

THE LOST WORLD

By SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

(Continued from Yesterday.)

The apemen laughed, too—or at least they put up the devil of a cackling—and they set to work to drag us off through the forest. They wouldn't touch the guns and things—thought them dangerous, I expect—but they carried away all our loose food. Summerlee and I got our rough handling on the way, there's my skin and my clothes to prove it—for they took us a bad time through the brambles, and their own hides are like leather. Four of them carried him shoulder high, and he went like a Roman emperor. What's that?

It was a strange clicking noise in the distance, not unlike castanets. "There they go!" said my companion, slipping cartridges into the second double-barrel "Express." "Load them all up, young fellow, my lad, for we're not going to be taken alive, and don't you think it! That's the way they make when they're excited. By George! they'll have something to excite them if they put me up." The "Last Stand of the Great" won't be in it. With their rifles grasped in their stiffened hands, "mid a ring of the dead and 'divin', as some fathead sings. Can you hear them now?"

"That little lot will do no good, but I expect their search parties are all over the wood. Well, I was telling you my tale of woe. They got us soon to the town of theirs—about a thousand bits of branches and leaves in a great grove of trees near the edge of the cliff. It was three or four miles from all over, and I feel as if I should never be clean again. They tied us up—the fellow who handled me could tie like a bo'sun—and there we lay with our toes up, beneath a tree, while a great brute stood guard over us with a club in his hand. When I say 'we' I mean Summerlee and myself. If you'd seen ger was up a tree of his life. I'm bound to say that he managed to get some fruit to us, and with his own hands loosened our bonds. If you'd seen him sitting up in that tree hobnobbing with his twin brother—and singing in that roll'n' bass of his, 'Ring in in that roll'n' bass of his, 'Ring

out, wild bells,' 'cause music of any kind seemed to put 'em in a good humor, you'd have smiled, but we weren't in much mood for laughing, as you can guess. They were inclined, within limits, to let him do what he liked, but they drew the line pretty sharply at us. It was a mighty consolation to us all to know that you were runnin' loose and had the archives in your keepin'.

"Well, now, young fellow, I'll tell you what will surprise you. You say you saw signs of men and fires, traps, and the like. Well, we have seen the natives themselves. Poor devils they were, down-faced little chaps, and had enough to make them so. It seems that the humans hold one side of this plateau—over yonder, where you saw the caves—and the apemen hold this side, and there is bloody war between them all the time. That's the situation, so far as I could follow it. Well, yesterday the apemen got hold of a dozen of the humans and brought them in as prisoners. You never heard such a jabber in' and shriekin' in your life. The men were little red fellows, and had been bitten and clawed so that they could hardly walk. The apemen put two of them to death there and then—fairly pulled the arm of one of them—it was perfectly beastly. Plucky little chaps they are, and hardly gave a squeak. But they're absolutely sick. Summerlee found, and even Challenger had as much as he could stand. I think they've cleared, don't you?"

"We listened intently, but nothing save the calling of the birds broke the deep peace of the forest. Lord Roxton went on with his story.

"I think you have had the escape of your life, young fellow, my lad. It was catchin' those Indians that put you clean out of their heads, else they would have been back to the camp for you as sure as fate and gathered you in. Of course, as you said, they have been watchin' us from the beginning of that tree, and they knew perfectly well that we were one shot. However, they caught only of this new haul, so it was I, and not a bunch of apes, that dropped in on you in the morning. Well, we had a horrid business afterwards. My God, what a nightmare the whole thing is! You remember the great horde of sharp canes down below where we found the skeleton of the American? Well, that is just under a pine tree, and that's the jump-off place of their prisoners. I expect there's heaps of skeletons there if we looked for 'em. They have a sort of clear parade ground on the top, and they make a proper ceremony about it. One by one the poor devils have to jump, and the game is to see whether they are merely dashed to pieces or whether they get skewered on the canes. They took us out to see it and the whole tribe lined up on the edge. Four of the Indians jumped, and the canes went through 'em like knitting needles through a pat of butter. X wonder we found that poor Yankee's skeleton with the canes growin' between his ribs. It was horrible—but it was doubly interesting. We were all fascinated to see them take the dive, even when we thought it would be our turn next on the springboard.

