

# 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 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 unmaried. 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. 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. 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.

### CHAPTER XI—Continued.

Lowly and quickly Pundita translated for Kathlyn so that she might miss none of the conversation.

"The Colonel Sahib looks worn."

"I am."

"Now, in my travels I have been to Bombay, and there I dressed like you white people. I have the complete dress. Perhaps the Colonel Sahib would be pleased to see if he can wear it? And also the use of my barber?"

"Bala Khan," cried the colonel, "you are a prince indeed! It will tonic me like medicine. Thanks, thanks!"

"It is well."

"You have a wonderful elephant out there in the compound," said Bruce, who had remained a silent listener to all that had gone before.

"Ah! That is a curiosity. He is worshipped by Hindus and revered by my own people. I am his official custodian. There is a saying among the people that ill will befall me should I lose, sell or permit him to be stolen."

"And many have offered to buy?" inquired the colonel.

"Many."

When the colonel appeared at supper, simple but substantial, he was a new man. He stood up straight, though his back still smarted from the lash. Kathlyn was delighted at the change.

After the meal was over and coffee was drunk, the khan conducted his guests to his armory, of which he was very proud. Guns of all descriptions lined the walls. Some of them Bruce would have liked to own, to decorate the walls of his own armory, thousands of miles away.

The colonel whispered a forgotten prayer as, later, he laid down his weary aching limbs upon the rope bed. Almost immediately he sank into slumber as deep and silent as the sea.

Kathlyn and Bruce, however, went up to the hanging gardens and remained there till nine, marveling over the beauty of the night. The Pathan city lay under their gaze, with a likeness to one of those magic cities one

reads about in the chronicles of Sindh and the Sabor. But they spoke no word of love. When alone with this remarkable young woman, Bruce found himself invariably tongue-tied.

At the same hour, less than fifty miles away, Umballa stood before the opening of his elaborate tent, erected at sundown by the river's brink, and gazed at the moon. He saw no beauty in the translucent sky, in the silvery paleness of the world below. He wanted revenge, and the word blazed in his brain as a viper hisses in the dark of its cave.

Dung fires twinkled and soldiers lounged about them, smoking and gossiping. They had been given a carpet against their long delinquent wages, and they were in a happy frame of mind. Their dead comrades were dead and mourning was for widows; for them would be the pleasures of swift reprisals. The fugitives had gone toward the desert, and in that bleak stretch of treeless land it would not be difficult to find them, once they started in pursuit.

Midnight.

In the compound the moonlight lay upon everything; upon the fat sides and back of the sacred white elephant, upon the three low caste keepers, now free of the vigilant eye of their Brahmin chief. The gates were barred and closed; all inside the house of Bala Khan were asleep. Far away a sentry dozed on his rifle, on the wall. The three keepers whispered and chuckled among themselves.

"Who will know?" said one.

"The moon will not speak," said another.

"Then let us go and smoke."

The three approached the elephant. A bit of gymnastics and one of them was boosted to the back of the elephant, to whom this episode was more or less familiar. Another followed; the third was pulled up, and from the elephant's back they made the top of the wall and disappeared down into the street. Here they paused cautiously, for two guards always patrolled the front of the compound during the night. Presently the three truant stole away toward the bazaars, which, in this desert town occupied but a single street. Down they went into a cellar way and the guru's curse stalked beside them. For opium is the hand- maiden of all curses.

Perhaps twenty minutes later slight sounds came from the front of the compound wall. A rifle barrel clattered upon the cobbles. Then, over the wall, near the elephant, a head appeared, then a body. This was repeated four times, and four light-footed nomads of the desert lowered themselves into the compound. They ran quickly to the gate and noiselessly unbarred it. Outside were five more desert nomads, gathered about the insensate bodies of the sentries.

These nine men were the dancers who had entered the town in advance of Kathlyn. For weeks they had lain in wait for this moment. They had spied upon the three low caste keepers and upon learning of their nocturnal junkets into the opium den had cast the die this night.

With the utmost caution they approached the sacred elephant, took off his chains and led him from the compound. Immediately six of the marauders trotted far ahead toward the gate they knew to be the least guarded. The sacred elephant, passing through the streets, attended by three men, aroused no suspicions in any straggler who saw. So remote was the wall city, so seemingly impregnable, and so little interfered with that it was only human that its guardians should eventually grow careless.

When the keepers, staggering under the fumes of the drug, returned near daybreak, first to find the gate open, second to find their sacred charge gone, they fled in terror; for it would be death, lingering and painful, for them to stay and explain how and why they had left their post.

