Floyd Gibbons

"Assassin of the Nile"

you'll find adventure close to home a darned sight easier

than you will roaming the world. One who goes traveling

in search of thrills usually doesn't find any until he gets

back into his own bailiwick again. But there are excep-

tions to every rule-and here's one of them. George C.

Dorste of Bardonia, Rockland county, N. Y., met his big-

gest thrill when he was thousands of miles away from home

course of his travels as a fireman on a tramp steamer. The

steamer was carrying scrap iron, unloading it in consign-

ments of various sizes at ports along the Nile river and its

many branches. The year was 1912, and the ship had

traveled part way up the Nile and was anchored in the

is pretty hot in Egypt. In the afternoon, particularly, the

sun beats down with such intensity that it is next to im-

possible for anybody but a native to do any work. It was

at the height of the hot season, and the crew of the steamer, dripping

sweat from every pore of their bodies, were just about all in. Along in

the afternoon the skipper gave orders for all hands to knock off work for

the shadiest spot they could find on that hot ship, flopped on the

deck and rested. But there were a half dozen young fellows-

George among them-who had a better idea. They stripped off

The Hot Sun Beat Down on the Hull of the Vessel.

off and on, for the better part of the afternoon. They came out,

now and then, for a breathing spell on the ship's deck, but the

A great reptile was between him and the ship-and not more than

20 feet from him.

sun beating down on the iron hull of the vessel made it so hot that

The afternoon wore on and the sun began sinking toward the horizon.

The native was shouting to George, but in a language he didn't

understand. Then suddenly he began to point toward the ship.

George could figure out only one reason for that pointing. He im-

mediately jumped to the conclusion that someone aboard had

dropped something over the side and wanted him to retrieve it.

The Pier Was a Great Distance Away.

than 20 feet away from him. A shudder went through George's

body when he saw it. He turned and began swimming toward

the pier. But the pier was a great distance away-or at least, so

it seemed to George. He knew that beast could catch up to him

He was swimming as fast as he could-exhausting himself in a spurt

Still swimming frantically, he reached the pier. And then

another terrifying discovery greeted him. As he made frenzied

efforts to climb up the poles that supported the pier, he found that

he couldn't. Those polls were covered with a slippery moss. He

could make no headway up them. And all the time, now, the

crocedile was coming closer, swimming slowly toward what it

He Scraped and Clawed at the Moss-Covered Piles.

scraping frantically at those smooth, moss-covered piles when the native

on the dock came to his rescue. Suddenly, the native picked up a

huge piece of scrap iron from a pile on the dock, and hurled it at the

swimming crocodile. The piece missed. The native threw another-and

that one found its mark. It hit the beast on the snout, and it dived

came tearing across the water as George's shipmates pulled

hard on the oars. It reached George a few seconds after the

sciousness for a minute or two. But I came back to life before the boat

had reached the ship-in time to see the steely eyes of the crocodile

which had reappeared once more. It was following along, not more than

him the greatest pleasure to aim it right between those two glassy eyes

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Wildlife Federation Works to Protect Black Bass

The National Wildlife federation | Wildlife Week stamps. It is point-

reports a steady increase in laws | ed out that black bass do not spawn

protecting America's most popular until water conditions are suitable.

game fish, the black bass. In all and that the male bass guards the

but five states, there is a closed nest until the spawn hatch. While

season on the small-mouth and the nest is guarded, the male fish is

large-mouth bass. Thirty-eight in poor condition, is easily caught,

states prohibit the sale of black and his capture means the destruc-

bass. In 1937 a federal law was tion of the eggs. Full protection

enacted prohibiting the interstate until the spawn is hatched is highly

shipment of black bass illegally necessary to the welfare of the vari-

caught. A vote in all of the states ous members of the bass family.

gave the bass first place as the which includes bluegills, crappy,

sportsman's choice among 1939 sunfish and rockbass.

By that time a boat had been launched from the ship. It

"As they pulled me out of the water," George says, "I lost con-

And George says that if he'd had a gun then, it would have given

By now, George was mad with terror. He was still clawing and

knew must inevitably furnish it its evening meal.

beneath the surface.

10 feet behind the boat."

and pull the trigger.

crocodile had gone down.

in less time than it takes to tell the story.

