

The Adventures of Kathlyn

By 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 the Alahia, India. Umballa, pretender to the throne, has imprisoned the colonel, named by the late king as his heir. Arriving in Alahia, 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 unmarried. 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 Alahia. An American, saves her life. The diplomat 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. Kathlyn is brought to the public mart in Alahia and sold to Umballa, who, finding her still unsubmitive, throws her into the dungeon with her father. She is rescued by Bruce and his friends. Colonel Hare also is rescued. Umballa, with soldiers, starts in pursuit. Kathlyn is struck by a bullet. The fugitives are given shelter in the palace of Bala Khan. Supplied with camels by the hospitable prince, they start for the coast, but are captured by brigands. Umballa journeys to the lair of the bandits, makes the colony a prisoner and orders Bruce and Kathlyn killed. The bandits quarrel over the money paid them by Umballa and during the confusion Kathlyn and Bruce escape and return to Alahia. They concoct a plan to rescue the colonel. The colonel is nominally king, but really a prisoner. Kathlyn gains access to the palace in disguise, and her rescue plans are successful when the treasury leopards escape throwing the court into confusion. During the panic Ramabai and Bruce rescue Kathlyn and her father, and the party steals away from Alahia.

CHAPTER XV—Continued.

"There is a village not far," reminded Ahmed. "They are a friendly people. It is quite possible, with the money we have, to buy some horses, small but sturdy. But there is one thing I do not understand, sahib."

"And what is that?" asked the colonel.

"The readiness with which Umballa gave up the pursuit. It's a long walk; let us be getting forward."

Late that afternoon they were all mounted once more, on strong, tractable ponies, with water and provisions. And the spirits of all rose accordingly. Even Ahmed became cheerful.

"Well, make it, please God!" said the colonel. "Give me a telegraph office. That's all I need just now."

"Two days, sahib," said Ahmed. "We will reach the sea."

They rode all through the night, stopping only at dawn for breakfast and a cat nap after. Then forward again till they came upon a hunter's rest house, deserted. Here they agreed to spend the night. Beyond the rest house were half a dozen scattered mud huts, occupied by natives who pretended friendliness, lulling even the keen Ahmed into a sense of security. But at dawn, when they awoke cheerfully to pick up the trail, they found their horses and provisions gone.

The colonel, Bruce and Ahmed, still armed, never having permitted the rifles out of their keeping, set out grimly in pursuit of the thieves, while Kathlyn proceeded to forage on her own initiative.

She came presently upon a magnificent ravine, half a mile in depth. There was a broad ledge some fifteen feet below. It was evidently used as a goat path, for near at hand stood a shepherd's hut. Stirred by the spirit of investigation, she made preparations for descent by attaching the rope she had brought along to a stout boulder.

Feathers!

They were coming up the pathway behind her. It would be simple enough to descend; but how to get back to the rest house? There was no time to plan; she must act at once. She must drop down to the ledge and trust to her star.

She called out loudly as she swung downward. The shepherd came running out of his hut, dumfounded at what he saw.



Winnie's Dark, Proud Face Showed No Terror.

more frightened at the weapon in her hands than at the howling animals outside. They did little or no damage to the wolves, for the available cracks were not at sufficiently good angles. An hour went by. Kathlyn could hear the wolves as they crowded against the door, sniffing the sill.

The colonel, Bruce, Ramabai and Ahmed had found the horses half a dozen miles away; and they had thrashed the thieving natives soundly and instilled the right kind of fear in their breasts. At rifle point they had forced the natives back to the rest house. The crack of their rifles soon announced to Kathlyn that the dread of wolves was a thing of the past. She wisely refrained from recounting her experiences. The men had worry enough.

After a hasty meal the journey toward the seaport began in earnest. Umballa's attack had thrown them far out of the regular track. They were now compelled to make a wide detour. Where the journey might have been made in three days, they would be lucky now if they reached the sea under five. The men took turns in standing watch whenever they made camp, and Kathlyn and Punidita had no time for idleness. They had learned their lessons; no more carelessness, nothing but the sharpest vigilance from now on.

