

The Lady of the Night Wind

By VARICK VANARDY
Author of "The Two-Faced Man,"
"Alias the Night Wind," etc

DAILY NOVELETTE JEANNE'S PRINCE CHARMING

By Georgia F. Harris

WHEN THE LION FED

Continued from Page Five

Land slowly. Presently they will hear a commotion in the enemy trench, but they need not hurry, and whatever they do, have them come quietly. You might also warn them that I may be in the trench, and that I do not care to be shot or bayoneted."

"And that is all?" queried Capell after directing an aide to give Tarzan a hand grenade. "You will empty the trench alone?"

"Not exactly alone," replied Tarzan, with a grim smile, "but I shall empty it; and by the way, your men may come in through the tunnel from the listening-post if you prefer. In about half an hour, Colonel!" And he turned and left them.

AS TARZAN passed through the camp, there flashed suddenly upon the screen of recollection, conjured there by some reminder of his previous visit to headquarters, the image of the officer he had passed as he quit the Colonel that other time, and simultaneously recognition of the face that had been revealed by the light from the fire. He shook his head dubiously. No, it could not be; yet the features of the young officer were identical with those of Fraulen Kircher, the German spy he had seen at Major Schneider from under the nose of the Hun general and his staff.

Beyond the last line of sentinels, Tarzan moved quickly in the direction of Numa's lion. The beast was lying down as Tarzan approached, but he rose when the Ape-man reached his side. A low whine escaped his muzzled lips. Tarzan smiled, for he recognized in the new note almost a supplication—it was more like the whine of a hungry dog begging for food than the voice of the proud king of beasts.

"Soon you will kill—and feed," he murmured in the vernacular of the great apes.

He unfastened the rope from about the tree, and with Numa close at his side, slunk into No Man's Land. There was little rifle fire, and only an occasional shell vouchered for the presence of artillery behind the opposing lines. As the shells from both sides were falling well back of the trenches, they constituted no menace to Tarzan; but the noise of them and that of the rifle fire had a marked effect upon Numa, who crouched trembling close to the Tarmangani as if for protection.

Cautiously the two beasts moved forward toward the listening-post of the Germans. In one hand Tarzan carried the bomb the English had given him; in the other was the coiled rope attached to the lion. At last Tarzan could see the position a few yards ahead. His keen eyes picked out the head and shoulders of the sentinel on watch. The Ape-man grasped the bomb firmly in his right hand and withdrew the pin with his teeth. He measured the distance with his eye, and gathered his feet beneath him; then in a single motion he rose and threw the missile, immediately flattening himself prone upon the ground.

Five seconds later there was a terrific explosion in the center of the listening post. Numa gave a nervous start and attempted to break away; but Tarzan held him, and leaping to his feet, ran forward, dragging Numa after him. At the edge of the trench he saw below him but slight evidence that the position had been occupied at all, for only a few shreds of torn flesh remained. About the only thing that had not been demolished was a machine-gun which had been protected by sandbags.

There was not an instant to lose. Already a relief might be crawling through the communication-tunnel, for it must have been evident to the sentinels in the Hun trenches that the listening-post had been demolished. Numa hesitated to follow Tarzan into the excavation; but the Ape-man, who was in no mood to temporize, jerked him roughly to the bottom. Before them lay the mouth of the tunnel that led back from No Man's Land to the German trenches. Tarzan pushed Numa forward until his head was almost in the aperture; then, as though it was an afterthought, he turned quickly and taking the machine-gun from the parapet, placed it in the bottom of the hole close at hand. Next he turned again to Numa, and with his knife quickly cut the garters that held the bags upon his front paws. Before the lion could know that a part of his formidable armament was again released for action, Tarzan had cut the rope from his neck and the head-bag from his face, and grabbing the lion from the rear had thrust him

partly into the mouth of the tunnel. Then Numa balked, only to feel the sharp prick of Tarzan's knife-point in his hindquarters. Goaded him on, the Ape-man finally succeeded in getting the lion sufficiently far into the tunnel so that there was no chance of his escaping other than by going forward or deliberately backing into the sharp blade at his rear. Then Tarzan cut the bags from the great hind feet, placed his shoulder and his knife-point against Numa's haunch, dug his toes into the loose earth that had been broken up by the explosion of the bomb—and shoved.

