



The Adventures of Kathlyn

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

Illustrated by Pictures from the Moving Picture Production of the Selig Polyscope Co.

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CHAPTER I

Under a canopy platform stood a young girl, modeling in clay. The glare of the California sunshine, filtering through the canvas, became mellowed, warm, and golden. Above the girl's head—yellow like the stalk of wheat—there hovered a kind of aureola, as if there had risen above it a haze of impalpable gold dust.

A poet I know might have cried out that there ended his quest of the Golden Girl. Straight she stood at this moment, lovely of face, rounded of form, with an indescribable suggestion of latent physical power or magnetism. On her temples there were little daubs of clay, caused doubtless by impatient fingers sweeping back occasional wind-blown locks of hair. There was even a daub on the side of her handsome, sensitive nose.

Her hand, still filled with clay, dropped to her side, and a tableau endured for a minute or two, suggesting a remote period, a Persian idyl, mayhap. With a smile on her lips she stared at the living model. The chatoyant eyes of the leopard stared back, a flicker of restlessness in their brilliant yellow depths. The tip of the tail twitched.

"You beautiful thing!" she said. She began kneading the clay again, and with deft fingers added bits here and there to the creature which had grown up under her strong, supple fingers.

"Kathlyn! Oh, Kit!" The sculptress paused, the pucker left her brow, and she turned, her face beaming, for her sister Winnie was the apple of her eye, and she brooded over her like the mother who would have done had the mother lived.

For Winnie, dark as Kathlyn was light, was as careless and aimless as a thistle-down in the wind.

A collicle leaped upon the platform and began pawing Kathlyn, and shortly after the younger sister followed. Neither of the girls noted the stiffening of the leopard's muscles. The animal rose, and his nostrils palpitated. He hated the dog with a hatred not unshared with fear. Treachery is in the marrow of all cats. To breed them in captivity does not matter. Sooner or later they will strike. Never before had the leopard been so close to his enemy, free of the restraints of the cage. "Kit, it is just wonderful. However can you do it? Some day we'll make dad take us to Paris, where you can exhibit them."

A snarl from the leopard, answered by a growl from the collicle, brought Kathlyn's head about. The cat leaped, but toward Winnie, not the collicle. With a cry of terror Winnie turned and ran in the direction of the bungalow. Kathlyn, seizing the leash, followed like the wind, hampered though she was by the apron. The cat leaped after the fleeing girl, gaining at each bound. The yelping of the collicle brought forth from various points low rumbling sounds, which presently developed into roars.

Winnie turned sharply around the corner of the bungalow toward the empty animal cages, to attract her father and at the same time rouse some of the keepers. Seeing the door of an empty cage open, and that it was approached by a board runway, she flew to it, entered, and slammed the door and held it. The cat, now hot with the lust to kill, threw himself against the bars, snarling and spitting.

Kathlyn called out to him sharply, and fearlessly approached him. She began talking in a monotone. His ears went flat against his head, but he submitted to her touch because invariably it soothed him, and because he sensed some undefinable power whenever his gaze met hers. She snugged the leash on his collar just as her father came running up, pale and disturbed. He ran to the door and opened it.

"Winnie, you poor little kitten," he said, taking her in his arms, "how many times have I told you never to take that dog about when Kit's leopard is off the leash?"

"I didn't think," she sobbed. "No, Kit here and I must always do your thinking for you. Ahmed!"

"Yes, sahib," answered the head keeper.

"See if you can stop that racker over there. Sadie may lose her litter if it keeps up."

The lean, brown Mohammedan trotted away in obedience to his orders. He knew how to stop captive lions from roaring. He knew how to send terror to their hearts. As he ran he began to hiss softly.

Colonel Hare, with his arm about Winnie, walked toward the bungalow. "Lock your pet up, Kit," he called over his shoulder, "and come into tea."

