By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Copyright, 1912, by the Frank A. Mussey Company

The breeze had increased considerably, and as the smoke upon the horion was now plainly discernible in time in getting under full sail and

earing away toward the southwest. Tarzan wondered what the chest hey had buried contained. If they did not wish it why did they not mere ly throw it into the water? That would ave been much easier.

Ah, he thought, but they do wish it They have hidden it here because they intend returning for it later.

He dropped to the ground and com-menced to examine the earth about the excavation. He was looking to see if these creatures had dropped anything which he might like to own. Soon he iscovered a spade hidden by the unerbrush which they had laid upon the

He seized it and attempted to use f as he had seen the sailors do. It was awkward work and hurt his bare feet, but he persevered until he had partially uncovered the body. This he draged from the grave and laid to one

ad unearthed the chest. This also he dragged to the side of the corpse Then he filled in the smaller hole be low the grave, replaced the body and the earth around and above it, covered it over with underbrush and returned

Four sailors had sweated beneath the burden of its weight. Tarzan of the apes picked it up as though it had een empty and, with the spade slung to his back by a piece of rope, carried it off into the densest part of the jun-

He could not well negotiate the trees with his awkward burden, but he kept to the trails and so made fairly good

For several hours he traveled until he came to an impenetrable wall of matted and tangled vegetation. Then he took to the lower branches, and in another fifteen minutes he emerged into the amphitheater of the apes where they met in council or to cele

rate the rites of the dumdi Near the center of the clearing and not far from the drum, or altar, he commenced to dig. This was harder work than turning up the freshly excavated earth at the grave, but Tarzan of the apes was persevering, and so he kept at his labor until he was rewarded by seeing a hole sufficiently deep to

eceive the chest and effectually hide Now the natural curiosity, which is non to men as to apes, pro ed Tarzan to open the chest and exam ine its contents, but the heavy lock and massive iron bands baffled both

his cunning and his immense strength, so that he was compelled to bury the est without having his curiosity sat-By the time Tarzan had hunted his way back to the vicinity of the cabin

feeding as he went, it was quite dark. Within the little building a light was burning, for Clayton had fou ed tin of oil which had stood in tact for twenty years. The lamps also were still usable. As Tarzan approached the window nearest the door he saw that the cabin

had been divided into two rooms by rough partition of boughs and sail-

In the front room were the thinnen, the two older deep in argume while the younger, tilted back again he wall on an improvised stool, was



Tarzan was not particularly interest ed in the men. bowever, so be sought other window. There was the girl, w beautiful her features! How delcate her snowy skin!

She was writing at Tarzan's own table beneath the window. Upon a pile of grasses at the far side of the room lay the negress, asleep,

For an hour Tarzan feasted his eyes

upon her while she wrote. He longed to speak to her, but dared not attempt, for he was convinced that she would not understand him, and he feared, too, that he might frighten her away. At length she arose, leaving her man-

uscript upon the table. She went to the bed upon which had been spread several layers of soft grasses. These he rearranged. Then she extinguish d the lamp, and all within the cabin was wrapped in Cimmerian darkness.

Cautiously Tarzan intruded his hand etween the meshes of the lattice until his whole arm was within the cabin. Carefully he felt upon the desk. At ast he grasped the paper upon which

Jane Porter had been writing and withdrew his hand, holding the pre-

Tarzan folded the sheets into a small parcel, which he tucked into the quiver with his arrows. Then he sped away into the jungle as softly and as noise lessly as a shadow.

CHAPTER XIII.

ABLY the following morning.

Tarzan awoke, and the first thought of the last of yesterday, was of the wonderful writing which lay hidden in

his quiver. Hurriedly he brought it forth, hop-ing against hope that he could read what the beautiful white girl had written there the preceding evening.

At the first glace he suffered the bitterest disappointment of his whole life. He was baffled by strange, uncouth characters the like of which he had never seen before! Why, they even tipped in the opposite direction from all that he had ever examined either in printed books or the difficult script of the few letters he had found.