The wild and lawless brigands knew exactly what they were about. There were several agents of European and American circuses after this white elephant; and as it could not be purchased there was no reason why it could not be stolen.

When the Brahmin arrived at sunrise to find his vocation gone he set up a wailing which awakened the household. The khan was furious and ordered a general search. He vowed death to the foul hands which had done this sacrilege!

Kathlyn and the others were genuinely sorry when the khan announced what had taken place.

Said he: "Come, you are all skilled hunters. Find me my elephant and these guns and newer and surer ones shall protect you from Durga Ram, should he take it into his head to come this way."

The colonel, Bruce and Ramabal set out at once. After they had gone a camel rider entered the compound and sought an audience with Bala Khan. Kathlyn and Pundita were in the compound at the time and the former was greatly interested in the saddle bags, attached to one of which was a binocular case. Kathlyn could not resist the inclination to open this case. It contained an exceptionally fine pair of glasses, such as were used in that day in the British army. No doubt they were a part of some loot.

Suddenly an idea came to her. She asked permission (through Pundita) to ride the camel outside the town. After some argument the servant in charge consented.

Upon a knoll outside the city—a hillock of sand three or four hundred feet in height—Kathlyn tried the glasses. From this promontory she had range of something like fifteen to twenty miles. Back and forth her gaze roved and suddenly paused.

CHAPTER XII.

Captured by Brigands.

When Kathlyn returned to the compound it was with the news that she had discovered a group of men, some twelve or fifteen miles to the west. They had paused at what appeared to be a well, and with them was the sacred white elephant. Bala Khan was with his racing camels to catch and crucify every mother's son of them on the city walls. But Ramabal interposed.

"As I came toward the compound I was given a message. The man who gave it to me was gone before I could get a good look at his face. These men who stole the sacred white elephant are brave and desperate. At the first sign of pursuit they promise to kill the elephant."

"And by the beard of the prophet," cried Bala Khan, his face purpling with passion, "these men of the desert keep their promises. And so do I. I promise later to nail each one of them to the walls to die hanging to naught!"

"But just now," said Ramabal quietly, "the main thing is to rescue the elephant, and I have a plan."

"Let me hear it."

"From what you told me last night," went on Ramabal, "those nomads or brigands are opium fiends."

Bala Khan nodded.

"Bruce Sahib here and I will undertake to carry them doctored opium. I know something about the drug. I believe that we saw the thieves last evening as we came through the streets.

My plan is this: we will take five racing camels, go north and turn, making the well from the west. That will look like pursuit."

"But five camels?" Bala Khan was curious.

"Yes. In order to allay the suspicions of the brigands, Kathlyn Memasahib and my wife must accompany us."

The colonel objected, but Kathlyn overruled his objections.

"But, Kit, they will recognize us. They will not have forgotten me. They will know that we have come from the town, despite the fact that to all appearances we come from the west."

Bruce also shook his head. "It doesn't look good, Ramabal. Why not three men?"

"They would be suspicious at once. They would reason, if they saw Kathlyn Memasahib and my wife with us that we were harmless. Will you trust me?"

"Anywhere," said the colonel. "But they will simply make us prisoners along with the elephant."

"Ah, but the Colonel Sahib forgets the opium," Ramabal laid his hand upon the colonel's arm. "Let them make prisoners of us. The very first thing they will do will be to search the saddle bags. They will find the opium. In a quarter of an hour they will be as dead and we can return."

"It is a good plan," said Bala Khan, when the conversation was fully translated to him. "And once the elephant is back in the compound I'll send a dozen men back for the rogues. Ah! they will play with me; they will steal into my town, overcome my guards, take the apple of my eye! Ramabal, thou art a friend indeed! Haste and Allah fend for thee! Umballa may arrive with an army, but he shall not enter my gates."

Guided by a servant, Bruce and Ramabal set off for the opium den. The proprietor understood exactly what they desired. There were times when men entered his place who were in need of a long sleep, having money tucked away in their fantastic cummerbunds.

So, mounted upon five swift camels, the party started off on a wide circle. Whether they caught the brigands at the well or on the way to their mountain homes was of no great importance. Ramabal was quite certain that the result would be the same. The colonel grumbled a good deal. Suppose the rascals did not smoke; what then?

"They will smoke," declared Ramabal, confidently. "The old rascal of whom we bought the opium has retained them more than once. They are too poor to own pipes. Have patience, Colonel Sahib. A good deal depends upon the success of our adventure this morning. If I know anything about Umballa, he will shortly be on the march. Bala Khan has given his word."

