

THE ADVENTURES OF KATHLYN—By HAROLD MacGRATH

The Photo-Plays of This Stirring Novel Are Being Displayed in All the Leading 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 Allahah.

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

In the meantime the King of Allahah has died and Umballa and the three Councilors of the Kingdom have thrown Col. Hare into prison. On Kathlyn's arrival in Allahah she is informed by Umballa that her father is dead and that she is the Queen. An elaborate durbar is arranged, the central 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 present 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 prisoner. Kathlyn lives in the jungle for many days before being discovered by a party of Muhammadan hunters.

They decide to take her to Allahah and there sell her as a slave. Umballa, strolling through the place and attracted to a wild and beautiful yellow-haired girl who is being auctioned, impelled by her looks and what he surmises the spectators by purchasing Kathlyn for the sum of 5,000 rupees. Kathlyn sends a message to Bruce by the Brahmin caste messenger and follows Umballa 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 thrusts 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 part Kathlyn and her father. During the ensuing struggle he gets within 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 wailing vengeance. A pet baboon of the Colonel's escapes 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 Bruce locates her and comes that night with an elephant and chain by which he pulls out the window bars and releases her. The Colonel is chained to a pillar and cannot be freed.

Kathlyn learns that her father is under a mysterious curse. Pandita lures Umballa into a trap and the Colonel is freed. The party flees and makes allies of a native tribe by agreeing to find and restore a sacred white elephant.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE golden sands, the purple cliffs, the translucent blue of the heavens, and the group of picturesque rascals jabbering and gesticulating and pressing about their chief made a picture Kathlyn was never to forget.

"Patience, my little ones!" said the chief, showing his white, strong teeth in what was more of a snarl than a smile. "There is plenty of time."

Bruce leaned toward Kathlyn. "Stand perfectly still, just as you are. I believe I can reach the knot back of your hands. This squabbling is the very thing needed. They will not pay any attention to us for a few minutes, and I can reach the knot back of each other's throats shortly."

"But even if we get free what can we do?"

Kathlyn was beginning to lose both faith and heart. The sight of her father being led back to Allahah by Durga Ram, after all the misery to which he had been subjected, shook the courage which had held her up these long, unhappy weeks. For she realized that her father was still weak, and that any additional suffering would kill him.

"You mustn't talk like that," said Bruce. "You've been in tighter places than this. If we can get free, leave the rest to me. So long as one can see and hear and move there's hope."

"I'm becoming a coward. Do what you can. I promise to obey you in all things."

Bruce bent as far as he could, and went desperately to work at the knot with his teeth. Success or failure did not really matter; simply he did not propose to die without making a mighty struggle to avoid death. The first knot became loose, then another. Kathlyn stirred her hands cautiously.

"Now!" he whispered.

She twisted her hands two or three times and found them free.

"Mine, now!" said Bruce. "Hurry!"

It was a simple matter for her to release Bruce.

"God bless those rupees!" he murmured. "There'll be a fine row in a minute. Keep perfectly still, and when the moment comes follow me into the cave. They have left their guns in there."

"You are a brave and ready man, Mr. Bruce."

"You called me John once."

"Well, then, John," a ghost of a smile flitting across her lips. Men were not generally sentimental in the face of death.

"There are nine of us!" screamed one of the brigands.

"And I claim one bag because without my help and brains you would have had nothing!" roared the chief. "Who warned you against the opium? Ha, pig!"

The first blow was struck. Instantly the chief drew his knife and lunged at the two nearest him.

"Trajectory!"

"Ha! Pigs! Dogs! Come, I'll show you who is master!"

"Chief!"

The remaining brigands closed in upon their leader and bore him upon his back.

"To the tiger with him!"

"Now!" cried Bruce.

He flung the rope from his hands, caught Kathlyn by the arm, and, running and stumbling, they gained the cave, either ignored or unobserved by the victorious brigands.

They dragged the stunned leader to his feet and haled him to the cage, lashing him to a wheel. Next they seized the rope which operated the door and retired to the mouth of the cave.

"Rob us, would he!"

"Take the lion's share when we did all the work!"

"Swine!"

"I will give it all to you!" whined the whilom chief, mad with terror.

"And knife us in the back when we sleep? No, no! You have kicked and cuffed us for the last time!"

Bruce picked up one of the rifles and drew Kathlyn further into the cave.

"Get behind me and crouch low. They'll come around to us presently."

