



The Adventures of Kathlyn

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

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CHAPTER XXII—Continued.

"Till an hour gone it had not occurred to me. Shall Ramabal, then, become your master, to set forth the propaganda of the infidel?"

"No!" The word was not spoken loudly, but sibilantly, with something resembling a hiss. "No!"

"And shall a king who has no mind, no will, no strength, resume his authority? Perhaps to bring more white people into Allah, perhaps to give Allah eventually to the British raj?"

"While the king lives?" asked the chief priest curiously. "Ah!" And Umballa smiled again. "But you, Durga Ram?"

"There is Ramabal, a senile king, and I. Which for your purposes will you choose?"

There was a conference. The priests drifted away from Umballa. He did not stir. His men were proud and haughty, but for all that his knees shook and his heart thundered.

"I will agree to them without question." Life and power again; real power! These doddering fools should serve him, thinking the while that they served themselves.

"Half the treasury must be paid to the temple." "Agreed!" Half for the temple and half for himself; and the abolishment of the seven leopards.

"You are mad!" "And thou art a stupid fool!" Umballa's hand fell away from his dagger. "It is a woman," he said. "Admit her."

The curtains were thrust aside, and the painted dancing girl who had saved Umballa from death or capture in the fire of his own contriving rushed in.



Where Was the Document He Had Given His Friend Here?

in this condition he might live ten or twenty years. Ramabal was sore at heart.

"Tell me all." "It seems that the majordomo gave the poison to Ramabal, but the white goddess..."

them you are likely to find common sense at the bottom. We must search Umballa's house "roughly. I wish to see Ramabal and Pundita in the shadow of their rights.

At the bungalow everything was systematically prepared for the homeward journey. The laughter and chatter of the two girls was music to their father's ears.

Pictures were taken down from the walls, the various wild animal heads, and were packed away in strong boxes.

"I have said it." Umballa followed the dancing girl into the square before the temple. He turned and smiled ironically.

"Lead on, thou flower of the jasmine!" lightly. And the two of them disappeared into the night.

But the priests smiled, too, for Durga Ram should always be more in their power than they in his.

There was tremendous excitement in the city the next morning. It seemed that the city would never be permitted to resume its old careless indolence.

So, in the throne room, later, he gave the power to Ramabal to act in his stead till he had fully recovered from his terrible hardships.

"Forgive me, my friend," he said. "I acted unwisely in your case. But I was angry with my people for their cowardice."

"Your majesty," replied the colonel, "the fault lay primarily with me. I should not have accepted it or returned. I will tell you the truth.

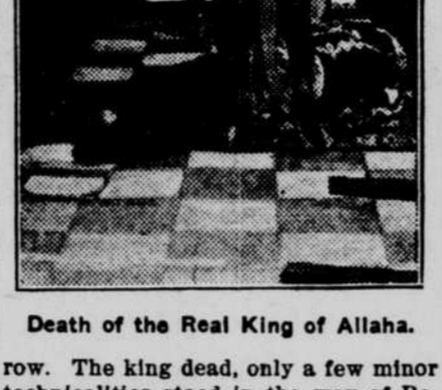
"So? And all for nothing, since the hiding place I gave you is not the true one. But of that, more anon. I want this wretch Durga Ram spread out on an ant hill..."

And then, without apparent reason, he began to call for Lakshmi, the beautiful Lakshmi, the wife of his youth. He ordered preparations for an elephant fight; rambled, talked as though he were but twenty; his eyes dim, his lips loose and pendulous.

the populace, the soldiery, all Allah. In fact, must bow to the will of the gods or go heretofore accursed.

Before the doors of all the temples the people gathered, walling and pouring dust upon their heads, from Brahmin to pariah, from high caste matrons to light dancing girls.

All this happened so quickly that not even a rumor of it reached the colonel's bungalow till it was too late.



