

it. The mullah without hair or eye-lashes, who had admitted him and his party through the mosque into the Caves, strode out to the middle of the arena all alone, strutting and swaggering. He recalled the man's last words and drew no consolation from them, either.

"Many have entered! Some went out by a different road!"

Cold chills went down his back. All at once Ismail's manner became unencouraging. He ceased to make a fuss over the dancer and began to eye King sidewise, until at last he seemed unable to contain the malice that would well forth.

"At the gate there were only words!" he whispered. "Here in this cavern men wait for proof!"

He licked his teeth suggestively, as a wolf does when he contemplates a meal. Then, as an afterthought, as though ashamed, "I love thee! Thou art a man after my own heart! But I am her man! Wait and see!"

The mullah in the arena, blinking with his lashless eyes, held both arms up for silence in the attitude of a Christian priest blessing a congregation. The guards backed his silent demand with threatening rifles. The din died to a hiss of a thousand whispers, and then the great cavern grew still, and only the river could be heard sucking hungrily between the smooth stone banks.

"God is great!" the mullah howled.

"God is great!" the crowd thundered in echo to him; and then the vault took up the echoes. "God is great—is great—is great—ea—ea—eat!"

"And Muhammad is His prophet!" howled the mullah. Instantly they answered him again.

"And Huhammad is His prophet!"

"His prophet—is His prophet—is His prophet!" said the stalactites, in loud barks—then in murmurs—then in awe-struck whispers.

That seemed to be all the religious ritual Khinjan remembered or could tolerate. Considering that the mullah, too, must have killed his man in cold blood before earning the right to be there, perhaps it was enough—too much. There were men not far from King who shuddered.

"There are strangers!" announced the mullah, as a man might say, "I smell a rat!" But he did not look at anybody in particular; he blinked at the crowd.

"Strangers!" said the stalactites, in an awe-struck whisper.

"Show them! Show them! Let them stand forth!"

"Oh-h-h-h! Let them stand forth!" said the roof.

THE mullah bowed as if that idea were a new one and he thought it better than his own; for all crowds love flattery.

"Bring them!" he shouted, and King suppressed a shudder—for what proof had he of right to be there, beyond Ismail's verbal corroboration of a lie? Would Ismail lie for him again? he wondered. And if so, would the lie be any use?

Not far from where King sat there was an immediate disturbance in the crowd, and a wretched-looking Baluchi was thrust forward at a run, with arms lashed to his sides and a pitiful look of terror on his face. Two more Baluchis were hustled along after him, protesting a little, but looking almost as hopeless.

Once in the arena, the guards took charge of all three of them and lined them up facing the mullah, clubbing them with their rifle-butts to get quicker obedience. The crowd began to be noisy again, but the mullah lay, for silence.

well as traitors!" he howled, as sure as Ajax might

have used when he defied the lightning.

The roof said "Traitors!"

"Slay them, then!" howled the crowd, delighted. And blinking behind the horn-rimmed spectacles, King began to look about busily for hope, where there did not seem to be any.

"Nay, hear me first!" the mullah howled, and his voice was like a wolf's at hunting time. "Hear, and be warned!"

THE crowd grew very still, but King saw that some men licked their lips, as if they knew what was coming.

"These three men came, and one was a new man!" the mullah howled. "The other two were his witnesses! All three swore that the first man came from slaying an unbeliever in the teeth of written law. They said he ran from the law. So, as the custom is, I let all three enter!"

"Good!" said the crowd. "Good!" They might have been five thousand judges, judging in equity, so grave they were. Yet they licked their lips.

"But later, word came to me saying they are liars. So—again as the custom is—I ordered them bound and held!"

"Slay them! Slay them!" the crowd yelled, gleeful as a wolf-pack on a scent and abandoning solemnity as suddenly as it had been assumed. "Slay them!"

They were like the wind, whipping in and out among Khinjan's rocks, savage and then still for a minute, savage and then still.

"Nay, there is a custom yet!" the mullah howled, holding up both arms. And there was silence again like the lull before a hurricane, with only the great black river talking to itself.

"Who speaks for them? Does any speak for them?"

"Speak for them?" said the roof.

There was silence. Then there was a murmur of astonishment. Over opposite to where King sat the mullah stood up, who the Pathan had said was "Bull-with-a-beard"—Muhammad Anim.

"The men are mine!" he growled. His voice was like a bear's at bay; it was low, but it carried strangely. And as he spoke he swung his great head between his shoulders, like a bear that means to charge. "The proof they brought has been stolen! They had good proof! I speak for them! The men are mine!"

The Pathan nudged King in the ribs with an elbow like a club and tickled his ear with hot breath.

