

SEPT. 7, 1915

THE CARLETON PLACE HERALD.

7

The Eternal Lover



Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman

For an instant he hesitated, and then his judgment told him to keep on after the main body, for if Nat-ul was a prisoner she would be with the larger force—not riding in the opposite direction with a single guard.

Even as he turned to take up the pursuit again there came faintly to his ears from the jungle at his left the sound of a human voice. It was a woman's, raised in frightened protest.

Like a deer Nu turned and leaped in the direction of that familiar voice. The wolfhound was put to it to keep pace with the agile cave man, for Nu had left the earth and taken to the branches of the trees, where no underbrush retarded his flight.

From tree to tree he leaped or swung, sometimes hurling his body twenty feet through the air from one jungle giant to another.

Below him raced the panting Terkoz, red tongue lolling from foam flecked mouth, but with all their speed the two moved with the noiselessness of shadowy ghosts.

At the edge of the jungle Nu came upon a parklike forest, and well into this he saw a woman struggling with a white robed Arab. One sinewy brown hand clutched her throat, the other was raised to strike her in the face.

Nu saw that he could not reach the man in time to prevent the blow, but he might distract his attention for the moment that would be required for him to reach his side.

From his throat there rose the savage warcry of his long dead people, a cry that brought a hundred jungle creatures to their feet, trembling in fear or in rage, according to their kind.

It brought Abdul Mukarram upstanding, too, for in all his life he had never heard the like of that blood freezing challenge.

At the sight which met his eyes he dropped the girl and darted toward his donkey, where hung his long barreled rifle in its boot.

Victoria Custer looked, too, and what she saw brought untimely relief and happiness to her. Then the Arab had turned with leveled gun just as the cave man leaped upon him.

There was the report of the firearm ere it was wrenched from Abdul Mukarram's grasp and hurled to one side, but the bullet went wide of its mark, and the next instant the girl saw the two men locked in what she knew was a death struggle.

The Arab struck mighty blows at the head and face of his antagonist, while the cave man, the great muscles rolling beneath his smooth hide, sought for a hold upon the other's throat.

About the two the vicious wolfhound slunk, growling and bristling, waiting for an opportunity to rush in upon the white robed antagonist of his master.

Victoria Custer, her clinched fists tight pressed against her bosom, watched the two men who battled for her. She saw the powerful hands of her savage man bend back the head of the doomed Abdul Mukarram.

She saw her ferocious mate shake the man as a terrier shakes a rat, and her heart swelled in fierce primitive pride at the prowess of her man.

No longer did Victoria Custer exist. It was Nat-ul, the savage maiden of the Neocene who, as Nu threw the lifeless corpse of his kill to one side and opened his arms, flung herself into his embrace.

It was Nat-ul, daughter of Tha-Nat-ul of the tribe of Nu that dwelt beyond the barren cliffs beside the restless sea—who threw her arms about her lord and master's neck and drew his mouth down to her lips.

It was Nat-ul of the first born who watched Nu and the fierce wolfhound circle about the corpse of the dead Arab.

The cave man, moving in the savage steps of the death dance of his tribe, now bent half over, now leaping high in air, throwing his stone tipped spear aloft, chanted the weird victory song of a dead and buried age, while beside him his equally savage mate beat time with slim, white hands.

CHAPTER XI.

Happiness?

WHEN the dance was done Nu halted before Nat-ul. The girl rose, facing him, and for a long minute the two stood in silence looking at one another. It was the first opportunity that either had had to study the features of the other since the strange miracle that had separated them.

Nu found that some subtle change had taken place in his Nat-ul.

It was she—of that there could be no doubt, but yet there was that about her cast a spell of reverential fear over him. She was infinitely finer and more wonderful than he ever had realized.

With the passing of the excitement of the battle and the dance the strange ecstasy which had held the girl in thrall passed slowly away. The rhythm of the dancing of the savage black haired giant had touched some cord within

her which awoke the long dormant instincts of the primordial.

