

THE SACRED DAGGER

by Rita Mohler Hanson

YESTERDAY: At last the Nagas, guardians of Shy-a Nag, the hidden Asiatic city, have come to help Anne. She has taken her to her capital, where her parents are being held prisoner. But the Nagas have taken all the personnel of the Willard's archaeological expedition as well, including Blaze Sherwood, the latest and least scented member. Anne is trying to do something to help Blaze who is being treated harshly—the guard at Sherwood's tent seems afraid of her.

Chapter 29 Midnight Meeting

ANNE laughed and took a quick step towards him and he retreated a step with a shamefaced giggle. He knew she was teasing him, yet nevertheless he intended to take no chances.

With a quick move Mackey unbolted and pushed open the door. The young fellow was on him with a bound. They rolled on the earth and rose, facing each other. Sherwood had come to the door.

"Cut it out, Pete," he called sharply.

A guard from the big iron studded gate rushed across. Both natives seized Mackey.

Anne warned Sherwood as if he read her intention to interfere.

"We just wanted to talk to you a moment and give you the robe," she explained.

Sherwood spoke to his personal guard. He had discovered that the boy knew a smattering of Turki. The two natives conferred between themselves for a moment then said something to Sherwood. He spoke to Mackey.

"They say you can take the robe from Anne and give it to me. Then you must return to your tent and stay there," Anne handed Mackey the robe and asked Sherwood.

"Did they let you eat your noon lunch?"

"The guard and I ate it together. I'm not treated too badly."

He was pushed back and the door drawn shut by his guard, while the other led Mackey to the yurt.

Philip and Doddap returned and the gate was barred.

Anne looked out and spied the lama squatting beside the tent. She went and stood beside him.

He rose.

"Have you been able to talk to Blaze?" she asked.

"I fed him supper and washed his face."

"That was good," she smiled at the picture he conjured up.

"Do you know what the Nagas intend to do with him?"

"They take him to the high priest. Then, they say, the sacred dagger will inflict vengeance as it has on every one who sees Shy-a Nag without the right."

"This dagger I carry," Anne exclaimed, putting her hand on the leather case.

"It has killed all the others."

"I'd like to destroy it," she said slowly.

"It is your protection. You would destroy yourself and the rest of us."

"If only we could help Blaze escape!"

"You wish to talk to him?"

"Could it be done?"

"I'll give the guard a deep sleep."

"With a club?" she asked humorously.

"With my magic," she stared at him a moment.

"All right, Doddap, if you can do it."

"Rest just inside the door until I call you."

Instead of joining the other girls at the back of the tent Anne did as the lama told her, wrapping herself in a handsome robe.

Philip roused and looked at her. "That's a drafty spot," he said.

"I like it."

He closed his eyes and slept.

Explanation

SOMETIME past midnight Anne was awakened by the lama gently pulling her hair. She crept out quietly and they stole across the dark yard. He opened the door carefully and closed it behind her. She stood quiet to get her bearings. In a niche in the wall sat a saucer of fat with a rag wick burning in it. Otherwise the hut was bare except for the pile of furs upon which Sherwood lay, covered by the fur robe he had sent him, his duffle bag for a pillow.

His eyes were bright upon her and a smile quirked his mouth.

"You seem to be all right," she said, walking towards him. He moved over, kicking the robe down and she saw that his hands were bound to the belt at his waist.

"Sit beside me," he said. After a moment's hesitation she complied, examining the cords on his wrists.

"They hurt?"

"Only my free spirit. Will you take them off?"

"I guess we'd better let them be. It might make your guard suspicious if he discovered they'd been tampered with. I came to see if we could plan an escape for you."

"Who wants to escape?"

"Don't be silly," she said, "this may mean death."

"I know it, Anne," he agreed seriously. "I have known all along that the Nagas are not people to monkey with."

"Then why did you fly over their territory?"

"I had intended just to scout the border searching for those fool Russians. I saw a ruined village. Then I saw a high bare basin and a band of men riding across it. I mistook them for the

Russians and landed in their line of travel. When the bullets began coming I left. I had seen the hidden city. . . . O Anne! A look of awe and delight came into his face. "It is wonderful! It is unbelievable!" Moisture glistened in his eyes and he closed the lids. She watched him with quivering lips.

"And now you will never see it again unless you escape."

"How can I escape? Doddap may work on one guard but you can't expect him to befriend the whole tribe."

"You've got to escape or they'll kill you." She beat his shoulder with her flat. "Listen to what I say."

He rubbed his rough chin against her temple. "Precious, if that's the road my body goes nobody can do anything about it."

"You're right, but you're not my friend and I'm not yours."

"There may be a chance tomorrow," he conceded. "I hear we're climbing a strip of mountain that can be taken only at foot."

"Then you'll promise to try to escape?"

"If you'll be kind to me now. Bend over and kiss me, Anne."

She eyed him dispairingly. "Blaze, you're on opposite sides in this war—you're not my friend and I'm not yours."

"Kiss me, precious."

She sighed and bent to him. Presently she said, "I like it better when your face is shaved."