One day, as the pony caravan made

a turn round a ragged promontory, they suddenly paused. Perhaps twenty miles to the west lay the emerald tinted Persian gulf. The colonel slipped off his horse, dragged Kathlyn from hers, and began to execute a hornpipe. He was like a boy.

"The sea, Kit, the sea! Home and Winnie; out of this devil's caldron! You will come along with us, Bruce?"

"I haven't anything else to do," Bruce smiled back.

Then he gazed at Kathlyn, who found herself suddenly filled with strange embarrassment. In times of danger sham and subterfuge have no place. Heretofore she had met Bruce as a man, to whom a glance from her eyes had told her secret. Now that the door to civilization lay but a few miles away, the old conventions dropped their obscuring mantles over her and she felt ashamed. And there was not a little doubt. Perhaps she had mistaken the look in his eyes, back there in the desert, back in the first day when they had tied together from the ordeals. And yet . . .

On his part, Bruce did not particularly welcome the sea. There might be another man somewhere. No woman so beautiful as Kathlyn could possibly be without suitors. And when the journey down to the sea was resumed he became taciturn and moody, and Kathlyn's heart correspondingly heavy.

The colonel was quite oblivious to this change. He swung his legs free of the primitive stirrups and whistled the air which had been popular in America at the time of his departure.

There was no lightness in the expressions of Ramabai and Punidita. They were about to lose these white people forever, and they had grown to love, nay, worship them. More, they must return to face they knew not what.

As for Ahmed, he displayed his orientalism by appearing unconcerned. He had made up his mind not to return to America with his master. There was much to do in Alahia, and the spirit of intrigue had laid firm hold of him. He wanted to be near at hand when Ramabai struck his blow. He would break the news to the Colonel Sahib before they sailed.

It was four o'clock when the caravan entered the little seaport town. A few tramp steamers lay anchored in the offing. A British flag drooped from the stern of one of them. This meant Bombay; and Bombay, in turn, meant Suez, the Mediterranean, and the broad Atlantic.

The air was still and hot, for the Indian summer was now beginning to lay its burning hand upon this great peninsula. The pale dust, the white stucco of the buildings, blinded the eye.

They proceeded at once to the single hotel, where they found plenty of accommodation. Then the colonel hurried off to the cable office and wired Winnie. Next he ascertained that the British ship Simla would weigh anchor that following evening for Bombay; that there they could pick up the Delhi, bound for England. There was nothing further to do but wait for the answer to the colonel's cable to Winnie, which would arrive somewhere about noon of the next day.

And that answer struck the hearts of all of them with the coldness of death. Umballa had beaten them. Winnie had sailed weeks ago for Alahia in search of father and sister!

Ahmed spat out his betel nut and squared his shoulders. Somehow he had rather expected something like this. The reason for Umballa's half-hearted pursuit stood forth clearly.

"Sahib, it is fate," he said. "We must return at once to Alahia. Truly, the curse of that old guru sticks like the blood leeches of the Bengal swamps. But as you have faith in your guru, I have faith in mine. Not a hair of our heads shall be harmed."

"I am a very miserable man, Ahmed! God has forsaken me!" The colonel spoke with stoic calm; he was more like the man Ahmed had formerly known.

"No, Allah has not forsaken; he has forgotten us for a time." And Ahmed strode out to make the arrangements for the return.

"Bruce," said the colonel, "it is time for you to leave us. You are a man. You have stood by us through thick and thin. I cannot ask you to share any of the dangers which now confront us, perhaps more sinister than any we have yet known."

"Don't you want me?" asked Bruce quietly.

Kathlyn had gone to her room to hide her tears.

"Want you! But no!" the colonel wrung the young man's hand and turned to go back to Kathlyn.

"Wait a moment, colonel. Supposing I wanted to go, what then? Supposing I should say to you what I dare not yet say to your daughter, that I love her better than anything else in all this wide world; that it will be happiness to follow wherever she goes . . . even unto death?"

The colonel wheeled. "Bruce, do you mean that?"

"With all my heart, sir. But please say nothing to Kathlyn till this affair ends, one way or the other. She might be stirred by a sense of gratitude, and later regret it. When we get out of this—and I rather believe in the prophecy of Ahmed's guru or fakir—then I'll speak. I have always been rather a lonely man. There's been no real good reason. I have always desired to be loved for my own sake, and not for the money I have."