For twenty minutes he pored over them, when suddenly they commenced to take familiar though distorted shapes. Ah, they were his old friends,

but badly crippled!

Then he began to make out a word here and a word there. His heart leaped for joy. He could read it, and

In another half hour he was pro ng rapidly, and, but for an exnal word now and again he found

Here is what he read: sext coast of Africa, about 10 degrees outh latitude. (Se Mr. Clayton says.)
Febuary 8(7), 1903.

Dearest Hazel—It seems foolish to write us letter that you may never see, but I mply must tell somebody of our awful periences since we sailed from Europe

As you know, we were supposed to have set out upon a scientific expedition to the Kongo. Pape was presumed to entertain some wondrous theory of an unthinkable truth came out. seems that an old bookworm who has ook and curio shop in Baltimore dis-

that had become the leaves of a very old he manuscript a letter written in stalling the adventures of a crew of ers of a Spanish galleon bound from to South America with a vast treas"doubloons" and "pieces of eight," one, for they certainly sound weird ad piraty.

The writer had been one of the crew and the letter was to his son, who was a state of

anish merchantman.

my years had elapsed since the events

etter narrated had transpired, and the
man had become a respected citizen of
sbecura Spanish town, but the love of d was still so strong upon him that he ked all to acquaint his son with the ans of attaining fabulous wealth for

chests of treasure.

This they buried well upon the island, and for three years they lived there is constant hope of being rescued.

One by one they sickened and died until

The men had built a boat from the wreckage of the galleon; but, having no dea where the island was located, they had not dared to put to sea.

When all were dead except himself, how-

ever, the awful loneliness so weighed upon the mind of the sole survivor that he could endure it no longer, and, choosing to risk death upon the open sea rather than madness on the lonely isle, he set sail in his little boat after nearly a year

of solitude.

Fortunately he sailed due north and within a week was in the track of the Spanish merchantmen plying between the West Indies and Spain and was picked up by one of these vessels homeward bound.

The story he told was merely one of shipwreck in which all but a few had perished, the balance, except himself, dying after they reached the island. He did not mention the mutiny or the chest of buried

the master of the merchandian assured him that from the position at which they picked him up and the prevailing winds for the past week he could have been on no other island than one of the Cape Verde group, which lie off the west coast of Africa in about 18 degrees or 17

as well as the location of the treasure and was accompanied by the crudest, fun niest little old map you ever saw, with trees and rocks all marked by scrawl

inow so well how visionary and impractices the poor dear has always been that I feared that be had again been duped, especially when he told me that he had paid a thousand dollars for the letter and

To add to my distress I learned that he had borrowed \$10,000 more from Robert Canler and had given his notes for the Mr. Canler had asked for no sec

Mr. Canier had asked for no security, and you know, dearle, what that will mean for me if paps cannot meet them. Oh, how I detest that man!

We all tried to look on the bright side of things, but Mr. Philander and Mr. Clayton—he joined us in London just for the adventure—both felt as skeptical as 1.

To make a long story short, we found the island and the treasure—a great iron bound oak chest wrapped in many layers of oiled sallcloth and as atrong and firm as when it had been buried nearly 200 years ago.

was so heavy that four men bent beneath its weight.

The horrid thing seems to bring nothing but murder and misfortune to those who have to do with it, for three days after we sailed from the Cape Verde islands our own crew mutinied and killed every one of their officers.

their officers.

It was the most terrifying experience could imagine. I cannot even wri

of it.

They were going to kill us, too, but one of them, the leader, a man named King, would not let them, and so they sailed south along the coast to a lonely spot where they found a good harbor, and here they have landed and left us.

They sailed away with the treasure today, but Mr. Clayton says they will meet with a fate similar to the mutineers of the ancient galleon, because King, the only man aboard who knew aught of navigation, was murdered on the beach by one of the men the day we landed.

I wish you could know Mr. Clayton. He is the dearest fellow imaginable, and, unless I am mistaken, he has fallen very much in love with poor little me.