Kathlyn spoke soothingly to the leopard, scratched his head behind the ears, and shortly a low, satisfied rumble stirred his throat, and his tail no longer slashed about. She led him to his own cage, never ceasing to talk, locked the door, then turned and walked thoughtfully toward the bungalow.

She was wondering what this gift was that put awe into the eyes of the native keepers on her father's wild animal farm and temporary peace in the hearts of the savage beasts. She realized that she possessed it, but it was beyond analysis. Often some wild-eyed keeper would burst in upon her. Some newly captive lion or tiger was killing itself from mere passion, and wouldn't the memmah come at once and talk to it? There was a kind of pity in her heart for these poor wild things, and perhaps they perceived this pity, which was fearless.

"She gets a little from me, I suppose," Colonel Hare had once answered to a query, "for I've always had a way with four-footed things. But I think Ahmed is right. Kathlyn is heaven born. I've seen the night when

Broken by the British raj, some are only protected, while others do about as they please. This state—touching the order—does about as it did since the days of the first white rover who touched the shores of Hind. It is small, but that signifies nothing; for you can brew a mighty poison in a small pot. Well, I happened to save the old king's life."

"I knew it would be something like that," said Kathlyn. "Go on. Tell it all."

The colonel had recourse to his pipe again. He smoked on till the coal was dead. The girls waited patiently. They knew that his silence meant that he was only marshaling the events in their chronological order.

"The king was a kindly old chap, simple, yet shrewd, and with that slumberous oriental way of accomplishing his ends, despite all obstacles. Underneath this apparent simplicity I discovered a grim, sardonic humor. Trust the oriental for always having that packed away under his bewildering diplomacy. He was all alone in the world. He was one of those rare eastern potentates who wasn't hampered by parasitical relatives. By George, the old boy could have given his kingdom, lock, stock and barrel, to the British government, and no one could say him nay. There was a good deal of rumor the last time I was there that when he died England would step in actually. The old boy gave me leave to come and go as I pleased, to hunt where and how I would. I had a mighty fine collection. There are tigers and leopards and bears and fat old pythons, 40 foot long. Of course, it isn't the tiger country that central India is, but the brutes you find are bigger. I have about 60 beasts there now, and that's mainly why I'm going back. Want to clean it up and ship 'em to Hamburg, where I've a large standing order. I'm going first to Ceylon, for some elephants."

The colonel knocked the ash from his pipe.

"The old boy used to do some trapping himself, and whenever he'd catch a fine specimen he'd turn it over to me. He had a hunting lodge not far from my quarters. One day Ahmed came to me with a message saying that the king commanded my presence at the lodge, where his slaves had trapped a fine leopard. Yes, my dears, slaves. There is even a slave mart at the capital this day. A barbaric fair land, with its good genie and its bad djinns."

"The Arabian Nights," murmured Winnie, smugly close to Kathlyn.

"The oriental loves pomp," went on the colonel. "He can't give you a chupatti—"

"What's that?" asked Winnie. "Something like hardtack. Well, he can't give you that without ceremonial. When I arrived at the lodge with Ahmed the old boy—he had the complexion of a prima donna—the old boy sat on his portable throne, glittering with orders. Standing beside him was a chap we called Umballa. He had been a street rat. A bit of impudence had caught the king's fancy, and he brought up the boy, clothed, fed him, and sent him away down to Umballa to school. When the boy returned he talked Umballa morning, noon, and night, till the soldiers began to call him that, and from them it passed on to the natives, all of whom disliked the upstart. Hanged if I can recall his real name. He was ugly and handsome at the same time; suave, patient, courteous; yet somehow or other I sensed the real man below—the Tartar blood. I took a dislike to him, first off. It's the animal sense. You're got it, Kit. Behind the king sat the Council of Three—three wise old ducks I wouldn't trust with an old umbrella."

Winnie laughed.

