



**The Adventures of Kathlyn**  
By HAROLD MAC GRATH

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**SYNOPSIS.**

Colonel Hare, animal hunter, starts from his home in California for Allah in India. Before leaving he writes a note which he charges his daughter, Kathlyn, and Winnie, to open on Dec. 31 if they have not heard from him by that time. He tells them of a title that was conferred on him by the King of Allah for saving the latter's life.

**CHAPTER I—Continued.**

The elder sister did not care to instill into the heart of her charge the fear which was in her own.

"Who knows but there may be good news in the envelope? Dad's always doing something like that. New Year's!"

The collie, released from the kitchen, came bounding in. In his exuberance he knocked over a cloisonne vase. Both girls were glad to welcome this diversion. They rose simultaneously and gave chase. The dog headed for the outdoor studio, where they caught him and made believe they were punishing him.

Quietly the watcher entered through the window, alert and tense. He flew to the desk, found the envelope, steamed it open at the kettle, extracted the sealed envelope and Colonel Hare's note. He smiled as he read the latter and changed his plans completely. He would not play messenger; he would use a lure instead. With his ear strained for sounds, he wrote and substituted a note. This hour of Sa'ad would not pause to note the difference in writing; the vitalness of the subject would enchain her thoughts. It was all accomplished in the space of a few minutes. Smiling, he passed out into the fast settling twilight.

They were shipping a lion to San Francisco, and the roaring and confusion were all very satisfactory to the trespasser.

Midnight. From afar came the mellow notes of the bells in the ancient Spanish mission. The old year was dead, the new year was born, carrying with it the unchanging sound of happiness and misery, or promises made and promises broken, of good and evil.

"The packet!" cried Winnie.

Kathlyn recognized in that call that Winnie was only a child. All the responsibility lay upon her shoulders. She ripped the cover from the packet and read the note.

"Kathlyn: If not heard from I'm held captive in Allah. Sealed document can save me. Bring it yourself to Allah by first steamer. FATHER."

"I knew it," said Kathlyn, calmly. The fear in her heart had, as the brown man had anticipated, blinded her to the fact that this was not her father's characteristic blunt scrawl.

"Oh, Kit, Kit!"

"Hush, Winnie! I must go, and go alone. Where's the evening paper? Ah, here it is. Let me see what boat leaves San Francisco tomorrow. The Empress of India, 6 a. m. I must make that. Now, you're your father's daughter, too, Winnie. You must stay behind and I shall find father, if I have to rouse all India. Now, to pack."

When they arrived at the station the passenger train had just drawn out. For a while Kathlyn felt beaten. She would be compelled to wait another week. It was disheartening.

"Why not try the freight, then?" cried Winnie.

"You little angel! I never thought of that!"

But the crew would not hear of it. It was absolutely against the company's rules. Kathlyn could have cried.

"It isn't money, miss, it's the rules," said the conductor, kindly. "I can't do it."

Kathlyn turned in despair toward the station. It was then she saw the boxed lion on the platform. She returned to the conductor of the freight.

"Why isn't that lion shipped?"

"We can't carry a lion without an attendant, Miss. You ought to know that."

"Very well," replied Kathlyn. She smiled at the conductor confidently. "I'll travel as the lion's attendant. You certainly cannot object to that."

"I guess you've got me," admitted the conductor. "But where the dickens will we put the cat? Every car is closed and locked, and there is not an empty car."

"You can easily get the lion in the caboose. I'll see that he doesn't bother any one."

"Lions in the caboose is a new one on me. Well, you know your dad's business better than I do. Look alive, boys, and get that angora aboard. This is Miss Hare herself, and she'll take charge."

"Kit, Kit!"

"Winnie!"

"O, I'll be brave. I've just got to be. But I've never been left alone before."

The two girls embraced, and Winnie went sobbing back to the maid who waited on the platform.

What happened in that particular caboose has long since been newspaper history. The crew will go on telling it till it becomes as fabulous as one of Sindbad's yarns. How the lion escaped, how the fearless young woman captured it along, unaided, may be found in the files of all metropolitan newspapers. Of the brown man who was found hiding in the coat closet of the caboose nothing was said. But the sight of him dismayed Kathlyn as no lion could have done. Any dark-skinned person was now a subtle menace. And when, later, she saw him peering into the porthole of her stateroom, dismay became terror.

