



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 impatient in his love making and is repulsed. Next morning Rosemary rides out early in order to forget her disquiet. Kaid 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.

CHAPTER III—The Kaid tells her he is extremely sorry for her, but the situation is so delicate it will not be good for his cause to return her to Fez. Much against Rosemary's wish, he establishes her in a guest house in Telleh, providing her with a servant, to look after her. Rosemary is detained there for an interminable time, and grows more and more restless and unhappy. She again tries to escape, but he returns to the city. She is certain she could find her way unassisted. But again the man refuses. The girl learns the Englishman's name is Westwyn. Martengo, a Spaniard, one of Abd-el Krim's recruits, lured by Rosemary's beauty, desires her. He subtly sets about getting what he wants by pretending to aid her to escape.

off the couch by the impact of their bodies. Huddled on the floor, she shut her eyes, while the room became a whirlwind of struggling figures. A horrible, guttural sound broke into her consciousness. "You're strangling him," said a voice. "It's murder, man. Drop it!" The girl's lids were forced up. Curiosity and panic held her gaze on the fight. Heinz and Pete were trying to pull Westwyn off something crumpled and gulping among the bolsters. With a terrific heave they dragged off the aggressor, shaking him as they might have done a terrier. Some Rifis were looking through the doorway. Rosemary recognized the young Menebbhe. Then unwilling she looked at the figure on the couch. Slowly Martengo pulled himself to his feet. "You'll pay for this," he said thickly. Westwyn nodded toward Rosemary, still on the floor. "Take her back to the guest house, Heinz," he ordered. "Are you all right, Crofton, not hurt?" Martengo lurched just the table. A riding whip lay on it, and in a second the Spaniard had seized it and struck Westwyn across the face. "I'll not fight you here, three to one, you peasant, but I'll shoot you any time you like to name!"

There was an instant of stillness in the room. Then half a dozen voices broke out. The Rifis seized Martengo. Heinz hustled Rosemary out of the door. "You've got to chime come with me," he said, and did not relax his hold even when they were on the path. The girl dragged back. "What will happen? What will they do?" she repeated. "There will be a duel," reported the German. "One of those foot blind duels that the Rifis are so fond of."

Refusing to answer any more questions, he hurried her down the steep track. "If you want to help us," he told her as they reached the guest house, "don't move outside this place." He had started up the hillside before she had time to protest. "What is it?" whispered Zarifa at her elbow. "I saw the Kaid running with men behind him. What has happened?" "There is going to be a duel," said Rosemary, dully. "Zarifa, what is a blind duel?" But the Rif woman was clinging to her arm. "What do you mean? Who is going to fight? Not the Kaid?" "Yes, I'm afraid so. Martengo struck him."

"Alec!" wailed Zarifa. "It will be murder. The Spaniard is as crooked as a witch's stick!" She disappeared into the darkness, barefooted, her bare ravan dragging behind her.

Half an hour later a group of men were gathered in Menebbhe's house. The young headman, his dignity like a mantle on his shoulders, was seated on a carpet. On either side of him stood Westwyn and Martengo. The German and half a dozen Rifis were clustered opposite.

"You are willing to fight in our way, Sidi?" asked the host, looking anxiously at the Englishman. He was disturbed that a matter of such importance must be decided during his father's absence. The honor of the village was in his hands, but though any form of warfare appealed to his sporting spirit he knew that he ought not to endanger the Kaid. That man's life was worth more to Abd-el Krim than half a dozen tribes, yet Menebbhe had been brought up in the Rif tradition. The challenged man must fight. It was in the hands of Allah, he decided. Heaven would decide the issue.

"I will fight in any fool way you like," returned Westwyn impatiently. He, too, was thinking of Abd-el Krim, of his unfinished work. De-n the girl! Women always get themselves into messes. Better get the thing over quickly as possible. Pity he hadn't killed the fellow up there. Menebbhe signaled to a servant and the youth, black, narrow-eyed, with a scar across his lip, brought two pistols. They were the long-barreled native weapons, inlaid with ivory and silver.

"They are twins," said the young chief. "One only will be loaded. You, Sidi, can decide who chooses." The Englishman shrugged indifferently. "I'll leave that bit of flummery to Martengo," he said. "As you will. The pistols will remain in my charge tonight. When the sun rises we will go up the hill. At a signal you will both fire, but only one of you will have an effective weapon."