"While we were salaaming and genuflecting and using grandiloquent phrases the bally leopard got loose, somehow. Maybe some one let him loose; I don't know. Anyhow, he made for the king, who was too thunderstruck to dodge. The rest of 'em took to their heels, you may lay odds on that. Now, I had an honest liking for the king. Seeing the brute make for him, I dashed forward. You see, at ceremonials you're not permitted to carry arms. It had to be with my hands. The leopard knocked the old boy flat and began to maul him. I kicked the brute in the face, swept the king's turban off his head and flung it about the head of the leopard. Somehow or other I got him down. Some of the frightened natives came up, and with the help of Ahmed we got the brute tied up securely. When the king came around he silently shook hands with me and smiled peculiarly at Umballa, who now came running up."

"And that's how you got those poor hands!" exclaimed Kathlyn, kissing the scars which stood out white against the tan.

"That's how," raising the hands and putting them on Kathlyn's head in a kind of benediction.

"Is that all?" asked Winnie, breathlessly.

"Isn't that enough?" he retorted. "Well, what is it, Martha? Dinner? Well, if I haven't cheated you girls out of your tea—"

"Tea!" sniffed Winnie disdainfully. "Do you know, dad, you're awfully mean to Kit and me. If you'd take the trouble you could be more interesting than any book I ever read."

"Then he turned to the manager. 'That's your stars' dinner,' he said quietly."

"The Difference. An Atchison man who never held one job over two weeks, died not long ago, and people said he was a genius out of his sphere. When he was alive they said he was a loafer. —Atchison Globe.

with evasions. Frowning, he replaced the order in the box, which he put away in a drawer. It was all arrant nonsense, anyhow; nothing could possibly happen; if there did, he would feel certain that he no longer dwelt in a real workaday world. The idle whim of a sardonic old man; nothing more than that.

"Father, is the king dead?" "Dead! What makes you ask that, Kit?"

"The past tense; you said he was, not is."

"Yes, he's dead, and the news came this morning. Hence, the yarn."

"Will there be any danger in returning?"

"My girl, whenever I pack my luggage there is danger. A carriage may stick; a man may stumble; a man you rely on may fall you. As for that, there's always danger. It's the penalty of being alive."

On the way to the dining room Kathlyn thought deeply. Why had her father asked them if they loved him? Why did he speak of the Big Trek? There was something more than this glittering medal, something more than this simple tale of bravery. What? Well, if he declined to take her into his confidence he must have good reason.

After dinner that night the colonel went the rounds, as was his habit nightly. By and by he returned to the bungalow, but did not enter. He filled his cutty and walked out and fro in the moonlight, with his head bent and his hands clasped behind his back. There was a restlessness in his stride not unlike that of the captive beasts in the cages nearby. Occasionally he paused at the clink clink of the elephant irons or at the "wuff" as the uneasy pachyderm poured dust on his head.

Bah! It was madness. A parchment in Hindustan, given jestingly or ironically by a humorous old chap in orders and white linen and rhinoceros sandals. . . . A throne! Pshaw! It was bally nonsense. As if a white man could rule over a brown one by the choice of the latter! And yet, that man Umballa's face, when he had shown the king the portraits of his two lovely daughters! He would send Ahmed. Ahmed knew the business as well as he did. He would send his abdication to the council, giving them the right to choose his successor. He himself would remain home with the girls. Then he gazed up at the moon and smiled grimly.

"Hukum hai!" he murmured in Hindustani. "It is the orders. I've simply got to go. When I recall those rubies and emeralds and pearls. . . . Well, it's not cupidry for myself. It's for the girls. Besides, there's the call, the adventure. I've simply got to go. I can't escape it. I must be always on the go. . . . since she died."

A few days later he stood again before the desk in the living room. He was dressed for travel. He sat down and penned a note. From the box which contained the order he extracted a large envelope, heavily sealed. This he balanced in his hand for a moment, frowned, laughed, and swore softly. He would abdicate, but at a snug profit. Why not? . . . He was an old fool. Into a still larger envelope he put the sealed envelope and his own note, then wrote upon it. He was blotting it as his daughters entered.

