

Paint  
They dry  
and can be  
blind green  
48c  
93c  
Shoes  
Footograph  
St.  
sekeeper  
ange  
er Std.  
CLOCK  
wide  
IAT  
PARIS, 1900  
air \$1.00, \$1.10, \$1.25  
85c, 95c  
Washable, one  
\$1.00, \$1.15, \$1.35  
Eight-button length  
\$1.65  
\$2.25  
\$2.75  
me. Pair ... \$1.10  
air ... 60c, 75c, \$1.20  
GLOVES.  
60c, 75c, \$1.20  
air ... 60c.  
Limited

# The St. John Standard,

NEW BRUNSWICK, CANADA.

VOL. VI. NO. 16.

SECOND SECTION

PAGES 9 To 16

PRICE TWO CENTS.

## THE ADVENTURES OF KATHLYN

By HAROLD MAC GRATH.

### SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Kathlyn Hare believes her father, Col. Hare, to be in dire peril in Tilaha, a principality of India. The King of Allaha has recently died, and because the Colonel had once saved his life he names him as his successor. Umballah, pretender to the throne of Allaha, loves Kathlyn and has forged a message summoning her to her father, whom he has thrown into prison. She leaves her home in California to go to him.

On her arrival in Allaha she is informed by Umballah that her father is dead and that she is the queen. An elaborate durbar is arranged, the central figure of which is Kathlyn, protesting and grief-stricken. When the crown is placed upon her head Umballah announces that she is to be married to him forthwith. Her refusal infuriates him, but as Kathlyn's beauty and spirit have made a strong appeal to the people he yields the joint for the time being. A priest announces that no woman may rule unmarried 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 Allaha, is hunting near Allaha. He sends Ramabai, her body guard, to find him and tell him of her peril.

The first ordeal is arranged, and Kathlyn is placed in a cage in the jungle. A tiger is loosed, and as he is about to spring on his victim Bruce, who has reached the scene, fires on him. The first ordeal is over.

Bruce learns that in the second ordeal Kathlyn is to be placed in the arena, the prey of hungry lions. With Ramabai and Ahmed he makes his plans. Mines are laid in the arena, and when Kathlyn enters it and faces the lions Bruce springs them. During the excitement following the explosion, and while Umballah, the councilors, and the terrified populace are fleeing for their lives, he hurries to Kathlyn's side.

(Copyright: 1914: By Harold MacGrath.)

### CHAPTER V.

#### THE TEMPLE OF THE LION.

ALL Bruce dropped down into the arena to Kathlyn's side he had never given a thought to the possibility of the key not being the right one. Trapped—and Ahmed but a few yards away with a semna gharri, ready to convey them to the camp, freedom! It took the heart out of him for a moment. The confusion all about, the roar of the roaring of the frightened lions which had escaped destruction, the shrill cries of the panic-stricken populace, who now looked upon the white Memsahib as the daughter of Shaitan, these dulled his inventive faculties for the nonce. Here was the confusion, properly planned, and he could not make use of it. Possibly, when no further explosion shook the air, the mob and the soldiers would return out of curiosity. And then, good-by!

But the sight of a lion emerging from the muck, the wrong side of the crevasse roused him thoroughly.

"Save yourself!" said Kathlyn in despair; "there is no possible way of saving me. I have never in all my life injured anyone, and yet God makes me go through all this. . . . I am mad, you are, the whole world is! . . . Run!"

Bruce laughed. It was that kind of laughter with which men enter battle. He drew Lal Singh's revolver and thrust one into her hand.

"Shoot at the keyhole. Leave the lion to me. With the pandemonium no one will not be the shots, or if they do, will think that more explosions are on the way. I'll get you out of this nightmare; that's what I was born for."

"Nightmare!" as Kathlyn leaned dizzily against one of the supports.

"There, now!" as Kathlyn leaned dizzily against one of the supports.

"I've gone through a good deal," she said. Without more ado she pressed the muzzle of the revolver into the keyhole and fired. She heard a shot behind her, another, and another; but she kept firing into and about the keyhole till the revolver was empty.

A firm hand drew her aside.

"The lion?"

"Gone to sleep. Let me have a whack at that door."

"Where's Ramabai?"

"Went back over the wall. Probably to warn Ahmed; maybe gone directly off toward camp. Anyhow, he has faith in me."

"And, O! so have I, so have I!"

Bruce bore his weight savagely against the door—once, twice, thrice; and pitched forward on his knees, outside. He was up instantly. He caught Kathlyn by the hand and hurried her along; and all she could think of was Winnie romping toward the canopied studio, her father half asleep on the veranda, and the leopard cat sprawled on the divan!

