The Tiger

By Gerald Burrard

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Who's Who In the Story.

Geoffrey Barraclough has come to India to track down "The Tiger," a mysterious person who is making trouble for the British. On the way he meets Phyllis Merridew, a missionary's daughter, who is going to join her father. He is joined in Bombay by Sher Khan, a Pathan, and together they start for the mountain in Tibet where they believe the Tiger's stronghold is. They are attacked on the way.

CHAPTER 11—TAKING REFUGE WITH THE MERRIDEWS.

"Lord, but I believe you're right," Geoffrey exclaimed in answer to Sher Khan. But he could not think of his own danger. He had seen Phyllis through his 40-power telescope. He was sure of it. What could it mean? He searched for her again, but could see nothing. For a moment he was gripped by the fear that one of the falling stones might have struck her, but a moment's reflection showed him that she was well out of their path and he breathed again. He told Sher Khan that he had seen an English lady whom he believed he knew, and that he accordingly concluded that her father, who was a padre-sahib, lived somewhere near at hand.

Sher Khan was not in the least surprised. He was accustomed to religious fanatics in his own country and regarded them with sympathetic veneration. Besides he had not the interest in Phyllis that Geoffrey had.

"He may be able to tell us something. But first we must get from under this cliff."

"Well spoken, Sher Khan. And I think the best plan is to follow the foot of this cliff to our left to where you see that dip. Having reached that point let us climb to the top and see if we cannot find our friends above."

"That was better spoken, Sahib. Let us start at once. My breath is now well again. I forgot these accursed hills."

The dip in the crest of the cliff was about five hundred yards in their left and they reached it in safety without seeing or hearing any more signs of falling rocks. There remained a short climb up the dry bed of a mountain torrent and the top of the cliff was gained. The scene that met their gaze as they cautiously peered over was typical of the further Himalayas. Barren shale slopes and dazzling snow fields without a sign of life. Here and there were clusters of rock, but human beings there were none.

They followed the line of the cliff until they reached a point which they judged must have been immediately above them when the rocks fell. The hard shale was not the ground to hold foot prints and for a full 15 minutes they searched in silence. Then Geoffrey, who was filled with a great longing to find out the truth about Phyllis, could restrain his impatience no longer, and declared that they were on a wild goose chase, and that the fall of stones was a natural phenomenon after all.

"Let us hope you are right, Sahib, but I feel you are not. Anyhow they have eluded us for the present so let us descend to the house of the padre sahib."

A four thousand-foot descent is as nothing in the Himalayas, and it was not very long before Geoffrey and the Pathan were staring at a rough stone house. An elderly gentleman was digging in a garden in front of it. As they watched a white girl came out of the door and called to the man. Although Geoffrey was still a couple of hundred yards away he knew her at once as the girl he loved. He darted down the intervening slope and hurried up to the astonished couple.

"Phyllis, don't you remember me? And you, sir, I presume, are Mr. Merridew?"

"Why, Colonel Barraclough, I declare. I didn't recognize you in your beard," she spoke quickly, as if to hide her confusion, for she had blushed violently at Geoffrey's use of her Christian name. "Father, this is Colonel Barraclough who saved my life."

Mr Merridew bowed with an old world courtesy. "Then, sir, I am indeed honored and truly grateful. Will you accept an old man's thanks for rescuing his only treasure?"

"Oh, come, sir, if your daughter has told you the truth you will know that she owes most to her own pluck. But I cannot get over my surprise at finding you here. I imagined you lived beyond Chini. Why, I am camped but three miles down the valley."

"Then you will of course move up here at once and I hope you will accept such meagre hospitality as I can offer."

Geoffrey jumped at the suggestion with alacrity and summoned Sher Khan, who had been waiting in the background, telling him to fetch the camp and coolies along as soon as possible. Mr. Merridew ignored the interruption and went on: "Chini? No, no, though I know it well. I came here in the early days of the war and built this little house. I am a fair doctor and I think I help these poor people a little. Being near the border both Tibetans and Bhotias come to me as well as Kumaonis and many pilgrims. I am well content now I have my daughter with me. But come inside and rest. We were just about to have our tiffin. You will join us."

