

# THE LOST WORLD

By SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

(Continued from Yesterday.)

One word as to the fate of the London pterodactyl. Nothing can be said to be certain upon this point. There is evidence of two frightened women that perched upon the roof of the Queen's Hall and remained there like a diabolical status for some hours. The next day it came out in the evening papers that Private Miles of the Coldstream Guards, on duty outside Marlborough House, had deserted his post without leave. It was therefore court-martialed. Private Miles' account, that he dropped his rifle and took to his heels down the Mall because on looking up he had suddenly seen the devil between him and the moon, was not accepted by the Court, and yet it may have a direct bearing upon the point at issue. The only other evidence which I can adduce is from the log of the SS. Friesland, a Dutch-American liner, which asserts that at nine next morning, Start Point being at the time ten miles upon their starboard quarter, they were overtaken by something between a flying cat and a monstrous bat, which was heading at a prodigious pace south and west. If its homing instinct led it upon the right line, there can be no doubt that somewhere out in the wastes of the Atlantic the last European pterodactyl found its end.

And Gladys—oh, my Gladys, the mystic lake, now to be renamed the Central, for never shall she have immorality through me. Did I not always see some hard fiber in her nature? Did I not, even at the time when I was proud to obey her behest, feel that it was surely a poor love which could drive a lover to his death or the danger of it? Did I not, in my truest thoughts, always recognizing and always dismissed, see past the beauty of the face, and peering into the soul, discern the twin shadows of selfishness and of recklessness glooming at the back of it? Did I not love the heroic and the spectacular for its own noble sake, or was it for the glory which might, without effort or sacrifice, be reflected upon myself, or are these thoughts the vain wisdom which comes after the event? It was the shock of my life. For a moment it had turned me to a cynic. Let me tell it in a few words. No letter or telegram had come to me at Southampton, and I reached the little villa at Streatham about ten o'clock that night in a fever of alarm. Was she dead or alive? Where were all my nightly dreams of the open arms, the smiling face, the words of praise for her man who had risked his life to humor her whim? At last I was down from the high peaks and standing flat-footed upon earth. Yet some good reasons given might still lift me to the clouds once more. I rushed down the garden path, hammered at the door, heard the voice of Gladys within, pushed past the staring maid, and strode into the sitting room. She was seated in a lavender settee under the shaded lamp and lamp by the piano. In three steps I was across the room and had both her hands in mine.

"Gladys!" I cried. "Gladys!" She looked up with amazement in her face. She was altered in some subtle way. The expression of her eyes, the hard upward stare, the set of her lips, was new to me. She drew back her hands.

"What do you mean?" she said.

"Gladys!" I cried. "What is the matter? You are my Gladys, are you not—little Gladys Huntington?"

"No," said she. "I am Gladys Potts. Let me introduce you to my husband."

How absurd life is! I found myself mechanically bowing and shaking hands with a little ginger-haired man who was curled up in the deep arm chair, which had once been sacred to my own use. We bobbed and grinned in front of each other.

"Father lets us stay here. We are getting our house ready," said Gladys.

"Oh, yes," said I.

"You didn't get my letter at Paris, then?"

"No, I got no letter."

"Oh, what a pity! It would have made all clear."

"It is quite clear," said I.

"I've told William all about you, ain't it?"

"We have no secrets. I am so sorry about it. But it couldn't have been so very deep, could it, if you could go off to the other end of the world and leave me here alone. You're not crabby, are you?"

"No, no, not at all. I think I'll go."

"Have some refreshment," said the little man, and he added, in a confidential way, "It's always like this, ain't it? And must be unless you had polyanthi only the other way round; you understand." He laughed like an idiot, while I made for the door.

I was through it, when a sudden fantastic impulse came upon me, and I went back to my successful rival, who looked nervously at the electric push.

"Will you answer a question?" I asked.

"Well, within reason," said he.

"How did you do it? Have you searched for hidden treasure, or discovered a pole, or done time on a pirate, or flown the Channel, or what? Where is the glamour of romance? How did you get it?"

He stared at me with a hopeless expression upon his vacuous, good-natured, scrubby little face.

"Don't you think all this is a little too personal?" he said.

"Well, just one question," I cried. "What are you? What is your profession?"

"I am a solicitor's clerk," said he. "Second man at Johnson and Merivale's, 41 Chauncey Lane."

"Good night!" said I, and vanished, like all disconsolate and broken-hearted heroes, into the darkness, with grief and rage and laughter all mingling within me like a boiling pot.

One more little scene and I have done. Last night we all supped at Lord John Roxton's rooms, and sitting together afterwards we smoked in good comradeship and talked our adventures over. It was strange under these altered surroundings to see the old well-known faces and figures. There was Challenger, with his smile of concession, his drooping eyelids, his intolerant eyes, his aggressive beard, his huge chest, swelling and puffing as he laid down the law to Summerlee. And Summerlee, too, there he was with his short battle between his thin moustache and his gray goat's beard, his worn face protruded in eager debate, as he queried all Challenger's propositions. Finally, there was our host, with his rugged, eagle face, and his cold, blue, glacier eyes with always a shimmer of devilment and of humor down in the depths of them. Such is the last picture of them that I have carried away.