"Money?" repeated the colonel. Never had he in any way associated this healthy young hunter with money. Did he not make a business of trapping and selling wild animals, like himself? "Money! I did not know that you had any, Bruce."

"I am the son of Roger Bruce."

"What! The man who owned nearly all of Peru and half the railroads in South America?"

"Yes, you see, colonel, we are something alike. We never ask questions. It would have been far better if we had. Because I did not question Kathlyn when I first met her I feel half to blame for her misfortunes. I should have told her all about Alahia, and warned her to keep out of it. I should have advised her to send native investigators, she to remain in Peshawar till she learned the truth. But the name of Hare suggested nothing to me, not till after I had left her at

Singapore. So I shall go back with you. But please let Kathlyn continue to think of me as a man who earns his own living."

"God bless you, my boy! You have put a new backbone in me. It's hard not to have a white man to talk to, to plan with. Ahmed expects that we shall be ready for the return in the morning. He, however, intends to go back on a racing camel, to go straight to my bungalow, if it isn't destroyed by this time. Perhaps Winnie has not arrived there yet. I trust Ahmed."

"So do I. I have known him for a long time—that is, I thought I did—and during the last few weeks he has been a revelation. Think of his being your headman all these years, and yet steadily working for his raj, the British raj!"

"They can keep secrets."

"Well, we have this satisfaction: when Punidita rules it will be under the protecting hand of England. Now let us try to look at the cheerful side of the business. Think of what that girl has gone through with scarcely a scratch! Can't you read something in that? See how strong and self-reliant she has become under such misfortunes as would have driven mad any ordinary woman! Can't you see light in all this? I tell you, there is good and



Umballa Greets the New Queen.

evil working for and against us, and that Ahmed's fakir will in the end prove stronger than your bally old guru. When I am out of the Orient I laugh at such things, but I can't laugh at them somehow when I'm in India."

"Nor I."

That night Kathlyn signified that she wished to go down to the beach beyond the harbor basin. Bruce accompanied her. Often he caught her staring out at the twinkling lights on board the Simla. By and by they could hear the windlass creaking. A volume of black smoke suddenly poured from the boat's slanting funnel. The ship was putting out to sea.

"Why do you risk your life for us?" she asked suddenly.

"Adventure is meat and drink to me, Miss Hare."

The prefix sounded strange and unfamiliar in her ears. Formally, she had been wrong, then; only comradeship and the masculine sense of responsibility. Her heart was like lead.

"It is very kind and brave of you, Mr. Bruce; but I will not have it."

"Have what?" he asked, knowing full well what she meant.

"This going back with us. Why should you risk your life for people who are almost strangers?"

"Strangers?" He laughed softly. "Has it never occurred to you that the people we grow up with are never really our friends; that real friendship comes only with maturity of the mind? Why, the best man friend I have in this world is a young chap I met but three years ago. It is not the knowing of people that makes friendships. It is the sharing of dangers, of bread in the wilderness; of getting a glimpse of the soul which lies beneath the conventions of the social pact. Would you call me a stranger?"

"O, no," she cried swiftly. "It is merely that I do not want you to risk your life any further for us. Is there no way I can dissuade you?"

"None that I can think of. I am going back with you. That's settled. Now let us talk of something else. Don't you really want me to go?"

"Ah, that isn't fair," looking out to

sea again and following the lights aboard the Simla.

It was mighty hard for him not to sweep her into his arms then and there. But he would never be sure of her till she was free of this country, free of the sense of gratitude, free to weigh her sentiments carefully and unbiasedly. He sat down abruptly on the wreck of an ancient hull embedded in the sand. She sank down a little way from him.

He began to tell her some of his past exploits; the Amazon, the Orinoco, the Andes, Tibet and China; of the strange flossam and jetsam he had met in his travels. But she sensed only the sound of his voice and the desire to reach out her hand and touch his. Friendship! Bread in the wilderness!

Ahmed was lean and deceptive to the eye. Like many Hindus, he appeared anemic; and yet the burdens the man could put on his back and carry almost indefinitely would have killed many a white man who boasted of his strength. On half a loaf of black bread and a soldier's canteen of water he could travel for two days. He could go without sleep for 48 hours, and when he slept he could sleep anywhere, on the moment.

