

Supplement No. 115

August, 1908

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THE LION'S BRIDE

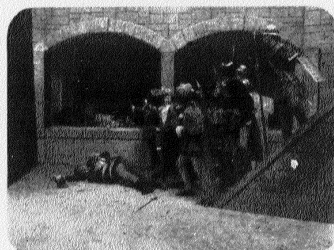
A Motion Picture Romance

You Will See Nothing Like It Again This Year

Released August 13, 1908

Length, 810 Feet

Code Word: QUENTIN



A Hindoo's Ring

Length, 175 Feet—Code Word: QUAIN

Will be Released Same Date as The Lion's Bride

It Will Make You Laugh as You Never Laughed Before
DON'T MISS IT

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SELIG POLYSCOPE CO., Inc.

45-47-49 E. Randolph St. CHICAGO, U.S.A.

THE LION'S BRIDE



FIFTEENTH century romance produced with lavish disregard of expense and a wealth of scenic grandeur, magnificently costumed, and acted out with minute attention to detail by a company of selected players, fifty in number. A story that chains the attention from the first moment until the startling denouement—exciting, thrilling, interesting, and absolutely out of the ordinary. The scenes are laid in picturesque Italy, at a period when might was right and Feudal Barons held sway.

Lord Conti, a bestial nobleman, has fallen madly in love with Francesca, the young and beautiful daughter of a neighboring Baron, and although Francesca has confessed her preference for another suitor, Romercio Capulet by name, a young noble whose estates join the Baron's, her pleadings have no weight with her father. He favors the Count, well knowing that if he refuses his sanction the unscrupulous man will soon find a pretext for Feudal war and seize what has been refused him.

The opening scene is placed in the garden of the Baron's country villa on Lake Como, where fountains play, graceful feathered creatures float idly on the placid waters, flowers and shrubbery grow in profusion, ancient marbles peer from odd nooks, and the whole scene is atmospherically suggestive of that beautiful and languorous Italy where Love and Romance are a part of every day life now

as they were in that dim and mystic period 300 years back.

A jester arrives from Lord Conti's Court, the Count's proxy, who demands the hand of the fair Francesca. The young girl answers the command of her father and stands demurely before him. About her neck, suspended by a golden chain, is a diamond studded miniature of herself, hung there as was the custom of the times, to be some day given by her own fair hands to the man of her choice as a betrothal pledge. He in turn to wear and guard it through life as his most sacred possession.

The Baron states the object of the Jester's visit and bids his daughter send Lord Conti the precious love token. The girl shrinks back in alarm. The Baron sternly removes the miniature from the neck of the hapless girl, and giving it to the messenger bids him return with all haste to his master. The Jester kisses it rapturously, at which the Baron in anger draws his sword. The fool claiming the right to do this as his master's proxy, and laughing heartily at his own wit, hurries back to the waiting Count. Realizing from what he has seen that the young girl's heart does not go with this token, the Jester, who secretly hates his cruel master, seizes a chance for revenge. He determines to watch and learn to whom the maiden's heart really belongs.

The next scene is the Feudal banquet hall in Lord Conti's Castle, where that worthy is surrounded by his men at arms, retainers and all the drunken worthies of his lavish court. The fool presents the token. "See, gentlemen,

she is my promised wife—on with the feast." The men at arms bear in a huge roast on a six-foot platter and place it in the center of the table; flagons of wine are emptied into golden goblets and the revel is on, while the guests again and again toast the proud Count and his promised bride.

We are then taken to the court yard of young Romercio's home. A horseman dashes in bearing a note, which proves to be a heart-broken appeal from sweet Francesca. "I would rather throw myself to the lions he keeps caged in the dungeons of his castle than be his bride." "I'll face her father at once; she belongs to me by right of love and only death shall wrest her from me."

The next day the rivals meet before the Baron's castle, each backed by half a hundred faithful followers. The father refuses Romercio's plea and bids the girl prepare for her union with the Count. Romercio draws his sword on his rival, and a bloody conflict between the contending factions is averted by Francesca throwing herself between the maddened leaders. "Patience," she whispers. "Depart, love will find a way."

The Jester next witnesses a meeting between the lovers in Francesca's balcony, and in glee flies back to jeer at his master. "She is lost to thee. I saw her in the arms of her lover; she is even now on his breast. Thou art too old and coarse for such a bride." He laughs at and torments the now frenzied Count, who when he learns that the lovers have planned an elopement, with a yell of anguish stabs his jeering tormentor, who falls shrieking with laughter at his feet. "I've had my revenge. She is lost to thee."

The Count calls together his retainers and bidding them follow, rides madly to the church. Too late—they are already at the altar. Romero's followers are stationed nearby, for he had feared pursuit. A retainer seeing the Count's forces approaching, enters the church to warn Romero. The trembling girl pleads with him to remain with her. "My place is at the head of my men." And with a kiss he stills her pleading and goes to place his forces for the fray.

The Count and his soldiers dash into the church, seize the weeping girl at the altar. She is thrown across the pommel of the Count's saddle and he bears her off, leaving his men to fight their way out as best they may. Left leaderless, they are soon overpowered and defeated. A stirring battle scene is here depicted. Spears fly, broadswords clash, and we witness a page from the past, seeing how men contend for a cause they thought right in an age when bodily strength was man's greatest protection.

We see the Count, maddened by love, ride up to the moat of his castle and cross the drawbridge into fancied safety. The huge bridge slowly rises, cutting off his pursuers. Two of Romero's faithful followers plunge into the water, and supported by a comrade, one of the daring men clambers up the masonry to an opening over the central door, and as the Baron's moat keeper swings the bridge almost into place a spear hurled from above strikes him. With a yell of pain he releases the windlass and the bridge settles back across the moat. Romero and his men batter down the doors and rush into the Castle. The search begins through the corridors of the old brown pile of stone and mortar. The Count with the now senseless girl across his shoulders, doubles here and there on his relentless pursuers. Realizing at last that escape is impossible, a demoniac idea enters his crazed brain. "She shall never be his bride—the lions, the lions!" A fiendish yell of laughter and he starts for the trap door leading to the dungeons below. We see him fight

back a huge Nubian lion from the cage door. The girl, now helpless and inanimate, is thrust in and the door closes with a crash. Romero and his followers come pell mell down the steps. Romero's sword meets the maniac's wild thrusts. A quick wrist movement and the maniac is disarmed and he receives the sword of his rival in his breast. The agonized lover gives one look of horror towards the lion's den, then falls fainting into the arms of one of his retainers. The others stand aghast at the spectacle of the Lion's Bride. The most novel and surprising motion picture of the year. Nothing better has been shown to the public. "The Lion's Bride" that will set the Film World going.

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Released with **THE LION'S BRIDE**

Hindoo's Ring

Length 175 Feet

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Watch for **The Village Gossips**

The Greatest Ever Don't Miss It

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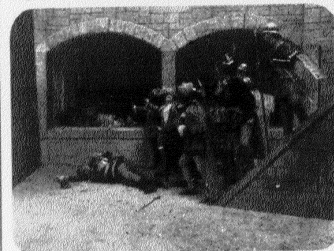
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