"Well, it wasn't. They kept six of the Indians up for today—that's how I understood it—but I fancy we were to be the star performers of the show. Challenger might get off, but Summerlee and I were in the bill. Their language is more than half signs, and it was not hard to follow them. So I thought it was time we made a break for it. I had been plottin' it out in my mind, and had one or two things clear in my mind. It was all on me, for Summerlee was useless and Challenger not much better. The only time they got together they got slanging. Because they couldn't agree upon the scientific classification of these red-headed devils that had got hold of us. One said it was the dryptochus of Java, the other said it was pithanthropus Madness. I call it—Loneias, both. But, as I say, I had thought out one or two points that were helpful. One was that these brutes could not run as fast as a man in the open. They have short, bandy legs, you see, and heavy bodies. Even Challenger could give a few yards in a hundred to the best of them, and you or I would be a perfect Sirius. Another point was that they knew nothin' about guns. I don't believe they ever understood how the fellow I shot came by his hurt. If we could get at our guns there was no sayin' what we could do.

"So I broke away early this mornin', gave my guard a kick in the tummy that laid him out, and sprang for the camp. There I got you and the guns, and here we are.

"But the professors! I cried, in consternation.

"Well, we must just go back and fetch 'em. I couldn't bring 'em with me. Challenger was up the tree.

and Summerlee was not fit for the effort. The only chance was to get the guns and try a rescue. Of course they may scupper them at once in revenge. I don't think they would touch Challenger, but I wouldn't answer for Summerlee. But they would have had him in any case. Of that I am certain. So I haven't made matters any worse by bolting. But we are honor bound to go back and have them out or see it through with them. So you can make up your soul, young fellow my lad, for it will be one way or the other before evenin'.

I have tried to imitate here Lord Roxton's jerky talk, his short, strong sentences, the half-humorous, half-reckless tone that ran through it all.

But he was a born leader. As danger thickened his jaunty manner would increase, his speech become more racy, his cold eyes glitter into ardent life, and his "Don't Quibbe" mustache bristle with joyous excitement. His love of danger, his intense appreciation of the drama of an adventure—all the more intense for being held tightly in—his consistent view that every peril in life is a form of sport, a fierce game betwixt you and Fate, and Death as a forfeit, made him a wonderful companion at such hours.

"By George!" he whispered, "here they come!"

From where we lay we could look down a brown aisle, arched with green, formed by the trunks and branches. Along this a party of the apemen were passing. They went in single file, with bent legs and round backs, their hands occasionally touching the ground, their heads turning to left and right as they trotted along. Their crouching gait took away from their height, but I should put them at five feet or so, with dough arms and enormous chests. Many of them carried sticks, and at the distance they looked like a line of very hazy and deformed human beings. For a moment I caught the faint glimpse of them. Then they were lost among the bushes.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

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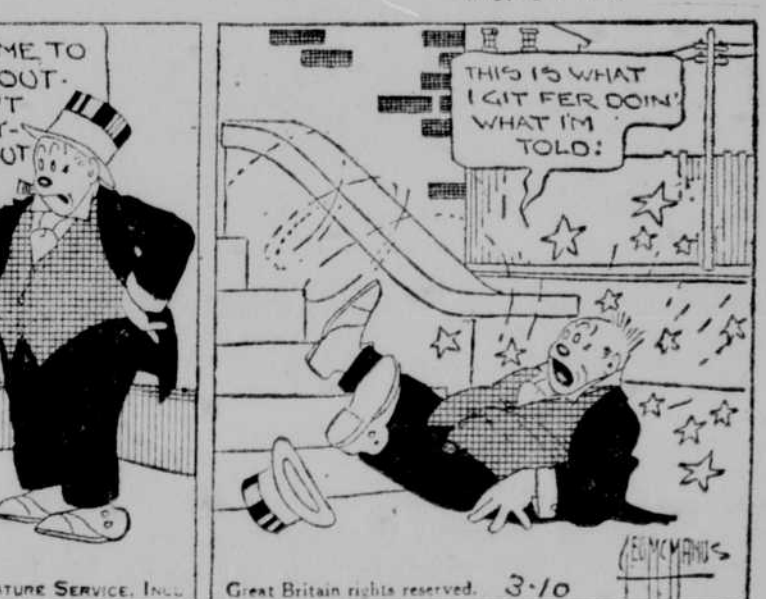
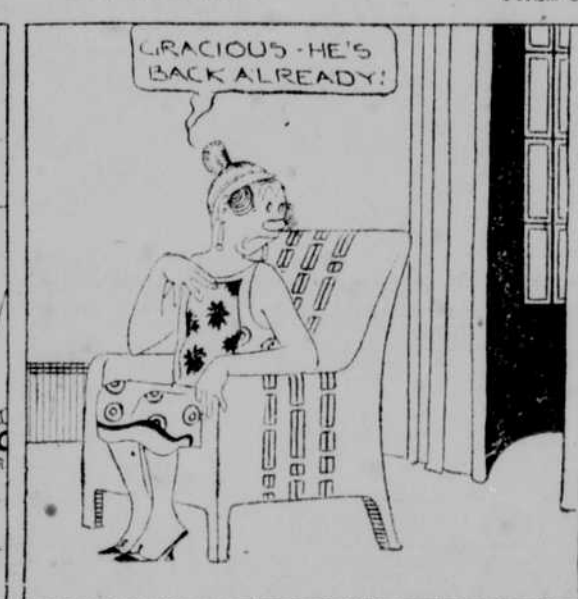
Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