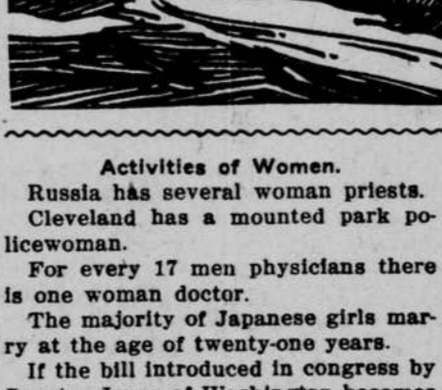
Death of the Real King of Allah.

row. The king died, only a few minor technicalities stood in the way of Ramabal and Pundita.

Bruce and Kathlyn were fencing one with the other, after the manner of lovers, when Winnie, her eyes wide with fright, burst in upon them with the news that Umballa, at the head of many soldiers, was approaching.

"Patience, sahib!" warned the priest. The colonel, upon seeing Umballa, made an attempt to draw his revolver, but the soldiers prevented him from carrying into execution his wild impulse.

CHAPTER XXIII. A Woman Scorned. There is an old saying in Rajput that woman and the four winds were born at the same time.



Activities of Women. Russia has several woman priests. Cleveland has a mounted park policeman for every 17 men physicians there is one woman doctor.

Give Both a Chance. Urbus—They ought to get up a show consisting of the last acts of the various plays in town, for the benefit of you suburbanites who have to leave early to catch the last train home.

Manifestation of Grace. Going with the stream is nature, going against the stream is grace, and grace is manifest when you see a man struggling against his evil propensities.

crusted anklets, on her arms bracelets of hammered gold, round her neck a rope of pearls and emeralds and rubies and sapphires. And still she was not happy.

From time to time her fingers strained at the roots of her glossy black hair and the whites of her great eyes glistened.

She was the poor, foolish woman who loved Durga Ram; loved him as these wild Asiatic women love, from murder to the poisoned cup.

Umballa had done a peculiar thing: he had not laid hand upon either Ramabal or Pundita. When asked the reason for this generosity toward a man who but recently put a price on his head, Umballa smiled and explained that Ramabal was not only broken politically, but was a religious outcast.

Secretly, however, Ramabal's revolutionary friends were still back of him, though they pretended to bow to the yoke of the priests.

So upon this day matters stood thus: the colonel, Kathlyn, Bruce and Winnie were prisoners again; Ahmed was in hiding; and Ramabal and his wife mocked by those who once had cheered them. The ingratitude of kings is as nothing when compared to the ingratitude of a people.

A most ridiculous country: to crown Kathlyn again (for the third time!) and then to lock her up! Next to superstition as a barrier to progress there stands custom.

But Umballa had made two mistakes: he should have permitted the white people to leave the country and given a silken cord to the chief enunch to apply as directed.

The catastrophe of the dead king rested upon the royal platform. Two troopers stood below; otherwise the platform was deserted.

Far From Barracks. A minister one day got into conversation with an Irish soldier who happened to be stationed in Liverpool, and of whom he asked several questions as to what regiment he was in, and so forth.

Succoed Again. "I would like to get a warrant for a man for obtaining money under false pretenses," announced the angry man.

Bad Teeth as Marriage Barrier. "Many of the illnesses from which children suffer can be traced to the bad teeth of the mother," said Dr. L. A. Hawkes, late assistant school medical officer to the London county council at a meeting of the council of the Charity Organization society.

ROAD BUILDING

GUARD AGAINST ROAD ABUSE

Some Punishment Should Be Meted Out to Those Who Deliberately Cut Up Highways Built for Public.

You bought and paid for the road that runs by your doorway and the other roads in your township and county. That is, you paid your part in building the highway.

The road is your road. If it is cut up by the hauling of heavy loads on narrow-tired wagons you will have to stand for the trouble and discomforts of next winter, when the rains are hudd.

Most of our roads are dirt highways, writes H. S. Sullivan of Missouri in Farm Progress. Only a small, a very small, percentage of the highways of this country are "hard roads."

It is the dirt highway that suffers from carelessness. Two or three men in a neighborhood can spoil more miles of highway than the remainder of the community can build.

