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## \_\_\_\_ The \_\_\_\_

TARZAN

... By ... EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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Presently the engineer nurried on deck in search of the captain. "That patch we put on the cylinder head's blown out, sir," he reported,

"and she's makin' water fast for'ard on the port bow." An instant later a seaman rushed up front below.

"My Gawd!" he cried. "Her whole float twenty minutes." Shut up!" roared Tennington. "La-

dies, go below and get some of your things together. It may not be so bad as that, but we may have to take to the boats. It will be safer to be prepared. Go at once, please, And, Captain Jerrold, send some competent man below, please, to ascertain the exact extent of the damage. In the meantime I might suggest that you have the boats provisioned."

The calm low voice of the owner did much to reassure the entire party, and moment later all were occupied with the duties he had suggested. By the time the ladies had returned to the deck the rapid provisioning of the boats had been about completed, and a moment later the officer who had gone below had returned to report. But his opin ion was scarcely needed to assure the huddled group of men and women that the end of the Lady Alice was at hand. Well, sir?" said the captain as his officer hesitated

"I dislike to frighten the ladies, sir," in her you could drive a bally cow mass loomed up directly in his track.

boats, and these were all filled and ed rapidly from the stricken little vesprotruding from the bosom of the east. foremost beneath the waves.

Tennington had wiped a tear from his almost as much as would a draft of eye. He had not seen a fortune in water, so that it was with renewed money go down forever into the sea. vigor that he brought the smaller boat but a dear, beautiful friend whom he

had loved. of the sun upon her upturned face the wreck. Then Tarzan selected sevthe boat with her were three sailors, ' Clayton and M. Thuran. Then she looked for the other boats, but as far as the eye could reach there was nothing to break the fearful monotony of that waste of waters-they were alone in a small boat upon the broad At-

to the same of the same of the As Tarzan struck the water his first impulse was to swim clear of the ship and possible danger from her propellers. He knew whom to thank for his present predicament, and as he lay in the sea, just supporting himself by a gentle movement of his hands, his chief emotion was one of chagrin that he had been so easily bested by Rokoff.

He lay thus for some time, watching the receding and rapidly diminishing lights of the steamer without it ever once occurring to him to call for help. He never had called for help in his life, and so it is not strange that he did not think of it now. Always had he depended upon his own prowess and resourcefulness, nor had there ever been since the days of Kala any to answer an appeal for succor. When it did occur to him it was too late. There was thought Tarzan, a possible one chance in a hundred thousand that he might be picked up and an even smaller thance that he would reach land, so he determined that to combine what slight chances there were he would swim the ship might have been closer in than Your Best Horse

he had known. His strokes were long and easy-it would be many hours before those giant muscles would commence to feel fatigue. As he swain, guided toward the east by the stars, be noticed that he felt the weight of his shoes, and so he removed them. His trousers went next, and he would have removed his coat at the same time but for the precious papers in its pocket. To reassure himself that he still had them he slipped his hand in to feel, but to

his consternation they were gone. Now he knew that something more than revenge had prompted Rokoff to pitch him overboard. The ape-man swore softly and let his coat and shirt

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Fhiladelphia, Pa.-"I had a sever case of nervous prostration, with palpi-



constipation, head-aches, dizziness, oise in my ears, imid, nervous, rest ess feelings and "I read in the pa-

per where a young woman had been cured of the sam Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound so I threw away

the medicines the doctor left me and bean taking the Compound. Before I had taken half a bottle I was able to sit up and in a short time I was able to do all my work. Your medicine has proved itself able to do all you say it will and I have recommended it in every household I have visited."—Mrs. Mary Johnston, eedin' bottom's ripped out. She can't | 210 Eiegel Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Another Bad Case. Ephrata, Pa.—"About a year ago I was pale and weak and would have hysteric spells, sick headaches and a bad pain under my shoulder-blade. I was nder the care of different doctors but

under the care of different doctors but did not improve. I was so weak I could hardly stand long enough to do my dishes.

