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Along the base of these red cliffs, some distance above the ground, I could see a number of dark holes through the glass, which I conjectured to be the mouths of caves. At the opening of one of these something white was shimmering, but I was unable to make out what it was. I sat charting the country until the sun had set and it was so dark that I could no longer distinguish details. Then I climbed down to my companions waiting for me so eagerly at the bottom of the great tree. For once I was the hero of the expedition. Alone I had thought of it, and alone I had done it, and here was the chart which would save us a month's blind groping among unknown dangers. Each of them shook me solemnly by the hand.

But before they discussed the details of my map I had to tell them of my encounter with the ape man among the branches. This I did without omitting any of the details.

"He has been there all the time," said I.

"How do you know that?" asked Lord John.

"Because I have never been without that feeling that something malevolent was watching us. I mentioned it to you, Professor Challenger. Try to refresh your memory."

"Our young friend certainly said something of the kind. He is also the one among us who is endowed with that Celtic temperament which would make him sensitive to such impressions."

"That evening by the light of the fire and of a single candle the first map of the lost world was elaborated. Every detail which I had roughly noted from my watchtower was drawn out to its relative place. Challenger's pencil hovered over the great blank which marked the lake.

"What shall we call it?" he asked at length.

"Why should you not take the chance of perpetuating your own name?" said Challenger, with his usual touch of acidity.

"I trust, sir, that my name will have other and more personal claims upon posterity," said Challenger severely.

"Any ignoramus can hand down his worthless memory by imposing it upon a mountain or a river. I need no such monument. Let our young friend give it a name."

"Then," said I, blushing, I dare say, as I said it, "let it be named Lake Gladys."

"Don't you think the Central lake would be more descriptive?" remarked Summerlee.

"I should prefer Lake Gladys," I declared blushing.

Challenger looked at me sympathetically and shook his great head in mock disapproval. "Boys will be boys," said he. "Lake Gladys let it be. Malone shall have his way."

CHAPTER XV.

"It Was Dreadful in the Forest."

I HAVE said—or perhaps I have not said, for my memory plays me sad tricks these days—that I glowed with pride when three such men as my comrades thanked me for having saved or at least greatly helped the situation. As the youngest of the party, not merely in years, but in experience, character, knowledge and all that goes to make a man, I had been overlooked from the first. And now I was coming into my own. I warmed at the thought. Also for the pride which goes before a fall! That little glow of self-satisfaction, that added measure of self-confidence, was to lead me on that very night to the most dreadful experience of my life, ending with a shock which turns my heart sick when I think of it.

It came about in this way: I had been unduly excited by the adventure of the tree, and sleep seemed to be impossible. Summerlee was on guard, sitting hunched over our small fire, a quaint, angular figure, his rifle across his knees and his pointed, goatlike beard wagging with each weary nod of his head. Lord John lay silent, wrapped in the South American poncho which he wore, while Challenger dozed with a roll and rattle which re-created through the woods. The full moon was shining brightly, and the air was crisp and cold. What a night for a walk! And then suddenly came the thought, "Why not?" Suppose I stole softly away, suppose I made my way down to the central lake, suppose I was back at breakfast with some record of the place. Would Lord John be thought an even more worthy associate? Then if Summerlee carried the day and some means of escape were found we should return to London with that head knowledge of the central mystery of the plateau, to which I alone of all men would have penetrated. I thought of Gladys, with her "There are heretics all round us." I seemed to hear her voice as she said it. I thought also of McArthur. What a three column article for the paper! A correspondence in the next great war might be within my reach. I chuckled at a gun-my pockets were full of cartridges—and, parting the

thorn bushes at the gate of our zereba, quickly slipped out. My last glance showed me the unconscious Summerlee, most futile of sentinels, still nodding away like a queer mechanical toy in front of the smoldering fire. He was fast asleep.