Filling his saddle bags with three days' rations, two canteens of water, he set off on a hagin, or racing camel, for Alahia, 200 miles inland as the crow flies. It was his intention to ride straight down to the desert and across this to Colonel Hare's camp, if such a thing now existed. A dromedary in good condition can make from sixty to eighty miles a day; and the beast Ahmed had engaged was of Arab blood. In four days he expected to reach the camp. If Winnie had not yet arrived, he would take the road, meet her, warn her of the dangers which she was about to face, and convey her to the seaport. If it was too late, he would send the camel back with a trusted messenger to the colonel, to advise him.

They watched him depart in a cloud of dust, and then played the most envying game in existence—that of waiting; for they had decided to wait till they heard from Ahmed before they moved.

Four nights later, when Ahmed arrived at the bungalow, he found conditions as usual. For reasons best known to himself Umballa had not disturbed anything. In fact, he had always had the coming of the younger sister in mind and left the bungalow and camp untouched, so as not to alarm her.

She had not yet arrived. So Ahmed flung himself down upon his cotton rug, telling the keepers not to disturb him; he would wake himself when the time came. But Ahmed had overrated his powers; he was getting along in years; and it was noon of the next day when a hand shook him by the shoulder and he awoke to witness the arrival of Winnie and her woman companion.

For the first time in many years Ahmed cursed his prophet. He that had had time to warn the child had slept like the sloth of Ceylon!

He went directly to the point. He told her briefly what had happened. He had not the least doubt that Umballa was already aware of her arrival. She must remain hidden in the go-down of the bungalow; her maid also. That night, if Umballa or his men failed to appear, he would lead her off to safety. But there was no hope of stealing away in the daytime. In his heart, however, he entertained no hope; and like the good general he was, he dispatched the messenger and camel to the sea. The father and daughter were fated to return.

Ahmed had reckoned shrewdly. Umballa appeared later in the day and demanded the daughter of Colonel Hare. Backed as he was by numerous soldiers, Ahmed resigned himself to the inevitable. They found Winnie and her maid (whom later they sent to the frontier and abandoned) and took them to the palace.

There was no weeping or wailing or struggling. The dark, proud face of the young girl gave forth no sign of the terror and utter loneliness of her position. And Umballa realized that it was in the blood of these children to be brave and quiet. There was no mercy in his heart. He was power mad and gold mad, and his enemies lived because he could reach neither of his desires over their dead bodies.

The ringmarole and mummy Winnie went through affected her exactly as it had affected her sister. It was all a hideous nightmare, and at any moment she expected to make up in her cozy corner at Edendale.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



SHOCKED BY HER GRAMMAR THOUSANDS OF SWEET WORDS

Little Wendell Holmes Emerson Resented Criticism From One Evidently So Uninformed.

Little Wendell Holmes Emerson of Boston was resting sedately with his book in a park shortly after a picnic dinner. He had eaten too much. He knew perfectly well he had eaten too much and he was very much surprised and shocked at himself. He prayed fervently that no one would notice his condition.

Just then a kindly old lady appeared and sat down beside him. "Ah," thought Wendell, "I have sadly injured her esthetic sensibilities."

By this time the kind old lady was firmly settled. "My little boy," said she, "are you over eight?"

It was wonderful to see how the young Mr. Emerson recovered his dignity. That a woman with such outlandish grammar should dare to criticize him was unbelievable. "No, madam," said he, proudly. "I have over-eaten!"—National Monthly.

Daily Thought.

This world's no blot for us nor blank; it means intensely and means good.—Robert Browning.

Baroness's Breach of Promise Story is Considerably Longer Than Most Novels.

Depositions containing 76,000 words of the international love story of the "Baroness" Barbara Ursula von Kalinowski have arrived in St. Louis and are ready for filing in the federal court in her \$2,500,000 breach of promise suit against Michael J. Hurley, secretary of the Central Paint & Supply company.

