

One fact we had very speedily discovered-the Indians would do nothing to help us to reach the outer world. In every other way they were our friends-one might almost say our devoted slaves-but when it was suggested that they should help us to make and carry a plank which would bridge the chasm or when we wished to get from them thongs of leather or lians to weave ropes which might help us we were met by a good humored but an favincible refusal. They would smile, twinkle their eyes, shake their heads, and there was the end of it. Even the oid chief met us with the same obstinote denial, and it was only Maretas. the youngster whom we had saved, who looked wistfully at us and told us by his gestures that he was grieved for our thwarted wishes. Ever since their crowning triumph with the ape men they looked upon us as supermen, who bore victory in the tubes of strange weapons, and they believed that so long as we remained with them good fortune would be theirs. A little red skinned wife and a cave of our own were freely offered to each of us if we would but forget our own people and dwell forever upon the plateau. So for all had been kindly, however far apart our desires might be, but we felt ell assured that our actual plans of a descent must be kept secret, for we had reason to fear that at the last they might try to hold us by force.

In spite of the danger from dinosours (which is not great save at night, for, as I may have said before, they are mostly nocturnal in their habits) have twice in the last three weeks been over to our old camp in order to see our negro, who still kept watch and ward below the cliff. My eyes strained eagerly across the great plain in the hope of seeing afar off the belp for which we had prayed. But the long, cactus strewn levels still stretched away, empty and bare, to the distant Has of the canebrake.

"They will soon come now, Massa Motone. Before another week pass Indian come back and bring rope and fetch you down." Such was the cheery ery of our excellent Zambo.

I had one strange experience as I came from this second visit which had involved my being away for a night from my companions. I was return-



More Amazed to See That It Was Lord John Roxton.

Ing along the well remembered route out had reached a spot within a mile or so of the marsh of the pterodactyla when I saw an extraordinary object approaching me. It was a man who walked inside a framework made of beat canes, so that he was inclosed on all sides in a bell shaped eage. As I drew nearer I was more amazed still to see that it was Lord John Roxton. When he saw me he slipped from un der his curious protection and came toward me laughing and yet, as I thought, with some confusion in his

"Well, young feliah," said be, "who would have thought of meetin' you up

"What in the world are you doing?" I naked.

Visitin' my friends, the pterodac-"But why?"

"Interestin' beasts, don't you think? But unsociable—wasty rude ways with strangers, as you may remember. So I rigged this framework, which keeps bem from bein' too pressin' in their

"But what do you want in the He looked at me with a very ques-

tioning eye, and I read besitation in "Don't you think other people beuldes professors can want to know things? he said at last, "I'm studyln'

the pretty dears. That's enough for "No offense," said L His good humor returned, and he

"No offense, young feliah. I'm gota' to get a young devil chick for Chat-

lenger. That's one of my jobs. No, 1 don't want your company. I'm safe in this cage, and you are not. So long.

and I'll be back in camp by night-

fall." He turned away, and I left him wandering on through the wood with his extraordinary cage around him.

It was on the evening of a perilous adventure in a homemade balloon of Challenger's, in which we all nearly lost our lives, that a change came in our fortunes. I have said that the one person from whom we had had some sign of sympathy in our attempts to get away was the young chief whom we had rescued. He alone had no desire to hold us against our will in a strange land. He had told us as much by his expressive language of signs. That evening after dusk he came down to our little camp, handed me (for some reason he had always shown his attentions to me, perhaps because I was the one who was nearest his age a small roll of the bark of a tree, and then, pointing solemnly up at the row of caves above him, he had put his finger to his lips as a sign of secrecy and had stolen back again to his peo

I took the allo of bank to the firelight, and we examined it together. It was about a foot square, and on the inner side there was a singular arrangement of lines, which I here re-

1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1

They were neatly done in charcoal pon the white surface and looked to me at first sight like some sort of rough musical score.

"Whatever it is, I can swear that it is of importance to us," said I, could read that on his face as he "Unless we have come upon a primi-

tive practical joker," Summerlee suggested, "which I should think would be one of the most elementary developments of man." "It is clearly some sort of script,"

said Challenger.

"Looks like a guinea puzzle compefition," remarked Lord John, craning his neck to have a look at it. Then suddenly he stretched out his hand and elzed the puzzle.

