

THE SACRED DAGGER

by Rita Mohler Nanton

YESTERDAY: The Nagas tribe is taking Anne Willard and the others of the Willard Asiatic expedition to the hidden city of Shy-a Nago, where Anne hopes to rescue her father and mother. But now, when the way is difficult and all must walk, the Nagas and their prisoners are attacked by a strange band of marauders.

Chapter 30

The Dagger Strike

Mackey's hand came down hard on Anne's shoulder. They flattened below a cliff edge. The rest dodged behind stones and the Nagas sent a few wild shots up the glen.

"Sweet serpents!" exclaimed Mackey. "Have the Nagas enemies in their own territory?" "Might it be somebody trying to rescue us?" Anne asked.

"It could be a scouting party from Shani Lun looking for Blaze," he admitted.

The half dozen Nagas left unharmed had organized their rifle fire and checked the advance from the glen where the sniping had begun. Mackey risked a glance over the ledge and ducked as a bullet whizzed above his head.

"They're men wearing the Turki headdress of Yangsar," he cried excitedly. "They must be the Russian renegades."

"What are they after now?" Anne asked, thoroughly terrified. "God knows!" He looked around desperately. "I wish I could get you out of here or even hide you. We're safer with the natives than with these birds."

Judging from the rifle fire the attackers had superiority of numbers and they seemed to be advancing.

"Damn—why haven't I a gun," groaned Mackey. But before the words had left his lips his right hand went up, palm out in the sign of surrender. Two men, rifles in hand were converging on them from the rear, creeping along close to the ground. Suddenly, shouting and blows could be heard in other directions. It had become a hand to hand conflict. The enemy rose and came forward boldly.

"They're the Russians, all right," whispered Anne, noticing that one of the men had a blond beard.

"And they're after the teeth," said Mackey, and helping her to her feet, were motioned to keep up hands and were searched. The blond man, seeing Anne, stepped sharply with his black bloodshot eyes. When he found the dagger, he spoke to her in Russian. She could not understand, but Mackey did.

"He calls you the Eye of Shy-a Nago. He's the leader of the gang, he says. He recognizes the dagger. It's you he's after."

Instead of taking the weapon from her as she half expected he fastened a chapped and grimy hand to her wrist and the other fellow proceeded to bind Mackey's wrists with a cord. Mackey attempted to talk to them and was struck for his pains.

"Be careful, Anne, they're dangerous," he warned, watching bleeding lips, and was knocked down and kicked until he got up again. Anne's captor drew her forward roughly to the center of the camp. The Nagas had been disarmed and trussed. Diana and her husband and Beth were brought forward, hands tied. From behind a rock two men dragged Oliver fighting senselessly. Suddenly one of them, in a rage, grabbed the gun from his belt and struck the American, cutting his forehead gash in his head. Oliver fell, stunned, and was left where he lay. Larry submitted with better judgment. Doddap likewise, talking himself into a job as interpreter. Anne was quick to observe that Sherwood did not appear.

"Has he been wounded or—?" "He's stopped, sir," with a dreadful apprehension.

"I don't know," admitted Mackey, pressing his lips against his coat sleeve to staunch the blood.

No Hope

The leader directed another man to bind Anne's hands, after which he pushed her down on a stone and admonished her, she supposed, to stay there.

Two bodies were brought and laid beside the man who lay. Neither of them was Sherwood's. Anne saw. The lama answered a call of the leader to interpret a parley with the Nagas chieftain.

"Blaze! Blaze! Blaze!" Anne felt as if with the silent summons.

She saw Diana catch the leader's eye and give him a look, half appealing, half coquettish as she lifted a hand in a little feminine gesture.

He looked at her and stopped before Anne, motioning her to rise. "Where is Blaze?" Anne cried while the man was unbinding her hands.

Diana looked at her. He escaped," she said, "though I suppose you're sorry he's not dead."

Anne said nothing, rubbing her wrists, her eyes downcast that no one might see the sudden relief that had sprung to them.

The Nagas chieftain had been freed likewise. Now he was motioned to lead the way, the lama

and Anne following, and they continued the journey up the mountain.

The going was frightful—Anne marvelled at her own fortitude, grounded in the recklessness of despair. She did not care what happened and the attitude seemed to give her an immunity from accident. The depth made no pull at her sensibilities. Rocks remained firm when she stood on them. Slides braced to sustain her.

Doddap fortified himself for each ticklish pitch with his chint and the beating of his little drum. At least, Anne thought such was his object until she saw tears streaming down his face.

"What is it?" she asked. "The time approaches. I fear for the master," he said.

"But he's better off than any of us. Diana saw him escape."

