

# Ornitho and the Changing Sun.

WILL HARBEN AUTHOR  
"WHITE MARIE"  
"ALMOST PERSUADED" Etc.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Bernardino turned to look after her father as he was leaving the observatory. "He is going to the observatory," she said to Ornitho and Johnston. "Let us go also." And they followed the king into the room with the glass roof and walls covered with mirrors which had shown the strangers several days before. A white bird old man stood at the stand, his fingers trembling over the half circle of electric buttons. In a mirror before him he was studying the reflection of a town of perhaps 100 houses. The streets were filled with excited citizens, and a squad of protectors stood ready for action near a row of flying machines.

"Ornitho," said the king, and at the sound of his voice the old man turned and bowed humbly.

"You look tired and sick and hungry. Have you eaten anything today?" she asked.

"Not in two days," he replied.

The princess called to a frightened maid who was wringing her hands in a corridor.

"Give this man food and drink at once," she ordered, and Bernardino, with a grateful bow and glance, withdrew. Johnston followed him to the door.

"Fear nothing," he said. "If the danger passes, we are safe. The king has promised to pardon me, and he will do the same for you."

"There is no hope for any of us," replied Bernardino grimly. "But I do not want to die with this gnawing in my stomach. Adieu."

"If the worst comes, is there any chance for us to escape from here to the outer world?" the Englishman was asking the princess when Johnston turned back to them.

"For a few hundred, yes—by the submarine ships—but for all, no. And then my father would not consent to rescue a part and not the whole of his subjects. He would not try to save himself or any of his family."

The clouds still covered the sun, but on the eastern sky rays were shining gloriously. Ever and anon there sounded from afar a low rumbling as if the earth were swelling beneath her feet.

Johnston left the two lovers together and went to the door of the electric auditorium, and over the heads of the breathless crowd he watched the great mirror. After a few moments Waldmeer appeared and spoke:

"Prince Marentel is operating with great difficulty. A large quantity of his explosives has been injured by water, but he hopes there is enough left intact to serve his purpose. The final explosion will soon take place. The greatest peril hangs over Alpha."

Waldmeer's reflection was becoming indistinct, and sick at heart the American elbowed his way through the murmuring crowd into the corridor. Here he met Bernardino, and together they walked back to Ornitho and the princess, who were mutely watching the signs in the east. Just then the sun slowly emerged from the cloud.

"Look!" cried Bernardino in horror. "The cloud is not moving, the sun has not stopped. It is going down, and we shall soon be in utter darkness. Oh, it is awful—to die in this way!"

The king had just returned, and he overheard her words. He came hastily to the edge of the balcony and gazed at the sun. The others held their breath and waited.

His face became morose. He swayed a little as he turned to her.

"You are right, my daughter," he groaned. "It is going down. The cowardly dogs in the east have deserted their posts. It is going down. It will sink into a tunnel filled with water, and the light of Alpha will be extinguished forever. We are undone. Say your prayers, my child, your prayers. I tell you, for an infinite God is angry at our pretensions."

"Don't despair, father," and Bernardino put her arms gently round the old man's neck, and looked at the solar machinery. Could you not stop the sun?"

The eyes of the old man flashed. He seemed electrified as he drew himself from her embrace and looked anxiously over the balcony to a flying machine in the street below.

"I might reach the east in time," he cried. "Yes, you are right. I was acting cowardly. The fastest airship in Alpha is ready, and Nanaimo can drive it to its utmost speed. If the worst comes, I shall see you no more. Good-by!" He kissed her brow tenderly, and her eyes filled as he hastened away. Down below they saw him spring lightly into the gold motor car, and the next instant the graceful vessel rose above the palace roof and sped like an arrow across the sky toward the east.

A faint cheer broke from the lips of the crowd, which seemed suddenly to take new hope from the king's departure. Some of them waved their hats and scarfs, and many watched the airship till it had disappeared in the murky distance.

"He may not get there in time!" cried the princess. "It seems to be going down faster than it ever did, and he has a great distance to go."

The little party on the balcony were silent for a long time. Presently Bernardino turned her tearful eyes to the face of Ornitho.

"The smoke and steam do not seem so voluminous. Do you think all will go well?"

[To be Continued.]



The king's eyes were fixed on the mirrored view of the capital.

As they entered together Bernardino uncovered his disheveled head and bowed humbly.

"You look tired and sick and hungry. Have you eaten anything today?" she asked.

"Not in two days," he replied.

The princess called to a frightened maid who was wringing her hands in a corridor.

"Give this man food and drink at once," she ordered, and Bernardino, with a grateful bow and glance, withdrew. Johnston followed him to the door.

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IN THE Superior Court of the State of Washington for Thurston County.

Thomas T. Langridge, Plaintiff.

vs.

