EVENING LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1917

by Edgar Rice Burroughs A Sequel to "At the Earth's Core"

PROLOGUE

SEVERAL years had elapsed since I had found the opportunity to do any bigsame hunting; but at last I had my plans almost perfected for a return to my old stamping grounds in northern Africa, where in other days I had had excellent sport in rault of the king of beasts.

The date of my departure had been set; The date of my departure has been set; I was to leave in two weeks. No schoolboy counting the larging hours that must pass before the beginning of "long vacation" re-mered him to the delirious joys of the sumamp could have been filled with impatience or keener anticipation. er camp

And then came a letter that started me Africa twelve days ahead of my sched-

Often am I in receipt of letters from strangers who have found something in a story of mine to commend or to condemn. My interest in this department of my correspondence is ever fresh. I opened this particular letter with all the zest of pleas-urable anticipation with which I had opened many others. The postmark,

"ALGIERS"

had aroused my interest and curlosity, especially at this time, since it was Algiers that was presently to witness the terminaof my coming sea voyage in search of sport and adventure.

fore the reading of that letter was pleted lions and lion hunting had fied

completed lions and lion hunting had fied my thoughts, and I was in a state of ex-sitement bordering upon frenzy. It— Well, read it yourself, and see if rou, too, do not find food for frantic con-seture, for tantalizing doubts, and for a met home. reat hope.

Here it is: "Edgar Rice Burroughs, Esq.,

"Oak Park, Ill. "Dear sir-I think that I have run across one of the most remarkable coincidences in modern literature. But let me start at the

"I am, by profession, a wanderer upon the face of the earth. I have no trade-nor My other occupation. "My father bequeathed me a conpetency :

ome remoter ancestor-a lust to roam. I have combined the two and invested them ly and without extravagance.

"For the past year I have been purchas-ing adventure in North Africa. Several months ago I came upon some back num-bers of the Evening Lenger in the reading room of a club here in Algiers.

I became interested in your story, 'At Earth's Core,' not so much because of the probability of the tale as of a great and biding wonder that people should be paid real money for writing such impossible trash. You will pardon my candor, but it is necessary that you understand my men-tal attitude toward this particular story— tal attitude toward this particular story hat you may credit that which follows:

ortly thereafter I started for the Sahara in search of a rather rare species of antelope that is to be found only pecasionally within a limited area at a certain sea-ten of the year. My chase led me far from haunts of civilized man.

"It was a fruitless search, however, in far as antelope is concerned ; but one to far as antelope is concerned; but one night as I lay courting sleep at the edge of a little cluster of date palms that surround an ancient well in the midst of the arid, shifting sands. I suddenly became con-scious of a strange sound coming apparently from the earth beneath my head. "It was an intermittent ticking!

No reptile or insect with which I am

familiar reproduces any such notes. I lay for an hour-listening intently. "At last my curiosity got the better of ms. I arose, lighted my lamp and commenced to investigate.

"My bedding lay upon a rug stretched

and know that the instrument had been discovered. In the morning, after carefully returning the box to its hole and covering it over with sand, I called my servants about me, snatched a hurried breakfast, mounted my horse, and started upon a forced march for Algiers.

"I arrived here today. In writing you this letter I feel that I am making a fool of myself.

"There is no David Innes. "There is no Dian the Beautiful.

"There is no world within a world. "Pellucidar is but a realm of your imagnation-nothing more. "But-

"The incident of the finding of that buried telegraph instrument upon the lonely Sa-hara is little short of uncanny, in view of your story of the adventures of David

"I have called it one of the most remarkable coincidences in modern fiction. I called it fiterature before, but-again pardon my andor-your story is not.

Sahara has so wrought upon my nerves that reason refuses longer to function sanely.

"I cannot hear it now, yet I know that far away to the south, all alone beneath the sands, it is still pounding out its vain,

frantic appeal. "It is maddening! "It is your fault—I want you to release me from It.

"Cable me at once, at my expense, that there was no basis of fact for your story, 'At the Earth's Core."

"Very respectfully yours, "COGDON NESTOR.

