... By ... EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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"Here is water," he said. "But first let me remind you that you maligned me before the girl; that you kept her to yourself and would not share her with

Clayton interrupted him. "Stop!" he cried. "Stop! What manner of cur are you that you traduce the character of a good woman whom we believe dead! God, I was a fool ever to let you live! You are not fit to live even in this vile land!"

"Here is your water," said the Rus-an, "all you will get." And he raised sin to his lips and drank. What was left he threw out upon the ground below. Then he turned and left the sick man.

Clayton rolled over and, burying his face in his arms, gave up the battle.

The next day Thuran determined to net out toward the north along the coast, for he knew that eventually he must come to the habitations of civilized men. At least he could be no worse off then he was here, and furthermore the ravings of the Englishman were getting on his nerves.

So he stole Clayton's spear and set off upon his journey. He would have killed the sick man before he left had It not occurred to him that it would really have been a kindness to do so.

That same day he came to a little cabin by the beach, and his heart filled with renewed hope as he saw this evidence of the proximity of civilization for be thought it but the outpost of a nearby settlement. Had he known to whom it belonged and that its owner was at that very moment but a few miles inland, Nikolas Rokoff would have fled the place as he would a pestilence. But he did not know, and so he remained for a few days to enjoy the curity and comparative comforts of the cabin. Then he took up his northward journey once more.

In Lord Tennington's camp preparations were going forward to build permanent quarters and then to send out an expedition of a few men to the north is terrible!" in search of relief

As the days had passed without bringing the longed for succor, hope that Jane Porter, Clayton and M. Thuran had been rescued began to die. No one spoke of the matter longer to Pro fessor Porter, and he was so immersed In his scientific dreaming that he was not aware of the elapse of time.

Occasionally he would remark that shore and that then they should all be reunited happily. Sometimes he spoke of it as a train and wondered if it

were being delayed by snowstorms. "If I didn't know the dear old fellow so well by now," Tennington remarked to Miss Strong, "I should be guite certain that he was-er-not quite right don't von know."

"If it were not so pathetic it would be ridiculous," said the girl sadly. "I. who have known him all my life, know how he worships Jane, but to others it must seem that he is perfectly callous. to her fate. It is only that he is so absolutely impractical that he cannot conceive of so real a thing as death unless nearly certain proof of it is thrust upon him."

"You'd never guess what he was about yesterday," continued Tenning-"I was coming in alone from a little bunt when I met him walking rapidly along the game trail that I was following back to camp. His hands were clasped beneath the tails of his long, black coat, and his top hat was set firmly down upon his head as, with eyes bent upon the ground, he hastened on, probably to some sudden death had In tintercepted him.

"'Why, where in the world are you bound professor? I asked him. 'I am going into town, Lord Tennington,' he said as seriously as possible, 'to complain to the postmaster about the rural free de ivery service we are suffering Why, sir, I haven't had a piece of mail in weeks. There should be several letters for me from Jane. The matter must be reported to Wash Ington at once.'

"And would you believe it, Miss Strong," continued Tennington, "I had the very deuce of a job to convince the old fellow that there was not only no rural free delivery, but no town and that he was not even on the same con tinent as Washington nor in the same

"When he did realize he commence to worry about his daughter. I think It is the first time that he really has appreciated our position here or the fact that Miss Porter may not have

"I hate to think about it," said th girl, "and yet I can think of nothing else than the absent members of our

"Let us bope for the best," replied Tennington. "You yourself have set us each a splendid example of bravery. for in a way your loss has been the

"Yes," she replied, "I could have loved Jane Porter no more had she been my own sister."

ington did not show the suriso be felt. That was not at all what he meant. He had been much with this fair daughter of Maryland since the wreck of the Lady Alice, and d recently come to him that he had grown much more fond of her than would prove good for the peace of his mind, for he recalled almost constantly now the confidence which M. Thuran had imparted to him that be and Miss Strong were engaged. He wondered if, after all, Thuran had been quite accurate in his statement. He had never seen the slightest indication on the girl's part of more than ordinary friendship

"And then in M. Thuran's loss, if they are lost, you would suffer a severe bereavement," he ventured. She looked up at him quickly. "M. Thuran bad become a very dear friend," she said. "I liked him very much, though I have known him but a

"Then you were not engaged to marry him?" he blurted out.

