

VALIANT DUST

by Percival Christopher Wren

SYNOPSIS: Colonel Le Sage of the French Secret Service has captured Major Nicolai of the Foreign Legion, but as he was about to set the Citadel of Mekas in a traitorous plot against France. Then Le Sage's party hits the powerful King of Mekas himself with the treacherous help of the King's adviser, Pedro Maligni. But Pedro, horrified, learns that Ralsul, son of the King and the intended victim of the Maligni treachery, has had an altercation with Jules Maligni, Pedro's son. Le Sage dispatches Otto Bellemé down a swinging rope on the castle wall to unravel the mystery.

Chapter 46 ANOTHER PLOT

Coffee, Hassan, quickly," said Jules, and slyly made a secret sign. Swiftly Hassan departed, and a few moments later, was seated in his near-by stone cell, before a small brazier where a fire perpetually smoldered, and water was ready for the making of coffee or mint-tea at any time. Having set the coffee to boil, Hassan el Miskeen now departed from his accustomed unchanging ritual. Pulling a stone from the wall, he put his hand into the aperture thus disclosed, and brought forth a tiny amulet-box. From this he shook a quantity of dirty white powder into the coffee-pot. And smacking his lips, Hassan el Miskeen stirred the brew once more, and then hurried with inden tray to his master's room. When Hassan el Miskeen entered, he found his master seated cross-legged upon a divan, a bottle of brandy and a glass upon a low table by his side. Seated opposite to him, lolling in comfort, smoking a cigarette, Ralsul smiled enigmatically. "Put the coffee beside the Sid," ordered Jules. And having obeyed, Hassan el Miskeen departed from the room, and sat himself down within sight of the door, to watch and to wait. Would that human devil actually die there in the room? Might Hassan be called, to go quickly for help, and looking into the room, might he actually see him contorted and writhing in the throes of death: with his own eyes see him dying there in dreadful agony, even as he had caused so many others to die in agony? Smiling, almost chuckling, at his thoughts, Ralsul poured himself a cup of coffee. "Aren't you going to have a little drink, Jules?" he asked, nodding towards the brandy bottle. "Rather, I was only waiting until you..." "Oh, don't wait for me, my dear chap," and Ralsul stirred his coffee. Jules poured himself a generous measure of brandy. "Alah," he said, "that tastes—funny," and smacked his lips and licked his tongue doubtfully. "Brandy wrong or your liver?" smiled Ralsul, still stirring the un-tasted coffee. "My liver's all right," observed Jules, who suddenly seemed a little drunk. "So's the brandy," replied Ralsul. "Try it again." Jules Maligni tried it again. "Snasty," he said. "Bin in boll too long..." Ralsul laughed. "Look here, aren't you going to drink your—hic—coffee?" Ralsul again laughed merrily. "No, I don't think I'll drink any coffee tonight, Jules, you half-baked Borgia." "Whassou say?" "I said, 'Come along to my room now.' I'm going to show you something. Something really good, I'll give you my word. Come on with you." "Rope!" observed Ralsul to Jules Maligni as they sat in the former's room a few minutes later. "Bear your weight, wouldn't it, Jules, if it were round your neck." "I should shay so," laughed the other, less vacantly. "Yes, a very nice rope," continued Ralsul, "and it gives me a very nice idea. Strong enough and, I think long enough." "For what?" asked Jules Maligni. "I'll show you, as I promised. Great idea. Come along," and going to the door, Ralsul bade Jules Maligni bring the rope. "I say, you know, old chap, you don't think you're going to—hic—hang me, do you?" "No, I am not going to—hic—hang you. Come along, will you?" And followed obediently by his companion with the rope, and soon by Hassan el Miskeen, Ralsul proceeded, by devious ways, to a distant part of the Citadel. "This is the place," said Ralsul at length. "At least, I think it is. I want you to lean through that em-



Out over the desert. sole taking Maligni squarely between the shoulder-blades, and hurling him forward. His legs struck the edge of the low embrasure, and with a gasping cry he threw out his arms and clutched wildly at the embrasure sides, as, head foremost, he fell—and disappeared over the castle wall... Down... down... down... turning and turning in mid-air, to strike the jackal-haunted rocks in the deep ravine, three hundred feet below. Ralsul turned away. "And now for the little rope-trick," quoth he, and smiled his own especial smile.

What was that? A cry?—the end of her—Margaret wondered as she again assured herself that the huge key of her door was turned as far as it would go, and that both the great heavy bolts were shot home. Having undressed, she went to the little stone verandah-balcony built out from the wall of the room, that vast wall, ten feet thick even at this great height, which was part of the outer wall of the castle itself. Yawning heavily, for sleep of late had been light, scanty and broken, Margaret slung herself down upon the over-cushioned bed, and once again tried all the sleep-wooding devices of which she had ever heard. But what folly to think that she could sleep while Otho was lying bound and gagged, perhaps maimed for life.

What was that? A cry? (Copyright, 1932, E. J. Stokes Co.) A terrible situation follows, tomorrow, upon that eerie cry.

New Trial Denied. SALEM, April 3.—(AP)—Judge Arlie G. Walker late Friday refused to grant a new trial or stay of proceedings for Charles R. Archer, under sentence to serve three years in the state penitentiary for illegal conversion of wheat. C. F. Pruess of Grants Pass attorney for Archer, immediately gave notice he would appeal to the state supreme court.

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THIRD CLASS IN MINING TUESDAY

The second mining class, sponsored by the Medford schools and the Southern Oregon Mining association, through funds obtained from the national government, with donation from Jackson county, was completed Saturday and the third class will open Tuesday morning on the lot near the chamber of commerce.

There were 31 enrolled in the first class and 27 in the second. A similar enrollment is already assured the third. Of the first two classes held, all but six or seven men are going out into practical mining. The classes are free and registrations are received at the chamber of commerce. Interest in the project has increased with each day's progress of the class. Phone 542. We'll haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



THE MISSING RUBBER

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



HUNT WRECKERS RED SOX TRAIN

DOVER, Del., April 3.—(AP)—An intensive manhunt was on today for train wreckers, authors of what officials termed the plot which caused the wreck of a Pennsylvania railroad flyer bearing the Boston Red Sox baseball team northward, killing the engineer and fireman. Thundering toward New York early yesterday, the train struck a switch which railroad authorities said had been tampered with and left the rails three miles south of here. The locomotive turned over on its side, killing G. A. Burkhard, of Wilmington, Del., the engineer, and Fireman E. L. Foulson of Delmar, Del. Real estate or insurance—Leave 104 to Jones. Phone 706. Fender and body repairing. Price right. Brill Sheet Metal Works.

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THE MISSING RUBBER

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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