Good or bad weather is all the same to them if they have something they want hauled. The sensible man knows that the use of a dirt road for heavy hauling in bad weather will spoil the highway.

There ought to be some punishment provided for the man who will deliberately cut up the roadway built by the community for the use of the whole community and paid for with the public money.

Not from any lack of offenders or from the lack of knowledge as to just who the offenders are. Good people are afraid to complain against such men.



Good Road in Georgia.

ers, and who are known in the neighborhood as "bad men to have trouble with."

Bridges Should Be Painted. Recent investigations of the Illinois state highway department indicate that few highway steel bridges in that state are painted after their final completion and acceptance.

Scales Are Truthful. Many men think they are too busy to "fool with scales" at milking time so they guess what the cows give and guess miles off usually.

Keep the Boar Penned. If the boar is put in a pen from which he breaks out it is training him to a bad habit. Make his lot boar tight before confining him in it.

SYRUP OF FIGS FOR A CHILD'S BOWELS

It is cruel to force nauseating, harsh physic into a sick child.

Look back at your childhood days. Remember the "dose" mother insisted on—castor oil, calomel, cathartics.

With our children it's different. Mothers who cling to the old form of physic simply don't realize what they do. The children's revolt is well-founded. Their tender little "insides" are injured by them.

If your child's stomach, liver and bowels need clearing, give only delicious "California Syrup of Figs." Its action is positive, but gentle. Millions of mothers keep this harmless "fruit laxative" handy; they know children love to take it; that it never fails to clean the liver and bowels and sweeten the stomach, and that a teaspoonful given today saves a sick child tomorrow.

Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on each bottle. Adv.

Teacher's Triumph

Sir Herbert Tree told a story of his own school days when presenting prizes the other day at a school speech day.

"On one occasion," he said, "my teacher admonished me thus: 'Herbert, you will end your days on the gallows.'"

"One night, quite recently, when I was acting Fagin in Oliver Twist, this same teacher turned up and he happened to come around to see me just when I was being led off with a rope around my neck."

"There, what did I tell you?" he said, triumphantly.

OLD SOLDIER WISHES TO HELP SUFFERERS FROM KIDNEY, LIVER AND BLADDER TROUBLES.

I am frequently troubled with kidney and bladder trouble, especially in the Spring and Fall. Being an old Veteran of the Civil War, a little exposure or cold settles on my kidneys, and then I am laid up with kidney or bladder trouble.

Years ago I was very frail. GEORGE W. ATCHLEY, 1786 Walker St., Des Moines, Iowa. State of Iowa.)

A. R. Hansen, a retail druggist of this city, being first duly sworn deposes and says, that he is well acquainted with George W. Atchley, who gave the above testimonial; that said Atchley made and signed said testimonial in my presence and that I have sold said Atchley a part of the Swamp-Root referred to in above testimonial.

Subscribed to in my presence, and sworn to before me, this 23rd of March, 1909.

E. J. FRISK, Notary Public.

Letter to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You. Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone.

He Needn't Despair. A Scotch girl who had accidentally cut the point of her index finger with a chopper was coming from church with her finger bandaged.

FALLING HAIR MEANS DANDRUFF IS ACTIVE

Save Your Hair! Get a 25 Cent Bottle of Danderine Right Now—Also Stops Itching Scalp.

Thin, brittle, colorless and scraggy hair is mute evidence of a neglected scalp; of dandruff—that awful scurf. There is nothing so destructive to the hair as dandruff. It robs the hair of its luster, its strength and its very life; eventually producing a feverishness and itching of the scalp, which if not remedied causes the hair roots to shrink, loosen and die—then the hair falls out fast.

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any store, and after the first application your hair will take on that life, luster and luxuriance which is so beautiful. It will become wavy and fluffy and have the appearance of abundance; an incomparable gloss and softness; but what will please you most will be after just a few weeks' use, when you will actually see a lot of fine, downy hair—new hair—growing all over the scalp. Adv.

The Reason. "Why was that man fired?" "I think it was because he was loaded."