

TARZAN and the JEWELS OF OPAR

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

CHAPTER XIII

Out of the Frying Pan

THOUGH her clothes were torn and her hair disheveled, Albert Werper realized that he never before had looked upon such a vision of loveliness as that which Lady Greystone presented in the relief and joy which she felt in coming so unexpectedly upon a friend and rescuer when hope had seemed so far away.

If the Belgian had entertained any doubts as to the woman's knowledge of his part in the perfidious attack upon her home and herself, it was quickly dispelled by the genuine friendliness of her greeting. She told him quickly of all that had befallen her since he had departed from her home, and as she spoke of the death of her husband her eyes were veiled by the tears which she could not repress.

"I am shocked," said Werper in well-simulated sympathy, "but I am not surprised. That devil of an Achmet Zek—has terrorized the entire country. Your Waziri are either exterminated or have been driven out of their country, far to the south. The men of Achmet Zek occupy the plain about your former home—there is neither sanctuary nor escape in that direction. Our only hope lies in traveling northward as rapidly as we may, of coming to the camp of Achmet Zek's death reaches those who were left there, and of obtaining, through some ruse, an escort toward the north.

"I think that the thing can be accomplished, for I was a guest of the raiders before I knew the nature of the man, and those at the camp are not aware that I turned against him when I discovered his villainy.

"Come! We will make all possible haste to reach the camp before those who accompanied Achmet Zek upon his last raid have found his body and cut the news of his death to the cutthroats who remained behind. It is our only hope, Lady Greystone, and you must place your entire faith in me if I am to succeed.

"Wait for me here a moment while I take from the Arab's body the wallet that he stole from me," and Werper stepped to the dead man's side and, kneeling, sought with quick fingers the pouch of jewels.

To his consternation there was no sign of them in the garments of Achmet Zek. Rising, he walked back along the trail, searching for some trace of the missing pouch or its contents; but he found nothing, even though he searched carefully the vicinity of his dead horse, and for a few paces into the jungle on either side. Puzzled, disappointed, and angry, he at last returned to the girl.

"The wallet is gone," he explained crisply, "and I dare not delay longer in search of it. We must reach the camp before the returning raiders."

Unsuspecting of the man's true character, Jane Clayton saw nothing peculiar in his plans, or in his speech explanation of his former friendship for the raider, and so she grasped with alacrity the seeming hope for safety which he proffered her and, turning about, set out with Albert Werper toward the hostile camp in which she so lately had been a prisoner.

It was late in the afternoon of the second day before they reached their destination; and as they paced upon the edge of the clearing before the gates of the walled village, Werper cautioned the girl to accede to what ever he might suggest by his conversation with the raiders.

"I shall tell them," he said, "that I apprehended you after you escaped from the camp, that I took you to Achmet Zek, and that, as he was engaged in a stubborn battle with the Waziri, he directed me to return to camp with you, to obtain here a sufficient amount and to ride north with you as rapidly as possible, and to disguise you as the most ordinary personage terms to a certain slave-broker whose name he gave me."

Again the girl was deceived by the apparent frankness of the Belgian. She realized that desperate situations required desperate handling; and at length she trembled inwardly at the thought of again entering the vile and hideous village of the raiders, she saw no better course than that which her companion had suggested.

Calling aloud to those who trod the gates, Werper grasping Jane Clayton by the arm, walked boldly across the clearing. Those who opened the gates to him permitted their surprise to show clearly in their expressions. That the discredited and hunted lieutenant should be thus returning fearlessly of his own volition seemed to disarm them quite as effectively as his manner toward Lady Greystone had deceived her.

found himself fraternizing good-naturedly with the very man whom he would have slain without compunction had he discovered him alone in the jungle a half hour before.

Jane Clayton was again confined to the prison but she had formerly occupied; but as she realized that this was but a part of the deception which she and Precourt were playing upon the credulous raiders, it was with quite a different sensation that she again entered the vile and filthy interior from that which she had previously experienced, when hope was so far away.

Once more she was found and sentries placed before the door of her prison; but before Werper left her he whispered words of cheer into her ear. Then he left, and made his way back to the tent of Mohammed Beyd. He had been wondering how long it would be before the raiders who had ridden out with Achmet Zek would return with the murdered body of their chief, and the more he thought upon the matter the greater his fears became that without accomplishing his plan would fail.