The great reptile was between him and the ship-and not more

they were glad to get back in the water again.

on shore and, looking up, saw a native standing on the pier.

And that one man was George Dorste.

The water was cool and refreshing. Those lads were in it.

their clothes and dived over the side into the water.

The men didn't argue about that. Most of them just walked to

The ship was anchored not far from a pier. The weather

river just south of the town of Medinet El Faiyum.

The country was Egypt, and George landed there in the

ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES

OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!

and in a strange exotic country.

the rest of the day.

The DIM LANTERN

By TEMPLE BAILEY

O PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY -- WNU SERVICE

Mother would rather hate it. But

what's a library against a life?" He

seemed to fling the question to a

The doctor laughed. "She'll be

sensible if you put it up to her. And

you must frivol a bit. Play around

"I don't want any girls except

"Little Jane Barnes. Well, she'll

The doctor, watching him as he

walked back and forth, said, "The

day. Make it pretty close to the

program you followed before the

war. You haven't happened to keep

"Yes. It's a clumsy record.

"That's what we want. Read it

And he was interested.

things the next day that you did

then. You will find you can stick

closer than you think. And it will

Evans sat down and discussed the

idea. It was late when he rose to

"It will be slow," was Hallam's

final admonition, "but I believe you

can do it. And when things go

wrong, just honk and I'll lend you

some gas," his big laugh boomed

out, as they stood in the door to-

"I have a lantern." Evans picked

When Evans reached home his

thought you were never coming."

gether. "Nasty night."

it up from the porch.

give you a working plan."

leave.

about."

Mother."

"But-"

on her pillows.

"What kind of office?"

doubts. It's my life, Mother."

There was a look on his face

She found it difficult to speak.

He leaned over and kissed her.

lifting her a bit. There was energy

ress. She drew herself away laugh-

"Law. In town."

Mother started me when I was a

with the girls."

"I'll say she will."

a diary, have you?"

Jane."

THE STORY THUS FAR

Young, pretty Jane Barnes, who lived with her brother, Baldwin, in Sherwood Park, near Washington, was not particularly impressed when she read that rich, attractive Edith Towne had been left at the altar by Delafield Simms, wealthy New Yorker. However, she still mused over it when she met Evans Follette, a young neighbor, whom the war had left completely discouraged and despondent. Evans had always loved Jane. That morning Baldwin Barnes, on his way to work in Washington, offered assistance to a tall, lovely girl in distress. Later he found a bag she had left in the car, containing a diamond ring on which was inscribed "Del to Edith—Forever." He knew then that his passenger had been Edith Towne. Already he was half in love with her. That night he discussed the matter with Jane, and they called her uncle, worldly, sophisticated Frederick Towne. He visited them at their home, delighted with Jane's simplicity. He told them Edith's story. Because her uncle desired it, Edith Towne had accepted Delafield Simms, whom she liked but did not love. She disappeared immediately after the wedding was to have taken place. The next day Jane received a basket of fruit from Towne, and a note asking if he might call again. Mrs. Follette, widowed mother of Evans, was a woman of indomitable courage. Impoverished, she nevertheless managed to keep Evans and herself in comparative comfort by running a dairy farm. Evans, mentally depressed and distillusioned, had little self reliance and looked to his mother and Jane for guidance. Edith Towne phones Baldy in answer to an ad. She asked him to bring her pocketbook. Jane calls on Frederick Towne in his elaborate office. He gives Lucy, his stenographer, a letter to Delafield Simms, in which he severely criticizes him. Unknown to him, Lucy and Simms are in love with each other. Towne takes Jane home in his limousine. She introduces him to Evans, who is jealous of Towne. Baldy goes to meet Edith Towne at her hiding place. He convinces her that she should return home and face her friends. Sh

CHAPTER VII—Continued

-11-The Towne car was waiting, and Mrs. Follette in a flurry welcomed listening universe. them. "I don't see why you didn't ride over with him."

"He hadn't come, and we preferred to walk." "What was the matter with you,

Evans?" "Nothing much, Mother. I'm sor-

ry you were fussed." He gave her do." no further explanation.

Jane put on her slippers and went off in the great car. And then Evans said, "I'm going over to Hal- thing to do is to map out a normal lam's."