"Come here, my pretty cubs." He held out the envelope. "I want you, Kit, to open this on December 31, at midnight. Girls like mysteries, and if you opened it any time but midnight it wouldn't be mysterious. Indeed, I shall probably have you both on the arms of my chair when you open it."

"Is it about the medal?" demanded Winnie.

"By George, Kit, the child is beginning to reason out things," he jested. Winnie laughed, and so did Kathlyn, but she did so because occultly she felt that her father expected her to laugh. She was positively uncanny sometimes in her perspicacity.

"On December 31, at midnight," she repeated. "All right, father. You must write to us at least once every fortnight."

"I'll cable from Singapore, from Ceylon, and write a long letter from Alahala. Come on. We must be off. Ahmed is waiting."

Some hours later the two girls saw the Pacific Mail steamer move with cold and insolent majesty out toward the Golden Gate. Kathlyn proved rather uncommunicative on the way

home. December 31 kept running through her mind. It held a portent of evil. She knew something of the Orient, though she had never visited India. Had her father made an implacable enemy? Was he going into some unknown, unseen danger? December 31, at midnight. Could she hold her curiosity in check that long?

Many of the days that followed dragged, many flew—the first for Kathlyn, the last for Winnie, who now had a beau, a young newspaper man from San Francisco. He came out regularly every Saturday and returned at night. Winnie became, if anything, more flighty than ever. Her father never had young men about. The men he generally gathered round his board were old hunters or sailors. Kathlyn watched this budding romance amusedly. The young man was very nice. But her thoughts were always and eternally with her father.

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PUBLIC ROADS

IMPORTANCE OF ROAD REPAIR

Impression That There Are Certain Types of Highways That Are Permanent Is Erroneous.

There is no phase of the road problem more important than that of maintenance. The general impression that there are certain types of roads that are permanent is erroneous. No permanent road has ever been constructed or ever will be, according to the road specialists of the United States department of agriculture. The only things about a road that may be considered permanent are the grading, culverts and bridges. Roads constructed by the most skillful highway engineers will soon be destroyed by the traffic, frost, rain and wind, unless they are properly maintained. But the life of these roads may be prolonged by systematic maintenance. A poor road will not only be improved by proper maintenance, but may become better in time than a good road without it.

The first and last commandment in earth road maintenance is to keep the surface well drained. To insure good drainage the ditches should be kept open, all obstructions removed and a smooth crown maintained. Except for very stony soil the road machine or scraper may be used very effectively for this work. The machine should be used once or twice a year and the work should be done when the soil is damp so that it will pack and bake into a hard crust. Wide and shallow side ditches should be maintained with sufficient fall and capacity to dispose of surface water. These ditches can in most places be constructed and repaired with a road machine.

All vegetable matter such as sods and weeds should be kept out of the road as they make a spongy surface which retains moisture. Clods are also objectionable for they soon turn to dust or mud and for that reason roads should never be worked when dry or hard. Boulders or loose stones are equally objectionable if a smooth surface is to be secured.

A split-log drag or some similar device is very useful in maintaining the surface after suitable ditches and cross sections have once been secured. This drag can also be used to advantage on a gravel road as well as on an earth road. The principle involved in dragging is that clays and most heavy soils will puddle when wet and set very hard when dry. The little attention that the earth road needs must be given promptly and at the proper time if the best results are to be obtained.

In dragging roads only a small amount of earth is moved, just enough to fill the ruts and depressions with a thin layer of plastic clay or earth which packs very hard so that the next rain instead of finding ruts, depressions and clods in which to collect runs off leaving the surface but little affected.