"Heavens, no!" she cried. "I did not care for him at all in that way." There was something that Lord Tennington wanted to say to Hazel Strong. He wanted very badly to say it, and to say it at once, but somehow the words stuck in his throat. He started lamely a couple of times, cleared his throat, became red in the face and finally ended by remarking that be boped the cabins would be finished before the rainy season commenced.

But, though he did not know it, he had conveyed to the girl the very mes-sage he intended, and it left her happy -bappier than she had ever before been in all her life.

Just then further conversation was interrupted by the sight of a strange and terrible looking figure which emerged from the jungle just south of camp. Tennington and the girl saw it at the same time. The Englishman reached for his revolver, but when the half naked, bearded creature called his name aloud and came running toward them he dropped his hand and advanced to meet it.

None would have recognized in the filthy, emaciated creature, covered by a single garment of small skins, the immaculate M. Thuran the party had last seen upon the deck of the Lady

Before the other members of the little community were apprised of his presence Tennington and Miss Strong questioned him regarding the other occupants of the missing boat.

"They are all dead," replied Thuran. "The three sailors died before we made land. Miss Porter was carried off into the jungle by some wild animal while I was lying delirious with fever. Clayton died of the same fever but a few days since. And to think that all this time we have been separated by but a few miles-scarcely a day's march! It

How Tarzan Came Again to Opar. OW long Jane Porter lay in the darkness of the vault beneath the temple in the ancient city of Opar she did not know. For a time she was deliriaus with fever, but after this passed she commenced slowly to regain her within a few days they should certain
within a few days they should certain
strength. Every day the woman who

to him through the opening above, His

turned—materialized from thin airbrought her food beckoned to her to arise, but for many days the girl could only shake her head to indicate that

> she was too weak. But eventually she was able to gain her feet and then to stagger a few stens by supporting herself with one



eft Her Entirely, and She

bled In an Agony of Fright. watched her with increasing interest. The day was approaching, and the victim was gaining in strength.

Presently the day came when she could walk, and a young woman whom Jane Porter had not seen before came with several others to her dungeon. Here some sort of ceremony was per formed. That it was of a religious nature the girl was sure, and so she took new heart and rejoiced that she bad fallen among people upon whom the refining and softening influence of religion evidently had fallen. They would treat her humanely, of that she

And so, when they led her from her ungeon through long, dark corridors and up a flight of concrete steps to arilliant courtyard, she went willingly

-even gladly-for was she not amo the servants of God? It might be, of course, that their interpretation of the upreme being differed from her own, but that they owned a god was sufficient evidence to her that they were kind and good.

But when she saw a stone altar in ed and bound her ankles and secured trembled in an agony of fright.

In borror, nor did she require the sight high priestess as it rose slowly above ber to enlighten her further as to her

As the hand began its descent Jane Porter closed her eyes and sent up a silent prayer to the Maker she was so soon to face. Then she succumbed to the strain upon her tired nerves and

Day and night Tarzan of the Apes raced through the primeval forest toward the ruined city in which he was positive the woman he loved lay either soner or dead.

In a day and a night he covered the same distance that the fifty frightful men had taken the better part of a week to traverse, for Tarzan of the Apes traveled along the middle terrace high above the tangled obstacles that impede progress upon the ground.

