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THE CARLETON PLACE HERALD.

The Eternal Lover



by Edgar Rice Burroughs

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While Greystoke was questioning the fellow he let drop the fact that among the other prisoners of the Arabs was a young white woman.

Instantly commotion reigned upon the Greystoke ranch. White men were jumping into field khaki, looking to the firearms and ammunition, lest their black body servants should have neglected some essential. Stable boys were saddling the horses.

The sleek ebony warriors of Uziri were greasing their black hides, adjusting barbaric war bonnets, streaking faces, breasts and limbs with ochre, vermilion or ghastly bluish white and looking to slim shield, poisoned arrow and formidable spear.

For a time the fugitive was forgotten, but as the march proceeded they came upon certain reminders that recalled him to their minds and indicated that he was far in advance of them upon the trail of the Arabs.

The first sign of him was the carcass of a bull buffalo. Straight through the heart was the great hole that they now knew was made by the passage of the ancient stone tipped spear. Strips had been knife cut from the sides, and the belly was torn as though by a wild beast.

Brown stooped to examine the ground about the bull. When he straightened up he looked at Greystoke and laughed.

"Didn't I understand you to say that he must have killed the dog?" he asked. "Look here. They ate side by side from the body of their kill."

For three weeks now Victoria Custer had been a prisoner of Shiek Ibn Aswad, but other than the ordinary hardships of African travel she had experienced nothing of which she might complain.

She had even been permitted to ride upon one of the few donkeys that still survived, and her food was as good as that of Ibn Aswad himself, for the canny old shiek knew that the better the condition of his prisoner the better the price she would bring at the court of the sultan of Fula.

Abul Mukarram, Ibn Aswad's right hand man, a swaggering young Arab from the rim of the Sahara, had cast covetous eyes upon the beautiful prisoner, but the old shiek delivered himself of a peremptory "no" when his lieutenant broached a proposal to him. Then Abul Mukarram balked in his passing desire, found the thing growing upon him until the idea of possessing the girl became a veritable obsession with him.

Victoria, from necessity, had picked up enough of the language of the sons of the desert to be able to converse with them, and Abul Mukarram often rode at her side, feasting his eyes upon her face and figure the while he attempted to ingratiate himself into her esteem by accounts of his prowess, but when at last he spoke of love the girl turned her flushed and angry face away from him and, reining in her donkey, refused to ride farther beside him.

Ibn Aswad from afar witnessed the altercation, and when he rode to Victoria's side and learned the truth of the matter he berated Abul Mukarram roundly, ordering him to the rear of the column and placed another Arab over the prisoner.

Thereafter the venomous looks which the discredited Abul cast upon Victoria oftentimes caused her to shudder, for she knew that she had made a cruel and implacable enemy of the man.

Ibn Aswad had given her but a hint of the fate which awaited her, yet it had been sufficient to warn her that death were better than the thing she was being dragged through the jungles to suffer.

Every waking minute her mind was occupied with plans for escape, yet not one presented itself which did not offer insuperable obstacles.

Even had she been able to leave the camp undetected, how long could she hope to survive in the jungle? And should by some miracle her life be spared even for months, of what avail would that be? She could no more have retraced her way to Lord Greystoke's ranch than she could have laid a true course upon the trackless ocean.

The horrors of the march that passed daily in hideous review before her left her sick and disgusted. The cruelly beaten slaves who carried the great burdens of ivory, tents and provisions brought tears to her eyes.

The brutal massacres that followed the forcible entrance into each succeeding village wrung her heart and roused her shame for these beasts in human form who urged on their savage and cowardly Manyema cannibals to commit nameless excesses against the cowering prisoners that fell into their hands.

But at last they came to a village where victory failed to rush forward and fall into their arms. Instead, they were met with sullen resistance.

Percocious, painted devils fought them stubbornly every inch of the way, until Ibn Aswad decided to make a detour and pass round the village rather than

sacrifice more of his followers.

In the confusion of the fight and the near retreat which followed Abul Mukarram found the opportunity he had been awaiting. The prisoners, including the white girl, were being pushed ahead of the retreating raiders, while the Arabs and Manyema brought up the rear, fighting off the pursuing savages.

Now Abul Mukarram knew a way to the northland that two might traverse with ease and over which one could fairly fly, but which was impossible for a slave caravan because it passed through the territory of the English. If the girl would accompany him willingly, well and good—if not, then he would go alone, but not before he should be revenged upon her.

