By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

(Copyright) THE STORY THUS FAR

CHAPTER VI-(Continued)

THE scent of heliotrope rose more strongly in the closed room, and from the handkerchief Philip's eyes turned to the face of Eleen Brokaw. looking at him from out of Gregson's

It was a curious coincidence. He reached over and placed the picture face down. Then he loaded his pipe. and sat smoking, his vision traveling beyond the table, beyond the closed or to the lonely black rock where he had come upon Jeanne and Pierre. Clouds of smoke rose about him, and he half closed his eyes. He saw the girl again, as she stood there; he saw e moonlight shining in her hair, the dark, startled beauty of her eyes as she turned upon him: he heard again the low sobbing note in her voice as she cried out her hatred against Churchill. He forgot Elleen Brokaw now, forgot in these moments all that he and Gregson had talked of that day. His schemes, his fears, his feverish eagerness to begin the fight against his enemies died away in thoughts of the beautiful girl who had come into his life this night. It semed to him now that he had known her for a long time, that she had been a part of him always, and that it was her spirit that he had been groping and searching for, and could never find. For the space of those few moments on the cliff she had driven out the emptiness and the loneliness from his heart, and there filled him a wild desire to make her understand. to talk with her, to stand shoulder to shoulder with Pierre out there in the night, a comrade.

Suddenly his fingers closed tightly over the handkerchief. He turned and looked steadily at Gregson, His friend was sleeping, with his face to the

Would not Pierre return to the rock in search of these articles which his sister had left behind? The thought set his blood tingling. He would go back-and wait for Pierre. But if Pierre did not return-until tomor-

He laughed softly to himself as he drew paper toward him and picked up the pencil which Gregson had used. For many minutes he wrote steadily, When he had done, he folded what he had written and tied it in the handkerchief. The strip of lace with which Jeanne had bound her hair he folded gently and placed in his breast pocket.

He had scarcely reached the strip of level beach that lay between him and Churchill when from far behind him there came the long howl of a dog. It was the wolf-dog. He knew it by the slow, dismal rising of the cry and the infinite sadness with which it as slowly died away until lost in the would meet them he was not only conwhisperings of the forest and the fident, but determined. If they did . "She is very beautiful." gentle wash of the sea. Pierre was returning. He was coming back returning. He was coming dark SOMEBODY'S STENOGRAPHER—You Know That Getting Up in the Morning Stuff would be with him.

For the third time Philip climbed back to the great moonlit rock at the top of the cliff. Eagerly he faced the north, whence the wailing cry of the wolf-dog had come. Then he turned to the spot where he had dropped the handkerchief, and his heart gave a sudden jump.

There was nothing on the rock. The handkerchief was gone!

CHAPTER VII

DHILIP stood undecided, his ears strained to catch the slightest sound. Ten minutes had not elapsed since he had dropped the handkerchief. Pierre could not have gone far among the rocks. It was possible that he was concealed somewhere near him now. Softly he called his name.

"Pierre-ho, Pierre Couchée!" There was no answer, and in the ext breath he was sorry that he had siled. He went silently down the

trail. He had come to the edge of not appear in Fort Churchill he would! "She is more than that," declared Churchill when once more he heard hunt out their camp. the howl of the dog far back in the He found himself asking a dozen into an angel's face it was yesterday, forest. He stopped to locate as nearly questions, none of which he could an Phil. For just a moment I met her as he could the point whence the swer. Who was this girl who had eyes-" sound came, for he was certain now come like a queen from out of the "And they were-" that the dog had not returned with wilderness, and this man who bore Pierre, but had remained with Jeanne. with him the manner of a courtier? "I mean-the color," said Philip, en-

tered the cabin.

and was howling from their camp. Was it possible, after all, that they gaging himself with the food.

