

King of the Khyber Rifles

By Talbot Mundy

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A Story That Combines the Thrill of Modern Detective Fiction With the Romance of Arabian Nights Tales

PTER XVII.—Continued.

g looks down into Khinjan

old. She came and snugg-

at are you thinking?" she

ds slipped into his, soft and

CHAPTER XVIII.

ing awoke he lay on a com-


He dropped his rifle and threw

"I heard," said King, "as I

"Hah! But thou art a hakim,

"In India I earned my salt.

out to see the Cavern of Earth's



"Thou Liest! It was My Men Who

would not have been on duty

Muhammad Anim came—like

The man with bolts offered no

"None comes to earn a living

"Then hear me!" said the mullah.

So he had slept the clock round!

when Ismail tea King

his heard monotonously with one

In a minute he was covered by

They entered a tunnel and wound

They were on a ledge above the

"Let us hope he has forgotten

"What is that, under thy shirt?"

Now the art of ruling India



"What Is Under Thy Shirt?" King

once passed the grilling tests

"In India I earned my salt.

"Hills." I am minded to go back

"The pardon is for deserters,"

"Nay," said King. "I am the

The Pathan nodded. "Hundreds

"If we two," he said, speaking

He was silent. Apparently there

"In two days I could do the

When Muhammad Anim came

Then the mullah led the way

It became evident that his men

gagged him. At a word from

Then, with a dozen jests

Last of all, close behind

"She sent her man Rewa Gunga

"Hakim, there be some who

CHAPTER XIX.

The march went on in single

At last at a place where the

"D— hakim!" he growled,

He motioned with one sweep

midst of a cluster of a dozen


Without a word to the sentries

"Get out!" growled the mullah.

"Have ye tents?" the mullah

"Ye dogs!" he growled at them,

Then he charged them suddenly,



"So Thou Art to Ape the Sleeper

His own rifle lay on the ground

"Oh, I shall pray for you this

They scattered into outer