

Read It Here---Then SEE It All in Motion Pictures

The Perils of Pauline

A Wonderful Photo-Play Serial Novel Presented by This Newspaper In Collaboration with the Famous Pathe Players

By Arrangements with the Eclectic Film Co.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS.

Sanford Marvin, a wealthy manufacturer of automobiles, has worn himself out by overwork. His son, Harry, and his adopted daughter, Pauline, love each other, but she wants two years of thrilling experiences before marrying. Her reason is that she is ambitious to be a writer. Old Mr. Marvin asks to see what she has written. While Pauline and Harry are in search of a magazine containing her story, Mr. Marvin opens the case of a mummy which has just arrived from Egypt. Raymond Owen, his rascally private secretary, helps lift off the front of the case, but leaves the old man to remove the mummy's bandages alone. Mr. Marvin, during a fainting spell, sees the half-exposed mummy come to life, step out of her case, take a bracelet from her wrist and try to force it into his nervous grasp while her lips whisper a strange message from the remote past.

Restored to consciousness by Harry and Pauline, the old man believes it to be a dream until later he finds the identical bracelet on the mummy's skeleton wrist. He promises Pauline one year to see life and places her in the guardianship of Owen. A final heart attack gives him just time to write on the doctor's prescription blank a brief will. Then he dies. A lawyer tells Owen that he would have permanent charge of Pauline's estate if something should happen to her before marriage. Hicks, a race-track man, and Owen conspire to kill Pauline. The preceding chapters have dealt with the many efforts of the two to accomplish this. In Pauline's latest adventure she goes West to visit friends. Owen and Hicks have her stolen by villainous gunmen who thrust her into a cave to die. A tribe of Indians living near the cave are awaiting the appearance of a queen who it has been predicted, will appear from the earth and lead them in victorious war against the whites. How Pauline escapes from the cave and is mistaken for this prophetess is told in the following instalment.

Even in her utter exhaustion, the savage solemnity of the gathering fascinated Pauline. Had she been left alone she would have sunk into deep sleep upon the piled furs; but this low muttering, grim-visaged assemblage of the red men forced her to respectful attention. That they honored her, she understood; but she saw, too, that the Indians were all armed and some of them were painted. As Red Snake arose to address the tribe a menacing murmur filled the teepee and the young chiefs whetted their knives upon the ground. Red Snake's harangue, unintelligible to Pauline, had an electrical effect upon the Indians. Frequently as he spoke he turned toward her and always when he did so he bent his head upon his breast and raised his mighty arms in token of submission to a power mightier than his own. As he finished, Pauline arose, swaying a little from her great weakness. She shook her head in token that she did not understand. Her outstretched, pleading hands bewildered, but subdued the warlike assembly.

Red Snake called a ringing summons, and from the rear circle of the audience shuffled forward the strangest man Pauline had ever seen. His undersized, stooping form was garbed in a miner's cast-off red shirt, a ranchman's ex-trowsers, a pair of tattered moccasins and a much-dented derby hat, with a lone feather in the band of it. It was White Man's Hat, a half-breed interpreter. As he approached, cringing and bowing, Pauline noted that a penetrating, not unkindly eye gleamed from under his bushy brows, scrutinizing her in flashes between his obsequious bows. Unlike the other Indians, he was not afraid to look the Great White Queen in the face, as he solemnly repeated the last words of Red Snake: "According to the prophecy, you have come from the heart of the world to lead us against those who steal our land. Pauline stood for a moment in complete bewilderment. Then, as the meaning of the words, with the meaning of the strange gathering, flashed upon her mind, she took a step forward, speaking in earnest protest. But she spoke only to the chief, for the Indians had broken all restraint and were crushing their way out of the teepee, with cries and brandishing of weapons. They swept the little interpreter with them. And Red Snake saw in Pauline's look and tone of appeal only the pleading of a wronged goddess for vengeance upon her enemies. He called the women of his household, who shyly led the Queen away.

