

AUGUST 17, 1915

THE CARLETON PLACE HERALD.

7

The Eternal Lover



by
Edgar
Rice
Burroughs

Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman

Holding the beast back, Victoria peered within. Her eyes could not penetrate the darkness.

Here evidently the trail ended, but of a sudden it occurred to her that she had only surmised that the bloody spoor they had been following was that of the man she sought.

It was almost equally as probable that Curtiss' shot had struck Old Raffles' mate and that, after all, she had followed the blood of a wounded lioness to the creature's rocky lair.

Bending low, she listened, and at last there came to her ears a sound as of a body moving, and then heavy breathing and a sigh.

"Nu," she whispered, "is it you? I have come!" Nor did it seem strange to her that she spoke in a strange tongue, no word of which she had ever heard in all her life before.

For a moment there was silence, and then, weakly from the depths of the cave, a voice replied:

"Nat-ul!"

It was barely a whisper. Quickly the girl groped her way into the cavern, feeling before her with her



Victoria Kneeling Beside the Prostrate Form of Nu.

hands until she came to the prostrate form of a man lying upon the cold, hard rock. With difficulty she kept the growling wolfhound from his throat.

Terkoz had found the prey that he had tracked, and he could not understand why he should not now be allowed to make the kill. But he was a well trained beast, and at last at the girl's command he took up a position at the cave's mouth on guard.

Victoria knelt beside the prostrate form of Nu, the son of Nu, but she was no longer Victoria Custer. It was Nat-ul, the daughter of Tha, who knelt there beside the man she loved.

Gently she passed her slim fingers across his forehead. It was burning with a raging fever. She felt the wound along the side of his head and shuddered. Then she raised him in her arms so that his head was pillowed in her lap and kissed his cheek.

Halfway down the mountainside, she recalled, there was a little spring of fresh cold water. Removing her hunting jacket, she rolled it into a pillow for the unconscious man and then, with Terkoz at her side, clambered down the rocky way.

Filling her hat with water, she returned to the cave.

All night she bathed the fevered head and washed the ugly wound, at times squeezing a few refreshing drops between the hot lips.

At last the restless tossing of the wounded man ceased, and the girl saw that he had fallen into a natural sleep and that the fever had abated.

When the first rays of the rising sun relieved the gloom within the cavern Terkoz, rising to stretch himself, looked backward into the interior.

He saw a black haired giant sleeping quietly, his head pillowed upon khaki hunting coat, and beside him sat the girl, her loosened hair tumbled about her shoulders and over the breast of the sleeping man, upon which her own tired head had drooped in the sleep of her dear presence.

Terkoz yawned and lay down again.

After a time the girl awoke. For a few minutes she could not assure herself of the reality of her surroundings. She thought that this was but another of her dreams.

Gently she put out her hand and touched the face of the sleeper. It was very real; also she noted that the fever had left.

She sat in silence for a few minutes,

attempting to adjust herself to the new and strange conditions which surrounded her. She seemed to be two people—the American girl, Victoria Custer and Nat-ul. But who or from where was Nat-ul she could not fathom other than that she was beloved by Nu and that she returned his love.

She wondered that she did not regret the life of ease she had abandoned and which she knew that she could never again return to. She was still sufficiently of the twentieth century to realize that the step she had taken must cut her off forever from her past life, yet she was very happy.

Bending low over the man, she kissed his lips and then, rising, went outside and, taking Terkoz with her, descended to the spring, for she was thirsty.

Neither the girl nor the bound saw the white robed figure that withdrew suddenly behind a huge boulder as the two emerged from the cave's mouth.

Nor did they see him signal to others behind him who had not yet rounded the shoulder of the cliff at the base of which they had been marching.

CHAPTER VII. The Lonely Man.

VICTORIA stooped to fill her hat at the spring. First she leaned far down to quench her own thirst.

A sudden, warning growl from Terkoz brought her head up, and there, not ten paces from her, she saw a dozen white robed Arabs and behind them half a hundred blacks. All were armed; evil looking fellows they were, and one of the Arabs had covered her with his long gun.

Now he spoke to her, but in a tongue she did not understand, though she knew that his message was unfriendly, and imagined that it warned her not to attempt to use her own rifle which lay beside her. Next he spoke to those behind him, and two of them approached the girl, one from either side, while the leader continued to keep his place leveled at her.