The story the young bull aye had told made it clear to him that the girl captive had been Jane Porter, for there was not another small, white "she" in all the jungle. The "bulls" he had recognized from the ape's crude description as the grotesque parodies upon hnmanity who inhabit the ruins of Opar. And the girl's fate he could picture as plainly as though he were an eyewitness to it. When they would lay her across that grim altar he could not guess, but that her dear, frail body would eventually find its way there he

But finally, after what seemed long ages to the impatient ape-man, he topped the barrier cliffs that hemmed the desolate valley, and below him lay the grim and awful ruins of the now hideous city of Opar. At a rapid trot he started across the dry and dusty, bowlder strewn ground toward the goal of his desires.

Would he be in time to rescue? He hoped against hope. At least he could be revenged, and in his wrath it seemed to him that he was equal to the task of wiping out the entire population of that terrible city. It was nearly noon when he reached the great bowlder at the top of which terminated the secret passage to the pits beneath the city. Like a cat he scaled the precipitous sides of the frowning granite kopje. A moment later he was running through the darkness of the long, straight tunnel that led to the treasure vault. Through this he passed, then on and on until at last be came to the welllike shaft upon the opposite side of which lay the dungeon with the false

wall. As he paused a moment upon the quick ears caught and translated it. It was the dance of death that preceded a sacrifice, and the singsong ritual of the high priestess. He could even recognize the girl's voice.

Could it be that the ceremony marked the very thing he had so hastened to prevent! A wave of horror swent over him. Was he, after all, to be just a moment too late? Like a frightened deer he leaped across the narroy chasm to the continuation of the passage beyond. At the false wall he tore like one possessed to demolish the barrier that confronted him. With giant muscles he forced the opening, thrusting his head and shoulders through the first small hole he made and carrying the balance of the wall with him to clatter resoundingly upon the cement

floor of the dungeon. With a single leap he cleared the ength of the chamber and threw himself against the ancient door. But here he stopped. The mighty bars upon the other side were proof even against such muscles as his. It needed but a moment's effort to convince him of the futility of endeavoring to force that impregnable barrier. There was but one other way, and that led back through the long tunnels to the bowlder a mile beyond the city's walls and then back across the open as he had come to the city first with his Waziri. He realized that to retrace his steps and enter the city from above ground would mean that he would be too late to save the girl if it were indeed she who lay upon the sacrificial altar above him. But there seemed no other way. and so he turned and ran swiftly back into the passageway beyond the broken wall. At the well he heard again the notonous voice of the high priestess, and as he glanced aloft the opening twenty feet above, seemed so near that he was tempted to leap for it in a mad endeavor to reach the inner courtyard that lay so near.

If he could but get one end of his grass rope caught upon some projection at the top of that tantalizing aperture! In the instant's pause and thought an idea occurred to him. He would attempt it. Turning back to the umbled wall, he seized one of the large, flat slabs that had composed it. Hastily making one end of his rope fast to the piece of granite, he returned to the shaft, and, coiling the balance of the rope on the floor beside him, the ape-man took the heavy slat in both hands, and, swinging it several times to get the distance and the direction fixed, he let the weight fly up

at a slight angle, so that instead of falling straight back into the shaft again if grazed the far edge, tumbling

Tarzan dragged for a moment upon the slack end of the rope until he felt that the stone was lodged with fair security at the shaft's top, then he he center of the courtyard and dark swung out over the black depths bebrown stains upon it and the nearby neath. The moment his full weight concrete of the floor she began to won- came upon the rope he felt it slip der and to doubt. And as they stoop- from above. He waited there in awful suspense as it dropped in little jerks, her wrists behind her her doubts were inch by inch. The stone was being turned to fear. A moment later as she dragged up the outside of the masonwas lifted and placed across the altar's | ry surrounding the top of the shafttop hope left her entirely, and she would it catch at the very edge or would his weight drag it over to fall During the grotesque dance of the upon him as he hurtled into the unvotaries which followed she lay frozen known depths below?

For a brief, sickening moment Tarof the thin blade in the hand of the zan felt the slipping of the rope to which he clung and heard the scraping of the block of stone against the masonry above.

