

# The Adventures of Kathlyn

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

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

### SYNOPSIS.

**CHAPTER I**—Kathlyn Hare, believing her father, Col. Hare, in peril, has summoned her, leaves her home in California to go to him in Allaha, India. Umballa, pretender to the throne, has imprisoned the colonel, named by the late king as his heir.

**CHAPTER II**—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.

**CHAPTER III**—She still refuses and is told that she must undergo two ordeals with wild beasts. If she survives she will be permitted to rule.

**CHAPTER IV**—John Bruce, an American, saves her life.

**CHAPTER V**—The elephant which carries her from the scene of her trials runs away, separating her from Bruce and the rest of the party.

**CHAPTER VI**—She takes refuge in a ruined temple, but this haven is the abode of a lion and she is forced to flee from it.

**CHAPTER VII**—She finds a retreat in the jungle, only to fall into the hands of slave traders.

**CHAPTER VIII**—Kathlyn is brought to the public mart in Allaha and sold to Umballa, who, finding her still intractable, throws her into the dungeon with her father.

**CHAPTER IX**—She is rescued by Bruce and his friends.

**CHAPTER X**—Colonel Hare also is rescued. Umballa, with soldiers, starts in pursuit. Kathlyn is struck by a bullet.

**CHAPTER XI**—The fugitives are given shelter in the palace of Bala Khan.

**CHAPTER XII**—Supplied by camels by the hospitable prince they start for the coast, but are captured by brigands. Umballa journeys to the lair of the bandits, makes the colonel a prisoner, and orders Bruce and Kathlyn killed.

**CHAPTER XIII**—The bandits quarrel over the money paid them by Umballa and during the confusion Kathlyn and Bruce escape and return to Allaha. They concoct a plan to rescue the colonel.

**CHAPTER XIV**—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 Juggernaut. She is rescued by the colonel and his friends.

**CHAPTER XV**—Kathlyn, disguised as an animal trainer, takes part in a public exhibition, which attracts the people and rescues her identity.

**CHAPTER XVI**—The colonel is nominally king, but really a prisoner. It is arranged to find a bride for him. Kathlyn gains access to the palace in disguise, and her rescue plans are succeeding when the treasury leopards escape through the court into the courtyard.

**CHAPTER XVII**—The panic Ramabal and Bruce rescue Kathlyn and her father, and the party steals away from Allaha.

**CHAPTER XVIII**—The colonel hears that his younger daughter, Winnie, is about to arrive in Allaha. The party journeys back to Allaha. Kathlyn arrives before they do and walks into the trap prepared for her by Umballa. Winnie is crowned queen. Kathlyn and her father assist in disguise and make their presence known to the terrified girl.

**CHAPTER XIX**—Kathlyn, Winnie, their father and Bruce find a hiding place in the home of Ramabal, the late king's wife, Fundita, in the lawful queen of Allaha, and public sentiment in her favor is growing. The people at last weary of Umballa's misrule, rise against him, with Ramabal at their head and Bruce and the colonel fighting under him. The rebels at first are defeated, but Kathlyn's timely appearance inspires them and the time turns in their favor.

**CHAPTER XX**—The arena lions escape and Kathlyn is taken to safety in a deserted house. She is discovered by Umballa, who is fleeing with the rebels. Mad for revenge he sets fire to the house.

**CHAPTER XXI**—Escaping from that danger, Kathlyn next threatens her servant sacrifices himself and saves Kathlyn. Ramabal has long suspected that the real king, who is now in Allaha, is named. With the assistance of Bruce and Hare he finds the king where he had been imprisoned by Umballa and escorts him to the palace.

**CHAPTER XXII**—Umballa sneaks back to the city, and with the assistance of a woman of the harem, murders the old king, and arranges to have himself crowned queen, but Umballa secures the support of the priesthood, returns to the palace, and is proclaimed emperor and imprisons Kathlyn, Winnie, Hare and Bruce.

**CHAPTER XXIII**—Kathlyn is again crowned queen. Umballa's accomplice confesses and the villain is sent to the treadmill. The late king leaves a silver basket containing immense treasure to Kathlyn. They start out on their journey. After they leave the city Umballa is released by the priests with the promise of ultimate freedom if he secures the treasure.

