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# The Eternal Lover

by Edgar Rice Burroughs

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## SYNOPSIS

Nu, the son of Nu, is shut up in a cave by an earthquake 100,000 years ago. He has a sweetheart, Nat-ul.

Near his cave 100,000 years later Miss Victoria Custer and her brother are on a hunting trip. She is haunted by a dream man and also by a real life lover. An earthquake releases Nu.

His is a case of suspended animation. He does not know he has been asleep. Victoria Custer has strange dreams that a savage man is seeking her.

Nu sees Victoria and thinks she is Nat-ul. Disturbed by visions of her dream man, Victoria goes for a walk at night.

She is saved from a lion by Nu, who is wounded by a bullet from the gun of Curtiss, Victoria's sutor. Victoria goes in search of Nu.

(Continued from last week.)

## CHAPTER VII.

### The Lonely Man.

VICTORIA stooped to fill her hat at the spring. First she leaned far down to quench her own thirst.

A sudden, warning growl from Terkoz brought her head up, and there, not ten paces from her, she saw a dozen white robed Arabs and behind them half a hundred blacks. All were armed; evil looking fellows they were, and one of the Arabs had covered her with his long gun.

Now he spoke to her, but in a tongue she did not understand, though she knew that his message was unfriendly, and imagined that it warned her not to attempt to use her own rifle which lay beside her. Next he spoke to those behind him, and two of them approached the girl, one from either side, while the leader continued to keep his piece leveled at her.

As the two came toward her she heard a menacing growl from the wolfhound and then saw him leap for the nearest Arab. The fellow clubbed his gun and swung it full upon Terkoz's skull, so that the faithful hound collapsed in a silent heap at their feet.

Then the two rushed in and seized Victoria's rifle. A moment later she was roughly dragged toward the leader of the N favored gang.

Through one of the blacks, a west coast negro who had picked up a smattering of pidgin English, the leader questioned the girl, and when he found that she was a guest of Lord Greystoke an ugly grin crossed his evil face, for the fellow recalled what had befallen another Arab slave and ivory caravan at the hands of the Englishman and his Waziri warriors. Here was an opportunity for partial revenge.

He motioned for his followers to bring her along. There was no time to tarry in this country of their enemies, into which they had accidentally stumbled after being lost in the jungle for the better part of a month.

Victoria asked what their intentions toward her were, but all that she could learn was that they would take her north with them. She offered to arrange the payment of a suitable ransom if they would return her to her friends unharmed, but the Arab only laughed at her.

"You will bring a good price," he said, "at the court of the sultan of Fulad, north of Tagwara, and for the rest I shall have partly settled the score which I have against the Englishman."

So Victoria Custer disappeared from the sight of men at the border of the land of the Waziri, nor was there any other than her captors to know the devious route that they followed to gain the country north of Uziri.

When at last Nu, the son of Nu, opened his eyes from the deep slumber that had refreshed and invigorated him he looked up expectantly for the face that had been hovering above his, and as he realized that the cave was tenantless except for himself a sigh that was half sob broke from the depths of his lonely heart, for he knew that Nat-ul had been with him only in his dreams.

Yet it had been so real! Even now he could feel the touch of her cool hand upon his forehead and her slim fingers running through his hair. His cheek glowed to her hot kisses, and in his nostrils was the sweet aroma of her dear presence.

The disillusionment of his waking brought with it bitter disappointment and a return of the fever. Again Nu lapsed into semiconsciousness and delirium, so that he was not aware of the khaki clad white man that crept warily into the half darkness of his lair shortly after noon.

It was Barney Custer, and behind him came Curtiss, Butsov and a half dozen others of the searching party. They had stumbled upon the half dead Terkos beside the spring, and there also they had found Victoria Custer's hat, and plainly in the soft earth between the boulders of the hillside they had seen the new made path to the cave higher up.

When Barney saw that the prostrate figure within the cavern did not stir at his entrance a stifling fear rose in his throat, for he was sure that he had found the dead body of his sister, but as his eyes became more accustomed to

the dim light of the interior he realized his mistake—at first with a sense of infinite relief and later with misgivings that amounted almost to a wish that it had been Victoria, safe in death; for among the savage men of savage Africa there are fates worse than death for women.

The others had crowded in beside him, and one had lighted a torch of dry twigs, which for a few seconds illuminated the interior of the cave brightly. In that time they saw that the man was the only occupant and that he was helpless from fever.

Beside him lay the stone spear that had slain Old Raffles. Each of them recognized it. How could it have been brought to him?

"The zebra killer," said Brown. "What's that beneath his head? Looks like a khaki coat."

