

THE LOST WORLD

By SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

(Continued from Yesterday.)

It was a fearsome walk, and one which will be with me as long as memory holds. In the great moonlight clearings I sunk along among the shadows on the margin. In the jungle I crept forward, stopping with a beating heart whenever I heard, as I often did, the crash of breaking branches as some wild beast went past. Now and then great shadows loomed up for an instant and were gone—great, silent shadows which seemed to grow upon added feet. How often I stopped with the intention of returning, and yet every time my pride conquered my fear, and I went on again until my object should be attained.

At last my watch showed that it was one in the morning. I saw the gleam of water amid the openings of the jungle, and ten miles later I was among the reeds upon the borders of the central lake. I was exceedingly dry, so I lay down and took a long draught of its waters, which were fresh and cold. There was a broad pathway with many tracks upon it at the spot which I had found, so that it was clearly one of the drinking places of the animals. Close to the water's edge there was a huge isolated block of lava. Up this I climbed, and, lying on the top, I had an excellent view in every direction.

The first thing which I saw filled me with amazement. When I described the view from the summit of the great tree, I said that on either cliff I could see a number of dark spots, which appeared to be the mouths of caves. Now, as I looked up at the same cliffs, I saw discs of light in every crevice, ruddy, clear, and defined patches like the portholes of a liner in the darkness. For a moment I thought it was the lava-glow from some volcanic action, but this could not be so. Any volcanic action would surely be down in the hollow, and not high among the rocks. What, then, was the alternative? It was wonderful, and yet it must surely be. These ruddy spots must be the reflection of fires in the caves' fires—which could only be lit by the hand of man. There were human beings, then, upon the plateau. How glorious my expedition was justified! Here was news indeed for us to bear back with us to London!

For a long time I lay and watched these red, quivering blotches of light. I suppose they were ten miles off

from me, yet even at that distance one could observe how, from time to time, they twinkled or were obscured as someone passed before them. What would I not have given to be able to crawl up to them, to peep in, and to take back some word to my comrades as to the appearance and character of the race who lived in so strange a place! It was out of the question for the moment, and yet surely we could not leave the plateau until we had some definite knowledge upon that point.

My attention was soon drawn away from these distant sights and brought back to what was going on at my very feet. Two creatures like large armadillos had come down the drinking place, and were squatting at the edge of the water, their long, flexible tongues like red ribbons shooting in and out as they lapped. A huge deer, with branching horns, a magnificent creature which carried itself like a king, came down with its doe and two fawns and drank beside the armadillos. No such deer exist anywhere else upon earth, for the moose and elks which I have seen would hardly have reached its shoulders. Presently it gave a warning snort and was off with its family among the reeds, while the armadillos also scuttled for shelter. A newcomer, a most monstrous animal, was coming down the path.

For a moment I wondered where I could have seen that ungainly shape, that arched back with triangular fringes along it, that strange bird-like head held close to the ground. Then it came back to me. It was the stegosaurus—the very creature which Maple White had preserved in his sketchbook, and which had been the first object which arrested the attention of Challenger! There he was—perhaps the very specimen which the American artist had encountered. The ground shook beneath his tremendous weight, and his quills of water resounded through the still night. For five minutes he was so close to my rock that by stretching out my hand I could have touched the hideous waving hanks upon his back. Then he lumbered away and was lost among the boulders.

Looking at my watch, I saw that it was half-past two o'clock, and the time, therefore, that I started upon my homeward journey. There was no difficulty about the direction in which I should return, for all along I had kept the little brook upon my left, and it opened into the central lake within a stone's throw of the boulder upon which I had been lying. I set off, therefore, in high spirits, for I felt that I had done good work and was bringing back a fine budget of news for my companions.

I was plodding up the slope, turning these thoughts over in my mind, and had reached a point which may have been halfway to home, when my mind was brought back to my own position by a strange noise behind me, and was something between a snore and a growl, low, deep and exceedingly menacing. Some strange creature was evidently near me, but nothing could be seen, so I hastened rapidly upon my way. I had traversed half a mile or so when suddenly the sound was repeated, still behind me, but louder and more menacing than before. My heart stood still within me as it flashed across me that the beast, whatever it was, must surely be after me. My skin grew cold and my hair rose at a thought. That three monsters should tear each other to pieces was a part of the strange struggle for existence, but that they should turn upon modern man, that they should deliberately track and hunt down the predominant human, was a staggering and fearsome thought. I remembered again the blood-beslobbered face which I had seen in the glare of Lord John's torch, like some horrible vision from the deepest circle of Dante's hell.

With my knees shaking beneath me, I stood and glared with staring eyes down the moonlit path which lay behind me. All was quiet as in a dream landscape. Silver clearings and the black patches of the bushes—nothing else could I see, then from out of the silence, imminent and threatening, there came once more that low, throaty croaking, far louder and closer than before. There could no longer be a doubt. Something was on my trail, and was closing in upon me every minute.

