

DO YOU KNOW WHY --- You Should Never Try to Fool Wifey Unless You're Sure She Knows You?

Drawn for this paper By Frank Leat



INTERNATIONAL CARTOON CO., N. Y. 34-3

KING OF THE KHYBER RIFLES A Romance of Adventure by TALBOT MUNDY

COPYRIGHT BY THE AUTHOR REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION

SYNOPSIS.

Chapter I.—At the beginning of the world war Capt. Athelstan King of the British Indian army and of its secret service, is ordered to Delhi to meet Yasmini, a dancer, and go with her to Khinjan to quiet the outlaws there who are said by spies to be preparing for a jihad or holy war.

CHAPTER II.—On his way to Delhi King quietly foils a plan to assassinate him and gets evidence that Yasmini is after him.

Chapter III.—In Delhi he is met by Rewa Gunga, Yasmini's man, who tells him that she has already gone North and that he, the Rangar, has been left to escort King.

Chapter IV.—In Yasmini's house the Rangar attempts to outwit King but fails. Ismail, an Afriid belonging to Yasmini, is given to King for a servant.

Chapter V.—King rescues some of Yasmini's men and takes them North with him, tricking the Rangar into going ahead of him.

Chapter VI.—Rejoined by the Rangar at the mouth of the Khyber pass, King and party star through the pass for Khinjan.

Chapter VII.—The Rangar deceives King and Ismail, with three others, in the pass.

Chapter VIII.—King sends to his brother at All Masjid fort, meets him alone in the pass, and with his aid transforms himself into a native hakim, or man of medicine.

Chapter IX.—Calling Ismail and the men back he at first puzzles and then astonishes and delights them by his transformation. Ismail grows friendly and seems appalled at the thought that Yasmini may love King.

Chapter X.—In Khinjan King is taken into the mosque and Ismail and another falsely witnessing for him that he has slain an Englishman, he is admitted thru the mosque wall into the celebrated caves.

Chapter XI.—He holds a clinic for the cave's inhabitants, and hears of a laskhar by Bull-With-a-Beard's men.

Chapter XII.—Next night Ismail takes him to a vast cave through which an underground river pours—"Earth's Drink"—and finds gathered there thousands of men, among whom he has pointed out to him the mullah Muhammad Anim, or Bull-With-a-Beard.

WANTED—Two boys to set pins at Ottawa Boat club bowling alleys. Must be sixteen years of age or older. Apply at clubhouse Friday evening at 7 o'clock.

But King was staring very hard indeed at something else—mentally cursing the plain glass spectacles he wore, that had begun to film over and dim his vision. There were two bracelets on her arm, both barbaric things of solid gold. The smaller of the two was on her wrist and the larger on her upper arm, but they were so alike, except for size, and so exactly like the one Rewa Gunga had given him in her name and that had been stolen from him in the night, that he ran the risk of removing the glasses a moment to stare with unimpeded eyes. Even then the distance was too great. He could not quite see.

But her eyes began to search the crowd in his direction, and then he knew two things absolutely. He was sitting where she had ordered Ismail to place him; for she picked him out almost instantly, and laughed as if somebody had struck a silver bell. And one of those bracelets was the one that he had worn; for she flaunted it at him, moving her arm so that the light should make the gold glitter.

Then, perhaps because the crowd had begun to whisper, and she wanted all attention, she raised both arms to toss back the golden hair that came

ascending nearly to her knees. And as if the crowd knew that symptom well, it drew its breath in sharply and grew very still.

"Muhammad Anim!" she said, and she might have been wooing him.

"That was a devil's trick!"

It was rather an astounding statement, coming from lovely lips in such a setting. It was rather suggestive of a driver's whiplash, flicked through the air for a beginning. Muhammad Anim continued glaring and did not answer her, so in her own good time, when she had tossed her golden hair back once or twice again, she developed her meaning.

"We who are free of Khinjan caves do not send men out to bring recruits. We know better than to bid our men tell lies for others at the gate. Nor, seeking proof for our new recruit, do we send men to hunt a head for him—not even those of us who have a laskhar saying we call our own, mullah Muhammad Anim! Each of us earns his own way in!"