Even if he got away from the camp in safety before any returned with the true story of his guilt—of what value would this advantage be other than to protract for a few days his mental torture and his life? These hard riders, familiar with every path and by-path, would get him long before he could hope to reach the coast.

He never forgives—much less would he again trust a man who had once betrayed him.

"I have thought much, as I said, and the result of my thinking has assured me that Achmet Zek is dead—for otherwise you would never have dared return to his camp, unless you be either a braver man or a bigger fool than I have imagined. And if this evidence of my judgment is not sufficient, I have only just now received from your own lips even more confirmatory witness—for did you not say that Achmet Zek was never more safe from the sins and dangers of mortality?"

"Achmet Zek is dead—you need not deny it. I was not his mother or his mistress, so do not fear that my wailings shall disturb you. Tell me why you have come back here. Tell me what you want; and, Werper, if you still possess the jewels of which Achmet Zek told me, there is no reason why you and I should not ride north together and divide the ransom of the white woman and the contents of the pouch you wear about your person, Beyd."

The evil eyes narrowed and a vicious thin-lipped smile, tortured the villainous face as Mohammed Beyd grinned knowingly into the face of the Belgian.

Werper was both relieved and disturbed by the Arab's attitude. The

And if I ride north with you," he asked, "half the jewels and half the ransom of the woman shall be mine?"

"Yes," replied Werper.

"Good," said Mohammed Beyd. "I go now to give the order for the breaking of camp early on the morning, and he rose to leave the tent. Werper laid a detaining hand upon his arm.

"Wait," he said. "Let us determine how many shall accompany us. It is not well that we be burdened by the women and children, for then, indeed we might be overtaken by the Abyssinians. It would be far better to select a small guard of your bravest men. And leave word behind that we are riding west. Then when the Abyssinians come they will be put upon the wrong trail should they have it in their hearts to pursue us; and if they do not, they will at least ride north with less rapidity than as though they thought that we were ahead of them."

Each Sunday eve as Esther departed after her week-end visit, stiff and starchy, with a full view, Jean would gaze at her with wistfulness and whisper, "Oh, you're so fortunate, Estie. You're but a child, sister. What can the city hold for you?"

"Just wait and some day you will soon see," said Love and Adeline. "You'll venture will swoon down upon me from the West."

It was on Monday, Jean would never forget such a morning. It was stormy and Esther had concluded not to set forth until Tuesday. Old Widow Waziri and her husband, with not a soul to care for her.

"Prepare a basket, and we will go to her at once," he said. "The widow Waziri—made my wedding gown. I'll pay her in full for all her little trinkets. I declare the kindly Mother M—, as she used to be called."

Not a hundred feet from the widow's cottage Jean, peering through the thick fog, discerned an unfamiliar object on the ground. It was a small, dark, enormous eagle. No, an airplane! Jean observed it fascinated. It was some sort of a machine, but he never had seen it. Then Jean stepped back in wide-eyed horror. A still, straight form

"The man was not dead, no! But he was badly injured," said Doctor B—, "tell 'em that there's just one left next to them, and if they like to have it you'll have it for an odd \$100. I'll be glad to have it, and I'll give you \$12.80 for two lots—and they'll think they're getting a swell deal."

"Now your profit on the deal would be \$11.80 on every two lots sold, or \$236,000 on the whole 20,000 you'd clean up \$236,000—and your expenses virtually nothing!"

"Why don't you do it yourself, if it's so good?" I asked.

"Well, you see, it's like this, I guess, for this pal of his wouldn't buy because the time given was muzzled up and he wanted land with birds and squirrels and things around it. I've asked him down again next Sunday and have worked up a plan to get Warrenton's pals interested."

"You see, Warrenton is a music fiend—one of those artistic soul kind of ginks, and all his pals are like him. I guess, for this pal of his wouldn't buy because the time given was muzzled up and he wanted land with birds and squirrels and things around it. I've asked him down again next Sunday and have worked up a plan to get Warrenton's pals interested."

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wandering in her direction and fastening themselves upon her charms of face and figure. Each hour his infatuation for her grew, until his desire to possess her gained almost the proportions of madness.

If either the girl or Mohammed Beyd could have guessed what passed in the mind of the man whom each thought a friend and ally, the apparent harmony of the little company would have been ruined.

