

The Adventures of Kathlyn

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

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SYNOPSIS.

Kathlyn Hare, believing her father, Col. Hare, in peril, has summoned her leaves her home in California to go to him in Allah, India. Umballa, pretender to the throne, has imprisoned the colonel, named by the late king as his heir. Arriving in Allah Kathlyn is informed by Umballa that her father being dead she is to be queen, and must marry him. She refuses and is informed by the priests that no woman can rule unmarryed. She is given seven days to think it over. She still refuses, and is told that she must undergo two ordeals with wild beasts. If she survives she will be permitted to rule. John Bruce, an American, saves her life. The elephant which carries her from the scene of her trials runs away, separating her from Bruce and the rest of the party. She takes refuge in a ruined temple, but this haven is the abode of a lion and she is forced to flee from it. She finds a retreat in the jungle only to fall into the hands of slave traders.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Slave Market.

Having decided upon the fate of Kathlyn, the natives set about recapturing the wild elephant. It took the best part of the morning. When this was accomplished the journey to Allah was begun. But for the days of peace and quiet of the wilderness and the consequent hardness of her flesh, Kathlyn would have suffered greatly. Half the time she was compelled to walk. There were no howdahs, and it was a difficult feat to sit back of the mahout. The rough skin of the elephant had the same effect upon the calves of her legs that sandpaper would have had. Sometimes she stumbled and fell, and was rudely jerked to her feet. Only the day before they arrived was she relieved in any way; she was given a litter, and in this manner she entered the hateful city.

On the way to the slave mart they passed under the shadow of the grim prison walls of the palace. The elephants veered off here into a side street, toward the huge square where horses and cattle and elephants were bought and sold. The litter, in charge of the chief mahout, proceeded to the slave mart. Kathlyn glanced at the wall wondering. Was her father alive? Was he in some bleak cell behind that crumbling masonry?

Even as she sent a last lingering look at the prison within, his head buried in his thin, wasted hands, beheld her in a vision—but in a happy, joyous vision, basking about the living room of the bungalow.

And far away a younger man beheld a vision as very tenderly he gazed at Kathlyn's discarded robe and resumed his determined quest. Often, standing beyond his evening fires, he would ask the silence, "Kathlyn, where are you?" Even then he was riding fast toward Allah.

A slave mart is a rare thing these days, but at the time these scenes were being enacted there existed many of them here and there across the face of the globe. Men buy and sell men and women these times—enlightened, so they say—but they do it by legal contract or from vile hiding places.

Allaha had been a famous mart in its prime. It had drawn the agents of princes from all over India. Persia, Beloochistan, Afghanistan, and even southern Russia had been rife of their beauties to adorn the zenanas of the slothful Hindu princes.

The slave mart in the capital town of Allah stood in the center of the bazaars, a great square platform with a roof, but open on all four sides. Here the slaves were exhibited, the poor things intended for dalliance and those who were to struggle and sweat and die under the overseer's lash.

Every fortnight a day was set aside for the business of the mart. Owners and prospective buyers met, chewed betel nut, smoked their hookahs, sipped coffee and tea and exchanged the tattle of the hour. It was as much an amusement as a business; indeed, it was the oriental idea of a club, and much the same things were discussed. All about there were barkers, and fruit sellers, and bangle wallas (for slave girls should have rings of rupee silver about their ankles and wrists), and solemn Brahmins, and men who painted red and ochre caste marks on one's forehead, and ash-covered fakirs with withered hands, Nautch girls, girls from the bazaars, peripatetic jewelers, kites, and red-headed ruffians—this being a proper place for them.

The chief mahout purchased for Kathlyn a beautiful saree, or veil, which partially concealed her face and hair.

"Chalu!" he said, touching Kathlyn's shoulder whenever she lagged, for they had dispensed with the litter. "Go on!"

She understood. Outwardly she appeared passive enough, but her soul was on fire and her eyes as brilliant as those of the circling, swooping kites, watching for that moment which was to offer some loophole. On through the noisy bazaars, the object of many a curious remark, sometimes lauded by the painted women at the windows, sometimes jeered at by the elders around the merchants' booths.

It seemed to her, however, that a slim of steel had grown over her nerves; nothing startled her; she sensed only the watchfulness she had often noted in the captives at the mart.