As the two came toward her she heard a menacing growl from the wolfhound and then saw him leap for the nearest Arab. The fellow clubbed his gun and swung it full upon Terkoz's skull, so that the faithful hound collapsed in a silent heap at their feet.

Then the two rushed in and seized Victoria's rifle. A moment later she was roughly dragged toward the leader of the ill favored gang.

Through one of the blacks, a west coast negro who had picked up a smattering of pidgin English, the leader, questioned the girl, and when he found that she was a guest of Lord Greystoke an ugly grin crossed his evil face, for the fellow recalled what had befallen another Arab slave and ivory caravan at the hands of the Englishman and his Waziri warriors. Here was an opportunity for partial revenge.

He motioned for his followers to bring her along. There was no time to tarry in this country of their enemies, into which they had accidentally stumbled after being lost in the jungle for the better part of a month.

Victoria asked what their intentions toward her were, but all that she could learn was that they would take her north with them. She offered to arrange the payment of a suitable ransom if they would return her to her friends unharmed, but the Arab only laughed at her.

"You will bring a good price," he said, "at the court of the sultan of Fula, north of Tagwara, and for the rest I shall have partly settled the score which I have against the Englishman."

So Victoria Custer disappeared from the sight of men at the border of the land of the Waziri, nor was there any other than her captors to know the devious route that they followed to gain the country north of Usiri.

When at last Nu, the son of Nu, opened his eyes from the deep slumber that had refreshed and invigorated him he looked up expectantly for the face that had been hovering above his, and as he realized that the cave was tenantless except for himself a sigh that was half sob broke from the depths of his lonely heart, for he knew that Nat-ul had been with him only in his dreams.

Yet it had been so real! Even now he could feel the touch of her cool hand upon his forehead and her slim fingers running through his hair. His cheek glowed to her hot kisses, and in his nostrils was the sweet aroma of her dear presence.

The disillusionment of his waking brought with it bitter disappointment and a return of the fever. Again Nu lapsed into semiconsciousness and delirium, so that he was not aware of the khaki clad white man that crept warily into the half darkness of his lair shortly after noon.

It was Barney Custer, and behind him came Curtiss, Butzow and a half dozen others of the searching party. They had stumbled upon the wild dead

Terkoz beside the spring, and there also they had found Victoria Custer's hat, and plainly in the soft earth between the boulders of the hillside they had seen the new made path to the cave higher up.

When Barney saw that the prostrate figure within the cavern did not stir at his entrance a stifling fear rose in his throat, for he was sure that he had found the dead body of his sister, but as his eyes became more accustomed to the dim light of the interior he realized his mistake—at first with a sense of infinite relief and later with misgivings that amounted almost to a wish that it had been Victoria, safe in death; for among the savage men of savage Africa there are fates worse than death for women.

The others had crowded in beside him, and one had lighted a torch of dry twigs, which for a few seconds illuminated the interior of the cave brightly. In that time they saw that the man was the only occupant and that he was helpless from fever.

Beside him lay the stone spear that had slain Old Raffles. Each of them recognized it. How could it have been brought to him?

"The zebra killer," said Brown. "What's that beneath his head? Looks like a khaki coat."

Barney drew it out and held it up. "God!" cried Curtiss. "It's hers!"

"He must have come down there after we left, got his spear and stolen your sister," said Brown.

Curtiss drew his revolver and pushed closer toward the unconscious Nu. "The beast!" he growled. "Shoot."

ing's too good for him. Get out of the way, Barney; I'm going to give him all six chambers."

"No," said Barney quietly. "Why?" demanded Curtiss, trying to push past Custer.

"Because I don't believe that he harmed Victoria," replied Barney. "That's sufficient reason for waiting until we know the truth. Then I won't stand for the killing of an unconscious man, anyway."

"He's nothing but a beast—a mad dog," insisted Curtiss. "He should be killed for what he is. I'd never have thought to see you defending the man who killed your sister."

"Don't be a fool, Curtiss," snapped Barney. "We don't know that Victoria's dead. The chances are that this man has been helpless from fever for a long time. There's a wound in his head that was probably made by your shot last night."

