist band of her stepins, roved over the satiny hips and thighs, down to her dimpled knees.

He gulped and, turning his back, kicked off his shoes, pulled off his blood-stained shirt. Still crimson to the ears, embarrassed by the situation, he looked at the girl over his shoulder.

SHE had donned a night gown of the pinkest, sheerest silk, and taking advantage of its dubious protection had discarded the last of her underthings. Now she stood barefoot before him, arranging her hair with deft fingers, while the luscious curves of her body outlined themselves invitingly before his hungry eyes. She caught her breath with a quick little smile and sat down on the bed.

He sat down beside her, holding himself gingerly and not daring to trust himself closer to her intoxicating nearness. The candle continued to burn waveringly.

Presently he felt timid fingers seeking his hand, and her quivering body snuggling up against his side. The warm curve of a little breast pressed his arm, sending a wave of intoxicating fire through him. Then he felt the warm contact of her leg against his through the flimsy silk night gown. It was an effort for him to keep his voice casual when he spoke.

"Has the house ever weathered a blow like this?"

"N-not this bad," she answered through chattering teeth. "Dad said after he built it he should've placed it under the lee of the hill instead of on top like it now is. The light plant failed tonight when the first blast struck. I—I'm so frightened!"

Her voice was drowned out by a hide-

ous blast of screaming wind and machine gun tattoo of raindrops and sea spray against the side of the house. Martin held his breath. It seemed that the building must go, sturdy and massive though it was.

As the wind eased a bit, he heard the sound of angry cursing from the main room. He slid off the bed and crept to the door to listen.

"I tell yuh, it takes the knife to git 'em," rasped Swart's voice. "Let me haul that hubby o' hers out here an' work on him, an' you'll have the money in no time. He'll tell where it is."

"You're crude, Swart." Pocine's voice was curt and disdainful. "Your knife didn't get the information from the nigger wench, and the devil knows you worked over her plenty. The trouble with you, Swart, is that you have no imagination beyond your knife blade. How'd you like to be spread-eagled on your back right now like that nigger wench's husband is, with an iron kettle chained to your bare belly and a large starving rat inside it with no way out except through your body? It's a damned hungry rat. I captured it on the schooner days ago and starved it for old Bennett, damn him!"

The cold voice choked with sudden fury, then went on. "But Bennett got away—this time. The nigger'll break before he croaks. If he doesn't, the girl will. I'm going to have that money!"

MARTIN forgot all about the screaming savagery of the blasting wind, forgot all about the water squirting in through every crack in windows and doors under the gigantic pressure of the wind. Desperately he tried to conceive an escape for himself and Patricia. A sudden cheer from the next room shattered his thoughts.

"Here's Bennett's *dinero*!" shouted a new voice. "The nigger finally told us where to find it. Yeh, we took off the kettle, but we had to pull the rat out of him, an' he died. We killed the rat, too."

A long, exultant shout answered him. Patricia jerked upright in bed.

"What's happened?" she gasped.

Martin silently took her in his arms.

"Nothing important," he answered quietly, and smiled down into her frightened eyes. She clung to him, sobbing.

"Oh, I'm so frightened!"

He kissed her gently. Maybe Pocine would leave them alone now that the money was found. And maybe not. . . .

THERE were sounds of clinking glasses from the main room, faintly heard during the scanty lulls in the mighty wind. Pocine must have opened a case of whiskey, thought Martin. Soon there was ribald singing, and lewd remarks about Patricia. Then an ominous silence followed. Martin jerked up, straining his ears.

Without warning the door suddenly splintered and crashed inward under the massed weight of the scare-crow gang. They poured into the room. Patricia screamed. Martin launched himself at them with mauling fists. He knocked the first man flat, but went down under the rush of the others. They gripped his arms and legs, beat him, pinioned him to the floor under the massed weight of their bodies.

Patricia leaped to her feet. As she swayed, Swart roared at the two men swarming forward to reach her. He knocked them aside and clutched for her. His thick fingers closed around her slim, bare ankle, and he jerked her brutally to him. She screamed once, then mercifully fainted.

The gang hauled their two prisoners



Martin kicked as he sidestepped. His toe caught Swart's ankle.

out into the main room. Someone threw a glass of whiskey in Patricia's face. She gasped and opened her eyes. The others pulled her away from Swart and lifted her onto the table.

"Dance!" they screamed at her above the roaring fury of the wind.

She swayed there, clutching the shredded remnants of the night gown about her.

"Dance, dance!"

She took a few uncertain steps and paused helplessly. Martin writhed in frenzied desperation. He was seated on

a chair with one man clinging to each out-stretched arm, another gripping him round the neck from behind, and a fourth standing beside him with an up-raised chair to smash his legs if he started kicking. He could not break free.

Swart rammed the other men about the table aside.

"Come here!" he bellowed, clutching Patricia's night gown.

She jerked back. Part of the gown tore away, baring her creamy legs and thighs.

Animal cries burst from the other

men. "Mine, mine!" their shouts screamed above the mad clamor of fighting as they clawed and beat each other to get hands on her.

Pocine darted into the tangle with a big black revolver in his fist. Frantically they burst away from him. He tossed a greasy deck of playing cards face down on the table at Patricia's feet.

"Enough of this horse play!" he screamed, his voice rasping thinly through the shrieking diapason of the mighty wind. "You'll be killing each other. She's not worth it. Cut cards. High man takes her."

With a shout they surged forward. Swart slapped them aside and grabbed his card first. He glared at it, then bellowed triumphantly.

"An ace! I git her!"

He grabbed Patricia's wrist and jerked her screaming off the table.

Martin struggled desperately to free himself, but in vain. Then he was suddenly aware that Pocine was glaring at him murderously, triumphantly.

"**W**AIT a minute, Swart," called Pocine, his toneless voice edged with savage excitement. "I have a little job for you first. The girl can wait. I've just recognized this gentleman. I felt from the first I knew him, and pretended to believe he was the girl's husband until I could place him. His name is Martin, the gentleman who had myself and most of you as well, sent to the island for life. Bring your knife, Swart. We'll make this something extra special."

No hint of the black despair that gripped him showed in Martin's face. The wild plan which but an instant before had flashed through his mind could never succeed, but he had to try it. It was his only chance now—the only chance for Patricia, too.

"Swart is a common yellow coward, Pocine," he said evenly. "He only fights with his knife when the other fellow is tied down and can't fight back. Turn me loose and give me a knife, and I'll make him climb a wall yelling for mercy, the dirty murderer, and he knows it."

"Yellow coward?" Swart's bull-like roar dwarfed the clamor of the storm. He dropped Patricia and flung himself straight at Martin who did not move and only grinned coldly at him. With a mighty effort Swart checked himself and turned on Pocine.

"Give him a knife!" he bellowed. "Give it to him and turn him loose! I'll show who's the coward!"

Pocine's eyes narrowed as he probed for the trick behind Martin's words. Martin grinned at him wolfishly.

"Afraid I'll get away, Pocine?" he taunted. "Afraid I'll commit suicide before you can torture me? Maybe I will, but first I'll rip this pet butcher of yours from stern to stern. It's a doomed man's last request of a man who's been a dictator; give me a knife and let me have a go at him."

An eager clamor burst from the others. Pocine turned to Swart.

"If you kill him, I'll shoot you like a dog," he warned tonelessly. "Remember. All right, one of you toss the fool a knife and let's get it over."

**T**HE men holding Martin to the chair released him. He got up flexing his arms swiftly to restore circulation. Someone tossed him a knife. He caught it, and whirled to face Swart.

They circled each other warily. Swart's piggish eyes were aflame with fury. Suddenly he lunged and struck. Martin ducked back, escaping the thrust by a scant inch. Swart leaped and struck again, but Martin toed nimbly aside.



Red rage blinded Swart to caution. He ripped out a filthy curse and hurled himself recklessly at this tall, lean man in torn shorts and undershirt who shifted like a wraith before his attack.

As Martin sidestepped, he kicked. His toe struck Swart's ankle and sent him sprawling. Swart struck the floor. Martin's blade streaked down. Its point ripped through the bulge of the left shoulder muscle. Swart rolled frantically out of reach and leaped to his feet. Blood streamed from the slight wound, and his pig eyes were cold with respect.

The scare-crowd crowd goggled in silent amazement. Forgotten completely was the savage menace of the hurricane. No one heeded the quivering windows and the flood of water squirting through the tight cracks in them. Not a glance fell on the big barred door which in spite of its ponderous strength was threatening to buckle inward under the monstrous impact of the wind. All eyes were glued to the two crouching, circling figures in the center of the room.

All too well Martin knew he was fighting a losing battle, with certain torture and death at the end of it even should he win. He was no good in this kind of a fight. Never before had he tried to defend himself with cold steel. He glimpsed Patricia, stiff and white, against the wall staring at him hopelessly. She, too, knew it was a losing fight. Like Martin, she knew that Swart would not be tricked a second time. Swart was fighting coolly and skilfully now, and biding his time.

Yet Martin's eyes were bright and his chin up. He laughed silently as the house quivered under a terrific thundering blast of wind that bent the stout door a full quarter of an inch inward and drove black water spurting into the room round the sides of it. If the door should give

way, the wind would get inside and blow the house to pieces as though it were made of straw.

Yet in that door lay Martin's trick, his final reckless gesture at these cutthroats, which might kill them all—himself and Patricia, too.

Swart leaped, struck and was gone out of reach again. Martin lashed back viciously. Swart ducked and sprang back wildly as Martin swiped another savage blow at him. As Swart started to recover Martin whipped his knife shoulder high . . . and hurled it with all the snapping strength of a baseball pitcher. Wildly Swart sprawled to safety. But the whirling blade was not aimed at him.

It keened straight for Pocine standing revolver in hand. The handle of the knife, instead of the point struck the cadaverous Pocine in the chest, but the force of the blow knocked him off balance and he staggered.

**I**N THAT instant Martin reached the door, gripped the heavy bar that braced it against the wind and wrenched it upward. It resisted him.

The staring crowd suddenly screamed in mad terror and started for him, as they realized what he was trying to do. With every ounce of desperate strength he heaved again. He heard Pocine's insane shout, and Swart's mad bellow. The bar came free. Martin dove headlong for Patricia and caught her in his arms, as the door burst apart with a splintering crash.

The room went black. The universe seemed to explode with a lung-strangling concussion. Martin felt himself and Patricia lifted and hurled into the black roaring void.

They struck in the bushes outside the house. Branches lashed them like ter-

*(Continued on page 122)*

# Mountaineers Are Tough

[Continued from page 23]

breasts that threatened to break from their sheer covering. Still muttering, he picked her up beneath his huge arm, headed for the next room.

Art stirred vaguely, struggled up. His own room was empty; he was alone. Then scream after scream from the adjoining room. Through the piercing screams came the rumbling "Haw! Haw! Haw!" of the idiot-giant. Art staggered to his feet, looked about for a weapon, snatched a butcher knife from the slab table, and made for the door. He paused horrified.

The girl lay on a pallet of dirty quilts in a far corner. The idiot's crouched body almost obscured her. All that was visible was her flailing white arms, her struggling, kicking legs.

Her struggles had torn the man's dirty shirt. The empty sleeve hung in tatters and, with a gasp of horror, Art saw there was no stump of an arm, no smooth remnant to prove an arm had been lost accidentally. Instead, from the very shoulder itself protruded four hairy fingers and a stump of a thumb. The hand itself grew from his shoulder!

AS Art's mouth gaped open, he saw the giant lean over the screaming girl, saw him hold her legs relentlessly with his good arm, while the horrible fingers of his deformity reached inexorably toward the soft flesh of the girl's body.

Art raised his knife. A hand whirled him aside. Jethro Suggs glared at him, then turned to the struggling mass.

"Lon! Lon!" he said sharply. "Leave her be, Lon!"

Behind Jethro, stood Lafe, grinning over his father's shoulder at the body of the woman. The idiot brother got slowly to his feet mouthing and muttering. The old man inclined his head, the idiot slouched by, looking neither to the right nor left.

