

The Eternal Lover



by **Edgar Rice Burroughs**

Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman

The Story by Chapters

- Chapter I.—A Hundred Thousand Years.
- Chapter II.—Today.
- Chapter III.—The Young Hunter.
- Chapter IV.—The Dream Mate.
- Chapter V.—The Zebra Killer.
- Chapter VI.—The Ancient Trail.
- Chapter VII.—The Lonely Man.
- Chapter VIII.—A Prisoner.
- Chapter IX.—The Hunt.
- Chapter X.—The Death Dance.
- Chapter XI.—Happiness?

CHAPTER I.

A Hundred Thousand Years.

Nu, the son of Nu, his mighty muscles rolling beneath his smooth, bronzed skin, moved silently through the jungle Primeval.

His handsome head, with its shock of black hair, roughly cropped between sharpened stones, was high held, the delicate nostrils questioning each vagrant breeze for word of Oo, hunter of man.

Now his trained senses catch the familiar odor of Ta, the great woolly rhinoceros, directly in his path, but Nu, the son of Nu, does not hunt Ta this day. Does not the hide of Ta's brother already hang before the entrance to Nu's cave?

No; today Nu hunts the gigantic cat, the fierce, saber-toothed tiger, Oo, for Natul, wondrous daughter of old Tha, will mate with none but the mightiest of hunters.

Only so recently as the last darkness, as beneath the great, equatorial moon, the two had walked hand in hand beside the restless sea, she had made it quite plain to Nu, the son of Nu, that not even he, son of the chief of chiefs, could claim her unless there hung at the thong of his loin cloth the fangs of Oo.

"Nat-ul," she had said to him, "wishes her man to be greater than other men. She loves Nu now better than her life, but if love is to walk at her side during life, pride and respect must walk with it."

Her slender hand reached up to stroke the young giant's black hair.

"I am proud of Nu," she continued.

"Among the young men of the tribe there is no greater hunter or no mightier fighter than Nu, the son of Nu. Should you, single handed, slay Oo before a grown man's beard has darkened your cheek none will be greater in all the world than Nat-ul's mate, Nu, the son of Nu."

The young man was still sensible to the sound of her soft voice and the caress of her gentle touch upon his brow. Even as these things had sent him speeding forth into the jungle in search of Oo while the day was still so young that the night prowling beasts were yet abroad, so they urged him forward deeper and deeper into the dark and trackless mazes of the tangled forest.

As he forged on the scent of Ta he came stronger, until at last the huge, ungainly beast loomed large before Nu's eyes.

He was standing in a little clearing, in deep, rank jungle grasses, and had he not been head on toward Nu he would not have seen him, since ever his hearing was far too dull to apprehend the noiseless tread of the cat-man moving lightly on wind.

As the thin, bloodshot eyes of the primordial beast discovered the man the great head went down and Ta, ill-natured and hellish progenitor of the equally ill-natured and hellish rhinoceros of the twentieth century, charged the little giant who had disturbed his antediluvian meditation.

The creature's great bulk and awkward, uncouth lines belied his speed for he tore cyclonically down upon Nu and had not the brain and muscle of the troglodyte been fitted by heritage and training to the successful meeting of such emergencies there would be no tale to tell today of Nu, the son of Nu.

But the young man was prepared and, turning, he ran with the swiftness of a hare toward the nearest tree, a huge, arboreal fern, towering upon the verge of the little clearing.

Like a cat, the man ran up the perpendicular bole, his hands and feet seeming barely to touch the projecting knobs marking the remains of former stems which converted the towering stem into an easy stairway for such as he.

About Nu's neck his stone-tipped spear hung by its rawhide thong down his back, while stone hatchet and stone knife dangled from his girdle, giving him free use of his hands for climbing. You or I, having once gained the seeming safety of the lowest limbs of the great tree, fifty feet above the ground, might have heaved a great sigh of relief that we had thus escaped the hideous monster beneath. But not so Nu, who was wise

to the ways of the creatures of his remote age.

Not one whit did he abate his speed as he neared the lowest branch, nor did he even waste a precious second in a downward glance at his enemy. What need indeed? Did he not know precisely what Ta would do?