At length they came into the busy mart. The old mahout congratulated himself upon the docility of his find. It would stiffen the bidding to announce that she was gentle. He even went so far as to pat her on the shoulder. The steel film did not cover all her nerves, so it would seem; the watted shoulder was vulnerable. She winced, for she read clearly enough what was in the mind back of that touch.

She had made her plans. To the man who purchased her she would assume a meekness of spirit in order to

lull his watchfulness. To the man who purchased her... Kathlyn Hare! She laughed. The old man behind her nodded approvingly, hearing the sound but not sensing its import. Ah, when the moment came, when the fool who bought her started to lead her home, she would beguile him and at the first sign of carelessness she would trust to her heels. She knew that she was going to run as never a woman ran before; back to the beasts of the jungle, who at least made no effort to molest her so long as she kept out of their way.

Wild and beautiful she was as the old mahout turned her over to a professional seller.

"Circassian!"
"From the north!"
"A bride from the desert!"
"A yellow-hair!"
"A daughter of the north seas!"

The old mahout squatted close by and rubbed his hands. He would be a rich man that night; bags of rupees; a well thatched house to cover his gray hairs till that day they placed him on the pyre at the burning ghat. The gods were good.

Durga Ram, known familiarly as Umballa, at this hour came forth into the sunshine, brooding. He was not in a happy frame of mind. Many things lay heavy upon his soul; but among these things there was not one named remorse. To have brought about all these failures, this thought irked him most. Here was a crown all within reach of his greedy fingers, the water to Tantalus. To have underestimated this yellow haired young woman, he who knew women so well—there lay the bitter sting. He had been too impetuous; he should have waited till all her fears had been allayed. That spawn of Siva, the military, was insolent again, and rupees to cross their palms were scarce. Whither had she blown? Was she dead? Was she alive?

The white hunter had not returned to his camp yet, but the sly Ahmed was there. The perpetual gloom on the face of the latter was reassuring to Umballa. Ahmed's master had not found her. To bring the white man's heart was something. He dared not put him out of the way; too many knew.

And the Council was beginning to grow uneasy. How long could he hold them in leash?
"What a woman! As magnificent as the daughter of Firoz, shah of Delhi. Fear she knew not. At one moment he loved her with his whole soul, at another he hated her, longed to get her into his hands again, to wreak his vengeance upon her for the humiliation she had by wit and courage heaped upon him. "I am ready!" He could hear it yet. When they had led her away to the ordeals—"I am ready!" A woman, and not afraid to die!

Money! How to get it! He could not plunge his hand into the treasury; there were too many about, too many tongues. But Colonel Hare knew where the silver basket lay hidden heaped with gold and precious stones; and torture could not wring the hiding place from him. May he be damned to the nethermost hell! Let him, Durga Ram, but bury his lean hands in that treasure, and Naraka swallow Allaha and all its kings! Rubies and pearls and emeralds, and

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ton. Where is your gold? Bid," satirically.

"Two thousand rupees!" shouted the professional seller.
"I have no gold, but my master will give 10,000 rupees for your maid. Quick! Old fool, be quick!"
"Be gone, thou beggar!" And the old man spat.
"Memahib," the Mohammedan called out in English, "do not look toward me, or all will be lost. I am All, Bruce Sahib's chief mahout; and we have believed you dead! Take care! I go to inform Ahmed. Bruce Sahib has not returned."

Kathlyn, when she heard that voice, shut her eyes.
Umballa had drawn closer. There was something about this tall veiled slave that stirred his recollection. Where had he seen that graceful poise? The clearness of the skin, though dark; the roundness of the throat and arms. . . .
"Three thousand rupees!"

The old mahout purred and smoothed his palms together. Three thousand rupees, a rajah's ransom! He would own his elephant; his wife should ride in a gilded palanquin, and his children should wear shoes. Three thousand rupees! He folded his arms and walked gently to and fro.

"Five thousand rupees!" said Umballa, impelled by he knew not what to make this bid.
A ripple of surprise ran over the crowd. The regent, the powerful Durga Ram, was bidding in person for his zenana.

Kathlyn's nerves tingled with life again, and the sudden bounding of her heart stifled her. Umballa! She was surely lost. Sooner or later he would recognize her.

The mahout stood up, delighted. He was indeed fortunate. He salaamed.
"Huzoor, she is gentle," he said.
The high-caste who had bid 3,000 rupees salaamed also.

"Highness, she is yours," he said. "I cannot bid against my regent."
It was the custom to mark a purchased slave with the caste of her purchaser. Umballah, still not recognizing her, waved her aside toward the Brahmin caste markers, one of whom daubed her forehead with a yellow triangle. Her blue eyes yielded the curious brown ones.

