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THE ADVENTURES OF KATHLYN

By HAROLD MacGRATH

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTER 1 AND 2

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 Allah, leaving her younger sister, Winnie, at home on their wild animal farm California.

Umballa, a portuge of the King of Allah, hopes to succeed to the throne. Allah, being an independent principality, the childless ruler has the right to appoint his heir. On a previous visit to Allah 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.

Umballa goes to America and, spying on the household of Col. Hare, sees the lovely, fair haired Kathlyn and falls in love with her. He determines that she shall come to Allah and be an innocent aid in the plot against her father. The ruse is successful, and on the boat which carries Kathlyn to India the Hindu is a passenger.

In the meantime the King of Allah has died and Umballa and the three councilors of the Kingdom have thrown Col. Hare into prison. On Kathlyn's arrival in India she is informed by Umballa that her father is dead and that she is the queen. She is forced to enter the palace and is detained there until the day she is to be crowned. 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, who is hunting in the vicinity of Allah. Her father's servant, Ahmed, approaching to present her with flowers, she whispers his name and tells him to bring Bruce to her aid. When the crown is placed upon her head Umballa announces that she is to be married to him forthwith. Her horrified refusal drives him.

CHAPTER III

THE TWO ORDEALS

Umballa was not a coward; he was only ruthless and predatory after the manner of his kind. A thrill of admiration tinged his spine. The women of his race were chaste, lazy and inert, without fire, merely drudges or playthings. Here was one worth conquering, a white flame to be controlled. To bend her without breaking her, that must be his method of procedure. The skin under her chin was as white as the heart of a mangosteen and the lodging to sweep her into his arms was almost irresistible.

A high priest spoke to Kathlyn. "What does he say?" she asked. "That you must marry him." "Tell him I refuse." Umballa shrugged and repeated her words. Here the Council of Three interposed warning Kathlyn that she must submit to the law as it read. There was no appeal from it. "Then I shall appeal to the British Raj."

"How?" asked Umballa, urbanely. Swiftly she stepped to the front of the platform and extended her arms. It was an appeal. She pointed to Umballa and shook her head. Her arms went out again. A low murmur rippled over the pressing crowd; it grew in volume; and a frown of doubt flitted over Umballa's brow. The soldiers were awaiting restlessly. Kathlyn saw this sign and was quick to seize upon its possibilities. She renewed her gesture toward them. It seemed that she must burst forth from their maddening tongue: "I appeal to the chivalry of Allah!"

Soldiers, you now wear my uniform! Liberate me! But her tongue was mute; yet her eyes, her face, her arms, spoke eloquently enough to the turbulent soldiers. Besides, they well knew the opportunity to show the populace how strong they were and how little they feared Umballa. At a nod from their leader they came romping up the steps to the dais and surrounded Kathlyn. A roar came from the populace; an elephant trumpet; the parish dogs barked.

ended. With a diplomacy which would have graced a better man Umballa directed the troops to escort Kathlyn to her chamber in the zenana. He had in mind seven days. Many things could be accomplished in that space of time. "For the present," he said, smiling at Kathlyn, "the God of your fathers has proven strongest. But tomorrow! Ah, tomorrow! There will be seven days. Think, then, deeply and wisely. Your khitmatgar has become a prisoner. It will be weeks ere your presence is known here. You are helpless as a bird in the net. Struggle if you will; you will only bruise your wings. The British Raj? The British Raj does not want a great border war, and I can bring down ten thousand wild hill men outlaws between whom and the British Raj there is a blood feud; ten thousand from a land where there is never peace, only truce. In seven days. Salaam, heaven born!"

She returned his ironical gaze calmly, over the shoulder of a trooper. "Wait," she said. "I wish you to understand the enormity of your crime." "Crime?" with elevated eyebrows. "Yes. You have abducted me." "No. You came of your own free will." "The white men of my race will not pause to argue over any such subtlety. Marry you? I do not like your color."