The night had been exceedingly still, but as I advanced I became conscious of a low, rumbling sound, a continuous murmur, somewhere in front of me. This grew louder as I proceeded, until at last it was clearly quite close to me. When I stood still the sound was constant, so that it seemed to come from some stationary cause. It was like a boiling kettle or the bubbling of some great pot. Soon I came upon the source of it, for in the center of a small clearing I found a lake—or a pool, rather, for it was not larger than the basin of the Trafalgar square fountain—of some black, pitchlike stuff, the surface of which rose and fell in great blisters of bursting gas. The air above it was shimmering with heat, and the ground round it was so hot that I could hardly bear to lay my hand on it. It was clear that the great volcanic burst which had raised the strange plateau so many years ago had not yet entirely spent its forces. Blackened rocks and mounds of lava I had already seen everywhere peeping out from amid the luxuriant vegetation which draped them, but this asphalt pool in the jungle was the first sign that we had of actual existing activity on the slopes of the ancient crater. I had no time to examine it further, for I had need to hurry if I were to be back in camp in the morning.

It was a fearsome walk and one which will be with me so long as memory holds. In the great moonlight clearings I sunk along among the shadows on the margin. In the jungle I crept forward, stopping with a beating heart whenever I heard, as I often did, the crash of breaking branches as some wild beast went past. Now and then great shadows loomed up for an instant and were gone—great, silent shadows which seemed to prowl upon padded feet. How often I stopped with the intention of returning, and yet every time my pride conquered my fear and sent me on again until my object should be attained.

At last my watch showed that it was 1 in the morning. I saw the gleam of water amid the openings of the jungle, and ten minutes later I was among the reeds upon the borders of the central lake. I was exceedingly dry, so I lay down and took a long draft of its waters, which were fresh and cold. There was a broad pathway with many tracks upon it at the spot which I had found, so that it was clearly one of the drinking places of the animals. Close to the water's edge there was a large isolated block of lava. Up this I climbed, and, lying on the top of this block, I had an excellent view in every direction.

Lake Gladys—my own lake—lay like a sheet of quicksilver before me, with a reflected moon shining brightly in the center of it. It was shallow, for in many places I saw low sand banks protruding above the water. Everywhere upon the still surface I could see signs of life, sometimes the gleam of a great silver stiled fish in the air, sometimes the arched, slate colored back of some passing monster. Once upon a yellow sand bank I saw a creature like a huge swan, with a clumsy body and a high, flexible neck, shuffling about upon the margin. Presently it plunged in, and for some time I could see the arched neck and darting head undulating over the water. Then it dived, and I saw it no more.

My attention was soon drawn away from these distant sights and brought back to what was going on at my very feet. Two creatures like large armadillos had come down to the drinking place and were quaffing at the edge of the water, their long, flexible tongues, like red ribbons, shooting in and out as they lapped. A huge deer, with branching horns, a magnificent creature, which carried itself like a king, came down with his doe and two fawns and drank beside the armadillos. No such deer exist anywhere else upon earth, for the moose or elk which I have seen would hardly have reached its shoulders. Presently it gave a warning snort and was off with its family among the reeds, while the armadillos also scuttled for shelter. A newcomer, a most monstrous animal, was coming down the path.

For a moment I wondered where I could have seen that ungainly shape, that arched back with triangular fringes along it, that strange, birdlike head held close to the ground. Then it came back to me. It was the stegosaurus—the very creature which Maple White had preserved in his sketch-book and which had been the first object which attracted the attention of Challenger! There he was, perhaps the very specimen which the American artist had encountered. The ground shook beneath his tremendous weight, and his gurgling of water resounded through the still night. For five minutes he was so close to my rock that by stretching out my hand I could

have touched the hideous waving backles upon his back. Then he lumbered away and was lost among the bowlders.

Looking at my watch, I saw that it was half past 2 o'clock and high time, therefore, that I started upon my homeward journey. There was no difficulty about the direction in which I should return, for all along I had kept the little brook upon my left, and it opened into the central lake within a stone's throw of the bowlder upon which I had been lying. I set off, therefore, in high spirits, for I felt that I had done good work and was taking back a fine budget of news for my companions.

I was plodding up the slope, turning these thoughts over in my mind, and had reached a point which may have been halfway home when my mind was brought back to my own position by a strange noise behind me. It was something between a snore and a growl, low, deep and exceedingly menacing. Some strange creature was evidently near me, but nothing could be seen, so I hastened more rapidly upon my way. I had traversed half a mile or so when suddenly the sound was repeated, still behind me, but louder and more menacing than before. My heart stood still within me as it dashed across me that the beast, whatever it was, must surely be after me. I was petrified with terror.