"Take keer of her," instructed the old man, and turned away to follow. Before leaving, Lafe grasped Art's wrist and twisted the knife from it. He picked it up and followed his father still grinning, still licking his bearded lips as he glanced back at the white figure on the dirty pallet.

Velma was more frightened than harmed. For a long while she shuddered in Art's arms, finally quieting and trying to restore her tattered clothes to normalcy. They spoke of their predicament in low tones.

Art was busy counting the remaining powders in the case in his pocket. He scarcely heard Velma's worried voice.

"—heard about such families—inbred for a hundred years, halfwits, idiots—dangerous—have to take it easy—"

Absently Art nodded figuring out the hours of peace he had left before a new supply of dope became the most important thing in his life.

They ate in silence, Jethro at the head of the table with his biblical talk, his vague, half-cracked platitudes. On either side of him, a son—Lafe on the right, the idiot, Lon, on the left. Art sat next to the idiot, leaned as far from him as possible. At the end of the table, the now-smiling Velma and the daughter of Jethro, Bess Suggs, who arose from time to time to serve.

Sick with fright Art ate but little. Beneath the table he felt the gentle pressure of Bess's big leg, recognized the light in her colorless eyes for what it was. Arising and returning she always managed to brush against him, to lean a billowing breast, a flabby arm against his shoulder. It was either take this show of affection or lean closer to the deformed idiot who ate so like a beast, his red-rimmed eyes centered on Velma. Little rivulets of food and liquid trickled down his hairless chin, dripped onto his enormous chest unheeded.

Lafe it was who made the frugal dinner a success. He smiled, simpered, rolled his eyes at Velma. Velma, smart, smiled back, gave him bold glance for bold glance, talked as much as possible. Art glared.

THE hideous meal at an end, Jethro and his eldest son dug out foul-smelling pipes. Bess arose again, returned with a wicker demijohn and a dirty tin cup. She poured it nearly full of white liquor. The old man tossed it off with a sucking, noisy gulp, wiped his mouth on his sleeve. Lafe drank next. Lon, the idiot, drank his and beat the cup on the table for more. The girl ignored him, snatched the cup, filled it, handed it to Art.

"I don't drink," snarled the hop-head viciously.

"I'll take it," from Velma. Jethro frowned. Lafe grinned approvingly. Lon pounded the table in idiotic glee as she gulped, choked, coughed, but came up smiling. Jethro pushed back his chair.

"Come," he said, "the Lord saith 'Vengeance is mine.' We air the Avengers of the Lord!"

Lafe followed him, smirking at Velma. They took guns from the corner, pulled hats over their eyes, and paused at the

door. "Keep the infidels here," instructed Jethro.

Lafe glared at the idiot whose eyes were fastened greedily on a tear in Velma's dress, a tear that half revealed a mound of palpitant, entrancing flesh. He said, "Lon, you leave her be! Tech her while I'm gone and I'll whale hell out of ya!"

Bess sat down as close as she could to Art. The little hop-head glared at her for a moment, then chose to disregard her, turned to Velma who sat silently by the window.

"Damn you," he growled, "what are you trying to do? Make a play for the hick?"

"Shut up, Art! That's the only way I can keep the idiot off me. Take it easy, play up, and maybe they'll let us go when they get back. Maybe someone will come."

Bess spoke bashfully. "Nobody'll ever come, lady. Nobody never comes to see the Suggs. The dern fools think we 'uns is crazy!"

She grinned at Art who shuddered at the mouthful of horrible tusks, broken and discolored.

"I'm taking a walk," said Art and got up. The girl arose. He went to the door. She followed. She said, "Now, Lon, you leave the lady be! You hearn what Lafe said? He'll whup you!"

Art walked out, the girl close behind him. At the creek he said, "Listen, lady, I'm kinda bashful. Wait for me a minute, will you?"

He stepped into the bushes, squatted on his haunches, and dug out the handleless spoon. He emerged a new man. Concealed behind his back, a thick cudgel.

"So long," he exulted and crashed it down across her head. The club broke, the girl fell to all fours, Art turned and ran.

A HALF MILE away she caught him, bogged down, and cursing the mud. He tried to fight but she held pudgy fingers about his windpipe until his puny struggles subsided. She carried him back. And in the struggle or the homeward journey, Art's hypodermic kit slipped from a pocket, plunked into a puddle of water and slimy ooze and disappeared. Neither saw it.

Near midnight Jethro Suggs came home alone. His eyes were wild, blood-shot, his beard matted, his wild hair waving.

"Where's Lafe?" sleepily from Bess.

The old man's voice was shrill. "The Philistines came down like a wolf on the fold, daughter! Lafe is dead!"

Bess chewed stolidly on her snuff twig. Lon laughed, "Haw! Haw! Haw!"

For a long time there was silence, broken nervously by Art.

"Listen, old man, you can't keep us here any longer. Do you know you're kidnaping, and that they hang men in this state for what you're doing? I—"

The old man raised his skinny hand, his eyes fanatical. "Crazy, they call us," he shrilled in his edged voice. "Mad, insane! Now they're laughing! They think they've wiped us out, them damned Pittmans! For seventy years we've fought 'em, tooth and nail, and now there's only Lon to carry on! One by one they've killed the Suggs. Now there's only me, an old man, and Lon, a crippled boy! You say I can't keep you here? *I will keep you!* I'll keep you for my daughter, the woman for my son! I've thought it out on the way home, and that's the only way I can keep the Suggs' blood alive. In time they'll be more Suggs, and then more! Maybe I won't see it, but after while there'll be enough Suggs to wipe the

damned Pittmans off the face of the earth! I'm going to marry you myself! Bess, get the bible!"

Art laughed. He laughed until tears streamed down his face. He laughed until he collapsed on the floor and writhed in agony. Grimly the old man watched him. Velma, too, was grim. Something of the horror of the thing was growing in her mind. Impossible? Anything was possible in this God-for-saken place!

The old man found the chapter. The girl, Bess, dragged Art to his feet, stood beside him with his shaking hand pinned in her own. The idiot, drooling and muttering, stood beside Velma, who trembled and cringed at his very nearness.

In a clear ringing voice the old man read the marriage ceremony. He didn't ask useless questions concerning obedience, loyalty, and all that. He read the few verses, closed the book with a bang, reached for the demijohn and drank deeply.

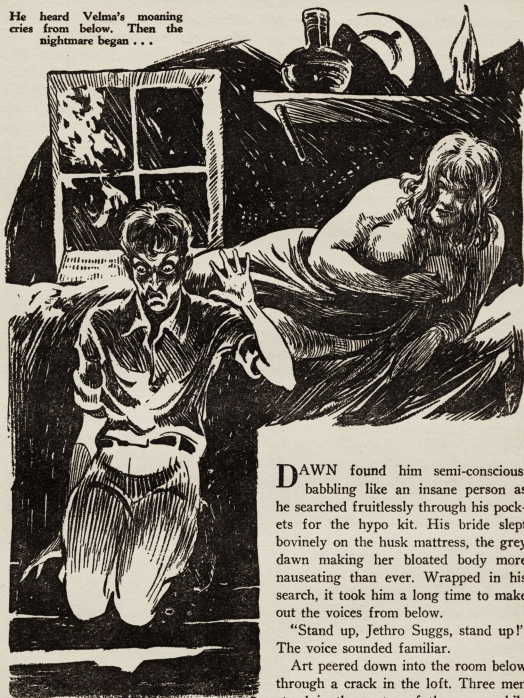
"And now," he grinned evilly, "you're married, all of you! If the Pittmans think they can wipe out the Suggs, they don't know old Jethro! You're married," he roared at the gibbering idiot. "She's your wife, Lon! Understand? Your wife!"

Velma's screams echoed and re-echoed as the man grabbed her with his good arm. The abused dress tore, long legs kicked and waved, pointed fingers tore at a hairless face but the idiot carried her into the next room.

Bess grinned coyly at Art. Art shuddered, ran for the door. The old man tripped him. The girl picked him up, set him down at the foot of a rickety ladder leading to the loft. The old man said, "Git!" and Art went up the ladder crying and sobbing. The monstrosity



He heard Velma's moaning cries from below. Then the nightmare began . . .



that was his wife followed, simpering, grinning.

He heard the dull moaning cries of Velma coming from the room below, interspersed with the loud guffaws of the idiotic giant. Then the night for him suddenly became a nightmare. . . .

**D**AWN found him semi-conscious, babbling like an insane person as he searched fruitlessly through his pockets for the hypo kit. His bride slept bovinely on the husk mattress, the grey dawn making her bloated body more nauseating than ever. Wrapped in his search, it took him a long time to make out the voices from below.

"Stand up, Jethro Suggs, stand up!" The voice sounded familiar.

Art peered down into the room below through a crack in the loft. Three men stood in the center of the room while Jethro Suggs, clad in dirty underwear stood before them, his hands in the air.

Two of the newcomers were roughly dressed in overalls, faces lean and saturated. The third wore city clothes, be-draggled but unmistakably expensive. He wore no hat, only a stained dirty ban-

dage that encompassed his head. His gun was a black automatic.

Gibbering and crying Art swarmed down the ladder, ran toward the newcomers.

"Cinch, Cinch!" he gibbered; "thank God you've come after us! Cinch! Cinch!"

The idiot appeared in the opposite doorway. At a word from his father he took his place along the wall, hands raised, the senseless smile still on his lipless mouth. One of the men spurned Art away from the knees of Cinch Bogan.

Looking neither to right nor left, Cinch walked into the other room. He returned, the overnight bag in one hand, dragging Velma with the other. He whirled her across the room where she crouched beside Art, who still mouthed words of welcome.

She said, "You're dead! You're dead, go away!" Over and over, wearily.

Cinch's laugh was unpleasant, a thing of wolfishness—savage, merciless.

"Dead? Baby, you can't kill a drunk! The last thing I remember is you busting me in the head, then a lot of cold water bringing me to. I found out afterwards what had happened, and found Tony's body too. Mountain men are tough, baby; specially when they're drunk!"

"It was her idea, Cinch, it was her idea! You'll take me back won't you, boss?"

Cinch grinned at his ex-driver.

"You were smart, Art, too smart for your own good. You've been wanting Velma for a long while, but now you're out of luck. We came by late last night and saw the ceremony! What a laugh that was. Instead of butting in, I figured it wouldn't be right to interrupt a pair of newlyweds the first night.

Cinch and the two men with him broke into roars of laughter.

"Excuse me," said Cinch finally, "Velma this is my brother Rufus and my cousin Choate. Pittman is the last name, the same as mine. Didn't know that did you, didn't know I came from up here? That Bogan is just a name I took."

"What are you going to do with us?" dully from the crouching blonde.

Art blubbered and whined. Cinch raised his brows.

"**D**ID you think I came up here to see you? No, babe, I came to see Jethro, here. I told you I had a debt to pay, didn't I? That debt was to kill Jethro. He shot my daddy a few months ago and I just heard about it. But I've been thinking; I've just about changed my mind."

"Then you'll take us back; you'll take us back?" whined Art crawling toward Cinch. Cinch turned to Jethro.

"Suggs, I'm a square guy, a clean shooter. There's six of us now and only two of you. I don't say let's drop it all, I say we'll leave you alone till things are more even. Say about twenty years! I think the idea you had last night was a good one. If I don't shoot you now, will you promise to keep these two people here, your son's wife and your daughter's husband?"

The old man nodded.

Cinch grinned at Velma. Her head was low, her bruised back shaking in sobs of hopelessness.

"No, no! Boss, don't do it! Listen I've lost my needle! I'll die! I'm dying now. Cinch! Cinch!"

Art groveled in the filth of the floor blubbering and slathering, as Cinch and his henchmen went out of the room.

The idiot touched Velma on the shoulder. She sobbed, but dragged herself after him.

From the loft came the sickening, querulous voice of Bess, the daughter.

"Art, honey, come here! I'm a-waitin' for you, honey."

The old man spat into the fireplace, prodded Art with his toe. He said, "Git!"

## PISTOLEER'S PARADISE

[Continued from page 47]

shoulder, drove through bone and muscle and delved into his heart. More lead smashed into his side as the impacts rolled him around.