**CHAPTER XXIV**—Umballa outstrips Kathlyn and her friends in the race for the treasure.

**CHAPTER XXV**—Umballa buries the treasure, but it is discovered by Kathlyn and her party.

**CHAPTER XXVI**—The treasure is distributed to the poor of Allaha. Umballa is returned to the treadmill. Fundita returns as queen and Kathlyn and her party start on the return journey to their home in California.

**CHAPTER XXVII**—Umballa sneaks back to the city, and with the assistance of a woman of the harem, murders the old king, and arranges to have himself crowned queen, but Umballa secures the support of the priesthood, returns to the palace, and is proclaimed emperor and imprisons Kathlyn, Winnie, Hare and Bruce.

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not hesitate to charge us with forgery and heaven knows what else. Let us bury the basket, by all means; return for it and carry it away by piecemeal. To carry it away as it is, in bulk, would be courting suicide."

Ahmed scratched his chin. Trust a white man for logic.

"And, besides," went on Bruce, "the news would go all over the Orient and the Thugs would come like flies scenting honey. No, this must be kept secret if we care to get away with it. It cannot be worth less than a million. And I've known white men who would cut our throats for a handful of rupees."

For the first time since the expedition started out the colonel became normal, a man of action, cool in the head and foresighted. The hardships of his incarceration, the many dangers through which he had passed and the constant worry over his daughters had had their effect upon his mental and physical being. Heretofore he had been content to let others lead and blindly follow, apparently hoping little for ultimate success and freedom. Now he was the colonel of old, the intrepid and resourceful man whom Ahmed had followed in many a hunting expedition.

"Ahmed, spread out the men around the camp," he ordered, briskly. "Instruct them to shoot over the head of anyone who approaches; this the first time. The second time, to kill. Bruce has the right idea, so let us get busy. Over there, where that boulder is. The ground will be damp and soft under it, and when we roll it back there will be no sign of its having been disturbed. I used to cache ammunition that way. Give me that spade."

It was good to Kathlyn's ears to hear her father talk like this.

At a depth of three feet the basket was lowered, covered and the boulder rolled into place. After that the colonel stooped and cambed the turf where the boulder had temporarily rested. He showed his wonderful woodcraft there. It would take a keener eye than Umballa possessed to note any disturbance. The safety of the treasure ultimately, however, depended upon the loyalty of the keepers under Ahmed.

They had been with the colonel for years; yet . . . the colonel shrugged. He had to trust them; that was all there was to the matter. Here was a treasure that might well test the honesty of any man. No one could foretell whether the loyalty of his keepers would stand up against a temptation such as this. But there was no alternative, he must trust them.

A sentinel came rushing up—one of the keepers.

"Something is stampeding the elephants!" he cried.

Ahmed and the men who rushed off. In Ahmed's opinion, considering what lay before them, elephants were more important than colored stones and yellow metal. Without the elephants they would indeed find themselves in straits.

"Let us move away from here," advised Bruce, picking up the implements and shouldering them. He walked several yards away, tossed shovel and pick into the bushes, tore at the turf and stamped on it, giving it every appearance of having been disturbed. The colonel nodded approvingly. It was a good point and he had overlooked it.

They returned hastily to camp, which was about two hundred yards beyond the boulder. Kathlyn entered her tent to change her clothes, ragged, soiled and burnt. The odor of wet burnt cloth is never agreeable. And she needed dry shoes, even if there was but an hour or two before bedtime.

Only one elephant had succeeded in bolting. In some manner he had loosened his peg; but what had started him on the run they never learned. The other elephants were swaying uneasily, but their pegs were deep and their chains stout. Ahmed and the keepers went after the truant on foot.

The noise of the chase died away. Bruce was lighting his pipe. The colonel was examining by the firelight a few emeralds which he had taken from the basket. Ramabal was pleasantly gazing at his wife. Kathlyn and Winnie were emerging from the tent, when a yell greeted their astonished ears. The camp was surrounded. From one side came Umballa, from the other side came the harem. Kathlyn and Winnie sat to their father's side. In between came Umballa, with Bruce and Ramabal and Fundita effectually separated. Umballa and his men closed in upon the colonel and his daughter. "Treasure and revenge!"

Bruce made a furious effort to join Kathlyn, but the numbers against him were too many. It was all done so suddenly and effectually, and all due to their own carelessness. They had not fully realized the resourcefulness and devilish ingenuity of the arch villain, Umballa. He had caught them off their guard and they were again appearing in his power. What new form of cruelty were they now to be subjected to?

