

THE ADVENTURES OF KATHLYN—By HAROLD MACGRATH

The Photo-Plays of This Stirring Novel Are Being Displayed in All the Leading Moving Picture Theatres

The photo-dramas corresponding to the instalments of "The Adventures of Kathlyn" may now be seen at a number of the leading moving picture theatres. By this unique arrangement it is, therefore, possible not only to read "The Adventures of Kathlyn" in THE SUN but also to keep pace with each instalment of it at the moving picture theatres.

SYNOPSIS.

Kathlyn Hare, deceived by a forged message, believes her father, Col. Hare, who is hunting in India, has summoned her to him. She starts immediately for Allahabad.

Umballa, a protégé of the King of Allahabad, hopes to succeed to the throne. On a previous visit to Allahabad, Col. Hare had saved the life of the King, and as reward a decoration, carrying with it royal honors and the right of succession, had been conferred upon him.

In the meantime the King of Allahabad has died and Umballa and the three Councilors of the Kingdom have thrown Col. Hare into prison.

On the arrival in Allahabad she is informed by Umballa that her father is dead and that she is the queen. An elaborate dinner is given in her honor, the figure of which is Kathlyn, protesting and grief-stricken. In her extremity she thinks of John Bruce, a fellow passenger on the boat. Her father's servant, Ahmed, approaching to greet her with flowers, she whispers his name and tells him to bring Bruce to her aid. She refuses to marry Umballa.

The Council decrees she shall face several ordeals. She is rescued by Bruce after many adventures. Kathlyn takes refuge in a ruined temple. There she is discovered by a holy man, who believes he has produced an ancient prescience. Kathlyn lives in the temple for many days before being discovered by a party of Mohammedan hunters.

They decide to take her to Allahabad and there sell her as a slave. Umballa, strolling through the market, is attracted to a wild and beautiful yellow-haired girl who is being auctioned. Impressed by her beauty, he purchases her. He takes her to his house, where she reveals her identity. Later she is taken before the Council, who decide she should be locked up. In the cell in the palace prison into which Umballa has taken her, Kathlyn discovers her father chained to the wall. At this very moment Bruce receives Kathlyn's message and rushes to the palace, where he faces Umballa and the Council and demands the return of Kathlyn. After a fight he is overpowered and carried away. Umballa returns to the cell and attempts to hurt Kathlyn and her father. During the ensuing struggle, which is witnessed by the Colonel's reach and the prisoner's hand closes tightly on his throat.

The Colonel is too weak to do Umballa serious injury and he escapes with only a hard choking and a broken vengeance. A pet baboon of the Colonel's escaped from his camp and tracks the Colonel to his cell. Kathlyn sees him clinging to the window bars. She scribbles a note on a leaf from her dress and bids him take it back. By this means she locates her father and, with the aid of an elephant chain by which he pulls out the window bars and releases her. The Colonel is chained to a pillar and he cannot be freed.

Kathlyn learns that her father is under a mysterious curse. Pundita lures Umballa into a trap and the Colonel is freed.

CHAPTER XI.

IT was the shock of the bullet rather than the seriousness of the wound that had toppled Kathlyn into the river. In the confusion, the rattle of musketry, the yelling of the panic-stricken pack coolies who had fled helter skelter for the jungle, the squealing of the elephants, she had forgotten to crouch low in the howdah. There had come a staggering blow, after which sky and earth careened for a moment and became black; then the chill of water and strangulation, and she found herself struggling in the deepest part of the ford, a strange deadness in one arm. She had no distinct recollection of what took place; her one thought was to keep her head above water.

Just as she was about to sink, on one side because there were no more cartridges, on the other for fear of hitting the one person who had made this pursuit necessary.

Kathlyn struggled between the elephant which carried Ramabai and Pundita and the boat or barge which held the eager Umballa and his soldiers. The mahout, terrified, had slid off and taken to his heels indignantly. Thus Ramabai could do nothing to aid Kathlyn. Nor could the elephant ridden by the Colonel and Bruce be managed.