"He is in great danger," and the lama renewed the beating on his little drum with a despairing vigor.

Eventually they emerged on a broad black tableland. Before them stood a stonefenced enclosure with cross fences of stone running here and there, dividing the compound. In one section stood a score or so of horses, their saddles on the fence beside them. In one of the yards stood two felt tents. Smoke rose from the smoke holes but there was no sign of dogs, people or flocks. The brown plain stretched wide and empty to distant snow clad peaks.

The Nagas chieftain led them into the largest tent and Anne understood at once that it had been erected by herdsmen and left for travelers, but not for these travelers. The leader posted a guard outside and then ordered the men to sit down and get out their food bowls that they carried in the native style. The place was warm and becoming stifling. Anne removed her leather coat and offered to ladle the food so that she would not have to sit down with the men.

The little lama was the last one served.

"What are they trying to do, Doddap?" she asked, making a slow and difficult task of filling his bowl.

"They will tell you," he answered soberly.

"Aren't there any natives here to rescue us?"

"A camp on the river bank deep in the canyon. They do not intend to return until morning when they come with more food."

"If only we could let them know that things are wrong here!"

A stout black bearded white man thrust his food bowl between them, jabbering angrily. Doddap sat down beside the door.

"The leader is more of a white man than the others," she thought hopefully, "despite those bloodshot eyes."

Sudden Death

Anne choked down a quantity of the food for her strength's sake, as she crouched beside the fire cage.

Presently the weary men stretched out, smoking the tobacco they had taken from their captors. Then the leader came to her and the rose hastily. He beckoned for Doddap to join them and explained his intention to reach the high priest of the Nagas and by craft, or force if necessary, to break his way through to Shy-a Nago. As bearer of the sacred dagger he believed Anne would be of use to him. He demanded a look at the weapon.

The man spoke with sharp impatience and Doddap translated, tonelessly. "He says give it or he will take it."

Anne saw the cold venom in the white man's eyes. These three stood alone in the center of the tent back of the fire cage. The Nagas chieftain had risen to his knees and was watching them, the blood drained from his brown face. Anne, her back to the door, slowly drew out the dagger, wondering desperately if there was any use she could make of it to gain her freedom. If she struck him with the weapon she would be helpless, at the mercy of the others. To use it on herself might be the last resort. She thought of the native taboo without much hope he would be impressed.

"Tell him," she directed Doddap, "that unless he has the right, the touch of this weapon means death."

In answer the man gave a short ruthless laugh and took a threatening step towards her. Anne snatched the knife from its sheath and held it in her palm point towards him, the sharp blade gleaming, the green eye glowing unnaturally in the dusk like the eye of a live animal.

"Come and get it if you don't believe me."

The man hesitated, staring a moment as if some instinct warned him of danger he could not see or believe in. A fibre from one of the men set him off, and he seized the dagger from her hand. His eyes had lifted, looking across her shoulder. Suddenly they widened.

His hand flashed up and threw the knife.

Anne dropped instinctively. A bullet opened the man's forehead, and he crumpled to the floor.

Sherwood stood in the doorway, the dagger hanging in the tent felt beside him. At his shoulder was Mackey, a pistol in his hand.

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; KNS, 1070, Los Angeles; KOA, 850, Denver; KOIN, 970, Portland; KOMO, 950, Seattle; KPO, 930, San Francisco; KSL, 1160, Salt Lake.

Time Shown is PST

Sunday
5:00 p. m.—Manhattan Merry-Go-Round, KPO, KOMO, KGW, American Red Cross Program, KGO, KJR, Summer Hour, KNS, KSL, KOIN.

5:30 p. m.—Bookman's Notebook, KGO, KJR, American Album of Familiar Music, KPO, KOMO, KGW, Vincent Lopez's Orch., KEX.

6:00 p. m.—Hour of Charm, KPO, KOMO, KGW, Goodwill Hour, KGO, KEX, KJR, Take It or Leave It, KNS, KSL, KOIN.

6:30 p. m.—Deadline Dramas, KGO, KOMO, Helen Hayes Theater, KNS, KSL, KOIN, Comedy, KPO.

7:00 p. m.—Crime Doctor, KNS, KOIN, Arturo Arturo's Orch., KGW, Inner Sanctum, KGO, KEX, KJR, The Old Cabinet Maker, KPO, News, KSL, Symphonic Serenade, KSL, Radio Parade, KOMO.

7:30 p. m.—Treasure Trails of

Song, KGO, KEX, KJR; Bob Garrod, KNS, KOIN; Breakfast Club, KGO; Breakfast Jamboree, KPO; Knox Manning, KSL.

