



KING'S MATE

BY ROSITA FORBES

THE STORY

CHAPTER I—Rosemary Crofton, lovely English girl, is visiting the governor's palace in Fez, Morocco, with her aunt, Lady Trevelyan. A handsome Frenchman, De Vries, is attracted by her beauty and makes ardent love. One evening, after a conversation dealing chiefly with a mysterious personage known only as the Kaid, in the service of the sultan of Morocco, Abd-el Krim, De Vries grows impetuous in his love making and is repulsed. Next morning Rosemary rides out early in order to forget her disquiet, and her horse throws her, rendering her unconscious.

CHAPTER II—A little party of Rif tribesmen comes upon her and, unwilling to abandon her there, takes her with the caravan through the famous pass behind which Abd-el Krim and his gallant men are hiding. Here Rosemary meets the Englishman about whom she has heard so much—the genius behind the whole Rif campaign—the Kaid, a sunburned, war-absorbed soldier.

For three days Rosemary followed the Australian's counsel. She stayed indoors, read a motley collection of old papers which Pete produced for her, and mended the remnants of her stockings.

Zarifa constituted herself watch dog and carried her mistress' excuses to Martengo, but the Spaniard was persistent. He hung about the path which was the sole means of egress from the guest house, until his unusual patience was rewarded. Rosemary, impatient of solitary confinement, broke bounds to go for a walk. With a long boyish stride, she swung away from the village, up toward the pass. Martengo let her go half a mile before he caught her up.

"How delightful!" he greeted her, too wise to make any comment on her seclusion. "May I walk with you? I have to cross the shoulder—" he gestured up to the crag above them.

Rosemary did not know how to refuse, did not even know that she wanted to. To talk with anybody would be a relief.

"Are you fairly comfortable at the guest house?" inquired Martengo, and was careful to keep the subsequent conversation on so even a basis that before they were half way up the slope, Rosemary was responding not only naturally but with animation, and, at last, reassured by his detachment, she explained how she came to the Rif.

"Amusement and sympathy, both in personal, were obvious in her companion's face. "But, I don't understand! You were only two days' journey from Fez. Surely some of the Uergha men could have taken you back."

Rosemary explained further. "Your Kaid imagined I should give away the pass."

"Diab!" exclaimed the Spaniard bitterly. "He does not know women!" The girl was a little touched, a little distrustful. "What would you have done?" she asked, unsmiling.

"Sent you back, as near Fez as I dared. One has no right to mix women up in this sort of affair."

Rosemary studied him speculatively. A project was shaping in her brain, elusive as yet. Martengo appeared unconscious of her gaze. "Would he help me?" speculated Rosemary, and was not so wide in her judgment as to discard the suggestion of money.

So, for a week of constant meetings, these two played at cross purposes. The girl planned escape, wondered if the chosen tool would prove reliable, wondered still more how to broach the subject. The man pursued making himself indispensable and later recalling Rosemary to her temporary fate.

One day they sat on a rock above the village, and the girl rolled pebbles into a miniature avalanche. "I'd like to blot out the whole village," she

"I hate the place." There was such passion in the curt words that the man started.

"It's a poor sort of setting for you! I'm a virtual prisoner, watched by Zarifa and Pete." She turned to him impetuously. "I shall go mad if I can't escape!"

Martengo gave her one glance between narrowed lids. "There are many ways of escape!" he said, with that specialized brain of his considered, discarded, and readjusted. "But no one to help me to take them," ventured the girl. Her heart thumped in her throat. She had not meant to reveal her purpose so brusquely. Her hands clutched at her sides. She held herself immobile, and felt the blood rising to her throat, to her forehead. Well, it was done now! How would he take it?

The silence was prolonged. Martengo, who saw his way clear in a second, wished her to think he was retreating. "I will help you," he said at last in a grave, restrained voice.

A sigh escaped from Rosemary as her tension relaxed. "Will you, really? Are you serious?"

"I mean it," returned Martengo. "I've been considering it ever since you told me your story. You shall get away just as soon as I can manage it."

"How?" demanded Rosemary. "How?" Her breath came unevenly between parted, expectant lips.

Martengo lowered his eyes. He was not quite so sure of himself as usual. "That'll have to be planned. Can you get hold of a native dress?"

