



KING'S MATE BY ROSITA FORBES

'Zarifa, Zarifa!' she called, torn between laughter and indignation. Sandals flapped down the stairs behind her, but before they reached the court the women least occupied with the sheep crowded forward to look at the bride. A girl pushed a bowl of milk into her hands with a murmured 'for chastity.' Another laid a platter of dates at her feet. 'May you be as fertile as the palm,' she said. Baskets of eggs, bread and spices, pitchers of oil and honey were piled round her. Rosemary looked at them aghast, while Zarifa, delighted with her role, gave vent to flowery gratitude. The women moved nearer, anxious to see the bride of the Kald. They discussed her, intimately and in detail, till Westwyn arrived. He was feeling distinctly grim. He had no taste for any form of acting, and this marriage went against the grain, the more so because he was beginning to find it impossible to consider Rosemary as an impersonal problem. He found her leaning helplessly against the door, looking almost vacant, amidst a crowd of Rif women whose comment he understood too well. At his approach they fled, screaming and giggling, and, at the sight of the provisions piled in his path, Westwyn couldn't help laughing. 'You'll have to raise a vast appetite, won't you?' he remarked, frustrating the efforts of a curly horned ram to walk into a pyramid of eggs. 'What does it all mean? Have they gone completely mad?' Westwyn drew her into the house. 'It's their custom to bring gifts to a wedding,' she explained, 'and the best you can offer a Rif is food—after a rifle, of course. Mohammed el Menebbhe was up at my house before sunrise, urging me to accept his new Mauser.' Rosemary had hardly heard the last words. 'A wedding!' she said. 'It's a farce. You can't seriously mean to go through with it.' Westwyn took her arm and pushed her gently on the couch. 'Look here. Let's have this out. It's a rotten situation, but inevitable, so the best thing is to make as little fuss about it as possible. The padre fellow will be here in a minute. We don't want to set him talking.' The man's voice was hard. He spoke as he would to fellow soldiers and, for the first time, Rosemary realized how little she counted in the Rif. This man had chosen to set himself up as her protector, but he would not be driven too far. Her individuality, her wishes, or feelings meant nothing. She, who had never obeyed any one to her life, would have to obey a stranger. 'I won't,' she said, and was surprised to find she had spoken aloud. 'Won't what?' The eyes that looked at her were steel colored. In them she saw a determination as considered as it was serious. At heart she knew she had no more hope of escaping this marriage than she had of leaving Telehdl, yet she answered: 'I won't marry you,' and repeated the words parrot-wise, because excitement was rising in her and she was terribly conscious of the man's nearness. Westwyn did not answer. He considered the girl gravely while she, feeling she was being measured, braced herself to meet the expected reproach. It did not come, but foot-steps sounded in the yard. Obviously, a number of people were entering the outer room. Still Westwyn was silent, so that Rosemary was forced to ask: 'Who is it?' 'The padre, I expect. Heinz and Pete are going to be witnesses. Shall we go in?' He held out a lean, brown hand. 'It'll be all right. You'll see. I've never let any one down yet, and I shan't begin with a woman.' The charm of the man was apparent at that moment, and Rosemary had to make a physical effort to resist it. She ignored the proffered hand, leaning away from it, mute and obstinate. Westwyn did not hesitate. Stooping, he picked her up as if she had been a child, set her on her feet and, holding her by the shoulders, told her: 'You remember what old Menebbhe said to me: 'A man is responsible for his countrywomen.' In the eyes of these people, who are men, mind you, who've fought with me, and pretty nearly starved with me, it is I who will suffer if you—' he was going to say 'make a fool of yourself,' but he changed it, 'if you don't play up.' Rosemary struggled half-heartedly in his grip, but he took no notice. 'It's rotten having to talk like this, but you force me to! What do you suppose these Rifas, who guard their women as their faith, thought of your escapade with Martengo?' Westwyn was the more brutal because he loathed his part. He felt the girl quiver under his hands, and, inexorably, he pushed home his vengeance. 'You can do what you like with me,