The mullah Muhammad Anim began to stroke his beard, but he made no answer.

"And—mullah Muhammad Anim, thou wandering man of God—when that laskhar has foolishly been sent and has failed, is it written in the Kalamullah saying we should pretend there was a head, and that the head was stolen? A lie is a lie, Muhammad Anim! Wandering perhaps is good, if in search of the way. Is it good to lose the way, and to lie, thou true follower of the Prophet?"

She smiled, tossing her hair back. Her eyes challenged, her lips mocked him and her chin scorned. The crowd breathed hard and watched. The mullah muttered something in his beard, and sat down, and the crowd began to roar applause at her. But she checked it with a regal gesture, and a glance of contempt at the mullah that was alone worth a journey across the "Hills" to see.

"Guards!" she said quietly. And the crowd's sigh then was like the night wind in a forest.

"Away with those three of Muhammad Anim's men!"

Twelve of the arena guards threw down their shields with a sudden clatter and seized the prisoners, four to each. The crowd shimmered with delicious anticipation. The doomed men neither struggled nor cried, for fatalism is an anodyne as well as an explosive. King set his teeth, Yasmini, with both hands behind her head, continued to smile down on them all as sweetly as the stars shine on a battlefield.

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. At the river bank they paused for a second to swing them. Then, with another "Ho!" they threw them like dead rubbish into the swift black water.

There was only one wild scream that went echoing and re-echoing to the roof. There was scarcely a splash, and no extra ripple at all. No heads came up again to gasp. No fingers clutched at the surface. The fearful speed of the river sucked them under, to grind and churn and pound them through long caverns underground and hurl them at last over the great cataract toward the middle of the world.

"Ah-h-h-h-h!" sighed the crowd in ecstasy.

"Is there no other stranger?" asked Yasmini, searching for King again with her amazing eyes. The skin all down his back turned there and then into gooseflesh. And as her eyes met his she laughed like a bell at him. She knew! She knew who he was, how he had entered, and how he felt. Not a doubt of it!

CHAPTER XIV.

"Kurram Khan!" the laskhar 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.

"Come forward!" the mullah howled, and he obeyed, treading gingerly between men who were at no pains to let him by, and silently blessing them, because he was not really in any hurry at all. Yasmini looked lovely from a distance, and life was sweet.

"Who are his witnesses?" "I!" shouted Ismail, jumping up. "I!" cracked the roof. "I!" So that for a second King almost believed he had a crowd of men to swear for him and did not hear Darya Khan at all, who rose from a place not very far behind where he had sat.

Ismail followed him in a hurry, like a man wading a river with loose clothes gathered in one arm and the other arm ready in case of falling. Darya Khan did not go so fast. As he forced his way forward a man passed him up the wooden box that King had used to stand on; he seized it in both hands with a grin and a jest and went to stand behind King and Ismail, in line with the laskhar mullah, facing Yasmini. Yasmini smiled at them all as if they were actors in her comedy, and she well pleased with them.

"Look ye!" howled the mullah. "Look ye and look well, for this is to be one of us!"

King felt ten thousand eyes burn holes in his back, but the one pair of eyes that looked him from the bridge was more disconcerting.

"Turn, Kurram Khan! Turn that all may see!"

Feeling like a man on a spit, he revolved slowly. By the time he had turned once completely around he had decided that Yasmini meant he should be frightened, but not much hurt just yet. So he ceased altogether to feel frightened and took care to look more serene than ever.

"Speak, Kurram Khan!" Yasmini purred, smiling her loveliest. "Tell them whom you slew."

King turned and faced the crowd, raising himself on the balls of his feet to shout, like a man facing thousands of troops on parade. He nearly gave himself away, for habit had him un-awares. A native hakim, given the stoutest lungs in all India, would not have shouted in that way.

"Cappitn Attleystan King!" he roared. And he nearly jumped out of his skin when his own voice came rattling back at him from the roof overhead.

Yasmini chuckled as a little rill will sometimes chuckle among ferns. It was devilish. It seemed to say there were traps not far ahead.

"Where was he slain?" asked the mullah.

"In the Khyber pass," said King.

"Now give proof!" said the mullah. "Words at the gate—proof in the cavern! Without good proof, there is only one way out of here!"