A dull red settled under Umballa's skin. "I merely wish to warn you," she went on, "that my blood will be upon your head. And woe to you if it be. There are white men who will not wait the coming of the British Raj." "Ah, yes; some brave, hardy American, Bruce Sahib, for instance. Alas, he is in the Straits Settlements these seven days." "But there are many kinds of death," and with this sinister reflection he stepped aside.

The multitude, seeing Kathlyn coming down from the dais, still surrounded by her cordon of troopers, began reluctantly to disperse. "Breed and the circus!" the mobs will cry it down the ages; they will always pause to witness bloodshed, from a safe distance, you may be sure. There was a deal of rioting in the bazaars that night, and many a measure of bhag and toddy kept the fires burning. Oriental politics is like the winds of the equinox; it blows from all directions.

The natives were taxed upon every conceivable subject, not dissimilar to the old days in Urdu, where a man paid so much for the privilege of squeezing the man under him. Mutiny was afoot, rebellion, but it had yet found a head. The natives wanted a change, something to gossip about during the hot, lazy afternoons, over their hookahs and coffee. To them reform meant change only, not the alleviation of some of their heavy burdens. The talk of freeing slaves was but talk; slaves were lucrative investments; a man would be a fool to free them. An old man, with a skin white like this new queen's and hair spun wool, dressed in a long black cloak and a broad brimmed hat, had started the agitation of liberating the slaves. More than that, he carried no idol of his God, never bathed in the ghats, or took flowers to the temples and seemed always in a state of commotion with the simple iron cross suspended from his neck. But he had died during the last visitation of the plague.

They had wearied of their tolerant king, who had died mysteriously; they were now wearied of the council and Umballa, in other words, they knew not what they wanted; being People.

Who was this fair skinned woman who stood so straight before Umballa's eye? Whence had she come? To be ruled by a woman who appeared to be tongue tied! Well, there were worse things than a woman who could not talk. Thus they gabbled in the bazaars, round brainers and dung fires. And some talked of the murder. The proud Ramabai had been hailed to prison; his banker's gold had not saved him. O, this street rat Umballa generally got what he wanted. Ramabai's wife was one of the beauties of Hind.

Through the narrow, evil smelling streets of the bazaars a man hurried that night, glancing behind frequently to see if by any mischance some one followed. He stopped at the house of Lal Singh, the shoemaker, whom he found drowning over his water pipe. It is well, said the new comer in a low voice, it is well answered. Lal Singh, dropping the mouth piece of his pipe, he had spoken meekly. When he saw who his visitor was his eyes brightened. "Ahmed?" "Hush!" with a gesture toward the ceiling. "She is out merrymaking, like the

rest of her kind. The old saying: if a man waits, the woman comes to him. I am alone. There is news?" "There is a journey. Across Hind to Simla." "The hour has arrived?" "At least the excuse. Give these to one in authority with the British Raj, whose bread we eat." Ahmed slid across the table a very small scroll. "The Memsahib is my master's daughter. She must be spirited away to safety."

"Ah!" Lal Singh rubbed his fat hands. "So the time nears when we shall wring the vulture's neck? Ah, it is good! Umballa, the toad, who swells and swells as the days go by. Shivya has guarded him well. The king picks him out of the gutter for a pretty bit of impudence, sends him afar to Umballa, where he learns to speak English, where he learns to wear shoes that button and still linen bands around the neck. He has gone on, gone on! The higher up, the harder the fall."

"The cellar?" "There are pistols and guns and ammunition and strange little wires by which I make magic fires." "Batteries?" "One never knows what may be needed. You have the key?" "Yes." "Hare Sahib's daughter. And Hare Sahib? w th twinkling eyes. "In some dungeon, nayhap. There all avenues seemed closed up." "Umballa needs money," said Lal Singh, thoughtfully. "But he will not find it," in afterthought. "Tomorrow?" "At dawn."