He is the only son of Lord Greystoke and some day will inherit the title and estates, in addition, he is wealthy in his own right. But the fact that he is going to be an English lord makes me very sad.

to be an English lord makes me very sad. You know what my sentiments have always been relative to American girls who married titled foreigners. Oh, if he were only a plain American gentleman!

But it isn't his fault, poor fellow, and in

But it isn't his fault, poor fellow, and in everything except birth he would do credit to my darling old country, and that is the greatest compliment 1 know how to pay any man.

We have had the most welrd experiences since we were landed here—papa and Mr. Philander lost in the jungle and chased by a real lion. Mr. Clayton lost and atacked twice by wild beasts; Esmeralda and I cornered in an old cabin by a per-fectly awful man eating tiger! Oh, it was simply "terrifical," as Esmeralda would

But the strangest part of it all is the wonderful creature who rescued us all, have not seen him, but Mr. Clayton ampaps and Mr. Philander have, and they say that he is a perfectly godlike white man tanned to a dusky brown, with the strength of a wild elephant, the agility of a monkey and the bravery of a lion. He speaks no English and vanishes a quickly and as mysteriously after he haperformed some valorous deed as though he were a disembodied spirit.

Then we have another weird neighbor who printed a beautiful sign in English and tacked it on the door of his cabin which we have pre-empted, warning us to wonder we have pre-empted, warning us

The sallors left us but a meager supply of food, so, as we have only a single revolver with but three cartridges left in it, we do not know how we can procure meat, though Mr. Philander says that we can exist indefinitely on the wild fruit and nuts which abound in the jungle.

I am very tired now, so I shall go to my funny bed of grasses which Mr. Clayton gathered for me, but will add to this from day to day as things happen. Lovingly, funny bed of grasses which Mr. Claytor gathered for me, but will add to this from day to day as things happen. Lovingly, 1ANR PORTER.

Tarzan sat in a brown study for a ng time after he finished reading the ter. It was filled with so many new nd wonderful things that his brain was in a whirl as he attempted to digest them all.

So they did not know that he was Tarzan of the apes. He would tell them. In his tree he had constructed a rude elter of leaves and honghs, beneath which, protected from the rain, he had aced the few treasures brought from the cabin. Among these were some

He took one, and beneath Jane Porter's signature be wrote, "I am Tarzan of the apes."

He thought that would be sufficient

ater he would return the letter to the

In the matter of food, thought Tarcan, they had no need to worry-he rould provide, and he did. The next morning Jane Porter for

sing letter in the exact spot rom which it had disappeared ights before. She was mystified. ath her signature she felt a chill run up her spine. She showed the letter, or rather the last sheet with the signaire, to Clayton.

"To think," she said, "that uncanny thing was probably watching me all the time that I was writing—oo! It makes me shudder just to think of it." "But he must be friendly." reas sured Clayton, "for he has returned your letter, nor did he offer to harm ou, and unless I am mistaken he left very substantial memento of his friendship outside the cabin door last night for I just found the carcass of a

wild boar there as I came out." From then on scarcely a day passed that did not bring its offering of game or other food. Sometimes it was a young deer, again a quantity of strange cooked food, cassava cakes pilfered from the village of Mbonga, or a boar, or leopard, and once a lion.

Tarzan derived the greatest pleasure of his life in hunting meat for these strangers. It seemed to him that no pleasure on earth could compare with laboring for the welfare and protection of the beautiful white girl.

camp in daylight and talk with these people through the medium of the little ugs which were familiar to them and to Tarzan.

But he found it difficult to overc the timidity of the wild thing of the forest, and so day followed day with-

The party in the camp, emholdened by familiarity, wandered fartner and farther into the jungle in search of

nuts and fruit. Scarcely a day passed that did not and Professor Porter straying in his preoccupied indifference toward the aws of death. Mr. Samuel T. Philander, never what one might call robust, was worn to the shadow of a shadow through the ceaseless worry and mental distraction resultant from his herculean efforts to safeguard the profes-

A month passed. Tarzan had finally determined to visit the camp by day-

It was early afternoon. Clayton had wandered to the point at the harbor's mouth to look for passing vessels. Here he kept a great mass of wood high piled ready to be ignited as a signal should a steamer or a sail top the far horizon.

