

VALIANT DUST

By Percival Christopher Wren

SYNOPSIS: Frightened by the ominous advances of Ricolli, son of the King of Mademoiselle, Margaret is forced to go for aid to a German agent in Mademoiselle. He suggests that she return Margaret to him what she seems from Major Napoleon Ricolli of the Foreign Legion, ostensibly on a mission from France to the King but actually a traitor. Margaret's husband Jules has become detestable to her. In Ricolli's command is Otto Beldine, Margaret's first sweetheart. Ricolli tells her of the exploits of another traitor to France.

Chapter 36 ANOTHER CROWN

THINK of it, Mademoiselle. That alone shows what a man Vauroi was and to what power he rose.

"They might call the state, the kingdom, that he founded, a 'robber-republic' of which he was the worst and wickedest robber, but the fact remains, they had first to make war upon him, and then, having failed to defeat him, they sent a mission to negotiate with him.

"What became of him? Nobody knows, or rather, as I said, no European knows. But one thing is certain, neither he, nor any man of his battery was ever seen by a white man again.

"Think of it, Mademoiselle. . . . And while he, too, thought of it, Major Ricolli, with apparent absence of mind, put his right arm about Margaret's waist and then, with obvious presence of mind, put his left hand beneath her chin, tipped up her face and drew her close to him.

With equal presence of mind, Margaret wriggled free.

"Madame Maligini," he said reproachfully, "Margaret, I have fallen in love with you. I love you. My first love and love at first sight. Do you love me?"

"Not yet, Major Ricolli."

"Margaret, could you love me?"

"I don't know, Major Ricolli."

"Ah, but you do not know. You call me Major Ricolli, but that I shall not be for long. Do you know my other name?"

"I'm afraid not, Major Ricolli."

"Napoleon."

"How terribly interesting."

"Yes, it is, as you say, interesting, and as you say, it shall be terrible. Not for nothing am I a Napoleon, a Corsican, a soldier, My name sake and prototype made a humble colonial wench an empress; the obscure gentleman of Bordeaux whom you mentioned tonight, made a notary's daughter a queen; Voluet, a mere captain, would have made Tamarno an Empress, had he lived; doubtless Vauroi has raised some dusky desert-girl to be as a second queen of Sheba."

Again the eloquent speaker placed his arm about Margaret's waist.

"Margot," he whispered, "would you be a queen?"

"I don't think so, Major Ricolli."

"Margot! There was a Queen Margot, as you know. Will you be my queen?"

"I'm afraid I'm not eligible, Major Ricolli."

"Eligible? You? Margaret, you? I fancy, am worthy of you. And you—are worthy of me. So beautiful, so witty, so charming, so clever—for you are a clever woman as well as a lovely one—why, you and I, Margret, are a pair. Nay, we are one. Soon I shall be Ricolli the Great. You are Margaret the Beautiful. Be my queen."

Margaret rose to her feet, turned round once and sat down again, free from the urgent, encircling arm.

"But however beautiful I may be, and however great you are, Major Ricolli," she protested, "I really am not eligible. I think you met my husband at dinner."

"Husbands? Pah! What are husbands?"

"Well—or—," began Margaret.

"Husbands are rather . . ."

"To the devil with husbands. The man I saw at dinner may be a perfectly good Monsieur Maligini, and your husband, but I am Major Napoleon Ricolli, and your lover."

Margaret coughed slightly.

"That, and more, far more." And Major Ricolli spoke of generals, field-marshal, conquerors, dictators, and of successful men who would be kings.

"Husbands," he concluded, "what are they to me—and to you?"

Margaret thought of what her husband was to her.

"Husbands? Had not Napoleon's Josephine a husband? And did that trouble Napoleon? Would it trouble me?"

"It might trouble you, Major Ricolli. I don't know, but it might."

Major Ricolli laughed and flicked an imaginary husband into the air.

Looking up as he did so, he discovered that a very large man, Arab

or Moor, was standing before him, a man whose face was hidden in the shadow of his hood but whose voice seemed familiar when he begged permission to interrupt him, and to announce that his Excellency the Kaid would speak with his guest upon matters of the utmost importance.

