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CHAPTER XIV-Continued.

day wonder at Yasmini's dancing.

youth! She danced a story for them of the things they knew. She was the and it became so dark that King had dawn light, touching the distant peaks. to follow by ear. He imagined they She was the wind that follows it, were running back toward the ledge sweeping among the junipers and kiss- under the waterfall; yet, when Ismail ing each as she came. She was laugh- called a halt at last, panting, groped ter, as the little children laugh when behind a great rock for a lamp and lit the cattle are loosed from the byres at the wick with a common safety match, last to feed in the valleys. She was they were in a cave he had never seen the scent of spring uprising. She was before. blossom. She was fruit! Very daughter of the sparkle of warm sun on snow, she was the "Heart of the Hills" thou afraid?" asked Ismail, holding herself!

Never was such dancing! Never such an audience! Never such mad applause! She danced until the great arena with clubbed butts and beat solid. Thought itself left off less than back trespassers who would have a yard away. mobbed her. And every movementevery gracious wonder-curve and step did not answer him. with which she told her tale was as knife and the figures on the lamp-bowls pressed tight against it for the sake and as the bracelets on her arm. of its company; and almost at once he Greek!

girl-wife of a semi-civilized hill rajah! below him; it was perfectly impossible Who taught her? There is nothing to judge, for the darkness was not new, even in Khinjan, in the "Hills!"

And when the crowd defeated the the swinging butts to selze her and turning, he thought he could see red fling her high and worship her with eyes peering over the rock. He jumped, der high again. She went to it like he missed. a leaf in the wind-sprang on it as if bridge with a laugh.

She went over the bridge on tiptoes, Yasmini at her bewitchingest. And danced up the hewn stone stairs, dived was convinced that should he try too into the dark hole and was gone!

the cavern was like to burst apart to that indignity. He decided to go from the tumult.

when he assured King he should some into a million, and the great roof He was not certain whether it was the from himself. hurled the din down again to make twentieth century, or 55 B. C., or ear-

She became joy and bravery and confusion with the new din coming up. Ismail went like a rat down a run,

"Where are we?" King asked. "Where none dare seek us. Art the lamp to King's face.

"Kuch dar nahin hai!" he answered. "There is no such thing as fear !" Suddenly the Afridi blew the lamp rough guards had to run round the out, and then the darkness became glow.

"Ismail !" he whispered. But Ismail

He faced about, leaning against the purely Greek as the handle on King's rock, with the flat of both hands it was spread with fine new linen. him in English more sweetly than if

saw a little bright red light glowing and she half-modern Russian, ex- in the distance. It might have been measurable.

"Flowers turn to the light!" droned arena guards at last and burst through Ismail's voice above sententiously, and mad barbaric rite, she ran toward the and made a grab for the flowing beard shield. The four men raised it shoul- that surely must be below them, but

"Little fish swim to the light !" wings had lifted her, scarce touching droned Ismail. "Moths fly to the it with naked toes-and leapt to the light! Who is a man that he should know less than they?"

He turned again and stared at the like nothing else under heaven but light. Dimly, very vaguely he could make out that a causeway led downwithout pausing on the far side she ward from almost where he stood. He climb back Ismail would merely reach "Come!" yelled Ismail in King's ear. out a hand and shove him down again. He could have heard nothing less, for and there was no sense in being put

forward, for there was even less sense "Whither?" the Afridi shouted in in standing still. So he stooped to disgust. "Does the wind ask whither? feel the floor with his hand before deciding to go forward. There was no mistaking the finish given by the tread of countless feet. He was 'on a highway, and there are not often pitfalls where so many feet have been. For all that he went forward as a

womb on fire and of hellions brewing | the clash of rings on a rod. But he | bare another bracelet, on the man's wrath. The stalactites and the hurry- was beyond being startled. He was right wrist. Size for size, this was the Rewa Gunga spoke truth in Delhi ing river multiplied the dancing lights not really sure he was in the world. same as the one that had been stolen