"Oh, yes, easily. I'm busy now making a barracan into a skirt. I didn't propose to spend the rest of my life in these." She flicked her worn riding breeches expressively. The sun was sinking behind the hills. Rosemary pointed to the rim of light which barred the west. "Every night, when that disappears, I feel it's a door shut on my prison," she exclaimed and, for a moment, her face was haggard.

"We'll open the door," returned the Spaniard. "I must think it out. Come, let's go back."

The girl sprang to her feet, whirled to face the sunset, hung out her arms impulsively. "Thank God!" she cried. "Thank God!" The light was reflected on her as she turned, flushed and half ashamed, but still throbbing with elation. "You can't think what it means to me."

Martengo met her gladness, realized her young unawareness. For a minute he was on the heights. He saw the possibility of a great gesture of returning the girl to Fez amidst a gamut of gratitude and appreciation saw himself heroic—and, in the same second, thought of a reward. They went down the hill in silence, each absorbed in their own plans.

"When can you arrange it?" urged Rosemary. They were passing the man's house, a mud structure wedged against the cliff.

"Come in for a moment," suggested Martengo, "and I'll show you a map. I'll have to take you a long way round." There were several posts on the route you came."

He opened his door, but the girl hesitated.

"Pete will be suspicious," she said. "He's sure to hear. Bring the map to the guest house in a bag."

Juan accepted her subterfuge but the impulse that had flamed in him on the cliff was burned in that moment. "Right," he said, cynicism in his eyes, velvet in his voice. "We will start plotting tomorrow."

With reiterated thanks, Rosemary went down the path. Martengo stood in the doorway, looking after her and his eyes, wide open now, were as brutal as the gesture with which he crushed the thing he imagined in his hold.

Next morning brought Westwyn to Teibhd. Riding into the village alone, he dismounted at the headman's door, tethered his horse, and interrupted Menelbhe's meditations.

"By Allah, you are welcome!" cried the old warrior, offering a share of his mat. "What news from the south?"

"Things are going fairly well on that front. The Uergha tribes are loyal and the Ahmas (referring to the western limit of the war zone) is too hard a nut for France to crack."

They discussed the situation on the Spanish front.

"The general is overbold," said the headman, drawing a map in the sand. "If he pushes his outposts across that river, we can cut them off."

Westwyn leaned forward to look at the tracing. "The dam is in the hills," explained the Rif. The two men's eyes met.

"By gum!"

(To Be Continued Next Week)

METZGER.

The Metzger Woman's Club held their first meeting after the summer vacation at the club house Wednesday, September 7.

After a pot-luck lunch at noon a business meeting was held, the president, Mrs. Scott Shierk, presiding. The club voted to hold a rummage sale in Portland some time in October, the exact date to be decided later. Mrs. Clara Smith and Mr. Ada Brackett will act as joint chairmen.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Barton, from Twin Falls, Idaho, spent a week recently with W. L. Collins and family. Mr. Barton and Mr. Collins are cousins.

Esther King left Saturday morning for Camas Valley, where she will teach in the high school.

ST. CLARE'S PARISH

On September 22, St. Clare's parish will hold a card party. "500" and bridge will be played. Sacks of sugar will be given as prizes for the highest scores and door prize. Refreshments will be served, followed by dancing. A piano and two saxophones will furnish the music.

St. Clare's parish will hold its annual bazaar October 21 and 22. Watch this paper for further announcements.

Sister Macoria, formerly Miss Marie Borsch of Maplewood, visited Portland and her parents of this parish. She is now of New York. When she returned to New York she was accompanied by Miss Cecelia Marshall who will enter the novitiate there.

HILLSDALE.

The opening day of school brought several new pupils to the Hillsdale school. Mrs. Leonard is the new teacher.

Mrs. Harold Povey and family are home from Twin Rock, Oregon, where they spent the summer months.

Mrs. Adolph Teuscher is at the Good Samaritan hospital where she is to undergo an operation.

Fredora Hall and her grandmother, Mrs. Patzig have returned home from a visit to Bellingham and Seattle, Wn.

The Hillsdale, P. T. A. gave a picnic at the school on Friday, the 2nd. A big crowd turned out and it was a huge success.

Mr. Fred Hall was much surprised when his brother John from San Anna, Calif., made him a visit on September 2nd.