Had it not been for liberal use of opium the night before, the brigands would not have tarried so long at the well; but they were terribly thirsty, a bit nerve-shattered and craved for the drug. The chief alone had fully recovered. He cursed and raved at his men, kicked and beat them. What! After all these weeks of waiting, to let sleep stand between them and thousands of rupees? Dogs! Pigs! Did they not recollect that Bala Khan had a way of nailing thieves outside the walls of his city? Well, he for one would not wait. He would mount the sacred elephant and lead toward the caves in the hills. Let them who would decorate the walls of Bala Khan. The threat of Bala Khan put life into the eight followers, and they were getting ready to move on when one of them discovered a small caravan approaching from the west.

Camels? Ha! Here was a chance of leaving Bala Khan's city far in the rear. And there would be loot besides. Those helmets were never worn by any save white men. The chief scowled under his shading palm. Women! O, this was going to be something worth while.

When the caravan came within halting distance the chief of the brigands stepped forward menacingly. The new arrivals were informed they were prisoners, and were bidden to dismount at once.

"But we are on the way to the city of Bala Khan," remonstrated Ramabal.

"Which you left this morning!" jeered the chief. "Dismount!"

"But I am selling opium there!"

"Opium!"

"Where is it? Give it to us!" cried one of the brigands.

The chief thought quickly. If his men would smoke they should suffer the penalty of being left at the well to await the arrival of the tender Bala Khan. The white elephant was worth 10,000 rupees. He might not be obliged to share these bags of silver. His men could not complain. They had discharged him. Let them have the pipes. He himself would only pretend to smoke.

But the first whiff of the fumes was too much for his will power. He sucked in the smoke, down to the bottom of his very soul, and suddenly found peace. The superdrug with which the poppy had been mixed was unknown to Ramabal, but he had often witnessed tests of its potency. It worked with the rapidity of viper venom. Within ten minutes after the first inhalation the nine brigands sank back upon the sand, as nearly dead as any man might care to be.

At once the elephant was liberated, and the party made off toward the town. Colonel Hare, suspicious of everything these days, marveled over the simplicity of the trick and the smoothness with which it had been turned. He began to have hope for the future. Perhaps this time they were really going to escape from this land accursed.

There was great pow-wowing and salamaing at the gate as the sacred white elephant loomed into sight. The old Brahmin who had charge of him wept for joy. He was still a personage, respected, salaamed to, despite the preponderance of Mohammedans. His sacred elephant!

Bala Khan was joyous. Here was the sacred elephant once more in the compound, and not a piece out of his treasure chest. He was in luck. In the midst of his self-congratulations came the alarming news that a large body of men were seen approaching across the desert from the direction of

Allaha. Bala Khan, his chiefs and his guests climbed to the top of the wall and beheld the spectacle in truth. It required but a single look through the binoculars to discover to whom this host belonged.

"Umballa," said Ramabal.

"Ah! Durga Ram, to pay his respects." Bala Khan rubbed his hands together. It had been many moons since he had used a tulwar.

The colonel examined his revolver, coldly. The moment Umballa came within range the colonel intended to shoot. This matter was going to be settled definitely, here and now. So long as Umballa lived, a dread menace hung above Kathlyn's head. So, then, Umballa must die.

Bala Khan was for beginning the warfare at once, but Bruce argued him out of this. Let them first learn what Umballa intended to do. There might be no need of shedding blood.

"You white people must always talk," grumbled the khan, who was a fighting man, born of a race of fight-

ers yet to bow the head to the yoke. "It is better to kill and talk afterward. I have given my word to protect you, and the word of Bala Khan is as sound as British gold."

"For that," said Bruce, "thanks."

"Keep your men from the walls," cried Kathlyn, "and bring me the white elephant. I would deal with this man Umballa."

Her request was granted. So when Durga Ram and his soldiers arrived before the closed gates they beheld Kathlyn mounted on the white elephant alone.

"What wish you here, Durga Ram?" she called down to the man on the richly caparisoned war elephant.

"You! Your father and those who have helped you to escape."

"Indeed! Well, come and take us."

"I would speak with Bala Khan," imperiously.

"You will deal with me alone," declared Kathlyn.

Umballa reached for his rifle, but a loud murmur from his men stayed his impulse.

"It is the sacred white elephant, highness. None dare fire at that," his captain warned him. "Those with him or upon him are in sanctuary."

"Tell Bala Khan," said Umballa, controlling his rage as best he could, "tell Bala Khan that I would be his friend, not his enemy."