The rascals gave the rope a savage pull, and from where he stood Bruce could see the lean striped body of the furious tiger leap to freedom.

"Keep your eyes shut. It will not be a pleasant thing to look at," he warned the girl.

But Kathlyn could not have closed her eyes if she had tried. She saw the brute pause, turn and strike at the helpless man at the wheel, then lope



"He should become their prisoner king."

off, doubtless having in mind to test his freedom before he fled.

The remaining brigands rushed out and gathered up the bags of rupees. This was the opportunity for which Bruce had waited.

"Come. There may be some outlet to this cave. Here is another rifle. Let us cut for it! When thieves fall out—you know the old saying."

They ran back several yards and discovered a kind of chasm leading diagonally upward.

"Thank God! We can get out of this after all. Are you strong enough for a stiff climb?"

"I've got to be, John!"

"Trust me, Kathlyn," he replied simply. He had but one life, but he determined then and there to make it equal or outlast the six lives which stood between him and liberty.

The brigands, having succeeded in their mutiny, bethought themselves of their prisoners, only to find that they had vanished. Familiar with the cave and its outlets, they started eagerly in pursuit. They reasoned that if an old man was worth three bags of rupees, two young people might naturally be worth twice as much. And besides, being tigers, they had tasted blood.

A shout caused Bruce to turn. Instantly he raised his rifle and pulled the trigger. The result was merely a snap. The gun had not been loaded. He snatched Kathlyn's rifle, but this too was useless. The brigands yelled exultantly and began to swarm up the ragged cliff. Bruce flung aside the gun and turned his attention to a boulder. Half way up the chasm had a width which was a little broader than the shoulders of an ordinary man. He waited till he saw the wretches within a yard or so of this spot, then pushed this boulder. It

foured and crashed and bounded, and before it reached the narrow pathway Bruce had started a mate to it. Then a third followed. This caused a terrific slide of rocks and boulders, and the brigands turned for their lives.

"That will be about all for the present," said Bruce, wiping his forehead. "Now if we can make that village we shall be all right. Bala Khan's men will not leave with the camels till they learn whether we are dead or alive. It will be a hard trek, Miss Kathlyn. Ten miles over sand is worse than fifty over turf. I don't think we'll see any more of those ruffians."

"Kathlyn," she said.

"Well—Kathlyn!"

"Or, better still, at home they call me Kit."

They smiled into each other's eyes, and no words were needed. Thus quickly youth discards its burdens!

That he did not take her into his arms at once proved the culture of the man. And Kathlyn respected him none the less for his control. She knew now; and she was certain that her eyes had told him as frankly as any words would have done; and she felt into his stride strangely embarrassed and not a little frightened. The firm grasp of his hand as here and there he steadied her sent a thrill of exquisite pleasure through her.

"Love!" she laughed softly; and he stopped and eyed her in astonishment.

"What is it?"

"Nothing," she answered.

But she went on with the thought which had provoked her laughter. Love! Danger all about, unseen, hidden! Misery in the foreground, and perhaps death beyond; her father back in chains, to face she knew not what horrors, and yet she could pause by the wayside and think of love!

"There was something," he insisted. "That wasn't happy laughter. What caused it?"

"Some day I will tell you—if I live."

"Live!" Then he laughed.

And she was not slow to recognize the Homeric quality of his laughter.

"Kit, I am going to get you and your father out of all this, if but for one thing."

"And what is that?" curious in her turn.

"I'll tell you later." And there the matter stood.

The journey to the village proved frightfully exhausting. The two were in a sorry plight when they reached the well.

The camel men were overjoyed at the sight of them. For hours they had waited in dread, contemplating flight which would take them anywhere but to Bala Khan, who rewarded cowardice in one fashion only. For, but for their cowardly inactivity, their charges might by now be safe in the seaport toward which they had been journeying. So they brought food for the two and begged that they would not be accused of cowardice to Bala Khan.

"Poor devils!" said Bruce. "Had they shown the least resistance those brigand chaps would have killed them off like rats." He beckoned to the head man.

"Take us back to Bala Khan in the morning, and we promise that no harm shall befall you. Now find us a place to sleep."

Nevertheless it was hard work to keep that promise. Bala Khan stormed and swore that death was too good for the watery hearts of his camel men. They should be crucified on the wall. Kathlyn's diplomacy alone averted the

tragedy. Finally, with a good deal of reluctance, Bala Khan gave his word.