"Lydis E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has made me well and happy and I have begun to gain in weight and my face looks healthy now."—Mrs. J. W. HORNBERGER, R. No. 3, Ephrata, Pa. If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confi-dential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

hours he had divested himself of his remaining garments and was swim ming easily and unencumbered toward

The first faint evidence of dawn was he said "but she can't float a dozen pating the stars ahead of him when minutes, in my opinion. There's a hole the dim outlines of a low lying black A few strong strokes brought him to For five minutes the Lady Alice had its side-it was the bottom of a wave been settling rapidly by the bow. Al- washed derelict. Tarzan clambered ready her stern loomed high in air, and upon it he would rest there until day-foothold on the deck was of the most light at least. He curled up upon the precarious nature. She carried four slimy timbers and was soon asleep.

The heat of the sun awoke him early lowered away in safety. As they pull- in the forenoon. His first conscious sensation was of thirst, which grew Jane Porter turned to have one simost to the proportions of suffering last look at her. Just then there came with full returning consciousness, but a loud crash and an ominous rumbling a moment later it was forgotten in the and pounding from the heart of the joy of two almost simultaneous discovship-her machinery had broken loose eries. The first was a mass of wreckand was dashing its way toward the age floating beside the derelict, in the bow, tearing out partitions and bulk- midst of which, bottom up, rose and heads as it went. The stern rose rapid- fell an overturned lifeboat. The other ly high above them. For a moment she was the faint, dim line of a far distant seemed to pause there, a vertical shaft shore showing on the horizon in the

ocean, and then swiftly she dove head Tarzan dove into the water and swam around the wreck to the life-In one of the boats the brave Lord boat. The cool ocean refreshed him alongside the derelict and after many herculean efforts succeeded in drag-At last the long night broke and a ging it on to the slimy ship's bottom. tropical sun smote down upon the roll- There he righted and examined it. ing water. Jane Porter had dropped The boat was quite sound and a mointo a fitful siumber-the fierce light ment later floated upright alongside awoke her. She looked about her. In eral pieces of wreckage that might answer him as paddles and presently was making good headway toward the far

off shore It was late in the afternoon by the time he came close enough to distinguish objects on land or to make out the contour of the shore line. Before him lay what appeared to be the entrance to a little, landlocked barbor. The wooded point to the north was strangely familiar. Could it be possible that fate had thrown him up at the very threshold of his own beloved jungle! But as the bow of his boat entered the mouth of the harbor the last shred of doubt was cleared away, for there before him upon the farther shore, under the shadows of his primeval forest, stood his own cabin-built before his birth by the hand of his

long dead father, John Clayton, Lord Greystoke. With long sweeps of his giant muscles Tarzan sent the little craft speeding toward the beach. Its prow had scarcely touched when the ape-man leaped to shore his heart beat fast in joy and exultation as each long familiar object came beneath his roving eyes-the cabin, the beach, the little

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brook, the dense jungle, the black, im penetrable forest. The myriad birds n their brilliant plumage; the gorgeous tropical blooms upon the festooned epers falling in great loops from the iant trees.

Tarzan of the Apes had come into is own again, and that all the world might know it he threw back his roung head and gave voice to the erce, wild challenge of his tribe. For moment silence reigned upon the ungle, and then, shrill and weird. came an answering challenge. It was Sabor, the tiger, and the deep roar of Numa, the lion, and from a great distance faintly the fearsome answering pellow of a bull ape.

Tarzan went to the brook first and slaked his thirst. Then he approached his cabin. The door was still closed and latched as he and D'Arnot had left it. He raised the latch and entered. Nothing had been disturbed. There were the table, the bed and the little crib built by his father; the shelves and cupboards just as they had stood for over twenty-three years; just as he had left them nearly two years be-

His eyes satisfied, Tarzan's stomach began to call aloud for attention. The pangs of hunger suggested a search for food. There was nothing in the cabin. nor had he any weapons; but upon a wall hung one of his old grass ropes It had been many times broken and spliced, so that he had discarded it for a better one long before. Tarzan wished that he had a knife. Well, unless be was mistaken be should have that and a spear and bows and arrows he fore another sun had set-the rope would take care of that, and in the neantime it must be made to procure food for him. He coiled it carefully. and, throwing it about his shoulde went out, closing the door behind him

Close to the cabin the jungle com enced, and into it Tarzan of the Apes lunged, wary and noiseless, once more savage beast hunting its food. For time he kept to the ground, but finally, discovering no spoor indicative of pearby meat, he took to the trees. With the first dizzy swing from tree to tree all the old joy of living swept over him. Vain regrets and dull beart ache were forgotten. Now was he livng. Now indeed was the true happi ness of perfect freedom his. Who would go back to the stifling, wicked cities of civilized man when the mighty reaches of the great jungle of-

fered peace and liberty? Not be. While it was yet light Tarzan came to a drinking place by the side of a jungle river. There was a ford there, and for countless ages the beasts of the forest had come down to drink at this spot. Here of a night might always be found either Sabor or Numa crouching in the dense foliage of the surrounding jungle awaiting an ante-