"_____ club, "Algiers." Ten minutes after reading this letter I had cabled Mr. Nestor as follows: "Story true. Await me Algiers. As fast as train and boat would carry

me, I sped toward my destination. For all those dragging days my mind was a whirl of mad conjecture, of frantic hope, of numbing fear. The finding of the telegraph instrument

practically assured me that David Innes had driven Perry's Iron Mole back through the earth's crust to the buried world of Pellucidar; but what adventures had befallen him since his return?

Had he found Dian the Beautiful, his half-savage mate, safe among his friends, or had Hooja the Siy One succeeded in his nefarious schemes to abduct her?

Did Abner Perry, the lovable old inven-

tor and paleontologist, still live? Had the federated tribes of Pellucidar succeeded in overthrowing the mighty Mahars, the dominant race of reptilian sters, and their fierce, gorillalike soldiery, the savage Sagoths?

I must admit that I was in a state bordering upon nervous prostration when I entered the _____ and _____ Club, in Al-glers, and inquired for Mr. Nestor. A moment later I was ushered into his pres-ence, to find myself clasping hands with

the sort of chap that the world holds only too few of. He was a tall, smooth-faced man of

about thirty, clean-cut, straight, and strong, and weather-tanned to the hue of a desert Arab. I liked him immensely from the first, and I hope that after our three months together in the desert country - three months not entirely lacking in adventurepossible trash" and yet have some re-

deeming qualities. The day following my arrival at Algiers we left for the south, Nestor having made all arrangements in advance, guessing, as naturally did, that I could be coming to hundred yards. Africa for but a single purpose-to hasten The aspect of the surrounding at once to the buried telegraph instrument ountry was entirely unfamiliar to and wrest its secret from it. me—I had no conception of precisely where I was upon the 124,000,000 In addition to our native servants, we took along an English telegraph operator named Frank Downes. Nothing of interest miles of Pellucidar's vast quare land surface. enlivened our journey by rall and caravan till we came to the cluster of date paims about the ancient well upon the rim of the The perpetual midday sun poured down its torrid rays from zenith, as t has done since the beginning of Pelahara. ucidarian time-as it would continue It was the very spot at which I first had to do to the end of it. Before me seen David Innes. If he had ever raised a cairn above the telegraph intrument no across the wide sea, the weird, hori-conless seascape folded gently upsign of it remained now. Had it not been ward to meet the sky until it lost for the chance that caused Cogdon Nestor itself to view in the azure depths of distance far above the level of my

If either Nestor or I breathed. "He says he's David Innes," said Downes.

"He says he's David Innes," said Downes. "He wants to know who we are." "Teil him," said I, "and that we want to know how he is—and all that has be-fallen him since I last saw him." For two months I talked with David Innes almost every day, and as Downes translated, either Nestor or I took notes. From these, arranged in chronological or-der, I have set down the following account of the further adventures of David Innes of the further adventures of David Innes at the earth's core, virtually in his own

words: CHAPTER I Lost on Pellucidar

THE Arabs, of whom I wrote you at the

Tend of my last letter (Innes began), and whom I thought to be enemies intent only upon murdering me, proved to be exceed-ingly friendly—they were searching for the very band of marauders that had threatened my existence. The huge rhamphoryn-chusike reptile that I had brought back with me from the inner world—the ugiy Mahar that Hooja the Sly One had substituted for my dear Dian at the moment of my departure—filled them with wonder and

with awe Nor less so did the mighty subterranean prospector which had carried me to Pel-lucidar and back again, and which lay out in the desert about two miles from my

camp With their help I managed to get the unwieldy tons of its great bulk into a vertical position—the nose deep in a hole we had dug in the sand and the rest of it supported by the trunks of date paims cut for the

arpose. It was a mighty engineering job, with only wild Arabs and their wilder mounts to do the work of an electric crane—but finally it was completed, and I was ready

for departure. For some time I hesitated to take the Mahar back with me. She had been docile and quiet ever since she had discovered herself virtually a prisoner aboard the Iron Mole. It had been, of course, impossible for me to communicate with her since she had no auditory organs and I no knowledge of her fourth-dimension, sixth-sense method of communication.