Memory prompted him. He felt its lier yet; or whether time had ceased, outer edge with a finger nail. There The place where he was did not was the little nick that he had made look like a cave, but a palace chamber, in the soft gold when he struck it for the rock walls had been trimmed against the cell bars in the jail at the ing solved the riddle, King had leisure I used to think I knew how to amuse square and polished smooth ; then they Mir Khan palace ! He touched the had been painted pure white, except gold. It was warm. He repeated the for a wide blue frieze, with a line of test on the woman's wrists. Hers was eler appraising diamonds. They were gold leaf drawn underneath it. And warm, too. Both bracelets had been strangely reminiscent, but much more on the frieze, done in gold-leaf too, worn by a living being within an was the Grecian lady of the lamps, hour-

always dancing. There were fifty or He muttered and frowned in thought, and then suddenly jumped backward. them. sixty figures of her, no two alike. A dozen lamps were burning, set in The leather curtain near the bed had

niches cut in the walls at measured moved on its bronze rod. "Aren't they dears?" a volce said in intervals. They were exactly like the two outside, except that their horn English behind him. "Aren't they chimneys were stained yellow instead sweet?"

Yasmini stood not two arms' lengths of red, suffusing everything in a golden Opposite him was a curtain, rather because of the merry life in her, young like that through which he had en- and warm, aglow, but looking like the tered. Near to the curtain was a bed, dead woman and the woman of the whose great wooden posts were frieze-the woman of the lamp-bowlscracked with age. In spite of its age the statue-come to life, speaking to

English abuse their language. Yas-

Being dressed as a native, he stained tips of her warm fingers to was treating him to raillery.

"Man of pills and blisters!" she said, tell me how those bodies are preserved! Spill knowledge from that learned skull of thine !"

He did not answer. He never shone in conversation at any time, having made as many friends as enemies by saying nothing until the spirit moves him. But she did not know that yet. two? Speak, man, speak! Has Khin- Romans.

ian struck you dumb?" But he did not speak. He was staring at her arm, where two whitis marks on the skin betrayed that brace-

King's hand. "One lay on her bosom and one on his when I found them !" she said. "Now, think again !"

He did think, of thirty thousand possibilities, and of one impossible idea that stood up prominent among them have puzzled the raj, haven't they, all and insisted on seeming the only likely one.

"I saw the knife in your bosom last night," she said, "and laughed so that I nearly wakened you."

"Why didn't you take it with the pracelet?" King asked her, holding it out. "Take it now. I don't want it." She accepted it and laid it on the man's bronze armor. Then, however, she resumed it and played with it.

"Look again!" she said. "Think and look again!"

He looked, and he knew now. But he still preferred that she should tell him, and his lips shut tight.

"Can you guess why I changed my mind about you-wise man?"

She looked from him to the man on the bed and back to him again. Havto be interested in her eyes, and watched them analytically, like a jewchangeable and colorful than any he has come!" had ever seen. They had the baffling trick of changing while he watched hers, soul and harness, if outward

"Having sent a man to kill you, why did I cease to want to kill you? Instead of losing you on the way to Khinjan, why did I run risks to protect you after you reached here? Why did I save your life in the Cavern of away, lovelier than the dead woman Earth's Drink tonight? You do not leather curtain that hung on a bronze know yet? Then I will tell you something else you do not know. I was in Delhi when you were! I watched and listened while you and Rewa Gunga talked in my house! I was in Rewa Gunga's carriage on the train that he it had been her mother tongue. The took and you did not! I have learned at first hand that you are not a fool. work twice over. But that was not enough! You had to be three things-clever and brave and one other. The one other you are! salaamed low. Knowing him for what Brave you have proved yourself to the tan and for the first time her eyes he was, she gave him the senna- be! Clever you must be, to trick your way into Khinjan caves, even with kiss, and he thought she trembled Ismail at your elbow! That is why when he touched them. But a second I saved your life-because you are later she had snatched them away and those two things and - and - one other !"

> She snatched a mirror from a little ivory table-a modern mirror-bad glass, bad art, bad workmanship, but silver warranted.

"Look in it and then at him !" she ordered.

But he did not need to look. The man on the bed was not so much like himself as the woman was like her, "If I knew for certain why those but the resemblance seemed to grow two did not turn to worms," she went | under his eyes, King was the taller on, "almost I would choose to die now, and the younger by several years, but while I am beautiful! What would the noses were the same, and the they say, think you, King sahib, if wrinkled foreheads; both men had the they found us two dead beside those same firm mouth; both looked like

CHAPTER XVI.