> the stone had caught at the very edge. Gingerly the ape-man clambered up the frail rope. In a moment his head was above the edge of the shaft. The court was empty. The inhabitants of Opar were riewing the sacriof the high priestess' voice.

Fate guided him to the very door way of the great roofless chamber. Between him and the altar was the long row of priests and priestesses awaiting with their golden cups the spilling of the warm blood of their

La's hand was descending slowly to ward the besom of the frall, quiet figure that lay stretched upon the bard stone. Tarzan gave a gasp that was almost a sob as he recognized the features of the girl he loved. And then the scar upon his forehead turned to a flaming band of scarlet, a red mist floated before his eyes, and with the awful roar of the bull ape gone mad he sprang like a buge lion into the midst of the votaries.

Seizing a cudgel from the nearest priest, he laid about him like a veritable demon as he forged his rapid way toward the altar. The hand of La had paused at the first noise of interruption. When she saw who the author of it was she went white. She had never been able to fathom the secret of the strange white man's escape from the dungeon in which she had locked him. She had not intended that he should ever leave Opar, for she had looked upon his giant frame and handsome face with the eyes of a woman and not those of a priestess.

In her clever mind she had concoct ed a story of wonderful revelation from the lips of the flaming god him self, in which she had been ordered to receive this white stranger as a messenger from him to his people on earth. That would satisfy the people of Opar, she knew. The man would be satisfied, she felt quite sure, to remain and he her husband rather than to return to the sacrificial altar.

But when she had gone to explain her plan to him he had disappeared, though the door had been tight locked brink of the well a faint sound came | as she had left it, and now he had reand was killing her priests as though they had been sheep. For the moment she forgot her victim, and before she could gather her wits together again the huge white man was standing be fore her, the woman who had lain upon the altar in his arms

"One side, La!" he cried. "You say ed me once, and so I would not harm you, but do not interfere or attempt to follow, or I shall have to kill you also. As he spoke he stepped past her to ward the entrance to the subterraneau

"Who is she?" asked the high priest ess, pointing at the unconscious we man "She is mine," said Tarzan of t

A pes. For a moment the girl of Opar stood wide eyed and staring. Then a look of hopeless misery suffused her eyes Tears welled into them, and, with a little cry, she sank to the cold floor

just as a swarm of frightful men dash ed past ner to leap upon the ape-man But Tarzan of the Apes was not there when they reached out to seize him. With a light bound he had disappeared into the passage leading to the pits below, and when his pursuers came more cautiously after they for the chamber empty, but they laughed and jabbered to one another, for they knew that there was no exit from the pits other than the one through which he had entered. If he came out at all he must come this way, and they

would wait and watch for him above. And so Tarzan of the Apes, carrying the unconscious Jane Porter, came through the pits of Opar beneath the temple of the flaming god without pursuit. But when the men of Opar nad talked further about the matter they recalled to mind that this very man had escaped once before into the pits, and, though they had watched the entrance, he had not come forth and yet today he had come upon them from the outside. They would again send fifty men out into the valley to find and capture this desecrater of

their temple. After Tarzan reached the shaft be youd the broken wall he felt so post tive of the successful issue of his flight that he stopped to replace the tumble stones, for he was not anxious that any of the inmates should discover this forgotten passage and through it come upon the treasure chamber. It was in his mind to return again to Oper and bear away a still greater fortune than he had already buried in the amphitheater of the apea.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Leve In the Wilderness. through the passageways he trotted, past the first door and through the treasure vault; past the second door and into ng, straight tunnel that led to the lofty bidden exit beyond the city. Jane Porter was still unconscious.

At the crest of the great bowlder he halted to cast a backward glance toward the city. Coming across the plain he saw a band of the bideous men of Opar. For a moment he hesitated. Should he descend and make a race for the distant cliffs, or should be hide here until night? And then a glance at the girl's white face determined him. He could not keep her here and permit her enemies to get between them and liberty. For aught he knew they might have been followed through the tunnels, and to have foes before and behind would result in almost certain capture since he Then, of a sudden, the rope was still , could not fight his way through the enemy burdened as he was with the unconscious girl.