I stood like a man paralyzed, still staring at the ground which I had traversed. Then suddenly I saw it. There was movement among the bushes at the far end of the clearing which I had just traversed. A great dark shadow disengaged itself and hopped out into the clear moonlight. I saw "hopped" advisedly, for the beast moved like a kangaroo, springing along in an erect position upon its powerful hind legs, while its front ones were held bent in front of it. It was of enormous size and power, like an erect elephant, but its movements, in spite of its bulk, were exceedingly alert. For a moment, as I saw its shape, I hoped that it was an iguanodon, which I knew to be harmless, but, ignorant as I was, I soon saw that this was a very different creature. Instead of the gentle, deer shaped head of the great three toed, leaf eater, this beast had a broad, squat, toadlike face like that which had alarmed us in our camp. His ferocious cry and the horrible energy of his pursuit both assured

me that this was surely one of the great flesh eating dinosaurs, the most terrible beasts which have ever walked this earth.

Even now when I think of that night-mare the sweat breaks out upon my brow. What could I do? My useless fowling piece was in my hand. What help could I get from that? I looked desperately round for some rock or tree, but I was in a bushy jungle with nothing higher than a sapling within sight, while I knew that the creature behind me could tear down an ordinary tree as though it were a reed. My only possible chance lay in flight. I could not move swiftly over the rough, broken ground, but as I looked round me in despair I saw a well marked, hard beaten path which ran across in front of me. We had seen several of the sort, the runs of various wild beasts, during our expeditions. Along this I could perhaps hold my own, for I was a fast runner and in excellent condition. Flung away my useless gun, I set myself to do such a half mile as I have never done before or since. My limbs ached, my chest heaved, I felt that my throat would burst for want of air, and yet with that horror behind me I ran and I ran and ran. For a moment I thought that I had thrown him off. The path lay still behind me. And then suddenly, with a crashing and a rending, a thunder of giant feet and a rattling of monster lungs, the beast was upon me once more. He was at my very heels. I was lost.

Madman! That I was to linger so long before I fled! Up to then he had lunged by scent, and his movement was slow. But he had actually seen me as I started to run. From then onward he had hunted by sight, for the path showed him where I had gone, so he came round the curve, he was springing in great bounds. The moonlight shone upon his huge projecting eyes, the row of enormous teeth in his open mouth and the gleaming fringe of claws upon his short, powerful forearms. With a scream of ter-

ror I turned and rushed wildly down the path. Behind me the thick, gasping breathing of the creature sounded louder and louder. His heavy footfall was beside me. Every instant I expected to feel his grip upon my back. And then suddenly there came a crash—I was falling through space, and everything beyond was darkness and rest.

As I emerged from my unconsciousness—which could not, I think, have lasted more than a few minutes—I was aware of a most dreadful and penetrating smell. Putting out my hand in the darkness, I came upon something which felt like a huge lump of meat, while my other hand closed upon a large bone. Up above me there was a circle of starlit sky, which showed me that I was lying at the bottom of a deep pit. Slowly I staggered to my feet and felt myself all over. I was stiff and sore from head to foot, but there was no limb which would not move, no joint which would not bend. It was, as I have said, a pit with sharp sloping walls and a level bottom about twenty feet across. This bottom was littered with great goblets of flesh, most of which was in the last state of putridity. The atmosphere was poisonous and horrible. After tripping and stumbling over these lumps of decay I came suddenly against something hard, and I found that an upright post was firmly fixed in the center of the hollow. It was so high that I could not reach the top of it with my hand, and it appeared to be covered with grease.

CHAPTER XVI.

A Terrifying Sight.

AND suddenly there came something to remind me of my absent companions. In the clear, still morning air there sounded far away the sharp, hard note of a single rifle shot. I paused and listened, but there was nothing more. For a moment I was shocked at the thought that some sudden danger might have befallen them. But then a simpler and more natural explanation came to my mind. It was now broad daylight. No doubt my absence had been noticed. They had imagined that I was lost in the woods and had fired this shot to guide me home. It is true that we had made a strict resolution against firing, but if it seemed to them that I might be in danger they would not hesitate. It was for me now to hurry on as fast as possible and so to reassure them.

I was weary and spent, so my progress was not so fast as I wished, but at last I came into regions which I knew. There was the swamp of the pterodactyls upon my left; there in front of me was the glade of the iguanodons. Now I was in the last belt of trees which separated me from Fort Challenger. I raised my voice in a cheery shout to allay their fears. No answering greeting came back to me. My heart sank at that ominous stillness. I quickened my pace into a run. The sereba rose before me, even as I had left it, but the gate was open.

rushed in. In the cold morning light it was a fearful sight which met my eyes. Our effects were scattered in wild confusion over the ground, my comrades had disappeared, and close to the smoldering ashes of our fire the grass was stained crimson with a hideous pool of blood.