Jane Doe Hazen, wife of Valentine Hazen, deceased, Charles H. Farnsworth, George Farnsworth, Nathan Farnsworth, all the unknown heirs of Valentine Hazen, deceased; also all other persons claiming any interest in the real estate, lien or interest in the real estate described in the complaint hereto attached, and in which you are the owners or reputed owners, or in which you have or claim to have some interest or estate, and which said real estate is situated in Thurston County, Washington, and more particularly bounded and described, to-wit: Lot 4, Sec. 29, Twp. 19 N., R. 1 W., M. That plaintiff has paid taxes, interest and other charges on said real estate in the sum of \$50.00, and which bear interest at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum. You are further notified that plaintiff will apply to the Superior Court of the State of Washington, for Thurston County, for judgment for the amount of said delinquent certificate, taxes, interest, penalty and costs, and for foreclosure of his lien against said property herebefore described. You are hereby notified that you must appear within sixty days from the date of service of this summons and defend this action in the court aforesaid, or may the amount due, and in case of your failure to do so, judgment will be rendered against you for the amount of said delinquent certificate, taxes, interest, penalty and costs, and for foreclosure of plaintiff's lien against the lands and premises herebefore described, and the same will be ordered sold to satisfy said judgment. Any pleading or process may be served upon the undersigned at the postoffice address below.

THOMAS T. LANGRIDGE, Attorney for Plaintiff.

Postoffice address: Olympia, Wash. Date of first publication, Sept. 11, 1921.

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Lawyer

Notary Public, Olympia, Wash.

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### He Doesn't Like Aquarinas.

Why any one should ever have desired to own or to visit an aquarium is a mystery. The view of fish, except when nicely grilled or when suspended at the end of a fishing line, is one of the most uninteresting of sights. The other animals when in confinement display traits which are more or less interesting. The lion has a sense of humor and displays it in the most pleasing way when he devours the lion tamer who has entered too often into his cage. The bear in his thirst for buns seems so much like the human boy that the spectator of his antics frequently feels an irresistible desire to hit him with a stick.

But the fish has not a single interesting trait. He will swim around the tank in which he is confined with a persistence which is maddening to the nervous spectator. He never engages in a genuine fight, but contents himself with an occasional surreptitious bite on an enemy's tail, which gives no satisfaction to the beholder. If he happens to be a large snake thinly disguised as an eel or an octopus or some other alarmingly ugly fish, he will sometimes swim directly at the glass through which the visitor is looking at him and thereby give the latter a momentary sensation of horror, but the average fish cares nothing for the public and treats his visitors with calm contempt. An aquarium without fish, like a seashore resort without the sea, is unobjectionable, but an aquarium with real water and real fish is the dearest object in nature.—W. L. Alden in Pearson's Magazine.

### The Paris Cab Driver.

Outside many who show in Paris and in the principal cities of France a sign is often to be seen bearing the words, Au cocher fidele ("To the faithful coacher"); beneath it a driver is pictured, hat in hand, restoring to a gentleman and lady, the seat or floor of the coach, a purse forgotten on the cushions of the vehicle. This is not a conception of the artist, nor vile flattery of the restaurateur or wine shop to draw thither the coachman with a fobble for the bottle, but a reality which often occurs and of which the coacher has every right to be proud.

Anybody who has lived any length of time in Paris will endorse the statement. Who has not forgotten an umbrella, a walking stick, a small satchel or some little object on the seat or floor of a public vehicle? And who has not had his property restored without even having taken the number of the vehicle, without any remembrance of the physiognomy of the driver? By a simple application to a special office at the prefecture of police, where all objects found in public carriages are deposited and arranged according to the date and hour at which they were brought in, one is able promptly to regain possession of his lost property.

This reflects great credit on the Paris "cabbies," few of whom, by the way, are born Parisians.—Harper's Weekly.

### He Concentrated.

Professor Countenstaf is a small man with a large mentality. His wife is a tall woman, who believes in the power of matter over mind. The professor has been absorbed the whole evening in a profound paper on the mental characteristics of people who were unhappily married. Suddenly looking up, he remarked:

"My dear, are you aware of the fact that man's brain weighs about 3 1/2 pounds?"

"Humph! You've just read that, haven't you?"

"Er—er—why—er—oh, yes; certainly, of course."

"Well, that article says a woman's brain is not so heavy, eh?"

"Er—er—yes, it certainly does, but—"

"And it also states that a woman's brain is of much finer quality, doesn't it?"

"Er—er—well, yes; you are quite right, my dear."

"Now, listen to me. Just concentrate your 3 1/2 pound brain on that scuttle and figure out how much it will weigh after you bring it full of coal from the cellar." The professor meekly bowed his great head, and as he departed for the lower regions in search of abstract information, he murmured:

"The man who thinks that mind is superior to matter is an illustrious idiot!"—London Tit-Bits.

### The Trunk Paid.

Some years ago a man ran up a bill of \$200 in the Tremont House, Chicago, and then ran away without settling the bill. The trunk which remained in his room was unusually heavy and when opened after his departure was found to contain specimens of ore, brought from the gold and silver mines of Colorado, and presumably he had lost all his money. After waiting out the legal time Mr. Gage sent the contents of the trunk to an assayer, who returned two bits of metal valued at more than \$100 in excess of the bill after deducting his own fees.

### Mr. Maximum.

The result of an examination was put up on the notice board of a well known cramming establishment, and one of the attendants was scanning the list with as much interest as any of the breathless students. At the head of the list was written, "Maximum 500"; and when the attendant's eyes rested thereupon he exclaimed, "Why, that Mr. Maximum, he's always top, he is!"—London Globe.

### Not a Good Conductor.

"Well, sir," remarked the observant passenger, after watching the conductor collect eight fares and ring up five, "you need never be afraid of being struck by lightning."

"Why not?" asked the trusted employee.

"Because," replied the observant passenger, "it is evident you are not a good conductor."—Philadelphia Press.

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