

# THE ADVENTURES OF KATHLYN BY HAROLD MACGRATH

## SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Kathlyn Hare, believing her father, Col. Hare, in peril, has summoned her, leaves her home in California to go to him in Allahah, India. Umballah, pretender to the throne of that principality, has imprisoned the colonel, named by the late king as his heir, because he fears the American may insist on his royal rights.

Upon her arrival in Allahah, Kathlyn is informed by Umballah that her father being dead, she is to be queen, and must marry him forthwith. Her refusal infuriates him, but as Kathlyn's beauty and spirit have made a strong appeal to the people, he yields the point for the time being. A strict assurance that no woman may rule unmaried, but because the young queen is not conversant with the laws of the state she will be given seven days to decide.

When Kathlyn reiterates, at the expiration of the week of grace, her refusal to marry Umballah, she receives sentence from the supreme tribunal that she is to undergo two ordeals with wild beasts. If she survives she is to be permitted to rule without hindrance.

John Bruce, an American and fellow passenger on the boat which brought Kathlyn to Allahah, saves her life. The elephant which carries her from the scene of her trials becomes frightened and runs away, separating her from Bruce and the rest of the party.

After a ride filled with peril she takes refuge in a ruined temple. The holy men and villagers, believing her to be an ancient priestess risen from the tomb, allow her to remain as the guardian of the sacred fire. But Kathlyn's haven is also the abode of a band of slave traders, who bring her to Allahah to the public market. She is sold to Umballah, 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. Umballah's attempt to recapture them is unsuccessful, and the fugitives are given shelter in the palace of Bala Khan. The same night the sacred white elephant, the khan's most prized possession, is stolen.

The photo-drama corresponding to the installments of "The Adventures of Kathlyn" may now be seen at a number of the leading moving picture theaters. By this unique arrangement with the Selig Polyscope company it is therefore possible not only to read "The Adventures of Kathlyn" in The Tribune but also to keep pace with each installment of it at the moving picture theaters.

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## CHAPTER XII.

WHEN Kathlyn compounded it was with the news that she had discovered a group of men, some twelve or fifteen miles to the west. They had paused at what appeared to be a well, and with them was the sacred white elephant. Bala Khan was for giving orders at once to set out with his racing camels to catch and crucify every mother's son of them on the city walls. But Ramabai interposed.

"As I came toward the compound I was given a message. The man who gave it to me was gone before I could get a good look at his face. Those men who stole the sacred white elephant are brave and desperate. At the first sign of pursuit they promise to kill the elephant."

"And by the beard of the prophet," cried Bala Khan, his face purpling with passion, "those men of the desert keep their promises. And so do I. I promise later to nail each one of them to the walls, to die hanging to nails."

"But just now," said Ramabai quietly, "the main thing is to rescue the elephant, and I have a plan."

"Let me hear it!"

"From what you told me last night," went on Ramabai, "those bands of brigands are opium dealers."

Bala Khan nodded.

"Bruce Sahib here and I will undertake to carry them doctored opium. I know something about the drug. I believe that we saw the thieves last evening as we came through the streets. My plan is this: we will take five racing camels, go north and turn, making the well from the west. That will not look like pursuit?"

"But five camels? But Kathlyn's plan is to take five racing camels, go north and turn, making the well from the west. That will not look like pursuit?"

"Yes. In order to ally the suspicions of the brigands, Kathlyn Memshah and my wife must accompany us."

"The colonel objected, but Kathlyn overruled his objections."

"But Kit, they will recognize us. They will not have forgotten me. They will know that we have come from the town, despite the fact that to all appearances we come from the west."

"Bruce also shook his head. 'I don't look good, Ramabai. Why not let my three men?'"

"They would be suspicious at once. They would reason, if they saw Kathlyn Memshah and my wife with us, that we were harmless. Would you trust me?"

"Anybody," said the colonel. "But they will simply



THE HOSPITABLE BOLA KHAN BIDS FARWELL TO HIS GUESTS.

make us prisoners along with the elephant."

"Ah, but the Colonel Sahib forgets the opium," Ramabai laid his hand upon the colonel's arm. "Let them make prisoners of us. The very first thing they will do will be to search the saddlebags. They will find the opium. In a quarter of an hour they will be as dead and we can return."

