... By ... EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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At dinner that night Tarzan sat next to a young woman whose place was at the captain's left. The officer introduced them.

Miss Strong! Where had he heard the name before? It was very fa-miliar. And then the girl's mother gave him the clew, for when she aded her daughter she called her

Hazel Strong! What memories the name inspired! It had been a letter to this girl, penned by the fair hand of Jane Porter, that had carried to him the first message from the woman he loved. How vividly he recalled the night he had stolen it from the desk in the cabin of his long dead father, where Jane Porter had sat writing it late into the night, while he crouched in the darkness without. How terror stricken she would have been that night had she known that the wild jungle beast squatted outside her window, watching her every move. And this was Hazel Strong, Jane Porter's best friend!

Let us go back a few months to the little, wind swept platform of a railstation in northern Wisconsin. smoke of forest fires hangs low over the surrounding landscape, its acrid fumes smarting the eyes of a little party of six who stand waiting the coming of the train that is to bear them away toward the south.

Professor Archimedes Q. Porter, his hands clasped beneath the tails of his long coat, paces back and forth under the ever watchful eye of his faithful secretary, Samuel T. Philander. Twice within the past few minutes he has started absentmindedly across the started absentmindedly across the tracks in the direction of a nearby swamp, only to be rescued and dragged back by the tireless Mr. Philander.

Jane Porter, the professor's daughter, is in strained and lifeless conversation with William Cecil Clayton and Tarran of the Apes. Within the little waiting room but a bare moment before a confession of love and renunciation had taken place that had blighted the lives and happiness of two of the party, but William Cecil Clayton (Lord Greystoke) was not one of them.

Behind Miss Porter bovered the motherly Esmeralda. She, too, was happy, for was she not returning to her beloved Maryland? Already she could see dimly through the fog of a title, which meant little or nothing The luil in the conversation following smoke the murky headlight of the on- to his daughter. coming engine. The men began to Clayton urged that the professor ac an opportunity to make his excuses gather up the hand baggage. Sudden cont his invitation to be his guest in Rowing low to Miss Strong and inly Clayton exclaimed.

"By Jove!" he cried. "I've left my ulster in the waiting room," and has tened off to fetch it.

"Goodby, Jane," said Tarzan. tending his hand. "God bless you!" "Goodby," replied the girl faintly "Try to forget me. No, not that. I could not bear to think that you had

"There is no danger of that, dear," he answered, "I wish to heaven that I might forget. It would be so much easier than to go through life always remembering what might have been. You will be happy, though; I am sure you shall. You must be. You may tell the others of my decision to drive my car on to New York. I don't feel equa to bidding Clayton goodby."

As Clayton steeped to pick up coat in the waiting room his eyes fell on a telegraph blank lying face down upon the noor. He stooped to pick it up, thinking that it might be a message of importance which some one had dropped. He glanced at its hastily and then suddenly he forgot his coat, per in his hand. He read it twice before he could fully grasp the terrific weight of meaning that it bore to him.

When he had picked it up he had been an English nobleman, the proud and wealthy possessor of vast esta a moment later he had read it, and he knew that he was an untitled and penniless beggar. It was D'Arnot's cablegram to Tarzan, and it read:

Finger prints prove you Greystoke Congratulations. D'ARNOT.

CHAPTER XIII.

Ships That Pass. LAYTON staggered as though he had received a mortal blow. Just then he heard the other calling to him to hurry-th train was coming to a stop at the litr platform. Like a man dazed he gat ered up his ulster. He would tall the about the cablegram when they all on the train. Then he ran out the platform just as the engine whis tled twice in the final warning that les the first rumbling jerk of c ing pins. The others were on bo ing out from the platform man, crying to him to hurry.

"No," she replied; "at the last m ute he determined to drive his machine back to New York. He is anxious to see more of America than is possible from a car window. He is retu to France, you know."

Clayton did not reply. He was trying to find the right words to explain to Jane Porter the calamity that had efallen him—and her. He wondered id be on her. Would she still wish to marry him-to be plain Mrs. Clayddenly the awful sacrific ich one of them must make loo came the question, Will Tarzan claim contents of the message before he calmid to derive that she is doing the only honorable thing that she can do, and nothing in the world will prevent her from marrying Lord Greystoke exhis own? The spe-man had known the for love of Jane Porter?

Was it not reasonable to assume that meant never to claim his birthright? If this were so, what right had he, loves," said the girl, "for he loves her. William Cecil Clayton, to thwart the I never met him, but from what Jane ter from unhappiness, why should be, fierce, anthropoid apes. He had never to whose care she was intrusting her seen a white man or woman until Prowhole future, do aught to jeopardize

ner interests?