"Sahib! Huror!" a voice called. "This way!"

"Ahmed! Ahmed!" cried Kathlyn.

"Yes, heaven born; but hurry, hurry! Umballah will return to search as soon as he can get the better of his legs. Siva take that battery that was worn out! Heaven born, you are now a queen in fact. . . . I want to go home, Ahmed, home!"

"Here's the gharri. Here, Sahib!" He held out a handful of cartridges toward Bruce. "These fit Lal Singh's pistols. Hurry, hurry!"

Bruce helped Kathlyn into the vehicle and jumped in beside her, and Ahmed struck the horse. The gharri was a rickety old contrivance, every hinge creaking like some lost soul; but Ahmed had reasoned that the more dilapidated the vehicle, the less conspicuous it would be. He urged the horse. He

wanted the flying mob to think that he was flying, too, which, indeed, he was. The gharri rolled and creaked like a dory in a squall. A dozen times Bruce and Kathlyn were flung together, and quite unconsciously she caught hold of his lean, strong brown hand. It would not be true to say that he was unconscious of the act.

Presently they entered the paved streets of the bazars, and the going improved. Kathlyn leaned back.

"I am Kathlyn Hare, and this is the year. . . ."

"Come now, miss Kathlyn, no thinking; leave the whole business to me, the worry and the planning. If we can reach my elephants, all right; we'll be in Delhi within seven days. The rest of the going will be as simple as falling off a log."

That Yankee phrase did more to rehabilitate her than all his assurances.

From time to time Bruce stole a glance through

"I'll return and find out, once I've got you safe. I don't blame you for thinking all this a nightmare. God knows it is nightmarish. Do you know, I've been thinking it over. It appears to me that the king lately took a dislike to his protegee, Umballah, and turned this little trick to make him unhappy. I dare say he thought your father wise enough to remain away. Umballah hangs between wind and water; he can go neither forward nor backward. But poor Ramabai back there will lose his gold for this."

"Ramabai has always been very kindly to the poor, and the poor man generally defends his benefactor when the night time comes. To Umballah I was only a means to the end. If he declared himself king, that would open up the volcano upon which he stands; but as my prince consort, that would leave him fairly secure."

"Only a means," mused Bruce inwardly, stealing a glance at her and yet lovely profile. Umballah was

times carried him as swiftly as a horse. An elephant never trots nor really runs according to our conception of the terms; he shuffles, scarcely lifting his feet off the ground.

The mahout yelled and belabored the elephant on the skull. Rajah did not mind this beating at all. Whatever his idea was, he evidently proposed to see it fulfilled. Cunningly he dashed under some branches, sweeping the mahout off his neck. The branches with a crash as of musketry struck the howdah, but it held, thanks to the stoutness of the belly bands and the care with which they had been adjusted round the huge barrel.

Bruce stood up, appalled. For a time he was incapable of movement. Short as the time was, it was enough to give Rajah such headway as he needed. He disappeared from sight. Bruce saw the futility of shooting at the beast. The only thing he could do was to mount up beside Ramabai and Pund-

forward. The rider started at the strange captive, started, and uttered an aston shed cry.

"The white queen of Allaha, whom mine own eyes saw crowned at the Durbar there!" he murmured.

"By the shroud of the prophet, what can this mean? Stop!" he called to the soldiers. Kathlyn looked up dully. "Convey her to his highness the Kumor!"

The prince decided what should be done with her.

The Kumor was big and lazy and sensual. He gazed upon Kathlyn with eyes which sparkled evilly, like a cat's.

"Who is this woman?" he demanded.

"Highness, she is the white queen of Allaha, but who may say that she is here?" with a smile as evil as his master's.

"But how came she here?"

The horseman briefly recounted the events as he had seen them in the capital of Allaha.

"Who are you, maiden?" the Kumor asked in English, for, like all potentates, little or great, in India, he spoke English. It presented the delectable pastime of conspiring in two languages; for, from Bombay to Calcutta, from Peshawar to Madras, India seethes, conspires, and taken an occasional pot shot at some poor devil of a commissioner whose only desire is to have them combine religion and sanitation.

"I am an American. Please take me to the English commissioner." Somehow instinct told her that she might not expect succor from this man with the pearls about his gross neck.

"I regret that his excellency the commissioner has gone to Bombay. Besides, I do not know that you tell the truth. Still, I can offer you what pearls and emeralds you may find to your liking."

"Your highness, there are those whose coming shortly will cause you much annoyance if you refuse to give me proper aid. There is no possible way for you to cover up my appearance here. Send me to the commissioner's bungalow, where I may wait the coming of my friends."