**S**LOWLY, wrinkling his nose against the fumes of powder smoke, Tex came to his feet. The echoes in the line camp rolled away. The strained voice of Honey Walters roused him from his murderous mood.

"You—you always seem to find me undressed," she said.

He smiled, holstered his gun and picked up Horween's knife. Before he cut the ropes, he looked down at her. She blushed, but looked right back. He reached a hand down toward her, but jerked it back when she reminded: "I can't help myself."

Once again, then, he carried her on his lap. He had wrapped his slicker around her, but where she held tight to him, her arms around his neck, the slicker was open and the warmth of her young body was a burning thing to him.

She waited at her cabin while he put the horse away. He had no more than lighted the kitchen lamp than voices were in the yard. Honey ducked into the bedroom and closed the door.

Taylor, Banty, Giles, other riders came storming in.

"We got around them, an' waited until they tried to set fire to Bill South's place," Banty announced. "They figured we was all out huntin' Miss Walters, an' we busted them open afore they could get away. You get Miss—"

"I got her. She's all right," Tex interrupted. "She's all excited, an' went to her room. Buck Stole got his *cabeza* busted with a pistol barrel, an' Horween is dead with a dose of too much lead."

When they had gone, Tex rolled a cigarette and smoked thoughtfully. He whistled slowly, then sang softly: "Oh, I'm a rovin', roamin' cowboy. . . ."

A tight little voice came from the other room. "But do you *have* to keep on roving and roaming?"

"Who? Me? Well, not unless they was special inducements in a certain place."

"Tex."

"Yeah?"

"I've been thinking about what you said. I do need a man here."

He stood close to the door, slowly opened it, went in. Honey sat on the edge of her bed. She still had his slicker

on. She stood up to meet him, the slicker falling open.

Tex Claydon felt the fire lash through him, then, and knew it was a flame that



The bullet screamed through a window, smashed dishes.

would be matched. As he reached for the slicker and the young girl inside it, Tex Claydon announced in a throaty voice:

"Honey, a man is what you got."

"Tee. . . !"

"Hon-eeee. . . ."

And another rovin', roamin' pistoleer had found his Paradise.



## Most Sensational Offer in Publishing History!



Each book—shown as photographed in its original \$2 and \$2.50 binding—has been reprinted in clear, easily read type on pages 6½ x 9½ inches, with uniform, heavy paper covers.

**\$11<sup>50</sup> WORTH OF "BEST SELLERS"**  
**COMPLETE!**  
**UNCENSORED!**  
**BOUND SEPARATELY!**  
**98¢**  
 (Plus postage)

Here are the 5 books you've always wanted to buy—packed with life, love, romance, heart-throbs, and passion. The 5 books acclaimed by critics everywhere... so sensational in theme the public made them "best sellers" overnight at \$2 and \$2.50 each. Now you get all five reprints for only 98¢ (plus postage). Truly, the book opportunity of a lifetime! *Don't delay!*

### GEORGIE MAY • MAXWELL BODENHEIM

What happens to the glamorous girls who live in the city's "segregated" districts? To men who thirst for these haunts of wine, women and song? It is told in this sensational expose of the life and loves of a street-walker... of lurid passions in gin soaked bell-dives!

### PRIVATE SECRETARY • ALAN BRENER SCHULTZ

Big business "on the make"... What really goes on behind the doors of the boss's office. High drama, intrigue and romance in this exciting story of a modern girl who knew what she wanted. Whom does she choose—big executive, playboy, or ????

### FIVE SISTERS • VIOLET NAZARINE

The breath taking novel of five sisters who break the shackles of convention and restraint to fulfill their romantic destinies on the Riviera! Fierce in their devotions and antagonisms, tortured by jealousy, their adventures in love make this an enthralling book. No wonder its daring revelations shocked London as well as America!

GOLD MEDAL BOOKS, INC.  
 1270 Sixth Avenue New York City

### DESERT OF LOVE • FRANÇOIS MAURIO

Only a great French author could write so penetrating a novel of passion... of a dissolute father and worthless son who both became enmeshed with the same cocotte. From the sin palaces of Montmartre to the silken boudoirs of the Champs Elysee, you follow their prodigal paths.

### SHOW GIRL • J. P. McEVY

The spicy story of Dixie Dugan—"the hottest little wench that ever shook a scantie at a tired business man." Written by the man that knows every bright light and dark corner on Broadway. As one critic said: "Call it a wow."

#### GUARANTEE

1. Each of these 5 novels was originally published at \$2.00 or more.
2. Each of these books is complete, uncensored, and separately bound.
3. If you are not delighted, return the books within 6 days and your purchase price will be refunded.

#### HOW CAN WE DO IT?

That's the first question people ask when they see these 5 novels—in 5 separate and attractive bindings. Mass production is the answer! Where others print in thousands, we print in hundreds of thousands. Where other publishers lose fortunes on "unknowns", we print ONLY proven successes.

#### YOU TAKE NO CHANCES!

When you buy novels so sensational that they became best sellers overnight at \$2 and \$2.50 EACH... and get all 5 books for 98¢, you can't lose. And when you can return the books within 5 days and get your money back, you do not risk one penny! Since the supply is limited, we suggest you act TODAY!

#### EDITION LIMITED... MAIL COUPON NOW!

#### GOLD MEDAL BOOKS, Inc. Dept. SG-5

1270 Sixth Ave., New York City.

Send the five best sellers C. O. D. I will pay 98¢, plus few cents delivery charges. If I am not satisfied I will return the book within 5 days and the full purchase price will be refunded immediately.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

Enclose \$1 with coupon and we will pay all delivery charges. Foreign Orders \$1.50 in advance.

**SAISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY IMMEDIATELY REFUNDED**

When answering advertisements please mention SPICY-ADVENTURE STORIES

# In Debt to the Devil

[Continued from page 73]

Kerrigan slumped to the ground, senseless.

WHEN he opened his eyes, he was fettered hand and foot. Anne McNair lay beside him, similarly trussed. Her breasts were heaving with her labored breath. L'Ablang was leaning over her. . . .

"I shall kill you both!" the Frenchman was whispering. "But first, I shall have my fill of this *charmante fille's* lovely charms. . . ."

Larry Kerrigan squirmed at his bonds. He was helpless; could not free himself.

And then he saw something else! A deadly bushmaster snake had crawled into the tent; was gliding swiftly toward the unsuspecting Frenchman. It raised its head, struck—

L'Ablang cried out; whirled. He saw the *surucucu*; smashed his heel down upon its head, killed it. "*Mon Dieu—I*" he gasped out. "The thing struck me!"

Then, suddenly, he spied the first-aid kit which was strapped at Kerrigan's belt. "Ah-h-h—I!" he whispered harshly; and he snatched the kit, ripped it open. His thick, trembling fingers extracted a scalpel, the hypodermic syringe, a vial of serum labeled "Bushmaster Anti-venom." Nervously he filled the hypo-needle with serum, jabbed the instrument into his wounded leg, pressed home the plunger. "So!" he breathed. Then he slashed at the punctures inflicted upon his flesh by the snake's fangs; pressed permanganate into the wounds.

Larry Kerrigan watched through nar-

rowed eyes. A sudden surge of triumph went flooding through the American's heart. L'Ablang had been bitten by a bushmaster—but he had given himself the wrong antidote! He had used the fer-de-lance serum in that incorrectly-labeled phial! The phial whose label Kerrigan had secretly marked, before starting on his journey earlier that day!

And now the Frenchman was writhing on the floor in spasmodic convulsions of agony as the swift, deadly toxins ate their way through his veins. The end was horrible to watch. L'Ablang's lips frothed bloodily, and paralysis stilled the curses that welled into his throat as death crept toward his heart. . . .

Thus died L'Ablang, the murderer.

TWENTY-FOUR hours had passed. Kerrigan still lay trussed in the tent of the dead L'Ablang; and Anne McNair was still by his side, equally helpless and fettered. Twenty-four hours of futile, agonized struggle against those restraining bonds—to no avail.

What would the end be? To die slowly, of thirst and starvation, with L'Ablang's bloated corpse for company. . . ? Already a numbness a weakness, was overcoming Kerrigan's efforts to free himself. He lay back, panting and spent.

And then he heard Anne's low, sweet voice. "Larry—beloved—if we die . . . I'm glad . . . we'll be . . . together. . . ."

He twisted toward her. "Anne—you mean—you care for me?"

"I know now that I've always cared for you, Larry Kerrigan. Marrying Ted

McNair was a mistake. Oh, Larry . . . Larry . . . if only things had turned out differently!"

He smiled grimly, patiently. "I've spent six years in hell, my dear. I've done many things I shouldn't have done. Unlawful things. Things that have put me outside the pale of the law. Now I'm paying my debt to the devil. But it will be easier to die—if I must die—knowing that you love me!" And he rolled his trussed form close to her, so that their lips could meet.

And at that moment, someone walked into the tent!

Larry Kerrigan stared. "Constable Harker!" he croaked.

The green-uniformed corporal of B. G. P. P. smiled down. "Aye. Harker, in person! Thanks to your swift treatment, I recovered from the effects of that snake-bite in the usual twenty-four hours. Paddling downstream, I saw your *piragua* on the beach; decided to investigate. Good thing I stopped, what?"

He leaned forward, slashed Kerrigan free of his fetters; sliced the bonds that tied Anne McNair. Then he saw the corpse of L'Ablang, and his brows rose. "What's this?"

"That's the man you were looking for. L'Ablang. And this is the girl he kidnapped—Anne McNair, whose husband L'Ablang murdered!" Kerrigan swayed to his feet, swiftly explained what had occurred.

When he had finished the story, Constable Harker smiled gently. "Before I left your tent," he looked into Kerrigan's eyes, "I took the liberty of going through your effects. I found out that I'd been wrong in suspecting you of being L'Ablang. I discovered your real identity. Your name's Kerrigan—and you're also

When answering advertisements please mention SPICY-ADVENTURE STORIES

## WHY MEN GO



### Science Finds Easy Way to Remove Germ In Superficial Layers of Scalp and Stimulate Dormant Roots to Promote Hair Growth

(Read Free Offer)

A germ called "Flask Bacilla of Unna" gets deep into the scalp skin in many cases of abnormal hair deficiency, causing a most dangerous type of dandruff. It clogs up pores and hair follicles, causing itchy scalp, falling hair, baldness and prevents dormant hair roots (papillae) from growing new hair. Washing and shampooing does not remove the cause. It merely cleanses and treats the surface, rolling off the outer skin like water off a duck's back. No wonder baldness is increasing.

Now an important discovery enables people who have dandruff, falling hair, thin hair and baldness to easily remove the congested, thin outer layer of scalp skin. This permits opened pores and follicles to absorb air, sunshine and a blood-stimulating compound to activate the smothered, dormant hair roots in promoting hair growth as nature intended. It is all explained in a new treatise called "HOW HAIR GROWS," showing anatomy of your hair and tells what to do. This treatise is now being mailed FREE to all who write for it. Send no money, just name and address to Dermolav Lab., Desk 638, No. 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y., and you get it by return mail free and postpaid. If pleased, tell your friends about it.

Operator No. 38



### FOLLOW THIS MAN

Secret Service Operator No. 38 is on the job! Reminding down dangerous Communist Gung-ho! He has finger prints in murdered girl's room.

**Free**

The Confidential Report Operator No. 38 made to his chief. Write for it. Earn a Regular Monthly Salary

YOU can become a Finger Print Expert at home, in your spare time, at small cost. Write for confidential full report and details. Literature will NOT be sent to boys under 17 years of age.

INSTITUTE OF APPLIED SCIENCE

Dept. 63-15 1920 Sunnyside Ave. Chicago, Ill.

## PILES DON'T BE CUT

Until You Try This Wonderful Treatment

for pile suffering. If you have piles in any form write for a FREE sample of Page's Pile Tablets and you will bless the day that you read this. Write today. E. R. Page Co., 474-A4 Page Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

## EPILEPSY---EPILEPTICS!

Detroit lady finds relief for husband after Specialists home and abroad failed. All letters answered.