And so he reasoned until the first generous impulse to proclaim the truth and relinquish his titles and his estates to their rightful owner was forgotten imaginable, and then to cap the climax beneath the mass of sophistries which he fell in love with Jane and she with self interest had advanced. But during him, though she never really knew it the balance of the trip and for many for sure until she had promised herself days thereafter he was moody and dis- to Lord Greystoke." traught. Occasionally the thought ob-truded itself that possibly at some later day Tarzan would regret his magna-nimity and claim his rights.

To Lord Greystoke.

"Most remarkable." murmured Tar-zan, cudgeling his brain for some pre-text upon which to turn the subject.

He delighted in hearing Hazel Strong

an early marriage to Jane.

"Within the next few days. I must came general.

return to England at once—I want you The next few days passed unevent-

to return with me. dear." "I can't get ready so soon as that,"

tended carrying her part loyally to the bitter end if she could manage to se "you must meet Mr. Caldwell. We are cure a temporary reprieve, though she all fellow passengers and should be acfelt that she was warranted in doing quainted."

so. His reply disconcerted her. "Very well, Jane," he said. "I am disappointed, but I shall let my trip to he was struck by the strange familiar-England wait a month. Then we can be a struck by the strange familiar-ity of their expression.

M. Thuran appeared ill at east. Targo back together."

But when the month was drawing to until at last, discouraged and doubting, Clayton was forced to go back to England alone,

He liked Clayton, and, being of an old clated ideas did the rest.

London, an invitation which in the professor's entire little family-Mr. Philander, Esmeralda and all. The Englishman argued that Jane was there and home ties been broken she would not so dread the step which she had so long hesttated to take. So the evening that he received Clayton's letter Professo orter announced that they would

eave for London the following week But once in London Jane Porter wa o more tractable than she had be ere. She found one excuse a ducton invited the party to cruise round Africa in his yacnt sue ex-pressed the greatest delight in the dea, but absolutely refused to be man ried until they had returned to Lon don. As the trip was to consu

year at least, for they were to stop for indefinite periods at various points of est, Clayton mentally anathemaized Tennington for ever suggesting It was Lord Tennington's plan to ruise through the Mediterranean and the Red sea to the Indian ocean and thus down the east coast, putting in a

every port that was worth the seeing And so it happened that on a certa day two vessels passed in the strait of Gibraltar. The smaller, a trim white yacht, was speeding toward the east, and on her deck sat a young woman who gazed with sad eyes upon a dia-mond studded locket which she idly fingered. Her thoughts were far away in the dim, leafy fastness of a tropical lungle, and her heart was with he

She wondered if the man who given her the beautiful bauble, that had eant so much more to him than the known could ever have meant to him,

And upon the deck of the larger ver sel, a passenger steamer, also passing toward the east, the man sat with another young woman, and the two idly culated upon the identity of the lainty craft gliding so grad through the gentle swell of the lasy

When the yacht had pas

"Yes," he said, "I like Ame much. I met some very delightful ple while I was there. I recall from your own city, whom I liked particula

"Do you mean to tell me that you snow Jane Porter? Why, she is the very best friend I have in the world. We are as dear to each other as sis-ters, and now that I am going to lose

"Going to lose her!" exclaimed Tarzan. "Why, what do you mean? Oh, yes, I understand. You mean that now that she is married and living in England you will seldom, if ever, se

"Yes," replied the girl. "And the addest part of it all is that she is not marrying the man she loves. Oh, it is rible! Marrying from a sense of luty! I think it is perfectly wicked, and I told her so. But Jane Porter has

cept Greystoke himself or death."
"I am sorry for her," said Tarzan.
"And I am sorry for the man she loves," said the girl, "for he loves her. shes, to balk the self sacrifice of this tells me he must be a very wonderful strange man? If Tarzan of the Apes person. It seems that he was born in could do this thing to save Jane Por- an African jungle and brought up by fierce, anthropoid apes. He had never fessor Porter and his party were ma-rooned on the coast right at the threshold of his tiny cabin. He saved them

Several days after they reached Baltimore Clayton broached the subject of the conversation he was bored and embarrassed. But he was "What do you mean by early?" she soon given a respite, for the girl's mother joined them and the talk be-

fully. The sea was quiet. The sky was clear. The steamer plowed steadreplied Jane. "It will take a whole month at least."