"Proof!" the crowd thundered. "Proof!" the roof echoed.

There was no need for Darya Khan to whisper. King's hands were behind him, and he had seen what he had seen and guessed what he had guessed while he was turning to let the crowd look at him. His fingers closed on human hair.

"Nay, it is short!" hissed Darya Khan. "Take the two ears, or hold it by the jawbone! Hold it high in both hands!"

King obeyed, without looking at the thing, and Ismail, turning to face the crowd, rose on tiptoe and filled his lungs for the effort of his life.

"The head of Cappitn Attleystan King—infidel—kafir—British arrcher!" he howled.

"Good!" the crowd bellowed. "Good! Throw it!"

The crowd's roar and the roof's echoes combined in pandemonium.

"Throw it to them, Kurram Khan!" Yasmini purred from the bridge end, speaking as softly and as sweetly as if she coaxed a child. "It is the custom!"

"Throw it! Throw it!" the crowd thundered.

He turned the ghastly thing until it lay face-upward in his hands, and so at last he saw it. He caught his breath, and only the horn-rimmed spectacles, that he had cursed twice that night, saved him from self-betrayal. The cavern seemed to sway as he looked into the dead face of his brother Charles.

If Yasmini detected his nervousness she gave no sign.

"Throw it! Throw it! Throw it!" The crowd was growing impatient. Many men were standing, waving their arms to draw attention to themselves. Catching Yasmini's eyes, he knew it had not entered her head that he might disobey.

He looked past her toward the river. There were no guards near enough to prevent what he intended; but he had to bear in mind that the guards had rifles, and if he acted too suddenly one of them might shoot at him unbidden. Holding the head before him with both hands, he began to walk toward the river, edging all the while a little toward the crowd as if meaning to get nearer before he threw. He reached the river and stood there.

into the river and stood to watch it sink. Then, without visible emotion of any kind, he walked back stolidly to face Yasmini at the bridge end, with shoulders a little more stubborn now than they ought to be, and chin a shade too high, for there never was a man who could act quite perfectly.

"Thou fool!" Yasmini whispered through lips that did not move. She betrayed a flash of temper like a trapped shetiger's, but followed it instantly with her loveliest smile.

"Slay him!" yelled a lone voice, that was greeted by an approving murmur.

"This is a darbar!" Yasmini announced in a rising, ringing voice. "My darbar, for I summoned it! Did I invite any man to speak?"

There was silence, as a whipped unwilling pack is silent.

"Speak, thou Kurram Khan! Tell them why!" she said, smiling. No man could have guessed by the tone of her voice whether she was for him or against him, and the crowd, beginning again to whisper, watched to see which way the cat would jump.

He bowed low to her three times—very low indeed and very slowly, for he had to think. Then he turned his back and repeated the obeisance to the crowd.

"My brothers," he said, and his voice became that of a man whose advice has been asked, and who gives it freely. "Ye saw this night how one man entered here on the strength of an oath and a promise. All he lacked was proof, and I had proof. Ye saw! How easy would it not have been, had I thrown that head to you, for a traitor to catch it and hide it in his clothes, and make away with it! He could have used it to admit to these eyes—why—even an Englishman, my brothers! If that had happened, ye would have blamed me!"

Yasmini smiled. Taking his cue from



The Crowd Was Growing Impatient. "Throw it! Throw it!"

her, the crowd murmured, scarcely assent, but rather recognition of the hakim's adroitness. The game was not won; there lacked a touch to tip the scales in his favor, and Yasmini supplied it with ready genius.

"The hakim speaks the truth!" she laughed.

King turned about instantly to face her, but he saluted so low that she could not have seen his expression had she tried.

"If ye wish it, I will order him tossed into Earth's Drink after those other three."

Muhammad Anim rose, stroking his beard and rocking where he stood.

"It is the law!" he growled, and King shuddered.

"It is the law," Yasmini answered in a voice that rang with pride and insolence, "that none interrupt me while I speak! For such ill-mannered ones Earth's Drink hinders! Will you test my authority, Muhammad Anim? Think ye! If that head had only fallen into Muhammad Anim's lap, the mullah might have smuggled in another man with it!"

