



The Adventures of Kathlyn

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

Illustrated by Pictures from the Moving Picture Production of the Selig Polyscope Co.

(Copyright by Harold MacGrath)

SYNOPSIS.

Kathlyn Hare, believing her father, Col. Hare, in peril, has summoned her, leaves her home in California to go to him in India. Umballa, pretender to the throne, has imprisoned the colonel named by the late king as his heir. Arriving in Allaha, 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. John Bruce, an American, saves her life.

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

She was conducted back to the palace. The populace howled and cheered about her palanquin to the very gates. Not in many a big rain had they had such excitement.

The fury in Umballa's heart might have disquieted Bruce had he known of its existence.

Kathlyn, arriving in her chamber, flung herself down upon her cushions and lay there like one dead, nor would she be comforted by the worshipping Pundita. Bruce had saved her this time, but it was not possible that he could repeat the feat.

Having convinced Umballa and the council that she would not marry her persecutor, the council announced to the populace that on the next day the queen would confront the lions in the elephant arena. What could one man do against such odds? Lions brought from the far Nubian deserts, fierce, untamable.

That night there was a conference between Bruce, Ahmed and Ramabal. "They have taken my guns away, and God knows I can't do the impossible. Where the devil were your camels, Ahmed?"

"Umballa has his spies, Ramabal," said Ahmed, smiling, as he got into his bhishi rags, which Ramabal had surrendered willingly enough. "Ramabal, thou conspirator, what about the powder mines you and your friends hid when the late king signified that he was inclined toward British protectorate? Eh? What about the republic thou hadst dreamed of? Poor fool! It is in our blood to be ruled by kings, oppressed; we should not know what to do with absolute freedom. There! Fear not. Why should I be afraid thee? The mines. The arena is of wood."

"But there will be many of my friends there," said the bewildered Ramabal. Who was this strange man who seemed to know everything?

"Put the mines in the center of the arena. What we want is merely terror and confusion. Puff! Bang! There's your miracle. And a little one under the royal pavilion. And Umballa and the council sleep in Shahtan's arms. Welcome, my lambs!" And Ahmed laughed noisily.

"By the Lord!" gasped Bruce. "But the fuses? No, no, Ahmed; it cannot be done."

"In the house of my friend Lal Singh there is a cellar full of strange magic—magic with copper wires that spit



The Leopard's Perch.

blue fires. Eh, sahib? You and I know; we have traveled."

"Batteries, here, in this wilderness?" "Even so. To you, Ramabal, the powder; to me, the spitting wires; to you, Bruce Sahib, patience. Umballa shall yet wear the soles of his feet in the treadmill!"

On the night before the ordeal men moved cautiously about the elephant arena. It was only after much persuasion and argument could Bruce hold the men. At the testing of Lal Singh's wires and batteries they had started to fly. This was devil's fire. At the end of the arena, in a box which Bruce was to occupy, by order of the Council (where they proposed to keep an eye upon him and Umballa to wring his heart), the key to the wires was laid. This box was directly over a wooden canopy where the mahouts loafed between fights. Back of this canopy was a door which led outside. Through this Bruce proposed to lead Kathlyn during the confusion created by the explosion.

On the day of the ordeal only the bedridden remained at home. When Kathlyn arrived she was placed under the canopy; another bit of kindly attention on the part of Umballa to twist the white man's heart. But nothing could have happened more to the satisfaction of Bruce.

"Kathlyn Hare," he called out softly in Spanish, "do you hear and understand me?" "Yes," she replied in the same language. "Do nothing desperate. Don't

"Come, now, Miss Kathlyn, no thinking; leave the whole business to me, the worry and the planning. If we can reach my elephants, all right; we'll be in Delhi within seven days. The rest of the going will be as simple as falling off a log."

That Yankee phrase did more to rehabilitate her than all his assurances. From time to time Bruce stole a glance through the curtained window. Stragglers were hastening along close to the walls, and there were soldiers who had forgotten to bring their guns from the elephant arena. Once he heard the clatter of hoofs. A horse man ran alongside the gharri, slowed up, peered down, and shrugged. Kathlyn shrank toward Bruce. The rider proceeded on his way. Ahmed recognized him as the ambassador from the neighboring principality, ruled by a Kumor, who was in turn ruled by the British raj. Kathlyn could not shut out the leer on his face.