She was glad, for she hoped that whatever called him to England might still further delay the wedding. She had made a had bargain, but she in-"Wait, M. Thuran," said Miss Strong

The two men shook hands. As Tarzan looked into the eyes of M. Thuran

zan paid little heed to the conversation a close she found still another excuse upon which to hang a postponement, call where he had met M. Thuran be until at last, discouraged and doubting. circumstances he was positive. Presently the sun reached them and the The several letters that passed be girl asked M. Thuran to move her tween them brought Clayton no nearer to a consummation of his hopes than he had been before, and so it was that at the time and noticed the awkward he wrote directly to Professor Porter manner in which he handled the chair and enlisted his services. The old -his left wrist was stiff. That clew man had always favored the match. was sufficient—a sudden train of asso

southern family, he put rather an ex- M. Thuran had been trying to find an aggerated value on the advantages of excuse to make a graceful departure. the moving of their position gave him low to Miss Strong and into leave them.

"Just a moment," said Tarzan. Miss Strong will pardon me I will accompany you. I shall return in a moment, Miss Strong."

M. Thuran looked uncomfortable When the two men had passed out of the girl's sight, Tarzan stopped, laying a beary hand on the other's shoulder. "What is your game now, Rokoff?"

"I am leaving France as I promise you," replied the other in a surly voice "I see you are," said Tarzan, "but I know you so well that I can scarcely believe that your being on the same hoat with me is purely a coincid If I could believe it the fact that you are in disguise would immediately abuse my mind of any such idea.

"Well," growled Rokoff with a shrug. "I cannot see what you are going do about it. The vessel flies the English flag. I have as much right or board her as you, and from the fact that you are booked under an assumed ame I imagine that I have more

wanted to say to you is that you must keep away from Miss Strong-she is a

Rokoff turned scarlet. "If you don't I shall pitch you overoard." continued Tarzan. "Do not forget that I am just waiting for some Then he turned on his hee and left Rokoff standing there trem-

bling with suppressed rage.

He did not see the man again for days, but Rokoff was not idle. In his stateroom with Paulvitch be fumed and swore, threatening the most terrible of revenges.

"I would throw him overboard night," he cried, "were I sure that those papers were not on his person. I cannot chance pitching them into the cean with him. If you were not such stupid coward, Alexis, you wou nd a way to enter his stateroom and

earch for the documents."
Paulvitch smiled. "You are sup Paulvitch smiled. "You are supposed to be the brains of this partnership, my dear Nikolas," he replied. "Why do you not find the means to search M. Caldwell's stateroom, eb?"

Two hours later fate was kind to them, for Paulvifeh, who was ever on the watch as "Torran laws his month."

t locking the door. Five ter Rokoff was stationed w he could give the slarm in case Ta ning the contents of the ape-

man's luggage.

He was about to give up in despair when he saw a coat which Tarzan had just removed. A moment later be grasped an official envelope in his hand. A quick glauce at its contents brought a broad smile to the Russian's

When he left the stateroom Tarzan f could not have told that an arcle in it had been touched, because Panivitch was a past master in his

After Miss Strong had gone below that night Tarzan stood leaning over the rail looking far out to sea. Every night he had done this since he had ome on board. Sometimes he stood thus for an hour, And the eyes that had been watching his every move-ment since he had boarded the ship at Algiers knew that this was his habit. Even as he stood there this night those eyes were on him. Presently the



pitch you over "If you don't 1 a clear night, but there was no moon-

objects on deck were barely discern-From the shadows of the cabin two figures crept stealthily upon the ape-man from behind. The lapping of the

waves against the ship's sides, the whirring of the propeller, the throbbing of the engines, drowned the almost undless approach of the two. They were quite close to him now and, crouching low, like tacklers on a

gridiron. One of them raised his hand and lowered it, as though counting off seconds—one—two—three! As one man the two leaped for their victim. Each rasped a leg and before Tarzan of the Apes, lightning though be was, could turn to save himself he had been pitched over the low rail and was falling into the Atlantic.

CHAPTER XIV.

Drowned at Sea! HE next morning at breakfast Tarzan's place was vacant. Miss Strong was mildly curimight breakfast with her and her nother. As she was sitting on deck later M. Thuran paused to exchange a half dozen pleasant words with her. He seemed in most excellent spiritshis manner was the extreme of affabil-As he passed on Miss Strong thought what a very delightful man was M. Thuran.