Phyllis soon laid another place at the little table, and the meal seemed perfectly delightful to Geoffrey. It was almost over when the door was burst open and one of Geoffrey's coolies stood on the threshold.

"Sher Khan bid me run, Sahib," he panted, "one of the load carriers has been killed."

"Killed?" Geoffrey sprang to his feet. "How?"

"Shot, Sahib, with a bullet."

"Where?"

"Scarce a mile back. I came quickly. It was the Pathan's order."

Geoffrey turned to his astonished companions. "Look here. I cannot stay with you, much as I should like to. I must take you into my confidence but there is no time for details. I have been commissioned by the secret service to try to track down and break up a powerful gang somewhere in Tibet. I hoped I had eluded them, but fear I am trailed. If I stay with you I will only drag you into it and they show no mercy. I must be off now, but I will try to send you a message."

Mr. Merridew strode to the door and put his back against it. "Colonel Barraclough, your duty is with your coolies and I will not delay you a moment. But I must insist that before you start you will promise to return here as you would have in the ordinary course of events. Wait," as Geoffrey was about to interrupt, "I am by profession a man of peace, but I have seen fighting in my time. This house is well built. We can defend it against heavy odds. We have ample stores and could withstand a siege. In case of wound I am a pretty fair surgeon, and in case of necessity I am not a bad shot. You must promise that you will come back as quickly as possible and bring your men to where we are. Here. Both my daughter and myself wish it. I speak for both."

Before Geoffrey could say a word Phyllis had joined her father at the door. "I, too, will help to keep you unless you promise, and I know that you wish to go at once. Think of your poor men. Here they will have a chance, but outside they would have none. You will promise?"

Geoffrey could scarce restrain himself from seizing her in his arms, so lovely did she look, her eyes ablaze with earnestness.

"I promise, but for my men's sake. If anything happens here I will never forgive myself."

Rifle in hand he stepped into the courtyard and walked quickly down the valley.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

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Thursday—Nov. 2.
A Red-Letter Day On the Calendar Of
Prince Charming
and
Princess Charming

INTELLIGENCE FAIR A DECIDED SUCCESS

Some Remarkably Interesting Exhibits Were Made by Children—Livestock Admired.

(Special to Daily News.)

Madison, Oct. 31.—Preceded by a play in the high school auditorium Friday night, featured Saturday morning by addresses from P. W. Glidewell and Geo. W. Dawson, at noon by a delicious and plentiful picnic dinner, followed by a ball game, the community fair at Intelligence was successfully concluded Saturday afternoon at 4 o'clock. And while this was the first fair to be held in the Intelligence community, only two of the five fairs held in the county this year scored higher than it.

Though interesting in themselves and adding to the success of the fair, these features were incidental to the main attraction, which was the community's exhibits. These were sufficient to fill four large class rooms in the school building and brought favorable comment from the nearly 1,000 persons who viewed them.

However, it was those departments featuring the work of women which drew most attention. Of every kind and description and filling one entire room, the fancy work entries were wonderful to behold.

Compelling the homage of those who enjoy catering to the requirements of the inward were bread, cakes, pies, pickles, jellies, preserves and canned fruits and vegetables.

Excellent exhibits of wheat, corn, rye, oats, tobacco, fruits, vegetables were noticed, but these were not as plentiful as the entries in other departments. And while the livestock and poultry exhibits were good, they did not reach the standard of excellence set by other exhibits.

A collection of drawings, boxes, baskets, etc., all the work of school children, was much admired. Of interest to everyone was a continually bowing dummy, made by little Tommy Shelton, a second grade pupil. Apparently this youngster has solved the riddle of perpetual motion, for while his apparatus had no starting or stopping gears it kept right on bowing just the same. Other items worthy of mention in this collection were a drawing by Minnie Martin, one by Sadie Morton, a history of the school by Grace Fuqua, and a map of the county by William Sharp.

