

THE LOST WORLD

By SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

(Continued from Yesterday.)

I was still drinking in this wonderful panorama when the heavy hand of the Professor fell upon my shoulder. "This way, my young friend," said he; "vestigia nulla retrorsum. Never look rearward, but always to our glorious goal."

The level of the plateau, when I turned, was exactly that on which we stood, and the green bank of bushes, with occasional trees, was so near that it was difficult to realize how inaccessible it remained. At a rough guess the gulf was forty feet across, but so far as I could see, it might as well have been forty miles. I placed one arm round the trunk of the tree and leaned over the abyss. Far down were small dark figures of our servants, looking up at us. The wall was absolutely precipitous, as was that which faced me.

"This is indeed curious," said the creaking voice of Professor Summerlee. "I turned and found that he was examining with great interest the tree to which I clung. That smooth bark and those small, ribbed leaves seemed familiar to my eyes. 'Why,' I cried, 'it's a beech!'"

It was certainly a brilliant idea. The tree was a good sixty feet in height, and if it only fell the right way it would easily cross the chasm. Challenger had swung the camp over his shoulder when he ascended. Now he handed it to me.

"Our young friend has the thews and sinews," said he. "I think he will be the most useful at this task. I must beg, however, that you will kindly refrain from thinking for yourself, and that you will do exactly what you are told."

Under his direction I cut such slashes in the side of the tree as would insure that it should fall as we desired. It had already a strong, natural tilt in the direction of the plateau, so that the matter was not difficult. Finally I set to work in earnest upon the trunk, taking turn and turn with Sir John. In a little over an hour there was a loud crack, the tree swayed forward, and for one terrible second we all thought it was crashed over, burying its branches among the bushes on the further side. The severed trunk rolled to the very edge of our platform, and for one moment we all thought it was over. It balanced itself, however, a

few inches from the edge, and there was our bridge to the unknown. All of us, without a word, shook hands with Professor Challenger, who raised his straw hat and bowed deeply to each in turn.

"I claim the honor," said he, "to be the first to cross to the unknown land—a fitting subject, no doubt, for some future historical painting."

"I cannot allow it, sir!" The head went back and the hand forward. "When it is a matter of science, don't you know, I follow your lead because you are by way of being a man of science. But it's up to you to follow me when you come into my department."

"Your department, sir?" "We all have our professions, and soldier's is mine. We are, according to my ideas, invading a new country, which may or may not be chockful of enemies of sort a. To barge blindly into it for want of a little common sense and patience isn't my notion of management."

"The remonstrance was too reasonable to be disregarded. Challenger tossed his head and shrugged his heavy shoulders. 'Well, sir, what do you propose?' 'For all I know there may be a tribe of cannibals waiting for lunch time among those very bushes,' said Lord John, looking across the bridge. 'It's better to learn wisdom before you get into a cooking pot, so we will content ourselves with hoping that there is no trouble waiting for us, and at the same time we will act as if there were. Malone and I will go down again, therefore, and we will fetch up the four rifles, together with Gomez and the other. One man can then go across and the rest will cover him with guns, until he sees that it is safe for the whole crowd to come along.'

Challenger sat down upon the cut stump and groaned his impatience, but Summerlee and I were of one mind. The Lord John was our leader when such practical details were in question. The climb was a more simple thing now that the rope dangled down the face of the worst part of the ascent. Within an hour we had brought up the rifles and a shotgun. The half-breeds had ascended also, and under Lord John's orders they had hurried up a bale of provisions in case our first exploration should be a long one. We had each handlers of cartridges.

"Now, Challenger, if you really insist upon being the first man in," said Lord John, when every preparation was complete. "I am much indebted to you for your gracious permission," said the Professor; for never was a man so intolerant of every form of authority. "Since you are good enough to allow it, I shall most certainly take it upon myself to act as pioneer upon this occasion."

Seating himself with a leg overhanging the abyss on each side, and his hatchet slung upon his back, Challenger hoped to make his way across the trunk and was soon at the other side. "At last!" he cried. "At last!" I gazed anxiously at him, with a vague expectation that some terrible fate would dart at him from the curtain of green behind him. But all was quiet, save that a strange, many-colored bird flew up from under his feet and vanished among the trees.

THE NEBBES

THE DUMPTY KLOTZMEYER WEDDING IS SET FOR SATURDAY FEB. 29TH. AND FROM THE PRESENT OUTLOOK IT MAY NEVER HAPPEN

IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE.



BRINGING UP FATHER



JERRY ON THE JOB



TAKING NO CHANCES.



TILLIE, THE TOILER



New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

New York, Feb. 25.—New Yorkers, who know, have come to the point of doubting if the old corner saloon was the scene of so much vicious cunning as the midnight supper club. Here the high hat and boiled shirt supplanted cap and sweater.

Five murders and more than a score of sensational jewel robberies have been traced to these gilded haunts that open at midnight and close at dawn. The midnight club is the "spottin'" place of deep laid schemes of those who prey.

Women who wear costly gems and men who display hefty bankrolls are spotted and the organized band skillfully jockeys some of their number into their confidence. It may take weeks or months, but the game is always worth it.

Bandit taxi men are a part of the pack. It is their job to find out the addresses and to be waiting with running motors for the quick escape. Some of the head waiters, too, are in on the deals which include everything from blackmail to robbery.

Oh Man! Oh Woman!



ABIE THE AGENT



THE NEBBES



IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE.



BRINGING UP FATHER