By mid-afternoon the gharri reached Bruce's camp. Ramabal and Pundita greeted Kathlyn with delight. All their troubles were over. They had but to mount the elephants and ride away.

"Ahmed," urged Kathlyn, "leave the gharri and come with us."

"No, memsahib,"—Ahmed gazed at her strangely—"I have work to do, much work. Allah guard you!" he struck the horse with his bamboo and careened away.

"Let us be off!" cried Bruce. "We have 60 miles to put between us and freedom in fact. We cannot make the railway. All, pack! Go to the bungalow and remain there. You will be questioned. Tell the truth. There is not an elephant in the royal stables that can beat Rajah. All aboard! No stops!" smiling as he helped Kathlyn into the howdah. "We shall be forced to ride all night."

The elephants started forward, that ridden by Bruce and Kathlyn in the lead, Ramabal and Pundita following a few yards in the rear.

"Mr. Bruce, I am sure Ahmed has some information regarding father. I don't know what. Who knows? They may have lied to me. He may be alive, alive!"

"I'll return and find out, once I've got you safe. I don't blame you for thinking all this a nightmare. Do you know, I've been thinking it over. It appears to me that the king latterly took a dislike to his protegee, Umballa, and turned this little trick to make him unhappy. I daresay he thought your father wise enough to remain away. Umballa hangs between wind and water; he can go neither forward nor backward. But poor Ramabal back there will lose his gold for this!"

"Ramabal has always been very kindly to the poor; and the poor man generally defends his benefactor when the right time comes. To Umballa I was only a means to the end. If he declared himself king, that would open up the volcano upon which he stands; but as my prince consort, that would leave him fairly secure."

"Only a means," mused Bruce inwardly, stealing a glance at her sad yet lovely profile. Umballa was a man, for all his color; he was human; and to see this girl it was only human to want her. "Your father was one of the best friends I had. But, oddly enough, I never saw a photograph of you. He might have been afraid we young chaps. . . . He paused embarrassedly. "If only you had taken me into your confidence on board the York!"

"Ah, but did you offer me the chance?" she returned.

"I never realized till now that a chap might be too close lipped sometimes. Well, here we are, in flight together!" That night for the first time in many hours Kathlyn closed her eyes with a sense of security. True, it was not the most comfortable place to sleep in, the howdah; there were ceaseless rollings from side to side, intermingled with spine-racking bumps forward as the elephant occasionally hastened his stride. Kathlyn succeeded in stealing from the god of sleep only his cat naps. Often the cold would awaken her, and she would find Bruce had been bracing her by extending his arm across the howdah and gripping the rail.

"You mustn't do that," she protested feebly. "You will be dead in the morning."

"You might fall out."

"Then I shan't go to sleep again till the journey ends. You have been so good and kind to me!"

"Nonsense!" They came out into the scrub jungle, and the moonlight lay magically over all things. Sometimes a shadow crossed the whitened sands; scurried, rather; and quietly Bruce would tell her what the animals were—jackals, with an occasional prowling red wolf. They were not disturbed by any of the cat family. But there was one interval of suspense. Bruce spied in the distance a small herd of wild elephant. So did Rajah, who raised his trunk and trumpeted into the night. The mahout, fully awake to the danger, beat the old rascal mightily with his goad. Yet that would have failed to hold Rajah. Bruce averted the danger by shooting his revolver into the air. The wild animals stampeded, and Rajah, disgruntled, was brought to the compass.

"Strange thing about a gunshot," said Bruce. "They may never have heard one before; but instinct tells them quickly of the menace. Years ago at home, when I used to fish for bass, during the close season I'd see thousands of duck and geese and deer. Yet a single gunshot when the season opened and you never could get within a mile of them."

"That is true. I have fished and hunted with father."

"Surely! I keep forgetting that it's ten to one you know more about game than I do."