Inch by inch, at first, Numa advanced. He was growling now, and presently he commenced to roar. Suddenly he leaped forward, and Tarzan knew that he had caught the scent of meat ahead. Dragging the machine-gun beside him, the Ape-man followed quickly after the lion, whose roars he could plainly hear ahead, mingled with the unmistakable screams of frightened men. Once again a grim smile touched the lips of this man-beast.

"They murdered my Waziri," he muttered. "They crucified Wazimbu!"

WHEN Tarzan reached the trench and emerged into it, there was no one in sight in that particular bay, nor in the next nor the next, as he hurried forward in the direction of the German center. But in the fourth bay Tarzan saw a dozen men jammed in the angle of the traverse at the end, while leaping upon them and rending with talons and fangs was Numa—a terrific incarnation of ferocity and ravenous hunger.

Whatever held the men at last gave way as they fought madly with one another in their efforts to escape. This dread creature that from their infancy had filled them with terror, and again they were retreating. Some clambered over the parapets, and some even over the parapet, preferring the dangers of No Man's Land to this other soul-searing menace.

As the British advanced slowly toward the German trenches, they first met terrified blacks who ran into their arms only too willing to surrender. That pandemonium had broken loose in the Hun trench was apparent to the Rhodesians, not only from the appearance of the deserters, but from the sounds of screaming, cursing men; but there was one sound that baffled them, for it resembled nothing more closely than the infuriated growling of an angry lion.

And when at last they reached the trench, those farthest on the left of the advancing Britishers heard a machine-gun spatter suddenly before them, and saw a huge lion leap over the German parapets with the body of a screaming Hun soldier between his jaws, and vanish into the shadows of the night—while squatting upon a traverse to their left was Tarzan of the Apes working a machine-gun with which he was raking the length of the German trenches.

The foremost Rhodesians saw something else; they saw a huge German officer emerge from a dugout just in rear of the Ape-man. They saw him snatch up a discarded rifle with bayonet fixed and creep upon the apparently unconscious Tarzan. They ran forward, shouting warnings; but above the pandemonium of the trenches and the machine-gun their voices could not reach him. The German leaped upon the parapet behind him; the fat hands raised the rifle-butt aloft for the cowardly downward thrust into the naked back—and then, as moves Ara the lightning, moved Tarzan of the Apes.

It was no man that leaped forward upon that boche officer, striking aside the sharp bayonet as one might strike aside a straw in a baby's hand; it was a wild beast, and the roar of a wild beast was upon those savage lips, for as that strange sense that Tarzan owned in common with the other jungle-beast creatures warned him of the presence behind him, and he had whirled to meet the attack, his eyes had seen the corps and regimental insignia upon the other's blouse; they were the same as those worn by the murderers of his wife and his people, by the despoilers of his home and his happiness.

It was a wild beast whose teeth fastened upon the shoulder of the Hun; it was a wild beast whose talons sought that fat neck. And then the boys of the Second Rhodesian Regiment saw that which will live forever in their memories. They saw the giant Ape-man pick the heavy German from the ground and shake him as a terrier might shake a rat—as Sabor the lioness sometimes shakes her prey. They saw the eyes of the Hun bulge in horror as he vainly struck with his futile hands against the massive chest and head of his assailant. They saw Tarzan suddenly spin the man about, and placing a knee in the middle of his back and an arm about his neck, bend his shoulders slowly backward. The German's knees gave, and he sank upon them; but still that irresistible force bent him further and further. He screamed in agony for a moment, then something snapped, and Tarzan cast him aside, a limp and lifeless thing—its back broken.

The Rhodesians started forward, a cheer upon their lips—a cheer that was never uttered, a cheer that froze in their throats, for at that moment Tarzan placed a foot upon the carcass of his kill, and raising his face to the heavens, gave voice to the weird and terrifying victory-cry of the bull ape.

Unterleutnant von Goss was dead. Without a backward glance at the awestricken soldiers, Tarzan leaped the trench and was gone.

(The next complete Jungle Tale will appear Saturday, September 6.)



