

THE SACRED DAGGER

by Rita Moller Martin

YESTERDAY: Anne Willard has arrived at the camp of her father and mother in the desert after a series of wild adventures. But they are not here, and the lama that they are being held at the mysterious city of Shy-a Nago, until she shall appear there, according to ancient prophecy.

Chapter 20 Missing Dagger

"That sounds rather grand," murmured Anne. "I'm young, but am I bold?"

The others laughed. "I think," said Beth, "that the Nagaras mean you and your husband."

Everyone suddenly looked self-conscious. Anne and Philip had not spoken a word of their personal affairs to each other. She decided at once to take them all into confidence.

"Then I'm in a difficult situation," she said.

"We'll marry at once, if you wish," offered Philip hastily.

She gave him her friendly smile. "I don't suppose I'm legally free."

She told the story of the marriage plot in Arishar and of the Emirs' subsequent scheme.

"But I didn't die in the desert as he had hoped, and I still possess the dagger."

Diana was laughing softly to herself. "Imagine Blaise Sherwood coming to the rescue of a damsel in distress! Did you think of the idea or did he?"

"I did," said Anne steadily. "Where's he gone—to Russia for a quick annulment?"

"For all I know."

Philip looked at her sharply. "How did he happen to be on the plane with you?"

"His plane had crashed on the desert. He's an old friend of the pilot and wanted a lift to Chuka."

"Sounds like a conspiracy to me," observed the doctor.

"Absolutely," agreed Philip in irritation, turning to Anne. "You played right into his hands and gave him a place in the prophecy."

"He'd have no rights," Anne protested. "He'd merely be helping father win. What he wishes is to prevent this expedition's securing Shy-a Nago. He told me so."

Philip began pacing the floor. "I agree with Sherwood this far, that we never should have mixed up with the Nagaras. I sometimes doubt if Shy-a Nago exists, except as a myth. If it does, it's outside our original purpose. It's not the thing we set out to do. We are making funds here that are good, and that's enough. I begged Doctor Willard to leave this thing alone, but he wouldn't listen to me. Now we see Sherwood at the bottom of our parents' being held prisoners. We don't know all the details of the prophecy—" she paused. "It is not the policy of the Nagaras to free their prisoners unless they happen to fulfill this fool prophecy."

Anne stared at him in terror. "You mean father's and mother's lives are really in danger then? When do we meet these natives?"

"We don't know yet," answered Larry Huff. "We're supposed to wait for a delegation to come and conduct us into the mountains. But I don't believe you need to worry about Dr. and Mrs. Willard with a black look at Philip. It's my opinion they'll make the grade. The Chinese authorities in Chuka warned us that we'd never live to establish the camp. When we did survive the Commissioner gave us a few soldiers to act as guards."

Doddap Speaks

AS HE talked, trying to bring things back to a lighter vein, Anne observed that the lama had edged inside and squatted down by the door counting his beads.

"Blaise Sherwood's spy," she thought. And then her feeling for the little man softened. That was not true, for in his fashion Doddap served the spirit and not the person. He looked up and their eyes met. They smiled at each other. It was a rather surprising experience.

"Doddap," she demanded, "are my parents well and safe?"

"They are well and safe."

She smiled at the others. "Silly of me," she said, "but I do feel comforted."

Diana was the one who asked about the dagger. "Where is it?"

"In my suitcase," answered Anne reluctantly. "The priest warned me that no one else should touch it."

"That's just silly superstition," asserted Larry. "Won't you let us see the weapon?"

Anne held herself repeating Blaise Sherwood's words. "Since we're mixed up with these people perhaps we should respect their taboos."

"Yes, indeed. In their presence," agreed Philip. "But not when we're apart from them. I'm extremely anxious to see that knife."

"I think Miss Willard is right," interrupted the doctor.

Larry looked at him in surprise. "Do you believe that stuff—that there are psychic forces in objects?"

"For certain people, yes. I say, do as these natives ask us to do. Respect their taboos."

"In their presence we shall," repeated Philip impatiently. "But now—"

"Let me open your suitcase and look for it," said Beth.

Anne consented reluctantly, and Beth opened the bag and made the search. The weapon was not there.

"It has been stolen," declared Larry instantly.

"The natives are afraid of it," Anne reminded him. "Even Pete wouldn't touch it. He asked me to put it into the bag myself."

"Did you do so?"