MRS. GEO. DEMPSTER,

Apt. 30, 6900 Lafayette Blvd., West, Detroit, Mich.

## Quit Using Tobacco!

Write for Free Booklet and Learn How. Results Guaranteed or Money Refunded.

NEWELL PHARMACAL COMPANY

137 Clayton Station St. Louis, Mo.

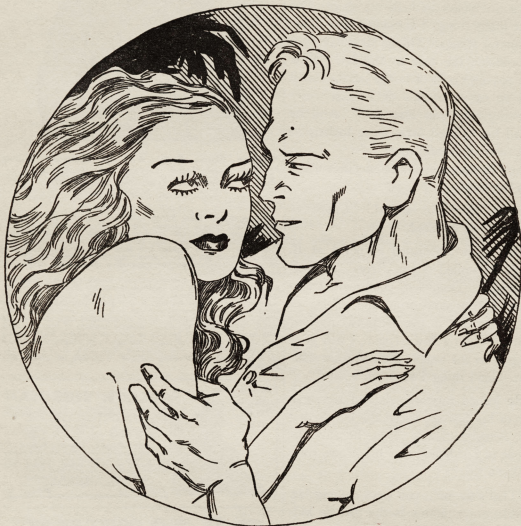
100,000  
Satisfied  
Users

known as Fortune's Rogue, wanted by a number of countries."

Larry Kerrigan's shoulders slumped. "You're right!" he whispered. "And I

to the coast if I . . . er . . . happened to allow you to escape?"

Anne McNair cried a tiny cry; flung herself at Kerrigan. "Larry!" she whis-



"Think!" she whispered. "With those diamonds, we could go back to the States—together. . . !"

suppose it's your duty to take me to Georgetown, see that I go to prison—"

Harker nodded. "That's my duty," he admitted. "But it's hard to jail a man who's saved one's jolly old life, y'know. D'you suppose you might slip through

pered. "Think! With the diamonds from that up-river claim, we could go back to the States! Together! And maybe, in time, the world will forget that there ever was an outlaw called Fortune's Rogue. . . ."



Kerrigan looked down into her shining eyes. "You mean that, Anne?" he asked gravely.

She slipped into his arms. "I mean it. . . !" she whispered.

Larry Kerrigan kissed her on the lips, while Constable Harker politely turned away.

And so with the dawn of another day, Larry Kerrigan and Anne McNair traveled down-stream toward the coast. With luck, they'd make it over the border into Dutch Guiana within a few days. At Paramaribo, they'd catch ship for the States if all went well. And after that—

After that, the world would hear no more of Fortune's Rogue. . . .



## Next Month in SPICY-ADVENTURE

He was a prisoner on the road to Temiltepan—the road of escape which means treacherous death—the road from which few return. But he went willingly, knowing that the lovely Morenita had not forgotten him.

*Let JOHN BARD tell you what happened when they found*

## BLOOD ON THE DOORSTEP



When answering advertisements please mention SPICY-ADVENTURE STORIES

# UGLY HAIR

## ON FACE, ARMS or LEGS Get Rid of It!

This Safe, Sure, Easy Way

So It Will Stop Growing Back.

THE JOAN JEWELL VACUUMATIC HOME METHOD is painless and harmless, and the very first treatment shows positive quick results.

- No Electricity.
- No depilatory creams or powders.
- No Wax, No Pumice, No Toxic Drugs.

Imagine being forever free from ugly superfluous hair. My wonderful Vacuumatic Method has astounded thousands.

### SPECIAL OFFER

Send \$2.50 for complete outfit or 25c for convincing testing kit and illustrated instruction book. **ORDER NOW!** Rush coupon.

JOAN JEWELL, Inc., Studio 605,  
210 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

JOAN JEWELL, Inc., Studio 605,  
210 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

I want to get rid of my ugly superfluous hair quick! Enclosed find \$ Send Joan Jewell Home Vacuumatic Method at once postpaid. Enclose illustrated instruction book. NOTE: C.O.D. orders in U.S.A. only for \$2.50 outfit only, plus postage. Foreign countries \$3.00 with order.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

## A BABY FOR YOU?

If you are denied the blessing of a baby all your own and yearn for a baby's arms and a baby's smile do not give up hope. Just write in confidence to Mrs. Mildred Owens, Dept. K, 637, Hanan Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., and she will tell you about a simple home method that helped her after being denied 15 yrs. Many others say this had helped bless their lives. Write now and try for this wonderful happiness.



## ROMANCE CORRESPONDING CLUB

Why be lonely? Join the greatest club in America. We have a mate for you. (Many wealthy.) Confidential. Send \$1.00 for one year's membership and list, to Jno. Wise, Secretary, P.O. Box 54—31st St. Sta., Detroit, Mich.

**LONELY HEARTS** Join our Club. World's Greatest Social Extension Bureau. Happiness awaits you, correspondents everywhere, seeking congenial mates. Quick results. Confidential service. Particulars FREE.

STANDARD CLUB, Box 607-M, GRAYSLAKE, ILLINOIS

# DEATH'S PUPPET

[Continued from page 59]

From that point on Ted worked like lightning. He changed her quickly into the clothes he had stolen from the flaxen-haired woman. They were a trifle too large, but they would do. He tore the bodice so that a glimpse of Sonya's bosom would be visible.

Then, drawing his knife he rolled up one trouser leg and slashed the sharp

edge of the blade across his thigh. Blood poured from the cut. He smeared the knife blade with its carmine thickness.

THE mist was heavier when he finally came out of the house carrying Sonya in his arms. This, he knew, would be the crucial part of his mad plan. He walked through the shroud of dampness



Now they could escape—if only she wasn't recognized!

to the corner, careful not to disturb the hat covering Sonya's head.

As was to be expected, he had not long to wait. A man whose face was masked behind a huge, upturned coat collar, came out of the night and sidled up to him.

"It is done, *mein herr?*" he questioned.

Ted held out the blood-stained knife. "Yes, but this girl was a witness. She was with him. I think it better that she leave the country, too."

The man glanced at the white skin of Sonya's bosom. "*Ja,*" he muttered. "You are right! There must be no witnesses!" He raised one hand to his lips. A whistle sounded. Before its echo died, a black sedan rolled up to the curb.

"You will be taken to the airport, *mein herr,*" the man said. "There a plane will be ready to transport you over the Belgian line." His voice was oily. "*Glückliche Reise!*"

THE roar of the plane motors was sweet, melodic music to Ted's ears. It was a giant, twin-motored cabin-plane, empty save for Sonya and himself.

The Russian girl had not yet recovered consciousness. Ted cradled her in his arms, patting her bared shoulders and giving her warmth from his hot fingers.

Finally she stirred and her eyes fluttered open. Ted placed his lips close to her ear. "Not a word!" he whispered. "Trust me!" He glanced forward. Through a glass door he could see the close-cropped back of the pilot's head. Radio earphones were clamped to the man's ears.

As Ted watched him the pilot's shoulders jerked. A moment later his hand was on the stick and the plane

## Sensational Sale—Below Cost

Brand new, guaranteed and tested imported arms.

Model 12 POLICE SPECIAL

Swing out cylinder, hand ejector, front latch, 8 shot, double action. Sturdily constructed; fine blued steel; rubber stocks. Calibers .32, .33/20 & .38, in 4", 5" & 6" barrels. Regular price \$7.45  
\$3.95. Sale price, any caliber.....  
AUTOMATICS: Model OBB blued steel, accurate, hard hitting; durable; single safety. .26 cal. best pocket size; wt. 14 ozs.; 4 1/2" overall—Special Sale—\$5.95; .32 cal. \$6.85. HOLSTERS: Automatics 70c; Revolver 95c; Shoulder \$1.75; Cartridges: Automatic .25 cal. 85c; .32 cal. 75c box 25. Revolver .32 cal. \$1.00; .32-30 and .38 \$1.50 per 20. (\$2 deposit required on C.O.D.'s.) Clip this adv.; enclose M.O., Quantity Limited—ORDER TODAY!

Send 2c stamp for Bargain Catalog; Rifles, Colts, S & W, Binoculars etc.

LEE SALES CO.

(Dept. FX) 35 W. 32nd. St. New York City

## MEN You Can Quickly Renew Pep, Vigor, And Natural Power,

when glands weaken from overwork, dissipation, worry, etc. Lacking in Youthful energy—

Try PEPZT with lasting results. Use it externally. Trial box sent sealed, 25c. Large box \$1.00.

WM. CARROLL

201 East 46th St.,

Dept. O,

N. Y. City

## GET ACQUAINTED CLUB

Confidential introductions by letter. Members in every state seeking congenial mates. Many wealthy. If lonely write:

R. E. SIMPSON, Box 1251

Denver, Colo.

## CONTROLS Disease of Blood

Effective treatment against disease of blood. Used for 60 years. Home treatment. Hundreds of Endorsements. Whatever the cause, however far advanced, write for FREE Book. JOHN STERLING REMEDY CO., Dept. 81, Kansas City, Mo.

In the  
NEXT ISSUE—

### DEATH IN THE DESERT

by LEW MERRILL

### EEL TRAP

by JUSTIN CASE

### MADMAN'S CASTLE

by ALAN ANDERSON

AND OTHER THRILLERS!

June Issue of

SPICY-ADVENTURE STORIES

On Sale May 2nd

When answering advertisements please mention SPICY-ADVENTURE STORIES

banked sharply, throttle open, roaring back in the direction from which it had come.

Ice formed on Ted's heart. He knew instantly what had happened. In Berlin, they had discovered the deception and radioed the pilot! They were headed for death on the block!

Ted's fingers groped for the revolver in his pocket. It was the automatic Sonya had used. Dawn was breaking in the East and he could see the table of the ground thousands of feet below. What he had in mind was a macabre gamble, with the odds in death's favor. A crash held out little hope, but it was the only way.

He crawled along the cabin on his hands and knees. Once the pilot looked back but Ted ducked down in time. He reached the glass door and jerked it open. The gun in his hand roared three times. Blood oozed from the back of the pilot's head as he toppled off his seat.

The big ship quivered and its nose

dropped. Unguided, it slipped into a dive, hurtling like a bullet for the earth beneath.

Sonya screamed, but Ted was deaf to everything. He closed his eyes, waiting for the end.

But it never came! The Russian girl ran the length of the cabin, hurtled his crouched figure and dropped into the empty pilot's seat! Her slim, capable hands maneuvered the controls. The struts sang like a million devils as the big plane leveled out five hundred feet from the ground and zoomed up in a power-driven climb.

Dazed, Ted crawled to the pilot's seat. "You—you can fly it!" he gasped.

The rising sun spattered brilliants on the aluminum nose of the ship. Sonya's hand dropped on Ted's head.

"I trust you now," she whispered.

He kissed her cheeks and her lips. His voice was husky with emotion. "Forever?" he panted.

"Forever!" she echoed.





# HUNDREDS GET RELIEF from ATTACKS OF ASTHMA and BRONCHIAL COUGH

Thankful Letters Tell of Remarkable  
Results Without Habit-Forming Drugs

**HELPFUL INFORMATION** *Free*  
**MAIL COUPON BELOW**

If you suffer the tortures of asthma attacks or bronchial cough, this message may be the happy turning point in your life! It may lead to relief and comfort such as you've never thought possible. Read every word of it. Then judge for yourself.

A way has been found to combat asthma attacks and bronchial cough safely—without habit-forming drugs or opiates! A way so effective—that hundreds of sufferers report actually amazing results. A formula that sufferers may use—quickly—easily—right at home!

With its effectiveness proved in case after case, this formula is being offered to all who suffer from asthma and bronchial cough attacks. It is called Nacor. Nacor is not an experiment. Nacor is absolutely free from habit-forming drugs. It is a reliable, remarkably effective formula for the relief of asthma and bronchial cough attacks.

If you are the victim of asthma attacks or bronchial cough, you know what misery these ailments can cause. You know what it means to be kept awake nights—to wheeze, cough, fight for breath. Forget all this! Nacor brings you new hope—hope justified by the results obtained by thousands of people who have found blessed relief and comfort.