So Bruce and Kathlyn planned to return to Allahah, and it was the khan himself who devised the method. The two young people should stain their skins and don native dress. He would give them two camels outright, only they would be obliged to make the journey without servants.

"But if harm comes to you, and I hear of it, by the beard of the Prophet I'll throw into Allahah such a swarm of stinging bees that all Hind shall bear of it. Now go, and may Allah watch over you, infidels though you be!"

Umballa sent a messenger on before, for he loved the theatrical, which is innate in all Orientals. He desired to enter the city to the shrilling of reeds and the booming of tom-toms; to impress upon this unruly populace that he, Durga Ram, was a man of his word, that when he set out to accomplish a thing it was as good as done. His arrival was greeted with cheers, but there was an undertone of groans that was not pleasant to his keen ears. Deep in his heart he cursed, for by these sounds he knew that only the froth was his, the froth and scum of the town. The iron heel; so they would have it in preference to his friendship, only for some way to trap Ramabai, to fold him up in ridicule, to smash him down from his pedestal, known but as yet unseen!

He wondered if he could find any more of those anonymous notes relating to the inviolable person of Ramabai. Woe to him who laid them about, could he but put his hand upon him! He, Durga Ram, held Allahah in the hollow



"I don't think we will see any more of those ruffians."

of his hand, and this day he would prove it.

So he put a rope about the waist of Col. Hare and led him through the streets as the ancient Romans had read about did to the vanquished. He himself recognized the absurdity of all these things, but his safety lay in the fact that the populace at large were incapable of reasoning for themselves; they saw only that which was visible to the eye.

On the palace steps he harangued the people, praising his deeds. He alone had gone into the wilderness and faced death to ransom their lawful king. Why these bonds? The king had shirked his duty; he had betrayed his trust; but in order that the people should be no longer without a head, this man should become their prisoner king; he should be forced to sign laws for their betterment. Without the royal signature the treasury could not be touched, and now the soldiers should be paid in full.

From the soldiers about came wild huzzahs.

Ahmed and Lal Singh, packed away in the heart of the crowd, exchanged by seven leopards, savage as savage can be. Only the two keepers refused to approach them, and these keepers refuse to care the leopards without a formal order from the king or queen.

"Yes, Majesty!" The four men laughed.

"Then I order you to arrest this man, Durga Ram for treason against the person of your king!"

The troopers stared, dumfounded, at the Colonel, then at Umballa.

"I command it!"

Umballa laughed. The troopers did not stir.

"Ah," said the Colonel. "That I desire to know. I am not a king. I am merely a prisoner. Therefore these papers which you bring to me and lawfully be signed by me." The Colonel turned his back to Umballa and the latticed window and peered back.

"There are ways," blazed forth the babu.

"Bah! You black fool!" roared the Colonel, wheeling. "Have I not just incited you that all you can do is to me? Don't waste your time by talking me. It will neither open the treasury nor compel me to take a brush in my hand. If my daughter is dead, so be it. At any rate, I will present beyond your clutches. You have overreached yourself. Had you not surrendered, but I am alive, and you refuse to tell where the basket is hidden?"

"I do."

"You refuse to exercise your duty to open the doors of the treasury?"

"I do."

Umballa opened the door, and he to the troopers to pass out. He stood to the threshold and curiously eyed the unbending man. Presently he bowed. Umballa smiled.

"Col. Sahib, I am not yet at the end of my resources," and with that he closed the door.

That smile troubled the Colonel. What could he possibly do? The devilry was the scoundrel's. What could he possibly do?

Later, as he paced wearily up and down, he saw something white slip from the door. He stooped and picked up the folded European fashion. He was thrilled as he read the stilted letter.

"Ahmed and I shall watch over your enemies, and you must not let your daughter and my daughter be taken alive, and, more, on the way to Allahah in native guise. Be of good cheer."

And Umballa as he lifted his head at supper, espied another of the same kind. "Beware!" he thought, and he summoned his entire household and threatened death to each and every one.

Examining Packages at Dead Letter Sale of Post Office



By the new method of disposing of the yearly accumulation of unclaimed packages in the dead letter department of the post office at Washington prospective buyers need not blindly bid for the merchandise but may examine every piece offered for auction before bidding. For benefit of bidders the auctioneer numbers and catalogues the unclaimed matter. The sale nets Uncle Sam many thousands of dollars annually.

Continued on Seventh Page