Naturally I am kind-heatted, and so found it beyond me to leave even this hateful and repulsive thing alone in a strange and hostile world. The result was that when I entered the Iron Mole I took her

with me. That she knew that we were about to return to Pellucidar was evident, for immediately her manner changed from that of habitual gloom that had pervaded her to an almost human expression of contentment

great Mahars could easily see was a different world from her own Peland delight. Our trip through the earth's crust was but a repetition of my two former journeys between the inner and the outer worlds. This time, however, I imagine that we must world's tiny sun? What had been the effect upon her of the clear moon and myriad stars of the clear African nights? have maintained a more nearly perpendicu-lar course, for we accomplished the journey in a few minutes' less time than upon

the occasion of my first journey through the five-hundred-mile crust. Just a triffe less than seventy-two hours after our de-parture into the sands of the Sahara we broke through the surface of Pellucidar.

Fortune once again favored me by the slightest of margins, for when I opened the door in the prospector's outer jacket I saw that we had missed coming up through the bottom of an ocean by but a few

How strange it looked! How vastly different from the flat and puny area

of the circumscribed vision of the

I was lost. Though I wandered ceaselessly throughout a lifetime, I

might never discover the whereabouts of my former friends of this strange

of my former friends of this strange and savage world. Never again might I see dear old Perry, nor Ghak the Hairy One, nor Dacor the Strong One, nor that other infinitely

weller upon the outer crust!

little box as if our lives depended upon the message it had for us. Downes interrupted the clicking with his stopped instantly. "Ask who it is, Downes," I directed. He did so, and while we awaited the Eng-lishman's translation of the reply, I doubt if either Nestor or I breathed. of my nativity. I was in Pellucidar. I was home. And I was content.

As I stood dreaming beside the giant thing that had brought me safely through the earth's crust, my traveling companion, the hideous Mahar, emerged from the interior of the prospector and stood beside me. For a long time she remained motionless. What thoughts were passing through the convolutions of her reptilian brain? She was a member of the dominant race of Pellucidar. By a strange freak of evo-lution her kind had first developed the powers of reason in that world of anomalies.

To her creatures such as I were of a lower order. As Perry had discovered among the writings of her kind in the bur-ied city of Phutra, it was still an open question among the Mahars as to whether man possessed means of intelligent com-

munication or the powers of reason. Her kind believed that in the center of all-pervading solidity there was a single, vast, spherical cavity, which was Pellucidar. This cavity had been left there for the sole purpose of providing a place for the crea-tion and propagation of the Mahar race.

Aiways and steadily the needle remained

This then should be north.

shimmering sea.

I had made a start! I cannot tell you what a sense of relief was imparted to me by the simple fact that there was at least one spot within Pellucidar with a familiar name and a place upon a map.

made a little circle in my notebook and traced the word Greenwich beside it.

nonspector that the needle might not be if I had not looked upon similar landscapes ably as much by the noise of the guns countless times, a sound of shouting broke by their effects. They never reached the steel, I turned the delicate instrument from the direction of the woods. That the Halfway the three that remained turn harsh, discordant notes rose from the throats of men I could not doubt.

I slipped behind a large boulder near the mouth of the ravine and waited. I could hear the crashing of underbrush in the forest and I guessed that whoever came came quickly-pursued and pursuers, doubtless.

In a short time some hunted animal would break into view and a moment later score of half-naked savages would come leaping after with spears or clubs or great stone knives.

I had seen the thing so many times dur-ing my life within Pellucidar that I felt that I could anticipate to a nicety precisely what I was about to witness. I hoped that the hunters would prove friendly and be

able to direct me toward Sarl. Even as I was thinking these thoughts

the quarry emerged from the forest. But it was no terrified four-footed beast. Inwhat I saw was an old man-a ter-

influenced by its great bulk of iron and steel. I turned the delicate instrument about in every direction.

rigidly fixed upon a point straight out to sea, apparently pointing toward a large island some ten or twenty miles distant.