I stood like a man paralyzed, still staring at the ground which I had traversed. Then suddenly I saw it. There was movement among the bushes at the far end of the clearing which I had just traversed. A great dark shadow disengaged itself and hopped out into the clear moonlight. I say "hopped" advisedly, for the beast moved like a kangaroo, springing along in an erect position upon its powerful hind legs, while its front ones were held bent in front of it. It was of enormous size and power, like an erect elephant, but its movements, in spite of its bulk, were exceedingly alert. For a moment, as I saw its

shape, I hoped that it was an iguanodon, which I knew to be harmless, but, ignorant as I was, I soon saw that this was a very different creature. Instead of the gentle, deer-shaped head of the great three-toed leaf-eater, this beast had a broad, squat, toad-like face like that which had alarmed us in our camp. His ferocious cry and the horrible energy

of his pursuit both assured me that this was surely one of the great flesh-eating dinosaurs, the most terrible beasts which have ever walked this earth. As the huge brute loomed along it dropped forward upon its forepaws and brought its nose to the ground every twenty yards or so. It was smelling out my trail. Sometimes, for an instant, it was at fault.

Even now when I think of that nightmare the sweat breaks out upon my brow. What could I do? My useless fowling piece was in my hand. What help could I get from that? I looked desperately round for some rock or tree, but I was in a bushy jungle with nothing higher than a sapling within sight, while I could tear down an ordinary tree as though it were a reed. My only possible chance lay in flight. I could not move swiftly over the round, broken ground, but as I looked around me in despair I saw a well-marked, hard-beaten path which ran across in front of me. I had seen several of the sort, the runs of various wild beasts, during our expedi-

tions. Along this I could perhaps hold my own, for I was a fast runner, and in excellent condition. Flung away my useless gun, I set myself to do such a half-mile as I have never done before or since. My limbs ached, my chest heaved, I felt that my throat would burst for want of air, and yet with that horror behind me, I ran and I ran and ran. As last

I paused, hardly able to move. For a moment I thought that I had thrown him off. The path lay still behind me. And then suddenly, with a crashing and a rattling of monstrous feet and a panting of monstrous lungs the beast was upon me once more. He was at my very heels, I was lost.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

THE NEBBES



Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess (Copyright 1925)

BRINGING UP FATHER



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus (Copyright 1925)

JERRY ON THE JOB



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban (Copyright 1925)

TILLIE, THE TOILER



By BRIGGS ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield



New York - Day by Day -

By O. O. MINTYRE

Plymouth, England, March 5.—This is a Picturesque English port city. One is always impressed by the beauty and simplicity of home life in the British Islands. As a result of us went ashore to stretch our limbs and shake off the roll of the liner.

We all felt the uplift of a bright winter day. Starlings had come down to feed in glossy bevels on the closely clipped lawns. And in almost every copse and shrubbery were singing wrens. Along the water front were many "Chip and Pea" shops.

These little eateries draw their patronage from sea-faring men in their sobering up process. There were many evidences of hard drinking along the streets—bleary eyes, unshaven chins and unsteady gait. Also many beggars with their "Will, say Guv'ner" as prelude to a touch.

Plymouth also has many smoke-lined and crumpled down cabaret makeshifts for sailors. From the streets you heard the strum-strumming of guitars and the melody of baroque voices. Old men with nautic chops and pipes dance with the exotic creatures who collect there.

Seamen are particularly open-nosed when they play and Paris has sent its quota of Kikis with their shadowy make-ups and fungus tinted pupils to help them in their profligacy. They are hired by the proprietors to whip up the salety.

Plymouth provides a short-cut to London by train for those who are in a hurry. Those who disembarked here will be in London tonight and those who go to Southampton will not reach the city until late tomorrow evening.

Naturally our impressions of Plymouth, gained in so short a stay, centered around the waterfront. This is, as everywhere else, rather tawdry. But Plymouth has reached a high state of artistic development. The local paper announced 17 different exhibitions of painting for that day.

Dudley Field Malone, former collector of the New York port, took his to a Plymouth tavern called The Horse's Head. We had the best dish I ever ate in England—a meat pudding with heavy brown crust and seasoned with rare epicurean dash. There was also brown October ale in ancient pewter mugs. It was the kind of a meal after which you long for a big blear pipe heavily loaded with strong tobacco. Mr. Malone is now a lawyer and is a sort of father confessor to the divorce colony.

Somebody called the Plymouth wharf the biggest chicken coop in the world. And it does resemble one. It is the kind of hen coop I imagine Wrigley the chewing gum man would build if he were to erect one. Passengers do not walk down the gang-plank, the gang plank goes up to knock the wharf. And you go on a sort of six day foot race to get out into the streets.

I unwittingly stumbled on the tragic side of the ocean crossing at the purser's office today. Through a slit in the curtain was revealed the official report for the health officers of the trip. There were 110 cases of diphtheria in the steerage and one case of spinal meningitis. Four people died on the way over.

And one steward on a lower deck died of appendicitis. It is the seaman's wish to be buried at sea. It was done at sunrise. A solemn procession marched behind the body encased in a sort of winding robe. Prayers were said. The liner slowed down—and a splash. Very few passengers knew what was going on. Seamen are stoical. They absorb much of the silence and the mystery of the sea. Later tonight we anchor outside the breakwaters of Cherbourg and in the morning early are met by the tender upon which we are carried to French soil. Then the seven-hour ride through Normandy to Paris. I have made the trip many times but it never loses interest.