By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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was looking upon the remains of his own father and mother he would have een no more greatly moved. The furnishings and other contents

of the room it was which riveted his n He examined many things utely-strange tools and wear oks, papers, clothing-what little had od the ravages of time in the nid atmosphere of the jungle co

He opened chests and cupboards, such as did not baffle his small experience, and in these he found the con

tents much better preserved.

Among other things he found a sharp knife, on the keen blade of could hack and hew splinters of wood from the table and chairs with this

For a long time this amused him; or a long time this amused sind, finally tiring, he continued his ex-prations. In a cupboard filled with loks he came across one with brightcolored pictures. It was a child's fi-trated alphabet:

A is for archer, Who shoots with a bow. B is for boy. His first name is Joe.

CHAPTER III.

A Jungle Battle. HE pictures in the books which Tarzan found in the cabin inested him greatly.

faces similar to his own, and farther over in the book he found under "M' little monkeys such as he saw taily flitting through the trees of his val forest. But nowhere was pic red any of his own people. In all book was none that resembled Kerthe book was none that res chak or Tublat or Kala.

At first he tried to pick the little fig ures from the paper, but he soon saw that they were not real, though he w not what they might be, nor had

beats and trains and cows an but not quite so baffling as the odd lit tie figures which appeared beneath and between the colored pictures — some strange kind of bugs he thought they ght be, for many of them had legs, ugh nowhere could be find one with ion to the letters of the alpha-

Of course he had never before seen living thing which had the remotes idea that such a thing as a written language existed, and never had he seen

So what wonder that the little boy was quite at a loss to guess the meaning of these strange figures.

Near the back of the book he fou

his old enemy. Sabor, the tiger, and, just above him, coiled Mistah, the Oh, it was most engrossing! Never

sbefore in all his ten years had he en-joyed anything so much. So absorbed was he that he did not note the aproaching dusk until it was quite upon

He put the book back in the cup-board and closed the door, for he did-not wish any one else to find and de-stroy his treasure, and as he went out duto the gathering darkness he closed the great door of the cabin behind him as it had been before he discovered the tet of its lock, but before he left he had noticed the hunting knife lying where he had thrown it upon the floor, and this he picked up and took with him to show to his fellows.

He had taken scarce a dozen s toward the jungle when a great form of a low bush.

At first he thought it was one of his own people, but in another instant he realized that it was a huge gorilla.

So close was he that there was no chance for flight, and little Tarzan knew that he must stand and fight for his life; for these great beasts were the deadly enemies of his tribe, and neither one nor the other ever asked or gave

Had Tarzan been a full grown bull ape of the species of his tribe he would have been more than a match for the gorilla, but being only a little English boy, though enormously muscular for such, he stood no show against his cruel antagonist. In his veins, however, flowed the blood of the best of a race of mighty fighters, and back of this was the training of his short lifetime among the fierce brutes of the jui

He knew no fear, as we know it; his heart beat the faster, but from the ex-citement and exhilaration of adventure Had the opportunity presented itself he would have escaped, but solely be cause his judgment told him he was no match for the great thing which con-fronted him. And as flight was out of the question, he faced the gorilla squarely and bravely without a tremos

de muscle or any sign of pan ge, striking its huge body with een a fly attacking an elephant

of in one hand he still clutched the knife he had found, and as the brute ing and biting, closed upon him boy accidentally turned the point toward the hairy breast.

As it sank deep into the body of him the gorilla shricked in pain and rage But the boy had learned in that brief second a use for his sharp and shining toy, so that as the tearing, striking beast dragged him to earth he plunge

The gorilla, fighting after the man ner of its kind, struck terrific blows with its open hand and tore the flesh at the boy's throat and chest with its nighty tusks.