"Bala Khan," boomed a voice from the other side of the wall, "cares not for your friendship. Whatever the memasahib says is my word. What! Does Allah war for the sake of gratifying Durga Ram's spite? Be gone, and thank your evil gods that I am not already at your lying, treacherous throat. Take yourself off, Durga Ram. The people of Bala Khan do not make war on women and old men. The memasahib and her friends are under my protection."

"I will buy them!" shouted Umballa, recollecting the greed of Bala Khan.

"My word is not for sale!" came back.

Kathlyn understood by the expression on Umballa's countenance what was taking place. She smiled down at her enemy.

"So be it, Bala Khan," snarled Umballa, his rage no longer on the rein. "In one month's time I shall return, and of your city there will not be one stone upon another when I leave it!"

"One month!" Ramabal laughed.

Why are you always smiling, Ramabal?" asked Bruce.

"I have had a dream, sahib," answered Ramabal, still smiling. "Umballa will not return here."

"You could tell me more than that." "I could, but will not," the smile giving way to sternness.

"I only knew what had become of Ahmed," said the colonel, when the last of Umballa's soldiers disappeared whence they had come, "I should feel content."

"We shall find, or he will find us, if he is alive," said Kathlyn. "Now let us make ready for the last journey. One hundred miles to the west is the Arabian gulf. It is a caravan port, and there will be sailing vessels and steamships." She shook him by the shoulders joyously. "Dad, we are going home, home!"

"Kit, I want to see Winnie!"

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"I shall return to Allaha, I and Pundita," replied Ramabal.

"It will be death!" objected Bruce and Kathlyn together.

"I think not," and Ramabal permitted one of his mysterious smiles to stir his lips.

"Ramabal!" whispered Pundita, fearfully.

"Yes. After all, why should we wait?"

"I?"

"Even so!"

"What is all this about?" inquired Kathlyn.

"Allah is weary of Umballa's iron heel, weary of a vacillating Council. And the time has arrived when the two must be abolished. A thousand men await the turn of my hand. And who has a better right to the throne of Allaha than Pundita, my wife?"

"Good!" cried Kathlyn, her eyes sparkling. "Good! And if we can help you—"

"Kit," interposed the colonel, "we can give Ramabal and Pundita only our good wishes. Our way lies to the west, to the seaport, and home."

Ramabal bowed.

And the party returned to the compound rather subdued. This quiet young native banker would go far.

"And if I am ever a queen, will my beautiful memasahib come back some day and visit me?"

"That I promise, Pundita, though I have no love for Allaha."

"We will go with you to the coast," said Ramabal, "and on our return to Allaha will see what has become of the faithful Ahmed."

"For that my thanks," responded the colonel. "Ahmed has been with me for many years, and has shared with me many hardships. If he lives, he will be a marked man, so far as Umballa is concerned. Aid him to come to me. The loss of my camp and bungalow is nothing. The fact that we are all alive today is enough for me. But you, Bruce; will it hit you hard?"

Bruce laughed easily. "I am young. Besides, it was a pastime for me, though I went at it in a business way. I am glad that there is nothing to regret in leaving this part of the world." Yet the colonel sighed.

And Kathlyn heard that sigh, and intuitively understood. The fillgree basket of gems. Of such was the mind of men.

But the colonel was taken ill that night, and it was a week before he left his bed, and another before he was considered strong enough to attempt the journey. Bala Khan proved to be a fine host, for he loved men of deeds, and this white-haired old man was one of the right kidney. He must be strong ere he took the long journey over the hot sands to the sea.

A spy of Umballa's watched and waited to carry the news to his master, the day his master's enemies departed from the haven of Bala Khan's walled city.

When the day came the khan insisted that his guests should use his own camels and servants, and upon Ramabal's return the elephants would be turned over to him for his journey back to Allaha. Thus, one bright morning, the caravan set forth for what was believed to be the last journey.

And Umballa's spy hastened away. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Preparing Opium for the Brigands.

Scarcity of Competent Men.

Alba B. Johnson, president of the Baldwin Locomotive works, in testifying before the United States commission on industrial relations, said: "Large industries are hard pressed to find men capable of taking responsible positions. I know of half a dozen businesses that would be glad to pay \$10,000 a year to capable men. It raises a question whether American men are declining in executive ability or whether modern business ambitions, by extending operations over wider fields and adopting more complex methods, have not become too cumbersome in some respects and too confusing in others for any class of men to conduct successfully.—New York World.

Why We Worry.

Worry, when you come to analyze it, is not a social vice. We worry chiefly over those things which concern the ME. Show me that what impends will leave my bank account intact, my health unimpaired, my friends and family out, and any further tormenting solicitude that I may feel is frankly academic. I may still take thought and use preventive measures, but I cease, as if by magic, to worry over the outcome. On the contrary, I can now work for the accomplishment of my object better than ever before. For most worry is not only an arch form of selfishness, but it is the great inhibitor of action. We say, "I am worried;" we mean, "I fear for myself."—E. P. Frost, in Atlantic.

