



The Adventures of Kathlyn

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

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CHAPTER XXV—Continued.

Did Umballa have the treasure? Bruce wondered, as at length his hand reached up and took hold of the guavale of the boat he had picked out to bring down.

"Umballa has your basket, colonel. If he hasn't, then say good-by to it, for it can never be dug from under those tons of rock."

"The men were in the act of pushing off with the boats, which they had only just brought back."

Ramabai picked up his discarded rifle.

"Stop!"

"They are frightened," explained the chief.

"Well, they can contain their fright till we are in safety," Ramabai declared. "Warn them."

"Hurry, everybody! I feel it in my bones that that black devil has the treasure. Get these men into the boats. Here, pick up those oars. Get in, Kit; you, Winnie; come everybody!"

Kathlyn gazed sadly at her father. Treasure, treasure; that first she was beginning to hate the very sound of the word.

The colonel had been nervous, impatient, and irritable ever since the document had been discovered. Till recently Kathlyn had always believed her father to be perfect, but now she saw that he was human, he had his flawed spot. Treasure! Before her or Winnie! So be it.

"Colonel," said Bruce, taking a chance throw, "we are less than a hundred miles from the seaport. Suppose we let Umballa clear out and we ourselves head straight up the coast? It is not fair to the women to put them to any further hardship."

"Bruce, I have sworn to God that Umballa shall not have that treasure. Ramabai, do you understand what it will mean to you if he succeeds in reaching Allaha with that treasure, probably millions? He will be able to buy every priest and soldier in Allaha and still have enough left for any extravagance that he may wish to plunge in."

"Sahib," suggested Ramabai, "let us send the women to the seaport in care of Ahmed, while we men seek Umballa."

"Good!" Bruce struck his hands together. "The very thing."

"I refuse to be separated from father," declared Kathlyn. "If he is determined to pursue Umballa back to Allaha, I must accompany him."

"And I!" added Winnie.

"Nothing more to be said," and Bruce signed to the boatmen to start.

"If only this breeze had not come up! We could have caught him before he made shore."

Umballa paced the deck of the sloop, thinking and planning. He saw his enemies leaving in the rescued boats. Had he delayed them long enough? As matters stood, he could not carry away the treasure. He must have help, an armed force of men he could trust. On the mainland were Ahmed and the loyal keepers; behind were three men who wanted his life as he wanted theirs. The only hope he had lay in the cupidity of the men on the sloop. If they could be made to stand by him, there was a fair chance. Once he was of a mind to leave the basket over the rail and trust to luck in finding it again. But the thought tore at his heart. He simply could not do it. Perhaps he could start a revolt, or win over the chief of the village. He had known honest men to fall at the sight of gold, to fight for it, to commit any crime for it—and, if need be, to die for it. But the chief was with his enemies. Finally he came to the conclusion that the only thing to be done was to carry the treasure directly into the chief's hut and there await him. He would bribe the men with him sufficiently to close their mouths. If Ahmed was on the shore, the game was up. But he swept the mainland with his gaze and discovered no sign of him.

As a matter of fact, Ahmed had arranged his elephants so that they could start at once up the coast to the seaport. He was waiting on the native highway for the return of his master, quite confident that he would bring the treasure with him. He knew nothing of Umballa's exploit. The appalling thunder of the explosions worried him. He would wait for just so long; then he would go and seek.

Every village chief has his successor in hope. This individual was one of those who had helped Umballa to carry the treasure from the cave; in fact, the man who had guided him to the cave itself. He spoke to Umballa.

He said that he understood the holy one's plight; for to these yet simple minded village folk Umballa was still the holy one. Their religion was the same.

"Holy one," he said, "we can best your enemies who follow."

"How," eagerly.

"Yonder is the chief's bullock cart. I myself will find the bullocks."

"What then?"

"We shall be on the way south before the others land."

"An extra handful of gold for you! Get the oars out! Let us hurry!"

"More, holy one; these men will obey me."

"They shall all be well paid."

Umballa had reached the point where he could not plan without treachery. He proposed to carry the basket into the jungle somewhere, bury it, and make way with every man who knew the secret; then, at the proper time, he would return for it with a brave caravan, his own men or those whose loyalty he could repurchase.

The landing was made, the basket conveyed to the bullock cart, which was emptied of its bait and leopard trap; the bullocks were brought out and harnessed—all this activity before the fishing boats had covered half the distance.