"I can't remember," she answered slowly. "I know I took it in my hand and placed it in the leather sheath attached to the belt. It had been lying exposed on a bale of silk. Pete shut the bags. He said he would bring me the rest of the things from the tent in a larger plane. I rather expected him yesterday. Maybe in some way the belt and weapon got rolled up in the rug."

Philip glanced at the lama. "This lama may have taken it." They searched him promptly, bringing to light from the voluminous blouse effect of his gown a wide assortment ranging from the skull drum to the chunk of cheese wrapped in an old goatskin. But the Nagara dagger was not there.

"Doddap," said Anne. "You're a diviner. Tell us. Where is the knife?"

He stiffened and a blank look spread over his face.

Slowly his chin sank to his breast and his whole body began to shake.

"He's going into a trance," whispered Beth excitedly.

Doddap opened his eyes and looked at her, his quivering stilled. "I cannot see," he said, "you spoiled it. I cannot see."

Anne remembered his sly little game with Mackey and the eagle's claw and surmised that he and his magic of fetich and trance sometimes had as much fun with the white man as the white man with his magic of electric torch and phonograph got out of the native.

She felt now that Doddap knew something he would not reveal.

"What does he do around here?" she asked.

"The principal thing he does," growled Philip, "is to come back when we chase him off. I've forbidden the servants to feed him or give him a place to sleep."

"He's got that hunk of cheese to eat," interrupted Beth, "and he spends his nights before the door of this tent. I stumble on him every time I come in to look at Anne."

"Why didn't you tell me that before?" Philip asked sharply.

"I'm sure the little fellow is harmless."

"I'm not sure," he turned. "Anne—could he have any connection with Gregory Sherwood?"

"I understand Dr. Sherwood once lived in his monastery," she admitted.

Philip spoke. "We'll put him in the prison hut tonight." He called a soldier.

Hiding Place

THE lama caught Anne's eye and made a sly motion with his hand towards the native rack along the circular wall where her bag had rested. She understood as plainly as if he had spoken.

"The little busybody," she thought. "Still, he has more foresight than I." She felt relieved that these white men had been denied the opportunity to break the Nagara taboo.

The gathering broke up. It was bed time for people who rise to work in the early morning hours. After the camp became quiet, Anne rose, lit a candle, examined the native rack and then, among the felts in the tent wall behind round the outline of the belt and sheathed knife. A good place to leave it, she decided. She had donned slippers and great coat when her door opened and Beth came in. Anne began to explain.

"That harmless little priest—" "He's all right," laughed Beth in a low voice. "I just stepped over him as usual to get in here."

"Why—I thought—" "So did Philip, I guess. The guard house is locked securely but empty. I went and looked. Now you hustle back into bed. You want to gain all the strength you can for that trip into the mountains. Cheer up, I'm betting Mr. Mackey will appear tomorrow with the dagger if he's not in jail." She tucked Anne in.

"But the difficulties ahead of us," sighed Anne. "Whatever I do I must not fail father and mother, yet I have made a mess of things so far. They're getting old, though they don't seem to know it. This strenuous, dangerous life they lead—"

"They're wonderful," cried Beth, sitting down on the side of the cot. "We've got youth, but they've got something better. I guess it is the spirit. It makes them ageless. Just as the Nagara prophecy demands, they two together are one scholar. I don't think you need to do any worrying about the outcome."

Beth leaned forward. "I'm so excited about you and Blaise Sherwood," she confessed. "Did he—"

"Now, Beth," warned Anne, and gave her a little shake.

"Well, I think he's way ahead of me. I mean it tickles me to death your beating Diana's time with him—even if nothing ever comes of it. The reason she's with this expedition is because Blaise Sherwood's in Asia."

To be continued

UNNATURAL FATHER IS TAKEN TO PENITENTIARY

John A. Cooper, former Central Point resident, sentenced to a minimum term of 20 years in the state penitentiary on his plea

of guilty to a charge of rape of a daughter was taken to Salem Sunday by Sheriff Syd I. Brown. Cooper, sentenced a week ago by Circuit Judge H. K. Hanna, was arrested in Portland, and made a signed statement admitting the charge. The girl in the case, 15, is in a Portland refuge home.

Rats Eradicated

Portland, June 10.—(AP)—Portland now can raise waterfront buildings for its front avenue highway project. Rats, which city officials feared might spread throughout town when the raising takes place, have been killed by poison bait, wreckers told the city commission Saturday.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

JUST ...