Who was this man?

**CHAPTER II.**

**The Unwelcome Throne.**

Kathlyn sensed great loneliness when, about a month later, she arrived at the basin in Calcutta. A thousand or more natives were bathing care-

niously in the ghat—men, women, and children. It was early morn, and they were making solemn genuflections toward the right sun. The water from swarmed with brown bodies, and great wheeled carts drawn by sad-eyed bullocks threaded slowly through the maze. The many white turbans, stirring hither and thither, reminded her of a field of white poppies in a breeze. India! There it lay, ready for her eager feet. Always had she dreamed about it, and romanced over it, and sought it on the wings of her spirit. Yonder it lay, ancient as China, enchanting as storied Persia.

If only she were on pleasure bent! If only she knew some one in this great teeming city! She knew no one; she carried no letters of introduction, no letters of credit, nothing but the gold and notes the paymaster at the farm had hastily turned over to her. Only by constant application to maps and guide books had she managed to arrange the short cut to the far kingdom. She had been warned that it was a wild and turbulent place, out of the beaten path, beyond the reach of iron rails. Three long sea voyages: across the Pacific (which wasn't), down the bitter Yellow sea, up the blue Bay of Bengal, with many a sea change and many a strange picture. What though her heart ached, it was impossible that her young eyes should not absorb all she saw and marvel over it. India!

The strange, elusive Hindu had disappeared after Hongkong. That was a weight off her soul. She was now assured that her imagination had beguiled her. How should he know anything about her? What was more natural than that he should wish to hurry back to his native state? She was not the only one in a hurry. And there were Hindus of all castes on all three ships. By now she had almost forgotten him.

There was one bright recollection to break the unending loneliness. Coming down from Hongkong to Singapore she had met at the captain's table a young man by the name of Bruce. He was a quiet, rather untalkative man, lean and shrewy, sun and wind bitten. Kathlyn had as yet had no sentimental affairs. Absorbed in her work, her father, and the care of Winnie, such young men as she had met had scarcely interested her. She had only tolerant contempt for idlers, and these young men had belonged to that category. Bruce caught her interest in the very fact that he had but little to say and said that crisply and well. There was something authoritative in the shape of his mouth and the steadiness of his eye, though before her he never exercised this power. A dozen times she had been on the point of taking him into her confidence, but the irony of fate had always firmly closed her lips.

And now, waiting for the ship to warp into its pier, she realized what a fatal mistake her reticence had been. A friend of her father!

Bruce had left the Lloyder before dinner (at Singapore), and as Kathlyn's British-India coaster did not leave till morning she had ejected to remain over night on the German boat. As Bruce disappeared among the disembarking passengers and climbed into a rickshaw she turned to the captain, who stood beside her.

"Do you know Mr. Bruce?"

"Very well," said the German. "Didn't he tell you who he is? No? Ah! Why, Mr. Bruce is a great hunter. He has shot everything, written books, climbed the Himalayas. Only last year he brought me the sack of a musk deer, and that is the most dangerous of all sports. He collects animals."

Then Kathlyn knew. The name had been vaguely familiar, but the young man's reticence had given her no opportunity to dig into her recollection. Bruce! How many times her father had spoken of him! What a fool she had been! Bruce knew the country she was going to, perhaps as well as her father; and he could have simplified her journey to the last word. Well, what was done could not be recalled and done over.

"My father is a great hunter, too," she said simply, eyeing wistfully the road taken by Bruce into town.

"What? Herr Gott! Are you Colonel Hare's daughter?" exclaimed the captain.

"Yes."

He seized her by the shoulders. "Why did you not tell me? Why, Colonel Hare and I have smoked many a Burma cheroot together on these waters. Herr Gott! And you never said anything! What a woman for a man to marry!" he laughed. "You have sat at my table for five days, and only now I find that you are Hare's daughter! And you have a sister. Ah, yes! He was always taking out some photographs in the smokeroom and showing them to us old chaps."