"I see light," murmured Umballa. He tried to act coolly, but when he spoke his voice cracked and the blood in his throat high suffocated him.

"Sand, holy one!"

"Well, what of sand?"

"You can dig and cover up things in sand and no one can possibly tell. The sand tells nothing."

They drove the bullocks forward mercilessly till they came to what Umballa considered a suitable spot. A pit was dug, but not before Umballa had taken from the basket enough gold to set the men wild. They were his. He smiled inwardly to think how easily they could have had all of it! They were still honest.

The sand was smoothed down over the basket. It would not have been possible for the human eye to discover the spot without a perfect range. Umballa drove down a broken stick directly over where the basket lay. He had beaten them; they would find nothing. Now to rid himself of these simple fools who trusted him.

The man who longed to become the chief's successor was then played upon by Umballa; to set the two factions at each other's throat; a perfect elimination. Umballa advised him to rouse his friends, declare that the white people had taken the gold away from the holy man, to whom it belonged as agent.

Thus, in this peaceful fishermen's village began the old game of gold and politics, for the two are inseparable. Umballa, in hiding, watched the contest gleefully. He witnessed the rival

approach his chief, saw the angry gestures exchanged, and knew that dissension had begun. The men of the village clustered about.

"Where have you hidden it?" demanded the chief. "It belongs to the sahib."

"Hidden what?"

"The treasure you and the false holy one took from the forbidden cave!"

"False holy one?"

"Ay, wretch! He is Durga Ram, the man who murdered the king of Allaha."

The mutineer laughed and waved his hand toward the smoking ruins of the promontory.

"Look for it there," he said, "under mountains of rock and dirt and sand. Look for it there! And who is this white man who says the holy one is false?"

"I say it, you scoundrel!" cried the colonel, advancing; but Bruce restrained him, seeing that the situation had taken an unpleasant and sinister trend.

"Patience, colonel: just a little diplomacy," he urged.

"But the man lies!"

"That may be, but just at present there seem to be more men standing back of him than back of our chief here. We have no way of getting a warning to Ahmed. Wait!"

"Jackal," spoke the chief wrathfully, "thou liest!"

"Ah! thou has grown too fat with rule."

"Ay!" cried the men back of the mutinous one.

"Sahib," said the chief, without losing any of his natural dignity, "the man has betrayed me. I see the lust of gold in their eyes. Evil presage. But you have saved the life of my child and mine, and I will throw my strength with you."

"Father, can't you see?" asked Kathlyn.

"See what?"

"The inevitable. It was in my heart all the way here that we should meet with disaster. There is yet time to leave here peacefully."

But her pleading fell upon the ears of a man who was treasure mad. He would not listen to reason. Ahmed could have told Kathlyn that the old guru stood back of her father, pushing, pushing.

"He is mad," whispered Bruce, "but we cannot leave him."

"What would I do without you, John!"

From down the beach the chief's little girl came toddling to the group of excited men. She was clutching something in her hand. Her father took her by the arm and pulled her back to him. Kathlyn put her hand upon the child's head, protectingly. The child gazed up shyly, opened her little hand . . . and disclosed a yellow sovereign.

The argument between the chief and his mutinous followers went on.

"John," said Kathlyn, "you speak the dialect. I can understand only a word here and there. But listen. Tell the chief that all we desire is to be permitted to depart in peace later," she added, significantly.

"What's up?"

"The child has a coin—a British sovereign—in her hand. She knows where Umballa has secreted the treasure. Since father cannot be budged from his purpose, let us try deceit. You speak to the chief while I explain to father."

To the chief Bruce said: "The treasure is evidently lost. So, after a short rest, we shall return to our caravan and depart. We do not wish to be the cause of trouble between you and your people."

"But, sahib, they have the gold!"

"The false holy one doubtless gave them that before the explosion." Bruce laid hold of his arm in a friendly fashion, apparently, but in reality as a warning. "All we want is a slight rest in your house. After that we shall proceed upon our journey."

The mutineers could offer no reasonable objections to this and signified that it was all one to them so long as the white people departed. They had caused enough damage by their appearance and it might be that it was through their agency that the promontory was all but destroyed. The fish would be driven away for weeks. And what would the fierce gun runners say when they found out that their stores had gone up in flame and smoke? Al, al! What would they do but beat them and torture them for permitting any one to enter the cave?