"Indeed?" The Kumor saw here a conflict not altogether to his liking. He was lazy, and there was the damnable, unrelenting hand of the British Raj looming in the distance. He shrugged. "Achmet, call the captain of the guard and have him convey this runaway queen to Allaha. Surely, I may not meddle with the affairs of a friendly state. With a wave of his fat, bejeweled hand he appeared to dismiss the matter from his mind.

Kathlyn was led away. The human mind can stand only so many shocks.

Outside the palace courtyard stood Rajah, the howdah securely attached once more. Kathlyn was bidden to mount. A water bottle and some cakes were placed in the howdah beside her. Then a drunken mahout mounted behind Rajah's ears. The elephant did not like the feel of the man's legs, and he began to sway ominously. Nevertheless, he permitted the mahout to direct him to one of the city gates, the soldiers trooping alongside.

It appeared that there was a much shorter route to Allaha. Time being essential, Bruce had had to make for the frontier blindly, as it were. The regular highway was a moderately decent road which led along the banks of one of those streams which eventually join the sacred Jumna. This, of course, was also sacred. Many Hindus were bathing in the ghats. They passed by these and presently came upon a funeral pyre.

Sometimes one sleeps with one's eye open, and thus it was with Kathlyn. Out of that funeral pyre her feverish thoughts builded a frightful dream.

The drunken mahout slid off Rajah; the soldiers turned aside. Hired female mourners were kneeling about, wailing and beating their breasts, while behind them stood the high caste widow, her face as tragic as Dido's at the pyre of Aeneas. Suddenly she threw her arms high above her head.

"I am suttie!"

Suttie! It was against the law of the British Raj. The soldiers began arguing with the widow, but only half heartedly. It was a pious rite, worthy of the high caste Hindu's wife. Better death on the pyre than a future life that of a parish dog. For a wife who preferred to live after her husband was gone was a social outcast, permitted not to wed again, to exist only as a drudge, a menial, the scum and contempt of all who had known her in her days of prosperity.

The widow, having drunk from a cup which contained opium, climbed to the top of the pyre where her husband lay, swathed in white. She was about wildly, and her courage and resolve took wings. She stumbled down. A low hissing ran about.

"Make the white woman suttie in her place!" cried the drunken mahout.

The cry was taken up by the spectators. Kathlyn felt herself dragged from the elephant, bound, and finally laid beside the swathed figure. There could be no horror in the wide world like it. Smoke began to curl up from the underbrush. It choked and stifled her. Sparks rose and dropped upon her arms and face. And through the smoke and flame came Rajah. He lifted her with his powerful trunk and carried her off, for hours and hours, back into the trackless jungle. . . .

Kathlyn found herself, all at once sitting against the roots of an aged banyan tree. A few yards away an ape sat on his haunches and eyed her curiously. A little farther off Rajah browsed in a clump of weeds, the howdah at a rakish angle, like the cocked hat of a bully. Kathlyn stared at her hands. There were no burn marks there; she passed a hand over her face; there was no smart or sting. A dream; she had dreamed it; a fantasy due to her light-headed state of mind. A dream! She cried and laughed, and the ape jabbered at her uneasily.

In reality, Rajah, freed of his unwelcome mahout, had legged it down the road without as much as trumpeting his farewell, and the soldiers had not been able to stop him.

How she had managed to get down would always remain a mystery to her. Food and water, food and water; in her present state she must have both or die. Let them send her back to Allaha; she was beaten; she was without the will to resist further. All she wanted was food and water and sleep. After that they might do what they pleased with her.

For the first time since the extraordinary flight from Allaha, Kathlyn recollected the "elephant talk" which Ahmed had taught her. She rose wearily and walked toward Rajah, who cocked his ears at the sound of her approach. She talked to him for a moment in monotone. She held out her hands; the dry, raspy trunk curled out toward them. Rajah bent his calloused knees, and gratefully Kathlyn crawled back into the howdah. Food and water; these appeared at hand as if by magic. So she ate and drank. If she could hold Rajah to a walk the howdah would last at least till she came to some village.

Later, in the moonshine, she espied the ruined porico of a temple.

(To be Continued.)



Bruce Helped Kathlyn into the Vehicle and Jumped in Beside Her.

the curtained window. Stragglers were hastening along close to the walls and there were soldiers who had forgotten to bring their guns from the elephant arena. Once he heard the clatter of hoofs. A horseman ran alongside the gharri, slowed up, peered down, and shrugged. Kathlyn shrank toward Bruce. The rider proceeded on his way. Ahmed recognized him as the ambassador from the neighboring principality, ruled by a Kumor, who was in true rule by the British Raj. Kathlyn could not shut out the leer on his face.

