

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 of that principality, has imprisoned the colonel, named by the late king as his heir. Upon her arrival in Allahabad, Kathlyn is informed by Umballa that her father being dead, she is to be queen and must marry him forthwith. Because of her refusal she is sentenced to undergo two ordeals with wild beasts. John Bruce, an American, saves her life. The elephant which carries her from the scene of her trials runs away, separating her from the rest of the party. After a ride filled with peril Kathlyn takes refuge in a ruined temple but her haven is also 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, who bring her to Allahabad to the public mart. She is sold to Umballa, who, finding her still unamenable, throws her into the dungeon with her father. Bruce and his friends effect the release of Kathlyn and the colonel, and the fugitives are given shelter in the palace of Bala Khan. Supplied with camels and servants by that hospitable prince, the party endeavors to reach the coast, but is overpowered by a band of brigands, and the encounter results in the colonel being delivered to Umballa. Kathlyn and Bruce escape from their captors and return to Allahabad, where Kathlyn learns that her father, while nominally king, is in reality a prisoner. Kathlyn rescues him, and once more they steal away from Allahabad, but return when they learn that Winnie, Kathlyn's young sister, has come to India. Umballa makes her a prisoner. She is crowned queen of Allahabad. Kathlyn in disguise gains admission to Winnie's room, but is discovered by Umballa, who orders that she be offered as a sacrifice to the god Jugger. She is rescued by the colonel and his friends. Kathlyn, disguised as an animal trainer, takes part in a public exhibition.

CHAPTER XVIII—Continued.

Matters came to pass as Ramabal had planned: the night work in the arena, the clearing of the tunnel, the making of the trap, the perfecting of all the details of escape. Ahmed would be given charge of the exit, Lal Singh of the road, and Ali (Bruce's man) would arrange that outside the city there should be no barriers. All because Ramabal thought more of his conscience than of his ambitions for Pundita.

And when, late in the afternoon, the exhibition was over, Kathlyn stepped upon the trap, threw aside her veil, and revealed herself to the spectators. For all her darkened skin they recognized her, and a deep murmur ran round the arena. Kathlyn, knowing how volatile the people were, extended her hands toward the royal box. When the murmurs died away she spoke in Hindustani:

"I will face the arena lions!" The murmurs rose again, gaining such volume that they became roars, which the disturbed beasts took up and augmented.

Again Kathlyn made a sign for silence, and added: "Provided my sister stands at my side!"

To this Umballa said no. The multitudes shouted defiance. In the arena they were masters, even as the populace in the old days of Rome were masters of their emperors.

Winnie, comprehending that this was her cue, stepped forward in the box and signified by gestures that she would join her sister.

The roaring began again, but this time it had the quality of cheers. A real spectacle! To face the savage African lions unarmed! A fine spectacle!

Winnie was lowered from the box, and as her feet touched the ground she ran quickly to Kathlyn's side.

"Winnie, I am standing on a trap. When it sinks be not alarmed."

"My Kit!" cried Winnie, squeezing her adored sister's hand.

The arena was cleared, and the doors to the lions' dens were opened. The great maned African lion stood for a moment blinking in the sunshine. One of them roared out his displeasure, and saw the two women. Then all of them leaped toward what they supposed were to be their victims.

That night in the bazaars they said that Umballa was warring in the face of the gods. The erstwhile white queen of the yellow hair was truly a great magician. For did she not cause the earth to open up and swallow her sister and herself?

CHAPTER XIX.

The Uprising.

Through the tunnel, into the street, into the care of Ahmed and Lal Singh, then hurriedly to the house of Ramabal. The fact that they had to proceed to Ramabal's was a severe blow to Bruce and the colonel. They had expected all to be mounted the instant they came from the tunnel, a swift, unobstructed flight to the gate and freedom. But Ahmed could not find his elephants. Too late he learned that the mahouts he had secretly engaged had misunderstood his instructions and had stationed themselves near the main entrance to the arena!

The cursing and railing against fate is a futile thing, never bearing fruit; so Ramabal suggested his house till transportation could be secured. They perfectly understood that they could not remain in the house more than a few hours, for Umballa would surely send his men every where, and quite possibly first of all to Ramabal's.