She held his hand a little tighter and pressed closer to him, laughing softly. He stood as if made of iron, and that

only made her laugh the more. "Tales of the 'Heart of the Hills' these many years? They sent me to find the source of them. Met They chose well! There are not many like me! I have found this one dead woman who was like me. And in ten years, until you came, I have found no man like him!"

She tried to look into his eyes, but he frowned straight in front of him. His native costume and Rangar turban did not make him seem any less a man. His jowl, that was beginning to

need shaving, was as grim and as satisfying as the dead Roman's. She stroked his left hand with soft fingers. "I used to think I knew how to dance!" she laughed. "For ten years I have taken those pictures of her for

my model and have striven to learn what she knew. I have surpassed her! myself with men's dreams-until I found this! Then I dreamed on my own account! My dream was true, my warrior! You have come! Our hour

She tugged at his hand. He was signs could prove it.

"Come!" she said. "Is this my hospltallty? You are weary and hungry. Come !'

She led him by the hand, for it would have needed brute force to pry her fingers loose. She drew aside the rod near the bed, led him through it. and let it clash to again behind them. Now they were in the dark together, and it was not comprehended in her scheme of things to let circumstance lie fallow. She pressed his hand, and sighed, and then hurried, whispering tender words he could scarcely catch. When they burst together through a curtain at the other end of a passage in the rock, his skin was red under refused to meet his.

"Why did they choose that cave to sleep in?" she asked him. "Is not this better one? Who laid them there?"

He stared about. They were in a great room far more splendid than the first. There was a great fountain in the center splashing in the midst of flowers. They were cut flowers. The "Hills" must have been scoured for them within a day.

There were great cushioned couches all about and two thrones made of ivory and gold. Between two couches was a table, laden with golden plates and a golden jug, on pure white linen. There were two goblets of beaten gold and knives with golden handles and bronze blades. The whole room seemed to be drenched in the scent Yasmini favored, and there was the same frieze running round all four walls, with the woman depicted on it dancing.

"Come, we shall eat!" she said, leading him by the hand to a couch. She took the one facing him, and they lay like two Romans of the empire with the table in between. She struck a golden gong then, and a native woman came In, who stared at King as if she had seen him before and did not like him. Yasmini nodded to the servant, who clapped her hands. At once came a stream of hillmen, robed in white, who carried sherbet in bottles cooled in snow and dishes fragrant with hot food. He recognized his own prisoners from the Mir Khan Palace jail, and nodded to them as they set the things down under the maid's direction. When they had finished eating Yasmini drove the maid away with a sharp word; he brought She an ivory footstool and set it about a yard away from her waxen toes. And she, watching him with burning eyes, wound tresses of her hair around the golden dagger handle, making her jewels glitter with each movement. "The gods of India, who are the only real gods, what do they think of it all ! They have been good to the English. but they have had no thanks. They will stand aside now and watch a greater jihad than the world has ever seen! I love them, and they love meas you shall love me, too! If they did not love both of us, we would not both be here! We must obey them !" None of the East's amazing ways of courtship are ever tedious. Love springs into being on an instant and lives a thousand years inside an hour. She left no doubt as to her meaning. She and King were to love, as the East knows love, and then the world might have just what they two did not care to take from It. His only possible course as yet was the defensive, and there is no defense like silence. He was still. "The sirkar," she went on, "the slily sirkar fears that perhaps Turkey may enter the war. Perhaps a jihad may be proclaimed. So much for fear! I know! I have known for a very long time! And I have not let fear trouble me at all !" Her eyes were on his steadily, and she read no fear in his, either, for none was there. In hers he saw ambitiontriumph already - excitement - the gambler's love of all the hugest risks. Behind them burned genius and the devilry that would stop at nothing. As the general had told him in Peshawur, she would dare open hades gate and ride the devil down the Khyber for the fun of It. (TO BE CONTINUED.) **Crushed** Possibilities.



Come like the wind and see! They will remember next that they have a bone to pick with thee! Come away!"

That seemed good enough advice. He followed as fast as Ismail could shoulder a way out between the frantic hillmen, deafened, stupefied, numbed, almost cowed by the ovation they were giving the "Heart of their Hills."

