"But after I have bought you?" iron-

"Heaven born, our blood is yours to

The captain pocketed it, and one by

A Queen in Spite of Herself.

woman, one Pundita, wife of Ramabai,

Umballa wiped his betel-stained lips

and salaamed mockingly. Not so long

ago he had been attentive to this

To the slave girl who attended

queen. It is for her to decide what

Through the veil Pundita's eyes

When Kathlyn came in it was at

once explained to her that the wom-

an's husband had been taken for mur-

der; by law his wife became the

queen's property, to dispose of as she

willed. The veil was plucked from

salaam in submission to her queen.

Pundita salaamed, but stoutly refused

"Tell her she is free," said Kathlyn.

"Free?" came from the amazed

"You speak English?" cried Kathlyn

Kathlyn could have embraced her

for the very joy of the knowledge. A

could understand, who perhaps could

help! Yes. yes; the God of her fa-

Umballa smiled. All this was ex-

actly what he had reason to expect.

Seven days of authority; it would

men I shall make you my lady in

waiting . . . so long as I am a

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

veil is the power and the honor and

on her head she can go anywhere in

security and profound respect; she is

not seen. It is the mark of thoroughly

"Tell me your story," urged Kath-

roughly, when Kathlyn intervened.

shall be done with this woman.

sparkled with hatred.

Pundita's lips.

"Yes! majesty."

thers was good.

amuse him to watch her.

the half smile there.

excitedly.

found in murder.

"Thanks, heaven born!"



## The Adventures of Kathlyn

## HAROLD MAC GRATH

Illustrated by Pictures from the Moving Picture

Production of the Selig Polyscope Co.

SYNOPSIS.

Kathlyn Hare, believing her father, Col. Hare, in peril, has summoned her, leaves her home in California to go to him in Aliaha, India. Umballa, pretender to the throne, has imprisoned the colonel, named by the late king as his heir.

CHAPTER II-Continued.

Sadly the wretch told her the tale: the will of the king, his death, and the subsequent death of her father in his, could be made to understand. Only Durga Ram's, arms. Yonder urn con- Umballa and the council spoke Engtained his ashes. For the first time lish or understood it. She had ten in her young life Kathlyn fainted. She days' grace; within that time she had been living on her nerves for hoped to find some loophole. weeks, and at the sight of that urn something snapped. Daintily Umballa plucked forth the packet and was set before her. There were quail waited. At length she opened her

You are a queen, Miss Hare." "You are mad!"

"Nay; it was the madness of the tis, because he knew that now he must king. But mad kings often make laws live. which must be obeyed. You will accuse me of perfidy when I tell you all. The note which brought you here was written by me and substituted for

Dully Kathlyn read; "Kathlyn-ff not heard from, I'm held captive in Allaha. The royal title given to me by the king made me and my descendants direct heirs to the throne. Do not come to Allaha yourself. Destroy sealed document herewith. "FATHER."

The Council of Three entered noiselessly from the adjoining room. At the four dark, inscrutable faces the bewildered girl stared, her limbs numb with terror. Gravely the council told her she must come with them to the

"It is impossible!" she murmured. "You are all mad. I am a white woman. I cannot rule over an alien race ten days. whose tongue I cannot speak, whose habits I know nothing of. It is impossible. Since my father is dead, I must return to my home." "No," said Umballa.

"I refuse to stir!" She was all afire or. There was very little semblance of a sudden: the base trickery which of order; a rajah preceded a princehad brought here here! She was very lovely to the picturesque savage who As he looked down at her, in his elusive, low minor chords seemingly

troubled soul Umballa knew that it struck at random, intermingling a was not the throne so much as it was droning chant; a thousand streams of this beautiful bird of Paradise which incense, crossing and recrossing; and he wished to cage. "Be brave," he said. "like your fa- had come all the way across China by

ther. I do not wish to use force, but you must go. It is useless to strug-She hung back for a moment: then,

realizing her utter helplessness, she ly willing to wait. If this white queen signified that she was ready to go. She proved kind they would go about their ciated the danger in which their power signified that she was ready to go. She needed time to collect her stunned and disordered thoughts.