For the time she had been carried back a hundred thousand years to the childhood of the human race. She had not known for those brief instants Victoria Custer or the twentieth century or its civilization, for they were yet a thousand centuries in the future.

But now once more she saw through the eyes of generations of culture and refinement. Before her was a primitive man.

In his eyes was the fire of a great love that would not be denied. About her was the wild, fierce forest and the cruel jungle, and behind all this, and beyond, her vision wandered to the world she had always known—the world of cities and homes and gentlefolk.

She saw her father and her mother and her friends. What would they say?

Again she let her eyes rest upon the man. It was with difficulty that she restrained a desire to throw herself upon his broad breast and weep out her doubts and fears close to the beating of his great heart and in the safety of those protecting arms.

But with the wish there rose again the question, "What would they say?" to hold her trembling and frightened from him.

The man saw something of the girl's trouble in her eyes, but he partially misinterpreted it, for he read fear of himself where there was principally self fear, and because of what he had heard Curtiss say, he thought that he saw contempt, too, for primitive people are infinitely more sensitive than their more sophisticated brothers.

"You do not love me, Nat-ul?" he asked. "Have the strangers turned you against me? What one of them could have fetched you the head of Oo, the man hunter?"

"See!" He tapped the two great tusks that hung from his loin cloth. "Nu slew the mightiest of the beasts for Nat-ul—the head is buried in the cave of Oo—yet, now that I come to take you as my mate, I see fear in your eyes and something else which never was there before. What is it, Nat-ul? Have the strangers stolen your love from Nu?"

The man spoke in a tongue so ancient that in all the world there lived no man who spoke or knew a word of it, yet to Victoria Custer it was as intelligible as her own English, nor did it seem strange to her that she answered Nu in his own language.

"My heart tells me that I am yours, Nu," she said, "but my judgment and my training warn me against the step that my heart prompts. I love you, but I could not be happy to wander half naked through the jungle for the balance of my life, and if I go with you now, even for a day, I may never return to my people."

"Nor would you be happy in the life that I lead. It would stifle and kill you. I think I see now something of the miracle that has overwhelmed us. To you it has been but a few days since you left your Nat-ul to hunt down the ferocious Oo, but in reality countless ages have rolled by."

"By some strange freak of fate you have remained unchanged during all these ages, until now you step forth from your long sleep an unspoiled cave man of the stone age into the midst of the twentieth century, while I doubtless have been born and reborn a thousand times, merging from one incarnation to another until in this we are again united."

"Had you, too, died and been born again during all these weary years no gap of ages would intervene between us now, and we should meet again upon a common footing, as do other souls, and mate and die to be born again to a new mating and a new life, with its inevitable death."

"But you have defied the laws of life and death—you have refused to die—and now that we meet again at last a hundred thousand years lie between us—an unbridgeable gulf across which I may not return and over which you may not come other than by the same route which I have followed—through death and a new life thereafter."

Much that the girl said was beyond Nu's comprehension and the most of it without the scope of his primitive language, so that she had been forced to draw liberally upon her twentieth century English to fill in the gap.

Yet the man had caught the idea in a vague sort of way; at least that his Nat-ul was far removed from him because of a great lapse of time that had occurred while he slept in the cave of Oo, and that through his own death alone could he span the gulf between them and claim her as his mate.

He placed the butt of his spear upon the ground, resting the stone tip against his heart.

"I go, Nat-ul," he said simply, "that I may return again as you would have me."

The girl and the man were so occupied and engrossed with their own tragedy that they did not note the restless pacing of Terkoz, the wolfhound,

or hear the ominous growls that rumbled from his savage throat as he looked toward the jungle behind them.

The searching party from the Grey-stroke ranch had come upon Ibn Aswad so unexpectedly that not a shot had been exchanged between the two parties.

The Arabs, pressed from behind by the savage Wamboli warriors, had literally run into the arms of the whites and the Waziri.

When Greystoke demanded that the white girl be turned over to him at once Ibn Aswad smote his breast and swore that there had been no white girl with them, but one of the slaves told a different story to a Waziri, and when the whites found that Victoria had been stolen from Ibn Aswad by one of the sheik's lieutenants only a few hours before they hastened to scour the jungle in search of her.