These two men were spiders in that great web of secret service that the British Raj weaves up and down and across Hind, to Persia and Afghanistan, to the borders of the Bear. Even as Lal Singh picked up his mouthpiece again and Ahmed sallied forth into the bazaar Umballa had brought to him in the armory that company of soldiers who had shown such open mutiny, not against the

state but against him. Gravely he questioned the captain. "Pay our wages, then, heaven born," said the captain with veiled insolence. "Pay us, for we have seen not so much as betel money, since the last big rain." "Morey," mused Umballa, marking down this gallant captain for death when the time came. "Al, money: bright rupees, or, better still, yellow British gold, pay us. Let us be frank with each other Umballa smiling to cover the fire in his eyes.

"That is what we desire," replied the captain, with a knowing look at his silent troopers. "I must buy you." "But after I have bought you?" "Heaven born, our blood is yours to spill where and when you will." "From under the teak table Umballa drew forth two heavy bags of silver coin. These he emptied upon the table dramatically; white, shining metal, sparkling as the candle flames wavered. Umballa arranged the coin in stacks, one of them triple in size. "Yours, captain," said Umballa, indicating the large stack.

The captain pocketed it, and one by one his troopers passed and helped themselves and fell back along the wall in military alignment, bright eyed and watchful. "Thanks, heaven born!" The captain and his troopers filed out. Umballa fingered the empty bags, his brow wrinkled. Cut off a cobra's head and it could only wriggle till sunset. Umballa gave the vanish ng captain two wads. Then he should vanish indeed. The next morning while the council and Umballa were in session relative as to what should be done with Kathlyn in the event of her refusal to bend, two soldiers entered bringing with them a beautiful native young woman, one Pundita, wife of Ramabai, found in murder. Umballa wiped his betel stained lips and salaamed mockingly. Yet so

long ago he had been attentive to this young woman—after her marriage. She had sent him about his business with burning ears and a hot cheek, made so by the contract of her strong young hand. Revenge, great or small, was always sweet to Umballa.

To the slave girl who attended Pundita he said: "Go summon the queen. It is for her to decide what shall be done with this woman." Through the veil Pundita's black eyes sparkled with hatred. When Kathlyn came in it was at once explained to her that the woman's husband had been taken for murder; by law his wife became the queen's property, to dispose of as she willed. The veil was plucked from Pundita's face. She was ordered to salaam, but stoutly refused to kneel. They proceeded to force her roughly, when Kathlyn intervened.

"Tell her she is free," said Kathlyn. "Free?" came from the amazed Pundita's lips. "You speak English?" cried Kathlyn excitedly. "Yes, majesty." Kathlyn could have embraced her for the very joy of the knowledge. A woman who could talk English, who could understand, who perhaps could help! Yes, yes; the God of her fathers was good. Umballa smiled. All that was exactly what he had reason to expect. Seven days of authority; it would amuse him to watch her. "Tell me your story," urged Kathlyn kindly. "Be not afraid of these men. I shall make you my lady in waiting. . . . So long as I am a queen," with a searching glance at Umballa's face. She learned nothing from the half smile there.

Pundita's narrative was rather long, but not uninteresting. She had learned English from the old white priest who had died during the last plague. She was of high caste, and far back in the days of the Great Mogul in Delhi her forebears had ruled here; but strife and rebellion had driven them fourth. In order that her immediate forebears might return to their native state and dwell in peace they had waived all possible rights of accession. They had found her husband standing over a dead man in the bazaar. He was innocent. Umballa smoothed his chin. Pundita had not told her queen how he, Umballa had made the accusation, after having been refused money by Ramabai. He secretly desired—the diplomacy of the young woman. She did not at this moment care to push his enmity too far. As a matter of fact, he no longer cared about her; at least, not since his arrival at Allah. "Where is this man Ramabai confined?" demanded Kathlyn. "In the murderers' pit in the elephant arena."

"Send and bring him here. I am certain that he is innocent." So they brought in Ramabai in chains. Behind him came a Nautch girl, at whom Umballa gazed puzzled. What part had she in this affair? He soon found out. "Who are you?" he asked. "I am Lalla Ghorri, and I live over the shoemaker, Lal Singh, in the Kashmir Gate bazaar. I dance." "And why are you here?" "I saw the murderer. Ramabai is innocent. He came upon the scene only after the murderer had fled. They were fighting about me," naive-ly. "I was afraid to tell till now."

