



The Adventures of Kathlyn

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

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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 be sold to the public mart. She is sold to Umballa, who, finding her still unsubmitive, 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 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 Juggernaut. She is rescued by the colonel and his friends. Kathlyn, disguised as an animal trainer, takes part in a public exhibition, reveals her identity to the people and rescues her sister. Kathlyn, Winnie, and the public sentiment in her favor is growing. The people at last, weary of Umballa's misrule, rise against him.

CHAPTER XIX—Continued.

When Lal Singh staggered into the house of Ramabal, holding his side in mortal agony, lying, Kathlyn felt the recurrence of that strange duality which she had first known in the Temple of the Lion.

"We have failed," whispered Lal Singh. "The palace soldiers betrayed us! All are prisoners, shortly to be shot. Food and water there! Fly!"

And thus Lal Singh gave up his cobble's booth. As in a dream Kathlyn ran from the house into the street. Winnie would have followed, but Pundita clung to her, refusing to let her go. The stony look in Kathlyn's eyes had warned Pundita of the futility of trying to coerce her.

With the sun breathing in lances of light against the ancient chair armor, her golden hair flying behind her like a cloud, on, on Kathlyn ran, never stumbling, never faltering, till she came out into the square before the palace. Like an Amazon of old she called to the scattering revolutionists, called, harangued, smothered them under her scorn and contempt, and finally roused them to frenzy. She became again in their eyes the white goddess whom no beast nor trap could harm; and they would have gone to the gates of hell at a word from her. And many did.

In her madness Kathlyn turned the tide; and when her father's arm closed round her she sank insensible upon his breast.

CHAPTER XX.

A Goddess in Armor.

They tell of it to this day in Allahabad. To be sure, they will elaborate and prevaricate, twist and distort, as only the Asiatic knows how, having an innate horror of brevity and directness; but the basic truth of Kathlyn's exploit is held intact. The hoary old beggar who sits with his beggar's bowl near the steps of the mosque, loquacious, verbose, and flowery, for an 8-anna piece will tell you the tale, which happened all of 30 years ago.

"Thanks, huzoor!" he will begin, earnestly scrutinizing the coin and testing its solidity between two fine rows of teeth for a man of seventy.

"Ah, that was a day! It was like a day I knew in Delhi, when I was a child; for I saw the great Metiny. I saw the powder magazine. Ah, yes, huzoor; it is about the white goddess that you wish to know. But help me over to Ali's coffee house, for it is hot here, and it is a long story."

So you take the old rascal over to and seat him under the umbrellas of Ali, and you will buy him a sugar drink and a smoke from a water bottle, he having brought forth suggestively a cracked amber mouthpiece.

"Huzoor, she came out of nowhere, in a chain armor that shone like rippling water in the sunshine. She was tall and lithe and vigorous, and as beautiful as a dream of paradise.

"When we saw the sahibs and Ramabal trapped by the cowardly soldiers of the palace we found ourselves without a head. The men who led us had vanished. We huddled like sheep, scattered, formed, fired aimlessly, began to run away. And brave Lal Singh, with a bullet through his stomach, staggered off. We were without hope. We were brave enough, but heavy has to be directed. We knew only part of Ramabal's plans."

"And what about this man Ahmed?"

"As the kite flies, he ran back to the

house of Ramabal when everything had apparently come to an end. For Ahmed loved the white goddess even as you and I love life. He was brave, but as the serpent is—wisely. Did not the white queen of all the English give him a bit of copper to wear on his breast because he was wise as well as brave?"

The old beggar tilted his cup without touching it with his lips and let the sweetened water trickle down his throat.

"When one is old, one is always thirsty," he observed. "To go on. So there we were, like sheep. The majority of us did not have sense enough to run away. Huzoor, Umballa had lined up the white men and Ramabal against the wall in the throne room and was about to send them to their gods, when suddenly I noticed a commotion in the rear of us. We were thrown about like sticks in a whirlpool."