"Pest!" said Major Ricolli.

And,

"Good night, Major Ricolli," said Margaret.

As the dapper Major Ricolli, on his way to the hall of audience, descended the steps that led down from Margaret's walk, to the formal, artificial and somewhat pathetic garden, sacred to the use of the household, the big "Moor" turned to Margaret, threw back his hood, and smiled his friendly beam of greeting.

"Well, Mademoiselle?" he said in French. "This is a good spot for a quiet talk. We shan't be disturbed or seen here. Clever Mademoiselle."

"Not Française, or Frau, Herr Schlacht?" answered Margaret, without discovering, if she could, why this man whom she instinctively trusted, talked sometimes in German, sometimes broken German-English, sometimes German-French, and sometimes perfect French, and sometimes excellent English.

"No, Mrs. Maligini. No more Française, nor Frau, Herr Schlacht between us. We're friends, and we're going to be partners, and we'll talk in English. We're going to help each other. Now, you tell me exactly what Ricolli said to you—and then I am going to tell you the truth about myself. Cards on the table, eh?"

"Yes," agreed Margaret. "Major Ricolli said nothing about respecting confidences, or indeed that he was being confidential. In fact, he rather gave me the impression that he'd said it all before, and perhaps many times."

"Herr Schlacht" laughed.

"Clever girl. He has said some of it before, we may be quite sure. Did he rise to the bait of the man who made himself a king?"

"You should have heard him! And he was equally eloquent on the subject of a Captain Vauroi."

"Oh! This is really helpful, Margaret. May I call you that?"

"Of course."

"Really helpful, interesting and valuable. Tell me all about it."

"I'll do my best to remember every word," replied Margaret, and did so.

"Oh, splendid!" commented Herr Schlacht when she had finished her story. "I think that quite settles it. Now I really do know where I am."

"And where are you?" asked Margaret.

"Just exactly where I thought I was," smiled Herr Schlacht. "And now I'll tell you something in return. And something that I hope will help you as much as you've helped me."

"God knows I want help," said Margaret. "Someone to whom I can turn, and whom I can trust."

The man put his big hand over hers.

"You can trust me," he said, "as I trust you. Listen. I am a French officer, Colonel Le Sage, secret service, in fact; and I'm here on a very special job."

"I'm telling you this because I know that wild horses wouldn't drag it out of you, and because I want to win your complete trust by giving you mine. I have lived in England, and I know your type, Margaret, both intuitively and from observation. As I have said, I want your help. And as I have promised, you can count on mine—absolutely. The position's this."

"The Kaid, like his father, has been a nuisance, an embarrassment, and a danger, to France, ever since she began to extend her sphere of influence and civilization in this direction. Like his father, he has been a thorn in the side of the military authorities, a constant menace, and an ever-present cloud on their horizon."

"And now it's going to end. It's going to end because he has become an anachronism; because he presumes to hinder France's great work in Africa; because he is trying to bring Germany and Italy into this part of the world, and turn the march of progress into a dog-fight; and because his son bids fair to be a far bigger, and far more dangerous, enemy."

"And that young man is neither mad nor a megalomaniac, but he intends to be Sultan of Morocco, and that merely for a start."

(Copyright, 1932, F. A. Stokes Co.)

Margaret learns more of her husband's terrible work, Monday.

AUTOIST BOASTS A CHARMED LIFE

VANCOUVER, Wash., March 22.—(AP)—A remarkable escape from serious injury was experienced today by William Jones, 27, whose automobile

crashed through a guard rail on a cunty road near here and dropped 40 feet into a gully below. A nearby farmer heard the crash, ran to the place and was able to lift the top of the car from Jones' throat. He had nearly choked to death.

The automobile skidded on ice on the wooden planks and tore out a section of rail. One long splinter pierced the radiator, ran between the spokes of the steering wheel and out the back of the car without touching Jones. Another splinter entered the front of the car and emerged just above the floor boards without injuring the man. He received only minor cuts and bruises.

