

VALIANT DUST

by Percival Christopher Wren

SYNOPSIS: A dirty Arab brings a message from the King of Mekezen to Major Napoleon Riccoli of the Foreign Legion. Riccoli has ambitions to be a ruler himself, and his treachery is France. Years before Riccoli was forced to leave the French regular army because Col. Le Sage found him out. And Otho Beilima, English gentleman and legionnaire, has been given a passport by the "Arab" which identifies him as a colonel in the Secret Service. Otho's assistance is increased by apparently treacherous intentions from Riccoli. Riccoli entrusts the "Arab" with a dangerous message for the King of Mekezen.

Chapter 10
BOMBELLI, OR LANGEACI
SERGEANT-MAJOR VITTORELLI himself thereafter entertained the messenger, who seemed deeply interested in the men and ways of the post, and, after sunset, lantern in hand, escorted him to the gate, and saw him out into the night.

As the Moor swung down the hillside to where his camels were tethered, a mile or so from the fort, he frowned in deep thought.

"It might be a genuine coup," he mused. "It might. And then again, if I know my Riccoli, my budding Napoleon... We shall see."

With a ragged tough-looking man, clad in a goat-hair cloak, whom he addressed as Pierrepont, but who appeared to be but a dirty Arab camel-driver, he discussed the matter at some length, and in the French tongue, as they drank coffee together.

"Wonder if Langeaci will have any difficulty in joining us tonight?" mused the dirty camel-driver, changing the subject.

"Not he, my dear Pierrepont. Or if he has any difficulty, he'll overcome it."

Both men laughed.

"He saw you all right today?"

"He did."

"And you're sure he recognized you?"

"Quite. We fairly exchanged glances - after I'd made the sign..."

"Yes... Langeaci will be with us by-and-by," he continued. "and then we'll get off as soon as possible."

"Langeaci's the clever one," smiled the dirty camel-man.

"Clever as the devil," agreed the other.

The two sipped their coffee in silence for a while.

"What are you laughing at?" inquired the camel-driver.

"Thinking of Riccoli's face when I confront him with Langeaci."

"May I be there to see," breathed the camel-man fervently.

Sensation...!

Nine days' wonder.

An interest in life at last—an absolute tonic and a marvellous cure of incipient sun madness.

Bombelli had not lived in vain for he had deserted in the night—and given *les idjonnaires* something to talk about.

At least, he was missing from his post, and he could hardly have vanished into thin air, been spirited away, kidnapped.

"We exchanged glances—"

"What a fool!" said *les idjonnaires* as one man.

Where on earth did he think he could get to, from there? How long did he think he was going to live in that desert without water?

The silly lunatic knew what a terrible business it had been for the properly-equipped section to reach the spot where they had built the post.

And how long did he suppose he was going to escape the attention, and attentions, of the Arabs—Bedouin, Touareg, Hoggar raiders, Moorish mountaineers? What did he suppose they'd do to him when they caught him, as most assuredly they would?

The poor pitiable silly fool. What worse spot could he have chosen in all Africa, from which to attempt to desert.

And what a queer thing, too, that a man who obviously stood high in the favor of the Sergeant-Major should desert! A man who was never "for it," never in cells, never in trouble of any sort—a man moreover, with good pickings as an officer's servant.

Well, well—if they'd been told that one of the Section was going to desert, the very last man they would have expected to do so would have been Major Riccoli's orderly.

Nor, it transpired, was that the queerest thing about this queer business, for it soon became known that Bombelli had deserted unarmed.

Absolutely unarmed; for, before going over the wall, he had lent



APPLIGATE MINES ATTRACTING MANY

APPLIGATE, Feb. 20.—(Sp.)—Mining seems to be a very interesting way of living through the depression and many Appligate mines have been exchanging hands recently. John Slum of Seattle recently purchased

the Ruby mine on Middle Fork where he has employed five men who are doing development work. Carl Gasco and C. A. Parriott also are among miners recently locating on Appligate having purchased a mine from Polly Watkins. There are two new houses being built on this mine which shows all signs of the modern city homes, as they have hot and cold showers.

Weather conditions will not permit mining at present but it is reported several large nuggets have been found. Bill Hinson of Medford also has three men employed in another mine on Middle Fork.

