

TARZAN and the JEWELS OF OPAR

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

THE STORY THUS FAR

Tarzan, Albert Werner, a Belgian, and the Countess, were in the cave when they discovered the treasure. The Countess was killed by a cobra. Tarzan and Werner fled with the treasure. Werner was killed by a cobra. Tarzan fled with the treasure.

CHAPTER II—(Continued)

QUICKLY the Belgian leaped over the prostrate form of his erstwhile host, and without a thought of succor for the man in whom, for aught he knew, life still remained, he booted for the passageway and safety.

But his renewed hopes were soon dashed. Just beyond the doorway he found the passage completely clogged and choked by impenetrable masses of shattered rock.

Once more he turned and re-entered the treasure vault. Taking the candle from its place he commenced a systematic search of the apartment, nor had he gone far before he discovered another door in the opposite end of the room, a door which gave upon creaking hinges to the weight of his body.

Along this Werper made his way, ascending a flight of stone steps to another corridor twenty feet above the level of the first. The flickering candle lighted the way before him, and a moment later he was thankful for the possession of this crude and antiquated luminant, which, a few hours before, he might have looked upon with contempt, for it showed him, not a moment too soon, a yawning pit apparently terminating the tunnel he was traversing.

Before him was a circular shaft. He held the candle above it and peered downward. Below him, at a great distance, he saw the light reflected back from the surface of a pool of water. He had come upon a well. He raised the candle above his head and peered across the black void, and there upon the opposite side he saw the continuation of the tunnel; but how was he to span the gulf?

As he stood there measuring the distance to the opposite side and wondering if he dared venture so great a leap, there broke suddenly upon his startled ears a piercing scream which diminished gradually until it ended in a series of dismal moans. The voice seemed partly human, yet so hideous that it might have emanated from the tortured throat of a lost soul, writhing in the fros of hell.

The Belgian shuddered and looked fearfully upward, for the scream had seemed to come from above him. As he looked he saw an opening far overhead, and a patch of sky pricked with brilliant stars.

His half-formed intention to call for help was checked by the terrifying cry—where such a voice lived, no human creature could dwell. He dared not reveal himself to whatever inhabitants dwelt in the place above him. He cured himself for a fool that he had ever embarked upon such a mission. He wished himself safely back in the camp of Achmet Zek, and would almost have embraced an opportunity to give himself up to the military authorities of the Congo if by doing so he might be rescued from the frightful predicament in which he now was.

He listened fearfully, but the cry was not repeated; and at last, spurred to desperate means, he gathered himself for the leap across the chasm. Going back twenty paces he took a running start, and at the edge of the well leaped upward and outward in an attempt to gain the opposite side.

In his hand he clutched the sputtering candle, and as he took the leap the rush of air extinguished it. In utter darkness he flew through space, clutching outward for a hold should his feet miss the invisible ledge.

He struck the edge of the floor of the opposite terminus of the rocky tunnel with his knees, slipped backward, clutched desperately for a moment, and at last hung half within and half without the opening; but he was safe. For several minutes he dared not move; but clung, weak and sweating, where he lay. At last, cautiously, he drew himself well within the tunnel, and again lay at full length upon the floor, fighting to regain control of his shattered nerves.

When his knees struck the edge of the tunnel he had dropped the candle. Presently, hoping against hope that it had fallen upon the floor of the passageway rather than back into the depths of the well, he rose upon all fours and commenced a diligent search for the little tallow cylinder, which now seemed infinitely more precious to him than all the fabulous wealth of the hoarded ingots of Opar.

And, when at last he found it, he clasped it to him and sank back sobbing and exhausted. For many minutes he lay trembling and broken; but finally he drew himself to a sitting posture and taking a match from his pocket lighted the stump of the candle which remained to him.

With the light he found it easier to regain control of his nerves, and presently he was again making his way along the tunnel in search of an avenue of escape. The horrid cry that had come down to him from above through the ancient well shaft still haunted him, so that he trembled in terror at even the sound of his own cautious advance.

It was intended. A blind tunnel such as this was senseless. It must continue beyond the wall. Some one at some time in the past had had it blocked for an unknown purpose of his own.

The man fell to examining the masonry by the light of his candle. To his delight he discovered that the thin blocks of hewn stone of which it was constructed were fitted in loosely with one of them, and to his joy found that it was easily removable.

