

# THE LOST WORLD

By  
**A. CONAN DOYLE**

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"It's owner grabbed at its legs, but too late to hold it."

### CHAPTER XXIII.

#### Challenger's Great Surprise.

It is difficult to describe the confusion caused by this amendment. A large section of the audience expressed its indignation at such a slur upon the travelers by noisy shouts of dissent and cries of "Don't put it!" "Withdraw!" "Turn him out!" On the other hand, the malcontents—and it cannot be denied that they were fairly numerous—cheered for the amendment, with cries of "Order!" "Chair!" and "Fair play!" A scuffle broke out in the back benches, and blows were freely exchanged among the medical students who crowded that part of the hall. It was only the moderating influence of the presence of large numbers of ladies which prevented an absolute riot. Suddenly, however, there was a pause, a hush and then complete silence. Professor Challenger was on his feet.

"It will be within the recollection of many present," said Professor Challenger, "that similar foolish and unmanly scenes marked the last meeting at which I had been able to address them. On that occasion Professor Summerlee was the chief offender, and though he is now chastened and contrite, the matter could not be entirely forgotten. I have heard tonight similar, but even more offensive, sentiments from the person who has just sat down, and though it is a conscious effort of self-effacement to come down to that person's mental level, I will endeavor to do so in order to allay any reasonable doubt which could possibly exist in the minds of any one." (Laughter and interruption.) "I need not remind this audience that, though Professor Summerlee, as the head of the committee of investigation, has been put up to speak tonight, still it is I who am the real prime mover in this business, and that it is mainly to me that any successful result must be ascribed. I have safely conducted these three gentlemen to the spot mentioned and I have, as you have heard, convinced them of the accuracy of my previous account. We had hoped that we should had upon our return that no one was so dense as to dispute our joint conclusions. Warned, however, by my previous experience, I have not come without such proofs as may convince a reasonable man. As explained by Professor Summerlee, our cameras had been tampered with by the ape men when they ransacked our camp, and most of our negatives ruined." (Cheers, laughter and "Tell us another" from the back.) "I have mentioned the ape men, and I cannot forbear from saying that some of the sounds which now meet my ears bring back most vividly to my recollection my experiences with those interesting creatures." (Laughter.) "In spite of the destruction of so many invaluable negatives, there still remains in our collection a certain number of corroborative photographs showing the conditions of life upon the plateau. Did they accuse them of having forged these photographs? (A voice, "Yes," and considerable interruption which ended in several men being put out of the hall.) "The negatives were open to the inspection of experts. But what other evidence had they? Under the conditions of their escape it was naturally impossible to bring a large amount of baggage, but they had secured Professor Summerlee's collection of butterflies and beetles containing many new species. Was this not evidence? (Several voices, "No.") "Who said so?"

"Dr. Hillingworth (rising)—Our point is that such a collection might have been made in other places than a prehistoric plateau." (Applause.) "Professor Challenger—No doubt, we have to bow to your scientific authority, although I must admit that the name is unfamiliar. Passing, then, both the photographs and the entomological collection, I come to the varied and accurate information which we bring with us upon points which have never before been elucidated. For example, upon the domestic habits of the pterodactyl? (A voice, "Bosh," and up-roar)—"I say that upon the domestic habits of the pterodactyl we can throw a flood of light. I can exhibit to you from my portfolio a picture of that creature taken from life which would convince you."

"Dr. Hillingworth—No picture could convince us of anything." "Professor Challenger—You would require to see the thing itself?" "Dr. Hillingworth—Undoubtedly." "Professor Challenger—And you would accept that?" "Dr. Hillingworth (laughing)—Beyond a doubt!" "It was at this point that the sensation of the evening arose, a sensation

the other. Finally it was not until after midnight that the four travelers were released at the entrance to Lord John Roxton's chambers in the Albany and that the exuberant crowd, having sung "They Are Jolly Good Fellows" in chorus, concluded their program with "God Save the King."

One word as to the fate of the London pterodactyl. Nothing can be said to be certain upon this point. There is the evidence of two frightened women that it perched upon the roof of the Queen's hall and remained there like a diabolical statue for some hours. The next day it came out in the evening papers that Private Miles of the Coldstream guards, on duty outside Marlborough House, had deserted his post without leave and was therefore court-martialed. Private Miles' account that he dropped his rifle and took to his heels down the mall because on looking up he had suddenly seen the devil between him and the moon, was not accepted by the court, and yet it may have a direct bearing upon the point at issue. The only other evidence which I can adduce is from the log of the steamship *Friesland*, a Dutch-American liner, which asserts that at 9 next morning, Starr Point being at the time ten miles upon their starboard quarter, they were passed by something between a flying goat and a monstrous bat, which was heading at a prodigious pace south and west.

