



# The Adventures of Kathlyn

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

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## SYNOPSIS.

Kathlyn Hara, believing her father, Col. Hara, in peril, had summoned her, leaving her home in California to go to him in Allahabad, India. Umballa, pretender to the throne, has imprisoned the colonel, named by the late king as his heir. Arriving in Allahabad 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 unmarriage. 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 has been 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. Kathlyn is brought to the public mart in Allahabad and sold to Umballa, who, finding her still unsubmitive, throws her into the dungeon with her father.

## CHAPTER IX.

**The Colonel in Chains.**  
The colonel and Umballa swayed back and forth. Umballa sank to his knees and then fought madly to rise; but the hands at his throat were the hands of a madman, steel, resistless. The colonel's chains clanked sharply. Lower and lower went Umballa's head; he saw death peering into the cell. His cry rattled in his throat.

Not a sound from Kathlyn. She watched the battle, unfeeling as marble. Let the wretch die; let him feel the fear of death; let him suffer as he had made others suffer. What new complications might follow Umballa's death did not alarm her. How could she be any worse off than she was? He had polluted her cheeks with his kisses. He had tortured and shamed her as few white women have been. Mercy? He had said that day that he knew not the word.

"Ah, you dog! Haven't I prayed God for days for this chance? You black caha! Die!"

But Umballa was not to die that moment or in that fashion.

That nervous energy which had infused the colonel with the strength of a lion went out like a spark, and as quickly. Umballa rolled from his paralyzed fingers and lay on the floor, gasping and sobbing. Hara fell back against the pillar, groaning. The cessation of dynamic nerve force filled him with racking pains and a pitiable weakness. But for the pillar he would have hung by his chains.

Kathlyn, with continued apathy, stared down at her enemy. He was not dead. He would kill them both now. Why, she asked with sudden passion, why this misery? What had she done in her young life to merit it? Underfed, dressed in grass, harassed by men and wild beasts—why?

Umballa edged out of danger and sat up, feeling tenderly of his throat. Next he picked up his turban and crawled to the open door. He pulled himself up and stood there, weakly. But there was venom enough in his eyes. The tableau lasted a minute or two; then slowly he closed the door, bolted it, and departed.

This ominous silence awoke the old terror in Kathlyn's heart far more than verbal threats would have done. There would be reprisal, something finished in cruelty.

"My dear, my dear!" She ran over to her father and flung her arms about him, supporting him and mothering him. An hour passed.

"All in, Kit; all in; haven't the strength of a cat. Ah, great God! If that strength had but lasted a moment longer! Well, he's still alive. But, O, my Kit, my golden Kit, to see you here is to be tortured like the damned. And it is all my fault, all mine!" The man who had once been so strong sobbed hysterically.

"Hush, hush!"  
"There were rare and wonderful jewels of which I alone knew the hiding place. But God knows that it was not greed; I wanted them for you and Winnie. I knew you were here. Trust that black devil to announce the fact to me. . . . God! what I haven't suffered in the way of suspense! Kit, Kit, what has he done to you?"

Briefly she recounted her adventures, and when she had done he bowed his head upon her bare shoulder and wept as only strong men, made weak, weep.

To Kathlyn it was terrible. "Father, don't, don't! You hurt me! I can't stand it!"

After a while he said: "What shall we do, Kit; what shall we do?" "I will marry him, father," she answered quietly. "We can take our revenge afterward."

"What?"

"If it will save you."  
"Child, let me rot here. What! Would you trust him, knowing his false heart as you do? The moment you married him would be my death warrant. No, no! If you weaken now I shall curse you, curse you, my Kit! There has been horror enough. I can die."

"Well, and so can I, father."

Silence. After a cockatoo shrilled; a laugh came faintly through the window, and later the tinkle of music. Up above the world was going on the same as usual. Trains were hurrying down the sapphire seas; children were at play, and the world wide marts were busy with the daily affairs of men.

"Jewels!" she murmured, gazing at the sky beyond the grilled window. Was there ever a precious stone that lay not in the shadow of blood and misery? Poor, poor, foolish father! As if jewels were in beauty a tithe of the misery they begot!

"Ay, Kit, jewels; sapphires and rubies and emeralds, diamonds and pearls and moonstones. And I wanted them for my pretty cubs! Umballa

knew that I would return for them and laid his plans. But were they not mine?"