"And then I saw her! Ah, protector of the poor, you white people rule the world because you always know what you want and when you want it. But it is not natural for us brown people to think and act quickly at the same time. I saw her; and I thought at first that the gates of paradise had opened and Allah himself had set her down among us!"

The water bubbles in the bowl of the pipe and a thin stream of smoke trickles from his bearded lips. You must have patience, for he will tell this tale only in his own fashion.

"Straight to the palace steps she ran, waving her arms. Behold! She spoke to us in her own tongue, but Allah is witness that we understood what she was saying! First we grew ashamed, then we stopped running, then we became men, huzoor. The lead tubes began to speak again; and we, too, found our voices. With yells we followed. And there was battle, battle, battle to the very foot of the throne."

"She threw herself between the leveled guns and her people. The soldiers could not fire. And Umballa, seeing that in truth he had lost this time—Umballa fled toward the corridors, and none was quick enough to prevent him."

"But we went shouting after him, through this corridor and that. We could not find him. It seems he escaped through one of the chambers in the zenana."

A shrilling of fifes and a rattling of drums distract you and break in upon the story. A company of trim, wiry Gurkhas tramp past, and you know



A Woman Who Loved Him Hid Him in a Palanquin.

by the flag they carry under whose rule Allah works out its destiny today.

"What became of the captain of the guards?"

"He was ordered to the arena lions. But we saved him, loosing the arena lions to do so. Huzoor, I am thirsty again."

"And you buy him another cup of sweetened water."

"But we cheered the white goddess that day! There are men who will swear that her feet never touched the earth as she walked. But I knew that she was the daughter of Colonel Sahib, and that she had red blood in her veins, like the rest of us. Women are mysteries. Here was one who fought like an ancient warrior; and yet she swooned in her father's arms! That is all today, huzoor. I am an old man, and my throat dries quickly. Come tomorrow and I will tell you more."

But tomorrow comes to find you interested in something else; and the old beggar juggles his bowl before the steps of the mosque, patiently waiting for another listener.

"Yes, John. You have proved yourself a man. God bless you!"

"Kit Kit!" cried Kathlyn's father

when she came to her senses. "My girl, my girl!"

"Dad!"

"How could you do it?"

"Do what?" vaguely.

"Lead a forlorn cause to victory; you, a girl!"

She brushed back the hair which tumbled about her eyes, glanced at the powder-stained faces grouped about her, glanced at the toppled throne, at Bruce, at Ramabal. She made an effort to explain, but the words would not come.

"I would not question her," said Bruce to the colonel. "For my part, I never so thoroughly believed in God as I do now. She does not realize what she has done."

The colonel bent his head reverently.

"We owe our lives to her," said Ramabal. "Somewhere in the dim ages there was a great mother, and today her soul entered the mensahib."

"Mine!" murmured Bruce. "This beautiful, strange woman is mine! God send the day quickly when I can take her in my arms and guard her! Ramabal," he said aloud, "go to the balcony and proclaim Pundita queen. Let us have done with this before there is any chance of Umballa recovering. What shall we do with the Council?"

"Wait!" responded Ramabal. "It is for another to say." And he pointed to the marble flags at his feet.

And all understood what honor meant to this man of dark skin.

"Now," he continued, "I wish to go home at once. We will leave a sufficient guard here to watch over the palace. My wife waits; and the death of Lal Singh may have—"

The same thought flashed through Kathlyn's mind; the dagger. Dying Lal Singh had declared that Ramabal was a prisoner; and well would Pundita comprehend what that meant.

"Yes, yes! Let us go quickly!" Kathlyn cried. Pundita might be dead and Winnie crazed with grief.

They left the palace immediately. The overthrow of Umballa seemed to be complete. Everywhere the soldiers surrendered, for it was better to have food in the stomach than lead. Tomorrow there would be many a pyre at the burning ghats, but today was a day of victory.

Every one began to hunt for Umballa. There was as yet no price on his head; it was the zest of hunting only that set the people to it. They ran in and out of Umballa's house, and were not above looting, though word had gone forth that Ramabal would have every looter shot if found in the act. But search as they would, they could find no trace of Umballa.