The day dragged heavily. When M thuran stopped again to chat with her on she welcomed the eak in the day's monotony. But she had begun to become seriously con-cerned about Caldwell's continued ab ence. Presently she broached the subect to M. Thuran. Had he seen Mr. Caldwell today? He had not Why? "He was not at breakfast as usual por have I seen him once since yeste day," explained the girl.

M. Thuran was extremely solicitous "I did not have the pleasure of intinate acquaintance with Mr. Caldwell." he said. "He seemed a most estimable an, however. Can it be that he is indisposed and has remained in his stateroom? It would not be

"No," replied the girl; "it would not be strange, of course, but for some inexplicable reason I have one of those foolish feminine presentiments that all is not right with Mr. Caldwell. It is the strangest feeling. It is as though I knew that he was not on board the

M. Thuran laughed pleasantly. cy, my dear Miss Strong!" he said. Where in the world could be be then? We have not been within sight of land

"Of course it is ridiculous of me," he admitted. And then: "But I am not going to worry about it any longer. I am going to find out where Mr. Caldwell is." And she motioned to a pass That may be more difficult than you

magine, my dear girl," thought M. Thuran, but aloud he said, "By all

"Find Mr. Caldwell, please," she said the steward, "and tell him that his are much worried by his con-

ed M. Thuran.

"I think he is splendid," replied the girl. "And mamma is perfectly infat-nated with him." A m to say that Mr. Caldwell was not in his

stateroom. "I cannot find him, Miss Strong, and"-be hesitated-"I have learned that his berth was not occupled last night. I think that I had better report the matter to the captain." "Most assuredly," exclaimed Miss Strong. "I shall go with you to the captain myself."

It was a very frightened young woman and an excited steward who presented themselves before the captain a later. He listened to their stories in silence, a look of concern marking his expression as the steward assured him that he had sought for the missing passenger in every part of the ship that passengers might be expected to frequent.

The captain ordered an imme and thorough search of the entire ship from stem to stern-no nook or cranny was to be overlooked. It was a full hour later that the first officer returned to report the outcome of the search. "Mr. Caldwell is not on board, sir," he said.

"I fear that there is something more serious than accident here, Mr. Brently," said the captain. "I wish that you would make a personal and very care ful examination of Mr. Caldwell's effects, to ascertain if there is any clew to a motive either for suicide or murder-sift the thing to the bottom."

"Aye, aye, sir!" responded Mr. Brent-ly, and left to commence his investiga-

Hazel Strong was prostrated. For two days she did not leave her cabin, and when she finally ventured on deck she was very wan and white, with great, dark circles beneath her eyes. Shortly after her first appearance on deck following the tragedy, M. Thuran oined her with many expressions of kindly solicitude.

"Oh, but it is terrible, Miss Strong, he said. "I cannot rid my mind of it." The girl could not help but feel grateful to him for his kind words. He was with her often-almost constantly for the remainder of the voyage—and she grew to like him very much indeed.

M. Thuran had learned that the beautiful Miss Strong of Baltimore was an American heiress—a very wealthy girl in her own right, and with future prospects that quite took his breath away. It had been M. Thuran's intention to leave the ship at the first port they

touched after the disappearance of Tarzan. Did he not have in his coat pocket the thing he had taken passage upon this very boat to obtain? There was nothing more to detain him here. He could not return to the continent fast enough that he might board the first express for St. Petersburg.

But now another idea had obtruded itself and was rapidly crowding his original intentions into the background. That American forfune was not to be sneezed at, nor was its possessor a whit less attractive.

"Sanristi! but she would cause a sensation in St. Petersburg." And he would, too, with the assistance of her inheritance.

After M. Thuran had squandered a few million dollars, he discovered that the vocation was so entirely to his liking that he would continue on down to Cape Town, where he suddenly decided that he had pressing engagements that might detain him there for some time. Miss Strong had told him that she and her mother were to visit the latter's brother there. They had not decided upon the duration of their stay. ous, for Mr. Caldwell bad althat M. Thuran was to be there also

"I hope that we shall be able to con tinue our acquaintance," she said. "You must call upon mamma and me as soot we are settled."

M. Thuran was delighted at the prosect and lost no time in saying so Mrs. Strong was not quite so favorably sed by him as her daughter. "I do not know why I should dis-

tenet him" she said to Hazel one day as they were discussing him. ms a perfect gentleman in every reect but sometimes there is som thing about his eyes-a fleeting expres sion which I cannot describe, which when I see it gives me a very uncanny feeling."

The girl laughed. "You are a silly

lear, mamma," she said. "I suppose so, but I am sorry we have not poor Mr. Caldwell for company instead."