They announced that it was stood. They announced that it was decreed to give the queen a respite of needed. You have the key?"

They announced that it was decreed to give the queen a respite of needed. You have the key?" Before going to the palace they con- puppet in the hands of Umballa, whom

ducted her to the royal crypt. The they hated for his cruelty and money urn containing her father's ashes was deposited in a niche. Many other niches contained urns, and Umballa the reaching, holding hand of the Britexplained to her that these held the ashes of many rulers. Tears welled into Kathlyn's eyes, but they were of a hysterical character.

'A good sign," mused Umballa, who thought he knew something of women. like all men beset with vanity. Oddly enough, he had forgotten all about the incident of the lion in the freight caboose. All women are felines to a certain extent. This golden-haired woman had claws, and the day was coming when he would feel them drag over his

From the crypt they proceeded to the palace zenana (harem), which surrounded a court of exceeding beauty. Three ladies of the harem were sitting in the portico, attended by slaves. All were curiously interested at the sight of a woman with white skin, tinted like the lotus. Umballa came to a halt before a latticed door. "Here your majesty must remain

till the day of your coronation." 'How did my father die?"

'He was assassinated on the palace steps by a Mahomedan fanatic. As I told you, he died in my arms."

"His note signified that he feared imprisonment. How came he on the palace steps?"

"He was not a prisoner. He came and went as he pleased in the city." He bowed and left her.

Alone in her chamber, the duliness of her mind diminished and finally cleared away like a fog in a wind. Her dear, kind, blue-eyed father was dead, and she was virtually a prisoner, and Winnie was all alone. A queen! They were mad, or she was in the midst of some hideous nightmare. Mad. mad. mad! She began to laugh, and it was not a pleasant sound. A queen, she. Kathlyn Hare! Her father was dead. she was a queen, and Winnie was all alone. A gale of laughter brought to the marble lattice many wondering did not seem to breathe; she floated. displeasure. Those outside the lattice saw this marvelous white-skinned woman, with hair like the gold threads in Chinese brocades, suddenly throw herself upon a pile of cushions, and they saw her shoulders rock and heave, but heard no sound of wailing.

After a while she fell asleep, a kind of dreamless stupor. When she awoke it was twilight in the court. The doves were cooing and fluttering in the cornices and the cockatoo was preening his lemon-colored topknot. At first Kathlyn had not the least idea where she was, but the light beyond the latkle of a stringed instrument assured her that she was awake, terribly

She sat perfectly still, slowly gathering her strength, mental and physical. She was not her father's daughter for nothing. She was to fight in some strange warfare, instinctively she felt this; but from what direction, in what shape, only God knew. Yet she must prepare for it; that was the vital forthwith she will be wed." He sathing; she must marshal her forces, laamed.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

Rao! Her hands clutched the pil-

lows. In five days' time he would be

off to seek John Bruce; and there

would be white men there, and they

would come to her though a thousand

legions of these brown men stood between. She must play for time; she

must pretend docility and humility,

meet guile with guile. She could get

no word to her faithful khitmatgar;

none here, even if open to bribery,

Slave girls entered noiselessly. The

hanging lamps were lit. A tabaret

and roast kid, fruits and fragrant tea.

Within a dozen yards of her sat her

One of the chief characteristics of

the East Indian is extravagance. To

outvie each other in celebrations of births, weddings, deaths and corona-

tions they beggar themselves. In this'

the oriental and the occidental have

one thing in common. This principal-

ity was small, but there was a deal of

wealth in it because of its emerald

mines and turquoise pits. The durbar

brought out princes and princelings

from East, South and West, and even

three or four wild-eyed amirs from the

North. The British government at

Calcutta heard vaguely about this fete.