"It's madness!" broke in Heinz. "The sultan will have your head for this. If the Kaid is killed the French will be in the Rif within a month. You are sparrows without him." He glared at Menebbhe, who responded gravely. "Of a truth, it is likely that our lives will go with the Kaid's, but this is a custom. The Spaniard has been beside us in battle. He can claim this duel. Who am I to deny it in the face of our tradition? Our safety is in the hands of Allah."

"It is settled," said Westwyn. "I'm going to get an hour or two of sleep." He took courteous leave of Menebbhe, conscious, in preoccupied fashion, of a curious glance from the servant who held the pistols. When he was outside he remembered that he had once thrashed the man for stealing. "He'll be up to some monkey-trick if he can," decided the Englishman before his thoughts concentrated on the work he must do before morning. Reports, schemes, orders, all to be worked out in an hour or two. A letter to Abd-el Krim—he'd have a shot at exonerating Menebbhe. Heinz had better get down to the coast if anything happened. And Rosemary? He stopped short. The headman could be trusted to look after her. He would make Mohamed swear her safety on his head and his eyes! Whew, surely the sky was lightning. He went up the hill at a double.

For a year Zarifa had been a member of the headman's household. She had free run of the women's quarters. It had been easy for her, flattened behind an inner door, to hear every word of the discussion concerning the duel. She, too, had noticed the way Farraj, the black servant, had looked at Westwyn and she knew the cause of his hatred. Instinct warned her that she must watch the man, so, without any particular plan, she drifted after him when he went out, a shadow in the denser shadow of the wall. Farraj stepped cautiously. He had caught the Spaniard's eye as he was leaving and infused as much meaning into the glance as possible. Surely the foreigner would see his chance and be willing to pay for it? What a safe and pleasant way of revenge! Martengo was waiting behind a boulder. There was whispered conversation. "This is your chance," murmured the slave. "You must kill him."

"How can I?" retorted the Spaniard irritably. His courage was cooling with the delay. "You are the best shot in the mountains," said Farraj. "It should be easy for you."

"But suppose I don't choose the loaded pistol? How am I to know?" A thought struck him. He bent forward, with lowered voice, "Is there any way of knowing?" Farraj grinned. "The pistols were twins," he said, "but there is a mark on one where a bullet hit it. You will see the long scratch across the metal. Choose that one and it shall be loaded."

"Dios, a clever idea!" Money passed between them. "There will be more tomorrow. If you carry out your plan you will be rich."

"It is settled," said Farraj. "You need fear no more."

Zarifa, crouching behind a smaller boulder, had been unable to hear the conversation, but she was impressed by the attitude of conspiracy and she had heard the clink of money. Soft-footed she glided back to the house and watched Farraj go in to his master. "Shall I load the pistols, Sidi?" asked the slave. "Bring them here and do it in front of me," ordered Menebbhe. Zarifa, breathless behind a curtain, watched the branches snapped open and a bullet slipped into one.

"Leave them with me," ordered the young headman, "and wake me before the light."

(To Be Continued Next Week)

RECIPES

50 Chocolate Drops

One-half cup shortening, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 eggs (beaten), 2 cups flour, 1/2 teaspoon soda, 1/2 cup milk, 3 squares melted chocolate, 1 cup broken walnuts, 1 cup cut raisins. Cream shortening, sugar and salt. Add eggs, then chocolate, nuts and raisins. Sift flour with soda. Add alternately with milk. Drop, flatten with spatula. Bake 10 to 15 minutes.

50 Date Dreams

One-half cup shortening, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 egg (beaten), 1/2 cup rolled oats, 1 teaspoon salt, one-third cup milk, two-thirds cup dates cut fine, 1 1/2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg. Cream shortening, sugar and salt. Add egg, rolled oats and dates. Sift other dry ingredients. Add alternately with milk. Drop, bake 15 minutes.

25 Coconut Cookies

One-fourth cup shortening, 1/2 cup sugar, 1 egg (beaten), 1/2 cup milk, 1/2 teaspoon lemon juice or extract, 1 1/2 cups pastry flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, one-fourth teaspoon salt, 2 cups coconut. Cream shortening and sugar. Add egg, then lemon juice. Stir in coconut, then milk. Last add flour, salt and baking powder sifted together. Drop, allowing space to spread. Bake 15 to 20 minutes.