He left the firing line, therefore, and pushed his way through the terror-stricken slaves to the side of the Arab who guarded Victoria Custer.

"Go back to Ibn Aswad," he said to the Arab. "He desires your presence."

The other looked at him closely for a moment.

"You lie, Abul Mukarram!" he said at last. "Ibn Aswad commanded me particularly against permitting you to be alone with the girl. Go to!"

"Fool!" muttered Abul Mukarram, and with the word he pulled the trigger of the long gun that rested across the pommel of his saddle with its wide muzzle scarce a foot from the stomach of the other Arab.

With a shriek the man lunged from his donkey.

"Come!" cried Abul Mukarram, seizing the bridle of Victoria's beast and turning into the jungle to the west.

The girl tried to slip from the saddle, but a strong arm went about her waist and held her firm as the two donkeys forged, shoulder to shoulder, through the tangled mass of creepers which all but blocked their way.

Once Victoria screamed for help, but the war cries of the natives drowned her voice.

Fifteen minutes later the two came out upon the trail again that they had followed when they approached the village, and soon the sounds of conflict behind them grew fainter and fainter until they were lost entirely in the distance.

Victoria Custer's mind was working rapidly, casting about for some means of escape from the silent figure at her side. A revolver, or even a knife, would have solved her difficulty, but she had neither. Had she, the life of Abul Mukarram would have been worth but little, for the girl was beside herself with hopeless horror.

For the better part of two hours Abul Mukarram kept on away from the messenger he had robbed, little and when he did it was in the tone of the master to his slave. Near noon they left the jungle and came out into a higher country, where the space between the trees was greater and there was little or no underbrush.

Traveling was much easier here, and they made better time. They were still retracing the trail along which the caravan had traveled. It would be some time during the next morning that they would turn north again upon a new trail.

Beside a stream Abul Mukarram halted.

He tethered the donkeys and then turned toward the girl.

"Come," he said, and took her hand.

CHAPTER X.

EACH day Nu realized that he was gaining rapidly upon those with whom Nat-ul traveled.

The experience of his other life assured him that she must be a prisoner, yet at the same time he realized that such might not be the case at all, for had he not thought of her a prisoner among the others who had held him prisoner, only to learn that one of them claimed her as a sister?

It all seemed very strange to Nu. It was quite beyond him. "Nat-ul could not be the sister of Custer, and yet he had seen her apparently happy and contented in the society of these strangers, and Custer unquestionably appeared to feel for her the solicitude of a brother.

Curtiss, it was evident, loved Nat-ul—that much he had gleaned from conversations he had overheard between him and Custer. How the man could have become so well acquainted with Nat-ul between the two days that had elapsed since Nu had set forth from the caves beside the restless sea to hunt down Oo and the morning that he had awakened following the mighty shaking of the world was quite as much a mystery as was the remarkable changes that had taken place in the aspect of the world during the same brief period.

Nu had given much thought to these miraculous happenings, with the result that he had about convinced himself that he must have slept much longer than he had believed, but that a hundred thousand years had rolled their slow and weary progress above his un-

conscious mind, even as the remotest of possibilities.

He had also weighed the sneering words of Curtiss, and with them the attitude of the strangers with whom he had been thrown. He had quickly appreciated the fact that their manners and customs were as far removed from his as they were from those of the beasts of the jungle.

He had seen that his own ways were more in accordance with the ways of the black and half-naked natives whom the whites looked upon as so much their inferiors that they would not even eat at the same table with them.

He had noted the fact that the blacks treated the other whites with a marked respect which they did not extend to Nu, and, being no fool, Nu had come to the conclusion that the whites themselves looked upon him as an inferior, even before Curtiss' words convinced him of the truth of his suspicions.

Evidently, though his skin was white, he was now in some subtle way different from the other whites. Possibly it was in the matter of raiment.

He had tried to wear the strange body coverings they had given him, but they were cumbersome and uncomfortable, and, though he was seldom warm enough now, he had nevertheless been glad when the opportunity came to discard the hampering and unaccustomed clothing.

These thoughts suggested the possibility that if Nat-ul had found recognition among the strangers upon an equal footing with them that she, too, might have those attributes of superiority which the strangers claimed, and if such was the fact it became evident that she would consider Nu from the viewpoint of her new friends—as an inferior.



He Saw a Woman Struggling With a White Robed Arab.