I drew my notebook from my pocket and made a careful topographical sketch of the locality within the range of my vision. Due north lay the island, far out upon the

The spot I had chosen for my observa-tions was the top of a large, flat boulder which rose six or eight feet above the turf. This spot I called Greenwich. The boulder was the Royal Observatory.

It was with almost childish joy that I

by their effects. They never reached us. Halfway the three that remained turned

Halfway the three that remained the and fled, and we let them go. The last we saw of them they were dis appearing into the tangled undergrowth of the forest. And then Perry turned and the forest. And then Perry turned and the weise and the tangled undergrowth of the bis of the tangled undergrowth of the forest. And then perry turned and the forest. And then perry turned and the second second second second second second the second second second second second second second the second second second second second second second second the second second second second second second second second second the second seco ing his old face upon my shoulder, like a child.

74 A.A.

CHAPTER II Traveling With Terror

WE MADE camp there beside the peace-ful river. There Perry told me all that had befallen him since I had departed for the outer crust.

It seemed that Hooja had made it appare that I had intentionally left Dian behind and that I did not purpose ever returning to Rellucidar. He told them that I was of another world and that I had tired of this and of its inhabitants.

To Dian he had explained that I had a mate in the world to which I was retu ing; that I had never intended takin Beautiful back with me; and that sh

directly upon the warm sand. appeared to be coming from beneath the rug. I raised it, and found nothing-yet, at intervals, the sound continued.

"I dug into the sand with the point of my hunting-knife. A few inches below the surface of the sand I encountered a solid substance that had the feel of wood beneath the sharp steel.

"Excavating about it. I unearthed a small From this receptacle issued den box. the strange sound that I had heard.

How did it come here?

What did it contain?

"In attempting to lift it from its burying place I discovered that it seemed to be held fast by means of a very small insulated cable running farther into the sand beover the neath it.

first impulse was to drag the thing by main strength; but, fortunately, in the better of this and fell to examining the box. I soon saw that it was covered by a hinged lid, which was held closed by simple screw-hook and eye.

'It took but a moment ad raise the cover, when, to my utter asshment. I discovered an ordinary telegraph instrument clicking away within What in the world,' thought I, 'is this

thing doing here?' "That it was a French military instrunt was my first guess; but really there lidn't seem much likelihood that this was the correct explanation, when one took into unt the loneliness and remoteness of the spot.

"As I sat gazing at my remarkable find, which was ticking and clicking away there in the silence of the desert night, trying to onvey some message which I was unabl to interpret, my eyes fell upon a bit of paper lying in the bottom of the box beside the instrument. I picked it up and exied it. Upon it were written but tw atters:

"D. I. "They meant nothing to me then. I was

"Once, in an interval of silence upon the part of the receiving instrument, I moved the sending-key up and down a few times. stantly the receiving mechanism commenced to work frantically.

"I tried to recall something of the Morse Code, with which I had played as a little boy-but time had obliterated it from my memory. I became almost frantic as I let imagination run rlot among the pos-ities for which this clicking instrument might stand.

ne poor devil at the unknown other and might be in dire need of succor. The Very franticness of the instrument's wild The ing betokened something of the kind. "And there sat I, powerless to interpret and so powerless to help!

"It was then that the inspiration came to me. In a flash there leaped to my mind the closing paragraphs of the story I had read in the club at Algiers: "Does the answer lie somewhere upon

the bosom of the broad Sahara, at the ends of two tiny wires, hidden beneath a lost

cairn? "The idea seemed preposterous. Expefince and intelligence combined to assure that there could be no slightest grain of truth or possibility in your wild talegrain

was fict pure and simple. "And yet where were the other ends of

"What was this instrument-ticking away to in the great Sahara-but a travesty

"Would I have believed in it had I not

"And the initials...D. I...upon the slip of sper! David's initials were these...David

amiled at my imaginings. I ridiculed

implied that there was an inner and that these wires led downward the earth's crust to the surface of ar. And yet-

throw down his sleeping rug directly hidden instrument, it might still be clicking there unheard-and this story

till unwritten. When we reached the spot and unearthed the little box the instrument was quiet, nor did repeated attempts upon the part of our telegrapher succeed in winning a response from the other end of the line.