"If this imprisonment keeps on much longer I'll have a long, silken beard. You'll like that."

She laughed, her eyelashes still tangled with tears. "The way you talk."

"Talk is all I can do."

Her arm tightened about him and she pressed her free hand against the swift, hard beating of his heart. His line bowed her throat, and he whispered, "Untie my hands."

The door opened and she sprang to her feet. Blaze laughed.

"Go now," said the lama in his birdlike voice.

"I wish, it had been Mackey," grinned Sherwood.

Anne spoke hastily to the lama. "He promises he'll try to escape tomorrow."

Hard Travel

"GO NOW," repeated Doddap as if those were the only words of English he knew. Anne stared at him perplexedly a moment, gave Blaze a confused, "Good night," and left.

They started out next morning on horseback, accompanied by half a dozen picked native men under the same leader as the day before. A deep narrow gorge led them up the face of the mountain. Sometimes the path wound between boulders beside the brawling torrent, sometimes up precipitous slopes so far above the river that only a gentle murmur could be heard from it. They dismounted and crossed incredibly high wooden bridges that sagged and swayed at every step. The women were almost in hysterics by the time a halt was called for lunch. The trail ahead would be too difficult and dangerous for horses.

"That's probably the way it shall be," remarked Mackey, joining them.

They had stopped in an open cove high up on the side of the gorge where a traverse cut into the canyon, its mouth filled with tumbled cliffs and boulders large as houses. The natives built a fire, heated water for tea to which they added butter and parched corn in the Tibetan style. Even Diana downed her share. Sherwood who had traveled with them, unbound today, sat near her.

She moved close and began a confidential conversation with him—Anne caught herself watching with all the interest of a jealous wife. It seemed to contain a good deal of banter from Sherwood at first then surprise and interest that intensified to something like a love combat—aggressive pleading on his part, sudden archness on hers.

He should be planning his escape now, thought Anne and looked across at Doddap who sat between two big rocks beating his small drum and chanting a prayer. She rose to go over to the little shrine that trickled out of the mountain side. Mackey went with her.

"They turn the horses loose here," he said, "and let them find their way home."

Just the opportunity for Blaze, she declared, as they washed their food bowls at the spring and took a drink of water. "Maybe the lama will—"

"Say," interrupted Mackey, "that little heathen's gone deaf or something on me today. He can't seem to understand a word of English."

"What?" cried Anne. "Last night he treated me the same way."

It was then the shot came, reverberating sharply through the gorge. A native, bending over the spring, fell face down in the ashes and lay still. Another shot, from up the side again, they saw, and another native fell.

"Everybody down," shouted Sherwood. "This is war." And he threw himself behind a rock, taking Diana with him.

To be continued

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS:

Where to find them on the dial
KEX, 1190, Portland; KFI, 640
Los Angeles; KGA, 1510, Spokane;
KGO, 810, San Francisco; KGW
620, Portland; KJR, 1000, Seattle;
KNX, 1070, Los Angeles; KOA,
850, Denver; KOIN, 970, Portland;
KOMO, 930, Seattle; KPO, 630
San Francisco; KSL, 1160, Salt
Lake.

Time shown is PST

Friday

5:00 p. m.—Freddie Nagel's Orch.
KNX; Janet Jordan, KGO, KJR,
Frank Munn, KPO, KOMO, KGW;
Quiz, KEX; Eyes of the World, KOIN;
Americana, KSL.

5:30 p. m.—Drama Behind the
News, KGO, KJR; Uncle Walter's Dog
House, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Accord-
ian Club, KEX.

6:00 p. m.—Hollywood Premier,
KSL; KNX, KOIN; Romance and
Rhythm, KGO, KEX; Wings of Des-
tiny, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Scandi-
navian News, KJR.

6:30 p. m.—Listen America, KPO,
KGW; Penthouse Party, KNX, KSL,
KOIN; First Piano Quartet, KGO,
KEX, KJR; Comedy, KOMO.

7:00 p. m.—Fred Waring, KPO,
KOMO, KGW; Amos 'n' Andy, KNX,
KSL, KOIN; Your Happy Birthday,
KGO, KEX, KJR; Dance Time, KJR;
7:30 p. m.—Death Valley Days,

KPO, KGW, KOMO; Great Moments
From Great Plays, KNX, KOIN, KSL;
Ben Bernie's New Army Game, KGO,
KEX.

8:00 p. m.—Sammy Kay's Orch.
KPO; Grandpa and His Pals,
KGO, KJR, KEX; Kate Smith, KNX;
KOIN; Kate Richard Humber's Orch.
KGO; Paul Funder, KOMO.

8:30 p. m.—Chuck Foster's Orch.
KJR; We're Building a House, KGO,
You and Your Bank, KPO; Baseball
Game, KEX; Port Lewis News, KGW;
Port Lewis Life, KOMO.

9:00 p. m.—Ozzie Nelson's Orch.
KPO; Gordon Jenkins' Orch, KJR;
Glenn Garr's Orch., KNX; Chuck
Wagon Days, KGO; Your Mayor
Speaks, KGW; Leon P. Drews, KOIN;
Symphonic Serenade, KSL.