Darkness had fallen as the women glided ahead of her to a spot outside the main village, where a spacious teepee had been erected apart. Only a peaceful moon and a firmament glittering with stars lighted their path. But from the town behind came a terrible rattle of tom-toms and occasionally a rifle shot as the braves prepared their spirits for the test of battle. Pauline found her new home laden with all the luxuries and sacred relics of the tribe. There were rugs richer than those in the chief's house; the walls were festooned with strung beads; and on the large, low couch of bear skins lay the most splendid of Indian ornaments. The women, with better understanding than most of the earthly needs of immortals, made her lie down, while they bathed her aching temples and wounded hands, replaced her torn garments with a gorgeous blanket robe and smoothed her flying tresses into long comfortable braids. Other women came bringing food—fish, blackened by the open flame, but fresh and sweet; venison and cakes of meat and early berries. And there was a pipe and a pouch of agency tobacco with which the goddess might soothe the hours before repose should she feel inclined. Pauline ate eagerly while the women looked on in silent approval. When she had finished, she arose smiling and signed to them that she would rest. They left softly, and neither the exciting recollections of the day's adventures nor the tumult of the braves outside could hold her for a moment longer from the blessedness of sleep. She slipped far into the next morning. But so did the village, for the Indians had revealed themselves to exhaustion the night before. It was nearly noon before she attired herself in a fringed and beaded dress of buckskin, with leggings and exquisite little moccasins and had laughingly permitted one of the women attendants to place a painted war feather in her hair. This clad and with her wide braids falling from temples to knees, Pauline sat regally to receive the morning call of Red Snake.

She was beginning to take a tremulous pleasure in the game of being an immortal. Pauline's questing spirit was too happy in adventure not to find a thrill in being thus translated from civilized women to savage, from hungering captive to reigning queen, from queen to angel—all in twenty-four hours. Finding herself feared, she could quiet her own alarm. Red Snake's call was formal and politely brief. He brought with him the amusing interpreter to inquire if the Spirit had found comfort in the hospitality of his people, and more particularly if the war dance of the preceding night had given her satisfaction. Pauline replied, with gracious solemnity, that her Spirit had found good repose and had been comforted by the pleasant music of the warriors. "And when will the White Queen lead us against our enemies—the men of her own color, but not of her kind?" inquired the chief with almost child-like eagerness. Pauline hesitated an instant after the interpreter repeated the question. Then, recovering herself, she answered gravely: "To-day, Red Snake, the Queen rests from her long journey out of the Happy Hunting Ground. To-morrow also. Upon the next day, perhaps, she will lead the warriors." The little interpreter's keen eyes flashed understandingly as he left out the word "perhaps" in repeating her answer. Red Snake was elated. He made profound salutations, promised that the war party would do her honor, and hastened away to announce the news. The interpreter lingered, pretending to smooth the door rug. He looked up suddenly and his eyes met Pauline's with an

Written by Charles Goddard, The Distinguished Playwright

Continued from Last Week. CHAPTER XVI.

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HARRY had planned to accomplish mighty labors in the absence of Pauline. With masculine fatuity he let himself believe—before she went away—that a man can get more work done with his goddess afar than when Cupid has a desk in his office. It did not take more than thirty-six hours to turn separation into bereavement; not more than forty-eight to turn his "freedom for work" into slavery to the fidgets. The office, instead of a refuge, became a prison to him. He preferred to be at home, where the air was tintured, the walls vital with memories of her. However, he made a pretense of sticking to the grind, and it was not until the Thursday on which his chartings showed Pauline would arrive at Rockvale that he actually quit and went home.

As he reached the door of the machine, a messenger boy turned up the steps. Harry called to him, took the telegram and read Mrs. Haines' message: "Pauline kidnapped; come at once." With a muffled ejaculation, he dropped the slip of paper and sprang into the car, which in ten minutes pulled up to the station just as the disgruntled, but cautious trainmen were coupling the luxurious Marvina to the eighteen-hour express. Owen coming quietly down the steps of the Marvina house, picked up the telegram which Harry had let fall. Reading it, he smiled, and he was still smiling when another messenger boy followed him to the door. Owen took the second message and the smile broadened into an ugly grin as he read: "Raymond Owen, Fifth avenue, New York. All's well. Hicks."

