

The Third Campaign

(Concluded from page 17.)

man, who had entered by another door. "Well, I declare," exclaimed the tall man, regarding the viscount curiously. "Monsieur," said the viscount, "you see before you the Viscount de Perpignan."

"I do, eh?"

"Who has declared his unalterable devotion to madame, the widow of the three husbands. A mort—to the death."

"That's all right, that's just how it should be," acquiesced the tall man, patting the viscount on the shoulder. "I'm not saying anything against it. In fact, glad I came home unexpectedly to extend congratulations for the rest of the family."

"Ah! You are Monsieur de Vanderhoff?"

"Yes, and I'm mighty sorry to lose Hanna, she's such a darned good cook."

The viscount threw up his hands.

"I make myself love to a coo-ook?"

"Fact, or looked wonderfully like it."

"Then I have been deceived," cried the viscount. "I am a victim of a plot the most treasonable. A bas the cook!"

"Then, if that's the case," demanded old Vanderhoff, "may I ask what in thunder you are doing here?"

Five minutes later when the Viscount Pierre Ferdinand Napoleon Gri-court de Perpignan arrived somewhat unceremoniously on the sidewalk, he turned upon the closed doors, snapped his fingers derisively, and hurled back in crescendo accents, "Animal—lion—tiger!"

A Play Without Words

(Concluded from page 19.)

Phrynette; leases the blue-walled, plain old homestead and—

Next thing we behold him with Phrynette in a sumptuous Parisian boudoir. Bills come in. Pierrot's pockets are empty. He decides to gamble—and he is a good gambler. An old roue duke arrives. He is willing to pay all Phrynette's bills if she will elope with him. She goes. Pierrot returns, his pockets full of money. But his siren is gone.

And in Act. III we find Pierrot's parents heartbroken. The very motions they so vivaciously went through in Act I. when every movement was set to blithe music became sad and slow and woe-begone. Pierrot has disgraced them. The father goes drearily out to buy tobacco. In his absence Pierrot returns—a miserable tramp. His mother is overjoyed. When the father returns he is enraged; will not have Pierrot under his roof; throws him on the floor—when a band marches past and Pierrot springs to the war.

It was a play without words, set to music.

And how did it come to be so?

Just this way says The Theatre:

Some twenty-six years ago there was established in Paris, by the Brothers Larcher, theatrical club known as the Cercle Funambulesque, where plays were presented for the special delectation of the members and their friends. The Larchers, in order to provide their patrons with a novelty, decided upon a revival of the old Italian pantomime, which flourished intermittently through the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Madame Sarah Bernhardt was, among many other celebrities, induced to co-operate.

Michel Carre, son of the part-author of the libretto of "Faust," etc., wrote "L'Enfant Prodigue" as a three-act play. The artistes employed to act therein were word-perfect when M. Andre Wormser arrived on the scene. He was invited to write the music for "L'Enfant Prodigue." As his score grew daily towards completion, so the dialogue of the players was deleted, until eventually they were telling the story in pure pantomime.

KING, OF THE KHYBER RIFLES

By TALBOT MUNDY

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King pricked his ears and allowed himself to grin, for in common with many hundred other men who had been lieutenants at the time, he would once have given an ear and an eye to know the truth of that affair. The grin transformed his whole appearance, until Yasmini beamed on him.

"I'm listening, Princess!" he reminded her.

"Well—he came—the Prince of Germany—the borrower!"

"Borrower of what, Princess?"

"Of wit! Of brains! Of platitudes! Of reputation! There came a crowd with him of such clumsy plunderers, asking such rude questions, that even the sarkar could not shut its ears and eyes!"

"I did not know all about sahibs in those days. I thought that, although this man is what he is, yet he is a prince, and perhaps I can fire him with my genius. I could have taught him the native tongues. I thought he had ambition, but I learned that he is only greedy. You see, I was foolish, not knowing yet that in good time if I am patient my man will come to me! But I learned all about Germans—all!"

"I offered him India first, then Asia, then the world—even as I now offer them to you. The sarkar sent him to see me dance, and he stayed to hear me talk. When I saw at last that he has the head and heart of a hyena I told him lies. But he, being drunk, told me truths that I have remembered."

"Later he sent two of his officers to ask me questions, and they were little better than he, although a little better mannered. I told them lies, too, and they told me lies, but they told me much that was true."

"Then the prince came again, a last time. And I was weary of him. The sarkar was very weary of him, too. He offered me money to go to Germany and dance for the kaiser in Berlin. He said I will be shown there much that will be to my advantage. I refused. He made me other offers. So I spat in his face and threw food at him."

"He complained to the sarkar against me, sending one of his high officers to demand that I be whipped. So I told the sarkar some—not much, indeed, but enough—of the things he and his officers had told me. And the sarkar said at once that there was both cholera and bubonic plague, and he must go home!"

"I have heard—three men told me—that he said he will never rest until I have been whipped! But I have heard that his officers laughed behind his back. And ever since that time there have always been Germans in communication with me. I have had more money from Berlin than would bribe the viceroy's council, and I have not once been in the dark about Germany's plans—although they have always thought I am in the dark."

"I WENT looking for my man—studying Germans, English, Turks, French—and there was a Frenchman whom I nearly chose—and an American, a man who used the strangest words, who laughed at me. I studied Hindu, Muslim, Christian, every good-looking fighting man who came my way, knowing well that all creeds are one when the gods have named their choice."

