

King of the Khyber Rifles A Romance of Adventure

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KING SEES YASMINI FOR THE FIRST TIME WHEN SHE COMES TO DANCE BEFORE THE THOUSANDS OF WARRIORS ASSEMBLED IN THE CAVERN

Synopsis.—At the beginning of the world war Capt. Athelstan King of the British Indian army...

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

"Aye! The liar says the Germans gave it to him. He swears they will send more. Who are the Germans?"



A Wretched-Looking Beluchi Was Thrust Forward at a Run, With Arms Lashed to His Sides.

favor may have his hurts dressed and his belly dosed. Her enemies may rot."

CHAPTER XIII.

The dance went on for fifteen minutes yet, but then—quite unexpectedly—all the arena guards together fired a volley at the roof, and the dance stopped as if every dancer had been hit.

he whispered. "Here in this cavern men wait for proof!" He licked his teeth suggestively, as a wolf does when he contemplates a meal.

the act. There was a great gasp the same instant, as the whole crowd caught its breath all together.

The crowd was starting at the end of the bridge. King stared, too, and caught his own breath. For Yasmini stood there, smiling on them all as the new moon smiles down on the Khyber!

She nodded once; and then all was over in a minute. With a ringing "Ho!" and a run, the guards lifted their victims shoulder high and bore them forward.

"Kurram Khan!" the lashed mullah howled, like a lone wolf in the moonlight, and King stood up. In that grim minute he managed to seem about as much at ease as a native hakim ought to feel at such an initiation.

"Throw it! Throw it! Throw it!" The crowd was growing impatient. Many men were standing, waving their arms to draw attention to themselves.

His next move made every savage who watched him gasp because of its very unexpectedness. He held the head in both hands, threw it far out into the river, and stood to watch it sink.

women who are prisoners here. He may therefore live!" There was utter silence. Men looked at one another and at her, and her blazing eyes searched the crowd swiftly.



The Crowd Was Growing Impatient.

betrayed a flash of temper like a trapped she-tiger's, but followed it instantly with her loveliest smile. "Slay him!" yelled a lone voice, that was greeted by an approving murmur.

Disguised as he is, King is placed on trial for his life. At a critical moment a human head is thrust into his hands. When he sees the face, the shock is terrific. The victim is—