"The sahib at the river," she whispered in broken Hindustani. "Many rupees. Bring him to the house of Durga Ram." This in case All failed. The Brahmin's eyes twinkled. Her Hindustani was execrable, but "sahib" and "river" were plain to his understanding. There was but one sahib by the river, and he was the white hunter who had rescued the vanished queen from the ordeals. He nodded almost imperceptibly. Inwardly he smiled. He was not above giving the haughty upstart a Thugee's twist. He spoke to his neighbor quietly, assigned to him his bowls and brushes, rose and made off.

"Follow me," said Umballa to the happy mahout. Presently he would have his bags of silver, bright and twinkling.
Fate overtook All, who in his mad race to Hare's camp fell and badly sprained his ankle. Moaning, less from the pain than from the attendant helplessness, he was carried into the hut of a kindly ryot and there ministered to.

The Brahmin, however, filled with greed and a sly humor, reached his destination in safety. Naturally cunning, double tongued, sly, ingratiating, after the manner of all Brahmins, who will sink to any base level in order to attain their equivocal ends, his actions were unhampered by any sense of treachery toward Umballa. A Thugee's twist to the schemes of the street rat Umballa, who wore the Brahmin string, to which he had no right! The Brahmin chuckled as he paused at the edge of Bruce's camp. A fat purse lay yonder. He approached, his outward demeanor a mixture of pride and humility.

Bruce had returned but half an hour before, mind weary, bone tired. He sat with his head in his hands, his elbows propped upon his knees. His young heart was heavy. He had searched the bewildering jungle as one might search a plot of grass before one's door, blade by blade. A hundred times he had found traces of her; a hundred times he had called out her name, only to be mocked and gibbered at by apes. She had vanished like a perfume, like a cloud shadow in the wind.

"Sahib, a Brahmin desires audience."
"Ask him what he wants."
"It is for the sahib's ear alone."
"Ah! Bring him to me quickly."
The Brahmin approached, salaamed.
"What do you wish?" Bruce asked curtly.
"A thousand rupees, huzoor!" blandly.

"And what have you that is worth that many rupees?" irritably.
The Brahmin salaamed again. "Huzoor, a slave this day was purchased by Durga Ram, Umballa, so-called. She has skin the color of old tacks, and eyes like turquoise, and lips like the flame of the jungle, and hair like the sands of Ganges, mother of rivers."

Bruce was upon his feet, alive, eager. He caught the Brahmin by the arm.
"Is this woman white?" barahly.
"Huzoor, the women of Allaha are always dark of hair."
"And was sold as a slave?"
"To Durga Ram, the king without a crown, huzoor. It is worth a thousand rupees," smiling.
"Tell me," said Bruce, stilling the tremor in his voice, "tell me, did she follow him without a struggle?"
"Yes. But would a struggle have done any good?"

Bruce took out his wallet and counted out a thousand rupees in Bank of India notes. "Now, listen. Umballa must not know that I know. On your head, remember."
"Huzoor, the word of a Brahmin."
"Ah, yes; but I have lived long here. Where is All?" cried Bruce, turning to one of his men.
"He went into the city this morning, sahib, and has not returned."
"Come," said Bruce to the waiting Brahmin, "we'll return together." He now felt no excitement at all; it was as if he had been immersed in ice water. It was Kathlyn, not the least doubt of it, bought and sold in the

slave mart. Misery, degradation, so she bent her head to the inevitable. "Behold!" cried Umballa later, as he entered the presence of the Council; "behold a slave of mine!" He pushed Kathlyn forward. "This day I bought her for five thousand rupees." The Council stirred nervously.

"Do you not recognize her?" exultantly.
The Council whispered to one another.
"Legally she is mine, though she has been a queen. But by running away she has forfeited her rights to the law of the ordeals. Am I not right?"
The Council nodded gravely. They had not yet wholly recovered from their bewilderment.

"On the other hand, her identity must remain a secret till I have developed my plans," continued Umballa.
"You are all courting a terrible reprisal," said Kathlyn. "I beg of you to kill me at once; do not prolong my torture, my misery. I have harmed none of you, but you have grievously harmed me. One even now seeks aid of the British raj; and there are many soldiers."