8:00 p. m.—Charlie Spivak's Orch., KNS, KOIN; Walter Winchell, KPO, KOMO, KGW, News, KGO, KJR, KEX, KSL; Leon F. Drews, KOIN.

8:30 p. m.—Vera Vague, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Voice of Hawaii, KJR; Don't Be Personal, KNS, KOIN.

9:00 p. m.—Night Editor, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Bob Saunders' Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; I Was There, KNS, KOIN; Everybody Sing, KEX; Ogden Tabernacle Choir, KSL.

9:30 p. m.—Don Kaye's Orch., KGO, Eddie LeBaron's Orch., KPO, KGW, By the Way, KNS; Book Chat, KEX; News, KJR; Northwest Roundtable, KOIN; Mixem and Matchem, KOMO; Chorus, KSL.

10:00 p. m.—Southernaires, KGO, KEX, KJR; Dick Jurgens' Orch., KNS; Reporter News, KPO, KGW, KOMO, News, KOIN; Temple Square, KSL.

10:30 p. m.—Etchings in Brass, KGO, KEX; Ken Stevens, KNS, KOIN; Rev. Henry H. Ness, KJR, Sabbath Reveries, KSL.

11:00 p. m.—Floyd Wright, KEX; Bob Saunders' Orch., KPO, KGW, Dick Jurgens' Orch., KOIN; News, KGO, KNS; Light Classics, KSL.

Coupon Attached

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



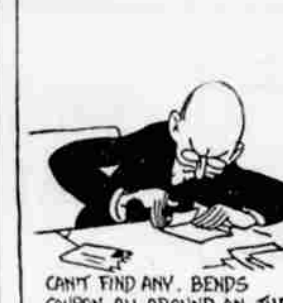
RECEIVES CIRCULAR IN MORNING MAIL, PROMISING FREE SAMPLE IF ATTACHED COUPON IS TORN OFF AND SENT IN



DECIDES TO DO IT. STARTS TO TEAR OFF COUPON, TEARING EVERYWHERE EXCEPT THE DOTTED LINE THAT MARKS THE COUPON



WONDERS WHY THOSE DOTTED LINES ARE NEVER MADE SO THEY WILL TEAR EASILY, AND LOOKS FOR SOME SCISSORS



CAN'T FIND ANY BENDS COUPON ALL AROUND ON THE DOTTED LINE TO MAKE IT TEAR MORE EASILY



STARTS TEARING BRISKLY, IMMEDIATELY TEARING COUPON HALFWAY ACROSS, BY PICKING AT IT CAUTIOUSLY FINALLY DETACHES COUPON



SETS IT ASIDE FOR LATER MAILING, AND PICKS UP THE DAY'S WORK. INSIDE FIVE MINUTES COUPON IS IRRETRIEVABLY LOST

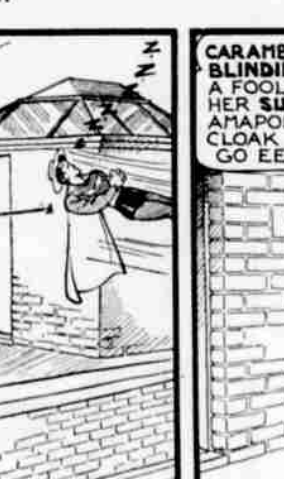
6-21

(Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

L'I' ABNER—The Hitch-Hiker!



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Betty Lou Makes a Decision!



IT IS THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING AT CASA GRANDE DEL CASMETTO! THE DOCTOR, WHO ATTENDED THE GRAVELY WOUNDED LT FERNANDO, HAS DEPARTED HOURS AGO, AND ALL IN THE HACIENDA HAVE RETIRED. ...THAT IS... ALL BUT BETTY-LOU, NOW YNEZ AWAKENS, TO SEE HER FRIEND PRESSING...



BUT... I'M GOING ANYWAY! I HAVE A FEELING THE BOYS MAY HAVE CRASHED IN THE JUNGLE. ...YOU CANNOT! MY FATHER WOULD NEVER CONSENT.



B-BETTY-LOU! WAIT UNTIL DAWN. FATHER WILL ACCOMPANY YOU IN HIS AUTO...



IF THE BOYS ARE DOWN IN THE JUNGLE, WE'D NEVER FIND THEM BY MEANS OF AN AUTO... FATE SEEMS TO HAVE PROVIDED THE WAY...



I'M GOING TO SEARCH FOR THEM... IN LIEUTENANT FERNANDO'S PLANE!

By HAL FORREST

THE NEBBS—A Nebb's a Nebb

WHAT? YOU SAY THE BOAT LANDED THREE DAYS AGO? ARE YOU SURE OF THAT? SOMETHING'S WRONG!