"It is a good plan," said Bala Khan, when the conversation was fully translated to him. "And once the elephant is back in the compound I'll send a dozen men back for the opium. But Ramabai interposed. 'I will steal into my town, overcomp my guards, take the apple of my eye! Ramabai, thou art a friend indeed. Haste, and Allah feed thee! Umballah may arrive with an army, but he shall not enter my gates.'"

"Opium?"

"Guided by a servant, Bruce and Ramabai set off for the opium den. The proprietor understood exactly what they desired. There were times when men entered his place who were in need of a long sleep, having money tucked away in their fantastic commentaries."

So, mounted upon five swift camels, the party started off on a wide ride. Whether they caught the brigands at the well or on the way to their mountain homes was of no great importance. Ramabai was quite certain that the result would be the same. The colonel grumbled a good deal. Supposing the rascals did not smoke; what then?

"They will smoke," declared Ramabai, confidently. "The old man of whom we bought the opium has entertained them more than once. They are too proud to own pipes. Have patience, Colonel Sahib. A good deal depends upon the success of our adventure this morning. If I know anything about Umballah, he will shortly be on the march. Bala Khan has given his word."

Had it not been for liberal use of opium the night before the brigands would not have tarried so long at the well; but they were not so liberal. A bit more shattered, and craved for the drug. The chief alone had fully recovered. He cursed and raved at his men, kicked and beat them. What! After all these weeks of waiting, to let sleep stand between them and thousands of rupees? But Kathlyn did not recollect that Bala Khan had a way of talking thieves outside the walls of his city? Well, he for one would not wait. He would mount the sacred white elephant and head toward the caves in the hills. Let them who would decorate the walls of Bala Khan. The threat of Bala Khan put life into the eight followers, and they were getting ready to move on when one of them discovered a small caravan approaching from the west.

"Camels? Ha! Here was a chance of leaving Bala Khan's city far in the rear. And there would be lost besides. Those helmets were never worn by any save women! O, this was going to be something worth while. When the caravan came within hailing distance the chief of the brigands stepped forward menacingly. The new arrivals were informed that they were prisoners, and were bidden to dismount at once."

"But we are on the way to the city of Bala Khan," remonstrated Ramabai.

"Which you left this morning?" jeered the chief.

"Diamond?"

"But I am selling opium there!"

"Opium?"

"Where is it? Give it to us!" cried one of the brigands.

The chief thought quickly. If his men would smoke they should suffer the penalty of being left at the well to await the arrival of the tender Bala Khan. The white elephant was worth ten thousand rupees. He might not be obliged to share these bags of silver. His men could not complain. They had discharged him. Let them have the prize. He himself would only pretend to smoke."

But the first whiff of the fumes was too much for his will power. He sucked in the smoke, down to the bottom of his very soul, and suddenly found peace. The superdrug with which the poppy had been mixed was unknown to Ramabai, but he had often witnessed tests of its potency. It worked with the rapidity of viper venom. Within ten minutes after the first inhalation the nine brigands sank back upon the sand, as nearly dead as any man might care to be.

At once the elephant was liberated, and the party moved off toward the town. Col. Hare, suspicious of everything these days, marveled over the simplicity of the trick and the smoothness with which it had been turned. The old Brahmin who had charge of him went for his time they were really going to escape from this land accursed.

There was great powowing and salaaming at the gate as the sacred white elephant loomed into sight. The old Brahmin who had charge of him went for his time they were really going to escape from this land accursed.

Bala Khan was joyous. Here was the sacred elephant once more in the compound, and not a piece out of his treasure chest. He was in luck. In the midst of his self-congratulations came the alarming news that a large body of men was seen approaching across the desert from the direction of Allahah. Bala Khan, his

chiefs, and his guests climbed to the top of the wall and beheld the host in truth. It required but a slight look through the binoculars to discover to whom this host belonged.

"Umballah!" said Ramabai.

"Ah! Durga Ram, to pay his respects," Bala Khan roared his hands together. It had been many months since he had met a tulwar.

The colonel examined his revolver coolly. The moment that Umballah came within range the colonel intended to shoot. This matter was going to be settled definitely, here and now. So long as Umballah lived a

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"You could tell me more than that?"

"I could, but tell me, the smile giving way to sternness."

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dead menace hung above Kathlyn's head. So, then, Umballah must die.