but gave it scant attention for the sim-

ple fact that it had not been invited

to attend. Still it watched the per-

formance covertly. Usually durbars

took months of preparation; this one

Elephants and camels and bullocks:

palanquins, gharris, tongas; cloth of

gold and cloth of jewels; color, confu-

sion, maddening noises, and more col-

ling, and so on down. The wailing of

drums; music, languorous, haunting,

The populace viewed all these mani-

festations quietly. They were perfect-

leeching ways.' O, everything was ripe

in the state for murder and loot-and

As Kathlyn advanced to the can-

opied dais upon which she was to be

The Al Fresco Throne of Allaha

crowned, a hand filled with flowers

reached out. She turned to see Ah-

Ahmed salaamed deeply as she

passed on. The impression that she

was dreaming again seized her. This

could not possibly be real. Her feet

It was only when the crown was placed

upon her head that she realized the

reality and the finality of the pro-

"Be wise," whispered Umballa, cold-

ly. "If you take off that crown now,

neither your gods nor mine could save

She obeyed. She wanted to cry out

do not want to be your queen. Let

Where was Rao? Where was Bruce?

candle light? There was a small dag-

ger hidden in the folds of her white

obe; she could always use that. She

heard Umballa speaking in the native

tongue. A great shouting followed.

"What have you said to them?" she

"That her majesty had chosen Durga

So the mask was off! "Marry you?

O, no! Mate with you, a black?"

Ram to be her consort and to him now

ceedings.

advised. Rise!"

The populace surged.

demanded.

"Bruce Sahib," she whispered.

ish Raj.

father, stolidly munching his chupat-

She was not hungry, but she ate.

(Copyright by Harold MacGrath)

thers!"

had struck him across the face.

besides marriage." "Yes," she replied proudly; "there is death."

CHAPTER III.

The Two Ordeals. Umballa was not a coward; he was only ruthless and predatory after the not what they wanted, being People. sunset. Umballa gave the vanishing manner of his kind. A thrill of admiration tingled his spine. The women playthings. Here was one worth conquering, a white flame to be controlled. almost irresistible.

A high priest spoke to Kathlyn. "What does he say?" she asked. "That you must marry me."

"Tell him I refuse!" Umballa shrugged and repeated her words. Here the Council of Three interposed, warning Kathlyn that she must submit to the law as it read. There was no appeal from it.

"Then I shall appeal to the British

"How?" asked Umballa, urbanely. Swiftly she stepped to the front of the platform and extended her arms. It was an appeal. She pointed to Umballa and shook her head. Her arms went out again. A low murmur rippled over the pressing crowd; it grew in volume; and a frown of doubt flitted over Umballa's brow. The soldiers were swaying restlessly. Kathlyn saw this sign and was quick to seize upon its possibilities. She renewed her gesture toward them. It seemed that she must burst forth in their maddening tongue: "I appeal to the chivalry of Allaha! . Soldiers, you now wear my uniform! Liberate had been called into existence within me!" But her tongue was mute; yet her eyes, her face, her arms spoke eloquently enough to the turbulent soldiers. Besides, they welcomed the opportunity to show the populace how strong they were and how little they feared Umbalia. At a nod from their leader they came romping up the steps to the dais and surrounded Kathlyn. reeds and the muttering of kettle A roar came from the populace; an elephant trumpeted; the pariah dogs

Umballa stepped back, his hand on his jeweled sword. He was quite un--mutiny from his angle of vision, though in law the troopers had only responded to the desire of their queen. He turned questioningly to the Council and the priests. He himself could mové no further. His confreres appreseven days in which to yield. It would at least hold the bold troopers on the leash till they could be brought to see the affair in its true light by the way of largess in rupees. Umballa consented because he was at the bottom of the sack. A priest read from a scroll the law, explaining that no woman might rule unmarried. Because the young queen was not conversant with the laws of the state she would be given seven days. Thus the durbar ended.

With a diplomacy which would have graced a better man Umballa directed tan, to the borders of the Bear. the troopers to escort Kathlyn to her chamber in the zenana. He had in be accomplished in that space of time. "For the present," he said, smiling at Kathlyn, "the God of your fathers

has proven strongest. But tomorrow! . . Ah, tomorrow! There will be seven days. Think then, deeply and wisely. Your khitmatgar Rao is a prisoner. It will be weeks ere your presence is known here. You are helpless as a bird in the net. Struggle if you will; you will only bruise your wings. The British raj? The British raj does not want a great border war, and I can bring down ten thousand wild hill men outlaws between whom and the British raj there is a blood feud; ten thousand from a land where there is never peace, only truce. In in his eyes. seven days. Salaam, heaven born!" She returned his ironical gaze calm-

ly over the shoulder of a trooper. "Wait," she said. "I wish you to understand the enormity of your crime.'