To descend the steep face of the bowlder with Jane Porter was no easy task, but by binding her across his shoulders with the grass rope he sucfice. Tarzan could hear the voice of | ceeded in reaching the ground in safe-La from the nearby sacrificial court | ty before the Oparians arrived at the The dance had ceased. It must be great rock. As the descent had been almost time for the knife to fall, but | made upon the side away from the even as be thought these things he city, the searching party saw nothing was running rapidly toward the sound of it, nor did they dream that their prey was so close before them.

By keeping the kopje between them and their pursuers Tarzan of the Apes managed to cover nearly a mile before the men of Opar rounded the granite sentinel and saw the fugitives before them. With loud cries of savage delight they broke into a mad run, thinking doubtless that they would soon verhaul the burdened runner, but they both underestimated the powers of the ane-man and overestimated the possibilities of their own short, crook ed legs.

By maintaining an easy trot Tarzan kept the distance between them always the same. Occasionally he would glance at the face so near his own. Had it not been for the faint beating of the heart pressed so close against his own he would not have known that she was alive, so white and drawn was the poor, tired face.

And thus they came to the flat top ped mountain and the barrier cliffs. During the last mile Tarzan had let himself out; running like a deer that he might have ample time to descend the face of the cliffs before the Oparians could reach the summit and hurl rocks down upon them. And so it was that he was half a mile down the mountainside ere the fierce little men came panting to the edge.

With cries of rage and disappointment they ranged along the cliff' top. shaking their cudgels and dancing up and down in a perfect passion of anger. But this time they did not pursue beyond the boundary of their own country. Whether it was because they recalled the futility of their former long and irksome search or after witnessing the ease with which the apeman swung along before them and the last burst of speed they realized the atter hopelessness of further pursuit it is difficult to say, but as Tarzan reached the woods that began at the base of the footbills which skirted the barrier cliffs they turned their faces

Just within the forest's edge, where he could yet watch the cliff tops, Tarzan laid his burden upon the grass and, going to the nearby rivulet, brought water with which he bathed her face and hands, but even this did not revive her, and, greatly worried, he gathered the girl into his strong arms once more and hurried on toward the west

Late in the afternoon Jane Porter regained consciousness. She did not open her eyes at once. She was trying to recall the scenes that she had last essed. Ah! She remembered now. The altar, the terrible priestess, the descending knife. She gave a little shudder, for she thought that either this was death or that the knife had buried itself in her heart and she was experiencing the brief delirium preceding

death. And when finally she mustered cour age to open her eyes the sight that met them confirmed her fears, for she saw that she was being borne through a leafy paradise in the arms of her dead "If this be death," she murmured, "thank God that I am dead!" "You spoke, Jane!" cried Tarzan

"You are regaining consciousness!" "Yes. Tarzan of the Apes." she re plied And for the first time in months a smile of peace and happiness lighted her face. "Thank God!" cried the ape-man,

coming to the ground in a little grassy clearing beside the stream. "I was in time after all." "In time? What do you mean?" she questioned.

upon the altar, dear," he replied. "Do you not remember?" "Save me from death!" she asked in a puzzled tone. "Are we not both dead, my Tarzan?"

"In time to save you from death

He had placed her upon the grass by now, her back resting against the stem of a huge tree. At her question he stepped back where he could the better see her face.

"Dead!" he repeated, and then laughed. "You are not, Jane, and if you will return to the city of Opar and ask them who dwell there they will tell you that I was not dead a few short hours ago. No, dear; we are both very much alive."