The threat was ill timed.
The head of the Council said to Umballa: "It would be wise to lock her up for the present. We all face a great complication."
"A very wise council," agreed Umballah, knowing that he had but to say the word to destroy them all. "And she shall have company. I would not have her lonely. Come, majesty; deign to follow your humble servant." Umballa salaamed.

Kathlyn was led to a cell in the palace prison, whose walls she had but a little while ago viewed in passing, and thrust inside. A single window admitted a faint light. Umballa remained at the door, chuckling softly. Presently, her eyes becoming accustomed to the dark, Kathlyn discovered a man chained to a pillar. The man suddenly leaned forward.

"Kit, my Kit!"
"Father!"

She caught him to her breast in her strong young arms, crooned to him, and kissed his matted hair. And they stood that way for a long time.

At this very moment there appeared before the Council a wild-eyed, disheveled young man. How he had passed the palace guard none of them knew.

"A white woman was brought into this room forcibly a few minutes ago. I demand her! And by the God of my father I will cut out the heart of every one of you if you deny me! She is white; she is of my race!"
"There is no white woman here, Bruce Sahib."
"You lie!" thundered the young man.

Two guards came in quickly.
"I say you lie! She was seen to enter here!"
"The man is mad! Besides, it is sacrilege for him to enter our presence in this manner," cried one of the Council. "Seize him!"
A fierce struggle between the guards and Bruce followed; but his race to the city and the attendant excitement had weakened him. He was carried away, still fighting manfully.

In the meantime Umballa concluded that the reunion had lasted long enough. He caught Kathlyn roughly by the shoulder and pulled her away.
"Behold, Colonel Sahib! Mine! I bought her this day in the slave mart. Legally mine! Now will you tell me where that silver basket lies hidden, with its gold and gems?"
"Father, do not tell him!" warned Kathlyn. "So long as we do not tell him he does not put us out of the way!"

"Kit!"
"Dad, poor dad!"
"Little fool!" said Umballa.
Kathlyn struggled to reach her father again, but could not. Umballa folded his arms tightly about her and attempted to kiss her. This time her strength was superhuman. She freed her hands and beat him in the face, tore his garments, dragged off his turban. The struggle brought them within the radius of the colonel's reach. The prisoner caught his enemy by the throat, laughing insanely. "Now, you black dog, die!"

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ROAD BUILDING

CONSTRUCTION OF A CULVERT

Consideration of Economy and Safety Demands Employment of Other Material Than Wood.

By far the greater number of culverts and bridges on our public roads have a span of less than fifty feet. In the past these structures have, in general, been built of wood, but lumber so exposed in this dry climate is subject to rapid decay, writes Walter Graham in Denver Field and Farm. Consequently these structures require a great deal of repair and frequent renewals. The ever-increasing price of lumber is making the further use of wood for this class of structures more and more indefensible. The loads which our highway structures are called upon to sustain are also increasing. In many of our agricultural localities the movement of steam road rollers and heavy traction engines is seriously hampered because of weak bridges and culverts. Consideration of economy and safety demands the use of other materials than wood in the construction of culverts and bridges.

Durability is of the greatest economic importance. In many sections a large proportion of the annual road levy is expended in repair and renewal of wooden culverts and minor bridges, and it is not unusual to find this practice defended on the ground that the county or district cannot afford to build the higher-priced permanent culverts. This notion is simply a false sense of economy. True, the first cost of the permanent structure is greater, but there the outlay ends, while with wooden culverts there is a large annual outlay for repair, as well as frequent renewals. Anyone interested in road improvement will find it most interesting to secure the following data for his own county or district: The number of culverts, cost of labor and material for repair and renewal each year, average life of wooden culverts and the ordinary life of wooden bridge floors. Then he could compute how long it would be before the actual present expenditure would pay for permanent culverts.

Later improvements in the manufacture of iron have made this material more generally available for use in culvert construction. A special quality of iron, very low in carbon, resists corrosion so well as to make its use advisable in many cases, and this is an important point for the irrigated districts. The cutting away of the soil by the water at the inlet or outlet of a clay or cement pipe is often responsible for its progressive break-down and partial exposures of this character are extremely dangerous in time of freshet to any form of construction. It is doubtful whether the majority of practical roadbuilders have given consideration to the fact that by building suitable wing walls for any bridge or pipe they can very largely increase its carrying capacity. A V-shaped entrance-way so increases the velocity of the water as to enable a given conduit to perform the work of one of much larger diameter which has an end wall at right angles to the flow.

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