Between them, close to the open door, yawned an oblong hole in the floor

THIS STARTS THE STORY

A house party is being given at the country home of Katherine and Bingham Harvard. Among the guests is one Conrad Belknap. Katherine discovers him cheating at cards. Convinced that he is concealing his real identity and that he is there for some ulterior purpose, Katherine determines to ferret out the mystery. She intercepts a telephone call of Belknap's to a woman confederate named Roberta. Realizing that he is suspected by Katherine, Belknap threatens to accuse of a crime her brother, Roderick Maxwellton, who is believed to be dead. If Katherine makes any move against him, Harvard becomes suspicious of Belknap and Katherine's attitude toward him. Roberta arrives on the scene under the name of Senorita Corvante. Belknap accuses Roberta of deceiving him. She admits the secret presence of Roderick and her love for Roderick is revealed.

Roberta confesses to Harvard that she is a divorced wife of Belknap, and that he has compelled her to become a participant with him in his career of crime. She admits that he is in reality one Cranshaw Belding, as has been suspected by the authorities. She confesses her love for a stranger Carruthers, a man with a scar on his face, who has come to the house in the guise of a secret service operative. Carruthers' real name is thought by the others to be Brainerd, but Roberta refuses to divulge it. She says he has been falsely suspected of a crime. Belknap is hidden by Katherine in a secluded lodge called the Nest, from which he is unable to make his escape.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

The Devotion of Julius
WHEN Bing and Roberta got back, luncheon had just been announced, and the guests were already assembling for the midday meal. Belknap's absence had not been generally noticed until then.

After it there was some discussion of the subject, and Harvard—considerably thought by the others to be Brainerd, but Roberta refuses to divulge it. She says he has been falsely suspected of a crime. Belknap is hidden by Katherine in a secluded lodge called the Nest, from which he is unable to make his escape.

"Mr. Belknap was called away suddenly in the night. He took only a bag with him, so it is not unlikely that he will return at almost any time."

Katherine, watching her opportunity, withdrew from the group on the veranda silently and unnoticed.

So she did not seek her room. She passed through the house and left it at the rear and she followed the longest route that she could have taken to bring her to the Nest.

Nevertheless, as she approached it at last, through the wood, and when she was nearly to the point where she manipulated the mechanism of the first stairs, she came, quite unexpectedly, upon Black Julius, who had been leaning his back against a tree, but who started forward eagerly as she drew near.

"Why, what are you doing here, Julius?" she asked him quickly.

"I was waitin' for you, Miss Kitten," was the astonishing reply, given with the freedom of his class when devotion to their "home folks" is the incentive.

"Waiting for me? Here?" his mistress demanded with a show of impatience.

"Yes, Miss Kitten; waitin' just the same as I uster wait, when you was a little wee mite of a girl, only so high, every time that I thought you had somethin' on your mind that you'd like to tell Julius about. I knew that later, an'—an' you mustn't be mad at me, Miss Kitten, please—I reckoned that mebbe you'd let me help."

"You must tell me, quite plainly, what you are talking about, Julius," Katherine said.

"Miss Kitten, I suspect mebbe you'll never forgive me, but I was watchin' that Belknap white trash last night. I'd been watchin' him all day, too."

"I had seen enough to know that he was a crook. I suspected that he was a thief. But it didn't make any difference what he was or is, I was watchin', and I knew when he left the house. Then I lost sight of him for a while, but I found him again, hidin' out behind a tree, an' waitin' for somebody. I suspected that the somebody was another white trash like himself, an' that mebbe they was goin' to rob the house; but I saw you meet him—please, please give Black Julius, Miss Kitten—an' I saw you lead him away, goin' toward the Nest. But I couldn't believe that you would take him there, where nobody but you and me know about it. I didn't believe that you had ever been an accomplice. I found out that—that—Oh, Miss Kitten, there is something else that I found out last night, too, that I joss' must tell you about as soon as I get through with this."

Katherine, with her eyes steadily upon the black, listened without motion or expression, too greatly astonished and too profoundly moved to speak before she had heard all that Julius had to tell.

"I didn't believe that you had taken that man to the Nest last night until I found out there is a lot of men hangin' around Myquest to gobble him up if he tries to get away; and then I knew that you must have done it. And I knew that you would be going there sometime today to see him again; so I waited right here."

There was suspicious moisture in Katherine's eyes as she took a step forward and rested one hand on Julius's arm.