One after another he pulled out the blocks until he had opened an aperture large enough to admit his body, then he crawled through into a large, low chamber. Across this another door barred his way; but this, too, gave before his efforts, for it was not barred. A long, dark corridor showed before him, but before he had followed it far his candle burned down until it scorched his fingers.

With an oath he dropped it to the floor, where it sputtered for a moment and went out.

Now he was in total darkness, and again terror rode heavily astride his neck. What further pitfalls and dangers lay ahead he could not guess; but that he was as far as ever from liberty he was quite willing to believe, so depressing is utter absence of light to one in unfamiliar surroundings.

Slowly he groped his way along, feeling with his hands upon the tunnel's walls, and cautiously with his feet ahead of him upon the floor before he would take a single forward step.

At last, feeling that the tunnel's length was interminable, and exhausted by his efforts, by terror, and loss of sleep, he determined to lie down and rest before proceeding further.

When he awoke there was no change in the surrounding blackness. He might have slept a second or a day; but that he had slept for some time was attested by the fact that he felt refreshed and hungry.

Again he commenced his groping advance; but this time he had gone but a short distance when he emerged into a room which was lighted through an opening in the ceiling, from which a flight of concrete steps led downward to the floor of the chamber.

Above him, through the aperture, Werner could see sunlight glancing from massive columns, which were twined about by clinging vines. He listened; but he heard no sound other than the sighing of the wind through leafy branches, the hoarse cries of birds, and the chattering of monkeys.

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halted, wide-eyed in astonishment and terror, for almost at the same instant a dozen doors opened in the courtyard wall and a horde of frightful men rushed in upon him.

They were the priests of the Flemish God of Opar, the same shaggy, knotted, hideous little men who had dragged Jane Clayton to the sacrificial altar at this very spot years before. Their long arms, their short and crooked legs, their close-set, evil eyes, and their low, receding foreheads gave them a bestial appearance that sent a quail of paralyzing fright through the stinking nerves of the Belgian.

With a scream he turned to flee, back into the lesser terrors of the gloomy corridors and apartments from which he had just emerged, but the frightful men anticipated his intentions. They blocked the way. They seized him, and though he fell, groveling upon his knees before them, begging for his life, they bound him and

Mugambi, the ebony Hercules who had shared the dangers and vicissitudes of his beloved bwana from Jungle Island almost to the headwaters of the Ugambi, was the first to note the bold approach of the sinister caravan.

He it was whom Tarzan had left in charge of the warriors who remained to guard Lady Greystone, nor could a braver or more loyal guardian have been found in any clime or upon any soil. A giant in stature, a savage, fearless warrior, the huge black possessed also soul and judgment in proportion to his bulk and his ferocity.

Not once since his master had departed had he been beyond sight or sound of the bungalow, except when Lady Greystone chose to canter across the broad plain, or relieve the monotony of her loneliness by a brief hunting excursion. On such occasions Mugambi, mounted upon a wiry Arab, had ridden close to her horse's heels.

The raiders were still a long way off when the warrior's keen eyes discovered them. For a time he stood scrutinizing the advancing party in silence, then he turned and ran rapidly in the direction of the native huts which lay a few hundred yards below the bungalow.

Here he called out to the looting warriors. He issued orders rapidly. In compliance with them the men seized upon their weapons and their shields. Some ran to call in the workers from the fields and to warn the tenders of the flocks and herds. The majority followed Mugambi back toward the bungalow.

The dust of the raiders was still a long distance away. Mugambi could not know positively that it hid an enemy; but he had spent a lifetime of savage life in swart Africa, and he had seen parties, before come thus unheralded. Sometimes they had come in peace and sometimes in war—one could never tell. It was well to be prepared. Mugambi did not like the hosts with which the strangers advanced.

The Greystone bungalow was not well adapted for defense. No palisade surrounded it, nor, situated as it was in the heart of loyal Waziri, its master had anticipated no possibility of an attack in force by an enemy. Heavy wooden shutters there were to close the window apertures against hostile arrows, and these Mugambi was engaged in lowering when Lady Greystone appeared upon the veranda.

"Why, Mugambi!" she exclaimed. "What has happened? Why are you lowering the shutters?"

Mugambi pointed out across the plain to where a white-robed force of mounted men was now distinctly visible.

"Arabs," he explained. "They come for no good purpose in the absence of the Great Bwana."

Beyond the neat lawn and the flowering shrubs, Jane Clayton saw the glinting bodies of her Waziris. The sun glanced from the tips of their metal-shod spears, picked out the gorgeous colors in the feathers of their war bonnets, and reflected the high-lights from the glossy skin of their broad shoulders and high cheek bones.