Don't envy those who no longer are tortured by attacks. Benefit by their experience! Many found the way to restful nights and happy days—with Nacor. You, too, should give Nacor a chance to prove what it can do for you.

Read, below, just a few of the thousands of thankful letters which people have written about Nacor. These letters come from men and women in all walks of life—rich and poor alike. Nacor's worth is backed by proof! Let this proof guide you.

Mail the coupon today for a free copy of the most helpful booklet ever written for sufferers from asthma attacks and bronchial cough. This booklet, which has shown thousands the way to relief and comfort, will be mailed to you promptly. So act now.

## Read Their Own Words

### First Bottle Gave Relief

Jan. 14, 1930—"The first bottle of Nacor gave me astonishing relief. Haven't had a sign of asthma." Mrs. Eva Earnest, 301 W. Ottawa St., Paxton, Ill.

### 75-Year Old Man Fine

Dec. 8, 1933—"Am feeling fine. Have had no asthma since I took Nacor eight years ago." Joe. Thompson, 935 Tibbs Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

### Very Thankful

July 7, 1930—"As a former asthma sufferer, I am very thankful that I used Nacor. My trouble disappeared and has not returned." Clifford Hultgren, 4437 45th Ave., South, Minneapolis, Minn.

### Had Asthma In Severe Form

July 10, 1930—"Am doing my housework again and am gaining back my weight. Mrs. M. Corn, 1317 Spruce St., Indianapolis, Indiana.

### Obtained Relief

March 18, 1928—"Thanks to Nacor, I am able to do my work and feel perfectly well again." Clayborne Bolser, 2721 St. Louis Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

### Helps 15-Year Old Boy

Oct. 14, 1932—"My son Homer had asthma about eight years. I got the Nacor for him. He is in fine shape now, can work all day without getting tired." Mrs. H. T. Brannon, Madison, Ga.

### Getting Along Fine

Aug. 14, 1933—"I am getting along fine. I cannot tell you how thankful I am for your Nacor. Mrs. Beesie Yerkes, 11320 Hale Ave., Chicago, Ill.

**I SUFFERED FOR 20 YEARS—HAVE  
NOT HAD A SIGN OF ASTHMA  
SINCE TAKING NACOR**

Jan. 9, 1935—  
"I had been a sufferer from asthma for twenty years. I was weak, couldn't walk across the door. I choked with every breath. We saw Nacor advertised and sent for a bottle. I haven't had a sign of asthma since taking the first half bottle. I am feeling fine." Mrs. T. L. McFarland, Rural Route 2, Box 430, Boulder, Col.



## SEND NO MONEY

Know what Nacor may do for you. Mail coupon for FREE copy of "The Health Question." Written for sufferers from attacks of asthma and bronchial coughs. Page after page of helpful information.

Act quickly. The longer you delay, the longer you may endure the torturing, weakening symptoms of your ailment. What you want is blessed relief. So act at once! Mail the coupon now—without obligation.

**FREE TO ASTHMA  
AND BRONCHIAL  
COUGH SUFFERERS**

*Mail this today*

THE NACOR MEDICINE CO.  
200-B State Life Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

Gentlemen: Please send me your helpful booklet on the attacks of Asthma and Bronchial Cough—also letters from people in my locality who found relief in Nacor. No cost or obligation.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

When answering advertisements please mention SPICY-ADVENTURE STORIES

# Triangle by Arrangement

[Continued from page 85]

est of the city's gates was half a mile to the north. Shouldering the wizened Habeeb, Farrell charged across the plain.

If he could reach the pass that cleft the encircling mountains, there was a chance. But Farrell's heart was pounding; his legs were stiffening, and the veins at his temples stood out like fire hose. He had to detour to dodge a walled estate.

Habeeb was showing signs of life. Farrell dumped him to his feet.

"Gallop! Or I'll blow your head off!" he bluffed.

Habeeb tottered half a dozen steps, then caught his stride. The damned little runt was swift as a horse! And he headed for the highway instead of the open darkness.

Farrell's desperate sprint closed the gap, but the drumming of hoofs became louder as that accursed Habeeb reached the Hodeidah highway.

The captive tripped and sprawled headlong across the road.

"Head for the hills or I'll bust your head against the rocks, you —!" growled Farrell as he closed in. "Son of a flat-nosed mother—"

His blood froze. He heard the padding of camel's feet and the muffled sound of arms just ahead of him. They were almost upon him, and the Imam's soldiers were closing in from the rear. He seized a rock and crouched by the roadside. There were only three camels, and one lacked a rider. He hurled the missile at the leader's chest.

*Chunk!* He reeled in the saddle, cursed wrathfully, and recovered. Only one such voice in Arabia, and only one man who could digest such a blow: Red O'Hara.

"Hold it, Red!" shouted Farrell, ducking the answering pistol blast.

"Pile on!" said O'Hara, wheeling his beast.

"Just a second—"

THE Imam's cavalry was perilously near, but Farrell had urgent business. He turned, booted Habeeb headlong into the gloom, then swung to the saddle.

"Sure, and I got the breaks," explained O'Hara, as they raced southward. "She was a fine figure of a woman, and she slipped a knife into my cell. So we stole some camels and I came to get you."

It was only then that Farrell noted that O'Hara's companion was a woman.

"You have all the luck, Red," concluded Farrell, as he told how he had almost escaped the governor of Hodeidah.

"And what do you say her name was?" demanded O'Hara. "Not the fat one, but her maid."

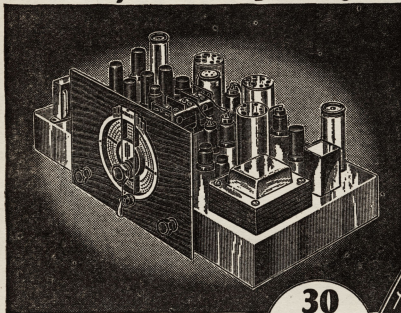
"Zayda."

"Zayda, eh?"

There was something odd about O'Hara's voice; but what confirmed Farrell's suspicions was the soft laugh of their companion, and the lowering of her veil.

Zayda herself! For a long moment

# Again... MIDWEST RADIO Proves Its Leadership!



with a  
**MARVELOUS NEW**

## 14-Tube

**FIVE WAVE BAND,  
WORLD WIDE SET**

**9 TO 2400  
METERS**

**DEAL DIRECT WITH LABORATORIES  
SAVE UP TO 50%**

**30  
DAYS  
FREE  
TRIAL**

ONCE again, Midwest demonstrates its leadership by offering the world's most powerful Super Deluxe 14-METAL Tube 5-band radio. It is a master achievement... today's most highly perfected, precisely built, laboratory adjusted set. It is a radio-musical instrument that will thrill you with its marvelous super performance... glorious new acousti-tone... crystal-clear "concert" realism... and magnificent foreign reception. Before you buy any radio, write for FREE 40-page catalog. Learn about the successful Midwest Laboratory-To-You policy that saves you 30% to 50%... that gives you 30 days FREE trial. This super radio will out-perform \$100 and \$200 sets on a side by side test. It is so powerful, so amazingly selective, so delicately sensitive that it brings in distant foreign stations with full loud speaker volume, on channels adjacent to powerful locals. The 14 tubes permit of advanced circuits, make it possible to use the tremendous reserve power, and to exert the sustained maximum output of the powerful new tubes.



**EASY  
PAYMENT  
TERMS**



### 50 SENSATIONAL ADVANCEMENTS

Score of marvelous Midwest features, many of them exclusive, explain Midwest glorious tone realism, super performance and thrilling world-wide 5-band reception. They prove why nationally known orchestra leaders like Fred Waring, George Olsen, Jack Denney, etc., use a Midwest in preference to more costly makes. Five tuning ranges make it easy to parade the nations of the world before you. You can switch instantly from American programs... to Canadian, police, amateur, commercial, airplane and ship broadcasts... to the finest and most fascinating programs from Europe, Africa, Asia, Australia South America... 12,000 miles away.

### Acousti-Tone V-Spread Design (U. S. Design Patent No. 9710)

The V-Front Dispensing Vanes established a new radio style overnight. They spread the beautiful face-work of the "high" throughout the room in a scientific manner... directing the High Fidelity waves uniformly to the ear. Now, get complete range of audible frequencies... achieving glorious new acousti-tone... assuring life-like crystal-clear "concert" realism. No middlemen's profits to pay. You buy at wholesale prices, direct from Laboratories... having 30% to 50%. You can order your 1936 Midwest radio from the new 40-page catalog with as much certainty of satisfaction as if you were to come yourself to our great laboratories. You save 20% to 50%... you get 30 days' FREE trial... as little as \$5.00 down plus a Midwest radio in your home. Your are triply protected with a One-Year Guarantee, Foreign Reception Guarantee, Money-back Guarantee.



**Ted Weems Endorses Our Foreign Reception**  
After comparing many radios, I can truthfully say that my Midwest out-performs other sets only one almost twice as much. In all my experience, I have never heard such life-like reproduction. My Midwest surpasses all my expectations, and in my opinion, is the finest radio receiver obtainable.  
Ted Weems

Send for FREE 40-page four-color catalog. It features the complete line of beautiful 1936 Midwest Acousti-Tone V-Spread... exterior and chrome... in their natural colors.



**MAIL COUPON TODAY for**

**Free 30-DAY TRIAL OFFER and 40-PAGE FOUR-COLOR FREE CATALOG**

**MIDWEST RADIO CORPORATION**  
Dept. 32-M Cincinnati, Ohio

Without obligation on my part, send me your new FREE catalog and complete details of your liberal 30-day FREE trial offer. This is NOT an order.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
Town \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Check ☐ if interested in a Midwest All-Wave Battery Radio

Use-Agents Make Easy Extra Money Check Here for details.

**MIDWEST RADIO CORP.**  
DEPT. 32-M CINCINNATI, OHIO U.S.A.  
Established 1920 Cable Address MIRACO All Codes

When answering advertisements please mention SPICY-ADVENTURE STORIES

# DEATH TAKES NO HOLIDAY

in SPICY DETECTIVE STORIES

—but the men who pursue death *do*! Detectives are, despite the way they are presented in most popular fiction, only human . . . and nowhere will you find this more evident than in SPICY DETECTIVE. The wiles of a woman can hamper—or help—even the cleverest man!



*Look for romance along with grim murder in these and other stories:*

## THE MARK OF TAI FANG

By E. Hoffmann Price

## GREEN TICKET

By Robert Leslie Bellem

## FRAME FOR A KILLER

By Clint Morgan

## THE EMERALD MURDER

By Arthur Wallace

*You'll Find the May Issue of*

# SPICY DETECTIVE STORIES

*On Sale March 25th*



the silence was broken only by the padding of feet of the camels. The sudden chill was not from the desert night.

"And so you got me out of jail just to do him a favor?" growled O'Hara.

"You big louse, as if you had any kick coming!" retorted Farrell. "After a week across the desert with her!"

Then Zayda interposed: and her solution of the tangle was simple.

A long, three-cornered exchange of glances in the moonlight, and grimness expanded into grins.

"Be good, now, and ain't *our* girl got the answer!" admitted O'Hara. Then he frowned, and demanded: "But what's this polyandry stuff she's talking about?"

"Oh, that?" Farrell chuckled. "That's the great ambition of every Arab woman. But now that that's settled, let's dope out some alibi to hand Ibn Saoud for the way we muffed that job of spying."

O'Hara snorted.

"To hell with Ibn Saoud and the rest o' them kings until we find out how our girl's idea works out!"

## The BONES of PIZARRO

[Continued from page 35]

vitals. Had that deflected bullet struck Ellen Lanhart . . . killed her . . . ? He twisted, and a new, rage-born strength flowed into him. Savagely he raised his head; and his teeth closed down into the side of Rico Moreno's straining neck. Like a wolf, the American clamped his hard jaws. . .

Moreno shrieked wildly, insanely, as Newton's teeth met in his jugular. . . The American felt a spurting, brackish

When answering advertisements please mention SPICY-ADVENTURE STORIES



# LEARN to DRAW


Test your own ability. Life drawing now successfully taught by mail. Study from large photographs of artists' models just as they pose in the life class.