Still Ramabal did not appear very much alarmed. There were secret stairways in his house that not even Pundita knew, and at a pinch he had a plan by which he could turn away investigation. Only in the direst need, though, did he intend to execute the plan. He wanted his friends out of Allahabad without the shedding of any blood.

"Well," said Ahmed, angrily casting aside his disguise, "well, Ramabal, this is the crisis. Will you strike?"

Lal Singh's wrinkled face lightened up with eagerness.

"We are ready, Ramabal," he said.

"We?" Ramabal paused in his pacing to gaze keenly into the eyes of the old conspirator.

"Yes, we. For I, Lal Singh, propose to take my stand at your right hand. I have not been idle. Everywhere your friends are evincing impatience. Ah, I know. You wish for a bloodless rebellion; but that cannot be, not among our people. You have said that in their zeal your followers, if they knew, would sweep the poor old king out of your path. Listen. Shall we put him back on the throne, to perform some other mad thing like this gift of his throne to the Colonel Sahib?"

Ramabal, watched intently by the two conspirators for the British raj and his white friends, paced back and forth, his hands behind his back, his head bent. He was a Christian, he was not only a Christian, he was a Hindu, and the shedding of blood was doubly abhorrent to his mind.

"I am being pulled by two horses," he said.

"Act quickly," advised Ahmed; "one way or the other. Umballa will throw his men round the whole city and there will not be a space large enough for a rat to crawl through. And he will fight like a rat this time; mark me."

Ramabal paused suddenly in front of his wife and smiled down at her.

"Pundita, you are my legal queen. It is for you to say what shall be done. I had in mind a republic."

Lal Singh cackled ironically.

"Do not dream," said Ahmed. "Common sense should tell you that there can be no republic in Allahabad. There must be an absolute ruler, nothing less. Your majesty, speak," he added, salaaming before Pundita.

She looked wildly about the room, vainly striving to read the faces of her white friends; but their expressions were like stone images. No help there, no guidance.

"Is the life of a decrepit old man," asked Lal Singh, "worth the lives of the white people who love and respect you?"

Pundita rose and placed her hands upon her husband's shoulders.

"We owe them our lives. Strike, Ramabal; but only if our need demands it."

"Good," said Lal Singh. "I'm off for the bazaars for the night. I will buy chupatties and pass them about, as they did in my father's time at Delhi in the great mutiny."

And he vanished.

Have you ever witnessed the swarming of bees? Have you ever heard the hum and buzz of them? So looked and sounded the bazaars that night. At every intersection of streets and passages there were groups, buzzing and gesticulating. In the gutters the cocoanut oil lamps flickered, throwing weird shadows upon the walls, and squatting about the lamps the fruit sellers and candy sellers and cobblers and tailors jabbered and droned. Light women, with painted faces, went abroad boldly.

And there was but one word on all these tongues: Magic!

Could any human being pass through what this white woman had? No! She was the reincarnation of



The Sisters Reunited.

some forgotten goddess. They knew that, and Umballa would soon bring famine and plague and death among them. Whenever they uttered his name they spat to cleanse their mouths of the defilement.

For the present the soldiers were his, and groups of them swaggered through the bazaars, chanting drunk-ly and making speech with the light women and jostling honest men into the gutters.

All these things Lal Singh saw and heard and made note of as he went from house to house among the chosen and told them to hold themselves in readiness, as the hour was near at hand. Followed the clicking of gunlocks and the rattle of cartridges. A thousand fierce youths ready for anything—death, or loot, or the beauties of the zenanas. For patriotism in southern Asia depends largely upon what treasures one may wring from it.

But how would they know the hour for the uprising? A servant would call and ask for chupatties. Good, and the meeting place? Ramabal's garden. It was well. They would be ready.

Flicker-flicker went the lights; flick-

er-flicker went the tongues. And the peaceful oriental stars looked down serenely.