Such reveries made Nu very sad, for he loved Nat-ul just as you or I would love—just as normal white men have always loved—with a devotion that placed the object of his affection upon a pedestal, before which he was happy to bow down and worship. His passion was not of the brute type of the inferior races, which oftentimes solemnizes the marriage ceremony with a cudgel and ever places the woman in the position of an inferior and a chattel.

Even as Nu pondered the puzzling questions which confronted him his eyes and ears were alert as he sped along the now fresh trail of the caravan.

Every indication pointed the recent passing of many men, and the troglodyte was positive that he could be but a few hours behind his quarry.

A few miles east of him the rescue party from the Greystoke ranch were pushing rapidly ahead upon a different trail, with a view to heading off the Arabs.

Ibn Aswad had taken a circuitous route in order that he might pass round the country of the Waziri, and with his slow moving slave caravan he had now reached a point but a few days' journey in a direct line from the ranch. The lightly equipped pursuers, having knowledge of the route taken by the Arabs from the messenger who had come to seek their assistance, had not been compelled to follow the spoor of their quarry, but instead had marched straight across country in a direct line for a point which they believed would bring them ahead of the caravan.

Thus it was that Nu and Terkoz and the party of whites and Waziri from the ranch were closing in upon Ibn Aswad from opposite directions simultaneously.

But Nu was not destined to follow the trail of the raiders to where they were still engaged in repelling the savage attack of the fierce Wamboli, for as he trotted along with the dog at his side his quick eyes detected that which the bound, with all his wondrous instinctive powers, would have passed by unnoticed—the well marked prints of the hoofs of two donkeys that had come back along the trail since the caravan had passed.

That they were donkeys belonging to the Arabs was evident to Nu through his familiarity with the distinctive hoof prints of each, which dur-

ing the past three days had become as well known to him as his mother's face had been. But what were they doing retracing the way they had but just covered?

He halted and raised his head to sniff the air and listen intently for the faintest sound from the direction in which the beasts had gone when they left the old trail at the point that he had discovered their spoor.

The wind, however, was blowing from the opposite direction, so there was no chance that Nu could scent them. He was in doubt as to whether he should leave the trail of the main body and follow these two or continue on his way.

From the manner of their passing—side by side—he was convinced that each carried a rider, since otherwise they would have gone in single file after the manner of beasts moving along a nose too wide trail, but there was nothing to indicate that either rider was Nat-ul.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Prices of Long Ago.

The Magazine Almanac for 1817 contains the following market prices of the Pittsburgh market: Bacon, 15c. per pound; beef, 8c. to 10c. per pound; butter, firm, 15c. to 50c. per pound; geese, 75c. to \$1 each; turkeys, 75c. to \$2 each; flour, \$4 per hundredweight, \$7 to \$8 per barrel; Indian meal, \$1 to \$1.50 per bushel; corn, 75c. per bushel; oats, 50c. to \$1; whiskey, 75c. to 87c. per gallon; cider, \$4 per barrel. The prices for vegetables and fruit are higher than in Philadelphia or New York.

"The number of wagons employed in hauling goods from the eastward to this place, besides many that discharge their loads at Brownsville and other places, is greater than will be believed by many, though it is a fact nevertheless. Mr. Alexander Thompson, within a few miles of this place, living on the turnpike, has politely favored us with the number of wagons which have passed and repassed his house in the year of 1815. They amounted to 11,800, all subject to pay toll."

DOCTORS DID NOT HELP HER

But Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Mrs. Bradley's Health—Her Own Statement.

Winnipeg, Canada.—"Eleven years ago I went to the Victoria Hospital, Montreal, suffering with a growth. The doctors said it was a tumor and could not be removed as it would cause instant death. They found that my organs were affected, and said I could not live more than six months in the condition I was in."

"After I came home I saw your advertisement in the paper, and commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took it constantly for two years, and still take it at times, and both my husband and myself claim that it was the means of saving my life. I highly recommend it to suffering women."—Mrs. ORILLA BRADLEY, 284 Johnson Ave., Winnipeg, Manitoba, Can.

Why will women take chances or drag out a sickly, half-hearted existence, missing three-fourths of the joy of living, when they can find health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound? For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has restored the health of thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, etc.

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.

An Ancient Phrase. The frequently quoted "I do not pin my faith upon your sleeve" is traced in sentiment to feudal times, when the partisans of a leader used to wear his badge pinned upon their sleeves. Sometimes these badges were changed for specific purposes, and persons learned to doubt; hence the phrase, "You wear the badge, but I do not intend to pin my faith on your sleeve."—New York American.