"Knock off those chains," said Kathlyn. Of Pundita she asked: "Does he, too, speak English?" "Yes, heaven born." "Then for the present he shall become my body guard. You shall both remain here in the palace." "Ah, your majesty!" interposed Umballa. Pundita he did not mind, but he objected to Ramabai, secretly knowing him to be a revolutionist, extremely popular with the people and the nearby ryots (farmers), to whom he loaned money upon reasonable terms.

"If I am queen, I will it!" said Kathlyn firmly. "If I am only a prisoner, end the farce at once." "Your majesty's word is law," and Umballa bowed, hiding as best he could his irritation. The next afternoon he began to enact the subtle plans he had formed regarding Kathlyn. He brought her certain documents and petitions to sign and went, over them carefully with her. Once, as she returned a document, he caught her hand and kissed it. She withdrew it roughly, flaming with anger. He spread his hands apologetically. He was on fire for her, but he possessed admirable control. He had the right to come and go; as regent he could enter the zenana without being accompanied by the council. But, thereafter, when he arrived with the day's business she contrived to have Pundita near and Ramabai within call. On the sixth day he cast all discretion to the winds and seized her violently in his arms. And, though she fended her lips, her cheeks and neck defied. She stepped back; the hidden dagger flashed.

"A step nearer," she cried, low voiced, "and I will strike." Umballa recoiled. This was no longer Sa'ad's hour; but the young woman who had mastered the lion in the railway train. Rage supplanted the passion in his heart. Since she would not bend, she should break. As her arm sank he sprang forward like a cat and seized her wrist. He was not gentle. The dagger tinkled as it struck the marble floor. He stopped for it. "Since you will not bend, break!" he said, and left the chamber, cold with fury. Kathlyn sank weakly upon her pillow as Pundita ran to her side. "What shall I do, Pundita?" "God knows, Memsahib!" "Are you a Christian?" "Yes."

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And so they confronted each other. There was a garden in the palace grounds, lovely indeed. A fountain tinkled and for carp swam about in the fluted marble basin. There were trellises of flowers, too; Persian roses, despite the fact that it was still winter. It was called the Garden of Brides. Kathlyn, attended by Pundita, awaited there the coming of Umballa and the council. Her heart ached with bitterness and she could not think clearly. The impression that all this was some dreadful nightmare recurred to her vividly. What horrors awaited her she knew not, nor could conceive. Marry that smiling demon?—for something could be told her that he was a demon. No; she was ready to die. . . . And but a little while ago she had been working happily in the outdoor studio; the pet leopard sprawled at her feet; from the bungalow she heard the nightingale voice of Winnie, soaring in some aris of Verdi's; her father was dozing on the veranda. Out of that, into this! It was incredible. From time to time she brushed her forehead, bewildered.

In this mood, bordering on the hysterical (which is sometimes but a step to supreme courage), Durga Ram so-called Umballa, and the council found her. The face of the former was cold, his eyes steady and expressionless. "Has your majesty decided?" asked the eldest of the council. "Yes," quietly. "And your decision is?" "No, absolutely and finally. There is no reason why I should obey any of your laws; but there is a good reason why all of you shall some day be punished for this outrage." "Outrage!" The spokesman for the council stamped his foot in wrath. "Think!" said Umballa. "I have thought. Let us have no more of this cat-and-mouse play. I refuse to marry you. I'd much prefer any beggar in the street. There is nothing more to be said." "There are worse things than marriage." "What manner of indignities have you arranged for me?" Her voice was firm, but the veins in her throat beat so hardly that they stifled her. Said the spokesman of the council: "We have found a precedent. We find that one hundred and ninety years ago a like case confused the council of that day. They finally agreed that she must submit to two ordeals with wild beasts of the jungle. If she survive she was to be permitted to rule without hindrance. It would be a matter for the gods to decide."