Bala Khan was for beginning the warfare at once, but Bruce argued him out of this idea. Let them first learn what Umballah intended to do. There was no need of shedding blood needlessly.

"You white people must always talk," grumbled the Khan, who was a fighting man, born of a race of fighters yet to bow the head to the yoke. "It is better to kill and talk afterward. I have given my word to protect you, and the word of Bala Khan is as sound as British gold."

"For that," said Bruce, "thanks."

"Keep your men from the walls," cried Kathlyn, "and bring me the white elephant. I would deal with this man Umballah."

Her request was granted. So when Durga Ram and his soldiers arrived before the closed gates they beheld Kathlyn mounted on the white elephant, alone.

"What wish you have, Durga Ram?" she called down to the man on the richly caparisoned elephant.

"You! Your father and those who have helped you to escape."

"Indeed! Well, then, come and take us."

"I would speak with Bala Khan," imperiously.

"You will deal with me alone," declared Kathlyn. Umballah reached for his rifle, but a loud murmur from his men stayed his impulse.

"It is the sacred white elephant, highness. None dare fire at that," his captain warned him. "Those with him or upon him are in sanctity."

"Tell Bala Khan," said Umballah, controlling his rage as best he could, "tell Bala Khan that I would be his friend, not his enemy."

"Bala Khan," boomed a voice from the other side of the wall, "cares not for your friendship. Whatever the memshah says is my word. What! Does Allahah want war for the sake of gratifying Durga Ram's spite? Begone, and thank your evil gods that I am not already at your lying, treacherous throat. Take yourself off, Durga Ram. The people of Bala Khan do not make war on women and old men. The memshah and her friends are under my protection."

"I will buy them!" shouted Umballah, recollecting the greed of Bala Khan.

"My word is not for sale!" came back.

Kathlyn understood by the expression on Umballah's countenance what was taking place. She smiled down at her enemy.

"So be it, Bala Khan," snarled Umballah, his rage no longer on the rein. "In one month's time I shall return, and of your city there will not be one stone upon another when I leave it!"

"One month!" Ramabai laughed.

"Why are you always smiling, Ramabai?" asked Bruce.

"I have had a dream, sahib," answered Ramabai, still smiling. "Umballah will not return here."

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AS LONG AS UMBALLAH LIVED A DREAD MENACE HUNG ABOVE KATHLYN'S HEAD, SO HE MUST DIE

"If I only knew what had become of Ahmed," said the colonel, when the last of Umballah's soldiers disappeared whence they had come, "I should feel content."

"We shall find, or he will find us, if he is alive," said Kathlyn. "Now let us make for the last journey. One hundred miles to the west is the Arabian gulf. It is a caravan port, and there will be sailing vessels and steamships." She shook him by the shoulders joyously.

"We will have to share these bags of silver. His men could not complain. They had discharged him. Let them have the prize. He himself would only pretend to smoke."

But the first whiff of the fumes was too much for his will power. He sucked in the smoke, down to the bottom of his very soul, and suddenly found peace. The superdrug with which the poppy had been mixed was unknown to Ramabai, but he had often witnessed tests of its potency. It worked with the rapidity of viper venom. Within ten minutes after the first inhalation the nine brigands sank back upon the sand, as nearly dead as any man might care to be.

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was a pastime for me, though I went at it in a business way."

"I am glad of that. There is nothing to regret in leaving this part of the world." Yet the colonel sighed.

And Kathlyn heard that sigh, and intuitively understood. The filigree basket of gems. Of such was the stuff of men.

But the colonel was taken ill that night, and it was a week before he left his bed, and another before he was considered strong enough to attempt the journey. Bala Khan proved to be a fine host, for he loved men of deeds, and this white-haired old man was one of the right kidney. He must be strong ere he took the long journey over the hot sands to the sea.

A spy of Umballah's watched and waited to carry the news to his master the day his master's enemies departed from the haven of Bala Khan's walled city.

When the day came the khan insisted that his guests should use his own camels and servants, and upon Ramabai's return the elephants would be turned over to him for his journey back to Allahah. Thus, one bright morning, the caravan set forth for what was believed to be the last journey.

And Umballah's spy hastened away.