A roar of laughter greeted that thrust. Many men who had not laughed at the mullah's first discourteous rejoined in now. Muhammad Anim sat and fidgeted, meeting nobody's eye and answering nothing.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Test of a Good Husband.

Our position is simply this: That no man is a good husband who does not notice when he comes home that the sitting-room curtains have been moved to the dining-room.—Dallas News.

Classified Advertising

Advertisements will be inserted in this column not exceeding five lines, three times, 25c; one week 50c. Each line over five, 10c per week additional. All advertisements in this column must be paid in advance. No advertisement will be inserted in this column for less than 25c.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Modern furnished room close to town. Phone 555-X, 829 Canal street.

FOR RENT—Property at No. 124 E. Jefferson street; bath, but no furnace. Enquire of Elmer E. Roberts. Phone 913 W and 4524.

FOR RENT—Five room cottage, modern conveniences, 1218 Post street. Henry Kuhn. Apply between Nov 27 and 29.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—A young horse, driver or for delivery wagon; also light delivery wagon. Phone 495-W.

FOR SALE—Fine bungalow, eight rooms and bath, rebuilt three years ago, front porch 22x8, rear porch 9x9, cellar under all, hot air furnace, three rooms in cellar, cellar floor and walls cemented, floor drains, electric lights, gas for cooking, barn, cement walks inside, hardwood floors, rear fireplace. John S. Stephen place, w/2 lots 1 and 2, Day's add., opposite town hall, lot 7x12 1/2. If you want a house, that is not my business if Mr. Stevens wants to sacrifice his property. You won't often find a snap like this. T. B. Farrell, College bldg., phone 648-W.

FOR SALE—We have several lots for sale that will average about one acre of land; can be had now for \$99.00. Easy payments; would be especially desirable for poultry or market garden. Tel. 957-W. J. O. Harris & Son, 129 W. Main St.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and for years it was supposed to be incurable. Doctors prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Catarrh is a local disease, greatly influenced by constitutional conditions and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Medicine, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is a constitutional remedy, is taken internally and acts thru the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. One Hundred Dollars reward is offered for any case that Hall's Catarrh Medicine fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Sold by Druggists, Loc. Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

DR. E. A. KELLY, OTTAWA, ILL. 1125 Columbus St. Phone 225-Y. Silver fills 75c to \$1. Pearl crowns, \$5. Gold crowns \$5 to \$8. Plates \$5 to \$10. All work guaranteed first class. Office hours: a. m. to 7:30 p. m.

FOUND

FOUND—Two black rosary beads. Owner may have same by calling at this office and paying for this ad.

FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Estate of ALBERTINE MICHELE, deceased. Notice is hereby given to all persons interested in said Estate that the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of said Albertine Michele, deceased, will appear before the Probate Court of the County of La Salle and State of Illinois at the County Court House, in Ottawa, on the 10th day of December, A. D. 1917, for the purpose of rendering an account of his proceedings in the administration of said estate for the final settlement, when and where any and all persons interested may appear and show cause, if any there be, why such account should not be approved by the Court.

Dated at Ottawa, this 21st day of November, 1917. RALPH A. GREEN, Attest, Administrator. Edward Zilm, Clerk Probate Court of La Salle County, Illinois.

FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Estate of JOHN LYNCH, deceased. Notice is hereby given to all persons interested in said estate, that the undersigned, executor of the last will and testament of said John Lynch, deceased, will appear before the Probate Court of the County of La Salle and State of Illinois, at the County Court House, in Ottawa, on Monday the 10th day of December, A. D. 1917, for the purpose of rendering an account of his proceedings in the administration of said estate for the final settlement, when and where any and all persons interested may appear and show cause, if any there be, why such account should not be approved by the Court.

Dated at Ottawa, this 31st day of October, 1917. E. J. KELLY, Attest, Executor. EDW. G. ZILM, Clerk of Probate Court, La Salle County, Illinois.

Not the Best Way.

One way to be up with the lark is to keep the lark up all night.—Boston Transcript.

Professional Cards

PIANO TUNING H. GULBRANSEN Residence, Corner State and Van Buren Streets OTTAWA, ILLINOIS Phone, 231-Y

PROF. JOSEPH A. REARDON, Pianist and Teacher. Studio, 123 Colwell Apartments, opposite Washington park. Phone 884-L.