"Yes, if you intended to rule these people; no, if you thought to take them away. Do you not know that to Winnie and me a hair of your head is more precious than the Koh-i-noor? We must put our heads together and plan some way to get out."

She dropped her arms from his shoulders and walked about the cell, searching every stone. Their only hope lay in the window, and that appeared impossible since she had no means of filing through her father's chains and the bars of the window. She returned and sat down beside her father and rested her aching head on her knees, thinking, thinking.

Bruce, struggling with the soldiers (and long since their fat flesh had been stung into such activity!), saw Umballa appear in the corridor.

"Durga Ram," he cried, with a furious effort to free his arms, "Durga Ram, you damnable scoundrel, it would be wise for you to kill me, here and now, for if I ever get free, God help you! O, I shan't kill you; that would be too merciful. But I'll break your bones, one by one, and never more shall you stand and walk. Do you hear me? Where is Kathlyn Hara? She is mine!"

Umballa showed his teeth in what was an attempt to smile. He still saw flashes of fire before his eyes, and it was yet difficult to breathe naturally.

"Still, he could twist this white man's heart, play with him."

"Take him away. Put him outside the city gates and let him go."

Bruce was greatly astonished at this sign of clemency.

"But," added Umballa, crossing his lips with his tongue, "place him against a wall and shoot him if he is caught within the city. He is mad, and therefore I am lenient. There is no white woman in the palace or in the royal zenana. Off with him!"

"You lie, Durga Ram! You found her in the slave mart today."

Umballa shrugged and waved his hand. He could have had Bruce shot at once, but it pleased him to dangle death before the eyes of his rival. He was no fool; he saw the trend of affairs. This young white man loved Kathlyn Hara. All the better, in view of what was to come.

Bruce was conducted to the gate and rudely pushed outside. He turned savagely, but a dozen black officers convinced him that this time he would meet death. Ah, where was Allah, and Ahmed, and the man Lal Singh, who was to notify the English? He found Allah at camp, the chief mahout having been conducted there in an improvised litter. He recounted his experiences.

"I was helpless, sahib."

"No more than I am, Ali. But be of good cheer; Umballa and I shall meet soon, man to man."

"Allah is Allah; there is no God but God."

"And sometimes," said Bruce, moodily, "he watches over the innocent."

"Ahmed is at Hara Sahib's camp."

"Thanks, Ali; that's the best news I have heard yet. Ahmed will find a way. Take care of yourself. I'm off!"

When Umballa appeared before the Council their astonishment knew no bounds. The clay tinted skin, the

"My child, God was good to give me a daughter like you."

She turned to him this time and pressed him to her heart.

"It grows dark suddenly," he said. Kathlyn glanced over her shoulder at the window.

"Why, it's a baboon!" she explained.

"Jock, Jock!" cried her father excitedly.

The baboon chattered.

"Kit, it's Jock! I used to tell you about. He is tame and follows me about like a dog. Jock, poor Jock!"

"Father, have you a pencil?"

"A pencil?" blankly.

"Yes, yes! I can write a note and attach it to Jock. It's a chance."

"Good Lord! and you're cool enough to think like that!" The colonel went through his pockets feverishly. "Thank God, here's an old stub! But paper?"

Kathlyn tore off a broad blade of grass from her dress and wrote carefully upon it. If it fell into the hands of the natives they would not understand. If the baboon returned to camp.

It made her weak to realize how slender the chance was. She took the tabaret and placed it beneath the window and stood upon it.

"Jock, here, Jock!"

The baboon gave her his paws. Dextrously she tied the blade of grass round his neck. Then she struck her hands together violently. The baboon vanished, frightened at this unexpected treatment.

"He is gone."

The colonel did not reply, but began to examine his chains minutely.

"Kit, there's no getting me out of here without files. If there is any rescue you go and return. Promise."

"I promise."

Then they sat down to wait.

And Ahmed in his search came to the river. Some natives were swimming and sporting in the water. Ahmed put a question. O, yes, they had seen the strange looking ape (for baboons were not usual in this part of the world); he had gone up one of the trees near by. Colonel Hara had always used a peculiar whistle to bring Jock, and Ahmed resorted to this device. Half an hour's perseverance rewarded him; and then he found the blade of grass.

"Dungeon window by tree. Kathlyn."

That was sufficient for Ahmed. He turned the baboon over to the care of one of his subordinates and hurried away to Bruce's camp, only to find that he had gone to the colonel's.