Umballa remained in the palace, burning with the fires of murder. Messenger after messenger came to report that the fugitives were still at large. Contrary to Ahmed's expectations, Umballa did not believe that his enemies would be foolhardy enough to seek refuge in the house of Ramabal. The four roads leading out of the city were watched, the colonel's bungalow, and even the ruins of Bruce's camp. They were still in the city, but where?

A king's peg, and another, and Umballa stormed, his heart filled with Dutch courage.

Ramabal made his preparations in case the hunters entered the house. He opened a secret door which led into a large gallery, dim and dusty, but still beautiful. Ancient armor covered the walls—armor of the days when there existed in Delhi a peacock throne; armor inlaid with gold and silver and turquoise; and there were jewel incrustured swords and daggers, a blazing helmet which one of Pundita's ancestors had worn when the Great Khan came thundering down from China.

"Here," said Ramabal to the colonel, "you will be safe. They might search for days without learning this room existed. There will be no need to remain here now. Time enough when my servant gives warning."

They filed out of the gallery solemnly. And Kathlyn went out into the garden, followed by Bruce.

"Do you know," said Kathlyn, "the sight of all that armor, old and still magnificent, seemed to awaken the recollection of another age to me?"

He wanted to take her in his arms, but he waited for her to continue the thought.

"I wonder if in the dim past I was not an Amazon?"

"I wonder, too," he said.

"It is marvelous how this horrid country has brought out in me things, emotions, and the like, that I never dreamed existed. Tonight I feel like a pagan. I want to put on one of those amazing chain armors, take a sword and go forth."

She stretched out her arms and suddenly he caught them and drew them down.

"Kathlyn, we may or may not get out of this alive. I have my doubts, for all Ramabal's thousand guns. There will be desperate men about, taking whatever side promises the most loot; and they will be everywhere, like poisonous flies. God knows I ought not to speak, to say anything, but my heart is too full this night."

She tried to draw away her hands.

"I love you, Kathlyn!"

"No, no!" She struggled back from him.

"With all my heart and soul. You are as irresistible as breathing. And I wait for you for my wife, Kit!"

"No, John! Perhaps my poor father is right. A curse of some sort seems to be hanging over us. For look: how many times has everything looked bright, only to turn out like this! The cable saying that Winnie was on her way, the brigands, Ahmed's long sleep, the mistake this afternoon of the mahouts. I wonder if my own God has forsaken us?"

"Kit!"

"No, no! I refuse to let you be dragged into this. I want you to go, to go now while there is time. I command it. As you say, we cannot tell what may happen. The rebellion may prove a fizzle; but, one way or the other, there will be death. I want you to leave us, for we are indeed accursed!"

The man at her side laughed. To her ears it was the same laughter she had heard in the desert. In her heart she knew that he would not go. Was she glad?

"My life is mine, Kit," he said, releasing her hands, "and I give it to you. But I promise not to speak of love again till you are safe and sound on the broad Pacific. There are Ahmed and Lal Singh and Ramabal, and I will be their lieutenant. By the Lord Harry, besides yourself there is only one thing I want: my hand round the throat of the black devil who has caused all this. He seems to bear a charmed life. Never have I had a good opportunity to get near him. But patience!"

"Let us return to father and Winnie," she said. "Besides, perhaps I ought not to have come out here at all."

And Winnie! The change which had taken place in the child was the most remarkable of all to Kathlyn. Winnie was a woman, quiet, brave, un-murmuring, and Kathlyn now realized that the child had been flighty simply because they had coddled her and given way to her whims in the old days. The old days! Ah, could either of them ever go back to the placid, humdrum contentment of home after all this strife?

During this talk in the garden Umballa had not been inactive. The white people could not possibly have left the city; they were still within the walls. For all that he had reasoned shrewdly regarding the house of Ramabal, he could not dismiss the possibility from his mind. So at length he ordered his captain of the guard, roughly and with curses—for Umballa was not pleasant in his cups—to proceed at once to the house of Ramabal and learn if they were there, or had been; to bastinado all the servants in the house till the truth was dragged from their lips. Dead or alive!