### CHAPTER XXIV.

#### I Hurry to Claim Gladys.

AND Gladys—oh, my Gladys—Gladys of the mystic lake, now to be renamed the Central, for never shall she have immortality through me. Did I not always see some hard fiber in her nature?

Let me tell it in a few words. No letter or telegram had come to me at Southampton, and I reached the little villa at Streatham about 10 o'clock that night in a fever of alarm. Was she dead or alive? Where were all my nightly dreams of the open arms, the smiling face, the words of praise for her man who had risked his life to humor or whim? I rushed down the garden path, hammered at the door, heard the voice of Gladys within, pushed past the staring maid and strode into the sitting room.

"Gladys?" I cried. "Gladys?" She looked up with amazement in her face. She was altered in some subtle way. The expression of her eyes, the hard upward stare, the set of the lips, was new to me. She drew back her hands.

"What do you mean?" she said. "Gladys," I cried, "what is the matter? You are my Gladys, are you not—little Gladys Hingerton?" "No," said she; "I am Gladys Potts. Let me introduce you to my husband."

How absurd life is! I found myself mechanically bowing and shaking hands with a little ginger-haired man who was coiled up in the deep arm



"No," said she, "I am Gladys Potts." chair which had once been sacred to my own use. We bobbed and grinned in front of each other.

"Father lets us stay here. We are getting our house ready," said Gladys. "Oh, yes!" said I. "You didn't get my letter at Paris?" "No; I got no letter." "I've told William all about you," said she. "We have no secrets. I am so sorry about it. But it couldn't have been so very deep, could it, if you could go off to the other end of the world and leave me here alone? You're not crabby, are you?" "No, no, not at all! I think I'll go."

I was through the door when a fantastic impulse came upon me, and I went back to my successful rival.

"Will you answer a question?" I asked. "Well, within reason," said he.

"How did you do it? Have you searched for hidden treasure, or discovered a pole, or done time on a pirate, or flown the channel, or what? Where is the glamour of romance? How did you get it?"

He stared at me with a hopeless expression upon his vacuous, good-natured, scrubby little face.

"Don't you think all this is a little too personal?" he said.

"Well, just one question?" I cried. "What are you? What is your profession?" "I am a solicitor's clerk," said he—second man at Johnson & Merivale's, 41 Chancery Lane.

"Good night," said I and vanished, like all disconsolate and broken-hearted heroes, into the darkness, with grief and rage and laughter all slumbering within me like a boiling pot.

done. Last night we all supped at Lord John Roxton's rooms, and sitting together afterward, we smoked in good comradeship and talked our adventures over. It was strange under these altered surroundings to see the old, well-known faces and figures. There was Challenger, with his smile of condescension, his drooping eyelids, his intolerant eyes, his aggressive beard, his huge chest, swelling and putting as he laid down the law to Summerlee. And Summerlee, too—there he was with his shorter brier between his thin mustache and his gray goat's beard, his worn face protruding in eager debate as he queried all Challenger's propositions. Finally, there was our host, with his rugged, eagle face and his cold, blue, glacier eyes, with always a shimmer of devilment and of humor down in the depths of them. Such is the last picture of them that I have carried away.

It was after supper in his own sanctum—the room of the pink radiance and the innumerable trophies—that Lord John Roxton had something to say to us. From a cupboard he had brought an odd cigar box, and this he laid before him on the table.

"There's one thing," said he, "that maybe I should have spoken about before this, but I wanted to know a little more clearly where I was. No use to raise hopes and let them down again. But it's facts, not hopes, with us now. You may remember the day we found the pterodactyl rookery in the swamp—what? Well, something in the lie of the land took my notice. Perhaps it has escaped you, so I will tell you. It was a volcanic vent full of blue clay."

The professors nodded. "Well, now, in the whole world I've only had to do with one place that was a volcanic vent of blue clay. That was the great De Beers diamond mine of Kimberley—what? So you see I got diamonds into my head. I rigged up a contraption to hold off those stinking beasts, and I spent a happy day there with a spud. 'This is what I got.'"

He opened his cigar box, and, tilting it over, he poured about twenty or thirty rough stones.

"Perhaps you think I should have told you then. Well, so I should, only I know there are a lot of traps for the unwary and that stones may be of any size and yet of little value where color and consistency are clean off. Therefore I brought them back, and on the first day at home I took one round to Spink and asked him to have it roughly cut and valued."

He took a pill box from his pocket and spilled out of it a beautiful glittering diamond, one of the finest stones that I have ever seen.