"Bull-with-a-beard speaks truth!" he grinned. "Truth and a lie together! Good may it do him and then! They die, they three Baluchis!"

"Proof!" howled the mullah who had no hair or eyelashes.

"Proof—oof—oof!" said the stalactites.

"Proof! Show us proof!" yelled the crowd.

"Words at the gate—proof in the cavern!" howled the lashless one.

The Pathan next King leaned over to whisper to him again, but stiffened in the act. There was a great gasp the same instant, as the whole crowd caught its breath all together. The mullah in the middle froze into immobility. Bull-with-a-beard stood mumbling, swaying his great head from side to side, no longer suggestive of a bear about to charge, but of one who hesitates.

The crowd was staring 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 had come among them like a spirit, all unheralded.

So much more beautiful than the one likeness King had seen of her that for a second he doubted who she was

—more lovely than he had imagined her even in his dreams—she stood there, human and warm and real, who had begun to seem a myth, clad in gauzy silk transparent stuff that made no secret of sylph-like shapeliness and looking nearly light enough to blow away. Her feet—and they were the most marvelously molded things he had ever seen—were naked and played restlessly on the naked stone. Not one part of her was still for a fraction of a second; yet the whole effect was of insolently lazy ease.

Her eyes blazed brighter than the little jewels stitched to her gossamer dress, and when a man once looked at them he did not find it easy to look away again. Even mullah Muhammad Anim seemed transfixed, like a great foolish animal.

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 cascading 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 lashkar that 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 lashkar 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,

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

Terms 20% down
\$1-2-3 Weekly

Buying a High Grade Diamond is saving money, not spending it. A written guarantee given with each diamond. All goods sent prepaid for inspection. Write or call for catalogue. We send diamonds to any part of Canada.

JACOBS BROS., 15 Toronto Arcade, Toronto, Ont.



EARN \$10.00 A WEEK AT HOME



The Hosiery trade is booming Help to meet the huge demand Industrious persons provided with profitable all-year-round employment on Auto-Knitters. Experience and distance immaterial.

Write for particulars rates of pay, etc. Send 3c stamp. Auto-Knitter Hosiery (Can.) Co., Ltd. Dept 327E, 257 College St., Toronto.

1916 New, Revised and Enlarged Edition, Showing all Recent Improvements

THE Modern Gasoline Automobile

Its Construction, Operation, Maintenance and Repair.

By VICTOR W. PAGE, M.E.
600 Illustrations—Over 850 (5 1/2 x 8) Pages—Twelve Folding Plates.

Price \$2.50 net

A COMPLETE AUTOMOBILE BOOK, SHOWING EVERY RECENT IMPROVEMENT.

Motorists, students, salesmen, demonstrators, repairmen, chauffeurs, garage owners, and even designers or engineers need this work because it is complete, authoritative and thoroughly up-to-date. Other works dealing with automobile construction published in the past, make no reference to modern improvements because of their recent development. All are fully discussed and illustrated

THE most complete treatise on the Gasoline Automobile ever issued. Written in simple language by a recognized authority, familiar with every branch of the automobile industry. Free from technical terms. Everything is explained so simply that anyone of ordinary intelligence may gain a comprehensive knowledge of the gasoline automobile. The information is up-to-date and includes, in addition to an exposition of principles of construction and description of all types of automobiles and their components, valuable money-saving hints on the care and operation of motor cars propelled by internal combustion engines.

TO THE 1916 REVISED EDITION

The subject of electrical motor starting systems has been considered at length and all leading systems and their components described. A discussion on ball and roller bearing, their maintenance and installation, has also been included, and a number of other features of timely interest such as latest types of gasoline and kerosene carburetors, cyclocar power plants, the Fischer slide valve motor, detachable wire wheels, cantilever springs, eight and twelve cylinder motors, new valve operating systems, Stewart-Warner vacuum fuel feed, Boat type body design, leather universal joints, Entz electric transmission, positive differentials, armored automobile, hydraulic brakes, etc., etc.

Entirely new material has been added on tractors in three and four wheel forms, cyclocars and agricultural tractors or automobile plows: combination gasoline-electric drive, front-wheel and four-wheel drive and steer systems and other important developments in power propelled vehicles. The discussion of power transmission methods has been augmented by consideration of the skew bevel gear and two-speed direct drive rear axle, as well as several new forms of worm gear drive, etc., etc., have been added to bring the work thoroughly up-to-date.

Copies of this book sent prepaid to any address on receipt of price.

FARM PRESS

181 SIMCOE ST., TORONTO

If you change your address and desire to receive your copy without delay, always give your old address as well as your new one.