Splendid collections of cut flowers and potted plants were on exhibit. Indeed, the room containing these resembled a florist's shop. There were two or more excellent collections of oil paintings also on display. These showed to be the work of artists of considerable talent.

The intelligence fair, in the opinion of F. S. Walker, farm demonstrator, was a splendid first effort. Mr. Walker stated that the fairs over the county had been well attended, that exhibits had shown improvement over those of former years, and that it was his belief that the fairs had been very helpful to the communities in which they had been held.

In the future Mr. Walker would like to see more attention paid to livestock and poultry exhibits, as he thinks these are not being given the attention they deserve. The impression that those exhibits of special interest to women are superior in both quality and quantity to those of a more general appeal appears to prevail among those who have visited the various fairs over the county. The answer is that the men will have to get up and hustle if they hope to catch up with the ladies.

The work of D. W. Sharp, Miss Lillian Boyer, Miss Janie Sharp, Robert Garrett and Charles Wilson was much praised by those who knew of their faithful endeavors to make this first fair a success.

TOMORROW
Will Be a Day Never To Be Forgotten By
PRINCESS CHARMING

Child's Eyelashes Bitten Off!

"Glenn Herrick, noted scientist, says 'Down south I saw roaches so bad they actually ate the eyelashes off a sleeping child'—that another example of these deadly pests. Roaches must be wiped out for health's sake!" Use Rexall Guaranteed Roach Powder. 15c and 25c. Sold and guaranteed by Conners & Fordham, Greensboro Drug Co., Howerton's Drug Store, Inc., at Hall's Drug Store, Sykes Drug Co.

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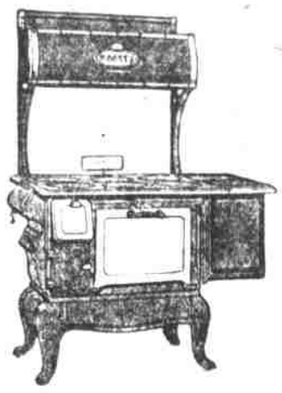

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NORTHWOOD--Formerly Fisher Park, Jr.

Irving Park Just to the North, Westerwood to the South, Fisher Park to the East, and Beautiful Open Country to the West—and withal, one of the Rare Beauty Spots Near Greensboro for Home Development!

This new development was opened last spring and has already shown remarkable strides in development of moderate priced homes—even further strides in enhancing values. Fully a fourth of the people who bought sites there last spring have sold at an advance and most of the others have had such an opportunity. But they realize the greater attraction of future possibilities.

Now Northwood holds the center of public interest again, because it has been decided to place the remaining 75 lots of the original development on the market and allow the public a final opportunity to buy at the price they want to pay—and perhaps the most unusual terms ever arranged for the sale of this class of property. It is an event of deep interest to every man who wants a home or profitable investment.

These 75 Lots AT AUCTION Tomorrow Afternoon At 2:30 O'CLCCK

Anyone not yet acquainted with Northwood will do well to go out and look the situation over. Situated between Second and Third streets, just at the top of the hill as you go west from North Elm, it commands one of the finest views in or near the city. Its future possibilities as a residential development of the most desirable type can be appreciated only after a visit and a careful study of the surroundings.

It is a matter of history to all of us what Fisher Park has done. It is no rare instance for prices there today to be more per front foot than they were originally per lot; yet there were people who thought the prices high when the development was first opened. We are confident that there are equally alluring promises of profit in Fisher Park, Jr.—Northwood.

The Man Who Buys Tomorrow Will Profit by His Sagacity and Foresight—He'll Bless the day he Thought Enough of His Judgment to Back It With Only a Little Money!

W. F. ROSS, Selling Agent 109 W. MARKET ST. PHONE 1342

A. M. SCALES, Owner W. H. MATTHEWS, Auctioneer