Barney drew it out and held it up. "God!" cried Curtiss. "It's hers!"

"He must have come down there after we left, got his spear and stolen your sister," said Brown.

Curtiss drew his revolver and pushed closer toward the unconscious Nu.

"The beast!" he growled. "Shooting's too good for him. Get out of the way, Barney; I'm going to give him all six chambers."

"No," said Barney quietly.

"Why?" demanded Curtiss, trying to push past Custer.

"Because I don't believe that he harmed Victoria," replied Barney. "That's sufficient reason for waiting until we know the truth. Then I won't stand for the killing of an unconscious man, anyway."

"He's nothing but a beast—a mad dog," insisted Curtiss. "He should be killed for what he is. I'd never have thought to see you defending the man who killed your sister."

"Don't be a fool, Curtiss," snapped Barney. "We don't know that Victoria's dead. The chances are that this man has been helpless from fever for a long time. There's a wound in his head that was probably made by your shot last night."

"If he recovers from that he may be able to throw some light on Victoria's disappearance. If it develops that he has harmed her I'm the one to demand an accounting—not you. As I said before, I do not believe that this man would have harmed a hair of my sister's head."

"What do you know about him?" demanded Curtiss.

"I never saw him before," replied Barney. "I don't know who he is or where he came from, but I know—well, never mind what I know, except that there isn't anybody going to kill him other than Barney Custer."

"Custer's right," broke in Brown. "It would be murder to kill this fellow in cold blood. You have jumped to the conclusion, Curtiss, that Miss Custer is dead. If we let you kill this man we might be destroying our best chance to locate and rescue her."

As they talked the gaunt figure of the wolfhound, Terkoz, crept into the cave. He had not been killed by the Arab's blow, and a liberal dose of cold water poured over his head had helped to hasten returning consciousness.

He nosed, whining, about the cavern as though in search of Victoria.

The men watched him in silence after Brown had said: "If this man harmed Miss Custer and laid out Terkoz the beast 'll be keen for revenge. Watch him, and if Curtiss is right there won't any of us have to avenge your sister. Terkoz 'll take care of that. I know him."

"We'll leave it to Terkoz," said Barney.

After the animal had made the complete rounds of the cave, sniffing at every crack and crevice, he came to each of the watching men, nosing them carefully.

Then he walked directly to the side of the unconscious Nu, licked his cheek and, lying down beside him, rested his head upon the man's breast so that his fierce, wolfish eyes were pointed straight and watchful at the group of men opposite him.

"There!" said Barney, leaning down and stroking the beast's head.

The bound whined up into his face, but when Curtiss approached he rose, bristling, and, standing across the body of Nu, growled ominously at him.

"You'd better keep away from him, Curtiss," warned Brown. "He always has had a strange way with him in his likes and dislikes, and he's a mighty ugly customer to deal with when he's crossed. He's killed one man already—a big Wamboldi spearman who was stalking Greystoke up in the north country last fall. Let's see if he's got it in for the rest of us."

One by one Terkos suffered the others to approach Nu. Only Curtiss seemed to rouse his savage, protective instinct.

As they discussed their plans for the immediate future Nu opened his eyes with a return of consciousness.

At sight of the strange figures about him he sat up and reached for his spear, but Barney had had the foresight to remove this weapon, as well as

the man's knife and hatchet, from his reach.

As the cave man came to a sitting posture Barney laid a hand upon his shoulder.

"We shall not harm you," he said. "If you will tell us what has become of



"We shall not harm you if you will tell us what has become of my sister."

my sister." Then, placing his lips close to the other's ear, he whispered. "Where is Nat-ul?"

Nu understood but the single word Nat-ul, but the friendly tone and the hand upon his shoulder convinced him that this man was no enemy.

He shook his head negatively.

"Nu does not understand the stranger's tongue," he said.

Then he asked the same question as had Barney, "Where is Nat-ul?"

But the American could translate only the name, yet it told him that here indeed was the dream man of his sister.

And so they set out for the ranch. Four half naked blacks bore the rude stretcher.

Upon one side walked Terkoz, the wolfhound, and upon the other Barney Custer.

Four Waziri warriors accompanied them.

Nu, weak and sick, was indifferent to his fate. If he had been captured by enemies, well and good. He knew what to expect—either slavery or death, for that was the way of men as Nu knew them.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### A Prisoner.

FOR a week they doctored Nu at the bungalow of the Greystokes.

There were times when they despaired of his life, for the bullet wound that creased his temple clear to the skull had become infected, but at last he commenced to mend and after that his recovery was rapid, for his constitution was that of untainted physical perfection.