The captain salaamed and departed with his men. He was the same captain whom Umballa weeks before had marked for death because of his in-

solence. But the regent had found him so necessary that he dared not harm the man till real quiet was fully restored in Allahabad. And well the captain knew this; knew that his master was only biding his time and that once Umballa had his desires his (the captain's) throat would not be worth a copper piece. But the captain was a gambler, and Umballa's ruses were as necessary to him as air and water. Still, if Umballa had hidden fangs, so had he. Let the regent strike.

As Bruce and Kathlyn reached the door leading into the house they were met by Ramabal, whose face was grave.

"Ah, memsahib, you ought not to have come out here. You might be seen. Perhaps Umballa is merely playing with us, cat and mouse wise."

He might have had more at his tongue's end, but he was destined not to utter it. The gate was flung open violently and the servant who had been watching the street burst in with the cry:

"Soldiers!"

The colonel, Winnie and Pundita appeared. For a moment they believed that Ramabal was going to guide them

to the secret gallery. But suddenly he raised his hand and stared boldly at the gate. And by that sign Bruce and the colonel understood; Ramabal had taken up the dice to make his throw. The two men put their hands to their revolvers and waited.

Soon the captain and his men came rushing in only to stop short at a sign from Ramabal.

"Captain," he began, "is Durga Ram a good master? Does he keep his promises?"

The captain turned and eyed his men.

"Does he look out for your welfare as an honest man should, or does he simply use you as his tools and dupes? For what does he want the soldiers? To guard the weak and the oppressed from the strong, or to fortify himself in such a manner that it will be easy for him to take what money he wishes and flee? Is he a good master who persecutes for his own ends?"

"Ramabal," said the captain, "speak out your thought frankly and clearly."

Thus challenged, Ramabal said: "Join our side, and tomorrow at dawn we will strike a blow for the betterment of Allahabad!"

"And what of the old man in the dungeon?"

"Wait till we overthrow Umballa and the cowardly Council; then we shall speak of him. Well?" proudly and fearlessly.

"Ramabal," replied the captain, "I, too, will be frank. I will be loyal to the hand that pays me best, for I am not an Allahab by birth. I am a mercenary. I have said it."

"Be with me on the morrow and I promise out of my own chest will I pay you your arrears and earnest money for the future. On the other hand, what will you gain by taking us prisoners to Umballa?"

"My lord's word is known. I myself will take charge of the affairs at the palace; and Umballa shall go to the burning ghats. I will announce to

him that I found you not. When you arrive at the palace you will find everything in readiness. But till you come I dare not lift a hand."

And at that moment he meant every word he said. Ramabal was the richest man in Allahabad. He turned again to his men, to find that they were ready to follow Ramabal anywhere and at any time.

Ahmed, who knew the Asiatic heart thoroughly, could scarcely repress a smile. No matter. If they proved loyal to Ramabal on the morrow much would be forgiven.

The captain and his men departed, while Ramabal and his friends reentered the house, to find the imper-turbable Lal Singh decked out in his lawful finery. He was Ramabal's right hand, and the British raj vanished into nothingness.

"All is ready," he announced.

"Dawn," replied Ramabal.

"The servant goes forth for the chupatties."

Dawn. The garden was filled with silent armed men. With Ramabal in the secret gallery were the chiefs. Ramabal indicated the blazing swords.

"My friends, choose among these weapons. The gems are nothing, but the steel is tried and true."

Lal Singh selected the simplest, salaamed, and slid the scabbard through his cummerbund.

As for Kathlyn, she could not keep her eyes off the beautiful chafis cutlery which had once upon a time been worn by one of Pundita's forbears, a warrior queen.

"Beautiful, beautiful!" she exclaimed. "Pundita, may I put it on! And tell me the story of the warrior queen. To be brave like that, to fight side by side with the man she loved!" She put the cutlery on.

Quite involuntarily her eyes roved to Bruce, who was staring at her like one entranced. The hearts of both of them leaped, but their lips remained mute. There was, however, a message in the eyes which each read with equal clearness. Oh, to be free, to be back in the old familiar world!

Lowly Pundita told the story. As she unfolded the tale Kathlyn experienced a strange exhilaration, unlike anything she had previously known. She wanted to snatch down one of the swords, start out for the palace, to stand in the midst of battle. And the odd part of it was this exhilaration was not transient; it grew and expanded magically, like a fakir's peepul tree.