"And 1, too," replied her daughter.
M. Thuran became a frequent visitor at the home of Hazel Strong's uncle n Cape Town. At length, feeling the ment propitious, he proposed. Miss Strong was startled. She did not know what to say.

"I had never thought that you cared for me in such a way," she told him. "I have looked upon you always as very dear friend. I shall not give you my answer now. Forget that you have asked me to be your wife. Let us go on as we have been-then I can con sider you from an entirely different angle for a time. It may be that I shall discover that my feeling for you is more than friendship. I certainly bave not thought for a moment that I loved you."

This arrangement was perfectly sat isfactory to M. Thuran. He deeply regretted that he had been hasty, but be had loved her for so long a time and so devotedly that be thought that every one must know it. "From the first time that I saw you

Hazel," he said, "I have loved you. I am willing to wait, for I am certain will be rewarded. All that I care to ow is that you do not love another. Will you tell me?"

"I have never been in love in my life," she replied and he was quite sat-

fied. On the way home that nig \$1,000,000 villa on the Black sea. The next-day Hazel Strong enjoyed ue of the bapplest surprises of her

lie-she ran face to face upon Jane Porter as she was coming out of a eweler's shop

"Why, Jane Porter!" she exclaimed. in the world did you drop from? Why, I can't believe my own

"Well, of all things!" cried the equally astonished Jane. "And here I have been wasting whole reams of perfectly. good imagination picturing you in Baltimore—the very idea!" And she threw her arms about her friend once more and kissed her a dozen times.

By the time mutual explanations had been made Hazel knew that Lord Tennington's yacht had put in at Cape Town for at least a week's stay and at the end of that time was to continue on her voyage, this time up the west coast, and so back to England, "where," concluded Jane. "I am to be married." "Then you are not married vet?" asked Hazel

"Not yet," replied Jane, and then puite irrelevantly, "I wish England

were a million miles from here." Visits were exchanged between the yacht and Hazel's relatives. Dinners were arranged and trips into the surrounding country to entertain the visitors. M. Thuran was a welcome guest at every function. He gave a dinner himself to the men of the party and managed to ingratiate bimself in the good will of Lord Tennington by many ittle acts of hospitality.

M. Thuran had heard dropped a hint of something which might result from this pnexpected visit of Lord Tennington's yacht, and he wanted to be counted in on it. Once when he was alone with the Englishman he took occasion to make it quite plain that his engagement to Miss Strong was to be announced immediately upon their return to America. "But not a word of it, my dear Tennington; not a word of it."

The next day it came. Mrs. Strong, Hazel and M. Thuran were Lord Tennington's guests aboard his yacht. Mrs. Strong had been telling them how much she had enjoyed her visit at Cape Town and that she regretted that a letter just received from her attorneys in Baltimore had necessitated her cutting her visit shorter than they had

"When do you sail?" asked Tenning-"The first of the week, I think," she

"Indeed?" exclaimed M. Thuran. " am very fortunate. I, too, have found that I must return at once, and now I shall have the honor of accompanying and serving you."

"That is nice of you, M. Thuran," replied Mrs. Strong. "I am sure that we shall be glad to place ourselves 'ID: der your protection." But in the bottom of her heart was the wish that they might escape him. Why, she could not have told.

"By Jove?" ejaculated Lord Tennington a moment later. "Bully idea, by Jove! "Yes, Tennington. of course," ventur-

ed Clayton. "It must be a bully idea if you had it, but what is it?" "It's to take Mrs. Strong and Miss Strong, and Thuran, too, if he'll come, as far as England with as on the yacht. Now, isn't that a corker? And we'll sail the first of the week, or any other time that suits your convenience, Mrs. Strong."

"Mercy, Lord Tennington, you haven't even given us an opportunity to thank you, much less decide whether we shall be able to accept your genrous invitation." said Mrs. Strong "Why, of course you'll come," responded Tennington. "We'll make as good time as any passenger boat, and you'll be fully as comfortable, and anyway, we all want you and won't take

no for an answer." And so it was settled that they should sall the following Monday. Two days out the girls were sitting

in Hazel's cabir looking at some prints she had had finished in Cape Town. They represented all the pictures she had taken since she had left America. "And here," said Hazel suddenly. here's a man you know. Poor fellow. I have so often intended asking you about him, but I never have been able to think of it when we were together." She was holding the little print so that Jane did not see the face of the man it

"His name was John Caldwell," continued Hazel. "Do you recall him? He said that he met you in America. He is an Englishman." "I do not recollect the name," replied

Jane. "Let me see the picture." "The poor fellow was lost overb on our trip down the coast," she said as she handed the print to Jane.