THE NEBBES



Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

BRINGING UP FATHER



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus

JERRY ON THE JOB



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban

TILLIE, THE TOILER



By Westover

Real Folks at Home (The Shoe Shiner!)



By BRIGGS

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield



New York -- Day by Day --

By O. O. MUNTIRE
Paris, March 9.—Watching Paris go home to dinner has the stimulating quality of a heady wine. It may be a superficial joie de vivre but it is contagious. Even the little dogs who run about in careless freedom are barking with delight. Going home takes on the color of a grand promenade. You see exquisites coiffed women, smart young men in wash-coats, bewiskered elegantes in silk hats, for their ladies who work there. And they swing off hand in hand—nearly always for a stroll along the Champs Elysees.

There is a pink tint to a sky billowed with soft gray, cumulus clouds, and amid all the evening safety there is always the serene detachment of some beautiful and majestic cathedral. They seem to remind you that gay Paris is not all gaiety. That there is an idealty of vision.

I judge people and places by what some would call non-essentials. France pleases with little things. As I write the laundryman came with the laundry in a pretty basket. It was folded and spooled. It was really pleasant to lift out. All arranged with so much patience and care.

This morning for breakfast there was a red rose by each plate, and the morning papers were neatly folded alongside. The valet de chambre seems to know when you have awakened and rapping gently enlists back to the window curtains to let sunshine in.

There is a popular notion that France has no bathtubs. They have the most exquisitely furnished bathrooms I have ever seen, and the bath towels would make two of the largest in America. What is pleasing to me about this brilliant, romantic and legendary city is the small town effect.

Paris has the pace and manner of those delightful mid-western cities of about 100,000 population. Life is not lived on the run as it is in New York. Luncheon is an event with the Parisians closing up shop from 12 to 2 to enjoy themselves.

France is poor and everybody is out to make an extra sou or so. I expressed a desire to visit a French tailor. I must have expressed myself so it was overheard. For two days a most tenacious young man has been tagging my heels to escort me to this tailor and that. It would appear he has a big idea in life to see that I am properly habited. If I make a purchase where he escorts me he gets a few francs as a pourbois.

For the ladies, skirts are shorter than ever. Gowns remain on simple, graceful lines. There is little trimming in the fabric and cut. The hats consist of the tight fitting cloche variety. And the ears are showing.

Paris is going after London's sartorial honors for men as well as women. The celebrated dressmaker, Lanvin and Patou have opened up tailoring establishments for gentlemen. Patou recently visited New York carrying 100 or more suits of clothes, changing from one to the other several times a day. This is now regarded as a publicity stunt for the new Paris drive for men. Men's clothes here are washable at the waist and wide at the shoulders. The coats are long and reach from the waist. Unless you watch them from the coats will be drenched up with buttons and the trousers billowy with pleats.

There is a French public school near my quarters. Each morning at 10 there is a humming roar. The children are at recess and it seems they do nothing but shout with happiness.

If my body is found in the Seine, there may be a reason. Today I found all over Paris and in a shop at a department store came out and inadvertently took another cab. The poor fellow is no doubt scouring Paris for me. And the entire trip cost less than one dollar. In New York the same journey would total more than \$10.

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