M. N. ARMSTRONG, Attorney at law, 219-2211 Moloney Bldg., Ottawa, Illinois. Telephones: Office, 375-W. Residence, 312-Y.

L. W. BREWER, Attorney and counsellor at law and solicitor in chancery. Will practice law in the several courts and in the federal courts. Special attention given to all real estate cases of La Salle and adjoining counties, including drainage questions.

B. F. LINCOLN, Attorney at law, office, La Salle St. west of court house.

DR. W. B. BLUE, Specialist—eye, ear, nose and throat. Third floor Central Life Building. Phone: Office 1019-W. Res., Main 942.

M'DOUGALL & CHAPMAN, Attorneys at law, National Bank Bldg., Ottawa, Ill.

W. H. JAMIESON, B. S., M. D., Physician and Surgeon; phone office, 322-W, residence, Main 648. Office in Armory block. Professional calls in city or country will receive faithful attention. Ottawa, Ill.

JAMES J. CONWAY, Attorney and counselor at law, office, rooms 408 and 407 Molone Bldg., Ottawa, Illinois.

WILLIAM I. HIBBS, Attorney at law, office west of court house. Phone, Main 161.

LADIES, READ THIS: Magnetic Healer treatments given by one of your own sex for those tired out nerves. Headache, rheumatism and all nervous troubles. Prices reasonable. ELLA WESTCOTT, 828 La Salle street, after 3 o'clock phone, 556-K., Ottawa, Illinois.

T. W. BURROWS, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, office, at residence, 810 Columbus street. Office hours, 1 to 3 p. m.

DOCTOR CARTER, Osteopathic physician, 402-3-4 Moloney Bldg., Ottawa, Ill. Phone: Office, 385-R.; residence, 367-K.

DR. J. J. MORIARTY, Osteopathic Physician. Hours: 9 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 5 p. m.; 7 to 8 p. m. Phone, office, Main 215-R.; residence, 882-X. Moloney Bldg., Ottawa, Illinois.

CHICAGO, OTTAWA & PEORIA RAILWAY ILLINOIS TRAIL (Effective Sept. 9, 1917) OTTAWA, ILL Eastbound. Eastbound cars leave Ottawa station for Marseilles, Seneca, Morris, Minooka, Rockdale and Joliet, Ill. in A. M.—5:45, 6:15a, 7:50, 9:50, 11:50. P. M.—1:50, 3:50, 4:50b, 5:50, 9:00, 11:00. Cars arrive from the west at 1:00 a. m., 8:45 a. m., 12:50 p. m., 6:50 p. m., 11:35 p. m. Westbound. Westbound cars leave Ottawa station for Chautauqua Park, Starved Rock, Utica, La Salle, Peru, Spring Valley, Ladd, De Pue, Bureau, Princeton in A. M.—5:15a, 5:50a, 6:50a, 8:30a, 9:50a, 10:50a, 11:50a. P. M.—1:50p, 3:50p, 5:50p, 9:00p, 11:35p. Cars arrive from east at 6:50p p. m., 12:42 a. m. Southbound. Southbound cars leave Ottawa station for McKinley Park, Grand Ridge and Streator, Ill. in A. M.—5:50, 6:50b, 7:50, 9:50, 11:50. P. M.—1:50, 3:50, 5:50, 9:00, 11:35. a Marseilles and intermediate points b Marseilles, Morris, Seneca and intermediate points. c Princeton and intermediate points d Ladd and intermediate points. e Princeton-Ladd and intermediate points. f La Salle and intermediate points. g Sundays and holidays only. h Daily except Sunday. ALWAYS BUY TICKETS AND SAVE MONEY. Fares to Chicago, Ill., Joliet, Ill., and Chicago & Joliet Electric Railway. WEEK END EXCURSION Every Saturday and Sunday and also on National Holidays. \$1.50 until Monday, 12:00 noon, following date of sale for return trip. EVERY DAY FARES. \$1 round trip, \$1.00 one way. Return trip limited to ten days. WELLS FARGO EXPRESS TO ALL POINTS. Phone agents for full information