A woman who loved him—the only one loyal to him in all Allah that day—had hidden him in a palanquin in the garden of brides. Crouched down in the narrow space shuddering at the sound of shot, whether near or far, dying a thousand deaths, wishing he had never been taken from the gutter, willing to give up his jewels, his plate, simply to live.

The woman of the zenana, when the tumult died away completely, found some slaves. She made them divest themselves of the royal turbans and assume ordinary white ones. Then she told them to carry the palanquin to a certain house in the fruit bazaar, to go by side streets, alleys, passages, to avoid all gatherings. Once in the house of her sister, the dancer, Umballa would be safe till he could secretly return to his own house and enter the secret chamber.

When Kathlyn left the palace a thunder of cheers greeted her. Kathlyn was forced to mount the durbar throne, much as she longed to be off. But Bruce anticipated her thought and dispatched one of the revolutionists to the house of Ramabal. Kathlyn held out her hands towards the excited populace, then turned to Ramabal expressively. Ramabal, calm and unruffled as ever, stepped forward and was about to address the people, when the disheveled captain of the guard, whom Umballa had sent to the arena lions, pushed his way to the foot of the platform.

"The arena lions have escaped!"

And there were a dozen lions in all, strong, cruel, and no doubt hungry!

Panic. Men who had been at each other's throat, bravely and hardily, turned and fled. It was a foolish panic, senseless, but like all panics, uncontrollable. Those on the platform ran down the steps and at once were swallowed up by the pressing, trampling crowd.

Bruce and the colonel, believing that Kathlyn was behind them, fought their way to a clearing, determined to secure nets and take the lions alive. When they turned Kathlyn was gone. For a moment the two men stood as if paralyzed. Then Bruce relieved the tension by smiling. He laid his hand on the colonel's shoulder.

"She has lost us; but that will not matter. Ordinarily I should be wild with anxiety; but today Kathlyn may go where she will, and nothing but awe and reverence will follow her. Besides, she has her revolver."

"I believe you're right. She will miss us and start right off for Ramabal's. Boy, she is a goddess. She is supernatural."

"She was this morning. As God is judge, I do not believe she understands or ever will understand what she did. You noticed her eyes? They were like those of a person in a trance. Think of it. To turn the tide at the supreme moment! That coat of mail; her hair falling about her head."

"Ah, colonel, what's the use of beating about the bush? You know I love her. Will you give her to me?"

Without a moment's hesitation the colonel said: "Yes, John. You have proved yourself a man. God bless you!"

both! But we're not out of the woods yet. We've got to find Umballa and lock him up. When that's done I'll be able to breathe."

"I believe it is as Ahmed says: we'll all pull out of this safely in the end. Now, let's go and get the nets. There will not be a dozen men in the whole town who will have sense enough to shoot the lions as they appear. They'll howl and run for shelter. Ramabal's welcome to Allahabad. Hi, there's one now; see, coming round the corner! I'll pot him."

But ere Bruce could level his weapon the lion turned back, perhaps frightened at the clamor.

Kathlyn was not alarmed upon finding herself separated from the two men she loved so well. Her only concern was to avoid being knocked down and trampled upon. She knew

She stepped inside and slammed the door, holding it and feeling about in vain for lock or bolt.

Evidently the lions had halted outside, undecided, for she could hear them sniffing at the door. If they hoped she was lost, for she could not leave to hold the door against the onrush of beasts as heavy as these lions were.

Elsewhere in the bazaars the colonel, Bruce, and Ahmed were setting nets for the recapture of the lions, quite confident that Kathlyn was by this time safe in the haven of Ramabal's house.

The girl glanced hurriedly over her shoulder toward the dim rickety staircase. The moment the sniffing ceased she withdrew from the door and ran up the stairs to the first landing, to find all these doors lockless! A crash below announced that the lions had heard her and had entered. There was a second flight, and up this flew the girl. She might fire at the beasts, and even if she succeeded in hitting them it would serve only to madden them. One cannot kill lions with a toy.