18 Pecan Wafers

Two tablespoons shortening, 1/4 cup sugar, 1 egg (beaten), 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1/2 teaspoon lemon juice, 1/2 cup pastry flour, 2 tablespoons milk, 1/2 cup chopped pecans, 18 pecan halves. Cream shortening and sugar. Add egg, pecans and lemon juice. Sift flour, baking powder and salt, add alternately with milk to first mixture. Mix well. Drop. Press flat. Put 1/2 pecan on each. Bake 10 to 15 minutes.

All measurements level. All these cookies baked in moderate oven 350 degrees F. About 2 in. space should be allowed on each pan for cookies to spread. Let cookies stand in pan a minute before removing to board to cool. Do not pile or put in jars until quite cold. Flatten only when specified in receipts.

Pineapple Fritters

Cut slices of Canned Hawaiian Pineapple in half, dry them slightly, dip into a thin fritter batter and plunge into a deep, hot fat. When a golden brown, drain, set on a pan, sprinkle with powdered sugar or icing sugar and bake a few minutes in a very hot oven to glaze.

Easy Recipes for Tasty Lima Dishes

BASIC RECIPE: To revive the fresh, juicy tenderness of dried Lima Beans, soak them in cold water from 6 to 8 hours. Drain. Cover with boiling water and cook slowly until tender—about 30 minutes. Add salt after 20 minutes cooking.

BAKED LIMAS WITH MARSHMALLOWS

Boil 1 pound of Lima Beans. Add while cooking 1 1/2 ounces of butter, pinch of garlic, and salt and pepper to suit. After beans are boiled, place in oven pan to brown. Add 1 1/2 ounces butter and 1 1/2 ounces of brown sugar. Place several strips of bacon on top of beans and bake—keep juicy while baking by adding hot water if necessary. Dot top with whole marshmallows, place under broiler flame until toasted a golden brown.

LIMA LUNCHEON SALAD

Arrange on crisp lettuce leaves an individual serving of cold cooked Lima Beans, three ripe olives and two ripe tomato quarters. Sprinkle the whole with minced green pepper. Serve with French Dressing or mayonnaise.

Virgil Not Satisfied

With His Masterpiece

Virgil, the poet, who wrote 2,000 years ago, was the son of a humble farmer. He was born in Italy October 15, 70 B. C. in the commune of Andes, close to Mantua, then a small, provincial town. His father is said to have been originally a servant who married his master's daughter and became a thriving farmer, herdsman and beekeeper.

There was said to be a Celtic strain in Virgil's blood—his names, Virgilius and Maro, have been traced to Celtic roots, says a writer in the Kansas City Star. He probably was not a Roman citizen by birth, but automatically came under the extension of full citizenship to the Cisalpine provinces by Julius Caesar. His early education was received at Milan and at eighteen he joined a group of poets at Rome, the center of literary culture. Here he studied rhetoric, languages, literature and Greek philosophy. He seems to have taken no part in the wars of the period. His Eclogues were published in 37 B. C. He spent seven years composing the Georgics and all his life he worked on the Aeneid, dying unsatisfied with it and expressing a desire that it be burned. He died in 19 B. C. without ever having married.

Hurricanes Cause of

"Spots" Noted on Sun

Storms on the sun are nothing but hurricanes, like those that sweep the Caribbean sea and the Florida coast, but on a much grander scale. Instead of a speed of 100 miles an hour or so, they move faster than that in a second, and instead of being composed of air they are hurricanes of flaming gases. A hurricane on the earth revolves around a central calm that may be 20 miles or so across. The whole world, and several more like it, could be placed side by side in the central vortex of such storm on the sun. They get their name of sun spots because this central vortex photographs as a black spot on the astronomer's plate. But it is only a comparative black; for actually it is a flaming zone far brighter than the greatest sunlight ever built. It is only in comparison with the intense brightness of the rest of the sun that it appears black.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

"Shakespeare" Apt Name

The name of Shakespeare was first borne by a tall man who was attached to the royal bodyguard and who was present during one of the battles and saw an assassin stealing up to a royal person, either king or next heir (I cannot remember which). He snatched a spear from an armor bearer and ran him through, just in time to save the victim intended. For this he was sent for and knighted on the field and given a spear and commanded to walk before royalty on public occasions for three generations and to receive a grant of five yards of scarlet cloth annually. After this a settlement of an estate a day's journey from London was given and kept for many years, and the owner had to appear at court and wave or shake a spear to prevent anyone coming too near to do harm to the king.—Hector Bolitho, in the Bookman.