Lenten Services At Zion Lutheran

Special Lenten services are being held each Wednesday evening in Zion English Lutheran church, West 4th street, at Oakdale, Geo. P. Kabele, D. D., pastor, at 7:30 o'clock with sermons on the general theme: "The

LABOR DEPARTMENT WILL BE CONTINUED

WASHINGTON, March 22.—(P)—Secretary Frances Perkins today outlined a sweeping reorganization of her labor department, including complete overhauling of the employment service, a scientific survey of the statistical service and a consolidation of the immigration service.

The citrus fruit exhibit from Polk county won the blue ribbon this year for the fifth time in six years at the South Florida fair.

TELEPHONE SHY

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



CALLS UP HUSBAND TO TELL HIM BABY HAS BEEN SAYING DA-DA AND SHE'LL GET HIM TO SAY IT INTO TELEPHONE



HOLDS BABY UP TO TELEPHONE, BABY IMMEDIATELY GOING SILENT



BABY GETS BORED WITH THE PROCEEDINGS AND TRIES TO CLIMB OVER MOTHER'S SHOULDER. MOTHER EXPLAINS INTO TELEPHONE HE'S JUST A LITTLE SHY



HOLDS HIM UP AGAIN, BABY IMMEDIATELY GRASPING TELEPHONE FIRMLY IN BOTH HANDS



FOLLOWS A WRESTLING MATCH FOR TELEPHONE IN COURSE OF WHICH BABY GETS PRETTY WELL ENTANGLED WITH CORD



EXTRICATES TELEPHONE AT LAST AND HANGS UP, BABY AT ONCE BURSTING INTO VOCIFEROUS DA-DAS

GLUYAS WILLIAMS

(Copyright, 1933, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

3-22

'SMATTER POP—



WELL IF THE COW DOESN'T SIT DOWN, LET ME SEE A BULL SIT DOWN!



TSULLS DON'T SIT DOWN, NUTHER!



POP READ A STORY TO ME ABOUT A SITTING TSULL



TSOW AND ARROWS?



POSITIV' FACT!



POP! YA SHOULD MAKE UNCLE SI STOP CONVINCIN' ME A BULL SHOOTS BOW AN' ARROWS



WHERE IS HE? LET ME ATTUM!

(Copyright, 1933, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Hello And Good-Bye!



GOSH, THAT LOOKS LIKE A FIGHT, TOMMY!



LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE PLACE IS RAIDED!



WELL, I'LL BE DARNED! IF IT ISN'T OUR OLD GLOBE-FLYING ENEMY, JOSE JOLLA! WHEN DID YOU LEAVE CHINA?



I COME--I GO NOW THERE--THE WORLD IS MY HOME--WHO CAN SAY WHO CAN SAY?



WHAT'S UP? DID THAT CHINK REBEL LEADER YOU WERE FLYING FOR WASH OUT?



I HAVE BEEN IN TWO LEFT THE ORIENT--AND I SUGGEST WE LEAVE HERE BEFORE WE ALL TAKE PART IN ONE LESS ATTRACTIVE TO FLYING MEN.

(Copyright, 1933, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)



AND I'M THE ONE WHO TOLD BEN WEBSTER TO BEAT IT TOO! KNOW WHY? BECAUSE I KNEW YOU'D PUT BEN IN JAIL ALONG WITH JONATHAN AND MRS. BLACK--THEN WHAT CHANCE WOULD WE HAVE TO PROVE OUR INNOCENCE?



BEN IS THE ONE WHO FOUND THE COUNTERFEITERS AND SAW THEM HERE TOGETHER--HE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN FIND THEM AGAIN, BUT HE COULDN'T EVEN START LOOKING FOR THEM IF YOU HAD HIM LOCKED UP--I'M ACTING LIKE A GUILTY PERSON, TOO, AM I? WAITING HERE FOR YOU AND MR. WILSON?