Instead, he swung, monkey-like, to a broad leaf, and, though the chances be took would have paled the face of a brave man today, they did not cause Nu even to hesitate as he ran lightly and swiftly along the bending, swaying branch, leaping just at the right instant toward the bole of a nearby juniper tree.

Nor was he an instant too soon. The troglodyte from which he had sprung and scarcely whipped up from beneath his weight when Ta, with all the force and momentum of a runaway locomotive, struck the base of the tree head on.

The jar of that terrific collision shook the earth. There was the sound of the splintering of wood, and the mighty tree toppled to the ground with a deafening crash.

Nu from an adjoining tree looked down and grinned. He was not hunting Ta that day, and so he sprang from tree to tree until he had passed around the clearing and then, coming to the surface once more, continued his way toward the distant lava cliffs, where Oo, the man hunter, made his grim lair.

From among the tangled creepers through which the man wormed his sinuous way ugly little eyes peered down upon him from beneath shaggy, beetle-browed and great fighting tusks were bared as the hairy ones crowded and threatened from above. But Nu paid not the slightest attention to the huge, ferocious creatures that menaced him upon every hand.

From earliest childhood he had been accustomed to the jabberings and scoldings of the ape people, and so he knew that if he went his way in peace, hating them not, they would offer

him no harm. One of lesser expertness might have attempted to drive them away with menacing spear or well aimed hatchet and thus have drawn upon him a half dozen or more ferocious bulls, against which no single warrior, however doughty, might have lived long enough to count his antagonists.

Threatening and unfriendly as the things seemed, the cave man really looked upon them as friends and allies since between them and his own people there existed a species of friendly alliance, due, no doubt, to the similarity of their form and structure.

In that long gone age when the world was young and its broad bosom teemed with countless thousands of carnivorous beasts and reptiles and other myriads blackened the bosoms of its inland seas and filled its warm moist air with the flutter of their mighty battle wings man's battle for survival stretched from sun to sun—there was no respite.

His remembrance of bits took him often into the domains of the great and lesser ape, and from this contact he had learned what might best be termed an armed truce, for they alone of all the other inhabitants of the earth had spoken languages, both meager, it is true, yet sufficient to their primitive wants, and as both languages had been born of the same needs to deal with identical conditions there were many words and phrases identical to both.

That the troglodyte and the primordial ape could converse when necessity

demanded, and as Nu traversed their country he understood their grunting and clattering merely as warnings to him against the performance of any overt act. Had danger lurked in his path the hairy ones would have warned him of that, too, but of such was their service to him who, in return, hunted the more remorseless of their enemies, driving them from the lair of the Anthropoids.

Oo and Nu went Nu, occasionally questioning the hairy ones he encountered for word of Oo, and always the replies confirmed him in his belief that he should come upon the man eater before the sun should set into its dark cave for the night.

And so he did.

He had passed out of the heavy vegetation and was ascending a gentle slope that terminated in low volcanic cliffs when there came down upon the breeze to his alert nostrils the strong scent of Oo. There was little or no cover now, other than the rank jungle grass that overgrew the slope and an occasional rocky fern, rearing its tufted plume a hundred feet above the ground, but Nu was in no way desirous of cover. Cover that would protect him from the view of Oo would hide Oo from him.

He was not afraid that the saber-toothed tiger would run away from him—that was not Oo's way, but he did not wish to come unexpectedly upon the animal in the thick grass.

He had approached to within a hundred yards of the cliffs now, and the scent of Oo had become as a stench in the sensitive nostrils of the cave man. Just ahead he could see the openings to several caves in the face of the rocky barrier, and in one of these he knew must lie the lair of his quarry.

Fifty yards from the cliff the grasses ceased except for scattered tufts that had found foothold among the broken rocks that strewed the ground, and as Nu emerged into this clear space he breathed a sigh of relief, for during the past fifty yards a considerable portion of the way had been through a matted jungle that rose above his head. To have met Oo there would have meant almost certain death.