"When these men come," answered the chief, with a dry smile, "I will deal with them. None of us has entered the cave. They know me for a man of truth. Perhaps you are right," he added to the mutineer. "There could not have been a treasure there and escape the sharp eyes of these Arabs. Go back to your homes. These white people shall be my guests till they have rested and are ready to depart."

Reluctantly the men dispersed, and from his hiding place Umballa saw another of his schemes fall into pieces. There would be no fight, at least for the present. The men, indeed, had hoped to come to actual warfare, but they could not force war on their chief without some good cause. After all, the sooner the white people were out of the way the better for all concerned.

Did the leader of this open mutiny have ulterior designs upon the treasure, upon the life of Umballa? Perhaps. At any rate, events so shaped themselves as to nullify whatever plans he had formed in his gold-dazzled brain.

The colonel was tractable and fell in with Kathlyn's idea. It would have been nothing short of foolhardiness to have openly antagonized the rebellious men.

"You have a plan, Kit, but what is it?"

"I dare not tell you here. You are too excited. But I believe I can lead you to where Umballa has buried the basket. I feel that Umballa is watching every move we make. And I dare say he hoped—and even instigated—this mutiny to end in disaster for us. He is alone. So much we can rely upon. But if we try to meet him openly we shall lose. Patience for a little while. There, they are leaving us. They are grumbling, but I do not believe that means anything serious."

"Now, then, white people," said the chief, "come to my house. You are welcome there, now and always. You have this day saved my life and that of my child. I am grateful."

Inside the hut Kathlyn drew the child toward her and gently pressed open the tightly clenched fingers. She plucked the sovereign from the little pink palm and held it up. The child's father seized it, wonderingly.

"Gold! They lied to me! I knew it!"

"Yes," said Bruce. "They did find the treasure. They brought it here and buried it quickly. And we believe your little girl knows where. Question her."

It was not an easy matter. The child was naturally shy, and the presence of all these white-skinned people struck her usually babbling tongue with a species of paralysis. But her father was patient, and word by word the secret was dragged out of her. She told of the stolen bullock cart, of the digging in the sand, of the holy one.

In some manner they must lure Umballa from his retreat. It was finally agreed upon that they all return to the camp and steal back at once in a roundabout way. They would come

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 combed 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.

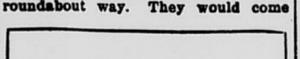
"Something is stampeding the elephants!" he cried.

Ahmed and the men with him 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 sore 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. (TO BE CONTINUED.)



The Treasure Is Found.

sufficiently armed. Later, the chief could pretend to be walking with his child.

So while Umballa stole forth from his hiding place, reasonably certain that his enemies had gone, Umballa got together his mutineers and made arrangements with them to help him carry away the treasure that night, the rightful owners were directed to the broken stick in the damp sand.

That night, when Umballa and his men arrived, a hole in the sand greeted them. It was shaped like a mouth, opened in laughter.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Ended Troubles.

It was Ahmed's suggestion that they in turn should bury the filigree basket. He reasoned that if they attempted to proceed with it they would be followed and sooner or later set upon by Umballa and the men he had won away from the village chief. The poor fishermen were gold mad and at present not accountable for what they did or planned to do. He advanced that Umballa would have no difficulty in rousing them to the pitch of murder. Umballa would have at his beck and call no less than twenty men, armed and ruthless. Some seventy miles beyond was British territory, and wherever there was British territory there were British soldiers. With them they would return, leaving the women in safety behind.

"The commissioner there will object," said the colonel.

"No, sahib," replied Ahmed. "The memsahib has every right in the world to this treasure. You possess the documents to prove it, and nothing more would be necessary to the commissioner."

"But, Ahmed," interposed Bruce, "we are none of us British subjects."

"What difference will that make, sahib?"

"Quite enough. England is not in the habit of protecting anybody but her own subjects. We should probably be held up till everything was verified at Allaha; and the priests there would 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."

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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 "Neanderthal Skull." Corn and squash seeds, three kinds of gourds, the stone nut 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 burrowed 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-hipped women; while at Frijoles the bodies, 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 mélange of bird or reptile, beasts and weird imitations of the human form divine; pottery in shards and unbroken; splintered bows and featherless arrows; fiber-soled sandals, and blankets 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 gazed 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 blinked."

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

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

"Rastus stared."