"By George," he cried, "I believe I've got it! The boy guessed right the very first time. See here! How many marks are on that paper? Eighteen. Well, if you come to think of it, there are eighteen cave openings on the bill

"He pointed up to the caves when he

gave it to me," said L. Well, that settles it. This is a chart of the caves. What! Eighteen of them all in a row, some short, some deep, some branching, same as we saw them. It's a map, abit here's a cross on it. What's the cross for? It is placed to mark one that is much deeper than the others."

"One that goes through!" I cried. "I believe our young friend has rend the riddie," said Challenger. "If the cave does not go through I do not understand why this person, who has every reason to mean us well, should have drawn our attention to it. But If it does go through and comes out at the corresponding point on the other side we should not have more than a bundred feet to descend."

"A hundred feet!" grumbled Sum

Well, our rope is still more than a hundred feet long!" I cried. "Surely we could get down." "How about the Indiana in the

cave?" Summerlee objected.

"There are no Indians in any of the caves above our heads," said L are all used as barns and storehouses. Why should we not go up now at once and spy out the land?"

CHAPTER XXI.

An Opening In the Cave. HIGRE is a dry bituminous wood upon the plateau-a species of araucaria, according to our botanist-which is always used by the Indians for torches. Each of us picked up a faggot of this, and we our way up weed covered steps to the particular cave which was mark ed in the drawing. It was, as I had said, empty, save for a great number of enormous bats, which flapped round our heads as we advanced into it. As we had no desire to draw the attention of the Indians to our proceedings we stumbled along in the dark until we had gone round several curves and nonetrated a considerable distance into the avera. Then, at last, we lit our orches. It was a beautiful dry tunnel with smooth gray walls covered with native symbols, a curved roof which arched over our heads, and white glistening sand beneath our feet. We hurried eagerly along it until, with a deep groan of bitter disappointment, we were brought to a hal'. A sheer wall

no chink through which a mouse could have slipped. There was no escape for

We stood with bitter hearts staring at this unexpected obstacle. It was not the result of any convulsion, as in the case of the ascending tunnel. The end wall was exactly like the side ones. It was, and had always been, a cut de

"Never mind, my friends," said the indomitable Challenger. "You have still my firm promise of a balloon."

Summerlee groaned. "Can we be in the wrong cave?" I

suggested. "No use, young fellah," said Lord John, with his finger on the chart.



George!" cried Lord

Seventeen from the right and second from the left. This is the cave, sure enough.

I looked at the mark to which his finger pointed, and I gave a sudden cry of joy. "I believe I have it! Follow me, fol-

ow me! I hurried back along the way we had

come, my torch in my hand. said I, pointing to some matches upon the ground, "is where we lit up," "Exactly."

"Well, it is marked as a forked cave and in the darkness we passed the fork before the torches were lit. On the right side as we go out we should find the longer arm.

It was as I had said. We had not gone thirty yards before a great black opening loomed in the wall. We turned into it to find that we were in a much larger passage than before. Along It we hurried in breathless impatience for many hundreds of yards. Then suddenly, in the black darkness of the arch in front of us, we saw a gleam of dark red light. We stared in amazement. A sheet of steady flame seemed to cross the passage and to bar our We hastened toward it. No sound, no heat, no movement came from it, but still the great luminous curtain glowed before us, silvering all the cave and turning the sand to pow dered jewels, until as we drew closer it discovered a circular edge.

"The moon, by George!" cried Lord John, "We are through, boys! We are

through!" It was indeed the full moon which shone straight down the aperture which opened upon the cliffs. It was a small rift, not larger than a window, but it was enough for all our purposes. As we craned our necks through it we could see that the descent was not a very difficult one and that the level ground was no very great way below us. It was no wonder that from below we had not observed the place, as the cliffs curved overhead and an ascent d have seemed so in possible as to discourage close inspec tion. We satisfied ourselves that with the help of our rope we could find our way down, and then returned, rejoic ing, to our camp to make our prepara