Now, as he bent his eyes toward the nearby cave mouths he discovered one before which was strewn such an array of gigantic bones that he need not other evidence as to the identity of its occupant. Here indeed laired no lesser creature than the awesome Oo, the gigantic, saber-toothed tiger of antiquity.

Even as Nu looked there came a low and ominous growl from the dark mouth of the foul cavern, and then in the blackness beyond the entrance Nu saw two flaming blotches of yellow glaring out upon him.

A moment later the mighty beast it-



Like a Cat, the Man Ran Up the Perpendicular Bole.

self snarled majestically into the sunlight. There it stood, lashing its long tail from side to side, glaring with unblinking eyes straight at the rash man thing who dared venture thus near its abode of death.

The huge body, fully as large as that of a full grown bull, was beautifully marked with black stripes upon a vivid yellow ground, while the belly and breast were of the purest white.

As Nu advanced the great upper lip curled back, revealing in all their terrible form the eighteen-inch curved fangs that armed either side of the upper jaw, and from the cavernous throat came a feeble, sibilant hiss that brought frightened silence upon the jungle for miles round.

The hunter loosened the stone knife at his waist and thrust it into his mouth, where he held it firmly, ready for instant use—between his strong white teeth. By his left hand he carried his stone-tipped spear and in his right the heavy stone hatchet that was so effective both at a distance and at close range.

Oo was creeping upon him now. The grinning jaws dripped saliva. The yellow-green eyes gleamed bloodthirstily. Could it be possible that this fragile pigmy dreamed of meeting in hand to hand combat the terror of a world, the source of the jungle, the hunter of men and of mammoths?

"For Nat-ul," murmured Nu, for Oo was about to spring.

As the mighty hurtling mass of bone and muscle, claws and fangs shot through the air the man swung his tiny stone hatchet with all the power behind his giant muscles, timing its release so nicely that it caught Oo in midleap squarely between the eyes with the terrific force of a powder-sped projectile.

Then Nu, catlike as Oo himself, leaped agilely to one side as the huge bulk of the beast dashed, sprawling, to the ground at the spot where the man had stood.

Scarcely had the beast struck the earth than the cave man, knowing that his puny weapon could at best but momentarily stun the monster, drove his heavy spear deep into the glossy side just behind the giant shoulder.

Already Oo regained his feet, roaring and screaming in pain and rage. The air vibrated and the earth trembled to his hideous shrieks.

For miles around the savage denizens of the savage jungle bristled in terror, sinking further into the depths of their dank and gloomy haunts, casting affrighted glances rearward in the direction of that awesome sound.

With grating jaws and widespread talons the tiger lunged toward its rash tormentor, who stood gripping the haft of his primitive weapon. As the beast turned the spear turned also, and Nu was whipped about as a leaf at the extremity of a gale tossed branch. Striking and evading futilely, the

colossal feline leaped blither and blither in prodigious bounds as he strove to reach the taunting figure that remained just beyond the zone of those destroying talons. But presently Oo went more slowly, and then he stopped and crouched at upon his belly. Slowly and cautiously he reached out ward and backward with one huge paw until the torturing spear was within his grasp.

Meanwhile the man screamed taunts and insults into the face of his enemy at the same time forcing the spear farther and farther into the vitals of the tiger, for he knew that once that paw encircled the spear's haft his chances for survival would be at the slenderest.

He had seen that Oo was weakening from loss of blood, but there were many fighting minutes left in the big carcass unless a happy twist of the spear sent its point through the wall of the great heart.

But at length the beast succeeded. The paw closed upon the spear. The rough wood bent beneath the weight of those steel fangs, then snapped short a foot from the tiger's body. At the same instant Oo reared and threw himself upon the youth, who had snatched his stone hunting knife from between his teeth and crouched, ready for the impact.

Down they went, the man entirely buried beneath the great body of his antagonist. Again and again the crude knife was buried in the snowy breast of the tiger even while Nu fell beneath the screaming, tearing incarnation of bestial rage.

At the instant it struck the man as strange that not once had the snapping jaws or frightful talons touched him, and then he was crushed to earth beneath the dead weight of Oo.

The beast gave one last, titanic struggle and was still.