4 Shopping Days until Father's Day

Barkers
STORE FOR MEN

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS:

Where to find them on the dial
KEX, 1180, Portland; KFI, 640, Los Angeles; KGA, 1510, Spokane; KGO, 810, San Francisco; KGW, 680, Portland; KJR, 1000, Seattle; KNX, 1070, Los Angeles; KOA, 850, Denver; KOIN, 970, Portland; KOMO, 950, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1160, Salt Lake.

Time Shown is PST

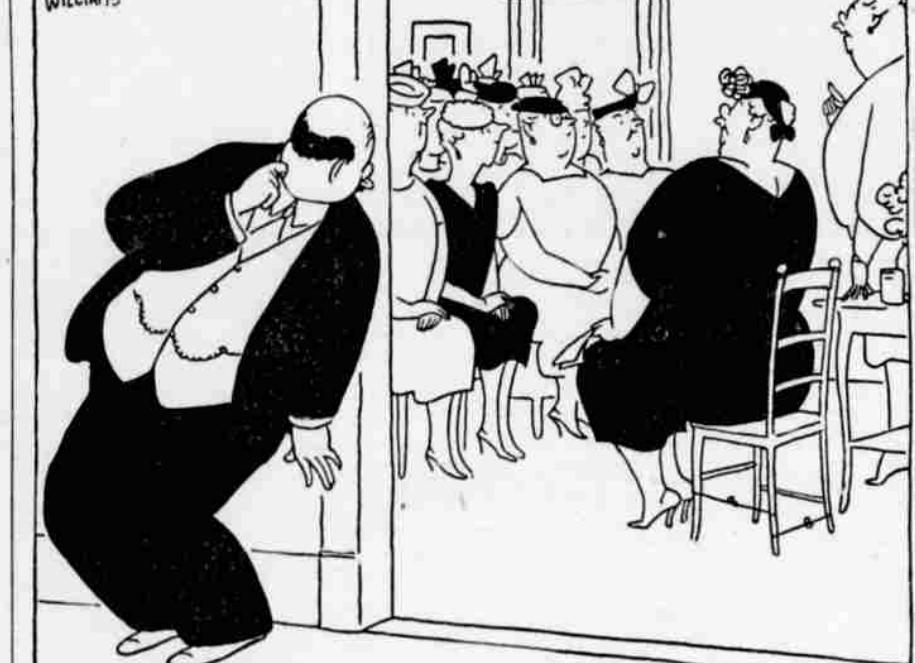
5:00 p. m.—Speaking of Glamour, KGW; Streamline Journal, KGO; KJR; Waltz With Us, KPO; Second Husband, KNX, KOIN; Allen Roth's Orch., KEX; Arboretum Talk, KOMO; Bible Quiz, LSL.
5:30 p. m.—Drama Behind the News, KGO, KEX, KJR; Fibber McGee, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Invitation to Learning, KSL, KNX, KOIN.
6:00 p. m.—Bob Hope, KPO, KOMO, KGW; New American Music, KGO, KEX; Glenn Miller's Orch., KOIN, KNX, KSL.
6:30 p. m.—College Humor, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Uncle Jim's Question Box, KGO, KJR, KEX; Joan Edwards, KOIN, KNX, KSL.
7:00 p. m.—Amos 'n' Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Fred Waring, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Grand Central Station, KGO, KEX, KJR.
7:30 p. m.—Information Please.

KGO, KEX, KJR: Johnny Presents, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Court of Musing, Heirs, KNX, KOIN, KSL.
8:00 p. m.—We, the People, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Easy Aces, KGO, KJR, KEX; Sammy Kaye's Orch., KOW, KOMO; Richard Himber's Orch., KPO, KGO, KJR; Battle of Sevens, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Hollywood Showcase, KNX, KOIN; Baseball Game, KEX; Richard Himber's Orch., KSL.
9:00 p. m.—Paul Sullivan, KNX, KOIN; Enrie Madriguera's Orch., KGO, KJR; All Donahue's Orch., KGO; Barrel of Fun, KPO; Faithful Stradivari, KGW; Symphonic Serenade, KSL.
9:30 p. m.—Bill Henry, KNX, KOIN; Ozzie Nelson's Orch., KGO, Musical Potpourri, KPO; Army Band, KGO; News, KJR, KSL; On With the Dance, KOMO.
10:00 p. m.—Reporter News, KPO, KOMO; Neil Bonduzzi's Orch., KGO, KJR; Ray Noble's Orch., KNX, News, KGO, KOIN; Freddie Nagel's Orch., KSL.
10:30 p. m.—Skinnay Ennis' Orch., KOW, KOMO; Gordon Jenkins' Orch., KJR; Behind the Headlines, KEX; Masterworks of Music, KNX; Soldiers of the Air, KOIN.
11:00 p. m.—News, KGO, KGW; This Moving World, KEX, Fishing News, KNX; Kenneth Stevens, KOIN, KSL; Knox Manning, KNX.
Wednesday.
7:30 p. m.—Information Please.
5:00 p. m.—Red Tanner's Orch.,