"Crime?" with elevated eyebrows. "Yes. You have abducted me." "No. You came of your own free will."

"The white men of my race will not pause to argue over any such subtlety Marry you? I do not like your color. A dull red settled under Umballa's

went on, "that my blood will be upon your head. And woe to you if it is. There are white men who will not SANS CLOTHES, SANS DIGNITY signifies that "in oriental lands the await the coming of the British rai." can; Bruce Sahib, for instance. Alas, he is in the straits settlements! Seven

"I am not afraid to die." "But there are many kinds of death." you from that mob down yonder. Be and with this sinister reflection he

stepped aside. The multitude, seeing Kathlyn com to that sea of bronze faces: "People, I | ing down from the dais, still surrounded by her cordon of troopers, began me go!" They would not understand, reluctantly to disperse. "Bre.d and the circus!"-the mobs will cry it What of the hope that now flickered down the ages; they will alwa, pause tice, the flitting shadows, and the tin- and died in her heart, like a guttering to witness bloodshed, from a s distance, you may be sufe. There . s a deal of rioting in the bazears night, and many a measure of

and toddy kept the fires burning. ental politics is like the winds of the equinox: It blows from all directions.

The natives were taxed upon every conceivable subject, not dissimilar to her head uncovered, dishonoreth her the old days in Urdu, where a man head." In another place he says, "The paid so much for the privilege of woman ought to have authority upon squeezing the man under him. Mutiny her head." This should be translated, was afoot, rebellion, but it had not yet we are told, "The woman who has a found a head. The natives wanted a veil on her head wears authority on God give change, something to gossip about during the head." Being interpreted, this Spenser.

"Black?" he cried, as if a whiplash ing the hot, lazy afternoons, over their hookahs and coffee. To them reform "Yes, black of skin and black of meant change only, not the alleviation heart. I have submitted to the farce of some of their heavy burdens. The spill where and when you will." of this durbar, but that is as far as talk of freeing slaves was but talk; From under the teak table Umballa my patience will go. God will guard slaves were lucrative investments; a drew forth two heavy bags of silver man would be a fool to free them. An coin. These he emptied upon the table old man, with a skin white like this dramatically; white, shining metal "Yes, my God and the God of my fa- new queen's and hair like spun wool, sparkling as the candle flames wavdressed in a long black cloak and a ered. Umballa arranged the coin in To the mutable faces below she broad-brimmed hat, had started the stacks, one of them triple in size. looked the queen at that instant. They agitation of liberating the slaves. More "Yours, captain," said Umballa, insaw the attitude, but could not inter than that, he carried no idol of his dicating the large stack. God, never bathed in the ghats, or "So be it. There are other things took flowers to the temples, and seemed one his troopers passed and helped always silently communing with the themselves and fell back along the simple fron cross suspended from his wall in military alignment, bright eyed neck. But he had died during the last and watchful. visitation of the plague.

They had wearied of their tolerant | The captain and his troopers filed king, who had died mysteriously; they out. Umballa fingered the empty bags. were now wearied of the council and his brow wrinkled. Cut off a cobra's Umballa; in other words, they knew head and it could only wriggle till

Who was this fair-skinned woman captain two weeks. Then he should who stood so straight before Umbal- vanish indeed. of his race were chattels, lazy and in- la's eye? Whence had she come? To The next morning while the Counert, without fire, merely drudges or be ruled by a woman who appeared to cil and Umballa were in session relabe tongue tied! Well, there were worse tive as to what should be done with things than a woman who could not Kathlyn in the event of her refusal to To bend her without breaking her, talk. Thus they gabbled in the bathat must be his method of procedure. zaars, round braziers and dung fires. The skin under her chin was as white And some talked of the murder The as the heart of a mangosteen, and the proud Ramabai had been haled to longing to sweep her into his arms was prison; his banker's gold had not saved him. O, this street rat Umballa generally got what he wanted. Ramabai's wife was one of the beauties

Through the narrow, evil smelling streets of the bazaars a man hurried that night, glancing behind frequently to see if by any mischance some one followed. He stopped at the house of Lal Singh, the shoemaker, whom he found drowsing over his water pipe. "Is it well?" said the newcomer, intoning.