"Aren't you well, my dear?" "I want to talk to him." He saw ber anxious look, and bent and kissed her. "Don't worry, Mumsie, I'm all right."

Dr. Hallam's old estate adjoined kid." the Follette farm. The doctor was a nerve specialist, and went every every night, and do some of the morning to Washington, coming back at night to the quiet of his charming home. He was unmarried and was looked after by menservants. He had been much interested in Evans' case, and had in | fact had charge of it.

The doctor was by the library fire, smoking a cigar and reading a brown book. He welcomed Evans heartily. "I was wondering when you would turn up again." He showed the title of his book, "Boswell. There was a man. As great as the man he wrote about, and we are just beginning to find it out."

"Rare edition?" Evans sat down. "Yes. Got it at Lowdermilk's vesterday."

"We've oodles of old books on

our shelves. Ought to sell them, I suppose." "I wouldn't sell one of mine."

Hallam was emphatic. "I'd rather murder a baby." Evans flamed suddenly. "I'd sell mine, if I could get the things I

want." "I don't want anything as much as I want my books."

"I do. I want life as I used to live it."

The doctor sat up and looked at him. "You mean before the war?" "Yes."

"Good." "I'm tired of being half a man. If there's any way out of it, I want you to tell me."

The doctor's eyes were bright with interest. He knew the first symptoms of recovery in such cases. The neurasthenic quality of Evans' trouble had robbed him of initiative. His waking-up was a promising sign. "The thing to do, of course, is to

get to work. Why don't you open an office?" "A fat chance I'd have of getting

clients."

"I think they'd come." The doctor smoked for a time in silence, then he said, "Decide on something hard to do, and do it. Do it if you feel you are going to die in the attempt."

There was something inspiring to Evans in the idea. Hard things. That was it. He poured out the story of the past few days. The awful scene with Rusty. Tonight in the fog under the pines. "Wanted more than anything to drop myself looking down at her, "Hallam wants in the river."

He was walking the floor, back and forth, limping to one edge of fice." the rug, then limping to the other. Then Jane came. Little Jane Barnes. You know her, and she told me-where to get off-said I wascaptain of my soul-" He stopped in front of the doctor, and smiled whimsically. "Are any of us captains of our souls, doctor?"

"I'll be darned if I know." The doctor was intensely serious. "Willpower has a lot to do with things. The trouble is when your will won't work-"

"Mine seems to be working on his eyes, like the light which had one cylinder." Again Evans was shone in the eyes of a boy. pacing the rug. "But that idea of | an office appeals to me. It will "My dear, the books are yours. Do manner of going. Much time is detake a bit of money, though. And it as you think best." is rather a problem to know where to get it."

'Sell some of the old books. I'll as well as affection in the quick ca-

buy them." Light leaped into Evans' eyes. "It ing, breathless. "How strong you would be one way, wouldn't it? are."

"Am I? Well, I think I am. And I am going to conquer the world, Mumsie."

His exaltation lasted during the reading of the diary. It was a fat of a bright Madonna blue with a little book, and the pages were written close in his fine firm script. He found things between the leaves-a four-leaved clover Jane had sent him when he made the football team. A rose, colorless and dry. Florence Preston had given it to

He dropped the rose in the wastebasket. How could he ever have thought of Florence? Love wasn't a thing of blue eyes and pale gold hair. It was a thing of fire and flame and fighting.

Fighting! That was it. With your back to the wall-and winning! For some day he meant to win Jane. Did she think she could be in the world and not be his? And if she loved strength she should have it. He bent his head in his handshis hands clasped tensely. There

whole being ached with the agony of his effort. "Oh, God, let me fight and win. Bring me back to the full measure

Again he opened the book. Bits of

was a prayer in his heart. His

printed verse dropped out of it. Jane had sent him this, "One who never turned his back, but marched breast-forward."

of a man."

He opened the book and read of Jane, and of himself as he had once been. He skipped the record of his college days, except where he found such reference as this: "Little Jane is growing up. She met me at the station and held out her hand to me. I used always to kiss her, but this time I didn't dare. She was different somehow, but some day I'll kiss her."