She understood the depth of his devotion. She knew, without asking, that he had told nobody of what he had seen.

"Yes, Julius," she said softly. "I will let you help me. I am glad that you saw, and that you found the courage to speak. You shall help me—but not just now. Go to your cottage and wait there for me. Sometime this afternoon, or evening, I will seek you, and then I will tell you what you can do. Wait, Julius!" as he started away obediently. "What was the something else that you found out about last night which you just must tell me about?"

passed on. Julius stood quite still, watching after her; and as he watched he murmured to himself softly:

"Bless her sweet heart! I wonder what she'll say when I tell her that Mister Roderick is right head at Myquest, without her knowin' a word about it?"

When Katherine stepped upon the threshold of the door that had mechanically opened to admit her to the Nest, she saw Belknap standing beside the big oak table, with one hand resting lightly upon it, regarding her with a half-quizzical smile which, for once, was without its wonted wolfishness of expression.

Between them, close to the open door,

yawned an oblong hole in the floor—

as she had warned him might happen—which was silently filled while she waited, although he could not discover any act of hers that operated the mechanism of closing it.

When she passed inside the door closed automatically behind her. As soon as that happened Belknap spoke.

"Please wait a moment where you are, Mrs. Harvard," he said. "I want to ask you a question."

"Yes," she replied, pausing.

"What is there to prevent me from leaping forward, now, upon you, and seizing you, if I were so disposed?"

"Tell me first why you ask the ques-

tion; then—perhaps—I will reply to it," she answered him.

"I ask it because I have discovered that I am a prisoner here; that I cannot get out of this house save at your own good pleasure—unless I seize you and compel you to let me out. What is there to prevent me from doing that very thing? For if I should seize you, I could make you do it. You know that."

"Are you very curious about the answer to your first question?" she asked, and gave him an unscrutable smile.

"Yes."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES—By Daddy

"THE WANDERING MONKEY"

(Peggy and Billy, seeking Mrs. Holt's stolen diamonds, finds a monkey in the woods, who shows them the roost of a black robber. After they are puzzled and frightened by a mysterious voice, Billy traps the robber in his roost.)



Away he sailed

CHAPTER VI What the Monkey Did

THE black robber lay quietly in his roost while Billy and Rollo, the monkey, climbed the tree. In fact he was too quiet to suit Billy, who thought he might be up to some trick. And the nearer Billy got to the roost, the more suspicious he became.

Rollo, the monkey, was eager for revenge. His nose was still sore from the nipping given it when he had climbed the tree before, and now that the black robber was fast in a trap Rollo meant to get even with him. So the monkey was racing on ahead of Billy, when suddenly Billy caught him by the tail.

"Wait," whispered Billy. "Maybe the black robber is trying to fool us. He may grab your nose again." Rollo stopped short at that. He didn't want that precious nose nipped a second time. Billy quickly thought of a way to see if the black robber were planning a surprise for them. He took off his cap and put it on the end of a broken branch. Then he hoisted the cap slowly over the edge of the nest, just as if it were on his own head.

"Snap!" A sharp, powerful beak suddenly snatched fiercely at the cap. If Billy's head had been inside, it would have gotten a slashing whack and a nip, and Billy would have been held a prisoner as the monkey had been. That was the trick the black robber had been planning. It showed that he was dangerous even though he was in a trap.

All this time neither Billy, nor Peggy, nor the monkey had seen the black robber. They didn't know what he was with his bird's beak and his man's voice. So Billy, filled with curiosity, climbed another tree where he could look down into the roost.

As he looked, Billy gave a shout that made Peggy glance up quickly. "It's a crow, a big, black crow!"

"Haw! Haw! Haw! I'm an educated crow. I've had my tongue slit," cried the black robber. And that explained the mystery. He was a crow that had been taken prisoner when little, and had its tongue cut, so that it could be taught to talk just like a parrot. "Haw! Haw! I'm a bad crow!" declared the robber.

"Where is the diamond brooch you stole?"

"I'll never tell. I'm a bad crow, and I'm going to steal and steal, because I was stolen myself. Haw! Haw!"

"I'll make him tell," chattered Rollo, and away he darted through the trees, only to return a moment later with an

old cloth sack thrown over his shoulder. He climbed above the black robber's nest and pulled something from the sack. It was a bad egg and the bag was filled with them.