For a moment they rolled upon the ground in the fierce frenzy of combat More and more weakly the torn and bleeding arm struck home with the long sharp blade, then the little figure

tiffened with a spasmodic jerk, and Tarzan, the young Lord Greystoke, rolled senseless upon the dead and de caying vegetation which carpeted his

A mile back in the forest the trib had heard the fierce challenge of th gorilla, and, as was his custom whe any danger threatened. Kerchak called his people together, partly for mutus tion against a comm since this gorilla might be but one o several, and also to see that all mem bers of the tribe were accounted for. It was soon discovered that Tarzan was missing, and Tubiat was strongly

opposed to sending assistance. Ker-chak himself had no liking for the trange little waif, so he listened to Tublat, and finally, with a shrug of his shoulders, turned back to the pile of ves on which he had made his bed.

But Kala was of a different mind In fact, she had waited but to learn tha Tarzan was absent ere she was fairly flying through the matted branches to ward the point from which the cries of the gorilla were still plainly audible. Darkness had fallen, and an early

moon was sending its faint light to cast strange, grotesque shadows among the dense foliage of the forest.

Presently Kala came upon them, ly-ing in an open space full under the brilliant moon - Tarzan's torn and dy form, and beside it a great bull orilla, stone dead. With a low cry Kala rushed to Tarzan's side and. ing the poor, blood covered body to her breast, listened for a sign of Faintly she heard it—the weak eating of the little heart.

Tenderly she bore him back through he inky jungle to where the tribe lay, and for many days and nights she sat nard beside him, bringing him food nd water and brushing the flies and other insects from his cruel wounds.

Of medicine or surgery the poor thing knew nothing. She could but ick the wounds, and thus she kept light the more quickly do her work. At first Tarzan wo but rolled and tossed in a wild deliri-um of fever. All he craved was water, and this she brought him in the only way she could, bearing it in her own

No human mother could have shown nselfish and sacrificing devotion than did this poor wild brute for the little orphaned waif whom fate had

thrown into her keeping. At last the fever abated, and the boy ommenced to mend. No complaint assed his tight set lips, though the pain of his wounds was excruciating. A portion of his chest was laid bare

to the ribs, three of which had been broken by the mighty blows of the gorilla; one arm was nearly severed by the giant fangs, and a great piece had been torn from his neck, exposing his jugular vein, which the cruel jawa had missed but by a miracle.

After what seemed an eternity to the little sufferer he was once more able to walk, and from then on his reofvery was rapid, so that in another nth he was as strong and active as

During his convalescence he has ne over in his mind many times the pattle with the gorilla, and his first thought was to recover the wonderful little weapon which had transformed him from a hopelessly outclassed weakling to the superior of the mighty terror of the jungle.

Also he was anxious to return to the oin and continue his investigations of the wondrous contents.

So early one morning he set forth alone upon his quest. After a little search he located the clean picked nes of his late adversary, and close by, partly buried beneath the fallen leaves, he found the knife, now red with rust from its exposure to the dampness of the ground and from the dried blood of the gorilla.

He did not like the change in its forner bright and gleaming surface, but it was still a formidable weapon and one which he meant to use to advantage whenever the opportunity presented itself. He had in mind that no more would be run from the wanton attacks

of old Tublat In another moment he was at the cabin, and after a short time had again brown the latch and entered. His first oncern was to learn the mechanism of the lock, and this he did by examin it closely, while the door was open so that he could learn precisely what caused it to hold the door and by what

means it released at his touch. He found that he could close ock the door from within, and this he lid so that there would be no chance

of the cabin; but his attention was so riveted by the books which seemed to exert a strange and powerful influe ver him, so that he could scarce attend zle which their purpose pre-

rimer, some child's readers, numero picture books and a great dictionary All of these he examined: but the pic tures caught his fancy most though the strange little bugs which covered the pages where there were no pictures excited his wonder and deepest

In his hands' was a primer opened at a picture of a little ape similar to himself, but covered, except for hands and face, with strange colored fur, for such he thought the jacket and trousers to be. Beneath the picture were three little