## FIRST LESSON FREE

Send your name and address and 10c to cover mailing cost. We will gladly send you our regular first lesson—try it FREE! You are the sole judge and under no obligation.

SEND FOR FREE LESSON TODAY

TOWERTOWN STUDIOS, Dept. 595  
520 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.



## LONESOME?

Let me arrange a romantic correspondence for you. Find yourself a sweetheart thru America's foremost select social correspondence club. A friendship letter society for lonely ladies and gentlemen. Members everywhere; CONFIDENTIAL introductions by letter; efficient, dignified and continuous service. I have made thousands of lonely people happy—why not you? Write for FREE sealed particulars.

EVAN MOORE P. O. BOX 888 JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

## MEN - HELP YOUR GLANDS

WITHOUT USING POWERFUL INTERNAL STIMULANTS. When the glands weaken from worry, dissipation, etc.—[use GLANDVIGO externally.] A real gland stimulant. Strengthens weak, abused glands. Renew natural powers, strength & vigor with quick, lasting results. A trial box will quickly convince you. Sent sealed 25c; large box \$1.00.

Freer & Dean (Dept. R). 1255 Broadway, New York City

## LONELY?

There are hundreds like yourself who will be glad to know you. Lowest service rate by

MYRA KENT

208 E. Superior Chicago.

## OYSTER-TABS!!!

Made from Stimulating Ingredients found in the Oyster! Concentrated! NATURE TESTED for MEN & WOMEN. Originally \$3. First time on sale direct from Manufacturer at \$1. Sample, 35c. WE PAY POSTAGE, C.O.D.'s 15c Extra. A. S. HALE CO., 11 West 42nd St., Dept. 86-9, N. Y. City

death. . . . Newton squared his shoulders, whirled around, searching—

Searching for Ellen Lanhart, desperately afraid that she had been struck by



With an oath he slapped her. She cried out, staggered back.

hot fountain in his face; tasted the salt tang of the Peruvian's blood . . . .

And thus, by the fangs of a man who had momentarily turned savage, Rico Moreno died . . . .

**B**OB NEWTON staggered to his feet, nauseated, sick, horror-stricken at what he had done. But it had been his life or Moreno's . . . . a fight to the

that singing slug from Moreno's deflected automatic. And then, suddenly, Bob said, "Ellen—Ellen—my dear!"

She was standing there in the far corner, wide-eyed, white-faced, exquisite . . . . and unharmed! Newton looked at his left. He saw a slumped figure—a feminine figure.

The body of Conchita Moreno, with a bullet hole in her breast! She was dead.

**I CHALLENGE**  
any man to  
make this  
**AMAZING**  
**AGREEMENT!**

"I Unconditionally Agree that if You Do Not Add...

**3 INCHES TO YOUR CHEST 2 INCHES TO YOUR BICEPS**

**With My WEIGHT RESISTANCE Method**

...it won't cost you a cent!" — GEORGE F. JOWETT

**Judge What I Can Do for You  
by What I Have Done for Myself...  
and for the Thousands of Other  
Men Whom I Have Trained!**

**MORE STRENGTH  
RECORDS  
THAN ANY  
LIVING MAN**



**WINNER OF  
MANY CONTESTS  
FOR PHYSICAL  
PERFECTION**



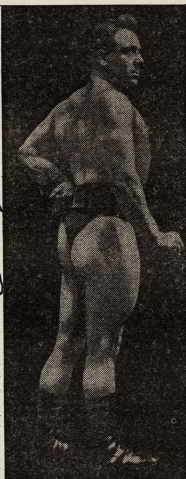
**TRAINED  
MORE THAN  
10,000  
MEN**



**SAXON, HACKENSCHMIDT, LONDOS and  
EVERY FAMOUS STRENGTH ATHLETE  
USED THE WEIGHT RESISTANCE METHOD!**

■ They didn't get their magnificent development by the mere flexing of muscles! Let's cut out the bunk and get down to facts. You don't want a lot of idle talk. You want muscles and that's just what you are going to get. You must have graduated resistance that increases with your ability to overcome it. That's just what I have developed after years of scientific research and hard application. The Jowett patented graduated weights start just where you start and increase in resistance along with your increase in muscular ability. They are included FREE!

■ My pupils not only look strong but they can also accomplish unbelievable feats of strength. They can "take it" as well as "give it"!



**I'll Show YOU How to Get  
A Symmetrical, Power-Packed  
Body that Will Enable You to Per-  
form Amazing Feats of Strength!**

**YOU** don't want to be a puny, scrawny man who has to take a lot of kidding from the crowd...do you? Let me show you how to get the kind of steel-spring muscles that you have always envied... broad shoulders, a 46-inch chest and a 16-inch bicep will command respect and admiration. When I say muscles, I don't mean the "cream puff" variety... I mean the kind of iron sinews that can snap a steel band or bring the other fellow to his knees if he gets funny.

■ Can YOU hold your own in feats of strength? It's easy with my graduated weight resistance method. Look at my picture...I used to have a frail, thin body... now I am called the *Champion of Champions!* Let me prove to you that I can show you how you can be a Champion.

■ Try my course! I am so sure of what I can do that I make the unconditional agreement above.

**MANY OF MY PUPILS NOW  
HOLD STRENGTH RECORDS!**

■ Besides the thousands of men for whom I have developed bodies that spell strength in every sinew, there are many pupils who are the outstanding strength athletes of the world. To win any world's record is a big order, yet my pupils have done it many times. Wouldn't YOU like to hold a world's record? Think of the admiration of your friends as you take your first local prize, next a national, and finally Olympic and World Honors!

**BE SURE TO GET THIS  
FREE BOOK**

Including The Thrilling Life  
Story of Geo. F. Jowett and Photos  
of World Famous Strength Athletes



■ This book will give you the story of my exciting experiences as a World's Champion. There are also photographs of the greatest strong men of the world, showing your wonderful development, and telling you how they got it by the weight resistance method.

**START NOW on the road to STRENGTH! SEND COUPON TODAY!**

**TRY ONE OF MY TEST COURSES FOR 25c.**

■ Each one is a special course in itself... they will be a revelation to you. You can't make a mistake. The assurance of the strongest armed man in the world stands behind these courses. I give you my secret methods of development illustrated and explained as you like them. You can develop any part or all of your body. If you want big arms... try "Moulding a Mighty Arm"... if your chest is weak... try "Moulding a Mighty Chest". Mail your order now while you can get these special courses for only 25c. each. Try any of my test courses listed at 25c. Or, try all six for only \$1.00.

**JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE**

Dept. 2224, 422 Poplar Street, Scranton, Pa.

George F. Jowett: Please send by return mail, postage prepaid your FREE BOOK, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron."

You get my FREE Book without cost. However, if you want to try my test courses, check your choice below and enclose proper amount.

- ☐ Moulding a Mighty Arm, 25c. ☐ Moulding a Mighty Chest, 25c.  
☐ Moulding a Mighty Back, 25c. ☐ Moulding a Mighty Leg, 25c.  
☐ Moulding a Mighty Grip, 25c. ☐ Strong Man's Stunts Made Easy, 25c.  
☐ All 6 Books for \$1.00

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

He leaped at the Peruvian girl's corpse, callously stripped away its tight silken dress. Then he turned to Ellen. "Come, my dear. Put this on!" he commanded gently.

She swayed toward him. "Bob—Bob darling . . . ."

He caught her in his arms. Kissed her reverently . . . .

And then she dressed, and they went out of that house of death.

**T**HEY were on the afterdeck of the steamship *Spardian*, Bob Newton and Ellen Lanhart. The descending sun was a glowing orange disc on the western rim of the Pacific, and Callao was a dim memory, far behind them.

"My grandfather always said that death and destruction would follow in the wake of any attempt to disinter Pizarro's bones," Newton said softly. He fingered the signet-ring on the third finger of his hard right hand, the ring which his dead grandfather had left to him. And then, as he touched the bauble, something unexpected happened.

The entablature of the ring popped open!

Newton stared at the secret hollow place thus revealed. He saw a folded, tiny scrap of tough, onion-skin paper.

"Bob!" Ellen Lanhart whispered. "What is it?"

Wondering, he withdrew the paper. Unfolded it. Held it up in the day's dying light.

"A map!" he breathed. "Look—Ellen! A map showing the location of Pizarro's tomb, in the Peruvian wilderness!"

Ellen shuddered. "Death . . . . and destruction . . . . following in the wake of Pizarro's bones . . . ." she whispered unsteadily.

Bob Newton looked at her; then at the unfolded map. He smiled, a little grimly. Then, with calm deliberation, he tore the map into many tiny fragments, and spilled them from his palm.

The little pieces of paper danced and settled to the roiled surface of the Pacific.

Bob Newton turned and gathered Ellen into his arms. And somewhere beyond the Styx, Francisco Pizarro smiled approval.

### In the Next Issue—

**JOSE VACA** writes the story of an old bandit who had ravished the gold of Mexico for his private hoard. . . . Now feminine wiles sought his secret, and wits played like swords. Men came down from the mountains and mystery worked by night . . . settling the fate of two faithless women by

## THIEVES' JUSTICE





**EASY MONEY!**

**Boy I'd Like To Get Some...**

**MORE THRILLING THAN ANYTHING!**

# AN EXCITING True-Magazine

**N**ow Ace Reporters dish out the stuff newspapers dare not print! Too hot to print...safely!

Printed in real-life rotogravure, this is the biggest thrill-packed book that money can buy. Nothing but the plain, unvarnished truth. Actual pictures of real people. Honest, inside information about dishonest business.

Get your copy at the newsstand today  
...and READ—



**THE REAL DIRT**  
*about* **Rackets**

**RACING, GAMBLING,  
SWINDLES, SCHEMES,  
SCHEMERS—**



**TELLS EVERYTHING**

**EASY MONEY**

**MAGAZINE 25¢ ON SALE**

**MARCH 10**

**AT ALL NEWSSTANDS**

# FOR . . . .

**More Entertainment**

**More Fun**

**More Enjoyment**

**More Thrills**

# FOR . . . .

**Better Stories**

**Better Illustrations**

**Better Features**

# READ . . .

**The D. M. Publishing Co.  
books:**

**SNAPPY**

**PEP**

**SPICY**

**LA PAREE**

**GAY**

**PARISIENNE**

**The only magazines that give you  
MORE for your money.**

**These books are sold at all news-  
stands for 25c each. Get the  
latest issues of any of them and  
you'll be getting the best maga-  
zine sold today!**

## TERROR ISLAND

[Continued from page 97]

rible, merciless whips, ripping the last of their rags from their bodies. But the bushes saved their lives, for they broke the fall against the ground. Stretched out flat in the black roaring maelstrom of wind and water, Martin and Patricia dragged themselves forward. Martin didn't know where they were going and he didn't much care. Death would come soon enough, anyway. Patricia seemed to be guiding him.

Presently he became aware that they were under a protecting ledge of rock. There they found a door which they opened, passed in under the ledge, and closed after them, shutting out the wind which came to them now only as a sullen, baffled roar.

"This is Uncle Tom's hurricane cave," said Patricia. "He was deathly afraid of wind and fixed this up. I remembered it."

He heard her fumbling. A match flamed in her fingers, and she lighted a candle on a rough table against the wall. She smiled at him, as she stood there like a wet, lovely goddess, her luscious skin only scratched and reddened by the lashing bushes and rough wind.

He slid his arms around her, drew her close. . . .

**T**WO days later Bennett arrived by plane.

"Where's Pocine?" he asked anxiously, when Patricia and Martin met him on the beach. "Did he come here?"

**LOOK!**

# Now You Can Own *Passion Pulls & Trigger*

by  
**ARTHUR  
WALLACE**

The same  
cloth-bound, ma-  
gazine and gray, 3-color  
jacket, 256-page novel sold to  
thousands at \$2.00 per copy!

\$**1**

→ **for**

**IF YOU HURRY!**

## How Can We Do It?

It's a simple problem in mathematics. Three months ago we announced that if 2000 readers would subscribe to this new author-owned book publishing plan, we could sell full-size, cloth-bound novels that book stores wouldn't handle, at the phenomenal price of \$1.00. The response (at first) was slow. We were forced to raise the price to \$2.00 per book. Then, out of a clear sky, orders came pouring in. Before we knew it the first edition was sold out and we were over the 2000 mark!