Little Crib Built by His Father.

ope or a water buck for its meal. Here came Hortn, the boar, to water, and here came Tarzan of the Apes to make a kill, for he was very empty. On a low branch be squatted above the trail. For an hour be waited. It was growing dark. A little to one side of the ford in the densest thicket he heard the faint sound of padded feet and the brushing of a huge body against tall grasses and tangled creepers. None other than Tarzan might have heard it, but the ape-man heard and translated it was Numa. the lion, on the same errand as himself. Tarzan smiled.

CHAPTER XVI.

In the Jungle. RESENTLY Tarzan heard an animal approaching warily along the trail toward the drinking place. A moment Horta, the boar. Here was delicious meat, and Tarzan's mouth watered. The grasses where Numa lay were very still now, ominously still. Horta passed beneath Tarzan. A few more steps and he would be within the radius of Numa's spring. Tarzan could imagine how old Numa's eyes. more and it came in view. It was radius of Numa's spring. Tarzan could imagine how old Numa's eyes were shining, how be was already sucking in his breath for the awful roar which would freeze his prey for the brief lestant between the moment of the spring and the sinking of terrible fangs into splintering bones.

Sabor was furious He raised his voice in a perfect frenzy of shrieks, growls and hideous moans, the while he reared upon his hind legs in futile attempt to reach first one and then the other to reach first one and then the other of his tormentors.

But at length the agile ape-man saw his chance and rushed in upon the was again an are, the same flerce. ble fangs into splintering bones.

But as Numa gathered himself A

slender rope flew through the air from the low branches of a nearby tree. A nonse settled about Horta's neck. There was a frightened grunt, a squeal, and then Numa saw his quarry dragged backward up the trail, and as be sprang Horta, the boar, soared upward beyond his clutches into the tree above, and a mocking face looked lown and langhed into his own. Then indeed did Numa roat, Angry,

threatening, hungry, he paced back man. Now he stopped and, rising on his hind legs against the stem of the tree that held his enemy; sharpene his huge claws upon the bark, tearing ont great pieces that lay bare the white wood beneath.

And in the meantime Tarzan had drugged the struggling Horta to the limb beside him. Sinewy fingers com pleted the work the choking noose had commenced. The ape-man had no knife, but nature had equipped him with the means of tearing his food from the quivering flank of his prey, and gleaming teeth sank into the suc culent flesh while the raging lion lookd on from below as another enjoyed the dinner that be had thought already his.

It was quite dark by the time Tar zan had gorged himself. Ah, but it had been delicional Never had be quite accustomed himself to the ruined fiesh that civilized men had served him, and in the bottom of his savage heart there had constantly been the craving for the warm meat of the fresh killed and the rich, red blood.

He wiped his bloody hands upon a bunch of leaves, stung the remains of his kill across his shoulder and swung off through the middle terrace of the forest toward his cabin, and at the same instant Jane Porter and William Cecil Clayton arose from a sumptuo dinner upon the Lady Alice, thousands of miles to the east in the Indian

Beneath Tarzan walked Numa, the lion, and when the ape-man deigned to glance downward he caught occasio glimpses of the baleful green eyes tol-lowing through the darkness. Numa did not roar now. Instead he moved stealthily, like the shadow of a great cat, but yet he took no step that did not reach the sensitive ears of the ape-

Tarzan wondered if be would stalk him to his cabin door. He hoped not, for that would mean a night's sleep curled in the crotch of a tree, and he much preferred the bed of grasses within his own abode. But he knew just the tree and the most con crotch if necessity demanded that he sleep out. A bundred times in the past some great jungle cat had followed him home and competted him to seek shel-ter in this same tree antil another mood or the rising sun had sent his enemy away.

But presently Numa gave up the chase and, with a series of bloodcurdling moans and roars, turned angrily back in search of another and easier

A few moments later Tarzan was curled up in the mildewed remnants of Thus easily did M. Jean C. Tarzan slough the thin skin of his artificial woman's "yes" would have bound him to that other life forever and made the thought of this savage existence repulsive.