Tears filled Kathlyn's eyes. In an Indian prison, out of the jurisdiction of the British Raj, and with her two small hands and woman's mind she must find him! Always the mysterious packet lay close to her heart; never for a moment was it beyond the reach of her hand. Her father's freedom!

The rusty metal sides of the ship scraped against the pier and the gang-plank was lowered; and presently the tourists, flocked down with variant emotions, to be besieged by fruit sellers, water carriers, cabmen, blind beggars, and maimed, naked little children with curious, insolent black eyes, women with infants straddling their hips, stolid Chinamen: a riot of color and a bewildering babel of tongues.

Kathlyn found a presentable carriage, and with her luggage pressing about her feet directed the driver to the Great Eastern hotel.

Her white solo-toppe (sun helmet) had scarcely disappeared in the crowd when the Hindu of the freight caboose emerged from the steerage, no

longer in bedraggled linen trousers and ragged turban, but dressed like a native fop. He was in no hurry. Leisurely he followed Kathlyn to the hotel, then proceeded to the railway station. He had need no longer to watch and worry. There was nothing left now but to greet her upon her arrival, this golden hour from the verses of Sa'ad. The two weeks of durance vile among the low castes in the steerage should be amply repaid. In six days he would be beyond the hand of the meddling British Raj, in his own country. Sport! What was more beautiful to watch than cat play? He was the cat, the tiger cat. And what would the Sahib Colonel say when he felt the claws? Beautiful, beautiful, like a pattern woven in an Agra rug.

Kathlyn began her journey at once. Now that she was on land, moving toward her father, all her vigor returned. She felt strangely alive, exhilarated. She knew that she was not going to be afraid of anything hereafter. To enter the strange country without having her purpose known would be the main difficulty. Where was Ahmed all this time? Doubtless in a cell like his master.

Three days later she stood at the frontier, and her servant set about arguing and bargaining with the mahouts to engage elephants for the three days' march through jungles and mountains divides to the capital. Three elephants were necessary. There were two howdah elephants and one pack elephant, who was always lagging behind. Through long aisles of magnificent trees they passed, across hot, blistering deserts, dotted here and there by shrubs and stunted trees, in and out of gloomy defiles of flinty rock, over sluggish and swiftly flowing streams. The days were hot, but the nights were bitter cold. Sometimes a blue miasmic haze settled down, and the dry, raspy hides of the elephants grew damp and they fretted at their chains.

Rao, the khitmatgar Kathlyn had hired in Calcutta, proved invaluable. Without him she would never have succeeded in entering the strange country; for these wild-eyed Mahomedan mahouts (and it is pertinent to note that only Mahomedans are ever

made mahouts, it being against the tenets of Hinduism to kill or ride anything that kills) scowled at her evilly. They would have made way with her for an anna-piece. Rao was a Mahomedan himself, so they listened and obeyed.



Kathlyn on Her Way to Allah.

All this the first day and night out. On the following morning a leopard crossed the trail. Kathlyn seized her rifle and broke its spine. The jabbering of the mahouts would have amused her at any other time.

"Good, memsahib," whispered Rao. "You have put fear into their devil's hearts. Good! Chup!" he called. "Stop your noise."

After that they gave Kathlyn's dog tent plenty of room.

One day, in the heart of a natural clearing, she saw a tree. Its blossoms and leaves were as scarlet as the seeds of a pomegranate.

"O, how beautiful! What is it, Rao?"

"The flame of the jungle, memsahib. It is good luck to see it on a journey."

About the tree darted gay parakeets and fat green parrots. The green plumage of the birds against the brilliant scarlet of the tree was indescribably beautiful. Everywhere was life, everywhere was color. Once, as the natives seated themselves of the evening round their dung fire while Kathlyn busied with the tea over a wood fire, a tiger roared near by. The elephants trumpeted and the mahouts rose in terror. Kathlyn ran for her rifle, but the trumpeting of the elephants was sufficient to send the striped cat to other hunting grounds. Wild ape and pig abounded, and occasionally a caha wriggled out of the sun into the brittle grasses. Very few beasts or reptiles are aggressive; it is only when they feel cornered that they turn. Even the black panther, the most savage of all cats, will rarely offer battle except when attacked.