Still lockless doors! No safety. She then espied a ladder which gave to the roof top, and up this she climbed. They could not possibly follow her up the ladder, and as she reached the top she knew that for the present she had nothing to fear from the lions.

The interior of the house was of the flimsiest wood, slovenly put together. Along the roof was a parapet. She left the trap one so that she could see all that went on below. Almost as she looked the tawny bodies swept up to the foot of the ladder, and there remained, snarling and spitting and reaching up as far as they could. Somewhere on the way Kathlyn knew that these lions had tasted blood.

It was in this street dwelt the sister of the woman in the zenana, the woman who loved Umballa.

Kathlyn leaned over the parapet, the street was totally deserted. All the doors of the shops were closed and the windows shut. She must fight it out alone. She drew a deep breath and squared her shoulders, a trick she had long ago learned from her father. She had fought battles alone ere this, so she was not without confidence. Perhaps the lions, finding their efforts futile, would depart. She must wait.

It grew to noon. The sun beat down upon her savagely. Here and there she could see fires in the city. Pillage. The muezzin's tower of the mosque was like a finger pointing to heaven. She could even glimpse a patch of white stucco which belonged to the palace.

And she had fought her way that morning to the steps of the palace, as the daughter of the Goth had scaled the steps of the Quirinal in Rome! It was unbelievable! She could not remember anything but the dead Lal Singh and the strong arms of her father as she came out of her swoon. And she had turned defeat into victory! She drew her hand across her eyes.

One of the lions sent up a nerve-shaking roar; but Kathlyn did not stir. Silence.

Then, round the passage she saw a palanquin, carried by slaves. She leaned far over.

"Help!" she cried. "Help!" The bearers paused abruptly, and the curtain of the palanquin was swept back. The dark sinister visage of Umballa was revealed.

"Thou!" he said. Then his laughter rose up to the girl, motionless through her terror. "Come down, O houri of Sa'adi! Come to the arms of Durga Ram, who loves you! Will not? Woo to thee!" dropping his mockery.

"Yes, Durga Ram, it is I!" replied Kathlyn, finding her voice, insensate rage usurping the throne of terror. "Here I am; come and take me!"

Let him face the lions! Umballa left the palanquin, opened the door of the house, espied the rubbish in the hall; was in the act of mounting the first steps when one of the lions roared again. Drunk as he was, filled with a drunkard's courage, Umballa started back. The lions! Out into the street he went. He turned to the bearers and ordered them to fire the inflammables in the hall. But they refused, for they recognized the chain armor. Mad with rage, Umballa struck at them, entered the hall again, and threw a lighted match into the rubbish.

He left the horrified bearers and staggered to the house where he was to find shelter. He was admitted, the door closed and barred. From a window he watched the progress of the fire. At last! He would pass from Allahabad, but not without his revenge. It was sweet! She could not escape; the lions would bar the way till it was too late. Let her God save her if he could!

The smoke rose quickly. It volleyed and poured out of the windows, thick and black. Flame tongues darted hither and yon. Higher and higher, till at length the form on the parapet was no longer visible.

Umballa took from his cumberbund his last bottle of wine, broke the neck against the window sill, and drank, cutting his lips as he did so.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Sounds Cool. "And what have you done to keep the chicken cool, Katie?" asked the lady of the house.

"Taken all the feathers off it, ma'am," was the surprising reply.

Those Who Succeed. The men who succeed best in public life are those who take the risk of standing by their own convictions.—James A. Garfield.

The Arena Lions Have Escaped! animals. If left quietly to themselves the lions would make for the jungle, but if harried or frightened they would maul any one within reach.

Kathlyn was packed in rather closely, and she was carried past the street which led to the house of Ramabal, though she struggled desperately to push through. She was presently carried into the bazaars. The people in their senseless flight tried to do what they could for her, but self-preservation was their first thought. And it wasn't the cleanest smelling crowd in the world, either.