Gregson, warmly, "If I ever looked

Gregson was awake and sitting on were of the forests? And where was "They were blue or gray. It is the the edge of his bunk when Philip en- Fort o' God? He had never fleard of first time I ever looked into a woman's it before, and as he thought of Jeanne's eyes without being sure of the color "Where the deuce have you been?" strange rich dress, of the hello of them. It was her hair, Phil-not he demanded. "I was just trying to trope-scented handkerchief, of the old- this tinsel sort of gold that makes you make up my mind to go out and hunt fashioned rapier at Pierre's side, and wonder if it's real, but the kind you for you. Stolen-lost or something of the exquisite grace with which the gream about. You may think me a girl had left him he wondered if such loon, but I'm going to find out who

When he had done, he folded what he had written and tied it in the handkerchief

"Twe been thinking," said Philip, a place as this Fort o' God must be she is and where she is as soon as and

"Been 'squatting' on prospects for School Ma'am.

"Wonderful!"

eight years, waiting for this damned railroad," said Pearce, interlacing his thick fingers. "I guess I know it!"

"Then you can undoubtedly tell me the location of Fort o' God?'

"Fort o' What?" "Fort o' God."

Pearce looked blank. "It's a new one on me,' he said, final-

ly. "Never heard of it." He rose from his chair and went over to a big map his chair and went over it a big map hanging against the wall. Studiously he went over it with the point of his sounds of the battle between the Abyshanging against the wall. Studiously he went over it with the point of his studiously he went over the had the went of the bettle between the Abyshal he had not over the heat the went of a gradual purpose. The last he glack to the spot where he had het Werper went the apen wan, boy in his heart now, where fear and sorrow had nor even than pour heart now, where fear and sorrow had nor even this approach to forgive the aperman, joy in his heart now, where fear and sorrow had nor begraded man, in that one scale her the point of the po hanging against the wall. Studiously

him no more information than had Pearce. He had never heard of Fort quent action.

So hopeless had seemed her situation to her that Jane Clayton but stood in lethargic apathy, awaiting two hours Philip talked with French. Indian, and half-breed trappers, and questioned the mail runner, who had come in that morning from the south. No one could tell him of Fort o' God.

No one could tell him of Fort o' God.

What use to attempt escape? As "The Waziri." commented Tarzan, with a grim smile.

"God bless them!" cried Jane Clayton but stood in lethargic apathy, awaiting tom.

"They cannot be far ahead of us." They cannot be far ahead of us." The gold is gone, and the Waziri—we have each other at the head of us." They cannot be far ahead of us." They cannot

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## THE DAILY NOVELETTE AIDE IN TRANSCRIPTION By Marie McDonald

THE buzzer sounded in the general stenographic room and the arrow

A stenographic room and the arrow dropped to No. 25.

"Miss Creely, take that assignment to Major Watson," called the chief stenographer. And as further instructions: "If it's the major himself, Miss Creely, be very careful. He's a fast dictator; but for your sake I hope it's his aide."

For Dorothy Creely was a new stenographer, and the chief was aware of the fact that new stenographers are timid.

"Room H 318," the colored messenger id told her, and she went hunting for

H 318! She took a deep breath; then she tossed her head in the sir and walked into the office with the air of an experienced worker. Her attempt at calmness succeeded well as she placed a chair beside Major Watson's desk, sat down, crossed her knees and poised her notebook in readiness on her upper knee.

notebook in readiness on her upper knee.

And then it began. Major Watson dictated—heavens, how he dictated!

She did not realize it was over until the major said, "I told you that will be all" "Oh—er, all right," she stammered and rose. So back to the general stenographic she went, for transcription. When she opened her notebook a terrible sight met her eyes. There was a jumble of meaningless scrawls, a chaos of feverish strokes. Dully she took out paper and carbon arranged it and placed it in her machine. Then started the transcription,—slow, nerve-racking transcription, slow, nerve-racking transcription, which took all Dorothy's power of memory and all her intuitive elevenness to eke out the meaning of the hideous notes. But the transcription gradually grew and her courses because

# Tarzan and the Jewels of Opar

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

livion which would end her sorrows and her suffering.

What use to attempt escape? As well face the hideous end as to be dragged down from behind in futile flight. She did not even close her eyes to shut out the frightful aspect of that snarling face, and so it was that as she saw the lion preparing to charge she saw, too, a bronzed and mighty figure leap from an overhanging tree at the instant that Numa rose in his spring.