Jane Clayton surveyed them with unmixt feelings of pride and affection. What harm could befall her with such as these to protect her? The raiders had halted now, a hundred yards out upon the plain. Mugambi had hastened down to join his warriors. He advanced a few yards before them and halted the strangers. Achmet Zek sat straight in his saddle before his henchmen.

ter and their comrade, but no answering call rewarded their listening ears. At last they gave up the search. Tearfully they cast a last look at the shattered tomb of their master, shouldered the heavy burden of gold that would at least furnish comfort, if not happiness, to their bereaved and mournful mistress, and made their burlowed way back across the desolate valley of Opar, and downward through the forest beyond toward the distant bungalow.

And as they marched what sorry fate was already drawing down upon that peaceful, happy home?

From the north came Achmet Zek, riding to the summons of his lieutenant's letter. With him came his horde of renegade Arabs (outlawed marauders, these), and equally degraded blacks, garnered from the more savage and ignorant tribes of savage cannibals through whose countries the raider passed to and fro with perfect impunity.

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Mugambi, although not born a Waziri, had been adopted into the tribe, which now contained no member more jealous of its traditions and its prowess than he.

Achmet Zek drew to one side of his horde, speaking to his men in a low voice. A moment later, without warning, a ragged volley was poured into the ranks of the Waziri. A couple of the warriors fell, the others were charging the attackers; but Mugambi was cautious as well as a brave leader. He knew the futility of charging mounted men armed with muskets.

He withdrew his force behind the shrubbery of the garden. Some he dispatched to various other parts of the grounds surrounding the bungalow. Half a dozen he sent to the bungalow itself with instructions to keep their mistress within doors, and to protect her with their lives.

Adopting the tactics of the desert fighters from whom he had sprung, Achmet Zek led his followers to a gallop in a long, thin line, describing a great circle which drew closer and closer toward the defenders among the shrubbery.

At that part of the circle closest to the Waziri, a constant fusillade of shots was poured into the bushes behind which the black warriors had concealed themselves. The latter, on their part, issued their slim shafts at the nearest of the enemy.

The Waziri, justly famed for their archery, found no cause to blush for their performance that day. Time and again some swartly horseman threw hands above his head and toppled from his saddle, pierced by a deadly arrow; but the contest was uneven. The Arabs outnumbered the Waziri; their bullets penetrated the shrubbery and found marks that the Arab riflemen had not even seen, and then Achmet Zek circled inward a half mile above the bungalow, tore down a section of the fence and let his marauders within the grounds.

Across the fields they charged at a mad run. Not again did they pause to lower fences, instead they drove their wild mounts straight for them, clearing the obstacles as lightly as winged genies.

Mugambi saw them coming, and calling those of his warriors who remained, ran for the bungalow and the last stand. Upon the veranda Lady Greystone stood, rifle in hand. More than a single raider had accounted to her steady nerves and cool aim for his outlawry; more than a single pony raced, ridden, in the wake of the charging horde.

Mugambi pushed his mistress back into the greater security of the interior, and with his depleted force prepared to make a last stand against the foe.

On came the Arabs, shouting and waving their long guns above their heads. Past the veranda they raced, pouring a deadly fire into the kneeling Waziri who discharged their volley of arrows from behind their long, oval shields—shields well adapted, perhaps, to stop a hostile arrow, or deflect a spear, but futile before the leaden missiles of the rifleman.

From beneath the half-raised shutters of the bungalow other bowmen did effective service in their wooden slings, and after the first assault Mugambi withdrew his entire force within the building.

Again and again the Arabs charged, at last forming a stationary circle about the little fortress, and outside the effective range of the defenders' arrows. From their new position they fired at will at the windows.

One by one the Waziri fell. Fewer and fewer were the arrows that replied to the guns of the raiders, and at last Achmet Zek felt safe in ordering an assault.

Firing as they ran, the bloodthirsty horde raced for the veranda. A dozen of them fell to the arrows of the defenders; but the majority reached the door. Heavy gun butts fell upon it. The crash of splintered wood mingled with the report of a rifle as Jane Clayton fired through the panels upon the relentless foe.