The several searching parties returned one by one without a clue to the whereabouts of Victoria Custer. Barney knew that all was being done that could be by his friends, but he clung tenaciously to the belief that the solution to the baffling mystery lay locked in the breast of the strange giant who was convalescing upon the cot that had been set up for him in Barney's own room. Curtiss had been relegated to other apartments, and Barney stuck close to the bedside of his patient day and night.

His principal reasons for so doing were his wish to prevent the man's escape and his desire to open some method of communication with the stranger as rapidly as possible.

Already the wounded man had learned to make known his simpler wants in English, and the ease with which he mastered whatever Barney attempted to teach him assured the American of the early success of his venture in this direction.

Curtiss continued to view the stranger with suspicion and ill disguised hostility. He was positive that the man had murdered Victoria Custer, and, failing to persuade the others that they should take justice into their own hands and execute the prisoner forthwith, he now insisted that he be taken to the nearest point at which civilization had established the machinery of law and turned over to the authorities.

Barney, on the other hand, was just as firm in his determination to wait until the man had gained a sufficient command of English to enable them to give him a fair hearing and then be governed accordingly.

He could not forget that there had existed some strange and inexplicable bond between this handsome giant and his sister nor that unquestionably the man had saved her life when Old Raffles had sprung upon her. Barney had loved and lost because he had loved a girl beyond his reach, and so his sympathies went out to this man who, he was content, loved his sister.

One of the first things that Barney tried to impress upon the man was that he was a prisoner, and, lest he should escape by night when Barney slept, Greystoke set Terkoz to watch over him.

But Nu did not seem inclined to wish to escape. His one desire appar-

(Continued on page 4.)

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What is the approximate saving in current when using the two headlights switched on as dimmers instead of switched on full?

This all depends on the method of dimming used. If the lamps are dimmed by connecting them in series then the current consumption is cut in half if the resistance in the wires is neglected, and since this is small it may be. If two bulbs are used in the headlight, a large one in focus for country driving and a small one out of focus for city driving, the saving may be much greater, the small bulb taking about a fourth the current of the large one.

I am troubled with fire coming from the exhaust cut out underneath my car when running rapidly and shutting off quickly; also when pulling hard. It is not the regular exhaust from the engine, but a large blaze like gasoline fire which comes clear to the ground and spreads out several feet each way. Can you explain it?

It is difficult to say exactly what is causing this trouble without seeing the car. However, it may be that the valves are improperly timed or the mixture may not be correct. If the valves have been reset lately it would be wise to make certain that the timing is correct, but if they have not been reset they probably are all right. If the mixture is at fault it is a simple matter to adjust the carburetor. Possibly there is carbon in the exhaust pipe or it may be that you are running with the spark too late.

How do you fit babbit bearings on crank shaft and connecting rods, either when putting in new ones or when taking up slack in old ones?

If only slightly worn bearings may be adjusted by removing shims or by filing the bearing caps. If the bearings are scored or worn out of round or if new bearings are put in the surfaces must be scraped.

If the bearing surfaces are in good condition and not worn out of shape a slight adjustment should be sufficient to make them tight. There are usually several shims under the bearing cap,

and by removing these one by one the looseness will disappear. Remove only enough shims to make the bearing snug but not a tight fit. When shims are not used the lost motion may be removed by placing the bearing cap in a vise and filing down the surface. In case too much material is removed a copper or paper shim or shims should be inserted to make the cap fit. In filing the flat surface of the bearing cap should be preserved, the file not only being held flat against the surface, but the movement of the tool being carefully executed.

If the bearing is scored, new or worn out of round it will need scraping. This should be done by an experienced man. Connecting rod bearings may be scraped without tearing down the motor, but if the main bearings require scraping the motor must be disassembled and the crank case placed upside down with the crank shaft and fly-wheel still in position. The main bearing caps are removed, and the crank shaft bearing surfaces are painted with a solution of Prussian blue. After rotating the crank shaft a few times and removing it the high spots of the bearings will be coated with the blue. These spots are carefully removed with a special scraping tool, care being taken not to cut too deep. Then the crank shaft is repainted and the operation repeated until the few large high spots have given place to more evenly distributed small ones, showing that the bearing makes contact at practically every point.

Does an engine deliver more or less power to wheels with a friction transmission and chain drive than through the ordinary bevel gears?

The efficiencies of the sliding gear set with the shaft drive and the friction transmission with chain drive are approximately equal on the higher gear ratios, but when the friction wheel is brought near the center of the disk the slippage of the inside edge of the wheel, due to the small circle it is traveling on, causes a power loss that is greater than when the low gear of the sliding gear set is engaged.

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