Umballa was quick to see his advantage, and, laughing, he urged his men toward the helpless girl. The Colonel raised his rifle and aimed at Umballa, but there was no report, only a click which to the frantic man's ears sounded like the gates of hell closing in behind him.

"Forward!" shouted Umballa.

She was his again; he would have the pleasure of taking her from under the very eyes of her father and lover. His steers never faltered.

Bruce stood up in the howdah, ready to dive; but the Colonel restrained him.

"Don't waste your life! My God, you can't help her! Not a bullet in either gun. God's curse on all these worthless stones men call guns! * * * There, he's got her! Not a shell! Kit, Kit!"

The Colonel broke down and cried like a child. As for himself, hot irons could not have wrung a tear from his eyes; but Kit in the hands of that black devil again!

"Colonel," said Bruce, "I'm going to get some cartridges."

He realized then that Kathlyn's future depended upon him alone. The Colonel was a broken man. So he struck the elephants who lumbered ashore. The moment Kathlyn was safe in the barge Umballa would probably give orders to resume firing. He could do so now with impunity.

The soldiers drew Kathlyn into the barge. Umballa saw that she was wounded in the fleshy part of the arm. Quickly he snatched off the turban of one of the soldiers, unwound it and began to bandage Kathlyn's arm.

The man, for all his Oriental craftiness, was still guileless enough to expect some sign of gratitude from her, but as he touched her she shrank in loathing. His anger flamed and he flung her roughly into a seat.

"Bigger, then, little fool!"

Meantime the Colonel and Bruce dismounted and tried to stem the tide of fleeing coolies, but it was no more effective than blowing against the wind. They found, however, an abandoned pack containing cartridges. They filled the cartridges, calling to Ramabai and Pundita to follow them along the river in pursuit of Umballa's barge, which was now being rapidly poled up stream. They might be able to pick off enough soldiers, sharpshooters, to make it impossible to man the barge. They were both dead shots and the least they could do would be to put the fight on a basis of equality so far as numbers were concerned.

The Colonel forgot all about how weak he was. The rage and despair in his heart had once more given him a fictitious strength.

"The curse, the curse, always the curse!"

"Don't you believe that, Colonel. It is only misfortune. Now I'm going to



They helped the exhausted girl into the bowdah.

pot Umballa. That will simplify everything. Without a head the soldiers will be without a cause, and they'll desert Kathlyn as quickly as our coolies deserted us."

"Where is Ahmed?"

"Ahmed? I had forgotten all about him! But we can't wait now. He'll have to look out for himself. Hark!"

Squawking and trumpeting and thunderous crashing in the distance.

"Wild elephant!" cried the Colonel, the old impulse wheeling him round. But the younger man caught hold of his arm significantly.

The soldiers poled diligently, but against the stream, together with the clumsiness of the barge, they could not make headway with any degree of speed. It was not long before Bruce could see them. He raised his rifle and let go; and in the boat Umballa felt his turban stir mysteriously. The report which instantly followed was enough to convince him that he, in particular, was being made a target. He crouched behind Kathlyn, while two or three of the soldiers returned the shot, aiming at the clump of scrub from which a film of pale blue smoke issued. They waited for another shot, but none came.

The reason was this: the herd of wild elephants which Bruce and the Colonel had heard came charging almost directly toward them, smashing young trees and trampling the tough underbrush. Some of them made for the water directly in line with the passing boats. Kathlyn, keenly alive to the fact that here was a chance, jumped overboard before Umballa could reach out a staying hand.

To Kathlyn there was only death in the path of the elephants; to remain on the barge was to face eventually that which was worse than death. Her arm throbbled painfully, but in the desperate energy with which she determined to take the chance she used it. Quite contrary to her expectations, her leap was the best thing she could have done. Most of the barges were upset and the great beasts were blundering across the river between her and the barges.