Professor Porter was wandering long the beach south of the camp, with Mr. Philander at his elbow urging him to turn his steps back before the two became again the sport of some savage beast.

The others gone, Jane Porter and Esmeralda had wandered into the jungle to gather fruit and in their search were led farther and farther from the cabin.

Tarzan waited in silence before the door of the little house until they

should return. His thoughts were of the beautiful white girl. They were always of her now. He wondered if she would fear

him, and the thought all but caused him to relinquish his plan. While he waited he passed the time printing a message to ber. Whether he intended giving it to her he himself could not have told, but he took infinite pleasure in seeing his thoughts ex pressed in print, in which he was not so uncivilized after all. He wrote:

I am Tarzan of the apes, I am yours. You are mins. We will live here together always in my house. I will bring you the best fruits, the tenderest deer, the finest meats that roam the jungle.

I will hunt for you. I am the greatest of the tungle hunters. of the jungle hunters.
I will fight for you. I am the mightlest

f the jungle fighters. You are Jane Porter. I saw it in your letter. When you see this you will know that it is for you and that Tarzan of the

As he stood, straight as a young Indian, by the door waiting, after he had inished the message, there came to his keen ears a familiar sound. It was the eassing of a great ape through the ower branches of the forest

For an instant he listened intently. and then from the jungle came the agonized scream of a woman, and Tarzan of the apes, dropping his first love letter/upon the ground, shot like a panther into the forest. Clayton also heard the scream, and Professor Porter and Mr. Philander,

and in a few minutes they came panting to the cabin, calling out to each other as they approached a volley of excited questions. A glance within conirmed their worst fears. Jane Porter and Esmeralda were not Instantly Clayton, followed by the two old men, plunged into the jungle,

calling the girl's name aloud. For half an hour they stumbled on until Clayton, by merest chance, came upon the He stooped beside her, feeling for her pulse and then listening for her heart beats. She lived. He shook her. "Esmeralda!" he shrieked in her ear.

Esmeralda! Where is Miss Porter? What has happened? Esmeralda!" Slowly the black opened her eyes She saw Clayton. She saw the jungle

about ber. "Oh, Gabriel!" she screamed and fainted again.

By this time Professor Porter and Mr. Philander had come up. "What shall we do. Mr. Clayton?" asked the old professor. "Where shall we look? Heaven could not have been so cruel as to take my little girl away from me now."

"We must rouse Esmeralda first," eplied Clayton. "She can tell us what has happened. Esmeralda!" he cried again, shaking the black woman roughly by the shoulder.

"Oh. Gabriel. Ah wants to die!" cried the poor woman, but with eyes fast closed. "Lemme die, but doan me see dat awrful face again. Whafer de devil round after po' ole eralda? She ain't done nuffin' to

CHAPTER XIV. The Call of the Primitive.

HERE'S Miss Porter? Wha happened?" questioned Clay-"Ain' Miss Jane here?" ried Esmeralda, sitting up with won derful celerity for one of her bulk. "O Lawd, now Ah 'members! It done must have tooked her away." The ne

gress commenced to sob and wail her lamentations. "What took her away?" cried Pro "A great big gi'nt all covered with

"A gorilla, Esmeralda?" questioned Mr. Philander, and the three men scarcely breathed as ne voiced the horrible thought. Clayton immediately began to loo about for tracks, but he could find

nothing save a confusion of trampled grasses in the close vicinity, and his woodcraft was too meager for the ranslation of what he did see. All the balance of the day they ought through the jungle, but as night

drew on they were forced to give up in pair and hopelessness, for they did not even know in what direction the thing had borne Jane Porter. It was long after dark ere they reached the cabin, and a grief stricken

Professor Porter finally broke the nce. His tones were no longer those of the erudite pedaut theorizing upon the abstract and the unknowable, but those of the man of action, determined, but tinged by a note of indescrib

able hopelessness and grief which

wrung an answering pang from Clay-

ton's heart. "I shall lie down now," said the old man, "and try to sleep. Early tomorrow, so soon as it is light. I shall take what food I can carry and continue the search until I have found Jane. I will not return without her."