Tarzan slept late into the following orenoon, for he had been very tired from the labors and exertion of the ong night and day upon the ocean and the jungle jaunt that had brought into play muscles that he had scarce used for nearly two years. When he awoke he ran to the brook first to drink. Then he took a plange into the sea, swimming about for a quarter of an hour. Afterward he returned to his cabin and breakfasted off the flesh of Horta. This done, be buried the balance of the carcass in the soft earth outside the cabin for his evening meal. Once more he took his rope and vanshed into the jungle. This time be hunted nobler quarry-man, although, had you asked him his own opinion, he could have named a dozen other denizens of the jungle which he considered far the superiors in nobility of the men he hunted. Today Tarzan was in quest of weapons. He wondered if the women and children had remained in Mbonga's village after the punitive expedition from the French cruiser had passacred all the warriors in revenge for D'Arnot's supposed death. He boped that he should find warriers there, for he knew not how long a quest he should have to make were the village deserted.

The ape-man traveled swiftly through site of the village, but to his disapthe thatched buts and fallen in decay. There was no sign of man. He clam bered about among the ruins for half an hour, hoping that he might discover some forgotten weapon, but his search was without fruit, and so be took up his quest once more, following up the stream, which dowed from a southeasterly directions He knew that near

was again an one, the same derce.

brutal anthropoid that Rala had taught him to be and that he had been for the first twenty years of his life. Occasionally he smiled as he recalled some friend who might even at the moment be sitting placed and immaculate within the precincts of his select Parisian club-just as Tarzan bad sat but a few months before and then he would stop, as though turned suduenly to stone as the gentle breeze carried to his trained nostrils the scent of some new prey or a formidable enemy. That night he slept far inland from his cabin, securely wedged into the crotch of a giant tree, swaying a hundred feet above the ground. He had

eaten heartily again-this time from

the flesh of Bara, the deer, who had

fallen prey to his quick noose. Early the next morning he resumed his journey, always following the course of the stream. For three days be continued his quest until be had come to a part of the jungle in which he never before had been. Occasionally upon higher ground the forest was much thinner, and in the far distance through the trees he could see ranges of mighty mountains, with wide plains in the foreground. Here in the open spaces were new game countless ante ope and vast herds of zebra. Tarzan was entranced. He would make a long visit to this new world.

On the morning of the fourth day his nostrils were suddenly surprised by a faint new scent. It was the scent of man, but yet a long way off. The apeman thrilled with pleasure. Every sense was on the alert, as with crafty stealth he moved quickly through the trees, upwind, in the direction of his prey. Presently he came upon it-a one warrior treading softly through the jungle.

Tarzan followed close above his quarry, waiting for a clearer space in which to burl his rope. As he stalked resented themselves to the ape-manhoughts born of the refining influences of civilization and of its cruelties. It came to him that seldom if ever did civilized man kill a fellow being without some pretext, however slight. It was true that Tarzan wished this man's weapons and ornaments. but was it necessary to take his life to obtain them?

The longer he thought about it the nore repugnant became the thought of taking human life needlessly, and thus it happened that while he was trying to decide just what to do they had come to a little clearing, at the far side of which lay a palisaded village of beehive huts.

As the warrior emerged from the of a tawny hide worming its way through the matted jungle grasses in his wake. It was Sabor, the tiger. He, too, was stalking the black man. With the instant that Tarzan realized the native's danger his attitude toward his erstwhile prey altered completely. Now he was a fellow man threatened by a common enemy.

Sabor was about to charge. There ble result of any. And then a number ously. The tiger sprang from his ambush toward the retreating black; Tarbeast that has fed to repletion. Yet a in mid flight by a slender strand of possessing. grass rope, the noose end of will fallen cleanly about his neck.

The ape-man had acted so quickly that he had been unable to prepare himself to withstand the strain and shock of Sabor's great weight upon the rope, and so it was that though the rope stopped the beast before his mighty talons could fasten themselves in the flesh of the black, the strain overbalanced Tarzan, who came tumbling to the ground not six paces from the infuriated animal. Like lightning Sabor turned upon this new enemy and defenseless as he was, Tarzan of the Apes was nearer to death that instant than he ever before had been. It was the black who saved him. The warrior realized in an instant that he owed his life to this strange white man, and be also saw that only a miracle could save his preserver from those fierce yellow fangs that had been so near to his own flesh.