Upon both sides of the door men fell; but at last the frail barrier gave to the vicious assaults of the maddened attackers; it crumpled inward and a dozen swartly murderers leaped into the living room. At the far end stood Jane Clayton surrounded by the remnant of her devoted guardians. The floor was covered by the bodies of those who already had given up their lives in her defense. In the forefront of her protectors stood the giant Mugambi.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

By DADDY

When Santa Claus Was Lost

(In this story Peggy and Billy Belgrave have a delightful adventure with Santa Claus and help him spread gladness over the land.)

CHAPTER I
The Reindeer
"TANGLE-TANGLE! Tangle-tangle!" Clear and sweet the music of sleighbells sounded through the swift falling snow, calling Peggy to the window to watch with eager eyes for what might be passing.

"Tangle-tangle! Tangle-tangle!" Closer drew the melodious jingling until it was right above her. Glancing upward, Peggy's eyes fell upon a most surprising sight—
The reindeer was galloping through the air, and as it galloped it shook strings of sleighbells fastened to its harness. These pealed out the merry tune which had first drawn Peggy's attention. Just then she saw her and came straight to her window.

"Can you tell me, please, where I can find Princess Peggy?" cried the reindeer. "My Princess Peggy, after names and astonished that the reindeer should be seeking her."
"Princess Peggy?" cried the Reindeer, ringing a merry peal on his bells. "My friend, the King of the Wild Geese, once told me that if I ever got into trouble to come to you because you are wise and kind and right away or there will be a lot of disappointed children on Christmas morning."
"To be sure I am," answered the reindeer, prancing around so that the bells



Peggy's eyes fell upon a most surprising sight

played an excited tune. "And we reindeer are in awful trouble—we've lost Santa Claus!"
"Lost Santa Claus! Gracious! Where did you lose him?" cried Peggy.
"Some place in this big, big world," cried the reindeer. "He left home suddenly months and months ago. He hasn't returned nor sent us any word. Here it is the night before Christmas Eve and he isn't ready with his toys and gifts. We've got to find him right away or there will be a lot of disappointed children on Christmas morning."
Peggy felt a pang of dismay. Santa Claus!—what a tragedy! Suppose

she should wake up on Christmas morning and find nothing in her stockings. Worse still, supposing poor children who didn't have a nice comfortable home and plenty of toys as she had should wake up to find all their hopes of Christmas joy ended in tearful sorrow!

Only the days she had seen wisened faces anxiously peering against the stove windows and had heard eager voices pitifully wondering if Santa Claus would find them a nice comfortable home and plenty of toys as she had should wake up to find all their hopes of Christmas joy ended in tearful sorrow!

"Princess Peggy, this is Dancer," said the reindeer. "I asked this boy where she lived, and he was showing me the way."
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Business Career of Peter Flint

A Story of Salesmanship by Harold Whitehead

WELL, I went to Clearvale on Sunday and got back all in one piece, but the trip wasn't one of those placid and calm affairs you read about.

Business Questions Answered
I met Mr. and Mrs. Ohren and Mr. Mithyn at the station and we caught the 2:25.

Everything was fine till we got seated, then I noticed Ziegler and some more of Lee's salesmen just in front of me—Lee was there as well. They were, of course, all bound for Leeville Park, and by the look of things they hadn't many prospects with them for house lots.

Ziegler was telling his usual story of a couple of prospects who wouldn't notice the length of the trip. During the time he looked around and saw me. He seemed startled for a minute, then nodded his head and turned away.

A minute later I saw him beckon to a young fellow who was just going to get into the car. He had a very peculiar conversation took place and I got a hunch that they were talking of me.

They were! For the young fellow returned to his seat, and after a minute or so stood up and looked in my direction.

He gave a jump of feigned surprise and said, "Why, it's Flint!"

"You're looking around and see me," he said. "He had flabby fat, red cheeks, was dressed like a vaudeville duke and had on a necktie that sounded like a bread roll."

With his hands in his pockets, his hat tipped back on his head, his jacket wide open, showing his vest—a yellow affair—he looked as tricky and flashy as they make 'em.

He walked back to where I was sitting and said as if he knew me all my life: "Howdy, Flint, old chap; back on your feet again? Got another job yet? Or are you still hunting?"

"You got the best of me," I snapped, "for I don't remember ever having seen you before."

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

A SCRAP OF PAPER
By Estelle M. Tidd

THE first time the telephone rang that morning young Mrs. B.—picked up the receiver and heard the following:

"That you, Nell? Say, did you notice a little fellow coming out of the hall floor after I left? Didn't? Well, will you look please; and say, Nell, if you see that fellow, tell him to do you hear? It's a little bit private. I'll hold the line. Hurry back."