"Kit," said her father, "our only chance is to refuse to discover to Umballa where we have hidden the basket. While, if you open your lips it will be death—yours, Kit's, mine. To have been careless like this! O, Kit, on my honor, if Umballa would undertake to convey us to the seaport I'd gladly give him all the treasure and all the money I have of my own. But we know him too well. He will torture us all."

"I've gone through much; I can do this no more," calmly replied



Ramabal Drinks to His White Friends.

Kathlyn. "But I shall never wear a precious stone again, if I live. I abhor them!"

"I am my father's daughter," said Winnie.

"Put the howdahs on the two elephants," Umballa ordered.

The men obeyed clumsily, being fishermen by occupation and mahouts by compulsion.

Kathlyn tried in vain to see where they were taking Bruce and the others. Some day, if she lived, she was going to devote a whole day to weeping, for she never had time to do this in her life. The thought caused her to smile, despite her despair. Of adventure and suffering and hardship she had had more than her share since coming to this benighted country. If she ever escaped she would be content to settle down to the quiet humdrum of ordinary existence for many months.

When the elephants were properly saddled with the howdahs Umballa gave his attention to the prisoners. He hailed them jovially. They were old friends. What could he do for them?

"Conduct us to the seaport," said the colonel, "and on my word of honor I will tell you where we have hidden the treasure."

"Ho!" jeered Umballa, arms akimbo. "I'd be a fool to put my head into such a trap. I love you too well. Yet I am not wholly without heart. Tell me where it lies and I will let you go."

"Cut our throats at once, you beast, for none of us will tell you under any conditions save those I have named. Men," the colonel continued, "this man is an ingrate, a thief and a murderer. He has promised you much gold for your part in this. But in the end he will cheat you and destroy you."

Umballa laughed. "They have already had their earnest. Soon they will have more. But talk with them—plead, urge, promise. No more questions? Well, then, listen. Reveal to me the treasure and you may go free. If you refuse I shall take you back to Allaha—not publicly, but secretly—there to inflict what punishments I see fit."

"I have nothing more to say," replied the colonel.

"No? And thou, white goddess?"

Kathlyn stared over his head, her face expressionless. It stirred him more than outspoken contempt would have done.

"And you, pretty one?" Umballa eyed Winnie speculatively.

Winnie drew closer to her sister, but that was all.

"So be it. Allaha it shall be, with-out a meddling Ramabal; back to the gurus who love you so!" He dropped his banter. "You call me a murderer. I admit it. I have killed the man who was always throwing his benefits into my face, who brought me up not as a companion but as a plaything. He is dead. I slew him. After the first, what are two or three more crimes of this order?" He snapped his fingers. "I want that treasure, and you will tell me where it is before I am done with you. You will tell me on your knees, gladly! Now, men! There is a long journey before us."

The colonel, Kathlyn and Winnie were forced into one howdah, while Umballa mounted the other. As for the quasi-mahouts, they were not particularly happy behind the ears of the elephants, who, with that keen appreciation of their kind, understood instinctively that they had to do with novices. But for the promise of gold that dangled before their eyes, threats of violent death could not have forced these men upon the elephants.

They started east, and the jungle closed in behind them.

As for Umballa, he cared not what became of the other prisoners.

They were being held captive in one of the village huts. The chief had pleaded in vain. He was dishonored, for they had made him break his word to the white people. So he it sooner or later the glitter of gold would leave

their eyes and they would come to him and beg for pardon.

Moonlight. The village slept. Two fishermen sat before the hut confining the prisoners, on guard. An elephant squealed in the distance. Out of the shadow a sleek leopard, then another. The guards jumped to their feet and scrambled away for dear life to the nearest hut, crying the alarm. Bruce opened the door, which had no lock, and peered forth. It was natural that the leopards should give their immediate attention to the two men in flight. Bruce, realizing what had happened, called softly to Ramabal and Fundita; and the three of them stole out into the night, toward the camp. Bruce did not expect to find anyone there. What he wanted was to arm himself and to examine the boulder.

Meantime, Ahmed returned with the truant elephant to find nothing but disorder and evidences of a struggle. A tent was overturned, the long grass trampled, and the colonel's sofa-top lay crumpled near Kathlyn's tent.