"Smash! Bang! Plop!" went the eggs, the monkey hurling them one after another right at the robber.

"Help! Murder!" shrieked the crow, and then, as the fire of eggs got worse and worse, he screamed: "I'll tell. The girl has the pretty glass. Thief! Thief!"

Peggy was indignant. "You're a siberer. I haven't the diamonds," she shouted. But Billy and the monkey, looking down, cried out in surprise. "Look behind you," said Billy. Peggy looked behind her and spun around and around, but she couldn't see anything, until Billy and the monkey, sliding down the tree, showed her the diamond brooch caught in the back of her dress. The sly robber crow had put it there. And a thread tied to the brooch showed it had vanished from the monkey's nest. The robber had snatched it away by the string.

"Haw! Haw!" laughed the robber's voice, and away he sailed like a black streak. He had cut Billy's fish-line in two with his beak and escaped.

"Well, we have the diamonds safe," said Peggy.

"They ran home as quickly as they could and gave the brooch to Nora, the maid, who was delighted. And she was astonished, too, when she heard that the thief was a tame crow that had gone bad.

As for Rollo, the wandering monkey, he wouldn't go into the town, but raced back to his home in the woods. But Peggy and Billy were to see him again, and have another peculiar adventure with him, as will be told in next week's story.

DOROTHY DARNIT—The Young Lady Missed, But She Didn't Strike Out!

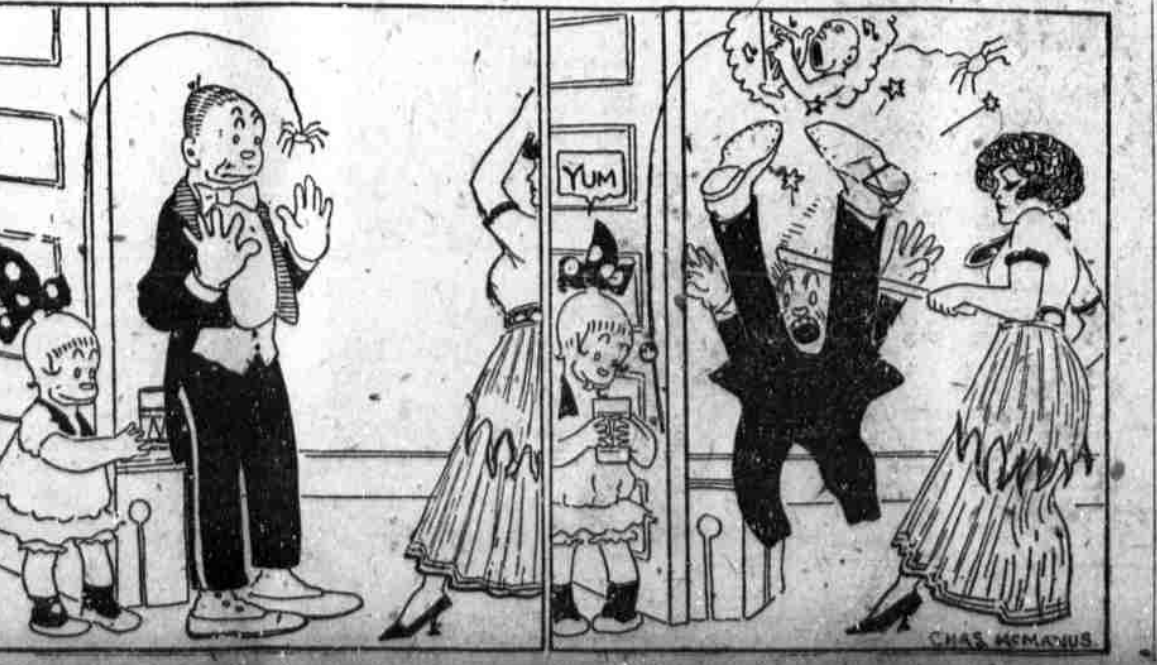


"I COULD ONLY GET CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM SODA"

"IT'S DELICIOUS"

"MERRY. LOOK AT THE SPIDER"

By Chas. McManus



"YUM"

"YUM"

"YUM"

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