

THE LOST WORLD

By SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

(Continued from Yesterday.) "Not this time," said Lord John, who had caught up his rifle. "Our best chance is to lie quiet until they have given up the search. Then we shall see whether we can't get back to their town and hit 'em where it hurts most. Give 'em an hour and we'll march."

We filed in the time by opening one of our food tins and making sure of our breakfast. Lord Roxing had had nothing but some fruit since the morning before and ate like a starving man. "The woods are our pockets bulging with cartridges and a rifle in each hand, we started off upon our mission of rescue. Before leaving it we carefully marked our little hiding place among the brushwood and the bearing to Fort Challenger, that we might find it again if we needed it. We slunk through the bushes in silence until we came to the very edge of the cliff, close to the old camp. There we halted, and Lord John gave me some idea of his plans.

"So long as we are among the thick trees these rifles are our rosters," said he. "They can see us and we cannot see them. But in the open it is different. There we can move faster than they. So we must stick to the open all we can. The edge of the plateau has fewer large trees than further inland. So that's our line of advance. Go slowly, keep your eyes open and your rifle ready. Above us never let them see you, for while there is a cartridge left—that's my last word to you, young fellow."

When we reached the edge of the cliff I looked over and saw our good old black Zamboni sitting smoking on a rock below us. I would have given a great deal to have hailed him and told him how we were placed, but it was too dangerous. I saw that he was full of the ape-men; again and again we heard their curious clicking chatter. At such times we plunged into the nearest clump of brushwood and still until the sound had passed away. Our advance, therefore, was very slow, and two hours at least must have passed before I saw by Lord John's cautious movements that we must be close to our destination. He motioned to me to be still, and he crawled forward himself. In a minute he was back again, his face quivering with excitement. "Come quick! I hope to the Lord we are not too late already."

I found myself shaking with nervous excitement as I scrambled forward and lay down beside him, looking

ing out through the bushes at a clearing which stretched before us. It was a sight which I shall never forget until my dying day—so weird, so impossible, that I do not know how I am to make you realize it, or how in a few years I shall still myself to believe in it if I live to sit once more on a lounge in the Savage Club and look out on the drab sordidity of the Embankment. I know that it will seem to you to be some wild nightmare, some delirium of fever. Yet I will set it down now, while it is still fresh in my memory, and one day, at least, the man who shall stand by my side, will know if I have lied.

A wide, open space lay before us—some hundreds of yards across—all green turf and low bushes growing to the very edge of the cliff. Round this clearing there was a semicircle of trees with curious huts built of foliage piled one above the other among the branches. A rookery, with every nest a little house, would best convey the idea. The openings of these huts and the branches of the trees were thronged with a dense mob of ape-men, whom their skin I took to be the female and infants of the tribe. They formed the background of the picture, and were all looking out with eager interest at the same scene which fascinated and bewildered us.

In the open, and near the edge of the cliff there had assembled a crowd of some hundreds of these shaggy, red-haired creatures, many of them of immense size, and all of them horrible to look upon. There was a certain discipline among them, for none of them attempted to break the line which had been formed. In front of there stood a small group of Indians—little, clean-limbed, red fellows, whose skins glowed like polished bronze in the strong sunlight. A tall, thin white man was standing beside them, his head bowed, his arms folded, his whole attitude expressive of his horror and dejection. There was no mistaking the angular form of Professor Summerlee.

In front of and around this dejected group of prisoners were several ape-men, who watched them closely and made all escape impossible. They right out from all the others and close to the edge of the cliff, were two figures, so strange, and under other circumstances so ludicrous, that they absorbed my attention. The one was our comrade, Professor Challenger. The remains of his coat still hung in strips from his shoulders, but his shirt had been all torn out, and his great hairy merged itself in the black tangle which covered his mighty chest. He had lost his hat, and his hair, which had grown long in his wanderings, was flying in wild disorder. A single day seemed to have changed him from the highest product of modern civilization to the most desperate savage of South America. Beside him stood his master, the king of the ape-men. In all things he was, as Lord John had said, the very image of our Professor, save that his coloring was red instead of black. The same short, broad figure, the same heavy shoulders, the same forward hang of the arms, the same bristling beard merged itself in the heavy chest. Only above the eyebrows, where the sloping forehead and long, curved skull of the ape-man were a sharp contrast to the broad brow and magnificent cranium of the European, could one see any marked difference. At every other point the king was an absurd parody of the Professor.