It was after supper, in his own sanctum—the room of the pink radiance and the innumerable trophies—that Lord John Roxton had something to say to us. From a cupboard he had brought out an old cigar box, and this he laid before him on the table.

"There's one thing," said he, "that maybe I should have spoken about before this, but I wanted to know a little more clearly where I was. No use to raise hopes and let them down again. But it's facts, not hopes, with us now. You may remember that day we found the pterodactyl rookery in the swamp what? Well, something in the line of that took my notice. Perhaps it has escaped you, so I will tell you. It was a volcanic vent full of blue clay."

The Professor nodded.

"Well, now, in the whole world I've only had to do with one place that was a volcanic vent of blue clay. That was the great De Beers Diamond Mine of Kimberley, what? So you see I got diamonds into my head. I rigged up a contraption to hold off those stinking beasts, and I spent a happy day there with a spud. This is what I got."

He opened his cigar box, and tilting it over he poured out about twenty or thirty rough stones, varying from the size of beans to that of chestnuts, on the table.

"Perhaps, you think I should have told you then. Well, so I should, only I know there are a lot of traps for the unwary, and that stones may be of any size, and yet of little value where color and consistence are clean off. Therefore, I brought them back, and on the first day at home I took one round to Spink's, and asked him to have it roughly cut and valued."

He took a pillbox from his pocket, and spilled out of it a beautiful glittering diamond, one of the finest stones that I have ever seen.

"There's the result," said he. "He prices the lot at a minimum of two hundred thousand pounds. Of course, it is fair shares between us. I won't bear of anything else. Well, Challenger, what will you do with your fifty thousand?"

"If you really persist in your generous view," said the Professor, "I should found a private museum, which has long been one of my dreams."

"And you, Summerlee?"

"I would retire from teaching, and so find time for my final classification of the chalk fossils."

"I'll use my own," said Lord John Roxton, "in fitting a well-formed expedition and having another look at the dear old plateau. As to you young fellow, you, of course, will spend yours in gettin' married."

"Not just yet," said I, with a rueful smile. "I think, if you will have me, that I would rather go with you."

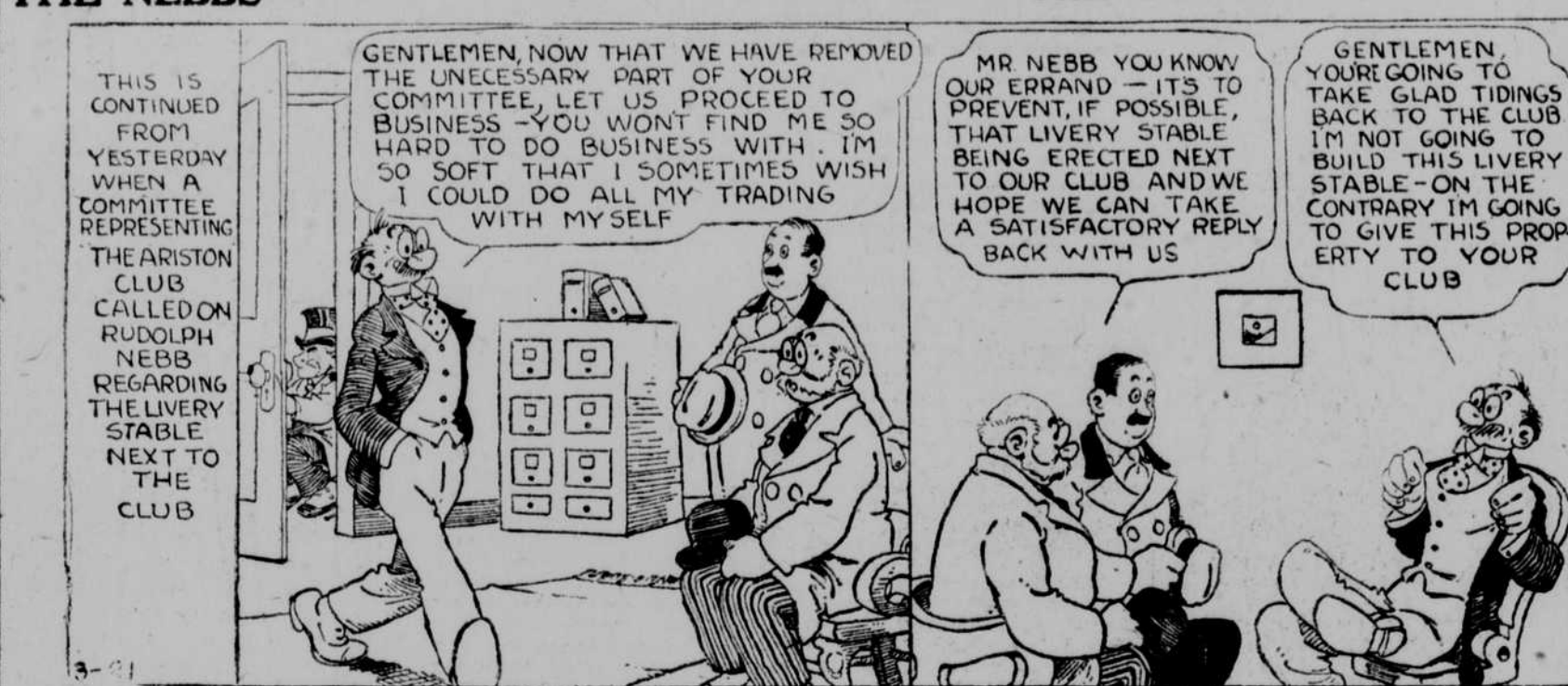
Lord Roxton said nothing, but a brown hand was stretched out to me across the table.