The Authors' Committee immediately ordered a second edition of **PASSION PULLS THE TRIGGER**. It is identical with the \$2.00 book. There are 1500 copies ready to be shipped to you at \$1.00 each. From now on all our books will be \$1.00. Your response has made this possible.

Don't hesitate. **PASSION PULLS THE TRIGGER** is not a reprint nor a magazine. It's a hard cover book, each page of which will thrill you!

*Orders can be accepted from the United States only since  
**PASSION PULLS THE TRIGGER** has been banned from Canada.*

Valhalla Press  
210 Fifth Avenue  
New York City

A-5

I enclose \$1.00 (Cash, check, m. o.—no C. O. D.). Send me, via fast Express, one copy of **PASSION PULLS THE TRIGGER** by Arthur Wallace.

Name..... Age.....

Address..... City..... State.....

(We reserve the right to return your money if the edition of 1500 copies is exhausted prior to the receipt of your order.)

"He's dead, daddy," said the girl. "The wind blew our house apart and a beam smashed his head. We found the money in the box beside him. Two of his men were blown into the lagoon and drowned, but the others got away in a small boat right after the hurricane passed. Their schooner was smashed to kindling wood."

"Fine!" said Bennett heartily. Then he turned to Martin and grasped his

hand. "I didn't worry a minute, knowing you were here, Hal," he continued. "You see, Pat, Hal here was with me when we overthrew Pocine in Salvano, so I radioed him at Miami to get over here and keep an eye on things while I was gone, just in case. How do you like him for a bodyguard?"

"Just swell," she sighed. "By the way, you didn't happen to bring a minister along, did you?"

## PUPPET PRINCESS

[Continued from page 15]

here, dear girl. I'm no Savonarola."

What Bill meant was Casanova. He'd read an unexpurgated edition of that scamp's autobiography years before in Chicago, and he'd never really got over it.

"I do not understand," moaned Clothilde. "You have seen my face. What is there left for me now? Look at it now, for it is yours!"

But Bill wasn't looking at her face. For at last the thing had happened. The thing Bill had been dreading like a nightmare ever since they two had met. The cross-bands that held up the lopsided, crazy step-ins, with their frilled edges, suddenly slipped and in another moment he knew there would be a little heap of gauzy tissue on the ground at her feet.

"I'm gone," said Bill.

Well, he'd done his best as a human being, and a good, decent American.

Now he just forgot. Clothilde didn't help him to remember anything. Maybe the pain in Bill's head had something to do with it too.

"SOMETHING'S broken," said Bill, some time later.

The night had suddenly become vocal again. There was a cheering, yelling crowd overhead. Muskets were crackling. And the pale light of dawn had begun to replace the moonlight.

But those were not the voices of Prince Hassan's men. They were the voices of Italian soldiers. Bill arranged the draperies carefully about Clothilde. It was awfully funny, seeing her dressed up like that, now. But she looked like a queen as she turned toward the Italian officer who came bursting in, followed by a half-dozen of his men.

There followed the staccato crackle of



# Who Will Pay You \$30 a Week

*While You Are Sick or  
Accidentally Disabled*



## NOW... Only About 3c A Day Covers ALL SICKNESS and ACCIDENTS

What would happen to your family if you were laid up because of sickness or accident? Would your salary continue indefinitely? Have you enough money saved to pay food bills, rent, medical expenses?

Face this situation now before it faces you! Only about 3c a day—the price of a newspaper—will take that gnawing worry off your mind—and save your family from privation or humiliating charity! Send coupon below and learn about the amazing new all sickness and accident policy issued by Travelers Casualty Insurance Co. Read at the right the complete list of benefits paid by this great all-coverage policy. **NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION** needed. Open to men, women and children, 10 to 70 years.

**SEND NO MONEY!** Fill in and mail coupon below and this liberal policy will be mailed you for **FREE EXAMINATION**. One moment of decision now may save you a lifetime of regret. Tear out this coupon now.

### TRAVELERS CASUALTY INSURANCE COMPANY

Organized under Illinois Insurance Laws

Dept. III

166 W. Jackson Blvd.

Chicago, Ill.

When answering advertisements please mention SPICY-ADVENTURE STORIES

### Imagine Such Liberal Protection For Only \$1 A Month

Pays up to: \$1,000.00 for accidental death; \$30 weekly while confined in hospital either for sickness or accident; \$20 weekly while sick or hurt at home; \$1,000.00 for loss of eyes, hands or feet; \$500.00 for either hand or foot; \$250.00 for either eye; \$100.00 funeral benefit. Also pays liberal benefits for dislocations, fractures, broken bones, etc.

Travelers Casualty Insurance Co.,  
Dept. III, 166 W. Jackson Blvd.  
Chicago, Ill.

Send me free of cost or obligation a sample Travelers policy.

**EXAMINE  
FREE  
Mail Coupon  
TODAY**

My Name ..... Age.....  
Street .....  
City ..... State.....  
Name of Beneficiary.....  
Relationship to me.....

**If you like your spine  
to tingle!**

***Chills!***

***Thrills!***

***That***

***Creepy***

***Crawly***

***Feeling!***



SPICY MYSTERY STORIES was created to fill a definite reader-demand.

For those who love the eerie, the super-natural, the terrors that go with nightmares, the publishers of *Spicy Detective* and *Spicy-Adventure* conceived this new *different* magazine.

It's not just ghost stories, not ordinary weird stories—but it's a magazine that combines the elements of horror and danger, with romance, with a fillip of love and spice.

Don't miss it!

**SPICY MYSTERY STORIES**

*May Issue on Sale Everywhere March 15th*

brisk Italian, and then all was explained, apparently, for the officer was bowing Clothilde out of the labyrinth, and up into the blessed light of day, where a ragged few of the castle's defenders stood about the Italian soldiery, while the bodies of Prince Hassan's soldiers strewed the ground.

The little chamberlain came pushing forward, eyes agog. "But we thought Her Highness had been kidnaped, and that you were dead," he said to Bill. And then he winked. Positively the dignified little man winked as he uttered a crossfire of quick Italian to those about him.

"His Highness Prince Michael—" Bill caught some of the words. "You see, they were together, gentlemen. And the bed of state was blessed. There will be an heir for Castle Adjevo."

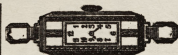
"Now I'm thinking," muttered Bill, "that heir is going to be born in a three-room apartment in Chicago, with a good old electric icebox keeping time with the radio, and a Model F humming out the stitches on a pair of little panties."

*If you liked this story, look for LEW MERRILL again, in a thrilling yarn of the south seas—*

## WHITE GODDESS

*in the June Issue of*  
**SPICY-ADVENTURE**

When answering advertisements please mention SPICY-ADVENTURE STORIES



Latest Popular Lady's Baguette Wrist Watch or Modern Man's Watch. Beautifully engraved and chased. Chromium finished link bracelet to match. Tested and regulated movements. Guaranteed perfect time-keeping and satisfactory service. Free material for two years.



**50c**  
A WEEK



Exquisitely designed Lady's solitaire Ring or Gorgeous Man's Ring. Beautifully chased. Set with a full cut Simulated Diamond of dazzling radiance and blazing blue white fire. Simulated Diamonds are pure white. Full 24 facet cut, glitter with sparkling brilliancy. You will be amazed with its similarity of a perfect cut, flawless, genuine diamond costing hundreds of dollars. To advertise our Simulated Diamond Rings, we will give the above described Baguette Watch or Modern Man's Watch, on each ring purchased and paid on our liberal easy weekly payment plan. To advertise our Simulated Diamond Rings, we will give the above described Baguette Watch or Modern Man's Watch, on each ring purchased and paid on our liberal easy weekly payment plan. Send only name and address. No money to sign, no reference required, no red tape. Just state size of ring or sand strip of paper for measure. On arrival pay Postman \$2.50 down. Then you send up the weekly full price only \$2.50. The Watch will not cost you anything on this offer. Price you pay is for the ring only and you get the watch without extra cost. Act Now! Rush order at once. Men-

**FASHION JEWELRY CO.,** 154 NASSAU ST. Dept. 132, New York

## QUIT TOBACCO

No man or woman can escape the harmful effects of tobacco. Don't try to banish unaided the hold tobacco has upon you. Join the thousands of inveterate tobacco users that have found it easy to quit with the aid of the Keeley Treatment.

**KEELEY** Treatment For Tobacco Habit Successful For Over 50 Years

Quickly banishes all craving for tobacco. Write today for Free Book telling how to quickly free yourself from the tobacco habit and cure Money Back Guarantee.

Home of the famous Keeley Treatment for Liquor and Drugs. Booklet sent on Request. Correspondence Strictly Confidential. **THE KEELEY INSTITUTE** Dept. J-908 Dwight, Illinois

## SAVE 75%

Buy your Drug Sundries, Specialties, Supplies, Blades, etc., direct from manufacturer through our Mail Order Department. We have everything. All personal items are mailed, postpaid by us in plain, sealed envelope. Write for FREE illustrated, mail-order price list.

**THE N-R MFG. CO.** Dept. H-14 Box 91, Hamilton, Ontario

## WEAK GLANDS

revived and premature old age prevented by remarkable new home treatment. Amazing results. Guaranteed. Trial costs you nothing if not pleased. Send stamp for full information and free instructive booklet today. You will thank us. **JUVENIS, Dept. N, Box 355, Hollywood, Calif.**

## LONELY?

Join a National Church Organization. Sure to have a select helpmate for you. Stamp and age bring full particulars.

**REV. JONES, P. O. Box 2459, Kansas City, Mo.**

# Genuine DIAMONDS & WATCHES On Credit! \$100 DOWN TEN months TO PAY BALANCE

## At our Lowest SPOT CASH PRICES

Guaranteed, specially selected super values from our vast stocks of beautiful, genuine jewelry! As "AMERICA'S LARGEST MAIL ORDER CREDIT JEWELERS", we offer them to you on credit at our lowest spot cash prices.

### \$1.00 IS ALL YOU NEED NOW! TEN MONTHS TO PAY!

Send only \$1.00 and a few personal facts such as age, occupation, etc., (if possible mention 1 or 2 business references). All dealings strictly confidential. No direct inquiries! No embarrassment! No C. O. D., to pay on arrival! We ship promptly all charges pre-paid.

### TEN DAYS FREE TRIAL

You be the sole judge! If you can surpass these values anywhere simply return selection and WE PROMPTLY REFUND YOUR DEPOSIT. If fully satisfied after trial period pay the small amount stated.

### SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Every ring or watch is sold with ROYAL'S written gold bond guarantee, 40 years of fair and square dealing. Order early by mail the Royal way and SAVE!

Both  
Now Only  
\$42.50



### 10 Certified Genuine Diamonds

KK-2 . . . Exquisitely matched engagement and wedding ring ensemble of 14K Solid White Gold. Engagement ring has a selected genuine blue-white center diamond and 4 matched diamonds; 5 genuine diamonds in the wedding ring. Both complete for only \$42.50 — \$4.16 a month.

### IF PURCHASED SEPARATELY

KK-2A . . . Engagement ring alone: \$29.75 — \$2.98 a mo.  
KK-2B . . . Wedding ring alone: \$12.50 — \$1.48 a mo.

Now \$24.50

Just \$2.35 a month  
KM-5 . . . Square prong engagement ring of 14K Solid White or Yellow Gold; dazzling genuine blue-white center diamond and 2 matched diamonds on each side. Only \$2.35 a month.

Both for \$29.75  
Only \$2.88 a month



KM-1 . . . "America's Darling" — a most beautiful betrothal ensemble in 14K Solid White or 14K Solid Yellow Gold! The luxuriously hand engraved engagement ring is set with a certified specially selected dazzling genuine blue-white diamond of maximum value. Wedding ring is exquisitely hand engraved to match. State choice of white or yellow gold. Both complete for \$29.75 — only \$2.88 a month.