CHAPTER XV.

As they disappeared after a scramble through the mouth of the same tunnel they had entered by, a roar went up behind them like the birth of earthquakes. Looking back over his shoulder, King saw Yasmini come back into the hole's mouth, to stand framed in it and bow acknowledgment. For the space of five minutes she stood in the





great hole, smiling and watching the was supple as good cloth. crowd below. Then she went, and the Iredweights of splintered stalactite.

ters. In another minute twenty Zakka a rod. Khels had begun a sword dance, yellthem. In three minutes more the skilled swiftly to take in details, but whole arena was a dinning whirlyool, with a brain that tried to explainand the river's voice was drowned in formed a hundred wild suggestionsshouting and the stamping of naked and then reeled. He was face to face feet on stone. Khinjan caves.

"Come!" urged Ismall and led the way.

Indian draperies hung down from it certain Agag once did, and it was to the floor on either side. On it, many minutes before he could see a above the linen, a man and a woman certain glowing blood-red in the light lay hand in hand, and the woman was behind two lamps, at the top of a flight so exactly like Yasmini, even to her of ten stone steps. When he went was not possible for a man to be self. ashamed, for then he might have quite close he saw carpet down the middle of the steps, so ancient that possessed.

the stone showed through in places; minutes before he satisfied himself a fig for her judgment of him. She all the pattern, supposing it ever had any, was worn or faded away. Carpet that the man's breast did not rise and realized that instantly and having better than one! You shall learn to and steps glowed red too. His own face, and the hands he held in front and that the woman's jeweled gauzy discarded it for a better one. She ners, you and I!" of him were red-hot-poker color. Yet stuff was still. Imagination played grew confidential. outside the little ellipse of light the such tricks with him that in the stilldarkness looked like a thing to lean ness he imagined he heard breathing.

against, and the silence was so intense that he could hear the arteries singing by his ears. He saw the curtains move slightly, apparently in a little puff of wind that

nade the lamps waver. Then he walked self. up the steps and at the top he stooped to examine the lamps.

They were bronze, cast, polished and graved. All round the circumference of each bowl were figures in halfrelief, representing a woman dancing. and of the lamps in the arena! But no two figures of the dance were alike. two it represented. It was the same woman dancing, but the artist had chosen twenty different poses with which to immortalize had lived two thousand years ago, behis skill, and hers. Both lamps burned a chimney of horn; not at all unlike in it part of his breast had turned to a modern lamp chimney. The horn powder inside the breastplate. The was stained red.

As he set the second lamp down he became aware of a subtle, interesting smell, and memory took him back at once to Yasmini's room in the Chandni lipped, he lay like an emperor in har- man afterward. He knows more, for Chowk in Delhi where he had smelled ness. But the pride and resolution on one thing. He has had a lesson in it first. It was the peculiar scent he had been told was Yasmini's own-a blend of scents, like a chord of music, been lovers. n which musk did not predominate. He took three strides and touched

the curtains, discovering now for the first time-that there were two of them. divided down the middle. They were of leather, and though they looked old ing had decayed, so that his armor

"Kurram Khan hai!" he announced. guards began to loose random volleys But the echo was the only answer, at the entrance, and as well preserved. at the roof and brought down hun- There was no sound beyond the cur- But the woman's silked clothing was tains. With his heart in his mouth he as new as the bedding. Yet, they both

Within a minute there were a hun- parted them with both hands, startled died about the same time, or how could dred men busy sweeping up the splin- by the sharp jangle of metal rings on their fingers have been interlaced? drills a child. And some of the jewelry on the wom-So he stood, with arms outstretched, an's clothes was very ancient as well

ing like demons. A hundred joined staring-staring-with eyes as priceless.

sleeve was a wrought gold bracelet. her modeled from the life. smaller than that one he himself had with the unexplainable-the riddle of

King's last impression was of earth's his fingers and closed behind him with closely at it, and the movement laid, showed a knife exactly like that in as him within a little while !"

rest of his body was whole and per-

Roman way, gray on the temples, firm-

five. Every stitch of the man's cloth-

fectly preserved.

