



# DAGGER

by Mary Dahlberg

**SYNOPSIS:** A 14-year-old niece of a Texas rancher, Dagger, falls in love with a young man, an American adventurer, who has been rescued from some Mexican insurgents. However, she has a selfish love and she wants the temptation to return her affection, and leaves to join the Allied armies in France. Soon after he is reported missing and probably dead, Dagger, heartbroken, goes to live with an aunt in San Antonio, where she meets Captain Jack Vanering, a young man who tells her love story. He helps her learn to fly, and she comes to like him. She could be ordered to France and immediately they elope and are married. Vanering's mother disapproves their union, but she never and Dagger's uncle, who has brought her up, and the ranch, like Vanering. A heavy drinker, he promises Dagger to stop.

### Chapter 14

#### "A MURDEROUS SOUND"

AS Dagger clung to Jack's arm, watching the group of their friends descend to nothingness down the disheartening perspective of the falls, the possibility of failure or unhappiness in the future never occurred to her.

And joy still enveloped her when she descended to the platform at New York. Jack's family. They were simply a new adventure to be conquered, and she looked up eagerly as he exclaimed:

"There they are!"

Mr. Vanering she liked at once. He was a tall man, with stopped shoulders, and wore his grey beard without affectation. He kissed her with a timid heartiness. Kitty was friendly, too—a stoutish person, bluff, plainspoken, smartly turned out.

But Mrs. Vanering regarded her coldly, almost challengingly, as if she were an enemy. "Why, she doesn't like me," was Dagger's instinct thought. And being Dagger, her chin went up, and with the respect of her greeting was blended a restraint she didn't show towards the others. But she didn't underestimate her mother-in-law. Mrs. Vanering was small and dainty. She had exquisite hands and feet, and lovely pink skin, set off by soft, white hair. Her movements were languid, and her attitude was one of indifference.

"So this is Alexandra?" she said. "You are very young."

"I'm almost eighteen," answered Dagger.

Everyone laughed, except Mrs. Vanering.

"You work fast," said Kitty. "I'm twenty-three, and I haven't thought of getting married yet."

"It is not the custom for girls to marry so young in the East," remarked her mother. Her gaze dwelt bleakly upon Dagger's features, slightly flushed in the excitement of the moment. "We were greatly surprised to hear of Jack's marriage."

"Well, it was a surprise to me," Dagger responded merrily.

"We find it a most delightful surprise," Mr. Vanering said heartily. "You are very welcome, my dear."

"I didn't think Jack had the taste," Kitty said. "Anyhow he never showed it before."

"Oh, look here, now, sis," Jack protested mock-seriously. But there was nothing mock-serious about his mother's icy comment:

"I am sure, Kitty, your brother could have married any one of a number of attractive girls. If you please, we won't just a-out marriage."

Dagger felt like a little girl, refused indirectly for something she hadn't done.

"Yes, Mrs. Vanering," she assented, "and I want so to make a success of it."

"We will do what we can for you, Alexandra," she replied. "You are one of the family, of course, and the Vanerings have a great pride of name."

"You mustn't feel lonely, my dear," Mr. Vanering said to Dagger. "You belong to us, and I am looking forward to our closer acquaintance. After all, you are my daughter as much as Jack's wife, aren't you?" His smile was heart-warming, and Dagger promptly dismissed the uneasiness she had derived from Mrs. Vanering's reception of her. "We wish to do everything we can, you know, to atone for your losing Jack so soon. It seems very unfair to you."

"Oh, but I wouldn't have him stay home for anything," protested Dagger.

"You want your husband to go to France?" he queried.

"Certainly. Any wife would feel the same in the circumstances."

"No, my dear, not any wife," he corrected. "And permit me to caution you not to discuss this topic with Jack's mother."

Once more Dagger's heart fell. It was disarming to encounter a mother-in-law who appeared to

hold such radically different views on the fundamentals of life.

"I'll do all I can to please Mrs. Vanering," she answered. "I want her to love me."

"I'm sure she will, Alexandra," Mr. Vanering assured her—but without conviction. "And while we are on the subject, perhaps you don't know that Jack's transport sails tomorrow night?"

Dagger gasped. "We hadn't expected it would be so soon."