"That fellow?" she murmured indignantly. "Looks to me like a note—a regular note."

Presently there rushed in upon her Julia D.—her sweetest friend.

"Have you heard the latest?" she demanded. "Susan B.—is here—came Tuesday; she's going to stay a month. She's looking marvellous. Funny she hasn't visited in town since your engagement two years ago. She used to be crazy about me. They made the most stunning party—everybody turned to look. I wonder—"

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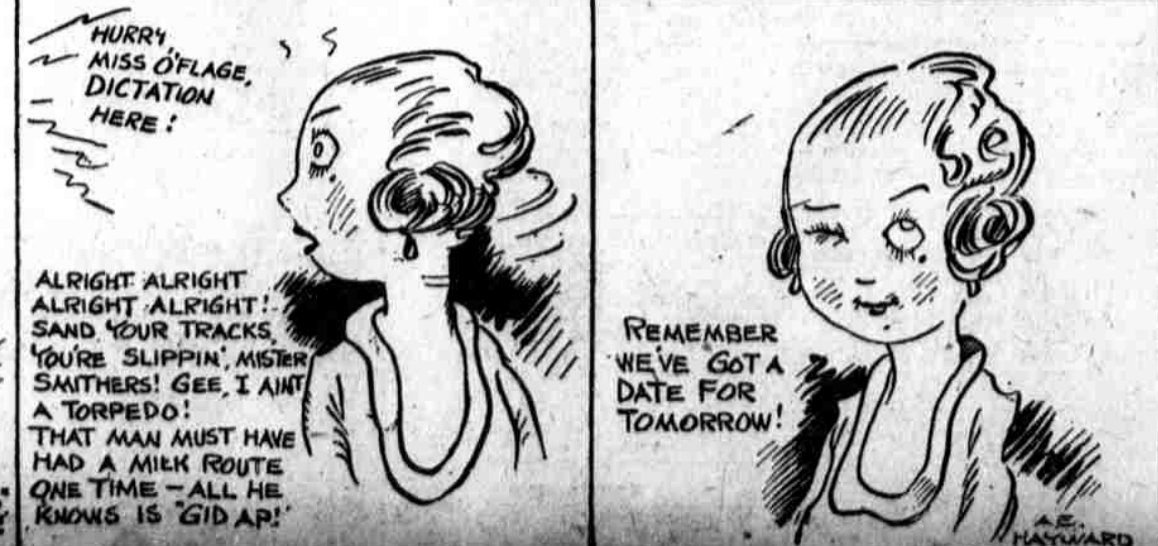
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SOMEBODY'S STENOGRAPHER—Introducing Miss O'Flage



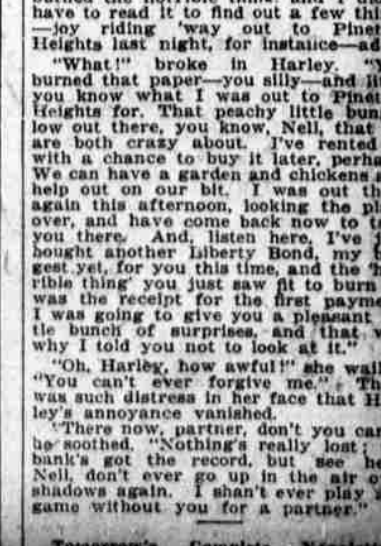
OF COURSE I AINT HANGING ANY ROSES AROUND MY ALABASTER NECK OR ANYTHING LIKE THAT, AND I DON'T THINK I COULD PLAY IN HEAVY ROLLS OR NOTHIN', THOUGH I COULD DO AS GOOD AS THEDA BARA, BUT ANY GIRL WHO HAS WORKED HERSELF UP AS I HAVE TO 120 WORDS A MINUTE DOES DESERVE SOME CONSIDERATION.

HURRY, MISS O'FLAGE, DICTATION HERE!



ALRIGHT ALRIGHT ALRIGHT ALRIGHT! SAND YOUR TRACKS, YOU'RE SLIPPIN', MISTER SMITHERS! GEE, I AINT A TORPEDO! THAT MAN MUST HAVE HAD A MILK ROUTE ONE TIME—'ALL HE KNOWS IS GID AP!

REMEMBER WE GOT A DATE FOR TOMORROW!



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By HAYWARD