"Oh, those! They are theirs. I Richly embroidered, not very ancient would turn on me. I robbed you, instead, while you slept. Fie, King sa- gleamed the diamonds on her dress.

hib, while you slept!" But her steel did not strike on flint. It was her eyes that flashed. He would | they lay plans well indeed !" clothing and her naked feet, that it have done better to have seemed

fooled her, at least for a while. But things in his heart. They both seemed asleep. It was having judged himself, he did not care

"I borrow them," she explained, "but I put them back. I take them cism and ambition like a fever. After he was sure they were both for so many days, and when the day dead, he went nearer, but it was a comes-the gods like us to be exact! minute yet before he knew the woman You were near death when I took the

was not she. At first a wild thought bracelet last night. The time was up. possessed him that she had killed her- I would have stabbed you if you had bed. "You think he brought her? I tried to prevent me!"

The only thing to show who he had Now he spoke at last and gave her been were the letters S. P. Q. R. on a a first glimpse of an angle of his mind great plumed helmet, on a little table she had not suspected.

by the bed. But she was the woman "Princess," he said. He used the of the lamp-bowls and the frieze. A word with the deference some men can life-size stone statue in a corner was combine with effrontery, so that very She was the woman of the knife-hilt, so like her, and like Yasmini too, that tenderness has barbs, "You might it was difficult to decide which of the have had that thing back if you had sent a messenger for it at any time.

She had lived when he did, for her A word by a servant would have been fingers were locked in his. And he enough." "You could never have reached cause his armor was about as old as Khinjan then !" she retorted. Her eyes sweet oil with a wick, and each had that, and for proof that he had died flashed again, but his did not waver. "Princess," he said, "why speak of what you don't know?"

He thought she would strike like a snake, but she smiled at him instead. Stern, handsome in a high-beaked And when Yasmini has smiled on a man he has never been just the same his face were outdone by the serenity one of the finer arts.

"I will speak of what I do know," of hers. Very surely those two had she said. "No, there is no need. Look !

Both of them looked young and Look!" She pointed at the bed-at the man healthy-the woman younger than on the bed-fingers locked in those of thirty-twenty-five at a guess-and a woman who looked so like herself. the man perhaps forty, perhaps forty-He looked, knowing well there was something to be understood, that as the "Hills" themselves, the leather rested on the naked skin, except for a stared him in the face. But for the dressed leather kilt about his middle. life of him he could not determine The leather was as old as the curtains question or answer.

"What is in your bosom?" she asked him. He put his hand to his shirt.

with the bronze blade, with which a thousands-who knew the secret of man had meant to murder him. He let Khinjan caves, but this has been a He looked closer at the fingers for it lie on the palm of his hand and signs of force and suddenly caught his looked from it to her and back again. knew the secret before I, sawed those breath. Under the woman's flimsy The hilt might have been a portrait of bracelets through and fitted hinges

"Athelstan!" She pronounced his given name as

if she loved the word, standing straight would not rob the dead, or the gods | again and looking into his eyes. There were high lights in hers that out-"Your gods and mine have done this,

Athelstan, When the gods combine "I only know one God," he answered simply, as a man speaks of the deep

"I know of many! They love me! They shall love you, too! Many are fall under the bronze Roman armor found a tool that would not work, know my gods, for we are to be part-

> She took his hand again, her eyes burning with excitement and mystiseemed to take more that physical possession of him.

"What brought them here? Tell me that !" she demanded, pointing to the



"Can You Guess Why I Changed My Mind About You-Wise Man?"

tell you she was the spur that drove him! Is it a wonder that men called her the 'Heart of the Hills?' I found them ten years ago and clothed her "Draw it out !" she said, as a teacher | and put new linen on their bed, for the old was all rags and dust. There have He drew out the gold-hilted knife always been hundreds-and sometimes secret within a secret. Someone, who and clasps. The men you saw in the

"Here is another like it," she said, Cavern of Earth's Drink have no worn in Delhi and up the Khyber. He stepping to the bedside. She drew back doubt I am the 'Heart of the Hills' The leather curtains slipped through raised the loose sleeve to look more the woman's dress at the bosom and come to life! They shall know thee

Jones, the cub reporter, was fat, but he looked as melancholy as a fat man can when he entered the city editor's office.

"Why was my story killed?" he asked gloomily.

"An act of mercy," said the editor. ou fall dame op, it first."