"Al, al!" he wailed. But, being a philosopher, his wailing was of short duration. He ran to the boulder and examined it carefully. It had not been touched. That was well. At least that meant that his sahib and memsahib lived. Treasure! He spat out a curse . . . and threw his rifle to his shoulder. But his rage turned to joy as he discovered who the arrivals were.

"Bruce Sahib!"

"Yes, Ahmed. Umballa got the best of us. We were tricked by the truant elephant. He has taken Kathlyn back to Allaha."

"And so shall we return!"

Ahmed called to his weary men. His idea was to fill the elephant saddle bags with the gold and stones, leave it in trust with Bala Khan, who should in truth this time take his tulwar down from the wall. He divided his men, one company to guard and the other to labor. It took half an hour to push back the boulder and dig up the basket. After this was done Bruce and Ramabal and Ahmed the indefatigable carried the gold and precious stones to the especially made saddlebags. All told, it took fully an hour to complete the work.

With water and food, and well armed, they began the journey back to Allaha, a formidable cortege and in no tender mood. They proceeded in forced marches, snatching what sleep they could during the preparation of the meals.

Many a time the impulse came to Bruce to pluck the shining metal and sparkling stones from the saddlebags and toss them out into the jungle, to be lost till the crack of doom. There were also moments when he felt nothing but hatred toward the father of the girl he loved. For these trinkets Kathlyn had gone through tortures as frightful almost as those in the days of the inquisition. Upon one thing he and Ahmed had agreed, despite Ramabal's wild protest, they would leave the treasure with Bala Khan and follow his army to the walls of Allaha. If harm befall any of their loved ones not one stone should remain upon another. And Bruce declared that he would seek Umballa to the ends of the earth for the infinite pleasure of taking his black throat in his two hands and squeezing the life out of it.

Eventually and without mishap they came to the walled city of the desert, Bala Khan's stronghold. Bala Khan of necessity was always ready, always prepared. Before night of the day of their arrival an army was gathered within the city, fierce eyed, lean loined men who asked nothing better than to go to paradise, where they had but to select what hour they would and be happy eternally.

For Bala Khan's army was wholly Mohammedan; and so long since was it they had fought that they romped toward Allaha with the spirit and effervescence of puppies.

Ramabal sat in his howdah, sad and dispirited. He himself had always been an honorable man, had never acted treacherously to any, had been a banker but never a usurer. In his heart he knew that he still held the love of his people; but they dwelt in the shadow of superstition.

"Bala Khan, we have been friends, and my father was your good friend."

"It is true."

"Will you do a favor for the son?"

"Yes, if the Colonel Sahib and his daughter live. If they are dead, we to your people, son of my friend! I have given my word to the memsahib. I have made a threat before my men and must fulfill it if I would hold them hereafter. If the Colonel Sahib and his daughter live, ask what you will." Ramabal bowed.

"I will set my camp five miles beyond your walls and wait. When I see the memsahib I will salam, turn right about face and go home. Now, you, Bruce Sahib. Leave not your treasure within my walls when I shall be absent, for I cannot guarantee protection. Leave it where it is and bring it with you. Save myself, no one of my men knows what your saddlebags contain. Let us proceed upon our junket—or our war!"

Umballa reached the ancient gate of Allaha at the same time Bruce stopped before the walls of Bala Khan's city. He pulled the curtains of the howdahs and threatened death if they called out. From time to time he gave directions to the weary men astride the elephant's neck. The thought of gold was not as tempting as it had been. There was fear in his heart. This false hope one was or had been the most powerful man in all Allaha. Here he would be among friends. And the man who had but recently been a peaceful fisherman felt intermittent hot flashes about his throat.

Umballa had no intention whatever of making his presence known in Allaha. He determined to wring the secret from either the colonel or his daughter, return for the treasure and depart for Egypt down the Persian gulf. He could have tortured his captives on the way, but he was oriental; he wanted to feel all the luxuries he had formerly known, to enjoy himself physically as well as mentally. He missed the exhilaration of his misdeeds.

He made a wide detour and came out at the rear of his house. No one was in sight. He dismounted and entered, found three or four of his whitom slaves, who, when he revealed his identity, felt the old terror and fear of the man. His prisoners were brought in. A slave took the elephants to the stables. He wanted to run away and declare Umballa's presence, but fear was too strong.