I was so stunned by this sudden shock that for a time I must have nearly lost my reason. I have a vague recollection, as one remembers a bad dream, of rushing about through the woods all around the empty camp, calling wildly for my companions. No answer came back from the silent shadows. After a long period, during which I sat in bewilderment, I set myself to try to discover what sudden misfortune could have befallen them. The whole disordered appearance of the camp showed that there had been some sort of attack, and the rifle shot no doubt marked the time when it had occurred. That there should have been only one shot showed that it had been all over in an instant. The rifles still lay upon the ground, and one of them—Lord John's—had the empty cartridge in the breach. The blankets of Challenger and of Summerlee beside the fire suggested that they had been asleep at the time. The cases of ammunition and of food were scattered about in a wild litter, together with our unfortunate cameras and plate carriers, but none of them were missing. On the other hand, all the exposed provisions—and I remembered that there were a considerable quantity of them—were gone. They were animals, then, and not natives, who had made the raid, for surely the latter would have left nothing behind.

Suddenly a thought came to me and brought some little comfort to my heart. I was not absolutely alone in the world. Down at the bottom of the cliff and within call of me was waiting the faithful Zambo. I went to the edge of the plateau and looked over. Sure enough, he was squatting among his blankets beside his fire in his little camp. But, to my amazement, a second man was seated in front of him. For an instant my heart leaped for joy as I thought that one of my comrades had made his way safely down. But a second glance dispelled the hope. The rising sun shone red upon the man's skin. He was an Indian. I shouted loudly and waved my handkerchief. Presently Zambo looked up, waved his hand and turned to ascend the plateau. In a short time he was standing close to me and listening with deep distress to the story which I told him.

"Devil got them for sure, Massa Malone," said he. "You got into the devil's country, sah, and he take you all to himself. You take advice, Massa Malone, and come down quick, else he get you as well."

"How can I come down, Zambo?" "You get creepers from trees, Massa Malone. Throw them over here. I make fast to this stump, and so you have bridge."

"We have thought of that. There are no creepers here which could bear us." "Send for ropes, Massa Malone." "Who can I send and where?" "Send to Indian villages, sah. Plenty hide rope in Indian village. Indian down below; send him."

"Who is he?" "One of our Indians. Other ones beat him and take away his pay. He come back to us. Ready now to take letter, for they take anything."

"To take a letter! Why not? Perhaps he might bring help, but in any case he would insure that our lives were not spent for nothing and that news of all that we had won for science should reach our friends at home. I had two completed letters already waiting. I would spend the day in writing a third, which would bring my experiences absolutely up to date. The Indian could bear this back to the world. I ordered Zambo, therefore, to come again in the evening, and I spent my miserable and lonely day in recording my own adventures of the night before. I also drew up a note, to be given to any white merchant or captain of a steamboat whom the Indian could find, imploring them to see that ropes were sent to us, since our lives must depend upon it. These documents I threw to Zambo in the evening, and also my purse, which contained three English sovereigns. These were to be given to the Indian, and he was promised twice as much if he returned with the ropes.

Just as the sun was setting upon that melancholy night I saw the lonely figure of the Indian upon the vast plain beneath me, and I watched him, our one faint hope of salvation, until he disappeared in the rising mist of evening which lay rose tinted from the setting sun between the faroff river and me.

It was an awesome thing to sleep in that ill-fated camp, and yet it was even more unbecoming to do so in the jungle. One or the other it must be. Prudence, on the one hand, warned me that I should remain on guard, but exhausted nature, on the other, decreed that I should do nothing of the kind. I climbed up on to a limb of the great ginkgo tree, but there was no secure perch on its rounded surface, and I should certainly have fallen off and broken my neck the moment I began to doze. I got down, therefore, and pondered over what I should do. Finally I closed the door of the zereba, lit three separate fires in a triangle and, having eaten a heavy supper, dropped off into a profound sleep, from which I had a strange and most welcome awakening. In the early morning, just as day was breaking, a hand was laid upon my arm, and, starting up with all my nerves in a tingle and my hand feeling for a rifle, I gave a cry of joy as in the cold gray light I saw Lord John Roxton kneeling beside me.