"I thought you should know at once," he said regretfully. "Come, my dear, we'll find the car, and carry you home. You are tired, and you must have a chance to rest, for we have had to ask a number of relatives and intimates of the family to dinner tonight to meet you. You see, Jack's time is so short. This is the one opportunity of presenting you as a couple."

Dagger's head was in a whirl. Events had come fast in the last few weeks. Presently they were crawling through the traffic of Forty-third Street, and Dagger was made conscious of the city's overmade concourse of the city's overmade concourse. She was relieved when the car halted in front of a wide brownstone house facing Central Park; the vista of lawns and trees pretended to at least a semblance of independence of the surrounding hulks of steel and stone.

"We are putting you in your old rooms, Jack," said his mother. "One of the guest rooms has been thrown in with it. I hope you and Alexandra will find it comfortable."

Bewildered and more disposed to loneliness than she had been yet, Dagger followed Jack in silence through a door at the end of the hall; but bewilderment and loneliness faded when he took her in his arms.

"It all seems very new, doesn't it, honey?" he murmured in her ear. "But remember, this is home to you just as much as to me."

"You are going tomorrow night," she exclaimed, with a little catch in her voice.

"Well, we've got tonight and tomorrow," he reassured her. "Kiss me! Again! Again! Now, what do you want to do first?"

She dressed with precise care. Her brown hair was parted in the middle and knotted flatly behind her small, shapely head. Her ivory-brown skin was guiltless of rouge. Her frock was beige, cut simply and not very low.

When Jack burst in upon her again he caught her in his arms and hugged her until she begged for mercy. He was more loving, more appreciative, than he had ever been, she thought, walking downstairs and into the drawing room beside him.

His pride in her went far to mitigate the strain of introductions to a dozen guests, all relatives or family friends, whose names were representative of the best known elements in New York society: hard-featured women, beautifully gowned, off-hand in manner; stock, well-groomed men.

One or two attempts to patronize her she squelched, quietly, and then the men, discovering that she could talk intelligently and knew how to handle herself, combined to encourage her. The women, on the contrary, couldn't quite forgive her youth and differentness. Kitty, alone, was bluntly friendly.

"I like you, Alex," she called across the table. "There isn't a woman here who wouldn't talk her head off if she had flown an aeroplane."

Jack spoke: "It won't be long now before women will be doing everything that men do—from voting to cutting their hair."

"This drew several quips from the other men, and likewise focused Kitty's attention on her brother.

"I say, Jack," she exclaimed, "you aren't drinking!"

"On the wagon," he returned. "Promised Dagger."

"Good work, Alex," applauded Kitty.

But Mrs. Vanering thrust back her chair. "If you will give me your arm, Jack, we will leave the gentlemen to their coffee."

As Dagger rose with the other women, she overheard her mother-in-law say:

"What do you call your wife?" "Dagger. It's a nickname. You see, there's a plant—"

"I'm not interested further," Mrs. Vanering cut him off. "It has a murderous sound."

(Copyright, 1930, The Dillard and Company)

With a mother-in-law frankly hostile, and her husband daily facing death 2,000 miles away, can Dagger bear the strain?

## NEW BRIDLE TRAIL FOR CRATER LAKE NEAR COMPLETION

CRATER LAKE, Ore., Aug. 7.—(Special.)—Perhaps within a week the new bridge trail extending from the rim of Crater lake near the junction of the north rim road, west into the flower gardens of Castle creek, will be in condition to carry those who in the past years have lamented over being unable to see Crater lake beyond the rim itself.

This new trail winds beneath the drooping branches of the mountain hemlock and brings one directly to one of the largest volcanic bombs that may be seen in the forests of the ancient Mount Mazama.

From this point the trail goes through glades and meadows until it reaches the old camp-site where one finds names and dates that have been carved on the trees at that early date when a trip to Crater lake was a real adventure.

Young romances are hinted in the carvings found on the trees, which no doubt were cut by the earliest visitors to Crater lake.

Another reminder of the early days is a tumble-down cabin, once occupied by some hunter many years ago. There are many other such sights that meet the eye as the trail winds along through the green woods, and the visitor feels the same as the explorer does when treading over strange undiscovered lands—there is an air of romance that pervades the air, which is incentive enough for anyone to probe further into the country surrounding Crater lake.