And this: "Jane is rather a darling. But I am beginning to believe that I like 'em fair." That was when he had a terrible crush on Florence Preston, whose coloring was blue and gold. But it hadn't lasted, and he had come back to Jane with a sense of refreshment.

He found at last the pages given over to those first days after he had been admitted to the Washington bar, and had hung out his shingle. "Sat at my desk all the morning.

Great bluff. One client received with great effect of busy-ness. Had lunch with a lot of fellows-pancakes and sausages-ate an armful. | alone. He had sent Briggs in time Tea with three debutantes at the Shoreham-peaches. Dance at the Oakleys' in Georgetown. Corking time. One deadly moment when the butler took my overcoat. Poor people ought not to dance where there are butlers."

Autumn came: "Jane and I went today to gather fox grapes. Mother is making jelly and so is Jane. The vines were a great tangle. Shut in up." among them we seemed a thousand miles away from the world. Jane made herself a wreath of grape leaves, and looked like a nymph of the woods. I told her so and she gazed at me with those great gray eyes of hers and said, 'Evans, when the gods were young they must have lived like this-with grapes for their food, and the birds to sing for them, and the little wild things of the wood for company. It would be heavenly, wouldn't it?' She's a queer kid. Life with her wouldn't be humdrum. She's so intensely herself."

"We talked a bit about the war. I told her I should go if France needed me. I am not going to wait until this country gets into it. We

owe a debt to France . . ." He stopped there, and closed the book. He did not care to read farther. Oh, his debt to France had been paid. And after that day with Jane among the tangled vines things had moved faster-and faster. He didn't want to think of it .

where polished floors seemed to dissolve in pools of golden light, where a grand staircase led up to balconies, where the ceilings were almost incredibly high, the vistas almost incredibly remote. Frederick, coming towards her through those pools of golden light-blonde, big and smiling, brought a swift memory of another blonde and heroic figure, not in evening clothes-but in silver armor-"Nun sei bedankt, mein lieber Schwan," Lohengrin! That was

"A fat Lohengrin," she amended, maliciously.

Unaware of this devastating estimate. Frederick welcomed her with the air of a Cophetua. He was unconscious of his attitude of condescension. He was much attracted. but he knew, of course, that his interest in her would be a great thing

which clashed with all his theories. broke down the logic of his previous arguments. He had fallen in sight if you please-like a crude boy. was an almost unbelievable situation. There had been so many women he might have married. Loveliclothes, and he could see no one else at the head of his table, no one days of honeymoon, and the life which was to follow.

"Baldy's car always breaks at psychological moments," said Jane. "If it hadn't broken down on the bridge, he wouldn't have found your above the surface! niece."

"And I wouldn't have known you" -he was smiling at her.

And now Waldron, the butler, announced dinner-and Jane entering the dining-room felt dwarfed by the Gargantuan tables, the high-backed ecclesiastical chairs, the tall silver candlesticks with their orange can-

"Your color," Towne told her. "You see I remembered your knitting-"

"I'm crazy about brilliant wools," said Jane: "some day I am going to open a shop and sell them."

But he knew that she would not open a shop. "You were like some lovely bird-an oriole, perhaps, with your orange and black."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

CHAPTER VIII

The evening wrap which Jane wore with her old white chiffon was black fur collar. Jane, as has been said, loved clear color, and when she dyed dingy things she brought them forth lovely to the eye and tremendously picturesque.

Frederick's house was a place

for the little girl.

And he was interested. A queer thing had happened to him-a thing love with little Jane Barnes, at first And he wanted her for his wife. It er women than Jane, wittier, more distinguished, richer-of more assured social standing. He could have had the pick of them, yet not one of them had he wanted. Here was little Jane Barnes, bobbed hair, boyish, slender, quaint in her cheap else by his side in the big car, no one else to share the glamorous

And so when young Baldwin had telephoned of Edith's plans, there had leaped into Towne's mind realization of his opportunity. He would see Jane among his household gods. And he would see her to have her there before the others

And now Fate had played further into his hands. "I've had another message from Edith," he told her: "we'll have to eat dinner without them. The fog caught them south of Alexandria, and they went into a ditch. They will eat at the nearest hotel while the car is being fixed

would ever have believed that so much hung on so little."