9:30 p. m.—Weekly Spectator, KPO;
Bill Henry, KNX, KOIN; Daryl Harper's
Orch., KGO; Frontiers of Industry,
KGO; News, KSL, KJR; Dancer,
KOMO.

10:00 p. m.—Reporter News, KPO,
KOMO, KGW; Jay Burnett, KGO,
KJR; Ray Noble's Orch., KNX; News,
KOIN; Freddie Nagel's Orch., KGO,
KJR; Behind the Headlines, KEX;
Masterworks of Music, KNX; Port-
land Polka, KOIN.

11:00 p. m.—Bob Saunders' Orch.,
KPO, KOMO; This Moving World,
KEX; News, KGO, KGW; Fishing
News, KJR; Knox Manning, KNX.

Saturday

5:00 p. m.—Paul Carson, KGO,
KJR, KEX; Barn Dance, KPO, KGW,
KSL.

KOMO; Lud Guarkin's Orch., KNX,
KOIN; Supper Strings, KSL.

8:30 p. m.—Summer Symphony,
KGO, KEX, KJR, News, KOIN, KNX.

9:00 p. m.—Summer Symphony,
KGO, KEX; Uncle Ezra, KPO, KOMO,
KGW; Scandinavian News, KJR.

9:30 p. m.—Delta Rhythm Boys,
KOIN; Grand Old Opry, KPO, KGW,
KOMO; Andriol Continentals, KEX,
KJR; This World, KGO; Saturday
Night Sheepfold, KSL.

7:00 p. m.—Truth or Consequences,
KPO, KGW, KOMO; Your Marriage
Club, KGO, KOIN, KSL; Bob Strong's
Orch., KNX, KJR, KEX.

7:30 p. m.—Dance Orch., KNX,
KOIN, KSL; Arturo Arturo's Orch.,
KPO, KOMO, KGW; Ray Heather-
ton's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX.

8:00 p. m.—News, Ozzie Nelson's
Orch., KGO, KOMO; Your Hit Pa-
rade, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Musical Pot-
pourri, KPO; News, Bobby Byrne's
Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX.

8:30 p. m.—Don Kay's Orch., KGO,
KEX, KJR; Russ Morgan's Orch.,
KGO, KOMO; Defense for America,
KPO.

9:00 p. m.—Jim Blade's Orch.,
KGO, KEX; Abe Lyman's Orch., KPO,
Tiny Hill's Orch., KSL; Editorially
Speaking, KOIN; Here's the Story,
KNX; Rendezvous, KOMO.

9:30 p. m.—Neil Bondshu's Orch.,
KPO, KGW, KOMO; Bishop and the
Gargoyle, KGO, KEX; By the Way,
Bill Henry, KNX, KOIN; News, KJR,
KSL.

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



THE MAN WHO WAS LEANING ON HIS HORN AND SHOUTING IMPATIENTLY FOR SERVICE AT THE GAS TANK OUTSIDE THE COUNTRY STORE DRIVES OFF JUST BEFORE THE PROPRIETOR EMERGES (AND YOU HAD STOPPED MERELY TO ENQUIRE THE WAY)

6-20 (Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

LIL ABNER—The Empty Chair



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Trapped . . . In the Hidden Hangar!



THE NEBBS—No Harmony



LABOR OPPOSES SALES, FAG TAXES

Astoria, Ore., June 20.—(P)—The Oregon State Federation of Labor voiced opposition today to a sales tax, cigarette tax and the proposed \$2000 exemption of property tax.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

LABOR OPPOSES SALES, FAG TAXES

Astoria, Ore., June 20.—(P)—The Oregon State Federation of Labor voiced opposition today to a sales tax, cigarette tax and the proposed \$2000 exemption of property tax.

Several delegates held that adoption of the property tax exemption would be a step toward a sales tax which the federation has consistently opposed.

The convention also adopted resolutions opposing employment of women bartenders and approving the NLRB's order for a certification election among Tacoma, Port Angeles and Anacortes, Wash., longshoremen.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX



6-20

MYSTERY LARVA

Larva-like insects two or three inches long, discovered in the Malay States were believed the young of some giant, unknown beetle. After many years it was learned the big "grubs" were actually adult females, and their mates tiny beetles only a fraction as big.

FRENCH COURT

According to Judge J. C. Fruge of Louisiana's 13th judicial district, testimony given in his court in the French language is mentally translated and then written in shorthand by the court stenographer.

Tomorrow: Hog Money!

By AL CAPP

INDIAN QUADRUPLETS UNABLE TO SURVIVE

Durham, N. C., June 20.—(P)—The last of the Epps quadruplets—tiny Indian sisters born Tuesday in a farmhouse in a rural section of Person county—died at 2 p. m. yesterday.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

Take Weyerhaeuser Ships

Tacoma, June 20.—(P)—Weyerhaeuser Steamship company officials reported here today that government agencies were taking over half the company's fleet of six boats, and would use them in government service in the Red Sea trade.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.