With difficulty Nu wriggled from beneath the carcass of his kill. At the last moment the tiger itself had forced the spear's point into its own heart as it bent and broke the haft.

The man leaped to his feet and cut the great throat.

Then as the blood flowed he danced about the dead body of his vanquished foe, brandishing his knife and recovered hatchet and emitting now shrill shrieks in mimicry of Oo and now deep toned roars—the call of the victorious cave man.

From the surrounding cliffs and jungle came answering challenges from a hundred savage throats—the rumbling thunder of the cave bear's growl, the roar of Zor, the lion; the wall of the hyena; the trumpeting of the mammoth, the deep toned howling of the bull boss, and from distant swamp and sea came the hissing and whistling of saurian and amphibian.

His victory dance completed, Nu bustled himself in the removal of the broken spear from the carcass of his kill. At the same time he removed

several strong tendons from Oo's fore-arm, with which he roughly applied the broken part, for there was never an instant in the danger fraught existence of his kind when it was well to be without the service of a stone-tipped spear.

This precaution taken, he bustled himself with the task of cutting off Oo's head, that he might bear it in triumph to the cave of his love. With stone hatchet and knife he backed and hewed for the better part of a half hour until at last he raised the dripping trophy above his head, as, leaping high in air, he screamed once more the shouting challenge of the victor, that all the world might know that there was no greater hunter than Nu, the son of Nu.

Even as the last note of his fierce cry rolled through the heavy, humid, unpermeated air of the Neocene there came a sudden hush upon the face of the world.

A strange darkness obscured the swollen sun. The ground trembled and shook. Deep rumblings muttered upward from the bowels of the young earth, and answering grumbings thundered down from the firmament above.

The startled troglodyte looked quickly in every direction, searching for the great beast who could thus cause the whole land to tremble and cry out in fear and the heavens above to moan and the sun to hide himself in terror.

In every direction he saw frightened beasts and birds and dying reptiles searching in panic stricken terror in search of hiding places, and moved by the same primitive instinct, the young giant grabbed up his weapon and his trophy and ran like an antelope for the sheltering darkness of the cave of Oo.

Scarcely had he reached the fancied safety of the interior when the earth's crust crumpled and rocked. There was a sickening sensation of sudden sinking, and amid the awful roar and thunder of rending rock the cave mouth closed, and in the impenetrable darkness of his living tomb Nu, the son of Nu—Nu of the Neocene—lost consciousness.

That was a hundred thousand years ago.

(to be continued.)

YOUR COLD IS DANGEROUS. BREAK IT UP—NOW

A Cold is readily catching. A run-down system is susceptible to germs. You owe it to yourself and to others of your household to fight the germs at once. Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey is fine for Colds and Coughs. It loosens the Mucous, stops the Cough and soothes the Lungs. It's guaranteed. Only 25c, at your druggist. Advertisment.

Read the classified ads.

Tuttle & Rockwell Co.

SENSATIONAL JANUARY SALE OF Women's and Misses' Coats, Suits, Furs and Dresses

After you have read these prices you will agree with us that this is HORNELL'S GREATEST GARMENT SALE. As the season is nearly ended and the policy of this big store is "nothing carried over if possible," we have placed on sale our entire stock of Coats, Suits, Furs and Dresses at prices that will certainly carry out the store policy. These garments are all new, with the exception of 10 coats, which we carried over from last season. So, plan on coming here and taking advantage of these wonderful reductions.

OUR SALE PRICES ON COATS		Those ten Coats that we've carried over from last season we don't expect to keep long. They're now marked \$3.69	OUR SALE PRICES ON SUITS	
All Coats formerly selling at \$10.00	Reduced to \$6.69		All \$15.00, 16.00 and 17.50 Suits	Reduced to \$8.98
All Coats formerly selling at \$13.50, 15.00, 17.50	Reduced to \$9.69	All \$18.00, 19.50, 20.00 and 21.00 Suits	Reduced to \$9.98	
All Coats formerly selling at \$18.00, 20.00, 22.50	Reduced to \$12.69	All \$25.00, 28.00 and 30.00 Suits	Reduced to \$12.98	
All Coats formerly selling at \$25.00, 30.00, 35.00	Reduced to \$14.69	All \$32.00, 35.00 and 37.50 Suits	Reduced to \$15.98	