KOIN, KSL, KNX: Hemisphere Review, KGO, KJR, KEX; Elliot Wright, KGW; Playground News, KOMO.
5:30 p. m.—Concert Favorites, KPO, KOW, KOMO; Big Town, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Concert Music, KOW.
6:00 p. m.—Glenn Miller's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN; Authors' Playhouse, KGO; Kay Kyser's Musical Quiz, KPO, KJR, KOMO; Excursions in Science, KJR.
6:30 p. m.—Ray Kinney's Orch., KJR; Meet Mr. Meek, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Fishings in Brass, KGO; Allen Roth's Orch., KEX.
7:00 p. m.—Quiz Kids, KGO, KEX; KJR; Amos 'n' Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Tony Martin, KPO, KOMO, KGW.
7:30 p. m.—Plantation Party, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Dr. Christian, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Manhattan at Midnight, KJR, KEX.
8:00 p. m.—Time to Smile, KPO, KOW, KOMO; Easy Aces, KGO, KEX; KJR; Fred Allen, KNX, KSL, KOIN.
8:30 p. m.—Mr. District Attorney, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Chuck Foster's Orch., KGO; Baseball Game, KEX.
9:00 p. m.—Paul Sullivan, KNX, KOIN; Music in the Night, KGO, KJR; Fred Waring's Orch., KPO, KGW, KOMO; Sunnyvale Polka, KSL.
9:30 p. m.—Enrie Madriguera's Orch., KGO; Five Edwards, KPO, KGW, KOMO; News, KJR, KSL; Baker Theater, KOIN.
10:00 p. m.—Reporter News, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Ray Noble's Orch.,

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

GLUYAS WILLIAMS



WHEN FRED PERLEY OBSERVED THAT THE GUEST SPEAKER AT THE WOMEN'S CLUB MEETING BEING HELD AT HIS HOUSE HAD BY MISCHANCE GOT THE CHAIR THAT HE HAD PROMISED TO MEND BUT SO FAR HAD ONLY TIED WITH STRING, HE DIDN'T KNOW WHETHER TO INTERRUPT THE MEETING OR FLEE TO THE GOLF CLUB AND HOPE FOR A MIRACLE

(Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

6-10

LIL' ABNER When Strong Men Weep



TAILSPIN TOMMY Inches From Sudden Death!



THE NEBBS Stunned



KSL, KNX: Jay Burnett, KJR, KEX, News, KOIN.
10:30 p. m.—Skinnay Ennis' Orch., KGO, KJR; Ozzie Nelson's Orch., KOW, KOMO; Jerry Jones' Orch., KSL; Behind the Headlines, KEX; Masterworks of Music, KNX; Eyes of the World, KOIN.
11:00 p. m.—Chuck Foster's Orch., KPO, KOMO, News, KGW, KGO, This Moving World, KEX; Bob Bradley, KOIN, KSL; Fishing News, KJR; Knox Manning, KNX.

KLAMATH AIRPORT JOB AWARDED FOR \$279,356

Washington, June 10.—(AP)—The army announced today award today of contracts totaling \$1,495,963. Included was: Jones and King, Hayward, Calif., construction of airport improvements, Klamath Falls municipal airport, Oregon, \$279,356.

Urge Deer Protection
Tillamook, Ore., June 10.—(AP)—The Tillamook chapter of the Izaak Walton league asked the state game commission today to continue the closed season on deer in the Tillamook burn for another year. It also asked a closed season on bear.

Glass—We sell glass, reglaze your broken windows reasonably. Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX



BEAUTIFUL IN SPOTS
Back in the 17th century ladies of fashion almost covered their faces with large black patches. Samuel Pepys dutifully recorded the occasion when his wife first appeared so decorated. At one period a woman's political affiliations were readily identified by her patches: the Tories wore them on the left side, the Whigs on the right; those who were neutral patched both cheeks!
ECUADOR'S CONSTITUTIONS
There have been three changes in Ecuador's constitution since 1900—an indication, possibly of the government's growing stability!
Tomorrow: Wonderful One-Hoss Shay!

By AL CAPP



By HAL FORREST



By SOL HESS