The average love story as novels go is about forty-five thousand words, so that the baroness' romance outdoes fiction in point of bulk at least. The 315 typewritten pages, averaging 242 words to the page, consist mainly of testimony given by the baroness herself at a hearing instituted by Hurley in New York. She told in great detail of her meeting with Hurley, her alleged betrothal in Europe, and her chase over America in her efforts to induce the paint man to keep his promise.—St. Louis Republic.

Bully! Oh, Very Bully!

Irish Policeman—If ye want to smoke here ye'll have to ather put out yer cigar or go somewhere else.

HIGHWAY IMPROVEMENT

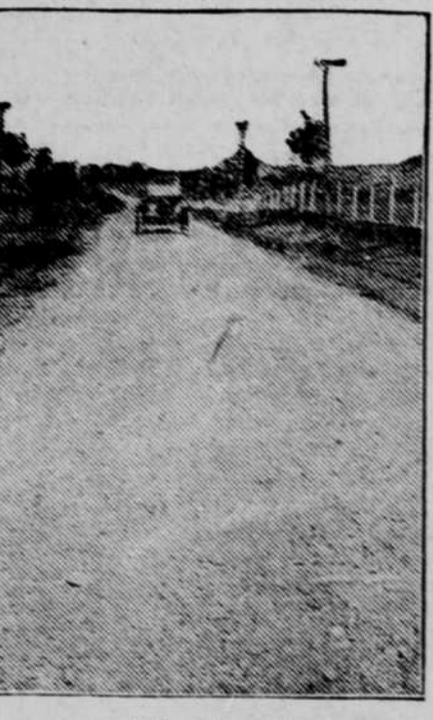
ROAD MOVEMENT IS GROWING

Question of Public Highways Now Involves Nation as Whole—Values of Farm Property Enhanced.

Many of the southern and western states have made remarkable progress within the past two or three years in the enactment of laws which provide for the extension of their highway systems, and for the construction and care of improved roads. The new conditions arising from the development of automobile traffic have enlarged the question of public highways from one of purely local consideration to an economic principle involving not only the entire commonwealth, but the nation as a whole.

When the traffic consisted of wagons drawn by oxen, or mules, or horses, open roads to the nearest railroad station or boat landing were all that was required. The fact that even such roads were not well built, nor kept in repair, was due to a variety of causes, writes Robert P. Hooper, in Farm Home. Each particular locality had an explanation, purely local, to account for the conditions. But, as a rule, these explanations did not explain, even to the satisfaction of those making them.

The fact still remained that nearly, or quite, 90 per cent of the farmers of



A Good Road in Michigan.

the country were keeping themselves poor by reason of the excessive cost of marketing their products. These products could be hauled only at seasons when everybody had to haul. This resulted in temporarily overworked railway service, congested markets, and low prices.

The older and wealthier states saw the point first, and began giving aid to counties and towns in building improved roads, so that produce could be marketed at any time in the year. The result was almost electrical in its effect. Thousands of farms which, because of their relative unprofitableness under a bad road system, had been practically abandoned, became productive again. The general values of farm property were enormously enhanced. This was accomplished by the building of a few town and county roads purely for local purposes.

Then the automobile became a factor in the road question, and the road problem became widened and enlarged. With vehicles, which would cover 100 or 200 miles a day, the conditions in each county rapidly became known to the people in adjoining counties, and a broader comprehension of the whole highway question was inevitable in a country where intelligence predominates.

HIGH VALUE OF GOOD ROADS

Cost of Hauling Farm Products Over Common Roads Is Twenty-Five Cents a Ton Per Mile.

After careful inquiry it has been found that the average haul of the American farmer in getting his product to market or to the nearest shipping station is 12 miles, and the average cost of hauling over the common country roads is 25 cents a ton per mile, or three dollars a ton for a 12-mile haul, says Portland Oregonian. An estimate places the total tons hauled at 300,000,000 a year. On the estimate of three dollars a ton for 12 miles this would make the total cost of getting the surplus products of the farm to the local market or to the railroad no less than \$900,000,000—a figure greater than the operating expenses of all the railroads of the United States. If anything could make an argument for good wagon roads this statement surely may.

Important Duty of People.

The making of good roads is one of the most important duties of the people and their prompt repair and careful maintenance is essential. There is probably no subject in which the progressive farmer is more deeply interested than that of having roads connecting him with his markets over which he may be able to haul the greatest possible load. Good roads, like all other good things, are too expensive to build and of too much value to be neglected.