Clayton rose and laid his hand gently mon Professor Porter's hent old shoul

"I shall go with you, of course," h said. "Do not tell me that I need even have said so." "I knew that you would offer-that you would wish to go, Mr. Clayton, but you must not. Jane is beyond human assistance now. I simply go that I may face my Maker with her and know, too, that what was once my dear girl does not lie all alone and friendless in the jungle."

"I shall go with you," said Clayton

simply. The old man looked up, regarding the strong, handsome face of Cecil Clayton intently. Perhaps he read there the love that lay in the heart beneath—the love for his daugh-

"As you wish," be said. "You may count on me also," said

Mr Philander. "No, my dear old friend," said Pro fessor Porter. "We may not all go. It would be cruelly wicked to leave poor Esmeralda here alone. Come-

let us try to sleep a little." From the time Tarzan left the tribe of great anthropoids in which he had been raised it was torn by continual strife and discord. Terkoz proved a cruel and capricious king, so that, one by one, many of the older and weaker apes, upon whom he was particularly prone to vent his brutish nature, took their families and sought the quiet and

safety of the far interior. But at last those who remained were driven to desperation by the continued truculence of Terkoz, and it so hap pened that one of them recalled the

protector and a friend. parting admonition of Tarzan: "If you have a chief who is cruel do not as the other apes do and attempt, any one of you, to plt yourself



two or three or four of you attack him gether. Then no chief will dare to other than he should be, for four of you can kill any chief."

And the ape who recalled this wise nsel repeated it to several of his felows, so that when Terkoz returned to the tribe that day he found a warm reection awaiting him.

There were no formalities. As Tertoz reached the group five huge, hairy beasts sprang upon him. At heart he was an arrant coward, which is the way with bullies among apes as well as among men, so ne con not remain to fight and die, but tore

he could and fled into the sheltering ighs of the forest. Two more attempts he made to reoin the tribe, but on each occasion he was set upon and driven away. At last

himself away from them as quickly as

he gave it up and turned, foaming with rage and hatred, into the jungle. It was in this state of mind that the porrible manlike beast, swinging from tree to tree, came suddenly upon two omen in the jungle.

He was right above them when he liscovered them. The first intimation Jane Porter had of his presence was when the great hairy body dropped to the earth beside her and she saw the awful face and the snarling, hideous mouth thrust within a foot of her.

One piercing scream escaped her lips us the brute's hand clutched her arm. Then she was dragged toward those awful fangs which sawned at her throat. But ere they touched that fair skin another mood claimed the anthro-

The tribe had kept his women. He the cabin nust find others to replace them. This airless white ape would be the first of his new household He threw her roughly broad shoulders and leaped back into

the trees, bearing Jane Forter away toward a fate a thousand times worse than death.

Esmeralda's scream bad mingled with that of Jane Porter; then, as was Esmeralda's manner under stress of emergency which required presence of

mind, she swooned, The scream that brought Clayton and the two older men stumbling through the undergrowth led Tarzan of the apes straight to where Esmeralda lay. but it was not Esmeralda in whom his

interest centered. For a moment he scrutinized the ground below and the trees above until the ape that was in him by virtue of training and environment, combined with the intelligence that was his by right of birth, told his woodcraft the whole story as plainly as though he had seen the thing happen with his

own eyes. Instantly he was gone again into the waying trees, following the high flung spoor which no other human eye could ave detected, much less translated.

Almost silently the ape man sped on in the track of Terkoz and his prey. but the sound of his approach reached the ears of the fleeing beast and spurred it on to greater speed.