"Ain'tcha?" he gasped. Then he scratched his head. "Das funny," he added. "De gemman what lib here say de grass foh de jackass nex' doh."

—S. E. C. Smyth in Judge.

What They Want.

"So this woman, who has never done anything but attend to her home, wants to have the advertising of our theater, you say? What qualifications has she for the job?"

"Well, she tells me she knows how to keep a house in print."

Laid Nest Full of Chicks.

One day little Imogene ran into the house greatly excited, and exclaimed: "Oh, mama, what do you think? Our old speckled hen has laid a nest full of little chicks!"



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

LIQUOR AND HEALTH.

Important evidence with regard to liquor and the public health was brought before the committee on the regulation of the liquor traffic in the District of Columbia by Prof. Irving Fisher of Yale university. Professor Fisher showed—

That the lowering of the death rate in London has been exactly parallel to the lowered consumption of liquor in that city.

That the lessening of liquor consumption in Sweden has been followed by a remarkable lowering of its already low death rate.

That alcohol, even in moderate quantity, actually lessens efficiency, mental and physical.

That alcohol greatly increases the susceptibility to disease.

That alcohol is an important cause of insanity.

That alcohol lessens the average length of life, as shown by the reports of insurance companies and friendly societies.

That alcohol increases poverty.

These are the findings of cold science, not the testimony of anti-alcohol enthusiasts.

DRINK STATISTICS.

Figures showing an increase since 1904 of three gallons per capita in the nation's consumption of alcoholic drinks need a footnote.

While the average consumption for 1913 was 22.68, the average in 1907 and again in 1911 was 22.79. This gives the Prohibitionists a fair argument for the success of their labors in at least preventing an increase.

What is more, the actual consumers of alcohol are estimated to be about 25.5 per cent of the total population, with an average of 89 gallons each. Of this 25.5 per cent it would be interesting to know what proportion do the heavy drinkers.

If hard drinkers drink more but grow fewer, while the number of those who drink little or nothing keeps fairly steady, totals and averages need not cause much worry to temperance workers.—New York World.

A SOBER NAVY.

"No drinking in the navy" is an order everywhere respected, says Miss Ellen Stone, formerly of European Turkey, whose capture and ransom at great cost some years ago is still vividly remembered. "The naval officer is a splendid type of manhood," she continues. "To him an order is an order. Americans now need never fear to see on shore a jackie or marine from an American battleship in an intoxicated condition, which brings disgrace to the country whose uniform he wears. With shame and sorrow I have seen men from the battleships of other nations, in the streets of Saloniki, jeered at by Turks, Jews and others of that ancient city. Wonder of wonders that the ocean should go 'dry!'"

EVEN THE PUGILISTS.

Joe Shugrue, the popular Jersey City pugilist, is a total abstainer. The sporting editor of the Chicago Tribune says of him: "To be banqueted and lauded by high city officials has not fallen to the lot of any New York boxer, but Joe holds this distinction. . . . Shugrue is not only a teetotaler but frowns upon the use of liquor by the young men who are proud of his acquaintance."

BETTERMENT OF HUMANITY.

"Every movement for the betterment of humanity," says Mr. John Cunneen, the labor leader, "has been fought by people who said it would throw somebody out of work. It was so when oil came to displace candles, gas to supplant candles, and electricity in place of gas. For every man out of work by voting the saloons out, the saloons, if they stay, will put ten out of work."

QUITE A DIFFERENCE.

Eight miners in a West Virginia coal mine, and all of them drinkers, worked under the same conditions during the wet month of June and the dry month of August, conditions being the same both months except as to the drink. In June, when they could drink, and did, they earned \$214.77; in August, with the drink banned and impossible, their earnings were \$49.96.

CAUSE OF DESERTION.

In the eastern provinces of Germany the government has prohibited the sale of all alcoholic liquors. This action has been taken owing to the findings of the court-martial that in almost every instance desertion of the soldiers has been due to drink.

LIQUOR MEN PAY FINE.

How the liquor men are reforming: At Paterson, N. J., the liquor dealers have paid the fines of 30 Sunday law violators during the past few months.

ALCOHOL IN FRUITS.

"Alcohol is not in fruits or grains any more than ptomaine poisons are in meat."

SELLER CAN'T CONTROL.

After you sell a man liquor, his moderate or immoderate use of it is beyond your control.