To Seal Bottles.

Bottles may be securely sealed in the following manner: Melt together a quarter of a pound of sealing wax, the same quantity of resin and two ounces of beeswax. When the mixture froths, stir it with a tallow candle. As soon as each ingredient is melted, dip the tops of the corked bottles in the mixture. It will completely exclude the air.

London's Government.

Greater London, with a population of 7,000,000 and an area of 700 square miles, is a composite district, made up of 35 city boroughs and 29 suburban towns, governed by various city and town councils, but in certain matters subordinate to the London county council.

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"Yes. After all, why should we wait?"

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"For that my thanks," responded the colonel. "Ahmed has been with me for many years, and has shared with me many hardships. If he lives, he will be a marked man, so far as Umballa is concerned. Aid him to come to me. The loss of my camp and bungalow is nothing. The fact that we are all alive today is enough for me. But you, Bruce; will it hit you hard?"

Bruce laughed easily. "I am young. Besides, it was a pastime for me, though I went at it in a business way. I am glad that there is nothing to regret in leaving this part of the world." Yet the colonel sighed.

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The word sent a twinge of pain through Bruce's heart. Home! Would he ever have a real one? Was she to go out of his life at last? Kathlyn Hare.

"But you, Ramabal?" said Kathlyn.

"I shall return to Allaha, I and Pundita," replied Ramabal.

"It will be death!" objected Bruce and Kathlyn together.

"I think not," and Ramabal permitted one of his mysterious smiles to stir his lips.

"Ramabal!" whispered Pundita, fearfully.

"Yes. After all, why should we wait?"

"I?"

"Even so!"

"What is all this about?" inquired Kathlyn.

"Allah is weary of Umballa's iron heel, weary of a vacillating Council. And the time has arrived when the two must be abolished. A thousand men await the turn of my hand. And who has a better right to the throne of Allaha than Pundita, my wife?"

"Good!" cried Kathlyn, her eyes sparkling. "Good! And if we can help you—"

"Kit," interposed the colonel, "we can give Ramabal and Pundita only our good wishes. Our way lies to the west, to the seaport, and home."

Ramabal bowed.

And the party returned to the compound rather subdued. This quiet young native banker would go far.

"And if I am ever a queen, will my beautiful memasahib come back some day and visit me?"

"That I promise, Pundita, though I have no love for Allaha."

"We will go with you to the coast," said Ramabal, "and on our return to Allaha will see what has become of the faithful Ahmed."

"For that my thanks," responded the colonel. "Ahmed has been with me for many years, and has shared with me many hardships. If he lives, he will be a marked man, so far as Umballa is concerned. Aid him to come to me. The loss of my camp and bungalow is nothing. The fact that we are all alive today is enough for me. But you, Bruce; will it hit you hard?"

Bruce laughed easily. "I am young. Besides, it was a pastime for me, though I went at it in a business way. I am glad that there is nothing to regret in leaving this part of the world." Yet the colonel sighed.

And Kathlyn heard that sigh, and intuitively understood. The fillgree basket of gems. Of such was the mind of men.

But the colonel was taken ill that night, and it was a week before he left his bed, and another before he was considered strong enough to attempt the journey. Bala Khan proved to be a fine host, for he loved men of deeds, and this white-haired old man was one of the right kidney. He must be strong ere he took the long journey over the hot sands to the sea.

A spy of Umballa's watched and waited to carry the news to his master, the day his master's enemies departed from the haven of Bala Khan's walled city.

When the day came the khan insisted that his guests should use his own camels and servants, and upon Ramabal's return the elephants would be turned over to him for his journey back to Allaha. Thus, one bright morning, the caravan set forth for what was believed to be the last journey.

And Umballa's spy hastened away. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Why are you always smiling, Ramabal?" asked Bruce.

"I have had a dream, sahib," answered Ramabal, still smiling. "Umballa will not return here."

"You could tell me more than that." "I could, but will not," the smile giving way to sternness.

"I only knew what had become of Ahmed," said the colonel, when the last of Umballa's soldiers disappeared whence they had come, "I should feel content."

"We shall find, or he will find us, if he is alive," said Kathlyn. "Now let us make ready for the last journey. One hundred miles to the west is the Arabian gulf. It is a caravan port, and there will be sailing vessels and steamships." She shook him by the shoulders joyously. "Dad, we are going home, home!"

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