Friends of Mrs. AKrl Nordberg will be pleased to learn of her rapid recovery at the Good Samaritan hospital, where she underwent a serious operation.

The Hillsdale Parent-Teachers are having their first regular meeting on Friday 16th at the school house.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Knepper of Indianapolis, Ind., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Thompson & Son are home from a trip to Yellowstone National park.

Mrs. L. A. Mathiesen and children are home from Manhattan where they spent the summer.

Mrs. Chas. Tingley has gone east where she will visit relatives. She expects to be gone for some time.

The Hillsdale troupe of Boy Scouts have resumed their meeting after disbanding for the summer.

Mrs. Ernest Swayze gave a luncheon on Thursday 8th, honoring Mrs. Roseoe Swayze.

Good wares will sell if they've a show. First buy—then let the people know. God gives all things to industry. —Benjamin Franklin.

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RECIPES

PEANUT COOKIES

1 cup flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons shortening, 1 egg, 1/2 cup sugar, 1/4 cup milk, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 cup chopped peanuts. Sift dry ingredients together. Add shortening which has been melted, to beaten egg. Add milk and lemon juice and mix well and drop by small spoonfuls on greased pan.

SARDINE SANDWICHES

Remove skin and bones from sardines and wash to a paste. Add to an equal quantity of yolks of hard-boiled eggs rubbed through a sieve. Season with salt, cayenne and a few drops of lemon juice. Moisten with olive oil or melted butter. Spread mixture between thin slices of buttered bread.

SCOTCH FINGERS

Two cups rolled oats, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/4 cup sugar, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 1/4 cup milk, 1/4 cup molasses, 1 1/2 tablespoons melted butter.

Grind rolled oats in the food chopper; mix with salt, baking powder and sugar. Stir in milk, molasses and butter. Mix well. Flour board with ground rolled oats. Roll out in very thin sheet and cut into narrow, oblong strips. Bake 20 minutes in moderate oven.

HITEON.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Davis went to Portland Friday to see Mr. Ralph Anderson, cousin of Mrs. Davies, who is seriously ill at the Good Samaritan Hospital.

Grandma Struthers is now at the home of her son, Mr. Charlie Struthers, she is much improved in health.

Mrs. Herman Metzentine left Saturday for Eastern Oregon where she will spend a few days with her brother, Mr. Frank Schmeltzer.

Mrs. Willoughby and sons Vincent, Dean, and Maurice, and Mrs. Struthers and son Kenneth spent Friday evening at the Beaver theatre.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Workman and son were visiting Hiteon friends Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Van Kleeck called at the Will Hanson home of Scholls Thursday evening.

Miss Gertrude Richter, teacher of the Hiteon School, is staying at the Van Kleeck home.

The ensilage cutters are at work in Hiteon. One silo has been filled and we hope more will be by the time this reaches you.

The Messrs. Carl, Herbert, and Vincent Olson saw the Dempsey-Sharkey fight at the Beaver theatre, Saturday night.

Miss Gertrude Richter spent the week end at her home in Portland.

The Misses Dorothea Struthers, Dorothy Peterson, Florence Selander, and Genevieve Peterson and Mr. Kenneth Struthers are now attending Beaverton High School.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hite attended a sale Monday at the Haythorn farm of Laurel.

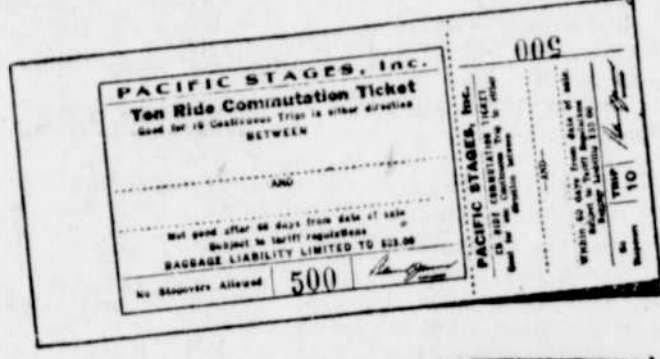
Twenty-one boys and girls are now answering the roll at the Hiteon school.

Miss Lillie Cook is attending the Girls Polytechnic School of Portland.

NOTICE—The Hiteon Progressive Club will hold a "500" party at the McDonald Hall of Tigardville, Saturday evening Sept. 17. All invited.

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