tions for the next evening. What we did we had to do quickly and secretly, since even at this last hour the Indians might hold us back. Our stores we would leave behind us save only our guns and cartridges. But Challenger had some unwieldy stuff which he ardently desired to take with him, and one particular package, of which I may not speak, which gave us more labor than any. Slowly the day passed, but when the darkness fell we were ready for our departure. With much labor we got our things up the steps and then, looking back, took one last, long survey of that strange land, soon, I fear, to be vulgarized, the prey of hunter and prospector, but to each of us a dreamland of glamor and romance, a land where we had dared much, suffered much and learned much-our land, as we shall ever fondly call it. Along upon our left the neighboring caves each threw out its ruddy, cheery firelight into the gloom. From the slope below us rose the voices of the Indians as they laughed and sang. Beyond was the long sweep of the woods, and in the center, shim mering vaguely through the gloom, was the great lake, the mother of strange monsters. Even as we looked a high whickering cry, the call of some weird animal, rang clear out of the darkness. It was the very voice of Maple White Land bidding us goodby. We turned and plunged into the cave

which led to home Two hours later we, our packages and all we owned were at the foot of the cliff. Save for Challenger's luggage we had never a difficulty. Leav-ing it all where we descended, we started at once for Zambo's camp. In the early morning we approached it, but only to find, to our amazement, not one fire, but a dozen upon the plain. The rescue party had arrived. There were

we shall have no difficulty now in car rying our packages when tomorrow we begin to make our way back to the Amazon.

The excitement which had been caused through those parts of South America which we had to traverse was imagined by us to be purely local and I can assure our friends in England that we had no notion of the up roar which the mere rumor of our experlences had caused through Europe It was not until the Ivernia was within 500 mlies of Southampton that the wireless messages from paper after paper and agency after agency, offering the ovation which they had given to huge prices for a short return message as to our actual results, showed us how strained was the attention not only of the scientific world, but of the general public. It was agreed among sembly and the treat which lay before us, however, that no definite state ment should be given to the press until we had met the members of the Zoological institute, since as delegates It was our clear duty to give our first report to the body from which we had eceived our commission of investigation. Thus, although we found Southampton full of press men, we absolute ly refused to give any information which had the natural effect of focusing public attention upon the meeting. which was advertised for the evening of Nov. 7. For this gathering the Zoological hall, which had been the scene of the inception of our, task, was found to be far too small, and it was only in the Queen's hall, in Regent street, that ecommodation could be found. It is now common knowledge the promoters might have ventured upon the Albert hall and still found their space too scanty.

It was for the second evening after our arrival that the great meeting had been fixed. For the first we had each, no doubt, our own pressing personal affairs to absorb us. Of mine I cannot yet speak. It may be that as it stands further from me 1 may think of it and even speak of it with less emotion "One had to pinch oneself to be sure I have shown the reader in the begin ning of this narrative where lay the springs of my action. It is but right. perhaps, that I should carry on the tale and show also the results. And huge water snakes which inhabit an yet the day may come when I would not have it otherwise. At least I have been driven forth to take part in a extraordinary colony of anthropoid wondrous adventure, and I cannot but

And now I turn to the last supreme was racking my brain as to how I should best describe it my eyes fell upon the issue of my own Journal for the morning, of the 8th of November with the full and excellent account of my friend and fellow reporter Mac What can I do better than trancribe his narrative, headlines and all? I admit that the paper was exuberant in the matter, out of compliment to its own enterprise in sending a corre spondent, but the other great dailles were hardly less full in their account. Thus, then, friend Mac in his report:

THE NEW WORLD. GREAT MEETING AT THE QUEEN'S HALL.

SCENES OF UPROAR. EXTRAORDINARY INCIDENT. WHAT WAS IT? NOCTURNAL RIOT IN REGENT

(Special.) "The much discussed meeting of the Zoological institute, convened to hear the report of the committee of investi-America to test the assertions made by Professor Challenger as to the continued existence of prehistoric life upon that continent, was held last night in the greater Queen's hall, and it is safe to say that it is likely to be a red letter date in the history of science, for the proceedings were of so remarkable and sensational a character that no one present is ever likely to forget them." (Oh, brother scribe Macdona, what a monstrous opening sentence!) tickets were theoretically confined to members and their friends, but the latter is an elastic term, and long before 8 o'clock, the hour fixed for the commencement of the proceedings, all parts of the great hall were tightly packed. The general public, however, which most unreasonably entertained a grievance at baying been excluded, stormed the doors at a quarter to eight, after a prolonged melee in which several peo ple were injured, including Inspector Scoble of H division, whose leg was unfortunately broken. After this un warrantable invasion, which not only filled every passage, but even intruded upon the space set apart for the press, it is estimated that nearly 5,000 people awaited the arrival of the travelers. When they eventually appeared they took their places in the front of a platform which already contained all the leading scientific men, not only of this country, but of France and of Ger-Sweden was also represented in the person of Professor Sergius, the famous moologist of the University of