(The End.)

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A new story starts next Monday, "The Long Green Gaze," by Vincent Fuller.  
Bee Want Ads Produce Results

## THE NEBBS



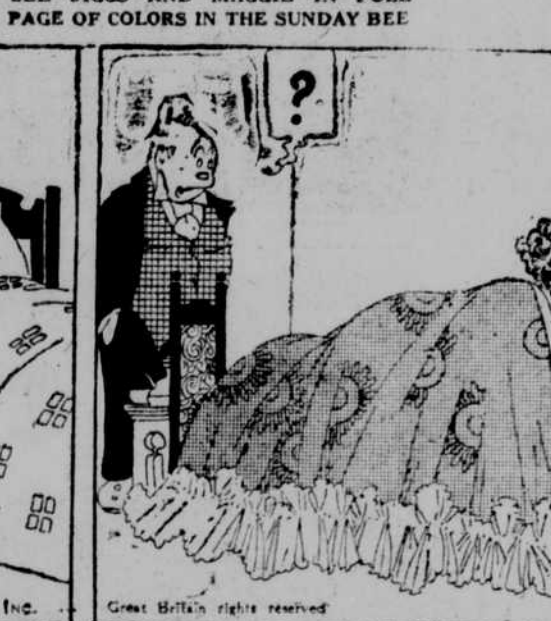
## BRINGING UP FATHER



## JERRY ON THE JOB



## THE LESSON



## CAUGHT WITH THE GOODS



## New York - Day by Day -

By O. O. MINTYRE.

Paris, March 20.—There is a saying in Paris that only Americans become drunk here. The only intoxicated person I have seen was a French peasant type who snarled up traffic in Place de la Bourse. He tried to stem the traffic tide and was rescued by a gendarme.

He sat on the curb awhile holding his whirling head and made another effort and was again deposited on the curb. What would have brought a clanging patrol wagon in New York became a sidewalk comedy. It actually became hilarious.

The gendarme laughed, the inebriate laughed and the populace howled as effort after effort was made to stagger through the jam. Finally a police inspector arrived on horseback. He, too, seemed to find humor in the situation and exchanged repartee with the drunk.

There was apparently no less merriment when the offender grabbed the cap and club from the gendarme and attempted a Charlie Chaplin dance, yelling lustily, "Charlot! charlot!" as Chaplin is called here. Apparently it was going to become a question of endurance.

Only a sudden shower brought the travesty to an end and the cause of all the merriment lurched into a neighboring wine shop to refresh himself.

The wandering epicure will find his ideal in the Restaurant Montaigne in Rue de l'Echelle. It is in an ancient building. Giltion here seems to transcend a deadly sin and become a cardinal virtue. The exterior of a restaurant is deceiving. The gaudy palaces usually serve wretched messes. But those that look as though they were dining in a rut of mediocre food offer the best viands. At the open fireplace meats roast on the spit. Fish pla is the specialty with a very mild Burgundy and finally brandy served in delicately decorated glasses a foot wide from brim to brim so that the gourmet may inhale the aroma as he slowly sips the drink.

This afternoon I went to see the fashion parade at Patou's. He has six young American girls as mannikins. The one that is creating the biggest sensation is Carolyn Putnam, who happens to be the chum of my adorable little cousin in New York. Carolyn is an unspoiled beautiful child and without the attire of cosmetics outshone the entire group. She has already been besieged with offers from New York beauty revue producers which shows that sometimes one must go away from home to be appreciated.

Patou in person was there. With an apple green shirt and collar to match. High heeled shoes with red tops. A gardenia in his lapel and white ribbon bows for cuff links. Tres jolite!

The gentleman who is growing gray handling my trifling business affairs in New York cabled today: "How long do you expect to remain in France?" I merely wired him for money and let it go at that. Anyway if he fires me I have been offered a job on a French newspaper at the magnificent salary of 250 francs a week—which is almost \$20 in real money. However, I don't expect to tarry much longer. I'm getting homesick to see my dog. And I'm rather bored with itching palms on every turn. France is becoming a nation of beggars. (Copyright, 1925)

## Real Folks at Home (the caddy)



## ABIE THE AGENT



## By BRIGGS



## Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield



## LIKE EVERY OTHER BUSINESS.