All day long they wound in and out, over and down the rolling mounds of sand, pausing only once, somewhere near 4 o'clock, when they dismounted for a space to enjoy a bite to eat and a dish of tea. Then on again, through the night, making about sixty miles in all. At dawn they came upon a well, and here they decided to rest till sunset. Beyond the well, some twenty-five miles, lay the low mountain range over which they must pass to the sea. At the foot of these hills stood a small village, which they reached about 10 o'clock that night.

They found the village wide awake. The pariah dogs were howling. And on making inquiries it was learned that a tiger had been prowling about for three or four nights, and that they had set a trap cage for the beast. The colonel and Bruce at once assumed charge. The old rest returned with all its vigor and alertness. Even Kathlyn and Pundita decided to join the expedition, though Pundita knew nothing of arms.

Now, this village was the home of the nine brigands, and whenever they were about they dominated the villagers. They were returning from a foraging expedition into the hills, and discovered the trap cage with the tiger inside. Very good. The tiger was no use to any but themselves, since they knew where to sell it. They were in the act of pulling the brush away from the cage when they heard sounds of others approaching. With their hands upon their hips, and their eyes fixed on the tiger, they waited. A sign from the chief, surrounded the investigators, who found themselves nicely caught.

"The natives fled incontinently. So did Bala Khan's camels."

"Death if you move!" snarled the chief. "Ah, you gave us bad opium, and we dropped like logs. Swine!" He raised his rifle threateningly.

"Wait a minute," said Bruce coolly. "What you want is money."

"Ay, money! Ten thousand rupees!"

"It shall be given you if you let us go. You will conduct us over the hills to the sea, and there the money will be given you."

The chief laughed loud and loudly. "What! Am I a tiger to put my head inside the tiger's jaws? Nay, I shall hold you here for ransom. Let them bring gold. Now, take gold," indicating the trap cage. "We shall take this fine man over along with us. I am speaking to you, white men, and you, pup of a Hindu! Chala! I will kill any one who falters. Opium! Ah, yes! You shall pay for my headache and the sickness of my comrades. Chala! And you white woman; she shall give a ransom of her own!"

And the party returned to the compound rather subdued. This quiet young native banker would go far. "And if I am ever a queen, will my beautiful memshah come back some day and visit me?"

"That I promise, Pundita, though I have no love for Allahah."

"And on our return to Allahah will see what has become of the faithful Ahmed."

"For that my thanks," responded the colonel. "Ahmed has been with me for many years, and has shared with me many hardships. If he lives he will be a marked man, so far as Umballah is concerned. Aid him to come to me. The loss of my camp and bungalow is nothing. The fact that we are all alive today is enough for me. But you, Bruce, will hit your young!"

Bruce laughed easily. "I am young. Besides, it was a well-earned rest."

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"DEATH IF YOU MOVE!" SNARLED THE CHIEF.

"Yes," said Ramabai, unsmilingly.

"He! That great prince did not lie."

"What prince?" cried Ramabai, now alarmed.

"The Prince Durga Ram. Three fat bags of silver, he said, would he pay me for the white hunter with the white hair. It is the will of Allahah."

The colonel's head sank upon his knees. Kathlyn patted his shoulder.

"Father, I tell you mind not the mouthings of a village gurgler. We shall soon be free."

"Kix, this over, if I return to Allahah, I shall die. I feel it in my bones."

"And I say no!"

The chief turned to Ramabai. "You and the woman with you shall this day seek two camels of the five you borrowed from Bala Khan. You will journey at once to Allahah. But do not waste your time in stopping to acquaint Bala Khan. At the first sign of armed men each of those shall die in yonder tiger cage."

"We refuse!"

"Then be first to taste the tiger's fangs!"

The chief called to his men to seize Ramabai and Pundita, when Kathlyn interposed.

"Go, Ramabai! It is useless to fight against those men, whom all they say and who are as cruel as the tiger himself."

"It shall be as the memshah says," replied Ramabai, resignedly.

One morning Umballah entered the judgment hall of the palace, disturbed in mind. Anonymous notes had been sent to persecute Ramabai and his wife further, on pain of death. He had found these notes at the door of his zenana, in his stables, on his pillow. In his heart he had sworn the death of Ramabai; but here was a phase upon which he had set a calculation. Had there not been unrest abroad he would have scorned to pay any attention to these warnings; but this Ramabai—may he burn in hell!—was a power with