And now he had discovered in the text upon the page that these three were repeated many times in the same

bugs:

was that there were comparatively few individual bugs. But these were repeated many times, occasionally e, but more often in company with

Slowly he turned the pages, scan ing the pictures and the text for a epetition of the combination b-o-y. ently he found it beneath a picture of another little ape and a strange imal which went upon four legs like Beneath this picture the bugs

A BOY AND A DOG. There they were, the three little ougs which always accompanied the

And so he progressed very, very slowly, for it was a hard and laborous task which he had set himsel without knowing it, a task which might seem to you or to me imposs -learning to read without having the slightest knowledge of letters or writ-ten language or the faintest idea that uch things existed.

He did not accomplish it in a day or n a week or in a month or in a year, but slowly, very slowly, he learned. By the time he was fifteen he knew the various combinations of letter which stood for every pictured figure in the little primer and in one or tw

of the picture books. cles and conjunctions, verbs, adverbs

One day when he was about twelve he found a number of leadpencils in hitherto undiscovered drawer be the table, and in scratching upon table with one of them he was o ed to discover the black line it left be hind it.

He worked so assiduously with this new toy that the table top was soon a mass of scrawly loops and irregular lines and his pencil point worn down to the wood. Then he took another encil, but this time he had a definite riect in view.

He would attempt to reproduce some of the little bugs that scramble over the pages of his book. It was a difficult task, for he held the

pencil as one would grasp the hilt of a dagger, which does not add greatly to ease in writing nor to the legibility of

But he persevered for months, such times as he was able to come to the cabin, until at last by repeated exwhich to hold the pencil that best pernitted him to guide and control it, so that at last he could roughly reproduce

any of the little bugs. Thus he made a beginning at writing. Copying the bugs taught him an other thing, their number; and, though he could not count as we understand it, yet he had an idea of quantity, the base of his calculations being the num-

her of fingers upon one of his hands. His search through the various books onvinced him that he had discovered all the different kinds of bugs me often repeated in combination, and he arranged them in proper order with reat ease because of the frequency with which he had perused the fasciating alphabet picture book and the uge illustrated dictionary.

By the time he was seventeen he had learned to read the simple child's primer and had fully realized the true and wonderful purpose of the bugs. No longer did he feel shame for his hairless body or his human features, for now his reason told him that he was of a different race from his wild and hairy companions. He was a "M-A-N," they were "A-P-E-S," and the little apes which scurried through the forest top were "M-O-N-K-H-Y-S." He knew, too, that old Sabor was a "T-I-G-E-R" and Histah a "S-N-A-K-E"

and Tantor an "E-L-E-P-H-A-N-T." From then on his progress was rapid. With the help of the great diction and the active intelligence of a healthy mind endowed by inheritance with more than ordinary reasoning powers he shrewdly guessed at much which he could not really understand, and more often than not his guesses were

close to the mark of truth. There were many breaks in his edu cation, caused by the migratory habits of his tribe, but even when remove from recourse to his books his active brain continued to search out the mysteries of his fascinating avocation.

Nor did he neglect the sterner duties
of life while following the bent of his

inclination toward the solving of the mystery of his library. He practiced with his rope and play-ed with his sharp knife, which he had

learned to keep keen by whetting upon Tarzan Mightiest of the Apec

HE tribe of apes had grown larger since Tarsan had come among them. had been able to fris

and little or no loss from predatory incursions of neighbors.

The younger males as they adult found it more comfortable to take wives from their own tribe or, if they captured one of another tribe, to bring back to Kerchak's band and live in amity rather than attempt to set up new establishments of their own or make war upon the redoubtable Kerchak.

Occasionally one more ferocious than his fellows would attempt this latter alternative, but none had come ret who could wrest the palm of victory from the flerce and brutal ape. Tarzan held a peculiar position

the tribe They seemed to consider him one of them and yet in some way different The older males either ignored him en tirely or else hated him so vindictively that but for his wonderous agility and peed and the flerce protection of the huge Kala he would have been dis-

patched at an early age.