With the quickness of thought his spear arm flew back, and then shot forward with all the force of the sinewy oscles that rolled beneath the shimmering ebon hide. True to its mark the iron shod weapon flew, transfixing Sabor's sleek carcass from the right groin to beneath the left shoulder. With a bideous scream of rage and pain the brute turned again upon the black. A dozen paces he had gone when Tarzan's rope brought him to a stand once more. Then he wheeled again upon the ape-man, only to feel the painful prick of a barbed arrow as the forest and about noon came to the it sank half its length in his quiver ing flesh. Again he stopped, and by pointment found that the jungle had this time Tarzan had run twice around overgrown the plantain fields and that the stem of a great tree with his rope

The black saw the trick and grinned, but Tarzan knew that Sabor must be quickly finished before those mighty teeth bad found and parted the slender cord that held him. It was a matter of but an instant to reach the black's side and drag his long knife from its scabbard. Then he signed the warrior

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As you know, "catching a cold" simply means allowing the germs of

cold to catch you. Usually these germs, which abound wherever people congregate, gain their first foothold in the mucous membrane lining the nasal passages. Here they multiply if unchecked, and quickly set up an inflammation. Then follows that smarting, burning, stuffed up, "headachy" feeling—that cold in the head that is so depressing and so likely to develop into something more

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beast's left side behind the mighty shoulder. A giant arm encircled the white throat and a long blade sank once, true as a die, into the flerce heart. Then Tarzan arose and the black man and the white looked into each other's eyes across the body of their kill, and the black made the sign of peace and friendship, and Tarzan of the Apes answered it in kind.

The noise of their battle with Sabor had drawn an excited horde of savages from the nearby village, and a noment after the tiger's death the two men were surrounded by lithe, ebon warriors, gesticulating and jabbering - a thousand questions that drowned each ventured reply.

And then the women came and the children-eager, curious, and at sight of Tarsan more questioning than ever. The ape-man's new friend finally eve-ceeded in making himself heard, and when he had done talking the men and women of the village vied with one another in doing honor to the strange creature who had saved their fellow and battled single handed with flerce

At last they led him back to their village, where they brought him gifts of fowl and goats and cooked food. When he pointed to their weapons the warriors hastened to fetch spear, shield, arrows and a bow. His friend of the encounter presented him with forest Tarzan caught a fleeting glimpse the knife with which he had killed Sabor. There was nothing in all the village he could not have had for the

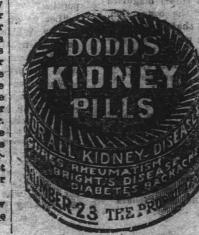
Tarzan's first night with the savages was devoted to a wild orgy in his honor. There was feasting, for the hunters had brought in an antelope and a zebra as trophies of their skill, and gallons of the weak native beer were consumed. As the warriors danced in was little time in which to compare the firelight Tarzan was again imvarious methods or weigh the proba- pressed by the symmetry of their figures and the regularity of their feawhat had once been a bed of grasses. of things happened almost simultane- tures-the flat noses and thick lips of the typical West Coast savage were entirely missing. In repose the faces civilization and sink happy and con- zan cried out in warning, and the black of the men were intelligent and dignitented into the deep sleep of the wild turned just in time to see Sabor halted fied, those of the women ofttimes pre-

From Ape to Savage T was during this dance that the of the men and many of the women wore ornaments of gold, principally anklets and armlets of great weight, apparently beaten out of held their own at the top of a little the solid metal. When he expressed a rocky hill, until the fierce people went wish to examine one of these the owner removed it from her person and insisted through the medium of signs that Tarzan accept it as a gift. A close scrutiny of the bauble convinced the ape-man that the article was of back out of the valley, nor have any virgin gold, and he was surprised, for of us ever returned. it was the first time that he had ever seen golden ornaments among the savages of Africa, other than the trifling honbles those near the coast had purchased or stolen from Europeans. He tried to ask them from whence the metal came, but he could not make them understand.

Declining the savages' offer of a but. Tarzan slept that night, as usual, in a treetop. The following day he accon panied a party of warriors to the near by plains on a great bunt, and so dexterous did they find this white man with their own crude weapons that another bond of respect and admiration was thereby wrought.