These were the things that were happening in New York at the moment when Pauline emerged from her prison-cave. As the thrilled and frightened Indian lay prostrate at her feet, he might well have believed her to be some creature from another world. Her face was very pale and round it fell in tumultuous glory the cascades of her golden hair. Her dress was torn to shreds by the jagged rocks and there was blood upon the delicate hands that she held out in pleading to the only living thing she saw—the red man. He did not move. She stepped nearer and, stooping, gently touched his shoulder. At the touch he trembled like a leaf, but raised his head and looked at her with terror and awe and adoration in his eyes. "Won't you help me? I have been a prisoner in the cave. I must find Mr. Haines—Haines, do you hear? or go to Rockvale—Rockvale," she repeated, hoping that the names at least he might understand. He motioned questioning toward his horse, and, at her nod, he sprang up and brought the animal to her side. Helping her to mount, he took the bridle and began to lead the way into the thickly wooded hills. The journey was slow and arduous, but it was not long. Darkness had not yet fallen when the hill trail dipped into a valley, and Pauline's weary, hopeful eyes looked down upon a village on the plain. The hope vanished quickly as she realized that the houses of the village were teepees and that the forms that moved among them were the forms of braves and squaws. An Indian boy of perhaps twelve years sprang suddenly from a thicket beside the trail, gave one glance at her, and, with a shriek, set off at full speed toward the teepees. Pauline could hear his cries still echoing back as he ran into the village. Suddenly through the mist of misery and weariness that dimmed her eyes, she saw scores of dark faces moving about her. Cries sounded and resounded from the hills. Tom-toms were beating. She became aware that the Indians were swarming about her and acclaiming her a guest of unusual honor. They stopped her horse at the entrance to Red Snake's teepee. The great chief stepped forth himself, with Big Smoke, the medicine man, close behind him. The latter—the prophet, who had foretold the coming of the Great White Queen—wore a man of pride and triumph, even as he bowed low before Pauline. But of all the red folk in Shi-wah-ki village, Big Smoke was undoubtedly the most amazed at the fulfillment of his prophecy. The braves who were assigned to lift Pauline from her horse and bear her into the chief's teepee were surprised that one immortal should be so weak as to almost fall into their arms, so weary as to be scarcely able to walk. But Pauline, seated upon a high pile of furs within the teepee, where the weird light of a fire fell upon her pallid features and her flowing hair, presented a picture strange and marvellous enough to the savage eye. They gathered around her. Red Snake and the medicine man in the centre of the adobe, the lesser chiefs behind them, an