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## TALENT CITY LOTS TO BE HOME SITES

TALENT, Ore., Aug. 7.—(Special.)—At the regular meeting of the city council of Talent Tuesday evening, E. E. Cook purchased from the city one lot adjoining his home property and two lots were also purchased by W. B. Jones. Each party plans to erect buildings to comply with the city building code.

W. B. Jones is remodeling the dwelling he recently purchased into a modern home.

John Hubbard has just completed a shop on his property and the new living quarters of Mr. and Mrs. Tame at the auto park are near completion.

PHOENIX, Ore., Aug. 7.—(Special.)—Boy Scout troop No. 15 continues to stack up totals in the gypsy tour, which ends at the end of August. One of the three patrols of the Phoenix troop hopes to win the prize and get the free trip to San Francisco and back. They will go to San Francisco by way of the Pacific highway and return by way of the Redwood highway.

Scouts Harvey Sears, Bruce Wilson and Fred Morse, three scouts who attended the scout camp at Lake of the Woods, report a fine time, good "grub," some hard work and lots of play. Each of the boys made some advancement in scouting during the camp.

Apartment Destroyed. CONDON, Ore., Aug. 7.—(Special.)—Six tenants of the Horner apartments were made homeless by a fire which swept the two-story stucco building last night. The fire started in the basement. Damage was unestimated.

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## DIVINE HEALING IN ASHLAND TONIGHT

ASHLAND, Ore., Aug. 7.—(Special.)—Rev. and Mrs. Watson Ague, young evangelists holding services at Ashland in a large tent pitched on the Junior high school grounds, will conduct a divine healing service tonight.

"The Great Physician" will be the subject. Following the sermon, the sick persons present will be brought to the platform where they will receive prayers for healing. According to Rev. Ague, a large number will be prayed for.

The services, which started last Sunday night, are being well attended. The tent accommodates about 1,000. A large number of new converts are reported to have "hit the sawdust trail."

Birds Caught With Mirrors. Greediness of pigeons is to be used in ridding London of many of her undesirable birds. Men employed by the city to do away with 2,000 pigeons say that the birds are quick to seize any food before them if another is near. The mirrors are to be used to produce "the other bird," and so enable the men to catch them while they are greedily devouring scattered corn.

THRESHER BURNS IN SAMS VALLEY

SAMS VALLEY, Ore., Aug. 7.—(Special.)—Fire, supposedly from over-heated pistons, destroyed the Garrett threshing machine Tuesday afternoon, while threshing the Garrett grain on the Denel and Strang farm.

Before the separator tender was aware of anything burning the machine burst into flames and

quickly ignited the straw pile. Heroic work prevented the fire from spreading into the field of shocked grain. About 100 bushels of grain was threshed, but no grain was destroyed.

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## PHOENIX PACKING HOUSES TO OPEN

PHOENIX, Ore., Aug. 7.—(Special.)—The two packing houses here will start up the latter part of this week or the first of next week. Both expect to have long runs and be able to employ a number of people.

The Independent Packing company, formerly run by Bert Standcliff, but which was recently leased to R. G. Hardwell of Medford, plans to employ twice the number as formerly.

The Newbury Packing company has also added several to their force.

WORK FULL CREW AT O-O CAMP 2

OWEN OREGON CAMP TWO, Bille Falls, Ore., Aug. 7.—(Special.)—Camp Two has begun its second week, opening with a full crew of men, totaling 77.

The camp is furnishing twenty carcasses of pine daily.

Mrs. George West and friends visited her husband here Sunday.

L. C. Richmond reports huckleberries are getting ripe but they are not as plentiful as last year.

## Kill all bed bugs!

Flit is first aid to the clean home!

World's Largest Insect-Killer!

FLIT

Women's Hose \$1.00 pair

Silk from top to toe with French Heel

The Bogery

FLIT

FLIT

# COMING SOON MAIL TRIBUNE BARGAIN DAYS

THIS ANNUAL LOOKED FOR EVENT WILL OCCUR

## SEPTEMBER 4, 5 & 6