"It is well," answered Lal Singh, dropping the mouthpiece of his pipe. He had spoken mechanically. When he saw who his visitor was his eyes brightened. "Ahmed?" "Hush!" with a gesture toward the

ceiling. "She is out merrymaking, like the rest of her kind. The old saying: if a man waits, the woman comes to him.

"There is a journey. Across Hind to

I am alone. There is news?"

"The hour has arrived?" "At least the excuse. Give these to one in authority with the British raj, whose bread we eat." Ahmed slid across the table a very small scroll. "The memsahib is my master's daughter. She must be spirited away to safety."

"Ah!" Lal Singh rubbed his fat hands. "So the time nears when we shall wring the vulture's neck. Ai, it is good! Umballa, the toad, who swells and swells as the days go by. Shiva has guarded him well. The king picks him out of the gutter for a pretty bit of impudence, sends him afar to Umballa, where he learns to speak English, where he learns to wear shoes fireworks at night, fireworks which prepared for any such flagrant mutiny that button and stiff linen bands round the neck. He has gone on, gone on! The higher up, the harder the fall." "The cellar?"

> young woman-after her marriage ammunition and strange little wires She had sent him about his business by which I make magic fires." with burning ears and a hot cheek, made so by the contact of her strong

"There are pistols and guns and

"Hare Sahib's daughter. And Hare Pundita he said: "Go summon the Sahib?"with twinkling eyes. "In some dungeon, mayhap. There

all avenues seemed closed up." "Umballa needs money," said Lal Singh, thoughtfully. "But he will not find it," in afterthought. "Tomorrow?"

"At dawn"

These two men were spiders in that great web of secret service that the British raj weaves up and down and Pundita's face. She was ordered to across Hind, to Persia and Afghanis-Even as Lal Singh picked up his to kneel. They proceeded to force her

mouthpiece again and Ahmed sallied mind seven days. Many things could forth into the bazaars Umballa had brought to him in the armory that company of soldiers who had shown such open mutiny, not against the state, but against him.

Gravely he questioned the captain. "Pay our wages, then, heaven born," said the captain, with veiled insolence. "Pay us, for we have seen not so much worran who could talk English, who as betel money since the last big rains." "Money," mused Umballa, marking

down this gallant captain for death when the time came. "Al, money; bright rupees, or, better still, yellow British gold. Pay us!"

"Let us be frank with each other," said Umballa, smiling to cover the fire lyn kindly. "Be not afraid of these "That is what we desire," replied the captain, with a knowing look at his

silent troopers. "I must buy you." The captain salaamed.

The Tarsians were celebrated for bad manners to observe a veiled

dignity of the woman; with the veil "Ah, yes; some brave, hardy Ameri- Paul's Views Concerning Modest Dress of Women Were Imbibed in Childhood.

> the extremely modest dress of their woman in the street. . . A wom women, who were always deeply veiled an's authority and dignity vanish when they went abroad, remarks the along with the all-covering veil that Christian Herald. "As Tarsian ladies she discards. That is the oriental walked in the streets you could not view which Paul learned in Tarsus.' see any part either of their faces or of their whole person, nor could they The question of the habitability of themselves see anything of their path." In this respect they were dif-Mars is one on which astronomers differ greatly. The sole evidence in ferent from the women of other cities which had been more thoroughly Hel- favor of the existence of intelligent beings on it is the obviously artificial enized. Those early impressions of Paul's childhood doubtless account nature of the so-called canals as some astronomers see them. There cannot in part for Paul's strict rules as laid be said to be evidence of additional down to the Corinthians about the canal construction on the planet, the veiling of their women. "Every womwhole question of the existence of any an that prayeth or prophesieth with canal being still a matter of controwoman ought to have authority upon

Good Things Must Be Used. Good is no good, but if it be spent; God gives good for no other end .-

Coiffure From the Days of the Empire



achievements of the time of the Emconstrained to ponder as to whether since then. A century and more has played its part, along with other superexcellent modes, which helped the beauties of Napoleon's time to immortalize their charms.