through the country unvelled—is inseparable from him! I believe she's his best counselor. Then there's his brother, Mohammed, who is the real commander in chief, and half a dozen wazirs—ministers, you know. They'll all have to pack into Menebbhe's house and they'll want this one for the servants.' 'What!' exclaimed Rosemary. 'Am I going to be turned out?' 'Well, they naturally expect you to join me down there.' He nodded to a mud building which straggled across the hillside on two levels. 'You didn't tell me that.' 'I didn't think it was of any importance. It's a good large place. You and Zarifa can have what used to be the harem and barricade yourself into complete solitude.' He smiled at her, with a return to his normal carelessness. 'There are several rooms looking onto a court. You'll even have a separate front door.' The girl found no words to voice her objections. Discouragement was replacing the wild excitement of the morning. She felt inert and incapable of argument. 'You'd better come down some time this afternoon I'm afraid you haven't many belongings to move, have you?' 'I must give you back one of yours,' said Rosemary, holding out the ring. 'What a gorgeous motto. I wish it were mine.' The man stifled a smile. 'Let's consider it yours for the moment. You'd better keep this sign of our bargain until the Rifas have got used to it. I suppose it's much too big.' He took her hand and moved the signet up and down the third finger. What lovely hands she had. They reminded him of a picture he'd seen somewhere, a woman offering a cup to some Italian fellow, and the wine was poisoned, would it matter very much from such a hand? Westwyn grimaced at the reflection. Marriage put old ideas into a fellow's head, but—he pulled himself together—it wasn't a real marriage. He was still twisting the ring when Rosemary spoke. 'It won't fall off,' she said. 'I'll wear it for a few days and then give it back to you.' 'Keep it while you're in Telehdl,' replied Westwyn and, without any conscious intention he bent and kissed the slender, sun-burned fingers which tried to withdraw themselves from his clasp. 'You can count on me, you know,' he said, a little awkwardly, and strode away before the girl could reply. (Continued next week.)

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CLASSIFIED LOCALS
FOR SALE—About 30 ton of second crop alfalfa hay, for sale at Kaskela, Oregon. Write or call on C. T. Larsen, North Junction, Oregon 6-11
NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION
Department of the Interior
U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon, Dec. 12, 1927.
Notice is hereby given that Anson T. Lindley, of Maupin, Oregon, who, on Nov. 13, 1920, made Homestead Entry under Act, Dec. 29, 1916, No. 020,920, for NE 1/4 SE 1/4, Sec. 22, T. 3 S., R. 14 E., Lot 4, S 1/2 NW 1/4, Sec. 1, SE 1/4 SE 1/4, Sec. 2, NW 1/4 NW 1/4, Sec. 12, E 1/2 SW 1/4, Sec. 14, W 1/2 NW 1/4, Sec. 24, T. 5 S., R. 14 E., NE 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 7, and NW 1/4 NW 1/4, Sec. 8, T. 5 S., R. 15 E., Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before F. D. Stuart, United States Commissioner, at Maupin, Oregon, on the 1st day of February, 1928.
Claimant names as witnesses: John Donaldson, Floyd McLeod, Elmer Hornquist, Al. Kennedy, all of Maupin Oregon.
J. W. Donnelly, Reg.
NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION
Department of the Interior
U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon November 22, 1927.
Notice is hereby given that Arthur W. Schilling, of Grass Valley, Oregon, who, on November 1, 1924, made Homestead entry, act Dec. 29, 1916 No. 023,553, for N 1/2 SW 1/4, SE 1/4 SW 1/4, Sec. 29, Lots 2, 3, SE 1/4 NW 1/4, E 1/2 SW 1/4, W 1/2 SE 1/4, NE 1/4 SE 1/4, Sec. 30, E 1/2 NW 1/4, NE 1/4 SW 1/4, N 1/2 SE 1/4 Sec. 32, T. 4 S., R. 16 E., Willamette Meridian has filed notice of intention to make final three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register of the United States Land Office, at The Dalles, Oregon, on the 11th day of January, 1928.
Claimant names as witnesses: John Karlen, John Joyce, of Maupin, Oregon, William Holmes, Michael Bibby of Grass Valley, Oregon.
D1-29 W. A. Wilkinson, Act. Reg.
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Old World Charm Meets New World Conveniences
PLACING your house according to your lot is the privilege of the person who builds this practical dwelling of the English farm house type. The entrance is so arranged that the house may either be placed lengthwise for a thirty-foot city lot or crosswise for a 60 or 75 foot lot.
The design here calls for a combination of stucco and stained siding with the roof of dark weathered shingles.
The pleasing features of the living room include its windows on three sides, open fireplace and built-in book shelves. The open porch or sunroom may open off from either the living or dining room. The kitchen has all the details that delight the housewife—cupboards, broom closet, breakfast nook and double windows over the sink.
The three bedrooms all have double exposures and are well provided with clothes and linen closets. The bathroom is so placed as to be equally accessible from each bedroom. The attic is ventilated and makes a serviceable storage or playroom by sheathing the rafters and sides with celotex, which serves both as a wall-board and insulating material.
This small home so light and spacious, yet compact and adapted to doing without a servant, is a typical 1928 product. The poky, dark houses of fifteen or even ten years ago with their fussy little hallways and poor planning would be scorned by the modern housewife who has learned to expect comfort built right into her home and to have everything planned for her convenience in working. Cold, draughty houses are also out of date. All well built houses, are insulated as this one is, with celotex sheathing on the exterior walls under the stucco. This effects a great saving in fuel in the winter and resists the intense heat of the sun in summer.