\$19.75

### Only \$1.88 a month 2 Genuine Diamonds

KM-3 . . . Special value in Gentleman's handsome initial ring of 10K Solid Yellow Gold set with 2 fiery genuine diamonds and 2 solid White Gold initials on genuine black onyx. Specially initials desired. Only \$1.88 a month.



\$24.75

### THE BULOVA SENATOR — 15 Jewels

KM-7 . . . Bulova gent's wrist watch at Bulova's lowest priced Handsome, Bulova quality white case. 15 Jewel B-U-L-O-V-A movement, fully guaranteed to give dependable service. Link bracelet. Only \$2.35 a mo.

FREE To Adults!  
New 32 page catalog  
Featuring hundreds of  
money saving specials in  
certified first quality  
genuine diamonds,  
watches, jewelry and  
silverware on  
ROYAL'S Liberal  
PLAN. Send for  
copy today



America's Largest  
Mail Order Credit Jewelers

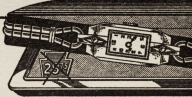
### 17 Jewel WALTHAM Outfit

\$19.75



### Complete Only \$1.88 a month

KM-4 . . . Famous WALTHAM — now offered at a specially low price. Handsomely engraved, 12 size white lifetime case; factory guaranteed, accurate and dependable 17 Jewel WALTHAM movement; complete with engraved knife and chain to match. All for \$19.75 — Only \$1.88 a month.



### \$19.75 2 DIAMOND BAGUETTE Now Only \$1.88 a month

KM-8 . . . Elegantly styled, modern, genuine, Baguette wrist watch at an amazingly low price. The streamlined white lifetime case is set with 2 brilliant, genuine diamonds and fitted with a fully guaranteed and dependable movement. Smart, link bracelet to match. \$29.75 value specially offered at \$19.75. Only \$1.88 a month.



BULOVA \$24.75

### "Miss America" Baguette

KM-9 . . . BULOVA'S most popular Baguette at Bulova's lowest price. Delicately engraved: guaranteed BULOVA "radio time" movement. Lovely, matched bracelet. Only \$2.37 a month.

**ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH CO.**  
Established 1895  
Address - DEPT. 40-G 170 BROADWAY N.Y.C.



# \$60,000<sup>00</sup> IN CASH PRIZES

## ENTER SELECTION ~~SWEEPSTAKES~~ TO LEGALIZE LOTTERIES!

**3 MINUTES TIME MAY BRING YOU \$20,000.00  
IT'S EASY—NOTHING TO WRITE!**

Think what you could do with so much cash! Buy a home... travel wherever you wish... have an assured income for the rest of your life... start in business for yourself... enjoy life with all the fine clothes and good times you want! Here is your big opportunity. Someone will win \$20,000.00 in this Selection Sweepstakes... someone will win \$10,000.00... someone will get \$5,000.00... and there'll be over 280 other big cash prizes. All this money is going to somebody — *and it might as well be you!*

### WHO'S BEHIND THIS?

This great Selection Sweepstakes is sponsored by the National Conference on Legalizing Lotteries of which the nationally-known society leader and humanitarian, Mrs. Oliver Harriman, is President—a National Organization for a National Cause. It is being conducted in order to secure additional members to aid in legalizing lotteries; to familiarize the American public with the aims of the movement, and to obtain the judgment of its members on the best uses for lotteries if legalized in this country.

The National Conference on Legalizing Lotteries has the support of many of the most influential men and women—names you respect and honor—an absolute guarantee of the integrity of this "sweepstakes" If it's good for them, it's certainly good for you. Remember, when you join them you not only give yourself a chance to win BIG MONEY but you also help a great, important national movement

### WHAT LOTTERIES HAVE DONE!

France adopted a lottery to reduce its national debt; Italy to build railroads; Denmark to advance art and music; Holland to advance the sciences; Ireland to finance the building of hospitals; Spain for charitable institutions; Germany to finance public improvements, etc. England used to support its navy by public lotteries; early American colonies permitted lotteries to build schools, churches, and public works and improvements, such as canals, bridges, roads, etc. The Revolutionary War was in part financed with the proceeds of lotteries. Early buildings of Yale, Columbia and Harvard were built with the proceeds of lotteries.

### HOW YOU ENTER!

It costs you only a dollar to become a member—and your dollar contribution entitles you to enter this entirely legal "sweepstakes" contest.

Here is all you have to do to be officially entered: 1. On the entry blank are listed 16 ways in which the money raised by legalized lotteries might be used. Everybody has an opinion as to which are the best ways. Simply indicate your opinion by writing the numbers 1 to 16 in the squares—No. 1 after what you think the best way, No. 2 after the second best, and so on until you have a number in each square. We suggest before you do this, however, that you read again the paragraph above which tells how legalized lotteries have been used before for the public welfare.

2. Print your name and address plainly on the coupon.

3. Mail the entry blank and coupon together with \$1 membership fee.

The entries which, in the opinion of the judges, list in the best order of importance the ways of

In Case of Ties Duplicate Prizes Will Be Awarded • Copyright 1936, National Conference on Legalizing Lotteries, Inc.

**CONTEST CLOSES MAY 30<sup>TH</sup>, 1936  
PRIZES AWARDED BEFORE JUNE 15<sup>TH</sup>**

**THIS COUPON MAY BE WORTH \$20,000 TO YOU!**

using money raised by lotteries will be awarded the big cash prizes.

Within 10 days you will be sent your own membership certificate and acknowledgment of your entry.

### ABSOLUTELY LEGAL!

Don't confuse this Selection Sweepstakes with any other kind of contest. It is sponsored by a national non-profit-making organization—an honest contest and "sweepstakes" honestly conducted. This is a contest of judgment and skill, not of chance. You don't have to write any letter or essay. You certainly can form an opinion as to how the money raised by legal lotteries should be used. Your judgment is just as good as anyone else's... you have just as great a chance to win as anyone. *But you can't win if you don't enter.*

### DON'T DELAY!

Fill out the entry blank and coupon and mail them now with your dollar membership fee. Don't put it off until tomorrow—you may forget.

Think what you could do with \$20,000—more than most people save in a lifetime. Someone will get it for just a few strokes of a pen. Remember that there are over 285 cash prizes...over 285 chances for you to win.

Do it now—don't wait until tomorrow. Remember, only those who send in the coupon and are members of the Conference are eligible to enter this contest.

## LOOK! 285 BIG CASH PRIZES

**1<sup>ST</sup> PRIZE - \$20,000  
2<sup>ND</sup> PRIZE - \$10,000  
3<sup>RD</sup> PRIZE - \$5,000  
4<sup>TH</sup> PRIZE - \$2,500  
5<sup>TH</sup> PRIZE - \$1,000  
10 PRIZES - \$500 each  
20 PRIZES - \$200 each  
250 PRIZES - \$50 each**



Mrs. Oliver Harriman, President of the National Conference on Legalizing Lotteries, presenting check for \$10,000 to Mrs. Marie Harris, Yonkers, N. Y., winner of the first prize in the 1935 Sweepstakes Contest conducted by this organization. Second prize winner was Miss Maude King, Chicago, Ill. There were 66 other big cash prize winners. Complete list of names and addresses of winners mailed upon request.

### THIS IS THE OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

**YOU CAN USE THIS AS YOUR ENTRY BLANK  
PUT A NUMBER IN EACH SQUARE**

Below are listed the various ways in which the proceeds from legalized lotteries might be distributed. Read them carefully. Then number them in what you consider the order of their importance and merit. Write the number 1 in the square after what you consider the best way; number 2 after the second best; and so on, until you have a number in each square. Use ink or pencil.

Money for hospitals	<input type="checkbox"/>	Pay for public works	<input type="checkbox"/>
Funds for social service charities	<input type="checkbox"/>	Give money to religious institutions	<input type="checkbox"/>
Provision for unemployment relief	<input type="checkbox"/>	Provide for better schools	<input type="checkbox"/>
Pay soldiers' bonus	<input type="checkbox"/>	Promote art and music	<input type="checkbox"/>
Reduce state deficits	<input type="checkbox"/>	Finance medical research	<input type="checkbox"/>
Reduce Federal deficits	<input type="checkbox"/>	Support widows and orphans	<input type="checkbox"/>
Reduce municipal deficits	<input type="checkbox"/>	To reduce taxes	<input type="checkbox"/>
Provide for old age pensions	<input type="checkbox"/>	Support army and navy	<input type="checkbox"/>

If you desire you can add any other suggested uses and place them in their order of merit, but this is not a requirement of the contest. In such cases you may submit your entire entry on plain paper, if you prefer.

### MAIL COUPON AND ENTRY BLANK TODAY!

**MRS. OLIVER HARRIMAN, Pres. MF  
National Conference on Legalizing Lotteries, Inc.  
630 Fifth Avenue, New York City**

I herewith enclose one dollar (check, cash or money order) as my membership fee. Also enclosed is my entry in the Selection Sweepstakes Contest. You are to send me my membership certificate and acknowledgment of my Sweepstakes Contest Entry within 10 days.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



# STOP YOUR Rupture Worries!



C. E. BROOKS, Inventor of Brooks Appliance

## Learn About My Perfected RUPTURE INVENTION!

**WHY** worry and suffer any longer? *Learn now about my perfected invention* for all forms of reducible rupture. It has brought ease, comfort and happiness to thousands of men, women and children by giving the kind of support that permits a natural strengthening of the weakened muscles. *You can hardly imagine the happiness* of thousands who have written to report relief, comfort and results beyond their expectations. How would YOU like to be able to feel that same happiness—to sit down and write me such a message—a few months from today? Hurry—send coupon quick for Free Rupture Book and **PROOF** of results?

## Simple and Efficient Support Assists Nature and Permits a Natural Strengthening of the Weakened Abdominal Muscles

Surprisingly—continually—my perfected Automatic Air Cushion supports the weakened parts allowing Nature, the Great Healer, to swing into action! All the while you should experience the most *heavenly* comfort and security. No obnoxious springs, metal girdles or hard pads. No salves or plasters. My *complete* Appliance weighs but a few ounces, is durable, inconspicuous, sanitary and cheap in price. Wouldn't you like to say "goodbye" to rupture worries and "hello" to NEW freedom . . . NEW glory in living . . . NEW happiness with the help of Mother Nature and my *perfected* Air Cushion Appliance?

## PROOF!

### Read These Reports on Reducible Rupture Cases.

*In our files at Marshall, Michigan, we have over 31,000 grateful letters which have come to us entirely unsolicited and without any sort of payment.)*

#### "Completely Recovered"

"This is to certify that I have completely recovered from my rupture after wearing your Appliance for one year. It has been two years since I quit wearing your Appliance and I surely feel fine and not bothered with the rupture at all."—Albert J. Cupps, 960 Dodge St., Dubuque, Iowa.

#### Likes Brooks Best

"I bought one of your Rupture Appliances in 1933, wore it day and night for one year and laid it aside last December. The rupture hasn't bothered me since. I used several others without success until I got a Brooks."—J. B. McCarter, Route 2, Box 104, Oregon City, Ore.

#### "Runs and Plays"

"My son has not worn the Appliance for over a year. He wore one for ten years and I am very grateful now to think he has laid it aside. He is twelve years old, runs and plays hard like all boys and is never bothered about the rupture."—Mrs. M. George, Route 1, Box 103, Cumberland, Md.

## SENT ON TRIAL!

My invention is never sold in stores nor by agents. Beware of imitations! You can get it only from my U. S. factories or from my 33 foreign offices. *And I'll send it to you on trial.* If you don't like it—if it doesn't "work"—it costs you **NOTHING**. But don't buy now. Get the facts about it **FIRST!** Write me today. I'll answer in plain envelope with interesting information **Free**. Stop Your Rupture Worries—send coupon. All correspondence strictly confidential.

**Brooks Appliance Co.**  
162B State St.  
Marshall, Michigan

## CONFIDENTIAL COUPON for RUPTURE SUFFERERS

**H. C. BROOKS, President**  
162B State St., Marshall, Mich.  
Rush me your Free Book, Self-fitting chart, Proof of Results, *all without obligation*, and in plain envelope.

Name

Address

City  State