Meantime the man who had followed Kathlyn arrived at the city.

Five hours later Kathlyn stepped out of her howdah, gave Rao the money for the mahouts, and looked about. This was the gate to the capital. How many times had her father passed through it? Her jaw set and her eyes flashed. Whatever dangers beset her she was determined to meet them with courage and patience.

"Rao, you had better return to Calcutta. What I have to do must be done alone."

"Very good. But I shall remain here till the memsahib returns." Rao saluted.

"And if I should not return?" affected by this strange loyalty.

Then I shall seek Bruce Sahib, who has a camp 20 miles east."

"Bruce? But he is in Singapore!"—a quivering of her pulses.

"Who can say where Bruce Sahib is? He is like a shadow, there today, here tomorrow. I have been his servant, memsahib, and that is how I am today. I received a telegram to call at your hotel and apply to you for service. Very good. I shall wait. The mahout here will take you directly to Hare Sahib's bungalow. You will find your father's servants there, and all will be well. A week, then. If you do not send for me I seek Bruce Sahib, and we shall return with many. Some will speak English at the bungalow."

"Thank you, Rao. I shall not forget."

"Neither will Bruce Sahib," mysteriously, Rao saluted.

Kathlyn got into the howdah and passed through the gates. Bruce Sahib, the quiet man, whose hand had reached out over seas thus strangely to reassure her! A hardness came into her throat and she swallowed desperately. She was only twenty-four. Except for herself there might not be a white person in all this sprawling, rugged principality. From time to time the new mahout turned and smiled at her curiously, but she was too absorbed to note his attentions.

Durga Ram, called lightly Umballa, went directly to the palace, where he knew the Council of Three solemnly awaited his arrival. He dashed up the imposing flight of marble steps, exultant. He had fulfilled his promise; the golden daughter of Hare Sahib was but a few miles away. The soldiers, guarding the entrance, presented their arms respectfully; but instantly after Umballa disappeared the expression on their faces was not pleasing.

Umballa hurried along through the deep corridor, supported by exquisitely carved marble columns. Beauty in stone was in evidence everywhere and magnificent brass lamps hung from the ceiling. There was a shrine topped by an idol in black marble, incrustured with sapphires and turquoises. Durga Ram, who shall be called Umballa, nodded slightly as he passed it. Force of habit, since in his heart there was only one religion—self.

He stopped at a door guarded by a single soldier, who saluted but spat as soon as Umballa had passed into the throneroom. The throne itself was vacant. The Council of Three rose at the approach of Umballa.

"She is here," he said haughtily. The Council saluted.

Umballa stroked his chin as he gazed at the huge candles flickering at each side of the throne. He sniffed the Tibetan incense, and shrugged. It was written, "Go," he said, "to Hare Sahib's bungalow and await me. I shall be there presently. There is plenty of time. And remember our four heads depend upon the next few hours. The soldiers are on the verge of mutiny, and only success can pacify them."

He turned without ceremony and left them. With oriental philosophy they accepted the situation. They had sought to overturn him, and he held them in the hollow of his hand. During the weeks of his absence in America his spies had hung about them like bees about honey. They were the fowls enraptured.

Umballa proceeded along the corridor to a flight of stairs leading beneath the palace floor. Here the soldiers were agreeable enough; they had reason to be. Umballa gave them few mintage rupees for their work, many rupees. For they knew secrets. Before the door of a dungeon Umballa paused and listened. There was no sound. He returned upstairs and sought a chamber near the harem. This he entered, and stood with folded arms near the door.

"Ah, Colonel Sahib!"

"Umballa!" Colonel Hare, bearded, unkempt, tried to stand erect and face his enemy. "You black scoundrel! Our king lives no more, alas!"

"You lie!"

"He is dead. Dying, he left you this

moment Kathlyn arrived at the animal cages of her father she called for Ahmed.

"My father?"

"Ah, memsahib, they say he is dead. I know not. One night—the second after we arrived—he was summoned to the palace. He never came back."

