

TARZAN and the JEWELS OF OPAR

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

THE STORY THUS FAR

Montezuma Werper, a Belgian in the Congo, showed his superior officer and later fought with Achmet Zek. He conspired with Zek to kidnap Lady Grey-stoke, Werper follows Tarzan to Op-ar, the forbidden city. There Tarzan is injured and loses his identity, becoming again the ape-man. He had years before, Werper leads him toward home, but the ape-man is found at Op-ar and rescues Zek. The Arab, having no further use for him, resolves to kill him, but Werper escapes.

CHAPTER VII—(Continued)

TARZAN was not long in following the way that his prey had fled. The spoor led always in the shadow at the rear of the huts and tents of the village—it was quite evident to Tarzan that the Belgian had gone alone and secretly upon his mission. Evidently he feared the inhabitants of the village, or at least his work had been of such a nature that he dared not risk detection.

At the back of a native hut the spoor led through a small hole recently cut in the brush wall and into the dark interior beyond. Fearlessly Tarzan followed the trail. On hands and knees he crawled through the small aperture. Within the hut his nostrils were assailed by many odors; but clear and distinct among them was one that half aroused a latent memory of the past—it was the faint and delicate odor of a woman.

With the cognizance of it there rose in the breast of the ape-man a strange uneasiness—the result of an irresistible force which he was destined to become acquainted with anew—the instinct which draws the male to his mate.

In the same hut was the scent spoor of the Belgian, too, and as both these mingled the nostrils of the ape-man, arising one with the other, a jealous rage leaped and burned within him, though his memory held before the mirror of recollection no image of the she to whom he had attached his desire.

Like the tent he had investigated, the hut, too, was empty, and after satisfying himself that his stolen spoor was secreted nowhere within, he left, as he had entered, by the hole in the rear wall.

Here he took up the spoor of the Belgian, followed it across the clearing, over the palisade, and out into the dark jungle.

CHAPTER VIII Escape?

AFTER Werper had arranged the dummy in his bed and sneaked out into the darkness of the village beneath the rear wall of his tent, he had gone directly to the hut in which Jane Clayton was held captive.

Before the doorway squatted a black sentry. Werper approached him boldly, spoke a few words in his ear, handed him a package of tobacco, and passed into the hut. The black grinned and winked as the European disappeared within the darkness of the interior.

The Belgian, being one of Achmet Zek's principal lieutenants, might naturally go where he wished within or without the village, and so the sentry had not questioned his right to enter the hut with the white woman prisoner.

Within, Werper called in French and in a low whisper: "Lady Grey-stoke! It is I, M. Freucout. Where are you?" But there was no response.

Hastily the man felt around the interior, groping blindly through the darkness with outstretched hands. There was no one within!

Werper's astonishment surpassed words. He was on the point of stepping without to question the sentry, when his eyes, becoming accustomed to the dark, discovered a blotch of lesser blackness near the base of the rear wall of the hut. Examination revealed the fact that the blotch was an opening cut in the wall.

It was large enough to permit the passage of his body, and, assured as he was that Lady Grey-stoke had passed out through the aperture in an attempt to escape the village, he lost no time in availing himself of the same avenue; but neither did he lose time in a fruitless search for Jane Clayton.

His own life depended upon the chance of his eluding, or outdistancing, Achmet Zek when that worthy should have discovered that he had escaped. His original plan had contemplated confinement in the escape of Lady Grey-stoke for two very good and sufficient reasons. The first was that by saving her he would win the gratitude of the English, and thus lessen the chances of his extradition should his identity and his crime against his superior officer be charged against him.

The second reason was based upon the fact that only one direction of escape was safely open to him. He could not travel to the west because of the Belgian possessions which lay between him and the Atlantic. The south was closed to him by the feared presence of the savage ape-man he had robbed. To the north lay the friends and allies of Achmet Zek.

Only toward the east, through British East Africa, lay reasonable assurance of freedom. Accompanied by a titled English woman whom he had rescued from a frightful fate, and his identity vouchsafed for by her as that of a Frenchman by the name of Freucout, he had looked forward, and not without reason, to the active assistance of the British from the moment that he came in contact with their first outpost.