To facilitate their movements and insure covering as wide a territory as possible each of the whites took a few Waziri and, spreading out in a far flung skirmish line, beat the jungle in the direction toward which the slave had told them Abdul Mukarram had ridden.

To comb the jungle finely each white spread his Waziri upon either side of him, and thus they advanced, seldom in sight of one another, but always within hailing distance. And so it happened that chance brought William Curtiss, unseen, to the edge of the jungle beside the parklike forest, beneath the giant trees of which he saw a tableau that brought him to a sudden halt.

There was the girl he loved and sought, apparently unharmed, and two donkeys, and the dead body of an Arab, and the great wolfhound, looking toward his hiding place and growling menacingly, and before the girl the savage white man stood.

Curtiss was about to spring forward when he saw the man place the butt of his spear upon the ground and the point against his heart. The act and the expression upon the man's face proclaimed his intention, and so Curtiss drew back again, waiting for the perpetration of the deed that he knew was coming.

A smile of anticipation played about the smile of Curtiss's lips.

Victoria Custer, too, guessed the thing that Nu contemplated. It was,



As the Strong Arms Infolded Her Once More She Gave a Happy Sigh of Content.

In accordance with her own reasoning, the only logical thing for the man to do; but love is not logical, and when love saw and realized the imminence of its bereavement it cast logic to the winds, and with a little scream of terror the girl threw herself upon Nu of the Neocene, striking the spear from its goal.

"No! No!" she cried. "You must not do it! I cannot let you go! I love you, Nu—I love you!"

As the strong arms infolded her once more she gave a happy sigh of content and let her head drop again upon the breast of him who had come back out of the ages to claim her.

The man put an arm about her waist, and together the two turned toward the west in the direction that Abdul Mukarram had been fleeing; nor did either see the white faced, scowling man who leaped from the jungle behind them and with leveled rifle took deliberate aim at the back of the black haired giant.

Nor did they see the swift spring of the wolfhound nor the thing that followed there beneath the brooding silence of the savage jungle.

Ten minutes later Barney Custer broke through the tangled wall of verdure upon a sight that took his breath away.

There stood the two patient donkeys, switching their tails and flapping their long ears. Beside them lay the corpse of Abdul Mukarram and upon the edge of the jungle at his feet, was stretched the dead body of William Curtiss, his breast and throat torn by savage fangs.

Across the clearing a great, gaunt wolfhound halted in its retreat at the sound of Barney's approach.

The beast bared its bloody fangs in an ominous growl of warning and then turned and disappeared into the jungle. Barney advanced and examined the

soft ground about the donkeys and the body of the Arab.

He saw the imprints of a man's naked feet and the smaller impress of a woman's riding boots.

He looked toward the jungle where Terkoz had disappeared.

What had his sister gone to within the somber, savage depths beyond? What would he bring her back to were he to follow after?

He doubted that she would come without her dream man. Where would she be happier with him—in the pitiless jungle, which was the only world he knew, or in the still more pitiless haunts of civilized men?

A moment later he had reached his decision, and with resolution strong in the very swing of his stride he entered the jungle, but whether toward the east or the west I do not know, for I was not there.

THE END.

Diplomacy.

When King Alfonso of Spain is staying at San Sebastian, says the Manchester News, he frequently goes across to Biarritz for an afternoon of recreation.

On one occasion he arrived at the station there and hailed a fiacre. The driver recognized him, and when his majesty asked what the fare was said, "For the king of Spain it will be 10 francs." The king smiled and merely paid the ordinary fare as provided by the tariff. To that amount, however, he added a tip of the usual size.

A few days later he was again in Biarritz and also took a fiacre. But on this occasion the cocher was more diplomatic. When asked the amount of the fare he replied, "Your majesty owes me nothing for the small service I have had the honor to render him." His majesty replied to this courteous speech by presenting the caddy with a 100 franc note.