"They have killed him!"

"Perhaps. They watch me, too; but I act simple. We wait and see."

Kathlyn rushed across the ground intervening between the animal cages and the bungalow. There was no one in sight. She ran up the steps and to be greeted inside by the suave Umballa.

"You?" her hand flying to her bosom. "I, Miss Hare." He saluted, with a sweeping gesture of his hands.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**BY THE POOL OF THE LOTUS**

Thoughts of inmates of the Harem Not Always Pleasant, Despite Surroundings of Beauty.

The best of all in this embroidery of running water was the square pool that lay in the midst of the zenana. For the bottom of it was carved into the image of a huge and many-petaled lotus flower, all of one block of white marble without flaw or stain, and the petals seemed astir when the clear crystal passed flowing over them. And at each corner of the lotus, completing the square, were triangular panels of delicate water flowers, and through the water the carnelian and the agate and the jasper of which they were fashioned shone strangely with vivid gleams.

All around the pool of the lotus used to sit the flowers of Shah Jehan's garden of girls, and there is no pool on earth that has reflected the image of such beauty. Often did the pearl lily, the chief flower and favorite of the harem, sit there with unsanded feet, waiting for the summons of her lord, and sometimes a cloud would pass over the image of her face reflected there when she considered that soon her loveliness would pass and her beauty be marred by the wrinkles of the shriveling years, and desire would fall, and long after her lips had crumbled into dust and her soft limbs had been laid underground for the worm and the red ant to fatten upon, the water that flowed there would be ever renewed and know not the horror of age.—From "Dewan-i-Khas" (the Hall of Private Audience), by E. F. Benson in the Century.

**NORWAY'S PERIOD OF GLORY**

Deeds of Norsemen in Tenth and Eleventh Centuries Marked Flowering Time of Nation.

One of the features of the celebration of Norway's centennial was a stone carved with old runic characters. It was found in Nova Scotia more than a century ago, but for a long time no one could read the roughly carved runes. This was done at last by an American scholar, who found that the inscription was cut by a Norse exploring party that left Greenland the summer of 1007 A. D., bound for the coast of New England. They landed in Nova Scotia on their way, and left this record of their trip.

What a glimpse this gives us of the daring spirit of those old pioneers of the sea!

The world has never seen a braver breed of sailors than the Norsemen of the tenth and eleventh centuries. They pushed their voyages of plunder and discovery from the rocks of New England to the delta of the Nile. They seated their chieftains on half the thrones of Europe. They harried every civilized coast within reach, and barbaric shorelands they settled, or, at least, explored. There is even some ground for believing that a party of Swedes and Norwegians penetrated as far inland as Minnesota, doubtless by way of the great lakes.

It was the flowering time of a nation, expressed in terms of daring and adventure, rather than in art, literature or civilization; but while it lasted it was one of the wonder epochs of the world.

**How London Women Vote.**

The house of lords, after two days' debate, rejected Lord Selborne's bill for the enfranchisement of a million women. The picked women of the bill are those who now enjoy the municipal franchise. "Enjoy," perhaps, is a word of too sanguine a complexion. Only 30 per cent of the women entitled to vote at elections for the London county council think it worth while.—Saturday Review.

**Discoverer of the Pacific.**

The discoverer of the Pacific ocean was Vasco Nunez de Balboa. On the early morning of the 25th of September, 1513, Balboa, and a small party of men, made their laborious way up the small part given to silhouettes in the teaching of the art of painting in academies—indeed, more often the utter lack of it—has always struck me as extraordinary.—Haldane Macrae in T. P.'s Weekly, London.

throne—you, a white man, knowing it was a legacy of terror and confusion. You knew. Why did you return? Ah, pearls and sapphires and emeralds! What? I offer you this throne upon conditions.

"And those conditions I have refused."

"You have, yes, but now—" Umballa smiled. Then he suddenly blazed forth: "Think you a white man shall sit upon this throne while I live? It is mine. I was his heir."

"Then why didn't you save him from the leopard? I'll tell you why. You expected to inherit on the spot, and I spoiled the game. Is that not true?"