CHAPTER XXII. A Wonderful Demonstration. HE entrance of the four heroes of the occasion was the signal for a remarkable demonstration of welcome, the whole udlence rising and cheering for some lissent amid the applause and gathered that the proceedings were likely to become more lively than harmonious. It may safely be prophesied, how-ever, that no one could have foreseen the extraordinary turn which they were actually to take.

"Of the appearance of the four wan-derers little need be said, since their photographs have for some time been appearing in all the papers. They twenty Indians from the river, with bear few traces of the hardships which stakes, ropes and all that could be they are said to have undergone. Pro-

of rock had appeared before us, with | useful for bridging the chasm. At least | fessor Challenger's beard may be more shaggy, Professor Summerlee's feaires more ascetic, Lord John Roxton's figure more gaunt, and all three may be burned to a darker tint than when they left our shores, but each appear ed to be in most excellent health. As to our own representative, the well known athlete and international Rugby football player, E. D. Malone, he looks trained to a hair, and as he surveyed the crowd a smile of good humored contentment pervaded his honest but homely face." (All right,

Mac, wait till I get you alone!) "When quiet had been restored and the audience resumed their seats after the travelers the chairman, the Duke of Durham, addressed the meeting 'He would not,' he said, 'stand for more than a moment between that vast as them. It was not for him to anticipate what Professor Summerice, who was the spokesman of the committee, had to say to them, but it was common rumor that their expedition had been crowned by extraordinary success. (Applause.)

"Professor Summerlee's rising was the signal for another extraordinary outbreak of enthuslasm, which broke out again at intervals throughout his address. Having described the genesis of their journey and paid a handsome tribute to his friend, Professor Challenger, coupled with an apology for the incredulity with which his assertions, now fully vindicated, had been received, he gave the actual course of their journey, carefully withholding such information as would aid the public in any attempt to locate this remarkable plateau. Having described in general terms their course from the main river up to the time that they actually reach ed the base of the cliffs, he enthralled his hearers by his account of the difficulties encountered by the expedition in their repeated attempts to mount them and finally described how they

that one was awake as one heard this sane and practical professor in cold. measured tones describing the monstrous three eyed fish lizards and the enchanted sheet of water. Next he touched upon the Indians and upon the apes, which might be looked upon as be thankful to the force that drove me. an advance upon the pithecanthropus of Java and as coming, therefore, near eventful moment of our adventure. As er than any known form to that hypothetical creation-the missing link Finally be described, amid some mer riment, the ingenious but highly dangerous aeronautic invention of Professor Challenger and wound up a most memorable address by an account of the methods by which the committee did at last find its way back to civilization.

"It had been hoped that the proceed ings would end there and that a vote of thanks and congratulation moved by Professor Sergius of Upsala university would be duly seconded and carried. But it was soon evident that the course of events was not destined to flow so smoothly. Symptoms of op-



osition had been evident from time to time during the evening, and now Dr. James Illingworth of Edinburgh rose in the center of the ball. Dr. Illingworth asked whether an amendment should not be taken before a resolution. "Dr. Illingworth was imperfectly beard in part of his remarks on ac count of the strenuous opposition of the friends of the explorers. Some attempts were also made to pull him down. Being a man of enormous physique, however, and possessed of a very powerful voice, he dominated the

tumult and succeeded in finishing his

"Dr. Illingworth began his remarks by expressing his high appreciation of the scientific work both of Professor Challenger and of Professor Summer ice. He much regretted that any personal bias should have been read into minutes. An acute observer might, his remarks, which were entirely dichowever, have detected some signs of tated by his desire for scientific truth. His position, in fact, was substantially the same as that taken up by Professor Summerlee at the last meeting. At that last meeting Professor Challenger had made certain assertions which had been queried by his colleague. Now this colleague came forward himself with the same assertions and expected them to remain upouestioned. Was this reasonable? ('Yes,' 'No,' and prolonged interruption, during which Professor Challenger was

