



# KING'S MATE

BY ROSITA FORBES

CHAPTER IX—Continued

It was a fitting climax to such a day when an hour later Zarifa burst into the room, flung herself at her mistress's feet, and shrieked, "We are betrayed. Our house is lost. The Kaid will be dead before morning." She threw herself back and forth with the abandonment of the native mourner.

Rosemary's heart missed a beat. For a second she was conscious of intense cold, of sound approaching and receding, of pain gripping her in a vise. Then her common sense returned and, with it, the dominant energy of the West. "What is it? What do you mean?" she demanded, and literally shook Zarifa into coherence.

"I have it from the Spaniard's servant, so I know it is true. The Kaid rides down to the valley by the farther path, on the other side of the river, and el Martingo lies in wait for him with his rifle. He will kill him like a dog, and who will allow that it is not a spy, or one of the enemy's snipers?" Zarifa rolled on the floor in her grief, tearing at her hair, but Rosemary's brain worked quickly. She knew exactly what she must do. Ignoring the wild figure at her feet, she began tearing off her skirt.

"Get my riding boots," she said, kicking the prostrate Zarifa. At first her fingers were numb at the tips and she could button neither breeches nor coat, but it was only a couple of minutes after the Rift woman's revelation that she was in the court, rambling on her hat as she went. A startled Ahmed blundered to his feet. "Get my horse," she told him. "Quick, the Kaid is in danger. I must go to el Menebbhe." She pushed him in the direction of the stable and, seizing Zarifa by the wrist, literally dragged her out of the gate. "I must find Heinz," she said aloud. "He will help. Be quiet, you idiot! Don't you want to help the Kaid?" She addressed the woman, whose barracan trailed in the dust so that she stumbled over it, as she tried to keep pace with her mistress.

hair hood over her face, she was astride her own horse, cool and determined, now that the strain of waiting was over.

Heinz did not stop their heading downward pace. "You must go back," he said, his eyes between his pony's ears. "This is madness! The track's impossible. It'll take us all we know to get over it ourselves. If we have to look out for you, we'll never make it." He had a vision of the flood sweeping rocks and trees in its rush. Perhaps the whole lot of them would go down with it. "You can't come," he repeated. "If you want to help your husband, go back now. Don't hinder us."

"Hinder?" exclaimed Rosemary. "All my life I've ridden. Do you think I can't stand a few hours of this? You're mad if you imagine you can send me back. I'm coming, if I have to go on my feet. I'm a lighter weight than any of you, and I'll see you all out!"



She Beat Against Heinz's Door, Tearing at the Wood With Her Nails, Her Breath Coming in Sobs After the Strain of the Climb.

She hardly knew what she said, but her intentions were quite clear. Heinz argued no further. Reflectively, he measured the strength of his hand. No, he could not spare two men to take the girl back and he could not make her go, except by force. The little German was silent. He never wasted energy unnecessarily. That was the secret of his force.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Surely No Other Man Looked Like Bill Nye

When Bill Nye and Walt McDougall, the cartoonist, received their first checks from a press association they repaired to the bank.

"Bill presented his check and the cashier rather testily informed him that he would have to be identified," says McDougall in his breezy reminiscences, "This is the Life."

"Do you mean I've got to go and find some one who knows me and whom you know before I can get the money?"

"Precisely," assented the cashier. "Step aside and let that gentleman get to the window."

"Oh, he's with me," said Bill. "He can identify me."

The cashier, not knowing McDougall, demurred, and an argument ensued. Finally, Nye asked him, in turn, if he knew Grover Cleveland, De Witt Talmadge, Senator Breckenridge and Queen Victoria, eliciting a snappy "No!" each time, whereupon he said with a protesting gesture:

"There! You see, you don't move in my set! How can I find anybody who knows us both?"

Then he pulled out that morning's paper, exposed his portrait, and took off his hat. The cashier glared, melted and, with a grin, began to count out the money. Then Nye introduced McDougall and he cashed his check, after which they invited the cashier out to lunch and found him to be entirely human and companionable.

### "Count" Coins by Weight

If you had a ton of pennies how rich would you be? Or if some one gave you 4,000 quarters in a sack could you take them home? In other words, how much would the sack weigh? The Federal Reserve bank of New York handles so many coins daily that it has machines to count and weigh them. The turnover in coins at this bank averages 35 tons a day, including gold, silver, copper and nickel, says an exchange. Quarters lead this group in value, with nickels second and dimes third. Since most of the business of the bank is done in large sums, the coins are packed in sacks of convenient size and weight for handling. A sack containing 4,000 quarters weighs 53 pounds. Dimes also run \$1,000 to a 53-pound bag. Fifty bags of nickels total \$10,000; 90 bags of pennies weigh a ton and are worth \$3,000.

Personality is the quality that enables you to be dignified without seeming to pout.

As the party spurred out of the headman's yard, they met a youth leading the German's hastily-saddled pony. Behind him were several figured muffled men in stained djellabas, and it was not till they were a mile from the village that Heinz realized Rosemary was among them. Wrapped in a borrowed mantle, the dark camel's

## CAP AND BELLS

### HITTING THE LOW SPOTS

Hemmandhaw—Do you travel much in that old slobber of yours? Shimmerpate—From coast to coast. Hemmandhaw—Goodness! Have you really gone from Maine to California in that boat? Shimmerpate—Oh, no. I mean I coast down one hill and then tow it up another one and then coast again.