Three miles were covered before Tarzan overtook them, and then Terkoz, seeing that further flight was futile, dropped to the ground in a small open glade that he might turn and fight for his prize or be free to escape unhampered if he saw that the pursuer was more than a match for

He still grasped Jane Porter in one great arm as Tarzan bounded like a eopard into the arena which nature had provided for this primeval-like

battle. When Terkoz saw that it was Tapzan who pursued him he jumped to the conclusion that this was Tarzan's wonan since they were of the same kind -white and hairless-and so he rejoiced at this opportunity for double

revenge upon his hated enemy. To Jane Porter the apparition of this godlike man was as wine to sick nerves. From the description which Clayton and her father and Mr. Philander bad given her she knew that it must be the same wonderful creature who had saved them, and she saw in him only

But as Terkoz pushed her roughly side to meet Tarzan's charge and she saw the great proportions of the ape and the mighty muscles and the flerce fangs her heart quailed. How could any animal vanquish such a mighty antagonist? Like two charging bulls they came

ogether and like two wolves sought

each other's throat. Against the long canines of the ape was pitted the thin lade of the man's knife. Jane Porter-ber lithe form flatten gainst the trunk of a great tree, her hands tight pressed against her rising and falling bosom and her eyes wide with mingled horror, fascination, fear and admiration-watched the primor-

dial are battle with the primeval man for possession of a woman—for her.

As the great muscles of the man's back and shoulders knotted beneath the tension of his efforts and the huge biceps and forearm held at bay those mighty tusks the veil of centuries of civilization and culture was swept from the blurred vision of the Baltimore girl. When the thin knife drank deep dozen times of Terkoz's heart's bl and the great carcass rolled lifeless upon the ground it was a primeval an who sprang forward with outretched arms toward the primeval nan who had fought for her and won

And Tarzan? He did what no red blooded man needs lessons in doing. He took his, woman in his arms and smothered her with kisses.

For a moment Jane Porter lay there with half closed eyes. But as suddenly as the vell had been withdrawn it dropped again, and an outraged concience suffused her face with its scarlet mantle, and a mortified woman thrust Tarzan of the apes from her and buried her face in her hands. Tarzan had been surprised when

love after a vague and abstract man-ner a willing prisoner in his arms. Now he was surprised that she repulsed ook hold of her arm. She turned upon

and found the girl he had learned to

im like a tigress, striking his great reast with her tiny hands. Tarzan could not understand it. A moment ago and it had been his ntention to hasten Jane Porter back to her people, but that moment lost. Since then Tarzan of the apes

to his. The hot, sweet breath against his cheek and mouth had fanned a new flame to life within his breast. Again he laid his hand upon her arm. Again she repulsed him. And then Tarzan of the apes did just what his first ancestor would have done.

had felt the warm form close pre

He took his woman in his arms and carried her into the jungle. Early the following morning the four within the little cabin by the beach were awakened by the booming of a cannon. Clayton was the first to rush out, and there, beyond the harbor's mouth, he saw two vessels lying at an-

One was the Arrow and the other a small French cruiser. The sides of the latter were crowded with men gazing shoreward, and it was evident to Clay ton, as to the others, who had now joined him, that the gun which they had heard had been fired to attract their attention if they still remained at

By means of a bonfire the attention of the cruiser was gained, and a boat was lowered and dispatched toward

As It was drawn up a young officer stepped out. He was met by Clayton.

"M. Clayton, i presume," he asked "Thank beaven, you have come!" was Clayton's reply. "And it may be that it is not too late even now."

"What do you mean, monsieur?"

asked the officer. Clayton told of the abduction of Jane Porter and the need of armed men to aid in the search for her.

"Mon Dien!" exclaimed the officer Among the officers in the last boats to put off from the cruiser was the commander of the vessel, and when he had heard the story of Jane Porter's abduction he generously called for volunteers to accompany Professor Porter and

Clayton in their search. Not an officer or a man of those brave Frenchmen who did not quickly beg leave to be one of the expedition. The commander selected twenty men and two officers, Lieutenant d'Arnot and Lieutenant Charpentier. A boat was dispatched to the cruiser for provisions, ammunition and carbines.