Bruce witnessed Kathlyn's brave attempt and dashed into the water after her. It took him but a moment to bring her to land, where her father clasped her in his arms and broke down again.

"Dad, dad!" she whispered. "Don't you see our God is powerfulest? I believed I was going to be trampled to death, and here I am with you once more."

They hurried back as fast as Kathlyn's weakness would permit to where they had left their own elephants, doubting that they should find them, considering that it was quite probable that they had joined their wild brethren. But no; they were standing shoulder to shoulder, flapping their ears and curling their trunks. So many years had they been taught to hunt elephants that they did not seem to know what to do without some one to guide them.

Bruce ordered one of them to kneel, doubtfully; but the big fellow obeyed the command docilely and the Colonel and Bruce helped the exhausted girl into the howdah. The Colonel followed, while Bruce took upon his own shoulders the duties of mahout. Pundita got into the other howdah and Ramabai lured Bruce. The elephants shuffled off away from the river.

Later Umballa, dulled and stupefied from his immersion, stood on the shore, with but nine of the twenty soldiers he had brought with him. Evidently his star had faded. Very well; he would send for the other sister. She was the Colonel Sahib's daughter, and young; she would be as wax in his hands. A passion remained in Umballa's heart, but it was now the passion of revenge.

When he had recovered sufficiently he gave orders to one of the soldiers to return to the city to bring back at once servants, elephants and all that would be required for a long pursuit. The messenger was also to make known these preparations to the Council, who would undertake to forward the cable submitted to them. All these things off his mind Umballa sat down and shivered outwardly, while he boiled within.

Perhaps the fugitives had gone thirty miles when suddenly the jungle ended abruptly and a desert opened up before them. Beyond stood a purple line of rugged hills. Ramabai raised his hand, and the elephants came to a halt.

"I believe I know where I am," said Ramabai. "Somewhere between us and yonder hills is a walled city belonging to Bala Khan, a Pathan who sometimes styles himself as a rajah. He has a body of fierce fighting men, and he lives unmolested for two reasons: loot-fulfill would not be worth while and his position is isolated and almost impregnable. Now, if I am right, we shall find shelter there, for he was an old friend of my father's and I might call him a friend of mine."

"Bala Khan?" mused Bruce reminiscently. "Isn't he the chap who has a sacred white elephant?"

"It is the same," answered Ramabai. "We can reach there before sundown. It would be wise to hasten, however, as this desert and those hills are infested with lawless nomadic bands of masterless men—brigands, you call them. They would cut the throat of a man for the sake of his clothes."

"Let us go on," said the Colonel. "I don't care where. I am dead for want of food and sleep."

"And I too," confessed Kathlyn. "My arm pains me badly."

"My poor Kit!" murmured her father gloomily. "And all this because I tried you half a truth, because in play I tried



"He gave orders to one of the soldiers to return."

to make a mystery out of a few plain facts. I should have told you every thing, warned you against following in case I failed to turn up."

"Never mind, dad; you meant it all for the best; and you must not let our present misfortunes convince you that that yogi or guru cast a spell of evil over you. That is all nonsense."

"A white elephant," mused the Colonel. "Do you know it for a fact that this Bala Khan has a white elephant?"

He called across to Ramabai.

"I have never seen it, Sahib. It is what they say."

"A pair of mottled ears is the nearest I ever came to seeing a white elephant, and I've hunted them for thirty years, here, in Ceylon, in Burma, in Africa. There was once a tiger near Madras that hadn't any stripes. The

house of Bala Khan was not exactly a palace, but it was of respectable size. A high wall surrounded the compound. There was a gateway open at this moment. A servant ran out and loudly demanded what was wanted.

"Say to your master, Bala Khan, that Ramabai, son of Maabo Singh, his old friend, awaits with friendly greetings."

"Kit," whispered Kathlyn's father, "this chap Ramabai wouldn't make a bad king. And look!" excitedly. There's the sacred elephant, and if he isn't white, I'll eat my hat!"