heard from the press box to ask leave from the chairman to put Dr. Illingworth into the street.) A year ago on man said certain things. Now four men said other and more startling ones. Was this to constitute a final proof where the matters in question were of the most revolutionary and in credible character? There had been recent examples of travelers arriving from the unknown with certain tale which had been too readily accepted Was the London Zoological institute to place itself in this position? He admitted that the members of the com mittee were men of character. But hu man nature was very complex. Ever professors might be misled by the de sire for notoriety. Like moths, we all love best to flutter in the light. Heavy game shots liked to be in a position to on the tales of their rivals, and four nalists were not averse from sensa tional coups, even when imagination had to aid facts in the process. Each member of the committee had his own motive for making the most of his re sults. ('Shame! Shame!') He had no desire to be offensive ('You are!' and interruption.) The corroboration of these wondrous tales was really of the most slender description. What did it amount to? Some photographs. Was it possible that in this age of ingenious manipulation photographs could be ac cepted as evidence? What more? We have a story of a flight and a descent by ropes which precluded the production of larger specimens. It was ingenious, but not convincing. It was understood that Lord John Roxton claimed to have the skull of a phororachus. He could only say that he would like to see that skull.

"Lord John Roxton-Is this fellow calling me a liar? (Uproar.)

"The Chairman-Order! Order! Dr. Illingworth, I must direct you to bring your remarks to a conclusion and to nove your amendment.

"Dr. Illingworth-Your grace, I have nore to say, but I bow to your ruling. move, then, that, while Professor Summerlee be thanked for his interestng address, the whole matter be regarded as 'nonproven' and be referred back to a larger and possibly more relable committee of investigation

(Continued next Saturday)

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WHEN JIM PLAYED

'HOME, SWEET HOME' (A western dance ball incident) The air was rife with fumes of drink and bacchanalian song.
The spirit of carousal held the motley

dance hall throng, The quivering piano strings gove live-ly melodies

pounded at the keys, shuffling of the dancing feet upon

The vulgar jests and drunken yells of men on fire with rum. All made a picture second to but pan- The scarlet women hung their heads

Around the glittering bar from whence the inspiration came Stood men whose manhood had been wrecked and women lost to

And glasses clicked and lips were flecked with foam from amber beer, And vile smoke added poison to the fetid atmosphere, To the mad revel came a hush, the ri

bald sounds were stilled, The laughter waned and died away by notes of music killed floated through the room sweet and soul entrancing strains the notes of "Home, Swee

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o'erpowering might ed to possess old Wais on that eventful night And to his gifted fingers lent a touch as soft as when

He proudly stood before his fall in ranks of honored men. O, never did those trembling strings respond more touchingly-As Whiskey Jim sat carelessly and They seemed to thrill with soul life at the touching of a key, And tender rays of loyelight shot

the filthy floor,
The ribald laughter of the girls. all In many a poor sin-aardened heart when Jim played "Home, Sweet Home.

> as memory flashed a light Upon their home life when their souls, now black with sin, were white, And men brushed from their rum-red eyes the hot unbidden tears As winged their half be muddled thoughts back through the lapse

> of years. With sobered faces men slunk out into the dim-lit street,
> And women, some in tears, moved off
> on half protesting feet,
> And Whiskey Jim sat all alone within the silent room. His own thoughts winging back unto

> > LITTLE RAGGED BABY

the scenes at home, sweet home.

—JAMES BARTON ADAMS,

There's a little ragged baby In most every woman's neart,
An inspiration not of earth with vice Like the kind you see so often Toddling at some big child's side; And the love that makes them holy. And that sets them so apart. What a wonder and a magic in its tide!

tide!

Just a little ragged baby—
But it's her child, Heaven knows,
And it's not a point of beauty
Nor a question of its clothes;
It's the baby, just the baby,
With its spiritual hold on love
That sets it in its tarnished gown
All seavenly gifts above.
At the doorstep in an alley,
At some garden gateway down
id of
Where the fringes of green country
Keep on creening into town. Keep on creeping into too Every ragged little baby In its own sweet world apart Reigns with with unsoated glory Reigns with with unsoned to the some woman's tender heart.

—Selected.