But now that Lady Grey-stoke had disappeared, though he still looked toward the east for hope, his chances were lessened, and another subsidiary design completely dashed. From the moment that he had first laid eyes upon Jane Clayton he had turned his thoughts to the desperate plan for the rescue of her, and his wife of the



Then Tarzan fitted an arrow to his bow and drawing the slim shaft far back let drive with all the force of the tough wood that only he could bend

discovery of the jewels had necessitated flight, the Belgian had dreamed, in his planning, of a future in which he might convince Lady Grey-stoke that her husband was dead, and by playing upon her gratitude win her for himself.

At that part of the village furtherest from the gates, Werper discovered that two or three long poles, taken from a nearby pile which had been collected for the construction of huts, had been leaned against the top of the palisade, forming a precarious, though not impossible, avenue of escape.

Rightly he inferred that this had Lady Grey-stoke found the means to scale the wall, nor did he lose a moment in following her lead. Once in the jungle he struck out directly eastward.

A few miles south of him Jane Clayton lay panting among the branches of a tree in which she had taken refuge from a prowling and hungry lioness.

Her escape from the village had been much easier than she had anticipated. The knife which she had used to cut her way through the brush wall of the hut to freedom she had found sticking in the wall of her prison, doubtless left there by accident when a former tenant had vacated the premises.

To cross the rear of the village, keeping always in the densest shadows, had required but a few moments, and the fortunate circumstance of the discovery of the hot poles lying so near the palisade had solved for her the problem of the passage of the high wall.

For an hour she had followed the old game-trail toward the south, until there fell upon her trained hearing the stealthy padding of a stalking beast behind her. The nearest tree gave her instant sanctuary; for she was no wise in the ways of the jungle to chance her safety for a moment after discovering that she was being hunted.

Werper, with better success, trav-

eled slowly onward until dawn, when, to his chagrin, he discovered a mounted Arab upon his trail. It was one of Achmet Zek's minions, many of whom were scattered in all directions through the forest searching for the fugitive Belgian.

Jane Clayton's escape had not yet been discovered when Achmet Zek and his searches set forth to over-haul Werper. The only man who had seen the Belgian after his departure from his tent was the black sentry before the doorway of Lady Grey-stoke's prison hut, and he had been stonked by the discovery of the dead body of the man who had relieved him, the sentry that Mukambi had dispatched.

The bribe-taker naturally inferred that Werper had slain his fellow and dared not admit that he had permitted him to enter the hut, fearing, as he did, the anger of Achmet Zek. So, as chance directed that he should be the one to discover the body of the sentry when the first alarm had been given following Achmet Zek's discovery that Werper had outwitted him, the crafty black had dragged the dead body to the interior of a nearby tent, and himself resumed his station before the doorway of the hut in which he still believed the woman to be.

With the discovery of the Arab close behind him, the Belgian hid in the foliage of a Puffy bush. Here the trail ran straight for a considerable distance, and down the shady forest aisle, beneath the overarching branches of the trees, rode the white-robed figure of the pursuer.

Nearer and nearer he came. Werper crouched closer to the ground behind the leaves of his hiding place. Across the trail a vine moved. Werper's eyes instantly centered upon the spot. There was no wind to stir the foliage in the depths of the jungle. Again the vine moved.

In the mind of the Belgian only the presence of a sinister and malevolent force could account for the phenomenon. The man's eyes bored steadily into the screen of leaves upon the opposite side of the trail. Gradually a form took shape beyond them—a tawny form, grim and terrible, with yellow-green eyes glaring fearfully across the narrow trail straight into his.

Werper could have screamed in fright; but up the trail was coming the messenger of another death, equally sure and no less terrible. He remained silent, almost paralyzed by fear. The Arab approached. Across the trail from Werper the lion crouched for the spring, when suddenly his attention was attracted toward the horseman.

The Belgian saw the massive head turn in the direction of the raider, and his heart all but ceased beating as he awaited the result of this interruption. At a walk the horseman approached. Would the nervous animal be roused to flight at the odor of the carnivore, and bolting, leave Werper still to the mercies of the king of beasts?

But he seemed unmindful of the near presence of the great cat. On he came, his neck arched, clamping at the bit between his teeth. The Belgian turned his eyes again toward the lion. The beast's whole attention now seemed riveted upon the horseman.

They were abreast the lion now, and still the brute did not spring. Could he be waiting for them to pass before returning his attention to the original prey? Werper shuddered and half rose. At the same instant the lion sprang from his place of concealment, full upon the mounted man; the horse, with a shrill neigh of terror, shrank sidewise almost upon the Belgian; the lion dragged the helpless Arab from his saddle, and the horse leaped back into the trail and fled away toward the east.