LISTEN, KID, I MIGHT BE TEMPTED TO BELIEVE YOUR STORY--BUT FOR ONE THING--



I DON'T EXPECT IT, MR. DIGGER, UNTIL BEN PROVES IT FOR YOU--



DARN, THIS BOY SOUNDS HONEST TO ME--



THAT'S BEEN THE TROUBLE LATE--THEY'VE BOTH GOUNDED HONEST RIGHT ALONG--

(Copyright, 1932, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)



IF THERE'S ANYBODY ELSE AROUND HERE THINKS HE CAN SHOOT POOL LET HIM STAND UP AND I'LL SPOT HIM FIVE BALLS



I'M HERE, MISTER, AND YOU DON'T HAVE TO SPOT ME NOTHIN' AND I'VE GOT A BUCK HIDDEN IN MY OLD CLOTHES THAT SAYS YOU CAN'T SHOOT POOL.



GET YOURSELF A CUE, FOG HORN



ANYMORE DOUGH YOU GOT, BIG BOY, YOU'D BETTER STICK IT BETWEEN YOUR SOCK AND YOUR FOOT--A MAN WITH YOUR LIMITED KNOWLEDGE OF HIS CAPABILITIES SHOULDN'T HAVE HIS DOUGH WITHIN EASY REACH.



CAPTAIN--COULD YOU RENT ME A SUBMARINE--AN' KEEP IT UNDER WATER UNTIL I GIT THIS JIG-SAW PUZZLE FINISHED?

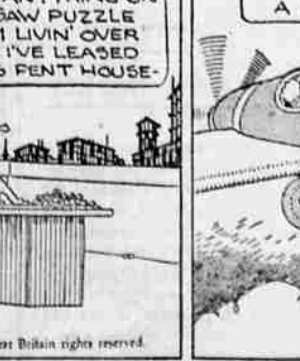


YOU'RE DARN TOOTIN'! YOU SHOULD!

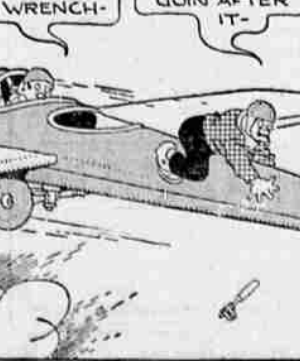
(Copyright, 1933, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)



NOW, THE PEOPLE UPSTAIRS CAN'T DROP ANYTHING ON THIS JIG-SAW PUZZLE AS I'M LIVIN' OVER EM--I'VE LEASED THIS FINE HOUSE--



YOU DROPPED A WRENCH--



WELL--I'M NOT GOIN' AFTER IT--



3-22



3-22



3-22

STATE FAIR PLANS

WIL LBE CONTINUED

SALEM, March 22.—(AP)—Despite the fact that no money was appropriated this year by the state legislature for fair premiums, Max Gehlar, agricultural director, said today he could see no reason why that should eliminate the holding of the annual Oregon state fair.

Gehlar has called a meeting of the state fair board at the earliest possible date, to which exhibitors would be invited.

Broken windows glazed by Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

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

BRINGING UP FATHER



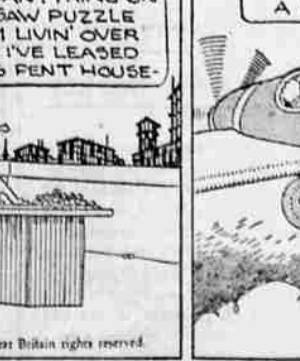
3-22

BRINGING UP FATHER



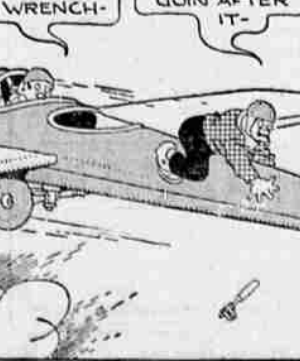
3-22

BRINGING UP FATHER



3-22

BRINGING UP FATHER



3-22

BRINGING UP FATHER



3-22

BRINGING UP FATHER



3-22

BRINGING UP FATHER



3-22

THIS RED TAPE SIMPLIFIES THINGS!

WRIGLEY'S DOUBLE MINT CHEWING GUM

TO OPEN UNWIND

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