

him, then stopped instantly upon a tiny figure showing across the forest in the little plain that ran to the edge of the plateau before it dove into the valley beside the inland sea.

It was the figure of a woman. She was running swiftly toward the declivity. Nu puckered his brows.

There was something familiar about the graceful swing of the tiny figure, the twinkling of the little feet as they raced across the grassy plain. Who could it be? By any remote possibility could Nat-ul have reached this strange country?

Coming over the edge of the plateau from the valley beyond Nu saw the leaders of a herd of aurochs.

Behind these must be the herders. Will the girl be able to escape them? Ah, she has seen the beasts—she has stopped and is looking about, for a tree, Nu reasoned, for women are oftentimes afraid of these shaggy bulls.

He remembered with pride that his

Nat-ul feared little or nothing upon the face of the earth. She was cautious, of course, else she would not have survived a fortnight.

Feared nothing! Nu smiled. There were two things that filled Nat-ul with terror—mice and earthquakes.

Now Nu saw the first of the herders upon the flanks of the herd. They are hurrying forward, spears ready, to ascertain what it is that has brought the leaders to a halt—what is causing the old king-bull to bellow and paw the earth.

Will the girl see them? Can she escape them?

They see her now, and at the same instant it is evident that she sees them. Is she of their people? If so she will hasten toward them. No!

She has turned and is running swiftly back toward the forest. The herders spring into swift pursuit. Nu trembled in excitement. If he only knew! If he only knew!

At his shoulder stood Gron. He had not been aware of her presence. The woman's eyes strained across the distance to the little figure racing over the clearing toward the forest.

Her hands were tight clenched against her breast. She, too, had been struck with the same fear that haunted Nu. Perhaps she had received the idea telepathically from the man.

The watchers saw the herders overtake the fugitive, seize her, and drag her back toward the edge of the plateau. The herd was turned back, and a moment later all disappeared over the brink.

Nu wavered in indecision.

He knew that the captive could not be Nat-ul, and yet something urged him on to her succor. They were taking her back to the Lake Dwellers!

Should he follow? It would be foolish—and yet suppose that it should be Nat-ul? Without a backward glance the man started down the cliff-face. The woman

behind him, reading his intention plainly, took a step toward him, her arms outstretched toward him.

"Nu!" she cried.

Her voice was low and pleading. The man did not turn. He had no ears, no thoughts beyond the fear and hope that followed the lithe figure of the captive girl into the hidden valley toward the distant lake.

Gron threw out her arms toward him in a gesture of supplication.

For a moment she stood thus, motionless. Nu continued his descent of the cliff. He reached the bottom and started off at a rapid trot toward the forest.

Gron clapped her open palm across her eyes, and, turning, staggered back to the ledge before the cave, where with a stifled moan she sank to her knees and slipped prone upon the narrow platform.

(To be concluded next week)

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A MILLION BUCKS--ON PAPER

(Continued from Page 3)

th' ol' man searches out th' book an' lines up with th' winners, waitin' t' cash. All t' once he lets a warwhoop out of 'im:

"Hoo-roo! O'im a millionaire! An' all thanks t' ye, me bhoy. Stick close t' me, an' whin O've got me money O'im a-goin' t' take ye over t' th' city an' buy ye a new lid, so O' am! With that he grabs Foot's bonnet an' his own an' skates 'em off into th' crowd.

"Go ye over t' th' bar an' have thim put wan hundred quarts o' champagne on ice. O'im a-goin' to treat th' race track, harses an' all!"

"That's Foot's chance, an' he takes it. Th' Cap stops 'im long enough t' tell 'im if he ever catches 'im on a track again he'll send fer Casey; boots 'im one fer luck, an' Niggerfoot's on his way. A minute later the's a black streak without a hat a-goin' across th' center field. It's Foot; an' behind 'im in th' paddock is a noise like a siren in th' fog. Merriwether is hootin' 'im on his journey.