Wide went her eyes in wonder and incredulity as she beheld this seeming apparition risen from the dead. The lion was forgotten—her own perilimeters are failed to the said. "I can hear them ahead of ing apparition risen from the dead. The lion was forgotten—her own perilimeters are failed to the said. "I can hear them ahead of ing apparition risen from the dead. The lion was forgotten—her own perilimeters are failed to the said. "I can hear them ahead of ing the pouch aloft. "And"—pointing to the bones at his feet—"all that remains of Werper, the Belgian."

The lion was forgotten—her own peril everything save the wondrous mire acle of this recrudescence. With parted lips, with palms tight pressed against heaving bosoms, the girl leanged forward, wide-eyed, enthralled by the startling vision of Tarzan, her whom they had found in the village of dead mate.

whom they had found in the village of Achmet Zek, and tall, even among the shoulder of the lion, hurtling against form at the side of Busuli that no substanceless wraith could thus turn the charge of a maddened lion with brute force greater than the brute's.

Tarzan, her Tarzan, lived:
A cry of unspeakable gladness broke from her lips, only to die in terror as she saw the utter defense, lessness of her mate and realized that the lion had recovered himself and was turning upon Tarzan in mad lust for vengeance. the beast like a huge, animate batter-

was turning upon Tarzan in mad lust for vengeance.

At the ape-man's feet lay the discarded rifle of the dead Abyssinian whose mutilated corpse sprawled where Numa had abandoned it. The quick glance which had swent une ground for some weapon of defense discovered it; and as the lion reared upon his hind legs to seize the rash man-thing who had dared interpose its puny strength between Numa and his prey, the heavy stock whitred through the air and splintered upon the broad forehead.

Though the air and splintered upon the broad forehead.

The legian, for the fortient and an handful of his warriors had watched the battle for the golden ingots which the sight, and the others uttered exclamations of surprise and incredulity, for from the rusty and weather-worn pouch ran a stream of brillating gems.

The jewels of Opar!" cried Tarzan. "But how did Werper come by them away with the precious ingots, to hide them where no robber eye could ever discover them again.

Pieced out from the fortient Mugambi's eyes went wide at the sight, and the others uttered exclamations of surprise and incredulity, for from the rusty and weather-worn pouch ran a stream of brillating gems.

"The jewels of Opar!" cried Tarzan. "But how did Werper come by them away with the precious ingots, to hide away with the pr

That guy will get what he goes after! GRIF ALEXANDER.

OH POP! YOU OUGHT

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I WONDER IF

LADY DEAUCLY

form at the side of Busull.

lessness of her mate and realized that the lion had recovered himself and was turning upon Tarzan in mad lust for represence.

more consecutive and legible.

The minutes passed and the hours, and when the fourth hour came she with the maddened frenzy was just starting the fifteenth sheet, with only another page of notes to be transcribed.

The minutes passed and the hours, and when the fourth hour came she with the maddened frenzy of a wild beast backed by the steel transcribed.

The minutes passed and the hours, and the hours, and when the fourth hour came she with the maddened frenzy of a wild beast backed by the steel transcribed.

The minutes passed and the hours, and the hours, and the hours, and the maddened frenzy of a wild beast backed by the steel thems which his wild, arboreal boy.

The minutes passed and the hours, and the hours, and the maddened frenzy of the man, and it was difficult even the size of the pewels from the body of Chulk.

Belgian, the truth concerning the malign activities of Albert Werper became apparent. Only Lady Greystoke found aught to praise in the conduct of the body of Chulk.

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CHAPTER XVII

Reunion

As Tarzan of the Apes hurtled through the trees, the discordant sounds of the battle between the Abyssinians and the lians work and so, unmolested, Tarzan passed from the camp of the Abyssinians, from which the din of conflict followed him deep into the jungle until distance gradually obliterated it entirely.

Back to the savage foe. acts with this one evidence of chivalry and honor.