The sky was yellow when the little army started off upon its desperate emprise. A guard was left behind for the women.

"God be with you," said Kathlyn, as she gave her hand to Bruce.

"Kathlyn, I'm afraid of you," he said earnestly.

"In what way?"

"What made you put on that chain armor? And your eyes look so strange! Ah, promise me that you will stay here and obey the men left to guard you! You know the way to the secret armory. Fly to it at the first sound of firing. No one knows how this is going to end. I would not give a rupee for the word of any soldier in Allahabad. Promise, or I shall not be able to keep my mind on what is before me."

"I promise that only in the matter of life and death will I stir. Oh, impulsively, 'why was I not born a man!'"

"I much prefer you as you are." He smiled, kissed her hand, and took his place among the eager revolutionists.

"Kit," said Winnie when the women were alone, "that man loves you!"

"And, Winnie, girl, if anything happens to him it will kill me!" Kathlyn wrapped her arms about her sister.

Pundita solemnly gave each of the girls a dagger.

"What is this for?" Kathlyn asked.

"If my lord falls there will be worse things than death in store for us." Pundita was again the fatalist. "My husband strikes openly now. He must win or die."

War! Rebellion! Great clamor and shouting before the palace stairs!

"Give us Umballa and the Council!"

"Give us the gutter rat, Durga Ram!"

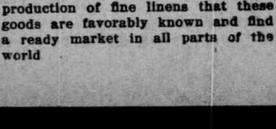
"We will bury him with the swine!"

"Umballa!"

From one end of the city to the other there was turmoil.

Umballa heard the shouting and at first did not understand; but soon the truth came to him. The city was in revolt. He summoned what servants he could trust and armed them. And when the captain of the guard entered to seize Umballa he was himself overpowered. The dispatch with which this was accomplished stunned the soldiers, who knew not what to do without their leader.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Improved Road in the Woods.

No Fresh Air for Him.—No doctor would ever have made Lord Brampton—best remembered as Sir Henry Hawkins—subscribe to the new theory that it is beneficial to sit in a draft. "Few people had greater objection to fresh air than Hawkins," writes Mr. J. A. Foote, K. C. "At one time he had a sort of movable sentry box constructed for his use in court, in order to prevent any possibility of a draft. He once expressed his preference for suffocation rather than chill on the ground that this was a slower death."—London Chronicle.

Linen Weaving in Bohemia.—One of the oldest and most important industries of northern Bohemia is that of linen weaving, which furnishes employment under favorable conditions to fully 25,000 people who are so skilled and clever in the production of fine linens that these goods are favorably known and find a ready market in all parts of the world.

Flour Weevil.—Sometimes weevils and so-called bugs found by a housekeeper in her flour are there because of carelessness in keeping the flour bins clean. Generally, however, these pests come from the mill from which the flour or meal was purchased. To avoid criticism in this connection, millers should not only practise the greatest care in keeping the mills clean, but resort occasionally to fumigation. Hydrocyanic acid is the best agent for this purpose, since it in no way injures dry mill products of any kind, and the fact that it is extremely poisonous makes one very careful in handling it.

Trees 700 Years Old.—Observations and records as to the general age of trees have shown that the pine tree attains 700 years as a maximum length of life; 425 years is regarded as the allotted span of the silver fir; the larch lives, as a rule, about 275 years; the red beech, 245; the aspen, 210; the birch, 200; the ash, 170; the elder, 145; the elm, 130.

FOR BETTER ROADS

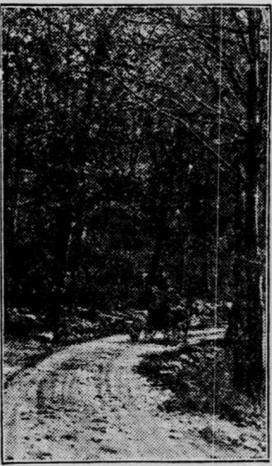
BENEFIT OF GOOD HIGHWAYS

Main Market Roads Reach Majority of Producing Areas and When Improved Land Values Increase.