The men were already armed with revolvers. Then, to Clayton's inquiries as to how they had happened to anchor offshore and fire a signal gun, the commander, Captain Dufranne, explained

that they had overhauled the Arrow and had boarded her. The sight that met the Frenchmen's

eyes as they clambered over the ship's side was appalling. A dozen dead and dying men rolled hither and thither upon the pitching deck, the living intermingled with the dead. Two of the corpses appeared to

have been partially devoured as though by wolves. The prize crew soon had the vessel under proper sail and the living mem-

bers of the ill starred company carried below to their hammocks. The dead were wrapped in tarpaulins

and lashed on deck to be identified by their comrades before being consigned to the deep. None of the living were conscious when the Frenchmen reached the Arrow's deck. It did not take the French officer long to learn what had caused the terrible condition aboard, for when water and brandy were sought to restore the men it was found that not

only was there none of either, but not vestige of food of any description. When restoratives had been applied several of the men regained consciousess, and then the whole story was

With no one on board who understood navigation after they left the African coast, discussions soon arose as to their whereabouts, and as several days' sailing did not raise land they bore off to the north, fearing that the high north winds that had prevailed had driven them south of the southern extremity of Africa.

course for two days, when they were overtaken by a calm which lasted for nearly a week. Their water was gone. and in another day they would be with out food. Conditions changed rapidly from bad to worse. One man went mad and leaped overboard. Soon another open-

They kept on a north-northeasterly

ed his veins and drank his own blood. Two days before they had been picked up by the cruiser they had become too weak to handle the vessel, and that same day three men died. On the following morning it was seen that All that day the men lay glaring at

each other like beasts of prey, and the

following morning two of the corps

lay almost entirely stripped of flesh. And then the cruiser had come. When those who could had recovered the entire story had been told to the French commander, but the men were too ignorant to be able to tell him at just what point on the coast the professor and his party had been marooned, so the cruiser had steamed slowly along within sight of land, firing occasional signal guns and scanning every inch of the beach with glasses. The preceding night had brought them off the very beach where lay the little

camp they sought. By the time the two parties had narrated their several adventures the cruiser's boat had returned with supplies and arms for the expedition. Within a few minutes the little body of sailors and the two French officer ogether with Professor Porter and Clayton, set off upon their quest into

CHAPTER XV.

the untracked jungle.

THEN Jane Porter realized that she was being borne away a captive by the strange forest creature who had recued her from the clutches of the ape she struggled desperately to escape Presently she gave up the futile effort and lay quietly, looking through

half closed lids at the face of the mai who strode easily through the tangled undergrowth with ber. The face above her was one of ex

traordinary beauty. It was a perfect type of the strongly masculine, unmarred by dissipation or degrading passions. One thing the girl had noticed particularly when she had seen Tarzan rushing upon Terkoz-the vivid scarlet band upon his forenead from above the left eye to the scalp but now as she scanned his feature she noticed that it was gone and only a thin white line marked the spot where it had been.

As she lay more quietly in his arms Turzan slightly relaxed his grip upon

Once he looked down into her eyes and smiled. The girl had to close her own to shut out the vision of that handsome, winning face.

(To be Continued.)

John Stret pastor, Rev text 1 Cor. been raised fruits of the pointed our upon this perience, the Lord lies at hope and t tempts to rection have the physical great myste from out t that death i ence but a are necessar new grain is to the high

worthy suggethat "no for therefore we intellect nos But the hig

unto the unto God the said the que is not essent says—"If Ch is our presc ....

IN

cal societies Holland will tenary of Je was born in 15, 18:4, and in 1877. Du memory of t mental work history of ultimately people to m dence. The by Queen V the hare he with flesh keep alive democracy work is mo itself makes appeal to t mankind Holland the renturies lo has been m and an insp of the earth of a small over great

ts future Motiey, w ratively

Lesso by On Easte

cause I live 2 We hav our Lord, t THIS Center Wednesday

home and s the distant

> of Gottingen the legal pr tics as a n setts House ing of law ory. From abor of ten