"Deep in the soul of every man," said Tarzan. "must lurk the germ of righteousness. It was your own virtue, Jane, rather even than your helplessness, which are benefit and honor. righteousness. It was your own virtue, Jane, rather even than your helplessness, which awakened for an instant the latent decency of this

"The jewels of Opar!" he cried, holding the pouch aloft. "And"—pointing to the bones at his feet—"all that remains of Werper, the Belgian."

Mugambi laughed. "Look within, Bwana," he cried, "and you will see what are the jewels of Opar—you will see what the Belgian gave his life for!" and the black laughed aloud.

for!" and the black laughed aloud. "Why do you laugh?" asked Tarzan "Because," replied Mugambi, "I filled the Belgian's pouch with river gravel before I escaped the camp of the

## DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

A complete new adventure each week, beginning Monday and ending Saturday

Joker's joke was hurting the mean



dotted line 2, and so on. Fold each section underneath, accurately. When completed turn over and you'll find a surprising result. Save the pictures.

By HAYWARD

Peggy and Billy, dropping into Funland, find that mean sprites have hidden King Fun as a joke. Billy heard groans and yells from within. The heat was driving the mean sprites wild, as Laugh had said it would. Billy didn't say a word, but threw open the firebox door, shoveled in more coal and opened the drafts. "Here, what are you doing" shricked "Making the fire hotter to thaw out

Good-Time-Spollers in the tar pot until they tell the truth about King Fun's hiding place," said Polleeman Sense to Billy. And Billy just grinned.

Sense to Billy. And Billy just grinned.

"He is in the new baking dish Peggy's mother got for Christmas," yelled the mean sprites in a chorus.

"Is that true, Joker" asked Billy, stirring up the fire. "Joker can't answer. We've pushed him down into the hot tar and are standing on him because he got us into this trouble," yelled the mean sprites. A roar of laughter went up from the agreeable sprites over this punishment of the bully, and they kept on laughing

all the way to Peggy's house. Sure enough King Fun was in the baking dieh. The mean sprites hadn't dared to tell another fib. As Peggy lifted the cover King Fun bobbed up jovially, his crown perched on the side jovially, his crown perched on the of his head. "Hello, everybody" he shouted.
"Wouldn't I have had a hot old-time in
this baking dish if Peggy's mother had
started to cook snything.

started to cook anything. "Not so hot a time as the mean sprites "Not so not a time as the mean sprites are having in Billy's tar pot," answered Chuckle, and then they told King Fun about it.
"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed King Fun.

who was in the jolliest kind of humor despite his imprisonment, "I guess they'll be good now. It was worth they it be good now. It was worth being shut up in the baking dish to have the joke turned on them like this. They'll be mad when they find I had a nice nap all the time I was in there Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy's fire was blazing merrily and the mean sprites were howling lustly when they again got back to the tar

"Ha, ha, ha! Is it hot enough for you?" laughed King Fun. "Let us out-we'll be good!" begged the mean sprites.
"And you'll quit playing pranks that harm other persons" asked Policeman

"Yes! Yes!" promised the mean

sprites.
"Then we will forgive you," laughed King Fun. Billy threw open the cover to the tar pot; out came the mean sprites like a burst of steam; and away

sprites like a burst of steam; and away they flew as fast as they could, "Good-by," laughed King Fun, waving at them. "Now let's have a lot of fun." At that they began to play and frolic At that they began to play and frolle and laugh in one of the happiest times Peggy and Billy had ever known, Games, dancing and funny doings of all kinds made the time fly swiftly. Peggy enjoyed every minute of il—every minute right up to the moment when a heavy sleepiness came over her and she sank into a deep slumber that lasted until she woke up in the morning safe in her own bed.

(In the next story, Peggy and Billy Belgium again meet Prince Bonnie Blue Bell who was with them when they had their adventure among the Sleep Gnomes.)

MARK MY WORDS, L ALL RIGHT MOM OH MOM WHERE'S POP'S > CAMILLE! WHY THE CHEERING? L BAY RUM ? THERE ISAT OH CAMILLE!