But he did not flee alone. As the frightened beast had pressed in upon him, Werper had not been slow to note the quickly emptied saddle and the opportunity it presented. Scarcely had the lion dragged the Arab down from one side than the Belgian, seizing the pommel of the saddle and the horse's mane, leaped upon the horse's back from the other.

A half-hour later a naked giant, swinging easily through the lower branches of the trees, paused and, with raised head and dilating nostrils, sniffed the morning air. The smell of blood fell strongly upon his sense, and mingled with it was the scent of Numa, the lion. The giant cocked his head upon one side and listened.

From a short distance up the trail came the unmistakable noises of the greedy feeding of a lion.

Tarzan approached the spot, still keeping to the branches of the trees. He made no effort to conceal his approach, and presently he had evidence that Numa had heard him, from the ominous, rumbling warning that broke from a thicket beside the trail.

Hailing upon a low branch just above the lion, Tarzan looked down upon the grisly scene. Could this unrecognizable thing be the man he had been trailing? The ape-man wondered. From time to time he had descended to the trail and verified his judgment by the evidence of his scent that the Belgian had followed this game-trail toward the east.

Now he proceeded beyond the lion and his feast, again descended and examined the ground with his nose. There was no scent-spoor here of the man he had been trailing. Tarzan returned to the tree. With keen eyes he searched the ground about the mutilated corpse for a sign of the missing pouch of pretty pebbles; but naught could he see of it.

Then he turned his attention to the mutilated remains of the animal's prey in the nearby thicket. The face was gone. The Arab garments aroused no doubt as to the man's identity, since he had trailed him into the Arab camp and out again, where he might easily have acquired the apparel. So sure was Tarzan that the body was that of him who had robbed him that he made no effort to verify his deductions by scent among the conglomerate odors of the great carnivore and the fresh blood of the victim.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

A CINDERELLA IN KHAKI

By Ruth W. Baker

HE WAS, without doubt, a very handsome and very homesick young soldier; but why, he asked himself, had he stepped forward so eagerly when the captain had read the carefully worded invitation to dinner "for the loneliest and most homesick soldier boy in your camp"? Already he felt depressed and irritable at the thought of dining with strangers. The party would probably consist of skimming girls, he told himself bitterly. However, here he was, and evidently nearing his destination.

"Will you get off at Van Dyke street, please?" he said to the conductor. "Get off at Arbuckle, Van Dyke's at the top of the hill, replied the conductor. "Top of the hill," thought the boy, "good heavens, and it is beginning to snow. I'd better go back to camp for me before it is too late!"

"Arbuckle! Arbuckle!" roared the conductor, and Stanley G., like a beaten animal, slunk from the warm car into the driving snow. "Ah, my boy," called a cordial voice, "I was afraid you weren't coming," and Stanley's amazement at a luxurious limousine rolled to his side, the door snapped open and he found his hand being vigorously shaken by a very portly and very likable gentleman. "Drive like mad, James," called the gentleman, "or that roast won't be fit to eat."

"Glad to oblige," wondered Stanley, "Am I Cinderella?" He became firmly convinced that his fairy godmother had at last remembered his existence, for all through the wonderful evening that followed gifts from the millionaire seemed to be showering upon him. The dinner was not to be passed lightly, but he was never quite sure what he had eaten, for directly opposite him a vision in pink diaphanous and smiling, and he caught fleeting glimpses of wonderful dark eyes, eyes which he had never believed existed outside of books.

After dinner the vision, Miss Marjorie by name, played wonderful, dreamy music. Stanley was quite sure that he saw the portly gentleman kiss his slim wife. When Marjorie played an old love song he had a very pleasant feeling of belonging in this happy, intimate little family circle and wonderful visions unfolded themselves before him. The voice of his host recalled him from the building of his air castles.

"Our boy is in France, you know," the older man was saying, "and we would like to think that over there another family is taking a lonely lad into their home tonight."

"I hope so, sir," replied Stanley, earnestly, "I assure you that my own mother and father think you are the bottom of their hearts for your kind hospitality to me. I had a pretty fine case of the blues this afternoon," he laughed. It was easy to laugh when the most beautiful girl in the world was smiling at one in such a friendly fashion.

All too soon the clock struck ten and Stanley rose to depart. "At least Cinderella had until midnight," thought the boy enviously. But it was time for him to say good-night to the kind people who had taken him, a stranger, into their home and treated him like a son and brother. Brother! Well, not if he knew it!