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After several days of futile endeavor to raise Pellucidar, we had begun to despair. raise Fellucidar, we had begun to despair. I was as positive that the other end of that little cable protruded through the sur-face of the inner world as I am that I sit here today in my study—when about mid-night of the fourth day I was awakened

precious one-my sweet and noble mate, Dian the Beautiful. the sound of the instrument. But even so I was glad to tread Leaping to my feet I grasped Downes roughly by the neck and dragged him out of his blankets. He didn't need to be told once more the surface of Pellucidar. Mysterious and terrible, grotesque what caused my excitement, for the instant to was awake he, too, heard the long-hopedand savage though she was in many of her aspects, I could not but love Her very sayn ery appealed

click, and with a whoop of delight need upon the instrument. for click, and with to me, for it was the cavagery of un-Nestor was on his feet almost as soor spoiled Nature.

The magnificence of her tropic as I. The three of us huddled about that

The stationary sun hangs forever in the center of the Pellucidarian sky -directly overhead.

Everything within it had been put

there for the uses of the Mahar. I wondered what this particular

Mahar might think now. I found

pleasure in speculating upon just what the effect had been upon her of

passing through the earth's crust and coming out into a world that one

of even less intelligence than the

What had she thought of the outer

How had she explained them? With what sensations of awe must

she first have watched the sun mov-ing slowly across the heavens to dis-appear at last beneath the western

horizon, leaving in his wake that which the Mahar had never before

witnessed-the darkness of night?

For upon Pellucidar there is no night.

ucidar.

Then, too, she must have been im-pressed by the wondrous mechanism of the prospector which had bored its way from world to world and back again.

that it had been driven by a rational being must also have occurred to her. Too, she had seen me conversing with men upon the earth's surface. She

had seen the arrival of the caravan books and arms and ammunition and the balance of the heterogeneous collection which I had crammed into the cabin of the and so on. Iron Mole for transportation to Pellucidar.

She had seen all these evidences of a civilization and brain power transcending in scientific achievement anything her race had produced; nor once had she seen a creature of her own kind.

There could have been but a single de-duction in the mind of the Mahar-there were other worlds than Pellucidar, and the gilak was a rational being.

Now the creature at my side was creeping slowly toward ng a long-barreled six-shoote somehow I had been unable to find the same sensation of security in the new-fangled automatics that had been perfected

since my first departure from the outer world-and in my hand was a heavy ex press rifle. I could have shot the Mahar with ease

for I knew intuitively that she was escap--but I did not. I felt that if she could return to her

own kind with the story of her adventures the position of the human race within Pellucidar would be advanced immensely at a single stride, for at once man would take his proper place in the considerations of the reptilia.

At the edge of the sea the creature paused and looked back at me. Then she stid sinuously into the surf.

For several minutes I saw no more of he s she luxuriated in the cool depths. Then a hundred yards from shore she one and there for another short while she

floated upon the surface. Finally she spread her glant wings, flapped them vigorously a score of times and rose above the blue sen. A single time she circled far aloft—and then straight

I watched her until the distant haze en-veloped her and she had disappeared. I

was alone. My first concern was to discover where within Pellucidar I might be—and in what direction lay the land of the Sarians where Ghak the Hairy One ruled.

But how was I to guess in which direc-tion lay Sari? And if I set out to search-what then?

Could I find my way back to the pros-pector with its priceless freight of books, frearms, ammunition, scientific instru-ments, and still more books—its great

incuts, and still more books—its great library of reference works upon every con-ceivable branch of applied sciences? And if I could not, of what value was all this vast storehouse of potential civil-ization and progress to be to the world

Upon the other hand, if I remained here alone with it, what could I accomplish single-handed?

single-handed? Nothing. But where there was no east, no west, no north, no south, no stars, no moon, and only a stationary midday sun, how was I-to find my way back to this spot should I ever get out of sight of it? I didn't know. For a long time I stood buried in deep thought, when it occurred to me to try out one of the companies I had brought and ascertain if it remained steadily fixed upon an unvarying pole. I re-entered the

Now I felt I might start out upon my search with some assurance of finding my way back again to the prospector.