For weeks Tarzan lived with his savage friends, hunting buffalo, antelope and zebra for meat and elephant for ivory. Quickly be learned their simple speech, their savage custom and the ethics of their wild, primitive, tribal life. He found that they were not cannibals-that they looked with loathing and contempt upon men who

Busuli, the warrior whom he had



started to the Thinge, told with many, of the tribal legends-how many years efore his people had come many long marches from the north, how once they had been a great and powerful tribe and how the slave raiders had wrought such havoc among them with their leath dealing guns that they had been reduced to a mere remnant of their former numbers and power.

"They hunted us down as one hunts a flerce beast," said Busult. "There was no mercy in them. When it was not slaves they sought it was ivory, but usually it was both. Our men were killed and our women driven away like sheep. We fought against for many years, but our arrows and spears could not prevail against the sticks which spit fire and lead and death to many times the distance that our mightiest warrior could place an arrow. At last, when my father was a young man, the Arabs came again, but our warriors saw them from a long way off, and Chowambi, who was chief then, told his people to gather up their belongings and come away with himthat he would lead them far to the south until they found a spot to which the Arab raiders did not come.

"And they did as he bid, carrying all their belongings, including many tusks of ivory. For months they wandered, suffering untold hardships and privations, for much of the way was through dense jungle and across mighty mountains, but finally they came to this spot, and, although they sent parties farther on to search for an even better location, none has ever been found."

"And the raises have never found

you here?" asked Tarzan. "About a year ago a small party of Arabs and Manyuema stumbled upon us, but we drove them off, killing many. For days we followed them, stalking them for the wild beasts they are, picking them off one by one until but a handful remained, but these es-

caped us." As Busuli talked he fingered a heavy gold armlet that encircled the glossy, hide of his left arm. Tarzan's eyes had been upon the ornament, but his thoughts were elsewhere. Presently he recalled the question he had tried to ask when he first came to the tribethe question he could not at that time make them understand. For weeks he had forgotten so trivial a thing as gold, for he had been for the time a truly primeval man, with no thought beyon today. But of a sudden the sight of gold awakened the sleeping civilization that was in him, and with it came the lust for wealth. That lesson Tarzan had learned well in his brief experience of the ways of civilized man. He knew that gold meant power and pleasure. He pointed to the bauble. "From whence came the yellow met-

al Busuli." he asked. The black pointed toward the south-

"A moon's march away - maybe more," he replied. "Have you been there?" asked Tar-

"No, but some of our people were there years wo, when my father was yet a young man. One of the parties that searched farther for a location for the tribe when first they settled here came upon a strange people who wore many ornaments of yellow metal. Their spears were tipped with it, as were their arrows, and they cooked in vessels made all of solid metal like my

"They lived in a great village in buts that were built of stone, and surrounded by a great wall. They were very ape-man first noticed that some fierce, rushing out and falling upon our warriors before ever they learned that their errand was a peaceful one. Our men were few in number, but they back at sunset into their wicked city. Then our warriors came down from their hill, and after taking many ornaments of yellow metal from the bodies. of those they had slain they marched

"They are wicked people, neither white like you or black like me, but covered with hair as is Bolgani, the gorilla. Waziri, our chief, was there," replied Busuit. "He was a very young

So that night Tarzan asked Wasiri about it, and Waziri, who was now an old man, said that it was a long march, but that the way was not difficult to follow. He remembered it well.

"For ten days we followed this river which runs beside our village. Up toward its source we traveled until on the tenth day we came to a little spring far up upon the side of a lofty monntain range. In this little spring our river is born. The next day we cross ed over the top of the mountain, and upon the other side we came to a tiny rivulet, which we followed down into a great forest. For many days we traveled along the winding banks of the rivulet that had now become a river, until we came to a greater river, into which it emptied and which ran down the center of a mighty valley.

"Then we followed this large river toward its source, hoping to come to more open land. After twenty days of marching from the time we had crossed the mountains and passed out of our own country we came again to another range of mountains. Op their side we followed the great river that had now dwindled to a tiny rivalet until we came to a little cave near the mountain top. In this cave was the mother of the river.

"I remember that we camped there that night and that it was very cold, for the mountains were high. The next day we decided to ascend to the top of the mountains. From a flat mountain top we saw, not far beneat? us, a shallow valley, very narrow, an upon the far side of it was a great village of stone, much of which ha fallen and crumbled into decay."