Tublat was his most consistent ene my, but it was through Tublat that when he was about thirteen, the persecution of his enemies suddenly ceased and he was left severely alone, except ran amuck in the throes of one of those strange fits of insane rage which attack the males of many of the flercer animals of the jungle. Then none was

On the day that Parzan established his right to respect the tribe was gathered about a small natural amphithe ter which the jungle had left free

from its entangling vines and creepers. Here the tribe often gathered. In the center of the amphitheater was one of those strange earthen drums which the anthropoids build for the dumdum, the queer rites the sound of which men have heard in the fastness es of the jungle, but which none has

On the day that Tarzan won his emancipation from the persecution that had followed him remorselessly for twelve of his thirteen years of life the tribe, now a full 100 strong, trooped silently through the lower terrace of the jungle trees and dropped noiseless ly upon the floor of the au

The rites of the dumdum marked important events in the life of the tribe a victory, the capture of a prisner, the killing of some large, fierce zen of the jungle, the death or acsion of a king.

Today it was the killing of a giant pe, a member of another tribe, and as onle of Kerchak entered the ena two mighty bulls might have en seen bearing the body of the van uished between them. They laid their den before the earthen drum and en squatted beside it as guards, while the other members of the community curled themselves in grassy nooks to sleep until the rising moon should give the signal for the commencement of the orgy.

A darkness settled upon the jungle, the apes commenced to bestir themselves, and soon they formed a great circle about the earthen drum. The females and young squatted in

thin line at the outer periphery of the circle, while just in front of them ranged the adult mates. Before the drum sat three old females, each armed with a knotted branch fifteen or

Slowly and softly they began tapning upon the reso the drum as the first faint rays of the ding moon silvered the treetops. As the light increased the female ented the frequency and force of their blows until presently a rhyth-mical din pervaded the jungle for miles in every direction. Huge brutes stopped in their hunting, with uppricked ears and raised heads, to listen to the dull booming that betokened the dum-

dum of the great apes. As the din of the drum rose to al lost deafening volume Kerchak sprang into the open space between the squatting males and the drummers. Standing erect, he threw his head far back, and, looking full into the eye of the rising moon, he beat upon his breast with his great hairy paws and

nitted his fearful roaring shriek. Once-twice-thrice that terrifying ery rang out across the teeming solitude of that unspeakably quick, yet

unthinkably dead, world.
Then, crouching, Kerchak ssly around the open circle eering far away from the dead body ying before the altar drum, but as he passed keeping his little, flerce, wicked ed eyes upon the corpse.

Another male then sprang into the arena and, repeating the horrid cries of his king, followed stealthily in his wake. Another and another followed in quick succession until the jungle everberated with the now almost aseless notes of their bloodthirsty

It was the challenge and the hunt. When all the adult males had joined n the thin line of circling dancers the attack commenced.

Kerchak, seizing a huge club from the pile which lay at hand for the purpose, rushed furiously upon the dead ape, dealing the corpse a terrific blow, at the same time emitting the growls nd snarls of combat.

The din of the drum was now inreased, as well as the frequency of the blows, and the warriors, as each approached the victim of the hunt and delivered his bludgeon blow, joined in the mad whirl of the death dance.

Tarzan was one of the wild, leaping horde. His brown, sweat streaked, muscular body glistening in the moon-tight, shone supple and graceful among the uncouth, awkward, hairy brutes about him.

rent on, until, at a sign from Kerchak, he noise of the drums ceased, the fe-nale drummers scampering hurriedly brough the line of dancers toward the

en, as one man, the males rushed ng upon the thing which their terrific blows had reduced to a mass of hairy pulp.