"But both Hazel and M. Thuran told me that you had fallen into the ocean a hundred miles from land," she urged as though trying to convince him that he must indeed be dead. "They said that there was no question but that it let her head rest against his she

could have survived or been picked

How can I convince you that I am no spirit?" be asked, with a laugh. "It was I whom the delightful M. Thuran pushed overboard, but I did not drown-I will tell you all about it after awhile-and here I am very much the same wild man you first knew, Jane Porter." The girl rose slowly to her feet and

came toward him. "I cannot even yet believe it," she murmured. "It cannot be that such happiness can be true after all the | past have walked their primeval forhideous things that I have passed

Lady Alice went down." She came close to him and laid a hand, soft and trembling, upon his arm.

"It must be that I am dreaming, and that I shall awaken in a moment to see that awful knife descending toward my heart. Kiss me, dear, just once before I lose my dream forever."

Tarzan of the Apes needed no second invitation. He took the girl be loved in his strong arms and kissed her not



He Took the Girl He Loved In His Strong Arms and Kissed Her. once, but a hundred times, until she lay there panting for breath. Yet when he stopped she put her arms Tarzan forced a few drops between the about his neck and drew his lips down to hers once more.

"Am I alive and a reality, or am I ful limbs. but a dream?" he asked.

"If you are not alive, my man," she answered, "I pray that I may die thus before I awaken to the terrible realities of my last waking moments.' For awhile both were silent, gazing

into each others' eyes as though each still questioned the reality of the wonderful happiness that had come to them. The past, with all its bideous disappointments and horrors, was forgotten, the future did not belong to them, but the present-ah, that was theirs. None could take that from them. It was the girl who first broke the sweet silence.

"Where are we going, dear?" she girl. asked. "What are we going to do?" "Where would you like best to go?" He is a devil. When I begged for the he asked. "What would you like best | water that I was too weak to get he

to do?" "To go where you go, my man; to do and laughed in my face." At the whatever seems best to you," she an- thought of it the man was suddenly swered.

"But Clayton?" he asked. For a moment he had forgotten that there existed upon the earth other than they "We have forgotten your hustwo.

"I am not married. Tarzan of the Apes!" she cried. "Nor am I longer promised in marriage. The day before those awful creatures captured me 1 spoke to Mr. Clayton of my love for you, and he understood then that I could not keep the wicked promise that I had made. It was after we had been miraculously saved from an attacking lion." She paused suddenly and looked up at him, a questioning light in her eyes. "Tarzan of the Apes," she cried, "it was you who did that thing! It could have been no other."

He dropped his eyes, for ashamed. "How could you have gone away and

left me?" she cried reproachfully. "Don't, Jane!" he pleaded. "Please don't! You cannot know how I have suffered since for the cruelty of that

act or how I suffered then, first in fealous rage and then in bitter resentment against the fate that I had not deserved. I went back to the apes after that, Jane, intending never again to see a human being." He told her then of his life since he

had returned to the jungle-of how he had dropped like a plummet from a civilized Parisian to a savage Waziri warrior and from there back to the brute that he had been raised. She asked him many questions, and he narrated every detail of his civilized life to her, omitting nothing, for he felt no shame since his heart always had been true to her. When he had finished he sat looking at her as though waiting for her judgment and his sentence. "I knew that he was not speaking

the truth," she said. "Oh, what a horrible creature he is!" "You are not angry with me, then?"

he asked. And her reply, though apparently most irrelevant, was truly fem "Is Olga de Coude very beautiful?"

she asked. And Tarzan laughed and kissed her again. "Not one-tenth so beautiful as you, dear," he said.

She gave a contented little sigh and must have been you and less that you He knew that he was forgiven.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Passing of the Ape-Man. HAT night Tarzan built a snug little bower high among the swaying branches of a glant tree, and there the tired girl slept, while in a crotch beneath her the ape-man curled, ready, even in sleep, to protect her.

It took them many days to make the long journey to the coast. Where the way was easy they walked hand in hand beneath the arching bows of the mighty forest, as might in a far gone bears. Where the underbrush was through these awful months since the | tangled he took her in his great arms and bore her lightly through the trees. and the days were all too short, for they were very happy. Had it not been for their anxiety to reach apsuccor Clayton they would have drawn out the sweet pleasure of that wonderful journey indefinitely.

