

THE LOST WORLD

By SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

(Continued from Saturday.)

Suddenly a thought came to me and brought some little comfort to my heart. I was not absolutely alone in the world. Down at the bottom of the cliff and within call of my voice was waiting the faithful Zambo. I went to the edge of the plateau and looked over. Sure enough, he was squatting among his blankets beside his fire in his little camp. But, to my amazement, a second man was seated in front of him. For an instant my heart leaped for joy, as I thought that one of my comrades had made his way safely down. But a second glance dispelled the hope. The rising sun shone red upon the man's skin. He was an Indian. I shouted loudly and waved my hands. Presently Zambo looked up, waved his hand, and turned to ascend the pinnacle. In a short time he was standing close to me and listening with deep distress to the story which I told him.

"Devil got them for sure, Massa Malone," said he. "You got into the devil's country, sah, and he take you all to mass. You take advice, Massa Malone, and come down quick, else he get you as well."

"How can I come down, Zambo?"

"You get creepers from trees, Massa Malone. Throw them over here. I make fast to this stump, and so you have bridge."

"We have thought of that. There are no creepers here which could bear us."

"Send for ropes, Massa Malone."

"Who can I send, and where?"

"Send to Indian village, sah. Plenty hideouts in Indian village. Indian down below; send him."

"Who is he?"

"One of our Indians. Other ones beat him and take away his pay. He come back to us ready now to take letter, bring rope—anything."

To take a letter! Why not? Perhaps he might bring help; but in any case he would insure that our lives were not spent for nothing, and that news of all that we had won for science should reach our friends at home. I had two completed letters already waiting. I ordered Zambo, therefore, to come again in the evening and I spent my miserable and lonely day in recording my own adventures of the night before. I also

drew up a note, to be given to any white merchant or captain of a steambot whom the Indian could find, imploring them to see that ropes were sent to us, since our lives must depend upon it. The documents I threw to Zambo in the evening, and also my purse, which contained three English sovereigns. These were to be given to the Indian, and he was promised twice as much if he returned with the ropes.

Just as the sun was setting upon that melancholy night I saw the lonely figure of the Indian upon the vast plain beneath me, and I watched him, our one faint hope of salvation, until he disappeared in the rising mists of evening which lay, rose-tinted from the setting sun, between the far-off river and me.

It was quite dark when I at last turned back to our stricken camp, and my last vision as I went was the red gleam of Zambo's fire, the one point of light in the wide world below, as was his faithful presence in my own shadowed soul. And yet I felt happier than I had done since this crushing blow had fallen upon me, for it was good to think that the world should know what we had done, so that at the worst our names should not perish with our bodies, but should live down to posterity associated with the result of our labors.

It was an awesome time to sleep in that ill-fated camp; and yet it was even more unerving to do so in the jungle. One of the other men, Mr. Prudence, on the one hand, warned me that I should remain on guard, but exhausted nature, on the other, declared that I should do nothing of the kind. I climbed up on to a limb of the great ginkgo tree, but there was no secure perch on its rounded surface, and I should certainly have fallen off and broken my neck at the moment I began to do it. I got down, therefore, and pondered over what I should do. Finally, I closed the door of the zareba, lit three separate fires in a triangle, and having eaten a hearty supper dropped off into a profound sleep, from which I had a strange and most welcome awakening in the early morning, just as day was breaking. A hand was laid upon my arm, and starting up, with all my nerves in a tingle and my hand feeling for a rifle, I gave a cry of joy as in the cold gray light I saw Lord John Roxton kneeling beside me.

It was he—and yet it was not he. I had left him calm in his bearing, correct in his person, polite in his dress. Now he was pale and wild-eyed, gasping as he breathed like one who has run far and fast. His gaunt face was scratched and bloody, his clothes were hanging in rags, and his hat was gone. I stared in amazement, but he gave me no chance for questions. He was grabbing at our stores all the time he spoke.

"Quick, young fell! Quick!" he cried. "Every moment counts. Get the rifles, both of them. I have the other two. Now, all the cartridges you can gather. Fill your pockets with some food. Half a dozen tins will do. That's all right! Don't wait to talk or think. Get a move on, or we are done!"

Still half-awake, and unable to imagine what it all might mean, I found myself hurrying madly after him through the wood, a rifle under each arm and a pile of various stores in my hands. He dodged in and out through the thicket, pulling me down by his side.

"There," he panted. "I think we are safe here. They'll make for the camp as sure as fate. It will be their first idea. But this should puzzle 'em."

"What is it all?" I asked, when I had got my breath. "Where are the professors? And who is it that is after us?"

"The apemen," he cried. "My God, what brutes! Don't raise your voice, for they have long ears—sharp eyes, too, but no power of sight, so far as I could judge, so I don't think they can sniff us out. Where have you been, young fellow? You were well out of it."

In a few sentences I whispered what I had done.

"Pretty bad," said he, when he had heard of the dinosaur and the pit. "It isn't quite the place for a rest cure. What? But I had no idea what its possibilities were until those devils got hold of us. The man-eatin' Papuans had me once, but they are Chesterfields compared to this crowd."

"How did it happen?" I asked.

"It was in the early morning. Our learned friends were just stirrin'. Hadn't even begun to argue yet. Suddenly it rained apes. They came down as thick as apples out of a tree. They had been assemblin' in the dark. I suppose, until that great tree over our heads was heated with them. I shot one of them through the belly, but before we knew where we were

they had us spread-eagled on our backs. I call them apes, but they carried sticks and stones in their hands and jabbered back to each other, and ended up by tyn' our hands with creepers, so they are ahead of any beast that I have seen in my wanderin'. Apemen—that's what they are—Missin' Links, and I wish they had stayed missin'! They carried their wounded comrade—he was bleedin' like a pig—and then they sat around us, and if ever I saw frozen murder it was in their faces. They were big fellows, as big as a man and a deal stronger. Curious glassy gray eyes they have, under red tufts, and they just sat and gloated and gloated. Challenger is no chicken, but even he was cowed. He

managed to struggle to his feet, and yelled out at them to have done with it and get it over. I think he had gone a bit off his head at the suddenness of it, for he raged and cursed at them like a lunatic. If they had been a row of his favorite Pressmen he could not have slanged them worse."