The road-building specialists of the United States department of agriculture in bulletin No. 136, entitled "Highway Bonds," have the following to say about the benefit of a well-constructed highway to property owners whose property is not directly on the road to be improved:

In planning the highway system or the main market roads it will be found necessary to omit many roads the improvement of which is greatly desired by abutting landowners. The fact that such property holders must pay a tax for the bond issue is only an apparent injustice, for if the highway system is well planned the entire county will feel the benefits of the improvement. As a rule, main market roads reach the majority of producing areas, and when they are improved all land values tend to increase.

The fact that cities and larger towns are frequently taxed for bond issues to build highways outside of their own limits is sometimes made a



Improved Road in the Woods.

point of debate in bond elections. It is argued that because a large part of the county wealth is within the corporate limit of such cities and towns highway bond money should also be used to construct their streets. It is even urged that the expenditure should be made proportionate to the assessed valuation within the city limits. If the proceeds of highway bond issues were distributed in this way, their purpose in many cases would be defeated. The primary object of the county highway bond issue is to build county market roads and not to improve city streets, although a high percentage of the assessed valuation may be city property. It is now known that the expenditure of city taxes on county roads is a sound principle and that it is one of the best features of state aid for highways. In Massachusetts the city of Boston pays possibly 40 per cent of the total state highway fund, but not a mile of state-aid highway has been built within its limits. New York city also pays about 60 per cent of the cost of the state highway bonds. Some state laws prohibit the expenditure of proceeds of state highway bonds within corporate limits of cities or towns.

The improvement of market roads results in improved marketing conditions, which benefit the city. Most cities are essentially dependent upon the surrounding country for their prosperity and development. The development of suburban property for residence purposes is also dependent upon highway conditions, and it is becoming evident yearly that what-ever makes for an increase in rural population must be encouraged. Since the introduction of motor traffic county highways are used to an increasing extent by city residents. In fact, the cost of maintaining many country highways has been greatly increased by the presence of city-owned motor vehicles. The general advance in facilities for doing country business from town headquarters when roads are improved is no inconsiderable factor in the commercial life of the community.

Benefits of Wide Tires.—On the common earth roads and in the fields horses can on an average pull 50 per cent more load on a wide-tired wagon than one with narrow tires. In other words, two horses can pull as much load on the wide tires as three can on a narrow-tired wagon. The wide tires help pack the road, the narrow tires cut ruts.

Good Road Building.—One of the secrets of good road building is the perfectly rounded and well drained crown.

Value of Warm Barns.—Dairymen having warm barns and abundance of skim milk, can raise the fall and early winter calves with less trouble and with scarcely any expense as no feed will have to be bought and there is plenty of time to feed and care for the little fellows.

Feed for Dairy Cows.—Clover hay is a very good feed and cotton-seed hulls rather poor for dairy cows. Cotton-seed hulls can be used as a filler, but they do not furnish very much milk-making material.

"CASCARETS" ACT ON LIVER; BOWELS

No sick headache, biliousness, bad taste or constipation by morning.

Get a 10-cent box. Are you keeping your bowels, liver and stomach clean, pure and fresh with Cascarets, or merely forcing a passageway every few days with Salts, Cathartic Pills, Castor Oil or Purgative Waters?

Stop having a bowel wash-day. Let Cascarets thoroughly cleanse and regulate the stomach, remove the sour and fermenting food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out of the system all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret to-night will make you feel great by morning. They work while you sleep—never gripe, sicken or cause any inconvenience, and cost only 10 cents a box from your store. Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never have Headache, Biliousness, Coated Tongue, Indigestion, Sour Stomach or Constipation. Adv.

WHERE SHE DREW THE LINE

Colored Lady Would Not Stand for Any Dickering With New-Fangled Religion.

"How is your husband?" asked Mrs. Wells of her colored washwoman.

"Porely, porely, ma'am. He's laid up with a misery in his back, but he's mighty glad it ain't no toothache. He never could stand toothache."

"Too bad!" sympathized the lady. "Did the clothes fit him that my husband sent over?"

"No'm," was the regretful reply. "No'm, they didn't. They was too big. He had to