Ironically Umballa bade the fishermen to enter, to eat and drink what they liked. Later he found them in a drunken stupor in the kitchen. That was where they belonged.

Umballa cast his prisoners into the secret chamber. Then he gave himself up to the luxury of a bath, had his hair and beard combed, his body anointed with perfumes, and put on his finest raiment. Then he drank his peg. As for his prisoners, he did not visit them again that day nor yet that night. The initial torture of suspense was always excellent. One thing annoyed him, however—not a murmur from these calm-eyed white people who were about to face death. He raged against this lack of feeling, for it robbed him of half his pleasure. He liked his victims to whine and cringe and beg for mercy.

Like many rich Asiatics, Umballa had his own menagerie. He had inherited it along with the demi-palace

of the king's sister died, several years before. There existed what was called the Court of Death. There were four sides to this court, and in the center of each side were bars, and behind these bars tigers or leopards or lions or wild boar—whatever pleased the owner's fancy. Many a royal battle had been waged in this court, sometimes between tigers, or a tiger and a lion, a leopard and a boar.

Umballa, after his bath, asked if the old boar was still alive. The heaven-born was told that the animal had died in the cage a few days ago. Umballa shrugged. He had had in mind a fight between the boar and a leopard, to start his circulation, as it were.

He ordered his prisoners to be brought into the Court of Death and left there. Meditation was excellent for the end. A parapet ran round the court, and from there Umballa could see everything below. His victims entered the court without struggling. They merely stood closely together in the center.

"You see?" said Umballa. "Now, where have you hidden the treasure?" Kathlyn walked over to one of the cages and peered into it. A sleek tiger trotted up to the bars and purred and invited her to scratch his head. She did not accept the invitation, however, knowing the species' tolerably well. Usually these courts of death had solid steel doors which could be drawn up or lowered at will. The animal dens were more like cages.

With a little curiosity she noted a singular arrangement of the three center bars. The removal of these three bars left an opening sufficiently wide for the egress of the largest tiger or lion.

"I am not answered," said Umballa. A click resounded from the four sides, and a bar disappeared from each of the cages.

"That will be all for the present," said Umballa. "Food and water you will not require. Tomorrow morning another bar will be removed."

And he left them.

Overhead the blue sky was growing bluer and the shadows in the Court of Death a deeper black.

Early the next morning the town began to seethe in the squares. Bala Khan's army lay encamped outside the city. Those who possessed treasures dug pits for them in the cellars of their houses. Within the great temple there was a flutter among the robed ones. What could they do? They knew not where the white goddess was, nor Umballa. They dispatched a peace messenger to the camp, but the messenger was sent back before he had passed the outpost.

When Bruce, Ramabal, Fundita, and Ahmed halted their elephants before the temple they were greeted by the now terrified priests who begged to be informed what Bala Khan proposed to do.

"Deliver us to the memsahib."

The priests swore by all their gods that they knew nothing of her.

"He speaks the truth," volunteered Ramabal, as the chief priest fell before one of his gods. "Umballa has doubtless entered secretly."

"What would you advise? For God's sake, think of something, Ramabal! He may be torturing them!"

"Let us enter the temple," said Ramabal. "Ahmed, bring the treasure and leave it in the care of the priests."

A few moments later Ramabal addressed the assemblage. "Bala Khan is hostile, but only for the sake of his friends. He lays down this law, however—obey it or disobey it: The Colonel Sahib and his daughters are to go free, to do what they please with the treasure. Fundita, according to the will of the late king, shall be crowned. Obey or disobey. I warn you that these are not my dictates, but Bala Khan's."

"Peace, peace!" The cry rose from all directions, even from the priests themselves.

The high priest held up his hand for silence. "We obey, on one condition—that the new queen shall in no manner interfere with her old religion nor attempt to force her new religion into the temple."

To this Fundita agreed.

"Ramabal, soldiers! To the house of Umballa! We shall find them there!" cried Ahmed.

Umballa squeaked upon his cushions on the terrace. The second bar had been removed. The beasts were pressing their wet muzzles to the openings and growling deep challenges.

"Once more, and for the last time, will you reveal the hiding place of the treasure?"

Not a word from the prisoners. If they told or did not tell it would have made no difference with the man above. He was drunk.