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"Quick, young fellow! Quick!" he cried. "Every moment counts."

had left him calm in his bearing, correct in his person, prim in his dress. Now he was pale and wild eyed, gasping as he breathed like one who has run far and fast. His gaunt face was scratched and bloody, his clothes were hanging in rags, and his hat was gone. I stared in amazement, but he gave me no chance for questions. He was grabbing at our stores all the time he spoke.

"Quick, young fellow! Quick!" he cried. "Every moment counts. Get the rifles, both of them. I have the other two. Now all the cartridges you can gather. Fill up your pockets. Now, some food. Half a dozen tins will do. That's all right! Don't wait to talk or think. Get a move on or we are done!"

Still half awake and unable to imagine what it all might mean, I found myself hurrying madly after him through the wood, a rifle under each arm and a pile of various stores in my hands. He dodged in and out through the thickest of the scrub until he came to a dense clump of brushwood. Into this he rushed, regardless of thorns, and threw himself into the heart of it, pulling me down by his side.

"There," he panted. "I think we are safe here. They'll make for the camp as sure as fate. It will be their first idea. But this should puzzle 'em."

"What is it all?" I asked when I had got my breath. "Where are the professors, and who is it that is after us?" "The ape men!" he cried. "My God, what brutes! Don't raise your voice, for they have long ears—sharp eyes, too, but no power of scent, so far as I could judge, so I don't think they can sniff us out. Where have you been, young fellow? You were well out of it."

In a few sentences I whispered what I had done.

Then he told what had happened in my absence.

"It was in the early mornin'. Our learned friends were just stirrin'. Haden't even begun to argue yet. Suddenly it rained apes. They came down as thick as apples out of a tree. They had been assemblin' in the dark, I suppose, until that great tree over our heads was heavy with them. I shot one of them through the belly, but before we knew where we were they had spread eagled on our backs. I called them apes, but they carried sticks and stones in their hands and jabbered talk to each other and ended up by tlyn' our hands with creepers, so they are ahead of any beast that I have seen in my wanderin'. Ape men—that's what they are—missin' links, and I wish they had stayed missin'."

They carried off their wounded comrade—he was bleedin' like a pig—and then they sat around us, and if ever I saw frozen murder it was in their faces. They were big fellows, as big as a man and a deal stronger. Curious glassy gray eyes they have, under red tufts, and they just sat and gloated and gloated. Challenger is no chicken, but even he was cowed. He managed to struggle to his feet, and yelled out at them to have done with it and get it over. I think he had gone a bit off his head at the suddenness of it, for he ragged and cursed at them like a lunatic. If they had been a row of his favorite press men he could not have slanged them worse."

"I thought it was the end of us, but instead of that it started them on a new line. They all jabbered and chattered together. Then one of them stood out beside Challenger. You'll smile, young fellow, but 'pon my word they might have been kinsmen. I couldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes. This old ape man—he was their chief—was a sort of red Challenger, with every one of our friend's beauty points, only just a trifle more so. He had the short body, the big shoulders, the round chest, no neck, a great ruddy frill of a beard, the tufted eyebrows, the 'What do you want, hang you!' look about the eyes and the whole catalogue. When the ape man stood by Challenger and put his paw on his shoulder the thing was complete. Summerlee was a bit hysterical, and he laughed till he cried. The ape men laughed, too, or at least they put up the devil of a cacklin', and they set to work to drag us off through the forest. They wouldn't touch the guns and things—thought them dangerous, I expect—but they carried away all our loose food. Summerlee and I got some rough handling on the way—there's my skin and my clothes to prove it—for they took us a bee line through the brambles, and their own hides are like leather. But Challenger

was all right. Four of them carried him shoulder high, and he went like a Roman emperor."