"At that time the's a guy cashin' fer Rosen that don't look no more like a race follower than a penny looks like pork chops. He's a tall, skinny ol' feller with a smooth upper lip, an' chin fringe down t' his gizzard. He wears a Prince Albert

coat, an' is a dead ringer fer a deacon. That's what we call 'im—th' Deacon! This ol' top's wise t' th' tout's whole bag o' tricks, an' don't like 'em a little bit; but he's got a whole lot less use fer a grown man than 'll let a stranger handle his coin fer 'im. Th' minute he sees Casey an' hears 'im ravin', he's hep t' what's come off. He stands there quietly lookin' over his sheet an' smilin' kind o' scornful, waitin' fer th' winner t' be confirmed.

"Al-l-l ri-i-ight!" yells ol' leather-lung Kidneyfoot Jack; 'De-ve-raux, first—' an' th' Deacon commences cashin'.

"Casey's third in line, with a friend on each side o' 'im t' see that nobody 'guns' th' roll. When he passes up his ticket th' Deacon yawns, tears it in two, an' throws th' pieces on th' ground!

"Ow, wow! Bud, that's th' purtiest ruction I ever see."

Every eye in the cafe was focused on Bay Hoss as he whooped over the recollection. Finally, he wiped his streaming eyes and continued:

"With a 'come-all-ye' yell, Casey grabs th' Deacon by th' whiskers with one hand an' reaches fer th' torn ticket with th' other. One o' his pals shins up th' side o' th' booth, tryin' t' get th' cash box, an' th' other gets a holt with Casey on th' chest

perceptors. They sigger th' Deacon's out t' do 'em fer th' money.

"What with th' 'Pinks' tryin' t' pry Casey an' his friends loose from th' whiskers an' kale, an' th' crowd pushin' an' shovin' t' see th' fight, they near wreck th' booth. Some one does get away with a coupla centuries in th' mix-up. * * * What? O' course, I don't know who gets it! Where d'yuh get that ol' noise?"

"Well, anyway, the's ain't much bettin' on th' next race. Everybody's too much interested in watchin' th' great fight Casey puts up before th' 'Pinks' gets 'im an' his gang out o' th' gate. All Casey gets fer his little ol' ten bills is a tuft o' th' Deacon's whiskers. I bet he wears 'em in his watch.

"Sure, that finishes Niggerfoot, as far as th' races is concerned. He starts such a rumpus that we all get warned off fer a coupla years, an' he never does get back. Poor Foot's been dead o' th' con these last ten years, but that ol' wil'cat that soaked me in th' mush out there still pussyfoots around every once in a while, lookin' fer th' lad that stole a million dollars from 'im."

Glossary.

Beetle—A horse.
Broad—A ticket.

Busking—Hurrying.
Century—Hundred dollar bill.
Cop—To win a race.
Ducat—Ticket.
To duke a person—To shake hands with him.
Finif—Five (dollars, years, et cetera).
Fink—Fake betting ticket.
Gay cat—Tramp scout for a gang of yeggs.
Grand—A thousand dollars.
Grift—A race track and circus term for "graft."
To gun—To steal (from "gunman").
Hopped up—Given drugs.
Iron men—Silver dollars.
Kick—Pocket.
Lam—To make an escape.
To office, or to give the office—To signal.
Parlay—To apply the money staked, together with the money won on a bet, in continuing to wager as a further stake on another horse or a combination of horses.
Pinks—Detectives.
Pounding his ear—Sleeping.
Schuper—A large beer glass.
Sun cheaters—Colored eyeglasses.
"He has packed a few 'grand' on his hip"—Has carried a few thousand dollars in his pocket.
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PERSONALLY CONDUCTED

(Continued from Page 7)

sort to conduct parties abroad; he'll wear himself out. What does he do it for, anyway?"

"I'll tell you, Miss Dalrymple, since you ask. He told me, or implied it—it is because he has an infirm mother and an invalid sister, who depend wholly on him for support."

"Oh—" The impulsive girl seemed to shrink into herself, as at a blow; she hummed softly, and her look became remote. Then she sighed and put out her hand, in the fearless, confident way she had. "Well," give him my message," she said, "about the trip ashore at Gibraltar."

Kreeling, in his berth, received the message in utter silence; but, as I rummaged in my stateroom trunk for my "Guide to Spain," I heard him mutter several times: "By Jove! By Jove!"