Away went Ahmed again, tireless. He found Bruce pacing the bungalow frontage.

"Ahmed!"

will must of necessity be theirs, hate him darkly as they might.

"The guards at all the gates have orders to shoot me if they catch me within the walls of the city. I must disguise myself in some way."

"I'll find you an Arab burnoose, sahib, and that will hide you. It will be dark by the time we reach the city, and we'll enter by one of the other gates. That will allay suspicion. First we must seek the house of Ramabal. I need money for bribery."

Bruce searched his wallet. It was empty. He had given all he had to the Brahmin.

"You lead, Ahmed. I am dazed."

In the city few knew anything about Ahmed, not even the keenest of Umballa's spies. Umballa had his suspicions, but as yet he could prove nothing. To the populace he was a harmless animal trainer who was only too glad not in any way to be implicated with his master. So they let him alone. Day by day he waited for the report from Lal Singh, but so far he had heard nothing except that the British raj was very busy killing the

Presently there was a stir about camp. An elephant shuffled into the clearing. He was halted, made to kneel, and Ahmed stepped out of the howdah.

The little girl ran up to Ahmed joyfully and begged to be put into the howdah. Smiling, Ahmed set her in the howdah, and the mahout bade the elephant to rise, but, interested in some orders by Ahmed, left the beast to his own devices. The child called and the elephant walked off quietly. So long as he remained within range of vision no one paid any attention to him. Finally he paused under a tree near the cages and reached up to some leaves. The child caught hold of a limb and gleefully crawled out upon it some distance beyond the elephant's reach. Once more, she became frightened, not daring to crawl back.

She prattled "elephant talk," but the old fellow could not reach her. The baboon in the nearby cage set up a chattering. The child ordered the elephant to rise on his hind legs. He placed his fore legs on the roof of the baboon's cage, which caved in, rather disturbing the elephant's calm. He sank to the ground.

The baboon leaped through the opening and made off to test his unexplored liberty. He was friendly and tame, but freedom was just then paramount.

The elephant remained under the tree, as if pondering, while the child began to cry loudly. One of the natives saw her predicament and hastened away for assistance.

Ahmed was greatly alarmed over the loss of the baboon. It was a camp pet of Colonel Hara's and ran free in camp whenever the colonel was there. He had captured it when a mere baby in British East Africa. The troglodyte, with that strange reasoning yet untranslatable, loved the colonel devotedly and followed him about like a dog and with a scent far keener. So Ahmed and some of the keepers set off in search of the colonel's pet.

He went about the search with only half a heart. Only a little while before he had received the news of what had happened in the slave mart that afternoon. It seemed incredible. To have her fall into Umballa's hands thus easily, when he and Bruce Sahib had searched the jungle far and wide! Well, she was alive; praise Allah for that; and where there was life there was hope.

Later Kathlyn was standing under the cell window gazing at the yellow sunset. Two hours had gone, and no sign of Umballa yet. She shuddered. Had she been alone she would have hunted for something sharp and deadly. But her father; not before him. She must wait. One thing was positive and absolute: Umballa should never embrace her; she was too strong and desperate.

"Kit!"

"Yes, father."

"I have a sharp piece of metal in my pocket. Could you . . . My God, by my hand! . . . when he comes?"

"Yes, father; I am not afraid to die, and death seems all that remains. I should bless you. He will be a tiger now."

"My child, God was good to give me a daughter like you."

She turned to him this time and pressed him to her heart.

"It grows dark suddenly," he said. Kathlyn glanced over her shoulder at the window.

"Who calls?" demanded Ramabal, suspicious as all conspirators ever are.

"It is I, Bruce," was the reply in English, flinging aside his burnoose.

"Bruce Sahib? Open!" cried Ramabal. "What do you here? Have you found her?"

"The memsahib! Have you found her?"

"Just a moment. Kathlyn Memsahib

"Yes, sahib. Listen." He told his tale quickly.

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followers of the Mahdi in the Sudan. It was a subtle inference that for the present all aliens in Allahabad must look out for themselves.

"Sahib," he whispered, "I have learned something. Day after day I have been waiting, hoping. Colonel Sahib lives, but where I know not."

"Lives!"

"All! In your prison where later we go. He lives. That is enough for my mother, and I would die for him and his. Ah! Here is the north gate. Bend your head, sahib, when we pass."