Silence fell upon them again. On, on, without pausing. Bruce was getting sleepy himself, so he began munching biscuits. Lighter and lighter grew the east; the moon dimmed, and by and by everything grew gray and the chill in the air seemed sharper yet. They were both awake. Sump they stopped by a stream. Bruce dismounted without having the elephant kneel and went to the water to fill his canteen. The hunter in him became interested in the tracks along the banks. A tiger, a leopard, some

apes, and a herd of antelope had been down to drink during the night. Even as he looked a huge gray ape came bounding out, head on toward Rajah, who despised these foolish beasts. Perhaps the old elephant missed all; perhaps he was still somewhat upset by his failure to join his wild brothers the night before; at any rate, without warning, he set off with that shuffling gait which sometimes carried him as swiftly as a horse. An elephant never trots nor really runs according to our conception of the term; he shuffles, scarcely lifting his feet off the ground.

The mahout yelled and belabored the elephant on the skull. Rajah did not mind this beating at all. Whatever his idea was, he evidently proposed to see it fulfilled. Cunningly he dashed under some branches, sweeping the mahout off his neck. The branches with a crash as of musketry struck the howdah, but it held, thanks to the stoutness of the belly bands and the care with which they had been adjusted round the huge barrel.

Bruce stood up, appalled. For a time he was incapable of movement. Short as the time was, it was enough to give Rajah such headway as he needed.



Trapped!

ed. He disappeared from sight. Bruce saw the futility of shooting at the beast. The only thing he could do was to mount up beside Ramabal and Pundita and give chase; and this he did in short order, dragging up the bruised and shaken mahout with him. The pursuing elephant, with this extra handicap, never brought Rajah into sight. But the trail was clear, and they followed.

Sorely that poor girl was marked for misfortune. In all the six years Bruce had possessed Rajah he had never exhibited anything but docility. The elephant was not running amuck, though he might eventually work himself into that blind, ungovernable rage. Off like that, without the slightest warning! If Kathlyn could only keep him clear of the trees, for the old rogue would do his best to scrape off the irksome howdah.

Kathlyn heard the shouts from behind, but she could not understand whether these were warnings or advice. Could they overtake her before she was flung off? She tried to recall the "elephant talk" Ahmed had taught her in the old days at the farm, but just now she was too dazed. At the end of an hour all sounds from the rear ceased; no more pistol shots to encourage her with the knowledge that friends were near. Rajah must have outstripped them two or three miles.

At length she came into a small clearing amid the tall jungle grass, a dead and brittle last year's growth. She saw two natives in the act of kicking out a dung fire. Rajah headed directly toward them, the fire evidently being the line of path he had chosen. This rare and unexpected freedom, this opportunity to go whither he listed, was as the giant fern he used to eat in the days when he was free and wild in Ceylon.

Kathlyn called out to the men, but they turned and fled in terror. To them Rajah was amuck. The elephant passed the fire so closely that the wind of his passing stirred the fire into life again; and this time it crept toward the highly inflammable grass. A few hundred yards beyond Kathlyn turned to see the flames leaping along the grass. Rajah, getting a whiff of the



PORCELAINS OF RARE VALUE

Chelsea is Considered the Most Valuable, and is Easily the Most Highly Prized.

The Chelsea is amongst the most precious of the early English porcelains, and as much as \$10,000 has been paid for a really fine Chelsea vase of the fourth period. There are, however, many forgeries. The origin of the famous Chelsea factory has been the subject of much speculation, but nothing is proved save that it was at work in 1745. The earliest authenticated specimen is a milk jug of the well-known "goat and bee" pattern, bearing the incised legend, "Chelsea, 1745." In 1784 the factory was dismantled and the plant and workmen were removed to Derby. The Chelsea porcelain may be grouped in five chronological divisions: Period I—the earliest, bearing a triangle mark incised, with Chelsea above, the ware being described as of a creamy paste, not unlike St. Cloud porcelain, with a satiny texture very transparent body often distorted in baking, and frequently left white. Period II—thickly made, but of well composed paste of sandy texture with a thick unctuous glass of creamy tint, the mark being an embossed anchor, sometimes out lined in red and applied on a small oval pad. Period III—usually marked with an anchor in red, is a strengthened form of the second class, which it supplanted by its more practicable nature. Period IV (1789-70)—paste more settled in character, ware whiter

acid smoke, quickened his stride. The fire followed with amazing rapidity and stopped only when it reached the bed of a trickling stream, no doubt a torrent during the big rains. A great pall of smoke blotted out everything in the rear; blotted out hope, for Bruce never could pick up the trail now.