Where Flowers Grow

Steep sided valleys and ravines are moist at their bottoms, and thus afford homes for plants that love water. It is difficult for water in such hollows to evaporate and thus the moisture condenses growth in moisture loving plants. Evaporation at the bottom even of a shallow ravine goes on from 20 to 30 per cent less rapidly than it does at the exposed rim, and when the effect of the full sunlight at the top is contrasted with that of the deep shade at the bottom, the loss of water to the air at the lower end of the series may be less than half that at the upper.

YOUR BRAKES NEED PERSONAL ATTENTION

Rainy Season Now Here and Auto Brakes Should be in Good Shape

MAKES DRIVING SAFE

Lack of Equalization of Brakes Causes Many Accidents Especially On Wet Streets

The Portland police department inaugurated another brake testing week, this week end many out of town people had their brakes inspected. But there must be many cars in the county that have not had their lights or brakes tested and owners should see that these matters are attended to at once.

The rainy season is upon us and it is better to spend a few dollars now than to be "sorry" and pay heavily later.

Automobiles with two wheel brakes should be able to stop within 40 feet while traveling 20 miles per hour, and those equipped with four wheel brakes to stop within 22 feet.

Motorists driving cars where brake linings will grab in good shape, should have their cars tested, as often the brakes need equalizing, investigations prove that lack of equalization of brakes causes many accidents, especially on wet streets.

The motorist who will take the time to have his brakes tested, will also probably have the steering column and other vital points of his car examined. By catching all minor defects, we hope to reduce accidents by removing all possibility of a mechanical defect.

Bottomless Well

One of the most curious and most interesting natural wonders to be found in Arizona is Montezuma well. This strange lake is located about the center of the state in an isolated community. The well itself is some 200 yards across, and as far as it has been possible to determine, is bottomless.

The water in the well is absolutely clear and pure. It maintains a certain level all the time, which is not affected by the dryness or wetness of the season. The walls that rise precipitously above these clear waters and reflect themselves in them were at one time the homes of a populous community. For this is the very center of what was once the cliff dwellers' stronghold in Arizona, a primitive people in the midst of civilization.

ALONG LIFE'S TRAIL

By THOMAS ARKLE CLARK
Dean of Men, University of Illinois

IT ISN'T ART

Young came into the office in a cheerful and enthusiastic way as if for a friendly call. He talked for a while and then rose to go.

"You haven't been down to the house lately, have you?" he inquired. "Can't you come down to dinner Thursday evening? I'm sure the boys would be glad to see you."

I had no other engagement for Thursday, so I accepted the invitation.

"I wonder if you'd excuse me early next week?" he continued. "I'd like to go home a couple of days before the vacation begins. I haven't anything especially important in my class work, and I'd like a little extra time."

It is a pretty rigid rule we have that students may not go early at vacation time or come back late, and Young knew it. He had really come in to ask for an extension and had planned his approach as I have indicated. I should have felt better if he had asked for the favor before he put me under obligation to himself. It wasn't art; it was too apparently planned and artificial. I almost had to let him go, only I didn't.

"How well you are looking," Mrs. Richards said to me the other evening, as she grasped my hand. "It seems to me you grow younger every time I see you."

Mrs. Richards is Irish; she knows what words to use, and she uses them as if she thought them gospel truth and expected you to receive them as such. That is art.

It is the art which does not conceal art to which we so object. We see it in speech, in manners, in dress, in the artifices which have a part in our relations with each other. It isn't art when it is apparent that it is not real. (© 1927, Western Newspaper Union.)

BIRTHS

Did you know that out of every hundred births, twins are born once, and that in Ireland the average is higher,—one pair for every seventy-two births? Triplets occur once in every 7,000 births; quadruplets, only once in every 370,000 births.

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