"Well, what did they do?" I was

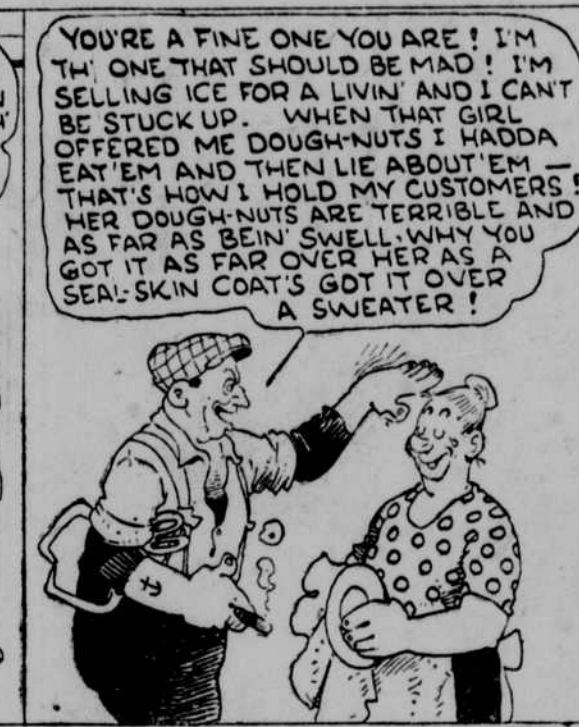
enthralled by the strange story which my companion was whispering into my ear, while all the time his keen eyes were shooting in every direction and his hand grasping his cocked rifle.

"I thought it was the end of us, but instead of that it started them on a new line. They all jabbered and chattered together. Then one of

them stood out beside Challenger, a fowl smile, young fellow, but upon my word they might have been kinsmen. I couldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes. This old apeman—he was their chief—was a sort of red Challenger, and put his paw on his shoulder, the thing was complete. Summerlee was a bit hysterical, and he laughed till he cried.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

THE NEBBS



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

BRINGING UP FATHER



Registered U. S. Patent Office SEE JIGGS AND MAGGIE IN FULL PAGE OF COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus (Copyright 1925)

JERRY ON THE JOB



IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE. Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban (Copyright 1925)

TILLIE, THE TOILER



By Westover

The Days of Real Sport



ABIE THE AGENT



By BRIGGS Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

New York --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

Paris, March 8.—I have seen Paris for the first time during a winter season. It is as entrancing, rippling and gay as it is last summer. The flocks bloom with flowers and neatly folded journals sold by brisk little women. The chauffeurs are as capricious in defying all traffic laws as ever.

The ornamental gendarmes preserve their same air of detachment. They stand about the streets with their neatly folded capes thrown over their shoulders as though disinterested spectators. They are lithe of figure and gentle of manner.

Paris has long since shed the chrysalis of bereavement and each season finds it brightening up. The large floating population of the summer months is not here. The crowds are typically Parisian. It was noon when I left the Ritz for a stroll.

Shops were closing for the two hour siesta. The sidewalks of the Rue de la Paix were gay with midinettes like so many chattering magpies. The only touch of the war is seen here and there with ghastly disfigurements.

I think the most impressive thing about Paris and one of the chief reasons for my love for it is the childlike simplicity. Perhaps this little trivial incident will explain what I mean. I dropped into one of those circular little bars for a cup of hot chocolate.

A cocotte came in. Under her arm she carried a clock encased in glass. She was taking it to pawn. The barman looked it over and turned a key. A spring snapped. Wild gestures and speculations. Business in the place stopped.

Everybody gathered around the clock. They peeped in from the streets. It was the most curiously interested crowd I ever saw. After about 20 minutes the clock began to tick again. Then they laughed, slapped shoulders and moved away. Strangely enough I was just as interested as the rest. Paris has a way of doing that.

Then again I dropped into a book shop. Madam was at her little cashier's desk with her Siamese cat. All small shopkeepers have a pet of some sort—a dog, bird or cat. I showed interest in the pet and she immediately lost interest in a sale. That could wait for another day.

The sidewalk cafes do a brisk winter business. Men and women sit for hours in their heavy coats sipping steaming hot drinks. It gives them the opportunity to indulge their curiosity to study passers-by. We of America would rather resent the close scrutiny of the Parisians who mean no discourtesy. They will walk up to you and look you over from head to foot as impersonally as they would study a painting. Then they move on.

This naïveté of the French expresses itself in many ways. Customs clerk. If you go to buy stamps in a hotel or postoffice you must wait for the ceremony of taking the stamps out of a leather back folder and the stamps are only handed to you after the folder is closed and put away. Stamps were first sold in this way and will be so long as France survives.

The one thing the American misses here in the land where cooking is an art is good coffee. They serve a inferior concoction that is innocuous and tasteless. Louis Sherry has built up a big business serving the kind of coffee we get back home.

I tendered a few sous to the head porter for a trifling service. Basil Woon, an American correspondent, who was with me smiled. Then he told me that this concierge was one of the chief stockholders in the hotel and is enormously rich yet daily he dons his gold braided coat and presides over the head porter's desk. The concierge is the chief point of contact with the patrons. One rarely sees the clerks.