Kathlyn sighed gratefully. That her father could be interested in anything was a good sign for the future. A few days rest and wholesome food would put him half way on his legs. Her own vitality was an inheritance from her father. The male line of the family

was well known for its recuperative powers.

The servant ran back into the compound and spoke to a dignified man, who proved to be a high caste Brahmin, having in his charge the care of the white elephant. He disappeared and returned soon with the Khan. The pleasant face, though proudly mottled, together with the simplicity of his appearance, conveyed to Kathlyn the fact that here was a man to be trusted, at least for the present. He greeted Ramabai cordially, struck his hands and ordered out the servants to take charge of what luggage there was and to lead away the elephants to be fed and watered.

Courteously he asked Kathlyn how she had become injured and Ramabai acted as interpreter. He then ushered them into his house, spread rugs and cushions for them to sit upon, and mildly inquired what had brought the son of his old friend so far.

Col. Hare spoke several dialects fluently and briefly told between sips of tea and bites of cakes which had been set out for the guests his experiences in Allahabad.

"The rulers of Allahabad," observed Bala Khan, "have always been half mad."

Ramabai nodded in agreement.

"You should never have gone back," went on Bala Khan, lighting a cigarette and eyeing Kathlyn with wonder and interest. "Ah, that Durza Ram whom they call Umballa! I have heard of him, but fortunately for him our paths have not crossed in any way." He blew a cloud of smoke above his head. "Well, he has shown wisdom in avoiding me. In front of me, a desert; behind me, verdant hills and many sheep and cattle, well guarded. I am too far away for them to bother. Sometimes the desert thieves cause a flurry, but that is nothing. It keeps the tuftar from growing rusty," patting the great knife at his side.

Bala Khan was muscular; his lean hands denoted work; his clear eyes, the sun and the wind. He was in height and build something after the pattern of the Colonel.

"And to force a crown on me!" said the Colonel.

"You could have given it to this Umballa," wisely.

"That I would not do."

"In each case you showed forethought. The Durza Ram, when he had you where he wanted you—"

Bala Khan drew a finger suggestively across his throat. "Ramabai, son of my friend, I will have many sheep for you this autumn. What is it to me whether you are a Hindu eat beef or not?" He laughed.

"I am not a Hindu in that sense," returned Ramabai. "I have but one God."

"And Mahomet is his prophet," said the host plausibly.

"Perhaps, I am a Christian."

Bruce stirred uneasily, but his alarm was without foundation.

"A Christian," mused Bala Khan. "Ah, well; have no fear of me. There is no Mahdi in these hills. There is but one road to paradise and argument does not help us on the way."

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 outfit. 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 only a curiosity. He is worked 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 a marvelling 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 Sindbad the Sailor. But they spoke no word of love. When alone with this remarkable young woman Bruce found himself invariably tormented.

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 scowled 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 hissed in his brain as a viper hisses in the dark of its cave.

Dung fires twinkled and soldiers loined about them, smoking and gossiping. They had been given an earnest against their long delinquent wages and they were in a happy frame of mind. Their dead comrades were dead and mourning was for widows; but 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 truants stole away toward the bazaars, which in this desert town occupied a strip of the compound. They went into a cellarway and the guru's curse stalked beside them. For opium is the handmaiden 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 and 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 insensible 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 dice this night.

With the most 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 a stranger 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 over 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 allowed death to the fowl guards which had done this sacrilegious act.

Kathlyn and the others were gratefully sorry when they heard the news. They were in the armory when the Khan announced what had taken place.

"Said he: 'Come, you are all skilled hunters. Find me my elephant and these guns and never and surest ones shall protect you from Durza Ram should he take it into his head to come this way.'"

"The Colonel, Bruce and Ramabai 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 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 found the glasses. From this promontory she had a range of something like fifteen to twenty miles. Back and forth her gaze roved and suddenly paused.

(Continued next Sunday.)

Copyright, 1914, by Harold MacGrath.