He seemed deeply stirred by the girl's offer.

♦ ♦ ♦
III.

AFTER our ship had crept in behind the huge rock fortress, the surgeon would not listen to my roommate's appeals, and said that he must stay on board. Thereupon Miss Verona Dalrymple led her augmented flock ashore as confidently as if she had been a princess of the British blood royal.

Kreeling's two or three days of rest brought him around, and he was practically well again as we neared Naples, where all were to disembark. But he was not so entertaining as a roommate now; his man-

ner was much more reserved. This may have been due, in part, to the fact that the sick member of his company had developed typhoid symptoms.

Matters came to a head after our steamer had rounded Ischia, and was foaming across the diamond-studded expanse of the beautiful Bay of Naples. Three or four of Kreeling's party corralled him on the promenade deck, near my chair, as we glided in toward the stone quay. The elderly spinster in the jaunty yachting cap and green sweater was scattering angular gestures and raucous nasal syllables all over the deck.

"You agreed to start from Naples by the 24th!" she cried. "That's day after tomorrow!"

"Yes, I know," assented Kreeling in a soothing tone; "but old Mrs. Bingham is too sick. We must stay in Naples until—"

"I don't agree to that at all!" snapped the woman; and her companions coughed nervously and nodded approval. "You ought to keep to your agreement."

"But Mrs. Bingham is too sick to travel," repeated Kreeling doggedly. "She's a forlorn old soul; she ought not to have come; she's too old to travel; but she is here, and very much alone; and I must look after her. Miss Dalrymple is helping me. We hope that in two or three days—"

"But you said we would leave here on the 24th," persisted the woman. "If one person is sick, please remember that the rest of us are not, and we have rights as well as she has!"

The excited woman's voice had risen

into a shrill treble, and she waved a white green-lined umbrella as if it were a deadly weapon. Passengers paused in their shore preparations. Kreeling found himself the focus of a scorn and more of inquiring or condemning glances.

"I want this thing settled, right here an' now!" It was the shrill voice of the woman in the green sweater renewing her attack more aggressively as she thought she saw her opponent giving way. "Time is passin', an' we want ter git ashore."

♦ ♦ ♦

Some of the spectators looked calmly or sternly on, but most of them enjoyed it like a fete day. As for poor Kreeling, his sallow face had become very red. He pulled nervously at his mustache and seemed almost overwhelmed by the torrent of abuse from the wrathful woman.

"Now, you listen to me!" It was that remorseless female again; and none of us needed to listen; her speech was audible enough. "If you don't treat us well, we'll join that other party—that one from York state. They're goin' right on to Rome tomorrow, an'—"

"No, they are not. You're mistaken about that." It was Verona Dalrymple's voice from the rear of the crowd; her tone was clear, charmingly modulated, with just a thread of steel in the pliant web of it. "Our party is to remain in Naples for several days," she continued. "It would be an utter shame to leave that sick old lady alone in this foreign city!"

In that last warmly human sentence

her voice rang out with a vibration which carried all listeners with her. But the woman of the sweater and umbrella, although perplexed for a moment by this flank attack, whirled her battery about with promptness.

"I wasn't a talkin' to you," she called out defiantly; "I was a talkin' to—"

"Oh, it's all the same!" came back Verona's clear voice cheerfully. "Mr. Kreeling and I have decided to unite our two parties under one management."

I stood astonished, yet not utterly astonished, and certainly not displeased.

"This exceeds the speed limit," I reflected, biting at my gray mustache; "but I suppose this is the modern woman."

Then she suddenly called my roommate's attention to an Italian warship anchored on our starboard; and the two sauntered to the rail, she doing all the talking. I could see that not only in Naples, but through the remainder of his life, my friend Kreeling was likely to be "personally conducted."

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Hard Wheat

"I just stopped to tell you about that flour you sent me the other day," said Mrs. Newlywed.

"Why, madam," answered the grocer, "that was the best flour I carry in stock. What was the matter with it?"

"Matter, indeed! Why, it was so tough my husband couldn't eat the biscuits I made with it."