HOLLYWOOD HEEDS HUMANE PROTEST

Contributed

Some time ago the Humane Society appealed to all local welfare organizations to send protests to Carl Laemmle, Jr., Universal Film Corporation, protesting against the filming

of "Men Without Fear," which was said to feature actual bull fighting. To those organizations which sent in protests the Humane Society makes the announcement through this paper that the bull fight is "held up."

Thanks for your help. The letters sent to California did a lot of good. To quote the American Humane Association, "Don't forget one thing. When a single person sings it is a solo; when a married person sings

it is a duet. But when the whole crowd sings it is a chorus." With every respect to solo it is the chorus that counts most. It is louder, much against the stentorian voice of the bull, but when the whole chorus lustily sings the bull hasn't a chance. This is what seems to have happened: Every time we call upon you we want you to appreciate the importance of the chorus.

Woman To Get Medal
WASHINGTON, Feb. 20.—(AP)—A congressional medal for the woman credited with saving the life of President-elect Roosevelt by making the first bullet from the pistol of Giuseppe Zangara go astray was proposed today in the House.

I will appreciate your votes in the Medford Merchants' Popularity contest. ROSAMOND WALL, Tel. 735-M.

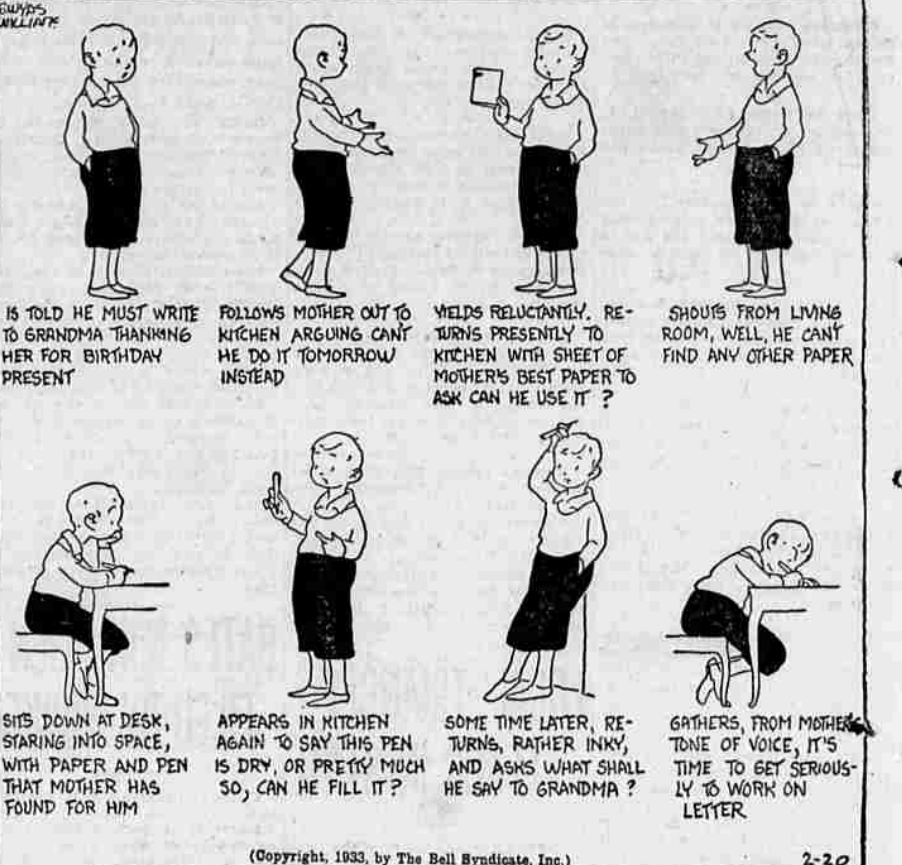
S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



SNAPSHOTS OF A BOY WRITING A LETTER

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Rattling The Family Skeleton

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



BOUND TO WIN—At The License Bureau

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—That's Me

By SOL HESS



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



Talent Grange Has Program Furnished By School Children

An excellent program was given by the Talent school children at the grange meeting Feb. 18. Some readings on the life of George Washington and Abe Lincoln were included. High school glee club sang two numbers.

The Tumblers, a new high school organization formed pyramids. Some old time dance pieces were played by Mr. and Mrs. Boone, who later played for the dance, enjoyed after the grange.

A WORLD OF FLAVOR
WRIGLEY'S
KEPT RIGHT IN CELLOPHANE

There's No Guesswork in Tribune A. B. C. Circulation