They entered the city without mishap. No one questioned them. Indeed, they were but two in a dozen who passed in at the same time. They threaded the narrow streets quickly, skirting the glow of many dung fires for fear that Bruce's leggings might be revealed under the burnoose.

When at length they came to the house of Ramabal they did not seek to enter the front, but chose the gate in the rear of the garden. The moon was up and the garden was almost as light as day.

"Ramabal!" called Bruce in a whisper.

The dreaming man seated at a table came out of his dream with a start. A servant ran to the gate.

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for an upward spring and come down with fore feet and muzzle so unerringly on top of the "varmint" that the latter was usually disabled by the first attack.—From "Training the Dog," by Robert S. Lemmon.

Hatched by Water Bottle.

Mrs. W. H. Cross of Salem, Ore., had a setting of eggs from a fine variety of chickens. So happy was she in their possession that she all but counted the chicks before they were hatched. She was equally downcast, naturally, when the hen, after 12 days of careful setting, deserted the nest.

Mrs. Cross found the eggs before they became chilled and placed them in a box behind the stove in her living room. Then she pondered quickly, for she was determined not to lose the chickens, and the problem was solved.

The hot-water bottle was requisitioned as a substitute for the recent hen. It was filled with tepid water and placed over the eggs.

Then Mrs. Cross conferred with her family physician regarding the temperature at which the water should be kept. She followed instructions to the letter, with the result that six chickens were hatched from the original 13.

Fitting Him for Work.

"My son has finished the university and a supplementary course in law."

"Now what?"

"Well, he has to earn his own living, so I think I'll give him about six weeks in some good business college."

is in one of the palace dungeons. She must be liberated tonight. We need money to bribe what sentries are about." Bruce went on to relate the incident of the baboon. "This proves that the note was written not more than three hours ago. She probably will be held there till morning. This time we'll place her far beyond the reach of Umballa."

"Either my money or my life. In a month from now . . ."

"What?" asked Ahmed.

"Ah, I must not tell." Pundita stole close to Ramabal.

Ahmed smiled.

"We have elephants but a little way outside the city. We have pulling chains. Let us be off at once. It is not necessary to enter the city, for this window, Ahmed says, is on the outside. We can easily approach the wall in a roundabout way without being seen. Have you money?"

From his belt Ramabal produced some gold.

"That will be sufficient. To you, then, the bribing. The men, should there be any, will hark to you. Come!" concluded Bruce, impatient to be off.

"And I?" timidly asked Pundita.

"You will seek Hara Sahib's camp," said Ramabal. "This is a good opportunity to get you away also."

Ahmed nodded approvingly.

Pundita kissed her husband; for these two loved each other, a circumstance almost unknown in this dark, mysterious land of many gods.

"Pundita, you will remain at the camp in readiness to receive us. At dawn we shall leave for the frontier. And when we return it will be with might and reprisal. Umballa shall die the death of a dog." Ramabal clinched his hands.

"But first," cooed Ahmed, "he shall wear out the soles of his pig's feet in the treadmill. It is written. I am a Mohammedan. Yet sometimes these vile fakirs have the gift of seeing into the future. And one has seen . . ."

Ho, puffed.

"See what?" demanded Bruce.

"I must not put false hopes in your hearts. But this I may say: Trials will come, bitter and hoarse burning; a storm, a whirlwind, a fire; but peace is after that. But Allah uses us as his tools. Let us haste!"

"And I?" said Ramabal, sending a piercing glance at Ahmed.

But Ahmed smiled and shook his head. "Wait and see Ramabal. Some day they will call you the Fortunate. Let us hurry. My memsahib waits."

"What did this fakir see?" whispered Bruce as he donned his burnoose again.

"Many wonderful things; but perhaps the fakir lied. They all lie. Yet . . ."

"Hurry!"

The quartet passed out of the city unmolested. Ramabal's house was supposed to be under strict surveillance; but the soldiers, due to largess, were jinking in the bazaars. Shortly they came up to two elephants with howdahs. They were the best mannered of the half dozen owned or rented by Colonel Hara. Mahouts sat astride. Rifles reposed in the side sheaths. This was to be no light adventure. There might be a small warfare.

Pundita flung her arms round Ramabal, and he consoled her. She was then led away to the colonel's camp.

"Remember," Ramabal said at parting, "she saved both our lives. We owe a debt."