"The third bar!"

But it did not stir.

"The third bar, remove it!"

The slave who had charge of the mechanism which operated the bars refused to act. Perhaps his refusal saved the lives of the colonel and his daughters. The bastinado was ordered for the poor, disobedient wretch. Then he was thrown out into the street.

And there Bruce found him and learned what was toward.

The events which followed were of breathless rapidity. Ramabal and Umballa met upon the parapet in a struggle which promised death or the treadmill to the weaker. At the same time Bruce opened the door to the Court of Death as the final bar dropped in the cage. At the sight of him the colonel and his daughters rushed to the door. Roughly he hurled them outside, slamming the iron door, upon which the infuriated tigers flung themselves.

A week later, Kathlyn, Winnie, their father and Bruce, accompanied by the faithful Ahmed, reached the coast and set sail for their beloved California. The parting with Ramabal and Fundita, the real queen of Allaha, who at last had come into her own, was a sad one. Kathlyn and her friends had come to respect the devotion and loyalty of this couple who had shared with them so many trials and hardships.

The young newspaper man to whom Winnie was engaged and the priested Ahmed sat on the steps of the bungalow in California one pleasant afternoon. The pipe was cold in the hand of the reporter and Ahmed's cigar was dead, which always happens when one recounts an exciting tale and another listens. Among the flower beds beyond two young women wandered, followed by a young man in pongee, a panama set carelessly upon his handsome head, his face brown, his build slender but round and muscular.

"And that, sahib, is the story," sighed Ahmed.

"And Kathlyn gave the treasure to the poor of Allaha? That was fine."

"You have said."

"They should have hanged this Umballa."

"No, sahib. Death is grateful. It is not a punishment; it is peace. But Durga Ram, called Umballa, will spend the remainder of his days in the treadmill, which is a concrete hell, not abstract. Always round his ankles a steel will be iron, the galls of the night-chains. Always his wrists shall be bruised and torn; for sometimes he will lose his step and hang by his wrists. So much for ingratitude; so much for the blindness of revenge."

"Do you think England will ever step in?"

"Perhaps. But so long as Fundita rules justly, so long as her consort abets her, England will not move. I repeat, if one of them dies . . . There! the maids are calling you. As it will go and brew the Colonel Sahib's tea."

THE END.

NOT A RACE OF APE-MEN

Abundant Proof That American Cave-Dwellers Knew Advantages of Vegetable Diet.

The American cave-dwellers were not ape-men, not even big-jawed, low-browed meat eaters like the alleged associates of the famous albeit anonymous owner of the "Meadow that Skull." Corn and squash seeds, three kinds of gourds, the stone melon and the slender bones of birds tell of the largely vegetable diet of these primeval cave-dwellers.

Evidences of religious worship abound; little estufas, with places for the sacred fire among the dwellings, and larger ones in the open canyon, where circles of communal huts inclosed the central floor, hardened by the feet of thousands of dancers.

Here, still unexplored, are hundreds of tiny cavern houses built in cliffs 500 and 600 feet high, colored in maroon, ochre, sober gray and gypsum white—hues that in the sunset glow in furnace-reds and royal purple and deep lavender.

Not far away, at Casa Grande, a race of tall men lived in larger caves, and left their mummified dead to tell of six-foot braves and broad-shouldered women; while at Ploches the swathed in woven cloths, were of medium height, with here and there a taller warrior. Reservoirs to impound water for siege or drought; ditches for irrigation; pictographs that are a melange of bird or beast and weird imitations of the human form divine; pottery in beads and unbroken; splintered bows and featherless arrows; flint-tipped spears.

THE END.

gala, and baskets thickened with rabbit fur are found in some of these ancient cavern houses. — National Magazine.

Was it for Him?

Blithers and Smithers were neighbors. They were friends before they became neighbors. The enmity started by Blithers' boy pushing Smithers' kid off a high picket fence and nearly breaking his young neck. Then Smithers killed four of Blithers' chickens. After that they glared at each other like a couple of horse thieves.

Blithers hired a colored man to mow his lawn. "Rastus threw the grass over the fence into Smithers' yard."

"Hey you!" yelled Smithers. "What in thunder are you doing?"

"Rastus blinled."

"Das foh yo' mool, mister," he smiled.

"Mule!" roared Smithers. "I ain't got no mule!"

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