### IN THE DUMPS



Wife—Why did you bring me to this dump? Hubby—Well, you're in the dumps so often, I thought you'd feel at home here.

Strange It really almost makes me smile So wonderful the treat, To see an athlete run a mile And only move two feet.

### Just That

A woman came before a pension committee and stated that she was seeking her "eternity" benefit. "Your what, madam?" queried the chairman. "My 'eternity' benefit," she reaffirmed. "My dear woman, 'eternity' means your 'hereafter!'"

"Yes, sir; that's what I'm here after."

### Mature Solicitude

A flapper, aged fifteen, made a remark the other day in the presence of her aunt which showed that she had read a certain outspoken modern novel.

"And where did you get it?" inquired her aunt. "Surely it is not in the school library?"

"Good gracious, no!" exclaimed the flapper. "Why, the kids have access to that!"

### A Cold Trail

Mrs. Mose—Whar yo' been loafin' all mawnin'?' Mose—Ah's been lookin' for work, honey.

Mrs. Mose—Work, huh? Yo' curiolity's gwine 't git yo' inter trouble yet.—Capper's Weekly.

### ALMOST NO COLLEGE



Despairing Parent—What's wrong with modern college life anyhow? Wise Friend—Just too much life.

### The Novice's Trouble

I cannot do the old dance steps: And when I try the new My partners every one complain I kick them black and blue.

### Exactly

"Your wife is very systematic, isn't she?" "Yes, very. She works on the theory that you can find whatever you want when you don't want it by looking where it wouldn't be if you did want it!"

### Fair Enough

Father (sternly)—What reason has young Wilson for staying here so late when he calls? Daughter (demurely)—Me, father.

### A Poor Excuse—

Housewife—Why, Mary! What do you mean by looking through the key-hole? Maid—Well, I—er—er—er—was dusting, and I thought I'd look and see if there was any cobwebs in it mum.

### Misguided Jest

"I put some comedy relief in the play," explained the author. "That wasn't a relief. That was an irritation."

### How It's Done

Mary—How could you possibly make love to those two girls at one time? Tom—Well, you see, they were half-sisters.

### Safety First!

Car Salesman—If your wife drives she'll appreciate this splendid rear view mirror. Mr. Gump—Would it be possible to move it to the back seat—so she'd get a glimpse of the road occasionally?



## That Constant Backache

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## Between Pumps

Motorist—How do you figure that five gallons of gas at 20 cents a gallon make \$1.00? Filling Station Attendant—The price went up to 22 cents before I put in the last three gallons.—Life.

Some people save their sympathy until a man is dead and then make his grave sloppy with their tears.

## Kept His Promise to Bring Down Balloon

Lieut. Frank Luke, Jr., daredevil American ace who brought down 14 enemy balloons during the World war before he was killed, deliberately set out to "get" balloons because of the danger and difficulty involved, points out Norman S. Hall in an article in Liberty Magazine.

Hall reports that one day Luke heard a fellow-member of his outfit, an experienced veteran, say: "Any man who gets a balloon has my respect, because he's got to be good or he doesn't get it. I think they're the toughest proposition a pilot has to meet."

The next day Luke said to a member of the squadron: "Did you hear what was said about balloons last night? Well, I'm going to get one today."

## Fortunate Scribe

"Well, sir," began the landlord of the Periwinkle tavern, "the young people put on a home talent show lately and for quite a while they had trouble in finding a feller to do the low-comedy tramp. They hunted up and down, but couldn't locate him. And then I says to 'em, 'Why not get Pen-smith, the editor of the People's Friend, for the part?' They done so, and he went on the stage in his everyday clothes with ink all over his hands and on the side of his nose, and acted just as he does every day, and made such a hit, I'm sorry, that the Orpheum circuit hired him at a big salary to do tramps all up and down the line!"—Kansas City Star.

## Death Ended Love Fast

Herr Fritz Pelzer's adored one preferred a man along the prevailing idea of slimness, and Herr Pelzer was fifty and fleshy. According to a report from Germany, she agreed to marry the wealthy wine merchant on one condition—he must reduce. Herr Pelzer agreed sorrowfully, for he had tried it before—unsuccessfully. A few days ago he was found dead in his shop. He had reduced himself to a shadow of his former self.

## Enjoy "Rubber Neck"

Small boys who have had to wiggle around the legs of adults in order to catch a glimpse of animals in the zoo at Hamburg, Germany, now have a "rubber neck" bus of their own. The seats are sufficiently high for them to see the cages and pens over the heads of older people. The lads defy superstition and crowd the bus, which holds 13. The fare is the equivalent to two cents in American money.

## Ben Franklin's Saying

The saying, "God helps those who help themselves," is one of the maxims of Poor Richard, a pseudonym of Benjamin Franklin, statesman, author and publisher.

## Lore's Sacrifice

"I gave up two men for you." "Well, didn't I give up golf?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## The Cream of the Tobacco Crop



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Martin Johnson



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