On the last day before they reached the coast Tarzan caught the scent of men ahead of them-the scent of black men. He told the girl and cautioned her to maintain silence. "There are few friends in the jungle," he remark ed dryly.

In half an hour they came stealthily upon a small party of black warriors filing toward the west. As Tarzan saw them he gave a cry of delight. It was a band of his own Waziri. Busult was there and others who had accompanied him to Opar. At sight of him they danced and cried out in exuberant joy. For weeks they had been searching for him, they told him.

The blacks exhibited considerable wonderment at the presence of the white girl with him, and when they found that she was to be his woman they vied with one another to do her honor. With the happy Waziri laughing and dancing about them, they came to the rude shelter by the shore.

There was no sign of life and no response to their calls. Tarzan clambered quickly to the interior of the little tree hut, only to emerge a moment later with an empty tin. Thowing it down to Busuli, he told him to fetch water and then he beckoned Jane Porter to come up.

Together they leaned over the emaclated thing that once had been an English nobleman. Tears came to the girl's eyes as she saw the poor, sunken cheeks and hollow eyes and the lines of suffering upon the once young and handsome face.

"He still lives," said Tarzan. "We will do all that can be done for him, but I fear that we are too late."

When Busuli had brought the water cracked and swollen lips. He wetted the hot forehead and bathed the piti-

Presently Clayton opened his eyes A faint, shadowy smile lighted his countenance as he saw the girl leaning over him. At sight of Tarzan the expression changed to one of wonder

"It's all right, old fellow," said the ape-man. "We've found you in time. Everything will be all right now, and we'll have you on your feet again before von know it"

The Englishman shook his head weakly. "It's too late," he whispered. "But it's just as well. I'd rather die." "Where is M. Thuran?" asked the

"He left me after the fever got bad drank before me, threw the rest out animated by a spark of vitality. He raised himself upon one elbow. "Yes," be almost shouted; "I will live! I will live long enough to find and kill that beast!" But the brief effort left him weaker than before, and he sank back again upon the rotting grasses that, with his old ulster, had been the bed

of Jane Porter. "Don't worry about Thuran." said Tarzan of the Apes, laying a reassuring hand on Clayton's forehead. "He belongs to me, and I shall get him in the end, never fear."

For a long time Clayton lay very still. Several times Tarzan had to put his ear quite close to the sunken chest to catch the faint beating of the wornout heart. Toward evening he aroused again for a brief moment.

"Jane," he whispered. The girl bent ber head closer to catch the faint message. "I have wronged you-and him," he nodded weakly toward the ape-man. "I loved you so. It is a poor excuse to offer for injuring you, but I could not bear to think of giving you up. I do not ask your forgiveness. I only wish to do now the thing I should have done over a year ago." He fumbled in the pocket of the ulster beneath him for mething that he had discovered there while he lay between the paroxysms of fever. Presently be found it-a crumbled bit of yellow paper. He banded it to the girl, and as she took it his arm fell limply across his chest, his head dropped back, and with a little gasp he stiffened and was still. Then Tarzan of the Apes drew a fold of the ulster across the upturned face. As they rose and stood on either side of the now peaceful form tears came, to the ape-man's eyes, for through the anguish that his own heart had suffered he had learned compassion for the suffering of others.

Through her tears the girl read the nessage upon the bit of faded yellow paper, and as she read her eyes went very wide. Twice she read those starling words before she could fully comprehend their meaning.

. C. Tarzan, Baltimore, Md.: Finger prints prove you Greystoke. Con-gratulations. D'ARNOT. She handed the paper to Tarzan 'And he has known it all this time," he said, "and did not tell you?"

"I knew it first, Jane," replied Tar man. "I did not know that he knew (To be Continued)

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