Kathlyn's eyes were feverishly dry and bright. It was only a matter of time when the howdah would slip down the brute's side. She prayed that she might die instantly. Strange fancies flitted through her mind, disordered by all these days of suspense and terror.

And suddenly the jungle came to an end, and a long plowed field opened into view. Beyond this field rose a ruined wall, broken by a crumbling gate, and lounging in the gateway were soldiers. Near by were two elephants employed in plowing logs.

Rajah, perforce, slackened his gait. The soldiers became animated. Immediately the two mahouts charged their brutes toward Rajah, who stopped. He had had his sport. He swayed to and fro. One of the mahouts reached forward and clouted Rajah on the knee. He slowly knelt. The soldiers ran forward to help Kathlyn out of the howdah. At the sight of her skin their astonishment was great.

She was very weak and faint, and the increasing babel of tongues was like little triphammers beating upon her aching head. One of the soldiers gave her a drink of water. He held his canteen high, so that the water trickled into her mouth; no lips but his own must touch the nozzle, otherwise, being a Brahmin, he would be defiled. Natives instantly flocked about, jabbering in wonder. Some of the bolder touched her bare arms. The soldiers drove them back angrily. Through the press a horseman pushed forward. The rider stared at the strange captive, started, and uttered an astonished cry.

"The white queen of Allaha, whom mine own eyes saw crowned at the Durbar there!" he murmured. "By the shroud of the prophet, what can this mean? Stop!" he called to the soldiers. Kathlyn looked up dully. "Convey her to his highness the kumor!" The prince should decide what should be done with her.

The kumor was big and lazy and sensual. He gazed upon Kathlyn with eyes which sparkled evilly, like a cat's. "Who is this woman?" he demanded. "Highness, she is the white queen of Allaha, but who may say that she is here?" with a smile as evil as his master's.

"But how came she here?" The horseman briefly recounted the events as he had seen them in the capital of Allaha.

"Who are you, maiden?" the kumor asked in English, for, like all potentates, little or great, in India, he spoke English. It presented the delectable pastime of conspiring in two languages; for from Bombay to Calcutta, from Peshawar to Madras, India seethes, conspires, and takes an occasional pot shot at some poor devil of a commissioner whose only desire is to have them combine religion and sanitation.

"I am an American. Please take me to the English commissioner." Somehow instinct told her that she might not expect succor from this man with the pearls about his gross neck.

"I regret that his excellency the commissioner has gone to Bombay. Besides, I do not know that you tell the truth. Still, I can offer you what pearls and emeralds you may find to your liking."

"Your highness, there are those whose coming shortly will cause you much annoyance if you refuse to give me proper aid. There is no possible way for you to cover up my appearance here. Send me to the commissioner's bungalow, where I may await the coming of my friends."

"Indeed!" The kumor saw here a conflict not altogether to his liking. He was lazy, and there was the damnable, unrelenting hand of the British raj looming in the distance. He shrugged. "Achmet, call the captain of the guard and have him convey this runaway queen to Allaha. Surely, I may not meddle with the affairs of a friendly state." With a wave of his fat, bejeweled hand he appeared to dismiss the matter from his mind.

Kathlyn was led away. The human mind can stand only so many shocks.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE CHAMPION BABIES AT NEBRASKA STATE FAIR

RESULT OF SCIENTIFIC METHODS OF TREATMENT AND STUDY OF BABY LIFE.

FIND PERFECT BABY BOY

The "Better Babies" Contest Proves the Drawing Attraction at the Great State Fair.

Western Newspaper Union News Service. The "Better Babies" show at the Nebraska state fair brought out a list of contestants far in excess of any expectations of the managers.

