

TARZAN and the JEWELS OF OPAR

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

THE STORY THIS FAR Werper, a Belgian in the Congo, was a Belgian in the Congo, man...

CHAPTER XII—Continued

SEIZING the lion by the mane, Taglat buried his yellow fangs deep in the monster's throat, growling hideously...

Rolling over and over upon the turf the two battled with demonic fury till the colossal cat, by doubling his hind paws for use beneath his belly...

Like two yellow-green augers, wide and unblinking, the terrible eyes remained fixed on Jane Clayton. The erect and majestic pose of the great frame shrank suddenly into a sinister crouch...

Beneficent fate maintained her in happy unconsciousness of the dread presence sneaking stealthily upon her. She did not know when the lion paused at her side...

Finally the lion lifted a forepaw and turned the body of the girl half over, then he stood again eyeing her as though still undecided...

It was upon this scene that Jane Clayton at last opened her eyes. Inured to danger, she maintained her self-possession in the face of the startling surprise which her new-found consciousness revealed to her...

She saw that the lion had killed the ape, and that he was devouring his prey less than fifty feet from where she lay; but what could she do? Her hands and feet were bound...

For a long time neither the girl nor the lion moved. The beast lay motionless, his head turned upon his shoulders, and his glaring eyes fixed upon the rigid victim...

The strain upon her nerves was becoming so unbearable that she could scarce restrain a growing desire to scream, when Numa deliberately turned back to the business of feeding...

Realizing that she could not turn again without attracting his immediate and perhaps fatal attention, Jane Clayton resolved to risk all in one last attempt to reach the tree and climb to the lower branches...

Overwhelmed by joy and thanksgiving, but only for a moment. What lay in store for her was too terrible to be faced by the girl, who was too jealous of her future fate to permit it to escape with ease...

His belly already partially filled, he might watch with indifference the departure of the girl; yet, could she afford to chance so improbable a contingency? She doubted it. Upon the other hand, she was no more minded...

to allow this frail opportunity for life to elude her entirely without taking, or attempting to take, some advantage of it.

Here she lay, breathless, watching the lion; but the beast gave no indication that he had heard aught that aroused his suspicions. Again she rolled, gaining a few more feet, and again she lay in rigid contemplation of the beast's back.

During what seemed hours to her tense nerves, Jane Clayton continued these tactics, and still the lion fed on in apparent unconsciousness of her presence...

Scrambling to his feet Numa looked about quickly in all directions, as though seeking to detect the possible presence of other foes; but only the still and unconscious form of the girl lying a few paces from him met his gaze...

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Those who have spent lifetimes hunting the big game of Africa will tell you that scarce any other creature in the world attains the speed of a charging lion.

Yet fear can work wonders, and though the upward spring of the lion as he neared the tree into which she was scrambling brought his talons in contact with her boots, she eluded his raking grasp...

For some time the lion paced, growling and moaning, beneath the tree in which Jane Clayton crouched, panting and trembling. The girl was a

the ordeal of continuing her journey through the jungle. Descending from the tree, she set out in a southerly direction toward the plain of Waziri lay, and though she knew that only ruin and desolation marked the spot...

The day was half spent when there broke unexpectedly upon her startled ears the sound of a rifle-shot not far ahead of her. As she paused to listen, this first shot was followed by another and another and another.

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assassin. There was a sharp report, and a little puff of smoke arose from the bush that hid the Belgian, as Achmet Zek stumbled forward and pitched, face down, upon the trail.

As Werper stepped back into the trail, he was startled by the sound of a glad cry from above him; and as he wheeled about to discover the author of this unexpected interruption, he saw Jane Clayton drop lightly from a nearby tree and run forward with outstretched hand to congratulate him upon his victory.

Look Out for the Next Story It is a very different story from Tarzan, but equally fascinating. It is a story of Big Nature and Big Business written by a descendant of Captain Marryat.

It Begins Monday Next Evening Public Ledger Its author, James Oliver Curwood, is the greatest living authority on the Canadian Northland. And its name is "Flower of the North"

THE DAILY NOVELETTE DICK'S RETURN By Mary C. Briggs

HERE, the last lesson is over, but I just know I'll never dare part with a single word when there's any one around.

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DREAMLAND ADVENTURES--By Daddy "CIRCUS MIKE, THE BULL FIGHTER"

(Peggy and Billy Belgium seek to save Red Spot, a splendid bull, doomed to be slain in a Mexican bull-fight.)