Werper had not succeeded in arranging to tent with Mohammed Beyd, and so he revolved many plans for the assassination of the Arab that would have been greatly simplified had he been permitted to share the other's nightly shelter.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

AN AVIATOR'S ROMANCE

By Carol Gay

THIS little brown cottage had four occupants—a stout and comely matron whom the neighbors called Mother White, and her three daughters, Esther, Elspeth and Jean. They were one and all tall and most divinely fair. Their eyes were clear and goddess-like, and their hair was a most delicious yellow. Jean, the youngest, was the prettiest of the three, and her classic head in shimmering locks.

Esther was the tallest and the most beautiful. Her clear-cut features seemed chiseled from the choicest marble. Her eyes were a deep, deep blue, and her hair was a most delicious yellow. Her hair? Oh, yes, it was wavy and crinkly and golden as the heart of a rose, very like the hair of the girl in her classic head in shimmering locks.

But Esther taught in a young ladies' school and was hopelessly wedded to her profession.

Kisspeith was slim and always clad in black, in anatomy of a lover, was killed, with tender gray eyes, overflowing always with love and kindness. She had taught those lips to smile again, with steady, patient resolution, and a crown of glossy chestnut tresses.

And Jean, Jean, her starchy eyes for Mother M—'s halo. No one could resist the sweet magnetism of her hazel eyes or the perturbed wistfulness of those girlish brown braids that crowned her young shoulders, nor the bubbling mirth in her friendly voice.

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DREAMLAND ADVENTURES—By Daddy

"CIRCUS MIKE, THE BULL FIGHTER"

(Peggy and Billy Belgium seek to save Red Spot, a bull, from death in a Mexican bull-fight.)

CHAPTER V

The Matador Is Surprised

"NOW is the time," cried Peggy, throwing open the arena gates. Out marched Circus Mike, Nanny Goat and Boston Bull, all on their hind legs. And after them, swagging along, came Billy Belgium dressed as a clown matador. Peggy was managing the show, and she didn't appear as yet. Neither did Countess Alice, who waited until their song of the warring herd.

The funny parade caused a roar of laughter from the crowd. The Mexicans couldn't understand what it meant, but it amused them greatly. As for the bull-fighters and attendants, they were so surprised they didn't know what to do. Out to the center of the ring marched Circus Mike, Nanny Goat and Boston Bull, saluting as the other's nightly shelter.

Red Spot stood blinking for a moment and paved the ground. One of the bull-fighters darted in front of him, waving a red flag in his face. With a roar, Red Spot started for that red flag, driving the legs of one of the horses, and down it went with its rider. Boston Bull grabbed the tail of another horse, and it kicked up so suddenly that it sent its rider sprawling over its head. Circus Mike pretended to be a matador. He had a wooden sword which he brandished at Circus Mike while the mule boxed with his front feet. Finally Circus Mike kicked out with his hind feet so lively that Billy couldn't get away. Billy at last succeeded in giving Circus Mike a crack with the flat of the wooden sword and Circus Mike rolled over as if dead.

"The big crowd howled with laughter. They thought it a lot of fun. But the bull-fighters didn't like it a bit, and Senior Matador gave the signal for the real bull-fight to begin. The signal was an open and out into the bright light trotted Red Spot, looking big, powerful, ferocious.

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Business Career of Peter Flint

A Story of Salesmanship by Harold Whitehead

(Copyright.)

Mr. Whitehead will answer your business questions on buying, selling, advertising and commission. Ask your questions clearly and give all the facts. Your correct answer and those which are ambiguous must be ignored. Answers to technical questions will be sent to you by mail. The most interesting problem of business will be answered by Peter Flint.

NATURALLY, I was curious to know the plan of these two crooks, whereby I could give land away and yet make money on the deal, so I said to them:

"I never heard of making money by giving away anything, but I'm always open to learn."

The elder man cleared his throat with that disgusting noise so many of these crooks make and said:

"This is how you can work it. Of course, your ad offering a free lot of Florida land to the first fifty applicants will bring thousands of answers. Now get this, Mr. Flint: All you have to do is to write every mother's son of 'em that their letter was in the first fifty received, and all the other letters will come to your office and pick it out—absolutely free. Then just mention casual like, that of course, there's a trifling charge for making out the deed, and you give the land and they'll not holler at a penny for the deed."

"When they call, tell 'em that the cost for the deed is just one left next to them, and if they like to have it you'll have it for an odd \$100. I'll be glad to have it, and I'll give you \$12.80 for two lots—and they'll think they're getting a swell deal."

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