Crown the Roadbed.

Crown the roadbed up so that water will run to the ditches at once. The ditches need not be over 24 feet apart and the crowned part 16 feet wide. Keep this crowned surface in shape with a "split-log drag."

Lessen Distance to Town.

Good roads lessen the distance to town and chespen the cost of living.

Concrete Lasts Forever.

Concrete poorly put in is no good. When properly put in it lasts forever.

In the cup make it, with hot water, quick. Van Houten's Rona Cocoa. A tasty drink. Half-pound red can—25c

WANTED to hear from owner of good farm for sale. Send description and price. Northwestern Business Agency, Dept. A, Lincoln, Neb.

Nebraska Directory

THE PAXTON HOTEL Omaha, Nebraska EUROPEAN PLAN Rooms from \$1.00 up single, 75 cents up double. CAFE PRICES REASONABLE.

BLISS & WELLMAN Live Stock Commission Merchants 254-256 Exchange Building, South Omaha All stock consigned to us is sold by members of the firm, and all employees have been selected and trained for the work which they do. Write—phone—ship

DEFIANCE STARCH is constantly growing in favor because it Does Not Stick to the Iron and it will not injure the finest fabric. For laundry purpose sit has no equal. 16 oz. package 10c. 1-3 more starch for same money. DEFIANCE STARCH CO., Omaha, Nebraska

HARD TASKMASTER IS GENIUS

Possession That Sets a Man Apart From His Fellows Keeps Him Constantly at Work.

Genius, what is it but the power of being able to read? No respecter of birth, it chooses the cottage gladly, hiding in the rags of a tinker, loving the hovel, the plowland, the grimed and smoky roof. It is a personality, a living creature, a greater-than-man in man, a reading master, an angel of kindness and a tyrant of cruelty, smiling at the pupil one time, scourging him another; and as the body comes to its power with years it hears the master always teaching, never at rest, speaking with a distinct voice, unfolding pictures without end, and the amanuensis cannot keep pace with this tyrant who hurries him on with, "See this," and "See that," working while the body sleeps, showing portions of the way and work of life which are still far ahead, planning out the whole life right up to the end, giving everything eagerly, if with pain, when the time comes. That is genius, the power which works not for the man, but against him. No labor can make what is not there. Application makes a man able to learn, but not to teach, and if the master be absent no learning will call him, just as without learning—or great tribulation—he cannot be awakened; for genius is nothing but the power of reading what has been written upon the mind of an unknown tongue; and without a Daniel the writing cannot be interpreted; and Chaldeans and astrologers will strive in vain.—From "Granite," by John Trevena.

Legal Love Letters.

"Who writes you so many letters, dear?"

"A young lawyer."

"And does he write nice letters?"

"In a legal way, yes. He says I have beautiful eyes and is constantly alluding to what he calls the afore-said eyes, orbs or visual organs."

Explaining It.

"Jim says he's a self-made man."

"That accounts for his seamy appearance."

A clear conscience is more to be desired than a pull with the police.

Most fire escapes are patterned after the straight and narrow way.

MESMERIZED

A Poisonous Drug Still Freely Used.

Many people are brought up to believe that coffee is a necessity of life, and the strong hold that the drug, caffeine, in coffee has on the system makes it hard to loosen its grip even when one realizes its injurious effects.

A lady writes: "I had used coffee for years; it seemed one of the necessities of life. A few months ago my health, which had been slowly failing, became more impaired, and I knew that unless relief came from some source I would soon be a physical wreck."

"I was weak and nervous, had sick headaches, no ambition, and felt tired of life. My husband was also losing his health. He was troubled so much with indigestion that at times he could eat only a few mouthfuls."

"Finally we saw Postum advertised and bought a package. I followed directions for making carefully, and added cream, which turned it to the loveliest rich-looking and tasting drink I ever saw served at any table, and we have used Postum ever since."

"I gained five pounds in weight in as many weeks, and now feel well and strong in every respect. My headaches have gone, and I am a new woman. My husband's indigestion has left him, and he can now eat anything."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum comes in two forms: Regular Postum—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages. Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.—sold by Grocers.