I decided that at first I would travel directly south in the hope that I might in that direction find some familiar landmy direction. mark. It was as good a direction as any the forest when I beheld the first of his pursuers—a Sagoth, one of those grim and This much at least might be said of it.

Among the many other things I had brought from the outer world were a num-Mahars in their buried cities, faring forth from time to time upon slave-raiding or ber of pedometers. I slipped three of thes nto my pockets with the idea that I might of Pellucidar, of whom the dominant race of the inner world think as we think of the arrive at a more or less accurate mean from the registrations of them all.

On my map I would register so man south, so many east, so many west o on. When I was ready to return would then do so by any route that might choose. '

I also strapped a considerable quantity of ammunition across my shoulders, pock eted some matches, and hooked an alum-inum frypan and a small stew kettle of the same metal to my belt.

I was ready-ready to go forth and explore a world!

Ready to search a land area of 124,110,000 square miles for my friends-my incomparable mate and good old Perry !

my very eyes with no hope that I could reach him in time to avert the awful catas-And so, after locking the door in the outer shell of the prospector, I set out upon my quest. Due south I traveled, across trophe-for to me it meant a real catas lovely valleys thick-dotted with grazing

Through dense primeval forests I forced my way and up the slopes of mighty moun-tains searching for a pass to their farther sides.

lbex and musk-sheep fell before my good old revolver, so that I lacked not for food in the higher altitudes. The forest food in the higher altitudes. The forests and the plains gave plentifully of fruits and wild birds, antelope, aurochsen and elk. Occasionally, for the larger game ani-mals and the gigantic beasts of prey. I used my express rifle, but for the most part the revolver filled all my needs. There were times, too, when faced by a mighty cave bear, a suber-toothed tiger, or buce fells spelese, black-maned and ter-

huge fells spelaes, black-maned and ter fully inadequate-but fortune favored me that I passed unscathed through ventures that even the recollection of causes the short hairs to bristle at the nape

of my neck. How long I wandered toward the south I do not know, for shortly after I left the prospector watch and I was again at the mercy of the something went wrong with baffling timelessness of Pellucidar, forging steadily ahead beneath the great, motion-

eas sun which hangs eternally at noon. I ate many times, however, so that days must have elapsed, possibly months, with

no familiar landscape rewarding my eage I saw no men nor signs of men.

from numerous.

to rest upon the gorgeous wonders of the landscape.

It was a staggering thought. I could not but dwell upon it often as I made my lonely way through this virgin world. Then, quite suddenly, one day I stepped out of the peace of manless primality into the

It happened thus: I had been following a ravine downward

I had been following a navine downward out of a chain of lofty hills and had paused at its mouth to view the lovely little valley that lay before me. At one side was tan-sied wood, while straight ahead a river wound peacefully along parallel to the cliffs in which the hills terminated at the valley's edge.

Staggering feebly and hopelessly from what must have been some very terrible fate, if one could judge from the horrified had seen the last of me. expressions he continually cast behind him toward the wood, he came stumbling

ounitive expeditions against the human rac

bison or the wild sheep of our own world,

after the terror-stricken old man.

staggering fact that the old man Perry! That he was about to die

to his purpose.

fugitive.

Close behind the foremost Sagoth came others until a full dozen raced, shouting

would be upon him shortly, that was plain

One of them was rapidly overhauling

Simultaneously there swept over me the

him, his back-thrown spear-arm testifying

Shortly afterward Dian had disappe from the camp, nor had Perry seen heard aught of her since. He had no conception of the time

He had covered but a short distance from had elapsed since I had departed, but guessed that many years had dragged their terrible gorilla men who guard the mighty

guessed that many years had dragged the slow way into the past. Hooja, too, had disappeared very soo after Dian had left. The Sarians, unde Ghak the Hairy One, and the Amosite under Dacor the Strong One, Disar brother, had fallen out over my suppose defection, for Ghak would not believe the base thus treacher wild not believe the I had thus treacherously deceived and do serted him.