"Lost over- Why, Hazel, Hazel don't tell me that he is dead-drowned at sea!" And before the asto Miss Strong could catch her Jane Porter had slipped to the floor in a swoon.

After Hazel had restored her chum

to consciousness she sat looking at her for a long time before either spoke. "I did not know, Jane," said Haze in a constrained voice, "that you knew Mr. Caldwell so intimately that his death should prove such a shock to

"John Caldwell?" questioned Miss Porter. "You do not mean to tell me that you do not know who this man

"Why, yes, Jane: I know perfectly well who be was—his name was John Caldwell; he was from London." "Oh, Hazel, I wish I could believe it," mouned the girl. "I wish I could be lieve it, but those features are burned so deep into my memory and my is that I should recognize them anyw in the world from among a thou hers who might appear ide

"What do you mean, Jane?" crie Hazel, now thoroughly alarmed. "Wh do you think it is?" J. don't think Bazel

that is a picture of Tarzan of the Apes."

CHAPTER XV.

The Wreck of the Lady Alice. CANNOT be mistaken," Jane continued: "Oh, Hazel, are you sure that he is dead? Can there be no mistake?"

THE THE TRY

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"I am afraid not, my dear," answer. ed Hazel sadly. "I wish I could think that you are mistaken, but now a hundred and one little pieces of corroborative evidence occur to me that meant nothing to me while I thought that he was John Caldwell of London. He said that he had been born in Africa and educated in France."

"Yes; that would be true," murmured Jane Porter dully.

"The first officer, who searched his luggage, found nothing to identify John Caldwell of London. Practically all his belongings had been made or purchased in Paris. Everything that bore an initial was marked either with a 'T' alone or with 'J. C. T.' We thought that he was traveling incognito under his first two names, the J. C. standing fon John Caldwell."

"Tarzan of the Apes took the name Jean C. Tarzan," said Jane in the same. lifeless monotone. "And he is dead! Oh, Hazel, it is horrible! He died all alone in this terrible ocean! It is unbelievable that that brave heart should have ceased to beat; that those mighty muscles are quiet and cold forever; that he who was the personification of life and health and manly strength should be the prey of slimy, crawling things; that"- But she could go no further, and, with a little moan, she buried her head in her arms and sank sobbing to the floor.

For days Miss Porter was ill and would see no one except Hazel and the faithful Esmeralda. When at last she came on deck all were struck by the sad change that had taken place in her. She was no longer the alert, vivacious American beauty who had charmed and delighted all who came in contact with her. Instead she was a very quiet and sad little girl, with an expression of hopeless wistfulness that none but Hazel Strong could interpret.

The entire party strove their utmost to cheer and amuse her, but all to no avail. Occasionally the jolly Lord Tennington would wring a wan smile from ber, but for the most part she sat with wide eyes looking out across the sea. With Jane Porter's illness one misfortune after another seemed to attack



the yacht. First an engine broke down, and they drifted for two days while temporary repairs were being made. Then a squall struck them unwares that carried overboard nearly verything above deck that was portable. Later two of the seamen fell to fighting in the forecastle, with the result that one of them was badly wounded with a knife and the other had to be put in irons. Then, to cap the climax, the mate fell overboard at night and was drowned before help could reach him. The yacht cruised about the spot for ten hours, but no sign of the man was seen after he disappeared from the deck into the sea

Every member of the crew and guests was gloomy and depressed after these series of misfortunes. All were appre nsive of worse to come and this was cially true of the seamen who recalled all sorts of terrible omens and warnings that had occurred during the early part of the voyage and which they could not clearly translate into cursors of some grim and terrible tragedy to come.

Nor did the croakers have long to wait. The second night after the drowning of the mate the little yacht was suddenly wracked from stem to ras suddenly wracked from stem to tern. About 1 o'clock in the morning ere was a terrific impact that threw slumbering guests and crew from nk and berth. A mighty shudder ran through the frall craft; she lay far over to starboard; the engines opped. For a moment she hung are with her decks at an angle of forty-five degrees—then, with a sullen, rending sound she slipped back into the sea and righted.

Instantly the men rushed upon deck, followed closely by the women. The night was densely black, though there was little or no sea. Just of the port ow a dim black mass could be disderelict." was the terse explana-

tion of the officer of the watch.

(To be Continued

"Jane Porter!" exclaimed the girl. returned, and Paulvitch was