"If he recovers from that he may be able to throw some light on Victoria's disappearance. If it develops that he has harmed her I'm the one to demand an accounting—not you. As I said before, I do not believe that this man would have harmed a hair of my sister's head."

"What do you know about him?" demanded Curtiss.

"I never saw him before," replied Barney. "I don't know who he is or where he came from, but I know—Well, never mind what I know, except that there isn't anybody going to kill him other than Barney Custer."

"Custer's right," broke in Brown. "It would be murder to kill this fellow in cold blood. You have jumped to the conclusion, Curtiss, that Miss Custer is dead. If we let you kill this man we might be destroying our best chance to locate and rescue her."

As they talked the gaunt figure of the wolfhound, Terkoz, crept into the cave. He had not been killed by the Arab's blow, and a liberal dose of cold water poured over his head had helped to hasten returning consciousness.

He nosed, whining, about the cavern as though in search of Victoria.

The men watched him in silence after Brown had said: "If this man harmed Miss Custer and laid out Terkoz the beast 'll be keen for revenge. Watch him, and if Curtiss is right there won't any of us have to avenge your sister. Terkoz 'll take care of that. I know him."

"We'll leave it to Terkoz," said Barney.

After the animal had made the complete rounds of the cave, sniffing at every crack and crevice, he came to each of the watching men, nosing them curiously.

Then he walked directly to the side of the unconscious Nu, licked his cheek and, lying down beside him, rested his head upon the man's breast so that his fierce, wolfish eyes were pointed straight and watchful at the group of men opposite him.

"There!" said Barney, leaning down and stroking the beast's head.

The hound whined up into his face, but when Curtiss approached he rose, bristling, and, standing across the body of Nu, growled ominously at him.

"You'd better keep away from him, Curtiss," warned Brown. "He always has had a strange way with him in his likes and dislikes, and he's a mighty ugly customer to deal with when he's crossed. He's killed one man already—a big Wamboldi spearman who was stalking Greystoke up in the north country last fall. Let's see if he's got it in for the rest of us."

One by one Terkoz suffered the others to approach Nu. Only Curtiss seemed to rouse his savage, protective instinct.

As they discussed their plans for the immediate future Nu opened his eyes with a return of consciousness.

At sight of the strange figures about him he sat up and reached for his spear, but Barney had had the foresight to remove this weapon, as well as the man's knife and hatchet, from his reach.

As the cave man came to a stifling posture Barney laid a hand upon his shoulder.

"We shall not harm you," he said. "If you will tell us what has become of

my sister." Then, placing his lips close to the other's ear, he whispered, "Where is Nat-ul?"

Nu understood but the single word Nat-ul, but the friendly tone and the hand upon his shoulder convinced him that this man was no enemy.

He shook his head negatively. "Nu does not understand the stranger's tongue," he said.

Then he asked the same question as had Barney, "Where is Nat-ul?"

But the American could translate only the name, yet it told him that here indeed was the dream man of his sister.



"We shall not harm you if you will tell us what has become of my sister."

And so they set out for the ranch. Four half naked blacks bore the rude stretcher.

Upon one side walked Terkoz, the wolfhound, and upon the other Barney Custer.

Four Waziri warriors accompanied them.

Nu, weak and sick, was indifferent to his fate. If he had been captured by enemies, well and good. He knew what to expect—either slavery or death, for that was the way of men as Nu knew them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Handwriting Test. "It is a curious fact," said a prominent handwriting expert the other day, "that if a document were put before me and I were asked the sex of the writer I should probably fail. People generally are accustomed to think that the masculine or feminine temperament will readily betray itself in writing, but I assure you such is not the case. Bold, black and firm penmanship will frequently be found the characteristic of a woman, while delicate writing, indicating a lively fancy, expected in a woman, will belong to a member of the opposite sex. You can test this statement for yourself. Take, say, twenty envelopes written by people you know and number them carefully. Pass them around and see how many will name correctly the sex of the writers. You will seldom find that more than one-third of the guesses will be right."