The result had been that these two powerful tribes had fallen upon one anothe with the new weapons that Perry and I has taught them to make and to use. Othe tribes of the new federation took sides with the original disputants or set up petty

And then, quite with the suddenness of an unexpected blow, I realized a past fa-miliarity with the gait and carriage of the lutions of their own. The result was the total demolition of the work we had so well started. Taking advantage of the tribal war,

Mahars had gathered their Sagoths in forms and fallen upon one tribe after another in rapid succession, wreaking awful have among them and reducing them for the most part to as pitiable a state of terror as that from which we had raised them. Alone of all the once-mighty federal the Sarians and the Amoziles, with a f other tribes, continued to maintain the defiance of the Mahars; but these trib

CONTINUED

IN MOR

Perry was my best friend. Dian, of course, I looked upon as more than friend. She was my mate-a part of

The

were still divided among themselves, had it seemed at all probable to Perry w I had entirely forgotten the rifle in my hand and the revolvers at my belt; one does not readily synchronize his thoughts he had last been among them that any a tempt at reamalgamation would be made. with the stone age and the twentieth cen "And thus, your majesty," he conclu-"has faded back into the oblivion of

tury simultaneously. Now from past habit I still thought in Stone Age our wondrous dream and will it has gone the First Empire of Pellucidar We both had to smile at the use of m royal title, yet I was, indeed, still "Jo peror of Pellucidar," and some day I men the stone age, and in my thoughts of th stone age there were no thoughts of fire-

arms. The fellow was almost upon Perry when the feel of the gun in my hand awoke me from the lethargy of terror that had gripped to rebuild what the vils act of the treach ous Hooja had torn down. But first I would find my empress. from the lethargy of terror that in threw up me. From behind my boulder I threw up the heavy express rife—a mighty engine of destruction that might bring down a of destruction that might bring down a But first I would find the empires. "Have you no clue as to the whe of Dian?" I asked. "None whatever," replied Perry.

breast. At the sound of the shot he stopped stock still. His spear dropped from his hand. Then he lunged forward upon his face

"None whatever," replied Perry. "It is in search of her that I came to the pr pass in which you discovered me, and for which, David, you saved me. "I knew perfectly well that you had intentionally deserted either Dian or Pe-cidar. I guessed that in some way her the Siy One was at the bottom of the m ter, and I determined to go to Amos, whi I guessed that Dian might come to the p tection of her brother, and do my utmas convince her, and through her Dator. Strong One, that we had all been value of a treacherous plot to which you wan party. The effect upon the others was little les remarkable. Perry alone could have pos sibly guessed the meaning of the loud reably guessed the meaning of the loud fe-port or explained its connection with the sudden collapse of the Sagoth. The other gorilla men halted for but an instant. Then with renewed shrieks of rage they sprang

with renewed surfers of rage they sprang forward to finish Perry. At the same time I stepped from behind my boulder, drawing one of my revolvers that I might conserve the more precious

that I might conserve the hore precious ammunition of the express rifle. Quickly I fired again with the lesser weapon. Then it was that all eyes were directed toward me. Another Sagoth fell to the bullet from the revolver; but it did not stop his companions. They were out for revenge as well as blood now, and they meant to have both.

of a treacherous plot to which ye "Dacor, I am sure, wanted to h just, but so great were his sist over the disappearance of his nis could not listen to reason, but its ing time and time again and on turn to Pellucidar could rows to of your intentions. "Then came a stranger from tribs, sent, I am sure, at the ins Hooja. He so turned the Amenin to escape assassingtion. to escape ani

There was but as about now, and they meant to have both. As I ran forward toward Perry I fired four more shots, dropping three of our an-tagonists. Then at last the remaining seven wavered. It was too much for them, this rearing death that lasped, invisible, upon them from a great distance. As they hesitated I reached Perry's side. I have never seen such an expression upon any man's face as that upon Perry's when he recognised me. I have no words where-with to describe it. There was not time to talk then-scarce for a greating. I thrust the loaded revelver into the head. fired the last shot in any area and released.

is this strange, for Pellucidar, in its land area, is immense, while the human race there is very young and consequently far Doubtiess upon that long search mine was the first human foot to touch the soil in many places—mine the first human eye

ce of man-and peace was gone.