Flesh seldom came to their faws in satisfying quantities, so a fit finale to their wild revel was a taste of fresh killed meat, and it was to the purpose of devouring their late enemy that they now turned their attention.

Tarzan more than the apes craved and needed flesh. Descended from a race of ment enters, never in his life, he thought, had he once satisfied his appetite for animal food, and so now his agile little body wormed its way far into the mass of struggling apes in an endeavor to obtain a share which his strength would have been unequato the task of winning for him.

At his side bung the hunting knife of his unknown father in a sheath self fashioned in copy of one he had sees among the pictures of his treasure

At last he reached the fast disap pearing feast and with his sharp knife slashed off a more generous portion than he had hoped for.

Then he wriggled out from beneath the struggling mass, clutching his prize

Among those circling futilely the outskirts of the banqueters was old Tublat. He had been among the first at the feast, but had retreated with a goodly share to eat in quiet and was now forcing his way back for more. So it was that he spied Tarzan

merging from the clawing throng. Tublat's bloodshot, pig eyes sent out wicked gleams of hate as they fell upon the object of his loathing. In hem, too, was greed for the meat the boy carried.

But Tarzan saw his arch enemy as uickly and, divining what the beast rould do, leaped nimbly away toward women and children, hoping to hide himself among them. Tubiat however, was close upon him, so that



With a Roar He Leaped Upon the Lit-

he had no opportunity to seek a place of concealment, but saw that he would be put to it to escape at all.

Swiftly he sped toward the trees and with a bound gained a lower limb with one hand, and then, transferring his burden to his teeth, he climbed rapidly upward, closely followed by Tublat.
Up, up he went to the waving pin nacle of a lofty monarch of the forest where his heavy pursuer dare not folow him. Perched there, he hurled taunts and insults at the raging beast

fifty feet below him.

And then Tublat went mad. With horrifying screams and roars he rushed to the ground and among the females and young, sinking hi great fangs into them. But it was not antil he attacked Kala that Tarzan dropped to offer battle to him. The infuriated bull found himself facing the man-child who stood between him and Kala.

Nothing could have suited the fleron east better, and with a roar of triumph he leaped upon the little Lord Greystoke. But his fangs never closed in that nut brown flesh. A muscular hand shot out and grasp

ed the hairy throat, and another plu ed a keen hunting knife a dozen tin into the broad breast. Like lightning the blows fell and only ceased when Tarzan felt the limp form crumple beneath him.

As the body rolled to the gro Tarzan of the apes placed his foot upon the neck of his lifelong enemy and, raising his eyes to the full moon, threw back his fierce young head and voiced the wild cry of his people. One by one the tribe swung

from their arboreal retreats and form ed a circle about Tarzan and his vanished foe. When they had all come Carzan turned toward them.
"I am Tarzan!" he cried. "I am a great killer! Let all respect Tarzan of the apes and Kala, his mother! There

be none among you as mighty as Tar-san. Let his enemies beware!" Looking full into the wicked red eyes of Kerchak, the young Lord Greyst beat upon his mighty breast screamed out once more his shrill of defiance.

Tarzan of the apes lived on in his wild, jungle existence with little change for several years, only that he grew stronger and wiser and learned from his books more and more of the strange worlds which lay somewhere outside his primeval forest.

Many days during the

pent in the caoin or ms atill lay untouched the bones of his parents and the little skeleton of Kala's haby. At eighteen he read fluently

and understood nearly all he read. Also could he write with printed letters rapidly and plainly, but script he had not mastered, for, though there were several copybooks among his treasures, there was so little written English in the cabin that he saw no use of bothering with this other form of writing, though he could read it la-

Thus, at eighteen, we find him an English lordling who could speak no English, yet who could read and write his native language. Never had he seen a human being other than him-self, for the little area traversed by his tribe was watered by no great river to bring down the savage natives of the

High hills shut it off on three sides the ocean on the fourth. It was alive with lions and tigers and leopards and pous snakes. Its untouched mazes of matted jungle had as yet invited no hardy pioneer from among the humans beyond its frontier.