This pretty arrangement of the hair in waves and short curls is not intended to be worn with workaday clothes in the prosaic business of everyday living. It is an affair of evening dress, when satins and laces and jewels and flowers bespeak joyous appareling. Mlle. Montague is shown in the picture wearing it with a satin and lace with them a beautiful native young and pearls about her neck. Her long ors with them.

in a style of hair dressing consider bordered with a ruche of plaited mathis revival of one of the fascinating line. She wears a moire girdle of rose color, also. Her garments are pire. After due consideration one is the most tasteful of up-to-date modes.

The hair is waved and parted a little we have ever had anything better to one side in a very short part. This waved portion is brought to the back faded into the past since this coiffure of the head and arranged in loose, flat coils pinned flat below the crown. The hair over the ears is separated into strands and curled in three rather tight curls. A strand of pearls, finished with three settings at the front, is clasped round the head. Below it across the forehead there is a slightly curled fringe of hair.

Almost any fairly youthful face will find all its good points enhanced by a style of hair dressing so remarkably good that it challenges the classic evening dress with flowers at her belt | models of the Greeks and divides hon-

## Vestees and Collars in Fall Styles



To make sure of a bit of white next embroidery. Narrow plaited frills the face is to be sure of added be make possible a great variety in decoqueen," with a searching glance at Umballa's face. She learned nothing from are the dominating features in fall tons are additional factors that go to fabrics and a still greater number of in neckwear.

though fragile chiffons and silk musutilized to make the short-lived glory the vestee and collar; are the essential reasons for their existence, in fact, so that all the finest and sheerest making. These include organdie. swiss, thin lawns, swiss embroidery, batiste, mulls, nets, voiles and laces. The choice is wide enough.

Collars and vestees made the firmer weaves in wash fabrics are finished with hemstitching and often decorated with tucks. Insertions and narrow edgings of fine lace or the finest em- field for the play of fancy in a world broideries are used on them.

are prettily ornamented with sprays of

A Rose on the Shoulder

comingness in coat or gown. Vestees ration. Hemstitching, embroidered and collars in one, or collars alone, dots, and small pearl or covered butneckwear, and they are shown in many make up the endless variety one finds Roll-over collars are leaders in pop-

Nearly all of these smart accessories ularity, combined either with long are made of washable fabrics, al- vestees or short dickies. Severe designs, like that shown in the picture lins and the finest of silk crepes are given here, of sheer organdie, are charmingly delicate. A plain roll-over of some of them. But crisp freshness collar to which net ties are attached and immaculate cleanliness belong to is decorated with tiny black pearl buttons and makes a stunning finish for a tailored gown.

Vestees and roll-over collars of of wash fabrics are employed in their pique are compelling attention. Recently dress sets showing collar and cuffs to match, or collar, vestee and cuffs, proclaim the revival of an old but fine style, well worthy of a new

There is literally no end to the number of designs in neckwear. With so many fabrics available and a free of inexpensive materials we are likely The daintiest of these neck pieces to find new things every day. JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

A rose on the shoulder is the latest whim of fashionable milady. Of course, the gown or its trimming. For ex-

with a pink sash has a pink rose caught against the shoulder; a yellow dance gown with which jet beads are worn is embellished with a yellow and black rose; a deep American beauty rose may lend color to a black tulle gown. Sometimes the shoulder roser are interchangeable, snap-buttons

sewed to bodices and little ends of ribbon tied to the rose stems, making it possible to wear various roses with the rose matches or harmonizes with various frocks. The rose is worn high on the shoulder, near the chin, just at emple, a white tulie dancing costume the edge of the deeply V'd decolletage

"Was the man here today to look for the gas leak, Kate?" "Yes, ma'am."

"Did he find it?" "Yes, ma'am; but they haven't found