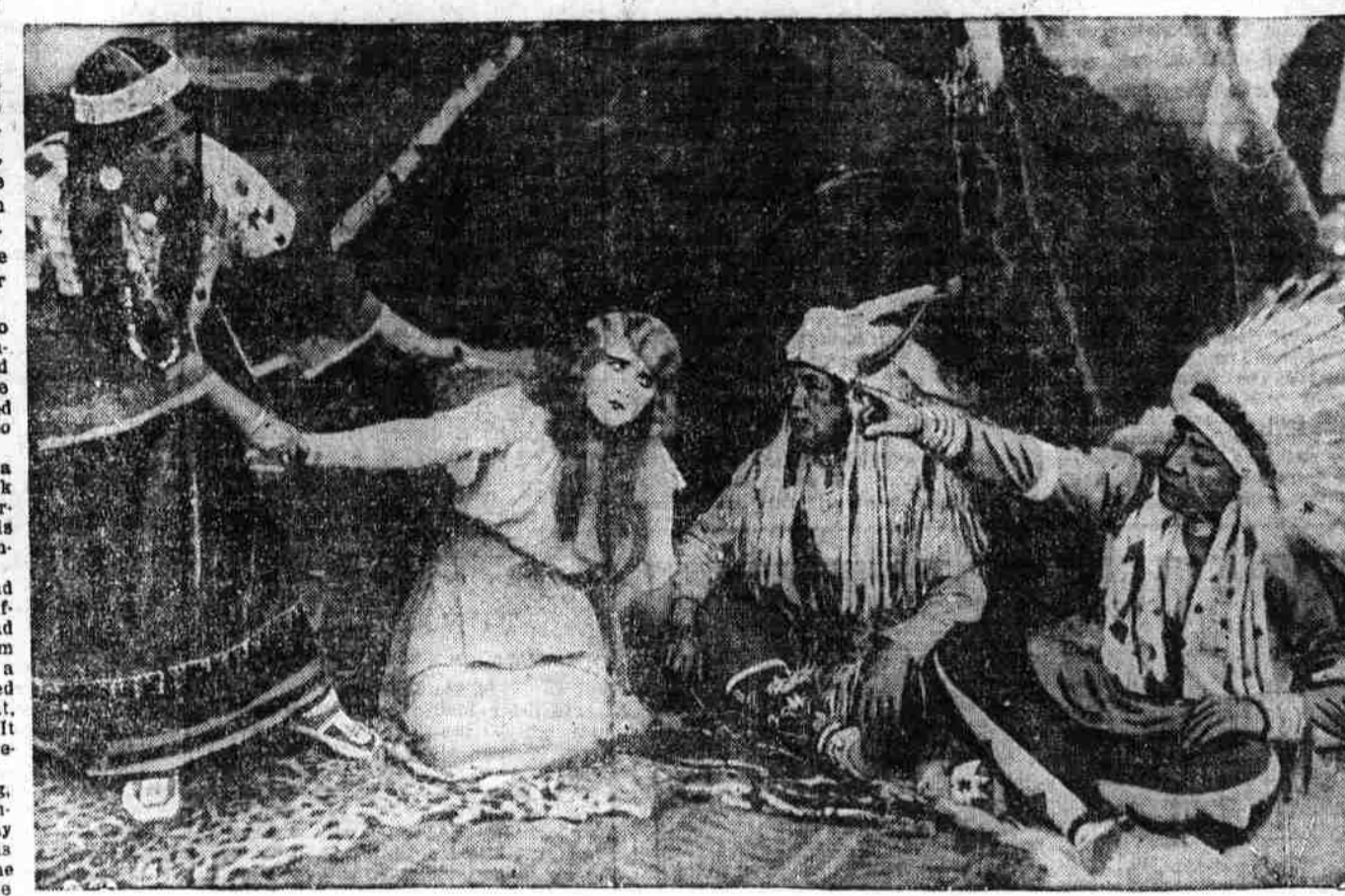
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expression of friendly interest. Instinctively she accepted the tacitly offered friendship. "You are a white man—you speak English," she said. "Part white—part red. You speak all white," he added significantly. "Of course," she whispered, stepping to his side. "I am not a Queen—not a Spirit. I do not know why they believe I am. But I must get away—to Rockvale, to Mr. Haines' ranch, to the white people anywhere. You will help me?" He looked at her pityingly now. He had believed that she was an accomplice of the medicine man in a shrewd fraud, and he had merely wanted to share the joke, risky as it was. To find her an accidental and unwilling monarch struck him dumb. "That is very hard," he said slowly. "Look!" He parted the folds of the teepee door curtain so that she looked out toward the village. Three women sat next the door and beyond were groups of braves, still in their war paint, some conversing, some stalwart and still. They seemed to be doing nothing in particular. "Well?" questioned Pauline. He led her across the teepee to a narrow slit in the rear curtain. Through this she peered as she had peered through the door and saw exactly what she had seen through the door—women crouching at their tasks in the near foreground, an armed circle of warriors beyond. Now she understood. "I am a prisoner then?" "They will guard you night and day." "Why?" "It was prophesied that a Great White Queen would come to lead them to battle. You have come, as the prophet said, and you have promised to lead them to battle. Above all, be proud, and not afraid." The interpreter hesitated a moment. "There was another White Queen whose coming was prophesied many hundreds of years ago," he said. "She came. She led the Indians to victory over other Indians and then she vanished in the strangest way. I would tell you of it—but I am afraid. They say her spirit is always near. Some day you may know how she vanished." Before she could speak again, he had glided out of the teepee.