"Are you really human beings?" asked Kathlyn, her lips dry. "Can you possibly commit such a dreadful crime against one who has never harmed you, who asks for nothing, but the freedom to leave this country?" Pundita secretly caught Kathlyn's hand and pressed it. "Once more!" said Umballa, his compassion touched for the first time. But he had gone too far; for the safety of his own head he must go on. "I am ready!" The four men salaamed gravely. They turned, the flowing yellow robes of the council fluttering in the wind, the sun lighting with green and red fires the bill of Umballa's sword. Not one of them but would have emptied his private coffers to undo what he had done. It was too late. Already a priest had announced the ordeals to the swarming populace. That night Umballa did not rest particularly well. But he came determined upon one thing; no actual harm should befall Kathlyn. He would have a marksman hidden nearby in both ordeals. What a woman! he would have looted the treasure she was a queen, and he knew that he would go through all the hells of Hind to call her his. Long ere this chests and swart her upon his racing elephant had he dared. Sa'ad's hour!

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A thousand times he heard it through the night! "I am ready!" (Continued next Saturday.)

WOMAN EXTINGUISHED FIRE LONDON, Ont., May 13.—Miss Margaret Galbraith, formerly of the Royal Victoria hospital, Montreal, saved the new Strathroy hospital, of which she was recently appointed superintendent, and the lives of many patients, when singled handed she fought a fire which started shortly before midnight. An explosion of gasoline occurred where a sterilizer was being started, and in a few seconds a fierce blaze was in progress. Miss Galbraith seized an extinguisher and not only kept the fire in the room where it started, out finally got it out.

TO LAY FACTS BEFORE HIS HOLINESS. VERA CRUZ, May 13.—The most interesting and important news from Rev. Jose Mora del Rio, Archbishop of Mexico, and the Right Rev. James Maria Eschavarra, Bishop of Satorres, despite the fact that it was still winter, it was called the Garden of Brides. Kathlyn, attended by Pundita, awaited there the coming of Umballa and the council. Her heart ached with bitterness and she could not think clearly. The impression that all this was some dreadful nightmare recurred to her vividly. What horrors awaited her she knew not, nor could conceive. Marry that smiling demon?—for something could be told her that he was a demon. No; she was ready to die. . . . And but a little while ago she had been working happily in the outdoor studio; the pet leopard sprawled at her feet; from the bungalow she heard the nightingale voice of Winnie, soaring in some aris of Verdi's; her father was dozing on the veranda. Out of that, into this! It was incredible. From time to time she brushed her forehead, bewildered.

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A thousand times he heard it through the night! "I am ready!" (Continued next Saturday.)

A Peace-Sunday Meditation

"Glory to God in the Highest, and on Earth Peace, Good Will Toward Men."

The Nation

RUSSIAN HYMN 11 TO 11 10 Alexis L'woff, 1833

1. God the All-powerful King who ordainest, Great winds Thy

clarions, the lightning Thy sword, Show forth Thy pity on high

where Thou reignest, Grant to us peace, O most merciful Lord, A-MEN.

2. God the All-righteous One! man hath defied Thee, Yet to eternity standeth Thy word; Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside Thee; Grant to us peace, O most merciful Lord.

3. God the All-wise! by the fire of Thy chastening, Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored; Through the thick darkness Thy kingdom is hastening; Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord.

4. So shall Thy children, in thankful devotion, Praise Him who saved them from peril and sword, Singing in chorus from ocean to ocean, "Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord."

Henry F. Chorley, 1841. Arr. by John Ellerton, 1890.

From THE AMERICAN HYMNAL, published by The Century Co., New York

"And the Lord will judge between the nations; and they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." Isaiah 2:4.

"Let us pray for the peace of the whole world; for the welfare of God's holy churches, and for the union of them all; for healthful seasons; for abundance of the fruits of the earth, and for peaceful times."

(From the daily Russian Liturgy chanted in the 40,000 churches of the Empire.)

The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, in co-operation with the various peace organizations, recommends that the Sunday nearest the anniversary of the first Hague Conference be observed by all the churches, May 17. The churches of Great Britain have taken similar action and the public schools of the United States are observing May 18th as Peace Day.