Hackney Is Descendant of the Norfolk Trotter

mother called from upstairs, "I "Hallam and I had a lot to talk century the use of wheeled vehicles roadsters. He came running up, and enterwas not general. Says Johnstone in ing her room found her propped up writing of the origin of hackneys: "Roads were few and bad. Therefore people relied mostly on horse-"Mother," said Evans, and stood back and walking for transporta- long as he was used for saddle purtion. At this time (about 1800) there me to sell some of the old books was in the eastern part of England and use the money to open an of-Norfolk trotter. The hackney of today is a descendant of this strain. The Norfolk trotter had fast gaits tice. Hackney classes with femi-"But are you well enough, Evconformation this conclusion would In seeking to maintain the pace "He says that I am. Be says not be drawn. His head is too American sportsmen began importthat I must think that I am well, coarse, neck short and thick, and he has no height." "Dearest, don't spoil it with

The hackneys of today have these same qualities, with the exception of much nicer heads, writes Capt. which she had not seen since his Maxwell Corpening in the Chicago return. Uplifted, eager. A light in Tribune. Originally they were saddle horses, but now are used mostly for driving-principally in shows. Great stress is placed upon their voted by trainers to achieving an exaggerated high foot action. Their success in achieving this is remarkforehand and relatively thick, chubdown motion the hackney is not fast | Britain.

Prior to the end of the Eighteenth | as compared with our standard-bred

The process of refining the breed came into prominence with the advent of better roads and the introduction of wheeled vehicles. So poses coarseness was tolerated. With the development of snappy a breed of saddle horse called the little vehicles, smooth roads, and the exaggerated hackney way of going, fashionable folk began to take noand good endurance, yet from his nine drivers became social events. ing these cocky little performers. until now no horse show is complete without them.

The common reference to "road hack" in designating a saddle class is a derivation of hackney. Likewise the term hack in describing a

Above Loch Lomond

Scotland's Ben Lomond, over 3.000 feet high and covered with grass to the top, can be ascended between steamer calls, a little more able considering the breed's heavy than two hours going up, less coming down. Loch Lomond, at its by body. Because of this up-and- foot, is the largest lake in Great

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dress and pattern number plainly.

Perhaps the Darky's Ducks Were Storks

As its scorching rays withdrew little by little, the day became cooler. A salesman was rattling along a One by one the swimmers climbed back aboard the steamer and country road in Tennessee, when stayed there. Finally all of them were out of the water except one. he came to a ford. A Negro was standing by the little stream George loved the water and he hated to leave it. He was swimming where some ducks were swimsome distance away from the ship's side, and about half-way between it ming. The salesman said: "Can and the pier. As he splashed about in the river he heard a voice calling I get through the creek with this car all right?"

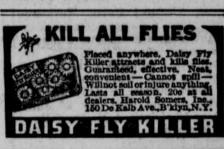
"Yes, suh, drive right through." The salesman, thus encouraged, drove into the stream, only to find that the water was so deep that it flooded his engine. He and his He turned and swam slowly toward the ship. The native on the pier companion had to get out into the kept right on yelling, but George paid no attention. And then, suddenly, stream with the cold water up to he saw it—a thing that looked like a log floating in the water, but a log their armpits and push the car that had a rough wrinkled snout and a pair of glassy eyes just showing to the bank.

> The salesman turned and said: 'What do you mean by telling me that I could drive through that

> "Well, boss, I never knew dat water was so deep. It only comes half-way up on my ducks!'

All for a Friend

for the pier. And the crocodile was following along behind. It seemed It is a noble and great thing to to George that the great reptile never approached any closer than that cover the blemishes and to excuse original 20 feet-the distance that had separated them when he turned the failings of a friend; to draw toward the pier. Was the beast playing with him, as a cat would with a a curtain before his stains, and mouse? Or was it waiting until George had exhausted himself in his to display his perfections; to bury swim toward shore before those cruel jaws opened and closed over him? his weaknesses in silence, but to proclaim his virtues upon the housetop.-South.



WNU-U

Supply the Mind A house is no home unless it contains food and fire for the mind as well as for the body.

Watch Your Kidneys!

Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste

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poison the system and upset the whole body machinery.
Symptoms may be nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—a feeling of nervous anxiety and loss of pep and strength.
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