Five days after the disappearance of Pauline, the express stopped again at Rockvale. A half mile farther on the animal stopped and sniffed the wind. At the same instant Harry heard a feeble shout from the road. He dismounted and led the pony forward to where a weirdly garbed little half-breed lay on the ground holding the bridle of the horse that had thrown him. "Ankle gone," explained the little man. "Riding for help. I was. You ride now. White girl—they're killing her—up there—now." "White girl? Where? Talk fast, man." "Two miles over the mountain and down to the valley—straight ahead. You go to the bottom of the valley, not to the top—not where the Indians are. Climb tree; take my rope; it's the only chance now." Harry caught the coiled lariar from the other's saddle and rode as he had never ridden in his life before. All was vague in his mind, except that she was near, she was in peril, and he must reach her. What the peril was, he could only guess. He touched spurs to the willing little horse and its every fiber was strained to the chase. How, by road and trail, he ever reached the Valley of the Death Stone Harry never knew. Perhaps chance, perhaps some invisible courier guided him to the lonely spot. After long, hard riding he was attracted by the low rumble of many voices lifted in a sort of chant. Following the voices, he came to the foot of a steep cliff-side where a long trench, partly of natural formation, partly hewn from the stone, made a chute or runway from mountain top to valley.

He looked up the runway to where, at its upper end, a motley band of Indians were engaged in some weird worship. He started his horse up the steep in the shelter of the woods. He came to a spot where a huge

tree limb crossed the runway, and the little half-breed's words came to him. "Climb the tree; it is the only chance." As he pondered what to do he was galvanized to decision by a commotion above him. From the midst of the Indian group emerged two giant braves. They were carrying a white woman between them. They placed her in the runway. Her golden hair, unbound, floated on the wind. It was Pauline. Harry choked back a cry, and now, with grim speed, he threw aside his rifle, caught the lariar, and, swinging up the tree, crawled swiftly out on the overhanging limb. Concealed by the foliage he waited. A rifle cracked, and, for the first time, Harry saw that at the top of the runway, behind Pauline, there stood a mighty boulder, almost perfectly round, the diameter of which—about five feet—fitted the trench so well that it could roll in like a ball in a bowling gutter. None—even among the Indians—knew how many times the Stone of Death had rolled and been dragged back again to the top of the cliff. The stains upon it were many, but unnumbered. Upon its surface was written in blood the doom of the false prophets and pretending immortals. None had ever won in the race with the Death Stone. The crack of the rifle was the signal for a group of red men to press behind the stone to free it on its fearful course. It was also the signal for Pauline to run. Her hair streamed wildly in the wind as she sped, like a frightened deer, down the deadly path. The rifle sounded again and the Indians heaved the stone into the trench. It rumbled as it came on. It gained upon the fleeing girl. They had planned to prolong the torture by giving her a hopeless lead. Dancing, gesticulating, shouting, the Indians watched the race. Only one watcher was silent and motionless. Hidden by the leaves he braced himself upon the tree limb. For the first moments after the rock was released he had turned sick and dizzy. Now, as they came near—the thing relentless but inanimate pursuing the thing helpless, beautiful and most precious to him of all things in the world—he was cold and nerveless. Not the quiver of a muscle hindered the desperate task that he had set himself. A moment later he was sobbing like a child as he half dragged, half carried Pauline to his waiting horse. By the magic of luck, by the mystery of a protecting Fate, the lariar noose had fallen about the shoulders of the fleeing girl. To the amazed and terrified Indians upon the cliff she had seemed to soar suddenly, spirit-like, out of the trench and to vanish in the foliage of the tree, while the boulder thundered on, cheated of its prey. But quickly out of the woods upon the open plain below appeared a rider with a woman's form clasped before him on the saddle. The baffled Indians scurried for their horses. They reached the valley. They gained upon the burdened horseman as his tired horse. They fired as they rode, the bullets hitting venomously in the dust around Harry and Pauline. The pony stumbled. Harry jerked it up and it struggled bravely on, but the cries behind sounded louder. The bullets bit nearer. Suddenly the firing increased. There were more cries. And Harry, reining the pony saw, galloping over the ridge to the westward, the full posse of Hat Haines. They fired as they came. They cut between him and the Indians. He stopped the pony and lifted Pauline to the ground. "My precious one, God bless you and forgive us all," sobbed Mrs. Haines as Polly was caught in her mothering embrace. "And you—you had to come all the way from New York to save her," she added, turning to Harry. "Don't say anything about it, Mrs. Haines," he said in a stage whisper. "I came out here to rest and avoid publicity." To Be Continued Next Week.



This is from the Motion Picture Film of "Pauline" by the Famous Pathe Players. Pauline is Told She Must Face the Ordeal of the Racing Stone.



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