"There's the result," said he. "He prices the lot at a minimum of £200,000. Of course it is fair shares between us. I won't hear of anything else. Well, Challenger, what will you do with your fifty thousand?"

"If you really persist in your generous view," said the professor, "I should found a private museum, which has long been one of my dreams."

"And you, Summerlee?"

"I would retire from teaching and so find time for my final classification of the chalk fossils."

"I'll use my own," said Lord John Roxton, "in fitting a well formed expedition and having another look at the dear old plateau. As to you, young fellow, you, of course, will spend yours in getting married."

"Not just yet," said I, with a rueful smile. "I think, if you will have me, that I would rather go with you."

Lord Roxton said nothing, but a brown hand was stretched out to me across the table.

### SYNOPSIS

EDWARD MALONE, newspaper man, is in love with Gladys Hingerton. She tells him that she loves most do some brave act. Malone acts an assignment to interview Professor Challenger, explorer.

When Challenger and Malone meet Challenger proclaims Malone an impostor, and they have a fierce personal encounter.

Challenger expresses a liking for Malone when the latter refuses to have him arrested. The professor then proceeds to show Malone proofs of a prehistoric land.

Malone reports to McCardle, his city editor, that Challenger is not an impostor and that he has arranged to be present at a scientific meeting of professors.

There's a great demonstration in the hall when Professor Challenger arrives. Challenger asks for volunteers to go on an expedition to the prehistoric land.

The meeting finally decides that Professor Summerlee, Lord John Roxton, sportsman and traveler, and Malone go to South America to prove or disprove Challenger's statements. On their departure Challenger gives them a letter to open on a certain date.

When the day and hour arrive the letter is opened. A blank sheet falls out. They are about to denounce Challenger when he arrives on the scene.

The party finds a signpost and a skeleton. The skeleton plainly is that of Maple White, of whom Professor Challenger had spoken.

That there is malevolent humanity on the plateau is made plain when a huge rock crashes by.

The party finally reaches Maple White, the dreamland. Their way from the outside world is cut off by the treacherous of a half breed.

As the party penetrates Maple White Land it is confronted with all kinds of strange plants and animals.

Wild-looking ape men are found in the wild country. A strange lake is named Lake Gladys, after the girl Malone left behind in England.

Malone leaves comrades at night for a ramble through the forest. He is confronted by a monstrous animal. The beast plunges after him. Malone falls to bottom of pit.



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## EPIDEMIC CASES INCREASED TODAY

### New Cases 162 As Against 117 Yesterday, Deaths 31, 24 Thursday

New York, July 14.—The infantile paralysis epidemic took another serious turn today. The health authorities who yesterday believed the plague was being checked announced a sharp increase in the number of new cases and in the number of deaths in the past 24 hours. Since yesterday morning 162 new cases and in the number of deaths in the past 24 hours. Since yesterday morning 162 new cases have been discovered as compared with 117 in the previous 24 hours. The deaths reported this morning total 31 as against 24 for the previous day.

36 Cases in Illinois. Chicago, July 14.—There are only 36 cases of infantile paralysis in the state of Illinois, including Chicago, Dr. C. St. Clair Drake, secretary of the state board of health announcing here this afternoon in setting the condition in Illinois is far more alarming.

Ten of the cases are in Chicago, Drake said. Four each are at Belleville and East St. Louis; two each at Standard, Dixon, Blue Island and Virden, and one each at Streator, Gibson City, Maroa, Quincy, Eureka, Freeport, Dalton City, Kankakee, Cherry and Oregon. All of these are under quarantine.

In addition, Dr. Drake said there are three "suspected" cases, one each at Danville, Belleville and Simpson.

## Army for the Harvest Has Been Recruited

Washington, July 14.—An army of 50,000 men for harvesting the wheat of the middle west has already been recruited according to reports which reached the United States employment service, labor department today. The men are being mobilized in the southern states of the belt and will move north as the season progresses, reaching the end of their march in three months. Thousands of workers have left Kansas City, the gateway to the belt, where 10 officers under the direction of C. L. Green, head of the New York state employment bureau, have been recruiting.

## PET BEARS ARE DEAD

Hoquiam, Wash., July 14.—The "pet" bears of John Gega are dead and their owner is in the hospital here today with several bad wounds in his abdomen. When he went to feed the animals yesterday, Gega was severely attacked by one of them and severely hurt. The police killed his two bears.

## JUST a word Mr. Traveler—Mr. Home Lover—

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JUST select a large, cheerful room for your stay—  
JUST stop—a long, long time—or a short, short time—  
JUST try a service that anticipates everything—an atmosphere that delights—  
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