

The atmosphere of the ancient Hindu mystics has been revived!

# ZUDORA

is coming—a girl whose keen wit and dazzling beauty have made her the most talked of girl in America.

## The Fifth Man

Continued from Page Three

the grass wall that served as doorway to the adjoining room. He crept into that adjoining apartment with such stealthiness as to arouse my curiosity. What was he doing there? I determined to see what that old man was up to.

Cautiously I crept to the aperture and peered in. I saw the old man lift a heavy, flat stone, which served I could see as a covering for a hole in the ground. From this hole in the ground he took an old-fashioned earthen pot. He dipped his hand into the vessel, but before drawing the hand out again with whatever contents the pot contained he looked all round as if in terrible fear of being spied upon at his stealthy task. I quickly withdrew from the aperture and waited. Presently I again peered into the adjoining room and saw that the pot contained gold. Yes, nuggets galore were pouring through the hands of the scientist. He viewed the golden lumps glottingly. And it dawned upon me that here was not only a mad scientist, but also a very insane miser.

The nuggets convinced me, however, that, surely enough, as I and my friends had guessed, the mountain roundabout contained gold—and free gold at that. For surely the madman did not "mine" for this treasure in the exact sense of mining. He probably found the gold "free" in the rock, in the form of the nuggets he now displayed. It was further evident that he alone possessed the secret of the gold. The black man was in ignorance of the source of the wealth and of the hoarded wealth itself. Otherwise why should the madman seize upon the moment when the negro slept to examine his secret treasure and plant over it?

But now another thought came to me. Why did I waste this precious time spying on the old man, when certainly an avenue of escape was open—escape not only for me, but for the beautiful young woman in the cage. With extreme caution now I turned from the aperture and crossed the room, passing around the sleeping negro, and out into the clearing. Like the wind I sped to the cages and to the girl.

"Quick!" I cried. "Help me. Now is our chance for freedom." And I strained like a very Hercules at the bars of her cage.

"Get a strong club," she said. "You can't do it with your hands. The bars are very tough."

I found a big stick which I could use as a lever, and forthwith I pried apart the bars of the girl's cage.

She stepped forth in all her loveliness and ran into my arms as into the embrace of a long lost brother.

"Save me, oh, save me!" she pleaded. "Let us fly before they discover our escape."

Into the forest we darted, and on and on, till at last she stepped on a thorn and cried from the hurt of it her feet were bare, while I was well shod. I thought of offering her my boots. But realizing that they would

be so big for her as to be cumbersome and thus impede her progress, I shed my coat, tore it in half and made it into two bags for her feet, holding the bags on by tying them with strips of cloth torn from the coat sleeves.

Then on we sped, till suddenly she cried:

"Listen! They are coming!"

### CHAPTER VI.

I stopped, and distinctly heard the crackle of twigs behind us and the sound of voices.

"Yes, they are close upon us," I said in dismay.

"But I can't run," she wailed. "I'm so tired—I just can't go any faster. Oh, do go on, and leave me to their mercy."

For answer I picked her up bodily and rushed on with her in my arms. She struggled to me, her arms around my shoulders—and her face close to mine. And as I looked down into her lustrous black eyes I knew that I loved this strange woman of whose history I knew absolutely nothing.

And thus night—blessed night—overtook us. I made her a bed of leaves—and she fell instantly to sleep. All night I lay awake watching her and listening with tense ears for any sound in the forest—for while I knew that our pursuers would discontinue their search for us during the darkness, I knew also that now, in the black night, the forest was filled with other enemies—wild animals.

But morning broke and no sound or sign of wild beast had I heard or seen.

Refreshed by her long sleep, the girl was now able again to travel on her own feet and to travel fast.

"Water!" she cried, at last. "Water!"



"You Shall Have the Next Cage to Her—if You Live!"

For God's sake, water!"

"Yes, I know," I said, my tongue being so thick in my own mouth that I could scarcely speak with sufficient clearness for her to understand. "We must—and will—find water!"

And water we found—oh! such a rippling stream in the forest as would have made even the unhappiest of men cry with sheer joy. And I was far from unhappy. I felt that we had outdistanced our pursuers—felt sure that we had thrown them off our trail. It was not that alone, however, that made me so happy now, as I stooped at the stream and scooped up some water in the hollow of my hands for her to drink. The greatest cause of my happiness was—the girl herself. I, John Gaunt, had been able to rescue this splendid creature from captivity in a most terrible form. And—I loved her, loved her with a love that would never die, loved her beyond all human understanding.

"Can't we rest here awhile?" she asked, pleadingly. "Surely we are safe from that awful old man and his black man—now."

"Yes, and while we rest," I said, "tell me who you are."

Her hair streamed down over her exquisitely formed shoulders—a black, silken cataract. It was jet black, and how she managed to keep it in such splendid condition—so much of it—I could not then even guess.

"No," she said. "Tell me first about yourself. How came you to be at the mercy of that dreadful old man?"

I told her—told her my story from the start to that present moment. And then she volunteered the facts concerning her own sad plight.

"My father," she said, "was a ship owner. We lived in Norfolk, Virginia. My father met with financial losses and was at last reduced to the ownership of but one vessel—a fine sailing ship. To save money, too, he decided now that he would go to sea as the captain of his own vessel, instead of hiring a master as he had always done hitherto."

"Father," I said, when he was preparing for his last voyage, 'won't you take me with you?'"

"He at last reluctantly consented, saying:

"Since you are all I have in the world—you and my ship—yes, I will take you!"

"And so we sailed out of Norfolk on that fatal voyage. My father was now happy because I was on board. But frequently during the long watches on the way down to the Central American coast, he would speak of a presentiment which he could not shake off."

Here she broke down and wept—and I consoled her the best I knew how, stroking her beautiful tresses with loving hand and speaking encouraging words.

"And then," she continued, "came the gale. Oh, such a gale as even my father had never known before. He called it a hurricane. And while the waves were beating across the ship—we struck. We had hit a sunken reef after having been driven by the terrific wind miles out of our course. The ship was sinking—fast, oh so fast!"

"The last I saw of my father was as we stood at the rail together. Man after man was washed overboard, before our very eyes."

"It is my duty," he said, "to throw you into the sea. Look! There is a spar. It will support but one person. You must be the person whom that spar may save. Farewell!"

To Be Continued

"How is your wife getting on with her social-settlement work?"

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