By mid-afternoon the gharri reached Bruce's camp. Ramabai and Pundita greeted Kathlyn with delight. All their troubles were over. They had but to mount the elephants and ride away.

"Ahmed," urged Kathlyn, "leave the gharri and come with us."

"No, Memsahib,"—Ahmed gazed at her strangely—"I have work to do, much work. Allah guard you!"

He struck the horse with his bamboo stick and careered away.

"Let us be off," cried Bruce. "We have sixty miles to put between us and freedom in fact. We cannot make the railway. All pack! Go to the bungalow and remain there. You will be questioned. Tell the truth. There is not an elephant in the royal stables that can beat Rajah. All aboard! No stops!"—smiling as he helped Kathlyn into the howdah. "We shall be forced to ride all night."

"Nonsense!"

They came out into the scrub jungle, and the moonlight lay magically over all things. Some-thing shadow crossed the widened sands; scurried rather; and quietly Bruce would tell her what the animals were—jackals, with an occasional prowling red wolf. They were not disturbed by any of the cat family. But there was one interval of suspense. Bruce spied in the distance a small herd of wild elephant. So did Rajah, who raised his trunk and trumpeted into the night. The mahout, fully awake to the danger, beat the old rascal mightily with his goad. Yet that would have failed to hold Rajah. Bruce averted the danger by shooting his revolver into the air. The wild elephants stampeded, and Rajah, disgruntled, was brought to the compass.

"Strange thing about a gunshot," said Bruce. "They may never have heard one before; but instinct tells them quickly of the menace. Years ago at home, when I used to fish for bass, during the close season I'd see thousands of duck and geese and deer. Yet a single gunshot when the season opened and you never could get within a mile of them."

"That is true. I have fished and hunted with father."

"Surely! I kept forgetting that it's ten to one you know more about game than I do."

Silence fell upon them again. On, on, without pausing, Bruce was getting sleepy himself, so he began munching biscuits. Lighter and lighter grew the east; the moon dimmed, and by and by everything grew gray and the chill in the air seemed sharper yet.

They were both awake.

Sunup they stopped by a stream. Bruce dismounted without flinching the elephant kneeled and went to the water to fill his canteen. The hunter in him became interested in the tracks along the banks. A tiger, a leopard, some apes, and a herd of antelope had been down to drink during the night. Even as he looked a huge gray ape came bounding out, head on toward Rajah, who despised these foolish beasts. Perhaps the old elephant missed Ali, perhaps he was still somewhat upset by his failure to join his wild brother the night before; at any rate without warning, he set off with that shuffling gait which some-

times carried him as swiftly as a horse. An elephant never trots nor really runs according to our conception of the terms; he shuffles, scarcely lifting his feet off the ground.

The mahout yelled and belabored the elephant on the skull. Rajah did not mind this beating at all. Whatever his idea was, he evidently proposed to see it fulfilled. Cunningly he dashed under some branches, sweeping the mahout off his neck. The branches with a crash as of musketry struck the howdah, but it held, thanks to the stoutness of the belly bands and the care with which they had been adjusted round the huge barrel.

Bruce stood up, appalled. For a time he was incapable of movement. Short as the time was, it was enough to give Rajah such headway as he needed. He disappeared from sight. Bruce saw the futility of shooting at the beast. The only thing he could do was to mount up beside Ramabai and Pund-

forward. The rider started at the strange captive, started, and uttered an aston shed cry.

"The white queen of Allaha, whom mine own eyes saw crowned at the Durbar there!" he murmured.

"By the shroud of the prophet, what can this mean? Stop!" he called to the soldiers. Kathlyn looked up dully. "Convey her to his highness the Kumor!"

The prince decided what should be done with her.

The Kumor was big and lazy and sensual. He gazed upon Kathlyn with eyes which sparkled evilly, like a cat's.

"Who is this woman?" he demanded.

"Highness, she is the white queen of Allaha, but who may say that she is here?" with a smile as evil as his master's.

"But how came she here?"

The horseman briefly recounted the events as he had seen them in the capital of Allaha.

"Who are you, maiden?" the Kumor asked in English, for, like all potentates, little or great, in India, he spoke English. It presented the delectable pastime of conspiring in two languages; for, from Bombay to Calcutta, from Peshawar to Madras, India seethes, conspires, and taken an occasional pot shot at some poor devil of a commissioner whose only desire is to have them combine religion and sanitation.

"I am an American. Please take me to the English commissioner." Somehow instinct told her that she might not expect succor from this man with the pearls about his gross neck.

SEE THE PICTURES NEXT FRIDAY AND SATURDAY AT THE IMPERIAL