All this, which takes me so long to describe, impressed itself upon me in a very few seconds. Then we had very different things to think of for an active drama was in progress. Two of the ape-men had seized one of the Indians out of the group and dragged him forward to the edge of the cliff. The king raised his hand as a signal. They caught the man by his leg and arm, and swung him three times backwards and forwards with tremendous violence. Then, with a frightful heave they shot the poor wretch over the precipice. With such force did they throw him that he curved high in the air before beginning to drop. As he vanished from sight the whole assembly, except the guards, rushed forward to the edge of the precipice, and there was one long pause of absolute silence, broken by a mad yell of delight. They sprang about, tossing their long, hairy arms in the air and howling with exultation. Then they fell back from the edge, and waited for the next victim.

This time it was Summerlee. Two of his guards caught him by the wrists and pulled him brutally to the front. His thin figure and long limbs struggled and flutered like a chicken being dragged from a coop. Challenger had turned to the king and waved his hands frantically before him. He was begging, pleading, imploring for his comrade's life. The ape-man

pushed him roughly aside and shook his head. It was the last conscious movement he was to make upon earth. Lord John's rifle cracked, and the king sank down, a tangled red sprawling thing, upon the ground. "Shoot into the thick of them! Shoot 'em, shoot!" cried my companion. There are strange red depths in the

soul of the most commonplace man. I am tender-hearted by nature, and have found my eyes moist many a time over the scream of a wounded hare. Yet the blood lust was on me now. I found myself on my feet, emptying one magazine, then the other, clicking open the breech to reload, snapping it to again, while cheering and yelling with pure ferocity and joy

of slaughter as I did so. With our four guns the two of us made horrible havoc. Both the guards who held Summerlee were down, and he was staggering about like a drunken man in his amazement, unable to realize that he was a free man. The dense mob of ape-men ran about in bewilderment, marveling whence this storm of death was coming or what it might mean.

Challenger's quick brain had grasped the situation. He seized the bewildered Summerlee by the arm, and they both ran towards us. Two of their guards bounded after them and fell to the bullets from Lord John. We ran forward into the open to meet our friends, and pressed a loaded rifle into the hands of each.

But Summerlee was at the end of his strength. He could hardly totter. All ready the ape-men were recovering from their panic. They were coming through the brushwood and threatening to cut us off. Challenger and I can Summerlee along, one at each of his elbows, while Lord John covered our retreat, firing again and again as savage heads started at us out of the

bushes. For a mile or more the chasing parties were at our very heels. Then the pursuit slackened for they learned our power and would no longer face that unerring rifle. When we had at last reached the camp, we looked back and found ourselves alone. (To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

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New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTRE.

Paris, March 10.—This morning I went to see Louis, the bird man of the Tuilleries. He has charge of the hundreds of birds in this lovely public garden. With a cluck of his tongue he can bring them spiraling to his feet.

Some were flying north when he stood out to call them. They suddenly stopped as though resting on the bosom of a breeze and then darted toward him. The rustle of their wings sounded for all the world like the roar of a racing motor.

His pet, however, is a black and white macaw. It is a bird that would make a fortune for the owner in American vaudeville. He has fashioned a military cap for it and also a bayonet and the bird at his command struts about with them in a perfect drill.

Again the patience of the French. He has been training the macaw daily for five years. Whenever he zones the bird perches on his shoulder. It will fly in any direction he orders. And he has a pocket in which it will hide at the cry of "Cat!"

Near the carousel where the children play is another interesting bird owned by a caretaker. It is a sparrow with a wooden leg. He found it one day with one leg hanging by a shred and after nursing it back to health fitted it up with a tiny one of wood.

Movie of a Man Changing from One Suit to Another.

French lawyers seem to believe that every American who lands here is seeking a divorce in the easy fashion that prevails. So far a dozen announcement cards from divorce lawyers have been received.

There is always a slice of Broadway in Paris. Today I saw Ben All Haggin, Lou Hauser, Sinclair Lewis, Jed Kiley, Leon Letrin, Raymond Carroll, Charles Dana Gibson and several others who are personalities along the Big Lane.

Paris shrugs derisively at our American spendthrifts. They accept but somehow they resent the big tip that is given with ostentation, a swagger and snarl of pride. At Citro's today a pompous American swept imperiously with his fair escort into the pond-filled room. He scattered bills in his wake, like a farmer feeding chickens. When he had finished luncheon and departed the servants clotted about and discussed him. There was a curl to their lip. The French man would leave only a few sons but would receive better service.

An article I wrote for a magazine about Paris some months ago in which I mentioned the bar files that buzzed about Harry's New York bar has resulted in the formation of the International Bar Files Association with a coat button emblem showing the initials I. B. F. A. and I find that I have been elected president. I hasten to add I am in no wise admitting to live up to the honors of the office. The vice president is a newspaper correspondent who is known by the American colony as one who has never during his eight years paid for a drink. As a Scot I am certain I could fulfill the honors he has acquired.

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