WOMAN IN TERRIBLE STATE

Finds Help in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

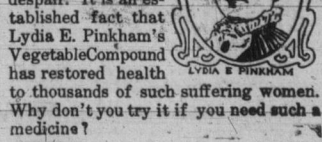
Cape Wolfe, Canada.—"Last March I was a complete wreck. I had given up all hope of getting better or living any length of time, as I was such a sufferer from female troubles. But I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and today I am in good health and have a pair of twin boys two months old and growing finely. I surprised doctors and neighbors for they all know what a wreck I was."

"Now I am healthy, happy and hearty, and owe it all to Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies. You may publish this letter if you like. I think if more women used your remedies they would have better health."—Mrs. J. T. Cook, Lot No. 7, Cape Wolfe, P. E. I., Canada.

Because your case is a difficult one, and doctors having done you no good, do not continue to suffer without giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. It surely has remedied many cases of female ills, such as inflammation, ulceration, displacements, tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, and it may be exactly what you need.

The Pinkham record is a proud and peerless one. It is a record of constant victory over the obstinate ills of women—ills that deal out despair. It is an established fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has restored health to thousands of such suffering women.

Why don't you try it if you need such a medicine?



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 its 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.

What is CASTORIA

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, 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.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher
The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 77 N. MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

CHESS IS NOT SO SLOW.

Fifteen Moves an Hour is the Rule in Championship Games.

What is the average length of time that a chess player in an international championship contest takes to move?

Among mere human players there are many traditions of how these peers of the game score to make a move in less than an hour; nay, more, how they consume whole evenings and oftentimes days in a single move. Such tales are rife in rural chess circles.

Now, in hard fact, these superplayers move more rapidly than the everyday expert. The common limit in international championship matches is fifteen moves an hour; a player failing to get within this limit loses the game no matter how commanding his position; an average of four minutes to the move is considered ample time. Indeed, when Capablanca challenged Lasker for the world's championship he was held to be justified in refusing Lasker's condition that the limit be lengthened to twelve moves an hour.

In championship games a chess clock is always used. This has two dials, each dial controlled by a plunger. Immediately after black has moved white strikes his plunger, which starts the hands on his dial recording time. At the instant he moves he strikes his plunger again, halting the mechanism. Black then strikes the plunger of his dial, starting his clock in turn. The dials thus record the net time each consumes in moving.

Of course in practical play the contestant gets more than the four minutes. The first eight or ten moves are almost always book plays, made in less than a minute each. This allows much time as credit on later moves. Furthermore, even when his opponent is moving, a player studies his own next move, based on the probable move of his opponent. But the day long or even the hour long move exists only in the imagination of the village champion.—Washington Post.

Doubt and Progress.

If on any point we have attained to certainty we make no further inquiry on that point, because inquiry would be useless. The doubt must intervene, before the investigation can begin. We have the act of doubting as the necessary antecedent of all progress. Here we have that skepticism the very name of which is an abomination to the 'ignorant, because it disturbs their complacent minds, because it imposes on them the fatigue of inquiry and because it rouses even sluggish understandings to ask if things are as they are commonly supposed and if all is really true which they from their childhood have been taught to believe.—From Buckle's "History of Civilization."

Manhood's Estate.

It is a very foolish convention which lays down that we are grown up when we have reached our twenty-first birthday. The real majority is reached when we begin to earn our own bread and butter and to bring forth the light which has been fostered in us by the care of others for the last ten or fifteen years. Self dependence and self reliance—that is the real manhood.—Isis.

Any Headache

- Sick
- Nervous
- Dyspeptic
- Monthly

Cured by Zutoo

The Drugless Era.

We were talking about development in medical science when a prominent doctor made this rather startling observation:

"The number of prescriptions written by physicians today is very much smaller than it was eight or ten years ago. I believe that in about fifteen more years the writing of any prescriptions for medicine will be a very rare occurrence."

"What," I inquired, "is going to take the place of drugs?"

"Well," replied this observant student of events as well as of human health, "the use of serums and other means of warding off disease will do the work, and what they cannot do physicians will know that ordinary drugs will be unable to accomplish."

A drugless world! Just think to what we are coming and cheer up!—Philadelphia Ledger.

When a Pound's Not a Pound.

The German pound is exactly one-half a kilogram, or about one-tenth more than the American and English pound.

The parent's life is the child's copy-book.

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

Wm. Wood

Canadian Hair Restorer



Before and After Using.

Restores Grey Hair to original color. Two months 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.