At the same time Kathlyn was fighting vigorously to get free of the mob, Winnie was struggling with Pundita, striving to wrench the dagger from the grief-stricken wife's hand.

Temperance

(Conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.)

PEOPLE TO BE TRUSTED.

The reason why governments have not done and are not doing their duty toward the suppression of alcohol is, in the last analysis, says Congressman Hobson, "based on the absence of public opinion on the part of the masses as to the true nature of alcohol and the appalling results that come from its use." And Dr. T. D. Crothers, the noted expert on alcoholism, declares that "if the actual effects of alcohol were known by the people, prohibiting its use would follow as a natural and reasonable demand." To bring to the people knowledge concerning the nature of alcohol and its effects upon the individual, the family, the state, is the purpose of the organized campaign of education now being carried on throughout the land from remote countryside to halls of congress. Given the facts, the intelligent people of this nation will soon settle the liquor question and settle it right. Bring the truth to the masses!

JAILS ARE EMPTY.

The Telegram (Wheeling, W. Va.), speaking enthusiastically of the changed conditions in Wheeling, tells us that "On the 8th of July the prisoners were so thoroughly cleaned out of the workhouse that when the jail officials sent for some men to clean the jail there were not enough men in prison to do it, and the jail officials had to do the work themselves."

One instance is related of a former leader of the wets who is in the grocery business. A man who had owed him a grocery bill for four years came in the first day after the saloons were closed and gave him \$10 on his account. He explained that now that he could not spend his money for booze, he would have it to pay his honest bills. Similar incidents are related by the hundreds from all over the state.

"INFERNAL REVENUE."

"We are told that we must have the liquor traffic for the revenue it yields, for the vast sum that flows annually into the coffers of the nation through infernal-internal revenue," said Michael Fanning, in a masterly address in Salt Lake City. "Who pays this revenue? Not the liquor dealer. The average liquor dealer in the United States last year took in \$2,700 and paid out an average of \$520, the difference being the liquor dealer's toll. This, in the last analysis, is paid by starving wives, bedridden husbands, helpless orphans, betrayed maidenhood, blasted careers, wreck, ruin, despair and death."

WHAT DOES HE GET?

A New York business man puts it this way: "Suppose two workmen, quitting on Saturday, each with, say, \$12 in his pay envelope. One goes to the corner saloon and spends \$4 for drink—going home to his family drunk, and with \$8 in his pocket, while the other goes to the corner and deliberately throws \$4 out of his pay envelope into the sewer—going home sober, and with \$8 in his pocket. Which is the better husband and father? What did the first man purchase with his money?"

ENORMOUS WASTE.

The man of this world is no longer indifferent to the mountainous waste represented by the saloon and its attendant vices. The statesman more than the preacher, the ballot box more than the pulpit, is called upon to confront this awful waste of human energy, this dissipation of earth's resources, misdirection of man's toll. It is by the decree of the economist, of the good statesman, the boasted practical man of business, the manager of railroads and the directors of banks, that the saloon has got to go.—Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

NO JUVENILE CASES.

Recently a superintendent of the department of Juvenile courts of the Kansas W. C. T. U. wrote to the juvenile court judges of the different counties of the state in an endeavor to learn the status of the work in each community. One judge reported, "We have no probation officers because we have needed none. During the past three years we have had no juvenile cases." Another judge wrote, "No children have ever been sent to institutions from this county."

GOOD BUSINESS.

The London Daily Chronicle, recording the fact that a large employer of labor has decided to pay the total abstinence among his men 10 per cent higher wages than the drinkers, states that he does this as a purely business proposition and in the interests of efficiency; he has no special ambition as a guardian of morality.

REVENUE FOR COUNTRY.

Ask your anti-saloon and prohibition friend what he would do to raise proper revenue for the country in case of national prohibition?—Liquor Journal. Anyway, we'd stop making drunkards' wives take in washing and drunkards' babies go without milk to raise them.—Prohibition Paper.

LIQUOR INTERESTS DOMINATE?

Do you want to let the liquor interest dominate your parties, your public life, and your government?—Theodore Roosevelt.