NOW, WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED? THE BOAT HAS BEEN IN FOR THREE DAYS AND WHAT'S BECOME OF CLEO?

FROM WHAT I HEAR SHE'S OLD ENOUGH TO LOOK AFTER HERSELF AND IF SHE'S KIN TO YOU NOBODY IS GOING TO TELL HER WHAT TO DO

HERE'S A TELEGRAM. WAS A BIT DELAYED. WILL ARRIVE MONDAY ONE-THIRTY-NORTHVILLE... CLEO

SEE? WHAT DID I TELL YOU? IF SHE'S A TRUE NEBB, WHICH YOU'RE HOPEING SHE IS, SHE WON'T BE MUCH TO LOOK AT!

By SOL HESS

PORTLAND WARD'S GETS NLRB ORDER

Portland, Ore., June 21.—(AP)—A spokesman for the Montgomery Ward & Co. store said today the management was ready to open the store as soon as pickets were withdrawn and merchandise was delivered.

Wards' Portland store was blamed by a national labor relations board examiner, George Bokst, yesterday for a strike there. A decision received yesterday by Wards and by the striking AFL warehousemen and retail clerks unions held that the store had failed to bargain collectively.

The store was ordered to offer reinstatement without prejudice to all employees.

Unions struck Dec. 7 for higher wages, union shop and other concessions. The store operated behind picket lines until May 3 when it closed because of inability to get delivery of merchandise.

Glass—We sell glass, reglaze your broken windows, reason ably Trowbridge Cabinet Works

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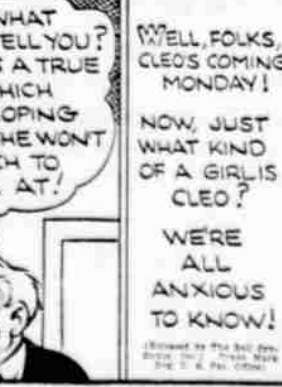
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SEE? WHAT DID I TELL YOU? IF SHE'S A TRUE NEBB, WHICH YOU'RE HOPEING SHE IS, SHE WON'T BE MUCH TO LOOK AT!

WELL, FOLKS, CLEO'S COMING MONDAY! NOW, JUST WHAT KIND OF A GIRL IS CLEO? WE'RE ALL ANXIOUS TO KNOW!



STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

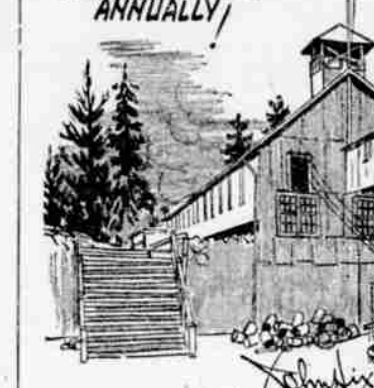


THE EMPIRE GOLD MINE-

Grass Valley, Calif.

HAS OPERATED CONTINUOUSLY FOR 91 YEARS, ALTHOUGH EXPERTS SEVERAL TIMES DECLARED THE GOLD EXHAUSTED!

IT IS 1900 FEET DEEP, HAS 190 MILES OF TUNNELS, AND PRODUCES 100,000 OUNCES ANNUALLY!



OLD GOLD MINE

Because at that time Cornwall, England, was the only district having experienced hard rock miners, Cornishmen were imported to work the Empire mine, discovered in 1850. To this day most of the miners are either natives of Cornwall, or descendants of natives who came over in the 19th century.

SILENT REFEREE

Russell Herring, deaf-mute, is a linotype operator on the Rocky Mount, N. C., Evening Telegram, and has not let what most people would consider an affliction keep him out of sports. He officiates at basketball and baseball games—and you simply can't argue with him!

Monday: Real "Street Light"

PETROLEUM PRODUCTS UNDER EXPORT RULE

Washington, June 21.—(AP)—By direction of President Roosevelt, all petroleum products

were subjected today to export control, and exports from the eastern seaboard may be made only to the British Empire, Egypt and the Western Hemisphere.

The White House disclosed that the president had directed the export control administrator to place the restrictions on oil products.

by JOHN HIX



NO ARGUMENT HERE... RUSSELL HERRING, Rocky Mount, N. C., BASEBALL REFEREE, IS A DEAF MUTE!

BERMUDA HAD COINS BEFORE THE PILGRIMS LANDED!

HOG MONEY, SO-CALLED BECAUSE IT BORE THE PICTURE OF A PIG... FIRST MINTED IN 1616...



6-21