"There came that old Bull-with-a-beard, Muhammad Anim, and for a time I thought he is the man, for he is a man whatever else he is. But I tired of him. I called him Bull-with-a-beard, and the 'Hills' took it up and

mocked him, until the new name stuck. He still thinks he is the man, having more strength to hope and more will to will wrongly than any man I ever met, except a German. I have even been sure sometimes that Muhammad Anim is a German; yet now I am not sure."

"From all the men I met and watched I have learned all they knew! And I have never neglected to tell the sarkar sufficient of what men have told me, to keep the sarkar pleased with me!"

"Nor have I ever played Germany's game—no, no! I have talked with a prince of Germany, and I understand too well! Who sups with a boar may get good roots to eat, but must endure pigs' feet in the trough! Pigs' hides make good saddles; I have used the Germans, as they think they have used me! I have used them ruthlessly."

"Knowing all I knew, and being ready except that I had not found my man yet, I dallied in India on the eve of war, watching a certain Sikh to discover whether he is the man or not. But he lacked imagination, and I was caught in Delhi when war broke and the English closed the Khyber Pass. Yet I had to come up the Khyber, to reach Khinjan."

"SO it was fortunate I knew of a German plot that I could spoil at the last minute. I fooled the Germans by letting the Sikh whom I had watched discover it. The Germans still believe me their accomplice. And the sarkar was so pleased that I think if I had asked for an English peerage they would have answered me soberly. A million dynamite bombs was a big haul for the sarkar! My offer to go to Khinjan and keep the 'Hills' quiet was accepted that same day!"

"But what are a million dynamite bombs! Dynamite bombs have been coming into Khinjan month by month these three years! Bombs and rifles and cartridges! Muhammad Anim's men, whom he trusts because he must, hid it all in a cave I showed them, that they think, and he thinks, has only one entrance to it. Muhammad Anim sealed it, and he has the key. But I have the ammunition!"

"There was another way out of that cave, although there is none now, for I have blocked it. My men, whom I trust because I know them, carried everything out by the back way, and I have it all. I will show it to you presently."

"I know all Muhammad Anim's plans. Bull-with-a-beard believes himself a statesman, yet he told me all he knows! He has told me how Germany plans to draw Turkey in and to force Turkey to proclaim a jihad. As if I did not know it first, almost before the Germans knew it! Fools! The jihad will recoil on them! It will be like a cobra, striking whoever stirs it! A typhoon, smiting right and left! Christianity is doomed, and the Germans call themselves Christians! Fools! Rome called herself Christian—and where is Rome?"

"But we, my warrior, when Muhammad Anim gets the word from Germany and gives the sign, and the 'Hills' are afire, and the whole East roars in the flame of the jihad—we will put ourselves at the head of that jihad, and the East and the world is ours!"

King smiled at her.

"The East isn't very well armed," he objected. "Mere numbers—"

"Numbers?" She laughed at him.

"The West has the West by the throat! It is tearing itself! They will drag in America! There will be no armed nation with its hands free—and while those wolves fight, other wolves shall come and steal the meat! The old gods, who built these caverns in the 'Hills,' are laughing! They are getting ready! Thou and I—"

As she coupled him and herself together in one plan she read the changed expression of his face—the very quickly passing cloud that even the best-trained man can not control.

"I know!" she asserted, sitting upright and coming out of her dream to face facts as their master. She looked more lovely now than ever, although twice as dangerous. "You are thinking of your brother—of his head! That I am a murderess who can never be your friend! Is that not so?"

He did not answer, but his eyes may have betrayed something, for she looked as if he had struck her. Leaning forward, she held the gold-hilted dagger out to him, hilt first.

"Take it and stab me!" she ordered. "Stab—if you blame me for your brother's death! I should have known him for your brother if I had come on him in the dark!—His head might have come from your shoulders!—You were like a man holding up his own head, as I have seen in pictures in a book! I would never have killed him!"

Her golden hair fell all about his shoulders, and its scent was not intended to be sobering. She ran warm fingers through his hair while she held the knife toward him with the other hand.

"Take it and stab!"

"No," he said.

"No!" she laughed. "No! You are my warrior—my man—my well-beloved! You have come to me alone out of all the world! You would no more stab me than the gods would forget me!"

Their eyes were on each other's—deep looking into deep.

"Strength!" she said, flinging him away and leaning back to look at him, almost as a fed cat stretches in the sunlight. "Courage! Simplicity! Directness! Strength I have, too, and courage never failed me, but my mind is a river winding in and out, gathering as it goes. I have no directness—no simplicity! You go straight from point to point, my sending from the gods! I have needed you! Oh, I have needed you so much, these many years! And now that you have come you want to hate me because you think I killed your brother! Listen—I will tell you all I know about your brother."

WITHOUT proof of any kind he knew she was telling truth unadorned—or at least the truth as she saw it. Eye to eye, there are times when no proof is needed.

"Without my leave, Muhammad Anim sent five hundred men on a foray toward the Khyber. Bull-with-a-beard needed an Englishman's head, for proof for a spy of his who could not enter Khinjan Caves. They trapped your brother outside Ali Masjid with fifty of his men. They took his head after a long fight, leaving more than a hundred of their own in payment."

"Bull-with-a-beard was pleased. But he was careless, and I sent my men to steal the head from his men. I needed evidence for you. And I swear to you—I swear to you by my gods who have brought us two together—that I first knew it was your brother's head when