Nearly every county in the state was represented, and a husky, hearty, healthy lot of infantile humanity was much in evidence. The weather, however, proved a slight handicap and



Dorothy Grace Field, who scored 99.5 per cent, is the baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Otis Field, R. F. D. No. 5, Lincoln. She is 21 months old, is the rural champion girl of Nebraska and was given a bronze medal and a \$25 prize.

she had started in at once to scientifically better her baby's physical condition. She studied the baby and studied scientific methods of treating it, with admirable results.

"This is just what the baby show is

perhaps cut down the representations to some degree. The result of the contest goes far toward proving that more and more attention is being paid to the welfare and physical training of the little ones, as parents arrive at a better understanding of their needs and requirements. This is evidenced by the increasing attention being given to wholesome sports, and playgrounds,

perhaps cut down the representations to some degree. The result of the contest goes far toward proving that more and more attention is being paid to the welfare and physical training of the little ones, as parents arrive at a better understanding of their needs and requirements. This is evidenced by the increasing attention being given to wholesome sports, and playgrounds,

perhaps cut down the representations to some degree. The result of the contest goes far toward proving that more and more attention is being paid to the welfare and physical training of the little ones, as parents arrive at a better understanding of their needs and requirements. This is evidenced by the increasing attention being given to wholesome sports, and playgrounds,

perhaps cut down the representations to some degree. The result of the contest goes far toward proving that more and more attention is being paid to the welfare and physical training of the little ones, as parents arrive at a better understanding of their needs and requirements. This is evidenced by the increasing attention being given to wholesome sports, and playgrounds,



Howard Richard Kidney, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kidney, R. F. D. No. 6, Lincoln, was declared by the committee to be the champion rural boy at the state fair's better baby show. His examination scored him 99.5. He is 24 months old, and was given a special \$25 prize and a bronze medal.

and other outdoor amusements for the "kiddies."

Mrs. Vance, the superintendent, is much pleased at the interest displayed at the contest, and at the growing interest among parents along the line of hygienic surroundings in the home. As a point she cites an instance of a baby which scored next to the lowest among the 500 babies in last year's baby contest, and took third prize in its division of this

Greatest Apple Crop in History.

Howe, Neb.—Owners of commercial orchards in this part of the state have begun picking and barreling apples. Hundreds of pickers and packers will be required to take care of what is considered the greatest apple crop ever grown in this county. The fifty-acre Howe orchard, adjoining town, will produce at least 40,000 bushels of perfect apples. The apples will be packed and shipped direct to cold storage by the owners, who sold the entire crop to one firm.

Boost for Wesleyan University.

Fremont, Neb.—Amid enthusiasm just before the noon adjournment Saturday morning, following an eloquent plea for Wesleyan college by Bishop Henderson, the 450 ministers present at the Nebraska Methodist conference pledged \$45,000 to the school. This is in addition to the permanent endowment fund, upon which work is progressing. A quarter of a million toward the permanent fund has been raised. The \$45,000 pledged by the ministers is to be paid within five years.



Denise Green of Elmwood was compelled to divide her prize of \$25 with another baby, both of them scoring 99.5 per cent. The little lady is 21 months old. Her father, Ralph W. Green, is a pharmacist at Elmwood.

for, to awaken the mother's interest in developing her babies to their fullest possibilities and we are very proud of this case," said Mrs. Vance.

A better record of attendance was made in the better baby department



May Beth Ryerson, who tied for the city baby championship, is the 27-month-old baby of Dr. Edwin Ryerson, 211 South Nineteenth street, Lincoln. She was given a bronze medal and half of a \$25 prize.

than any other part of the fair, all but four babies being there on scheduled time in spite of the rain and the cold.

Will Buy New Old People's Home. Hastings, Neb.—Hastings club women, backed by the support of representative business men and with the co-operation of the board of county supervisors, have pledged themselves to raise \$5,500 among business men of Hastings and taxpayers of the county in general to pay for the large twenty-four room brick residence building north of the city park on Hastings avenue for the use of Sunnyside home for old people.

Postpone Peace Stamp Issue.

Washington.—Plans of the postoffice department to issue postage stamps bearing the American and British flags to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of peace between the two countries has been indefinitely deferred. Postmaster General Burleson so notified Representative Barthold of Missouri, who had represented that it would be injudicious to issue such a series during the European war. The American peace society has approved the postponement.