"And what if I admit it?" truculently.

"Umballa, or Durga Ram, if you wish, listen. Take the throne. What's to hinder you? You want it. Take it and let me begone."

"Yes, I want it; and by all the gods of Hind I'll have it—but safely. Ah! It would be fine to proclaim myself when mutiny and rebellion stalk about. Am I a pig to play a game like that? Tch! Tch!" He clicked his tongue against the roof of his mouth in derision. "No; I need a buckler till all this roily water subsides and clears."

"And then, some fine night, Hare Sahib's throat? I am not afraid of death, Umballa. I have faced it too many times. Make an end of me at once or leave me to rot here, my answer will always be the same. I will not become a dishonorable tool. You have offered me freedom and jewels. No; I repeat, I will free all slaves, abolish the harems, the buying and selling of flesh; I will make a man of every poor devil of a coolie who carries stones from your quarries."

Umballa laughed. "Then remain here like a dog while I put your golden daughter on the throne and become what the British Raj calls prince consort. She'll rebel, I know; but I have a way." He stepped outside and closed the door.

"Umballa?"

"Well?"

"Kit, my daughter? Good God, what is she doing here when I warned her?" Hare tugged furiously at his chains.

"Durga Ram, you have beaten her. State your terms and I will accept them to the letter. . . . Kit, my beautiful Kit, in this hell hole!"

"Ah, but I don't want you to accept now. I was merely amusing myself. The door shut and the bolt shot home. Hare fell upon his knees. "My head, my head! Dear God, save me my reason!"

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**NOT DIFFICULT TO HANDLE FALL LITTER**



Profits From Fall Litters Depend on Care and Management.

Many successful breeders and feeders of swine are inclined to discourage the practice of breeding their sows to farrow two litters a year.

In fact, some writers upon swine subjects are inclined to believe that it will pay a man to kill, or otherwise dispose of every pig farrowed later than the first week in September.

Both observation and experience have convinced me that the profits from the fall litters depend fully as much on the care and management of the young pigs as they do on the time they are farrowed.

Unless a man has comfortable hog houses and abundance of room to provide exercise for the fall pigs he should not attempt to grow them.

Personally I feel sure that I can make a profit, as large profit, from a limited number of fall pigs as I can from the litters that are farrowed during March and April.

The fall pig crop is easier to handle and the young pigs possess more vitality and strength than the litters that are farrowed in the spring after the sows have been without exercise and abundance of succulent foods that are hard to obtain during the winter.

Then again the sows' ration of pasture and forage crops during the summer is better adapted to the develop-

ment of the unborn pigs than the winter rations that are fed by the average swine breeder and feeder.

The sow that has been allowed the run of the pasture and the forage crops during the summer is usually in ideal condition for the ordeal of farrowing.

The class of farm feeds available during the fall is better adapted to the needs of the sow and pigs than feeds that are available for spring feeding.

If winter dairying is being practiced the skim milk may be utilized at a good profit in feeding the pigs and they will be in excellent condition to make the best possible use of the pasture and forage crops the following summer.

Fall pigs that are given an abundance of palatable, nourishing food, abundance of exercise and a dry sleeping place can be made to come through the winter in a thrifty, growing condition and make profitable lightweights for the summer market or excellent feeders to place in the feed lot the following fall.

The sows that are bred for two litters a year are sure to continue more regular and certain breeders. We have found it very difficult to get our sows safe with pig when they were bred for but one litter a year.

**FERTILITY NOT LOST IN FEEDING ALFALFA**

Crop Draws Most Heavily on Lime and Potash, Resembling Clover in This Respect.

An alfalfa field will yield on an average 8,000 pounds of cured hay per acre in one season. This cured hay will contain about 6,800 pounds of dry matter. The number of pounds of each of the four most important ash constituents removed from an acre by a season's crop of alfalfa hay, as compared with clover hay, is as follows: Potash—alfalfa, 206 pounds; clover, 66; phosphates—alfalfa, 58 pounds; clover, 25; lime—alfalfa, 89 pounds; clover, 76; magnesium—alfalfa, 2