The drag should be light and should be drawn over the road at an angle of about forty-five degrees. The driver should ride on the drag and should not drive faster than a walk. One round trip, each trip straddling a wheel track, is usually sufficient to fill the ruts and smooth the surface. If necessary the road should be dragged after every bad spell of weather, when the soil is in proper condition to puddle well and still not adhere to the drag. If the road is very bad it may be dragged when very wet and again when it begins to dry out. A few trips over the road will give the operator an idea as to the best time to drag. Drag at all seasons, but do not drag a dry road.

The slope or crown of an earth road should be about one inch to the foot. If the crown becomes too high it may be reduced by dragging toward the ditch instead of from it. If the drag cuts too much, shorten the hitch and change your position on the drag. If it is necessary to protect the face of the drag with a strip of iron, it should be placed flush with the edge of the drag and not projecting. A cutting edge should be avoided, as the main object in dragging is to smear the damp soil into position.

Usually Too Narrow. The average roadway is crowned too narrow. Sixteen feet, in these days of autos and auto trucks, is none too much, and where travel is heavy 20 would be better.

Use of Slip-Log Drag. Next to permanent road building comes a systematic and intelligent use of the slip-log drag.

Roads Should Be Crooked. Good roads in the future should be built on the zig-zag plan for the avoidance of hills and steep grades, the federal office of good roads announced recently in declaring that the lives of horses and automobiles could be lengthened thereby and the cost of hauling reduced materially. The experts contend that "the longest way around often may be the shortest and most economical way home," and decried the natural tendency to build straight roads whenever they must breast heavy grades.

Care of the Cow. It is no joke to curry a cow. She should be brushed and taken care of just as carefully as the horse or any other animal on the farm.

Developing the Heifer. If the heifer is to be developed into a profitable dairy cow, the start must be made when she is a calf.

Substitute for Lawn Mower. A few sheep make an excellent substitute for a lawn mower where one is too busy to use the latter.

WOMEN WHO ARE ALWAYS TIRED

May Find Help in This Letter.

Swan Creek, Mich.—"I cannot speak too highly of your medicine. When through neglect or overwork I get run down and my appetite is poor and I have that weak, languid, always tired feeling, I get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it builds me up, gives me strength, and restores me to perfect health again. It is truly a great blessing to women, and I cannot speak too highly of it. I take pleasure in recommending it to others."—Mrs. ANNIE CAMERON, R.F.D., No. 1, Swan Creek, Michigan.

Another Sufferer Relieved. Hebron, Me.—"Before taking your remedies I was all run down, discouraged and had terrible weakness. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and used the Sassafras Wash, and find today that I am an entirely new woman, ready and willing to do my household work, where before taking your medicine it was a dread. I try to impress upon the minds of all ailing women I meet the benefits they can derive from your medicines."—Mrs. CHARLES ROWE, R.F.D., No. 1, Hebron, Maine.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Your Liver Is Clogged Up That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days. They do their duty. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion and Sick Headache. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

Beetwood. Foolish Remedies. Mayor Mitchell of New York said of a foolish suggestion for winning Ulster over to home rule: "This remedy reminds me of the woman who looked up from the woman's page and said: 'John, it tells you here that sliced onions scattered about the house will absorb the smell of fresh paint.' 'That's right, I guess,' John answered. 'Decapitation, too, will cure a cold in the head.'"

Feminine Touch. "Pa, what is meant by a feminine touch?" "A feminine touch, my son, is a bow of pink ribbon on a fly swatter." —Baltimore Sun.

Smile on wash day. That's when you use Red Cross Ball Blue. Clothes whiter than snow. All grocers. Adv.

Many a woman loves her husband less than her husband's wife.

Water Is Good Medicine. Many people who have weak kidneys fail to appreciate how much water can do for them—but while it is good to drink water freely, it must be pure water. In many sections, the lime or alkaline water starts kidney trouble of itself.

Doan's Kidney Pills are a most reliable remedy for weak kidneys. When backache or urinary disorders first appear, take Doan's and be sure to assist the kidneys by drinking plenty of pure water. Prompt treatment will assist the danger of gravel, gout, rheumatism