He could hardly be blamed if, when he said good-night to Marjorie, he held her hand a bit more closely and a bit longer than convention demanded. The dinner was not to be passed so lightly, and Stanley, smiling, said the girl, shyly, and Stanley, smiling, said a long breath, exclaimed: "You just bet I will, and beginning tonight my fairy godmother has a place in my prayers."

Marjorie looked slightly puzzled, but the arrival of the motor prevented further conversation. As she turned away from the door a dark object lying on the floor caught her attention. It was a glove, a man's glove, and she picked it up. "I will send it to him tomorrow," she thought, calmly; then tossed it upon the table and ran upstairs, furious to find that her cheeks were burning and her heart thumping strangely.

The morning's mail brought the following letter: "My dear Fairy Princess—Cinderella (is that the masculine form of Cinderella?) has lost his glove. His fairy godmother informs him that it may be found at the palace of a certain prince. Reversing the old tradition, may Cinderella come in search of his lost hand—not foot—covering?"

"It is almost needless to add that the answer to the Princess Marjorie was 'yes' to the letter, and also to the question that not long after was asked in the fragrant dimness of the conservatory. "And shall we ride off on our honeymoon in a pumpkin, my princess?" asked Stanley with a smile.

"In a shoe box, if you like," said Marjorie. "By anything, dearest, so long as we go together."

The next complete novelette—Little Dan tumbled.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES—By Daddy

THE LAND OF LOST THINGS

(Peggy and Billy Belgium become lost in a dark, impassable forest and are told by a queer being that they are in the Land of Lost Things.)

CHAPTER II

"I AM Gloomy Nooks, King of the Land of Lost Things," spoke the queer being. "You are now my subjects. How down and do me homage!"

Peggy, frightened by this odd creature and the strangeness of the place, started to obey when Billy Belgium jerked her back.

"This is the United States. We know no kings here. We are free Americans," So answered Billy proudly.

"Hurray! Free Americans!" echoed a chorus of sleepy voices from beneath the leaves on the ground and the undergrowth all around. This chorus came so unexpectedly that Peggy was startled and grasped Billy by the hand.

"If you are free, go where you desire," chuckled the husky voice of Gloomy Nooks.

"Come!" said Billy, leading Peggy back the way they had entered. But it was easier said than done. There was no way out. The bushes, the brambles, the trees made a solid wall they could not get through.

"Free! Everybody is free here!" chuckled Gloomy Nooks.

"Free to sleep and sleep and crumple into dust," spoke a tiny voice and Peggy felt something stirring in her hand. Looking down she discovered that it was the golf ball she had picked up when they first entered the Land of Lost Things. But now it was an odd, human-looking golf ball. The top of the hard, round shell had opened and out of this had come a neck and head. Down



"If you are going away from here, will you please take me along?" asked the golf ball very politely

below legs, feet, and arms had appeared through other openings.

"Why, it's just like a turtle," exclaimed Billy, stretching his hand toward it.

"Click! The head and neck snapped back inside, the legs and arms drew in, and there was the golf ball perfectly round and smooth again.

"How funny!" cried Peggy, forgetting the creepy feeling that had come over her when she discovered the ball stirring in her hand. "Come out of your shell, little golf ball. We will not hurt you."

"Click! went the golf ball again. Its head popped out, its feet shot down, and its arms came out of the sides. There it stood like a little man, bowing and smiling at Peggy, and touching its hand to the helmet-like bit of shell on the top of its head.

"If you are going away from here, will you please take me along?" asked the golf ball very politely.

"And me, and me, and me!" rose the chorus of sleepy voices from down below and all around.

"Who are you all?" cried Billy Belgium, picking up a stick and poking among the dead leaves, the mold, and the tangle of grass. And as he poked there came to light a most astonishing collection of things—gold balls, gold and silver chains, dollars, quarters, dimes, nickels and pennies, lead pencils, buttons, stick pins, pieces of jewelry, two golf clubs, purses, knives, keys, and all sort of knickknacks.

"We are Lost Things," they chorused. "We are tired of resting. Please, please, take us back to useful lives."

"To be sure we will," promised Billy. Then he looked at the wall of shrubbery and a tone of doubt came into his voice. "If we can find the way."

"If it!" snarled Gloomy Nooks. "That word is so little and yet so big."

"I could show you if I wanted to, but I don't!" So snarled the case, bobbing up out of the brush and as promptly bobbing back again.