But as Tarzan of the apes day in the cabin of his father, delving into the mysteries of a new book, the ancient security of his jungle was At the far eastern confine a strange

cavalcade strung in single file over the prow of a low hill In advance were fifty black warriors armed with slender wooden spears, with ends hard baked over slow fires. and long bows and poisoned arrows. On their backs were oval shields, in

their noses hung rings, while from the

kinky wool of their heads protruded tufts of gay feathers. Following them were several hundred women and children, the former pearing upon their heads great burdens cooking pots, household utensils and ivory. In the rear were a bundred

warriors, similar in all respects to the dvance guard. dvance guard.

That they more greatly feared an at- along which Kala's murderer had tack from the rear than whatever unknown enemies might lurk ahead was jungle to intercept the black warrior, evidenced by the formation of the olumn, and such was the fact, for they were fleeing from the white man's oldiers who had harassed them for his unknown sire, and across his shoulrubber and ivory.

For three days the little cavalcade marched slowly through the heart of this unknown and untracked forest. until finally, early in the fourth day, they came upon a little spot near the banks of a small river which seemed less thickly overgrown than any ground they had encountered before.

Here they set to work to build a new village, and in a month a great clear-ing had been made, huts and palisades erected, plantains, yams and maize lanted, and they had taken up their ld life in their new home. Here there were no white men, no soldiers nor any rubber or ivory to be gathered for bankless taskmasters Several moons passed ere the blacks

ventured far into the territory sur-rounding their new village. Several had already fallen prey to old Sabor, the tiger, and because the jungle was so infested with these fierce and blood-warrior standing in a little open space. thirsty cats and with lions and leop- In his hand was his slender ards the ebony warriors hesitated to which he had fitted one of his death trust themselves far from the safety dealing arrows. of their pal

But one day Kulonga, a son of the ing stood Hortz, the boar, with lowerold king, Mbonga, wandered far into ed head and foam flecked tusks, ready the dense mazes to the west. Warily to charge. he stepped, his slender lance ever ready, his long oval shield grasped in his left hand close to his body—at his back his bow, and in the quiver upon his shield many slim, straight arrows, well smeared with the thick, dark, tarry substance that rendered

deadly their tiniest needle prick. Night found Kulonga far from the palisades of his father's village, still headed westward, and, climbing into the fork of a great tree, he fashioned a rude platform and curied himself for sleep.

CHAPTER V. The Death of Kala. HREE miles west of Kulonga son of Mbonga, the negro king, slept the tribe of Ker-

Early the next morning the apes were astir, moving through the jungle in search of food. Tarzan, as was his custom, prosecuted his search in the direction of the cabin, so that by leiurely hunting on the way his hun was appeased by the time he reached

The apes scattered by ones and two and threes in all directions, but always within sound of a signal of alarm. Kala had moved slowly along an elephant track toward the east and was busily engaged in turning over rotted limbs and logs in search of esculent bugs and fungi when the faintest shadow of a strange noise brought her to

startled attention. For fifty yards before her the trail was straight, and down this leafy tunnel she looked straight at the stealthily advancing figure of a strange and fearful creature. It was Kulonga

Kala did not wait to see more, but, turning, moved rapidly back along the trail. She did not run, but, after the manner of her kind when not roused, sought rather to avoid than to escap Close after her came Kulonga. He Close after her came Kulonga. Here was meat. He could make a killing and feast well this day. On he hurried, his spear poised for the throw.

At a turning of the trail he came in sight of her again upon another straight stretch. His spear hand went far back; the muscles rolled lightning-like, beneath the sleek hide. Out shot the arm and the stretch.

A poor east. It but grased her side. With a cry of rage and pain Kala

turned upon her turmentor. In an instant the trees were crashing beneath the weight of hurrying apes, swinging rapidly toward the scene of trouble in answer to Kala's scream.

