

# VALIANT DUST

by Percival Christopher Wren

**Chapter 31**  
**AN ANSWER COMES**  
ONE day, a dirty, ragged and squint-eyed Moor unobtrusively handed a letter to Margaret as she crossed the courtyard on her way from El Isa Beth el Ain's apartments to her own.

It was written in a somewhat spidery foreign handwriting and was apparently from Herr Schlicht, who, after an absence of some days, had returned to the Castle.

"Will you walk in the tiled garden at moonlight? Neither Raisul nor your husband will be in the castle. When nobody is about go to the doorway that leads up to the corridor in which we talked. I shall be waiting and watching. Trust me and come—do not be afraid. Your good friend."

Once again a feeble ray of hope shone in Margaret's heart. Evidently her own note, with its unsigned appeal, "Please help me!"—which had been entrusted to this same dirty little Moor, had reached his master.

Herr Schlicht, Carl von Mittemberg was waiting in the black darkness of the corridor or tunnel that led from the doorway. As Margaret entered from the moon-lit garden a hand seized hers and a voice whispered:

"Have no fear, Frau Maligni. All right, yes? It is very good jolly fine splendid. I will lead."

Easy enough to tell her not to be afraid. But afraid she certainly was. What girl wouldn't be afraid in such circumstances—the darkness, the sinister silence, this stranger who, although always dressed in turban and Moorish slippers, spoke German and broken English.

Of course she was afraid. Frightened nearly to death. But what was it that Otho used to say?

"Courage is not being without fear, young Muggie. It is conquering the fear you have got. Where there is no fear there is no courage—and no need for it."  
So she must conquer "the fear that she had got."  
"Here we are," said Herr Schlicht, who could apparently see in the dark, halting at length and knocking a double knock, followed by a single knock and then another double knock, on what was presumably a door. Margaret wondered whether he was knocking with a pistol-but, and whether he could



Of course she would trust him, thought Margaret.

Of course she would trust him and go; and would not be afraid. Intuitively she felt that this man Schlicht was trustworthy, but what about the squint-eyed Moor? How was she to know that he had not first taken this note straight to Raisul himself, in hope and expectation of reward?

Who was it had told her to be wary of squint-eyed people? Why of course, it was Otho, one day in Big Atto, when they had been making grimaces at each other, and he had told her not to squint or the wind might change and she'd be "struck like it." Laughingly he had then remarked that, if that happened, he wouldn't trust her any more.

Oh, Otho, Otho! . . . Should she risk it, and go? Yes, the note was genuine enough. How should Raisul know where she and Herr Schlicht had met and talked?

Unless, of course, Herr Schlicht was as bad as the rest of them, and for his own ends, was assisting Raisul.

But no. Somehow she felt sure that Schlicht was trustworthy. He might have his own game to play—undoubtedly he had, of course—but he was not a traitor, a swindler, a treacherous brute who would do a thing like that. She would trust him, and go.

But what was the Spanish proverb that she had heard the Senor Pedro Maligni laughingly quote once or twice to Jules, when a squint-eyed serving-man had waited on them? "Hope that fellow isn't going to poison us," he jested. "No hay tuerto bueno."

That meant that no good can come from one who squints. Well, that was rubbish; and certainly there were plenty of people from whom no good could ever come and who did not squint. Raisul for one. Yes. She would risk it. Better a bad end, than no end at all, to this hideous uncertainty and suspense.

## HIGHWAY WORK IS CONTRACTED

PORTLAND, Mar. 15.—(AP)—Highway work in Oregon amounting to about \$65,000 was awarded by the state highway commission here yesterday.

The largest item was \$30,250 for re-

grading the Rice Hill section of the Pacific highway in Douglas county. Eighteen bids were received on this project and S. H. Newell of Portland was low.

For grading and paving the approaches to the Santiam river bridge at Jefferson, the Portland company of Landstrom & Peigenson was low at \$14,355.

Desirable houses always in first-class condition for rent, lease or sale. Call 105.

## GOVERNOR SIGNS IMPORTANT BILLS

SALEM, March 15.—(AP)—Executive signature was attached to the new horse-racing bill, the general sales tax measure and the Grange district power bill, the office of Gov-

ernor Julius L. Meier announced late yesterday. A total of 81 bills were returned with his signature, while no new vetoes were announced. The executive has until tomorrow night to clear up the balance of the measures, more than fifty.

Of these major measures, the racing bill and the power measure carry the emergency clause and become effective at once.

## HITCH HIKER GETS LIFE IMPRISONMENT

ROSEBURG, Ore., March 15.—(AP) Robert A. Moore, recently arrested at San Francisco, charged with assault

and robbery while armed with a dangerous weapon, was this morning sentenced by Circuit Judge J. W. Hamilton to life imprisonment in the Oregon penitentiary.

Moore entered a plea of guilty to attacking A. P. Macomber, traveling salesman from San Francisco, February 26, while the two were on a trip from Roseburg to Reedsport in Macomber's car.

## S'MATTER POP—



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## By C. M. PAYNE

## OFF AND ON



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## By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Ferdinand's Treasure Map An Open Secret!



By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

## BOUND TO WIN—Jim's Hunch



By EDWIN ALGER

## THE NEBBS—Kitty! Kitty!



By SOL HESS

## BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus

## J. C. PENNEY AD GETS ATTENTION

A "moratorium" advertisement carried in the Mail Tribune for the J. C. Penney store here, has won the attention and admiration of the Pacific Builder and Engineer magazine

staff, a letter received today by W. S. Bolger revealed. Written by P. A. Allen, the letter compliments Mr. Bolger upon the advertisement appearing in the Mail Tribune, while banks were closed, and asks that two copies be forwarded to Seattle headquarters. The advertisement exhibited a clever use of banking terms as names of colors, and stressed the fact that buying could carry on in spite of conditions.

Broken windows glazed by Trowbridge Cabinet Works.



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