"If! If! Oh, if we could only escape," wailed all the Lost Things, while Peggy and Billy looked helplessly at each other.

(Next will be told how hope comes to Peggy and Billy Belgium.)

Business Career of Peter Flint.

A Story of Salesmanship by Harold Whitehead

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Mr. Whitehead will answer your business questions on buying, selling, advertising and employment. Ask your questions clearly and give all the facts. This column is free. Full address must be given to all inquiries. Those which are anonymous will be ignored. Answers to technical questions will be sent by mail. Other questions will be answered in this column. Write to the editor of the story of Peter Flint.

I THOUGHT somebody was fooling me. This morning when the telephone bell rang and Able told me that a Mr. Benton wanted to speak to me, I never thought of connecting it with the superintendent of Marsh & Felton, of Boston, the department store for whom I worked, and when he said who he was I could hardly believe it.

It seems that he had been to Atlantic City to attend a convention of department store superintendents. Dad had written to him that I was in the real estate business, so he decided to stop off and say "how-do" to me.

You bet it didn't take me long to beat it to the Knickerbocker, where he was staying.

Isn't it funny how people change? When I worked for him I felt that he was about a thousand miles away. I hardly realized that he was a human being. When I went up to his room I felt the old feeling of awe for a minute or two, but it was no longer that. It was a long time before I was talking to him just like an old friend.

"Sit down over there, Peter, and have a cigar."

I lit my cigar while he looked at me through narrowed lids.

"You have changed a lot since you worked for us, Peter Flint."

"I guess I never did work for you."

I said with a half laugh and felt a bit of a fool.

"I will be truthful and agree with you, but I think you have a different view of business from what you had then."

"You just bet your sweet life I have," I said emphatically.

"When I think of the darn old things I did then, I wonder that I was allowed to live, that's all."

He smiled and said: "And an interesting fact that you will find in your business life, Peter Flint, is that in another two years' time you will look back on your present life and make just the same comment."

"Oh! I don't know!" I expostulated. "I don't think I am doing such foolish things now as I did then."

"Of course, you aren't, but if you are going to progress at all, you will always be able to look back and see rows of mistakes you have made. Each mistake is a danger sign warning you that the business life is thin, and if we don't heed these mistakes, some bright day we find that we are struggling in the chilly waters of failure."

"You know, I felt real sorry for you, Peter, when you were working for us. I did really want to help you if I could, but unfortunately, nobody on God's earth could help you in the frame of mind you were in then. You knew it, didn't you?"

I hardly liked the way he was telling me what a darn fool I used to be, so I said: "Of course, it's all right for you because you're in a big position."

You probably never had to do much struggling like I did, and, naturally, one doesn't take much stock in advice from someone who hasn't been through the mill like he's been through it."

"Of course, you know that your father and I used to bank together when we were both working for a store in Detroit."

"I thought for a minute. Now that you mention it I remember dad saying something about it, but I had forgotten all about it."

"I started working in Detroit at \$3 a week and at the end of the year I was having \$12—you dad got the same. Your dad's mother and father were living then and they used to send him some extra spending money every

When Clement C. Moore was eighty-two years old he was still young at heart. He lived in a handsome house overlooking the Hudson at Ninth avenue and Twenty-third street, New York. The place was known as Chelsea and it

was considered comparatively remote from New York, though it is now in the heart of the metropolis. Living near his country seat was a portly ruddy Dutchman, whose personality suggested to him the idea of making St. Nicholas the hero of a Christmas piece for the little children.

In those days Christmas was not celebrated as it is today. Doctor Moore, having absorbed the ancient traditions of his Dutch neighbors, wove them into his poem. He really did more than that, for he built up around the central thought an interpretation which has gradually come to be worldwide.

Accompanying the original manuscript when it was presented to the New York County Historical Society by T. W. Moore, relative, some fifty years ago, is a letter which the writer tells how the verses came to be written and how it happened that they were eventually published.

It was with no thought of its ever being published that Mr. Moore wrote the poem, but the lines were copied by a relative of his in her album. From it another copy was made by a friend of hers from Troy. Some time later, much to the surprise of Doctor Moore, it was for the first time published in a newspaper. By such small chance was this choice little poem moved from obscurity.

As some one has so aptly said, it had become so much part and parcel of our literature that it seldom occurs to people that it ever had an author. Since that nearly 100 years American children have been fed on it, it has now become a thing in very truth.

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SOMEBODY'S STENOGRAPHER—She Didn't Expect a Return, Either