Bricks From Babylon.

There is a law in the Turkish empire prohibiting the exportation of relics and antiques more than 100 years old, and the fact that it is on the statute books gives rise to the common practice of offering spurious articles to the tourist. Real objects of art or of sufficient age to be of value are rarely to be purchased, and the general desire of the visitor, therefore, seems to be to obtain stones or pieces of clay from the sites of ancient ruins or bricks with inscriptions. The former can probably be obtained, but they are practically valueless, as one piece of clay from Babylon is quite like another from Mosul. Bricks from either of these places that are known to be genuine are unobtainable.

An Impression of Gorky.

"Once when I was singing in Nijni early in the morning," said Chaliapine, Russia's greatest singer, "I looked out and saw Gorky standing at a window in the same hotel, and gazing silently over the city. The sun was shining on the towers of the churches, over the silver river and turning the roofs red. 'You are up early,' I said. 'Yes,' he answered, 'Come in my rooms for a moment.' When I reached his window I saw that he had tears in his eyes, and I did not understand. 'Look,' he said to me, 'how beautiful it is. Just the world and not a human being anywhere. The humanity which has made its gods and its laws, built its houses and its churches, all asleep and helpless as children, powerless to change or adjust all this that it has made.'"

"He spoke very softly and very sweetly, and, for the moment, he seemed to me the most perfect human being in the world. Truly one of Russia's flowers of genius."—Craftsman.

TWO NERVOUS WOMEN

Made Well By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Philadelphia, Pa.—"I had a severe case of nervous prostration, with palpitation of the heart, constipation, headaches, dizziness, noise in my ears, timid, nervous, restless feelings and sleeplessness."

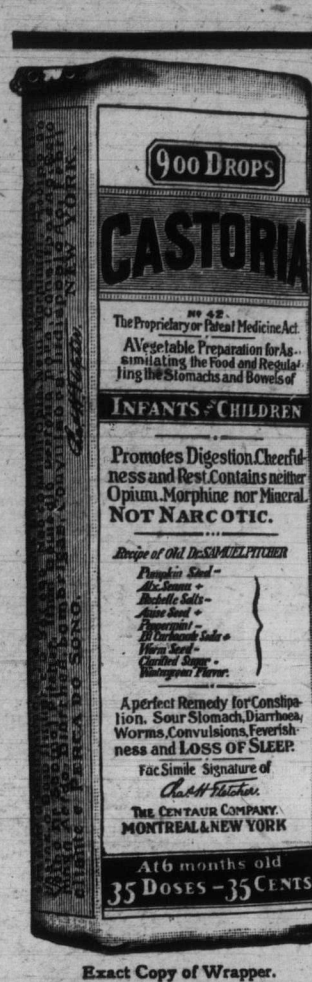
"I read in the paper where a young woman had been cured of the same troubles by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound so I threw away the medicines the doctor left me and began taking the Compound. Before I had taken half a bottle I was able to sit up and in a short time I was able to do all my work. Your medicine has proved itself able to do all you say it will and I have recommended it in every household I have visited."—Mrs. MARY JOHNSTON, 210 Siegel Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Another Bad Case. Ephrata, Pa.—"About a year ago I was down with nervous prostration. I was pale and weak and would have hysterical spells, sick headaches and a bad pain under my shoulder-blade. I was under the care of different doctors but did not improve. I was so weak I could hardly stand long enough to do my dishes. 'Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has made me well and happy and I have begun to gain in weight and my face looks healthy now.'—Mrs. J. W. HORNBERGER, R. No. 3, Ephrata, Pa.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Philadelphia, Pa.—"I had a severe case of nervous prostration, with palpitation of the heart, constipation, headaches, dizziness, noise in my ears, timid, nervous, restless feelings and sleeplessness."

Philadelphia, Pa.—"I had a severe case of nervous prostration, with palpitation of the heart, constipation, headaches, dizziness, noise in my ears, timid, nervous, restless feelings and sleeplessness."



CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria

Always Bears the Signature of

J. C. Ayer & Co. In Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA. The Centaur Company, Montreal & New York. At 6 months old 35 Doses - 35 CENTS. Exact Copy of Wrapper.

PLANNING THE MEAL.

Balanced Rations an Important Factor in Home Economics.

"Oh, dear! This eternal planning and contriving, from meal to meal, over what to serve next."

A common enough exclamation, surely, and one familiar to the family man, who too often considers wife's work more or less of a sinecure and wonders why she frets so easily over trifles.

Just throwing things together in bulk, regardless of the food's effect on the general health and efficiency of those who must eat it, is a wasteful and even a dangerous process.

Nowadays the thoughtful housewife "balances rations" as skillfully and carefully as does the careful stock feeder. She feels that what is good for beasts of the field is surely worth applying to man.

A few hints on balancing rations from the home economics department, College of Agriculture, University of Wisconsin, follow:

Fat, protein and carbohydrates should be distributed through the day so that no meal will contain an excessive amount of any one foodstuff.

Don't serve two or more foods rich in the same foodstuff at one meal. For example, macaroni and cheese with meat, rice and potatoes.

Don't serve the same food in the same form twice in the same day except with such staples as bread, butter and milk. Never serve such a combination as tomato soup and tomato salad, or creamed peas and cream of pea soup in the same meal.

Work for flavor contrasts between different courses of a meal. Seek to have pleasing combinations of flavor, color and form in each course.

Plan to serve a fruit or vegetable at each meal. A mixed diet of vegetable and animal food is safest and best.

Sounded Like a Reproof.

A lady in passing up a church aisle caught her dress on a corner of a pew and tore it. As the process of tearing was very audible to the congregation the feelings of the lady may be imagined when at that moment the clergyman began the service by reading the sentence: "Render your hearts and not your garments."

Would Not Be So Cruel.

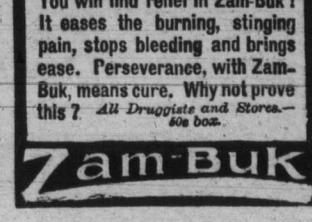
Alice—Now that you've broken your engagement with Jack, you will of course return the diamond ring he gave you? Betty—Certainly not. It would be a constant reminder of the happiness he had missed.—Boston Transcript.

One Exception.

"Two negatives are equal to an affirmative."

"Not if her father says no and the girl backs him."—Baltimore American.

The primary vocation of man is a life of activity.—Goethe.



Saved His Dog.

Lord Rosebery is a great lover of animals, and on one occasion he actually went so far as to risk his life for a favorite dog. His lordship was on board a steamer when suddenly his dog fell overboard. Much distressed, Lord Rosebery asked the captain to stop the ship—a request which was refused.

"If it were a man overboard," said the captain, "why, then, of course!" "Oh," said Lord Rosebery, "that can be easily managed," and, to the captain's astonishment, he leapt overboard after the dog himself.

Naturally, the steamer was promptly stopped, a boat was lowered with all speed, and both dog and master were rescued, none the worse for their experience.—London Tit-Bits.

Death by Freezing.

It has never been clearly understood why severe cold causes death, but a variety of reasons have been assumed—the accumulation of carbonic acid, paralysis of the vasomotor centers, loss of heat, accumulation of blood in the heart owing to stagnant circulation, anemia of the brain and destruction of the red blood corpuscles.—Philadelphia Press.

Your Liver is Clogged up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have no Appetite.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days. They do their duty. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, and Sick Headache. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature of Dr. J. C. Carter.

Canadian Hair Restorer. Before and After Using. Restores Grey Hair to original color. Two might use from same bottle, hair of one becomes black, the other blond or other color as they were in youth. Stops Falling Hair, Dandruff, Itching Cures all Scalp Diseases, Produces New Growth. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Price 75 cents or two for One Dollar (postage paid). Not sold in stores, address Canadian Hair Restorer Co., WINDSOR, ONT.

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED. In all countries. Ask for our INVENTOR ADVISER, which will be sent free. MARION & MARION.