What Hurt Most. "Why are you crying so bitterly, little man?" asked the kind hearted old lady as she patted the tearful youngster on his head.

"Bill Jones hit me on the nose," was the boy's reply.

"Did he hurt you much?" "Naw; he didn't hurt me at all, but he ran away before I could hit him back."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

The Golden Fleece. The noted Order of the Golden Fleece is a military one instituted by Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, in 1429, on the occasion of his marriage with the Portuguese Princess Isabella. The order now belongs to both Spain and Austria.

The Pessimist. No doing anything with a pessimist. When you find a bright side for him he won't look at it for fear the light might blind him.—Atlanta Constitution.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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Genuine Wit.

Benjamin Moore, the second bishop of New York, was a man noted in his day for his ready wit—a quality that his wife apparently shared with him. A dinner was given by some one of Gouverneur Morris' friends when he was about to depart for Europe. Bishop Moore and his wife were of the party. In the course of the conversation Mr. Morris observed that since he was going abroad he had made his will and, turning to Bishop Moore, said to him:

"My reverend friend, I have bequeathed to you my complete stock of impudence."

Bishop Moore replied: "Sir, you are not only very kind, but you are very generous. You have left me by far the largest portion of your estate."

Mrs. Moore immediately added, "My dear, you have come into possession of your inheritance remarkably soon."—Youth's Companion.

Fascinated by His Model.

The weekly meeting of the Married Ladies' Society for the Better Control and Guidance of Husbands had just been called to order by the president.

"Members will now tell their troubles, one at a time," said the chair.

A meek looking little woman stood up in a far corner of the room.

"My husband," she quavered, "is in love with his model."

The buzz of gossip suddenly ceased, and all eyes were turned upon the speaker.

"But your husband is not an artist," argued the president. "He runs an iron foundry, doesn't he?"

"Yes'm," said the meek lady, "but all the same he loves his model. You see, he's a self made man."—London Standard.

How He Worked It.

It takes a genius to get the better of a gas company, but one man has managed it. He had a penny in the slot meter; but, though the company was aware that he used a great quantity of gas, the machine was always empty when the collector called. When the company for its own protection offered to pay the rogue for his secret he produced a tin disk of the requisite size, inserted it in the slot and let the company imagine the rest. The gas company decided to open a branch in Greenland, where ice doesn't melt quite so fast.—London Globe.

Would not be Without Zutoo Tablets At Any Cost

Such is the statement of Mr. A. O. Norton, of Boston, the largest Jack Manufacturer in the world. His voluntary testimonial regarding ZUTOO follows:

286 Congress St., Boston, Mass. "I have been a sufferer from Headache since childhood and have used all, or nearly all the so-called 'cures' on the market. Some months since my attention was called to Zutoo Tablets and I have been using them ever since with the most gratifying results. I find they cure a 'sick' or 'nervous' headache in a few minutes and leave no bad effects. My family use them whenever needed with equally good results. I have frequently given them to friends who were suffering from Headache and they never failed to give quick relief. I always carry Zutoo Tablets in my grip on the road and WOULD NOT BE WITHOUT THEM AT ANY COST."

A. O. NORTON.

25 cents per box—at all dealers

Sir Arthur Sullivan's Ordeal.

There was a dramatic episode associated with the production of "Iolanthe" in London in 1882. That opera was the first of the Gilbert and Sullivan series produced at the Savoy, and Sir Arthur Sullivan arranged with Francis Celler personally to conduct the first program. On the morning of the day fixed for the production Sir Arthur was a comparatively rich man, so successful had been the four operas which had preceded "Iolanthe," but just as he was about to leave home for the Savoy news reached him of the bankruptcy of the firm entrusted with his investments, and with that bankruptcy the whole of his savings disappeared. But in spite of this heavy blow he went to the theater and conducted "Iolanthe" before a crowded audience, which little knew that the famous composer was then as poor as the lowliest scene shifter behind the scenes.

A Difficult Case.

Mand—Have you given Jack any opportunities to propose? Betty—Yes, but I couldn't tell him they were opportunities.—Boston Transcript.

If you blow your neighbor's fire don't complain if the sparks fly in your face.—Wise Saws.

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Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Purely vegetable—no sugar and no opium. They do their duty. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature

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