As Kala charged, Kulonga unslung his bow and fitted an arrow with almost unthinkable quickness. Drawing the shaft far back, he drove the poisoned missile straight into the heart of the great she ape.

With a borrid scream Kala plunged forward upon her face before the astonished members of her tribe.

Roaring and shricking, the apes dashed toward Kulones, but that wary say, age was fleeing down the trail like a frightened entelone They followed him, racing through the trees for a long distance but finally one by one they abandoned the chase and returned to the scene of the tragedy.

On the far beach by the little cabin Tarzan beard the faint echoes of the onflict, and, knowing that something was seriously amiss among the tribe, he hastened rapidly toward the direction of the sound.

When he arrived he found the entire tribe gathered jabbering about the dead

body of his slain mother. Tarzan's grief and anger were unbounded. He roared out his hideous challenge time and again. He beat upon his chest with his fists, and thes he fell upon the body of Kala and sobbed out the pitiful sorrowing of his

lonely heart. But after the first outburst of grief Tarzan controlled himself and, questioning the members of the tribe who had witnessed the killing of Kala, he learned all that their meager vocabu-

lary could vouchsafe him. It was enough, however, for his needs. It told him of a strange, bairless, black ape with feathers growing upon its head, who launched death from a slender branch and then ran with the fleetness of Bara, the deer, toward the rising sun.

Tarzan waited no longer; but, leaping into the branches of the trees, sped rapidly through the forest. He knew the windings of the elephant trail flown, and he cut straight through the who was evidently following the tor-

tuous detours of the trail. At his side was the benting knife of ders the coils of his own long rope. In an hour he struck the trail again and, coming to earth, examined the soil

In the soft mud on the bank of a tiny rivulet he found footprints such as he alone in all the jungle hed ever made, but much larger than his. His heart beat fast. Could it be that he was trailing a man-one of his own There were two sets of imprints

pointing in opposite directions. So his quarry had already passed on his return along the trail. As he examined the newer spoor a tiny particle of earth toppled from the outer edge of one of the footprints to the bottom of its shallow depression—ah, the trail was very fresh, his prey must have but scarcely passed. Tarzan had covered barely a mile

more when he came upon the black to him across the little clear

ristling neck of the boar. Scarcely had the shaft left his bow re Kulonga bad fitted another to it, but Horta, the boar, was upon him so nickly that he had no time to discharge it. With a bound the black eaped entirely over the rushing beast and, turning with incredible swiftness, planted a second arrow in Horta's

Then Kulonga sprang into a nearby

Horta wheeled to charge his enemy nce more. A dozen steps he took; then



GBosch With a Bound the Black Leaped En-tirely Over the Rushing Beast. he staggered and fell upon his side. For a moment his muscles stiffened and relaxed convulsively; then he lay

Kulonen came down from his tree

VOL.

Andrew's

Function at Andrew school room wasterday in it, and green and rocks. The Sevittingly celebrate ladies of tunder the ausphad arrange afternoon teather and was in The ladies was unmbers and respect successions.

Mis Helm music for t Those in t Mrs. Wm. len, Mrs. C. (and Mrs. Arth The waitress
Miss Mallory,
Casey, Miss EFraleck, Miss EHay, Miss Alice
see Ketcheson

Enjoyable Fu

St. N

St. Patrick's the parishions night by a g dance. The af the Academy dance. The afthe Academy of the Children attendance we was expected, crowded. The about \$300 in organ fund. The evening was and at ten o'ce af for the medance. The free injoyed this imm is e.y. O dered the mu

On Monday at a very la ing of the cit of trade was B. Morton a Ward, Secret

H. F. Keto present and THE " PERS

> Another o which is n "Ys" advocs morals for ing of on moral stand "Don't send can't go And say, it you know Because the to sow, There is po There is no to be lo Than your him so. Helen Ke dies' Hon

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