You'll Find Wonderful Bargains in this Sale of Fine Furs		PRICES THAT SAY BUY DRESSES HERE	
\$3.00 Fur Scarfs	Reduced to \$1.98	We have on a special rack about forty Dresses—some are all wool, others all silk, still others of silk and wool. These Dresses formerly sold at \$15.00, 16.75, 18.75, 22.00 and 25.00.	
5.00, 5.75 and 6.50 Muff and Scarf Sets	Reduced to 3.00	\$7.98	
10.00, 12.00 and 13.50 Muff and Scarf Sets	Reduced to 7.50	Take your choice for	
15.00, 16.50 and 20.00 Muff and Scarf Sets	Reduced to 10.50	The balance of our stock of Dresses we will offer at about two-thirds their regular value.	
Odd Muffs and Scarfs worth over \$20 at one-half off		GREAT VALUES IN CHILDREN'S COATS	
\$10.00 Fur Sets	Reduced to \$ 5.75	\$4.50 and 5.00 Children's Coats	Reduced to \$2.98
13.75, 16.50 and 17.50 Fur Sets	Reduced to 9.75	5.75, 6.50 and 7.00 Children's Coats	Reduced to 3.98
20.00, 22.00 and 25.00 Fur Sets	Reduced to 13.75	7.75 to 9.00 Children's Coats	Reduced to 5.98
All Fur Sets that sold Regularly at \$30, 37.50, 45.00 and 55.00 now marked at about one-half their regular value			

Fur Coats What few Fur Coats we have left are marked at one-half their regular value.

TUTTLE & ROCKWELL CO.

102-111 Main St. "The Big Store" Hornell, N. Y.

WALTER J. GRENELO, M.D.
Office Hours
Office Main and Center
Andover, N. Y.
Will answer all country calls

J. LOUGHELEN, M. D.
GENERAL PRACTITIONER
Office and Residence, Center Street
Andover, N. Y.

HENRY STEPHENS,
FIRE
INSURANCE
LIFE
Office at residence, 61 Main
Andover, N. Y.

RAYTON L. EARLEY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSEL
AT LAW
Money Loaned on Good Real Estate Security
ALL LEGAL BUSINESS RECEIVED
PROMPT ATTENTION
Andover, N. Y.

ANGELO O. TUCKER,
GENERAL INSURANCE
Life, Health and Accident, and Village Property, Live and Marine and all kinds of Casualty Insurance and Security Guaranteed.

M. LEE,
GENERAL AUCTIONEER
Andover, N. Y.
PRICES RIGHT

WHEN IN HORNELL
STOP AT THE
DELEVAN HOUSE
There you will get more enjoyment than at any other place in the town.
H. A. YORK, Prop.

SAV Your E
From Getting Worse—S
Richmond, the Optometrist
SWINK'S HOTEL
Andover, Wednesday, Feb. 11
Whitesville, Feb. 12
Wellsville, Suttin Block, Feb. 13
Days, Tuesdays and Saturdays

E. BROWN
Undertaker and Embalmer
Finest Equipment
Skilled Service
Calls attended to day or night
Main Street, Andover, N. Y.

LOWERS
FOR ALL OCCASIONS
UNUSUAL DESIGNS
..... A SPECIALTY

WETTLIN, The Florist
Hornell,
Two Phone

Your Name
carefully written on one dozen cards if you will send names of two young people with thinking of entering a business this fall.

E. D. SNOW, Prin
Maple City Business School
Phone 487, 78, Main St., Hornell

PARKER'S HAIR BALM
A toilet preparation of Helps to eradicate dandruff For Restoring Color Beauty to Gray or Falling Hair and \$1.00 at Drug Store

MAKE YOUR APP
to the public through columns of this paper. With every issue it is a message into the lives of the people. Your competitor has more news in this issue. Why have yours? Don't let people for flocking to his. They know what he has.

Try This Office
for
Printing