CHAPTER IV Getting Ready for the Show

THIS wasn't the first time Peggy had been called upon to plan a show in a hurry. She remembered the jolly performance the birds had given for the soldier boys, and the exciting act she and Billy Belgium, with Billy Sam, Billy Goat and Johnny Bull, had put on in the circus.

But this was far different. This show had to be given for Mexicans—a strange people she did not understand. They liked a bull-fight; what could she offer them in its place? She had to provide something that would amuse them that they would forget Red Spot and give him a chance to escape.

"Everybody likes fun," mused Peggy, "but if we can make the Mexicans laugh maybe they'll be willing to let Red Spot live."

"I'm funny," I can make folks laugh," brayed Circus Mike, who was sitting on the ground. "That was awfully comical the way Boston Bull and Nanny Goat went after Senor Matador and the other Mexican," entered Billy Belgium, who was sitting on the ground.

"Wasn't it?" giggled Peggy. "Let's do that in the bull-fight and turn the fight into a laughing show."

"Ha-a-a! Ha-a-a! I'd like another chance at that Mexican!" bleated Nanny Goat. "G-r-r-r-r!" growled Boston Bull. "If I get that Senor Matador by the leg again I'll make him howl."

"I'll be a clown like I was in the circus again," answered Peggy. "I'll do bareback riding," volunteered Countess Alice. "And I'll run the show," said King Bird.

"You can keep singing to Red Spot so he will not get into such a furious rage again," answered Peggy. "I'll try to keep my head," promised Red Spot. "I can see the danger of getting crazy mad," said Billy Belgium. Peggy quickly figured out just what each one was to do in the show. Then she and Countess Alice ran to a nearby "five and ten-cent store," where they got green and tinted paper, colored crayons and lots of pins.

When they were ready, they sought entrance at the bull-pen gate. The men in charge looked at them astonished, but Billy grandly waved him aside and he let them enter. He evidently thought they were going to put on some new kind of a stunt at the bull-fight. So the other attendants, for no one disturbed them.

They were just in time, for as they neared the gate into the arena trumpet sounds and the ring and the bull-fighters and attendants paraded out into the ring. It was just like the opening of a circus, only not so large. All the men were gorgeously dressed in silks and satins, with knee-breeches, bright vests and short, open coats. They circled around the ring and drew up a line to salute the Governor, who sat high above in a box.

Peggy and Billy, looking through a hole in a gate, saw the huge crowd rising up upon the arena. It was a magnificent crowd, Peggy, with a sinking heart, wondered if her show would turn the Mexicans from thoughts of killing to thoughts of mercy.

(Tomorrow will be told how the Mexican crowd gets a tremendous surprise.)



The Mexican looked at them, astonished.

I get that Senor Matador by the leg again I'll make him howl. I'll be a clown like I was in the circus again. I'll do bareback riding. And I'll run the show. You can keep singing to Red Spot so he will not get into such a furious rage again. I'll try to keep my head. I can see the danger of getting crazy mad. Peggy quickly figured out just what each one was to do in the show.

Business Career of Peter Flint A Story of Salesmanship by Harold Whitehead

Business Questions Answered Reading the career of Peter Flint makes me ask you a business proposition. He is my father brought up to me. He is a business man. He is a salesman. He is a success.

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His tall figure presented a perfect target

He would be close enough to chance springing to her feet, throwing caution aside, and making a sudden, bold dash for safety.

She was half-way over in her turn, her face away from the lion, when he suddenly turned his great head and fastened his eyes upon her. He saw neither cried out nor moved a muscle until she had taken in every detail of the scene which lay within the range of her vision.

She saw that the lion had killed the ape, and that he was devouring his prey less than fifty feet from where she lay; but what could she do? Her hands and feet were bound.

For a long time neither the girl nor the lion moved. The beast lay motionless, his head turned upon his shoulders, and his glaring eyes fixed upon the rigid victim.

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SOMEBODY'S STENOGRAPHER—Who Says She Can't Walk Like a Million Dollars?



GANGWAY FOR MRS. VAN ROCKABIL!



WRASSLE TWO: HAM AND AIGS 40¢, AIGS AND AIGS 30¢, HAM OMELET 30¢, OMELET WITH HAM 45¢. LUNCH. OH DRYP! OH DRYP!