"They got us soon to this town of theirs, about a thousand huts of branches and leaves in a great grove of trees near the edge of the cliff. It's three or four miles from here. The filthy beasts fingered me all over, and I feel as if I should never be clean again. They tied us up—the fellow who handled me could tie like a bo'sun—and there we lay with our toes up beneath a tree while a great brute stood guard over us with a club in his hand. When I say 'we' I mean Summerlee and myself. Old Challenger was up a tree eating 'pine and havin' the time of his life. I'm bound to say that he managed to get some fruit to us, and with his own hands he loosened our bonds. If you'd seen him sitting up in that tree hobnobbin' with his twin brother and singin' in that rollin' bass of his, 'Ring Out, Wild Bells,' 'cuse music of any kind seemed to put 'em in a good humor, you'd have smiled, but we weren't in much mood for laughin', as you can guess. They were inclined within limits to let him do what he liked, but they drew the line pretty sharply at us. It was a mighty consolation to us all to know that you were runnin' loose and had the archives in your keepin'."

"Well, now, young fellow, I'll tell you what will surprise you. You say you saw signs of men and trees, traps and the like. Well, we have seen the natives themselves. Poor devils they were, down faced little chaps, and had enough to make them so. It seems that the humans hold one side of this plateau—over yonder, where you saw the caves—and the ape men hold this side, and there is bloody war between them all the time. That's the situation so far as I could follow it. Well, yesterday the ape men got hold of a dozen of the humans and brought them in as prisoners. You never heard such a jabberin' and shriekin' in your life. The men were little red fellows and had been bitten and clawed so that they could hardly walk. The ape men put 'em to death then and there—fairly pulled the arm off one of them—it was perfectly beastly. Plucky little chaps they are and hardly gave a squeak. But it turned us absolutely sick. Summerlee fainted, and even Challenger had as much as he could stand. I think they have cleared, don't you?"

We listened intently, but nothing save this calling of the birds broke the deep peace of the forest. Lord Roxton went on with his story.

(Continued next Saturday)

Catarrah Cannot Be Cured
with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrah is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrah Cure is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surface. Hall's Catarrah Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrah. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, price 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

HICHESTER'S PILLS
THE DISMAY BRAND
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Hichester's Pills in Red and Gold wrapper. Take one after each meal. They are sold by Druggists. Always get the genuine. Sold by Druggists EVERYWHERE.

BIN SIN
Best Chinese Dishes
Noodles10c
Chop Suey25c
Rice and Pork10c
410 FERRY STREET

WILL CELEBRATE.
The West Stuyton and North Santiam neighborhoods will celebrate the 4th of July at Dively grove one half mile east of West Stuyton.

The program will begin at 10 a. m. and there will be something doing all the time. J. P. Wilbur of Stuyton will deliver the address. A selection of duets, solos and quartets with the reading of the Declaration, will complete the morning program.

A tug of war, a base ball game and other sports in the afternoon. Everyone invited.—Stuyton Mail.

SMALL AILMENTS
of the Stomach, Liver or Bowels should not be neglected. Nature is thus warning you against some weakness. Under such circumstances, try

HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

These tiny CAPSULES are superior to Balsam of Capilla, Colico or Injection, and will cure the same diseases with more convenience. **SANTAL MIDY** 24 MEDS. in 1 MIDY. 25c. 10c. 5c. 2c. 1c. 1/2c. 1/4c. 1/8c. 1/16c. 1/32c. 1/64c. 1/128c. 1/256c. 1/512c. 1/1024c. 1/2048c. 1/4096c. 1/8192c. 1/16384c. 1/32768c. 1/65536c. 1/131072c. 1/262144c. 1/524288c. 1/1048576c. 1/2097152c. 1/4194304c. 1/8388608c. 1/16777216c. 1/33554432c. 1/67108864c. 1/134217728c. 1/268435456c. 1/536870912c. 1/1073741824c. 1/2147483648c. 1/4294967296c. 1/8589934592c. 1/17179869184c. 1/34359738368c. 1/68719476736c. 1/137438953472c. 1/274877906944c. 1/549755813888c. 1/1099511627776c. 1/2199023255552c. 1/4398046511104c. 1/8796093022208c. 1/17592186044416c. 1/35184372088832c. 1/70368744177664c. 1/140737488355328c. 1/281474976710656c. 1/562949953421312c. 1/1125899906842624c. 1/2251799813685248c. 1/4503599627370496c. 1/9007199254740992c. 1/18014398509481984c. 1/36028797018963968c. 1/72057594037927936c. 1/144115188075855872c. 1/288230376151711744c. 1/576460752303423488c. 1/1152921504606846976c. 1/2305843009213693952c. 1/4611686018427387904c. 1/9223372036854775808c. 1/18446744073709551616c. 1/36893488147419103232c. 1/73786976294838206464c. 1/14