

THE RETURN OF TARZAN

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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"But madame has retired," said the maid in answer to Rokoff's request to speak with her.

"This is a very urgent message for the countess' ears alone," replied Rokoff. "Tell her that she must arise and slip something about her and come to the telephone. I shall call up again in five minutes." Then he hung up his receiver. A moment later Paulvitch entered.

"The count has the message?" asked Rokoff.

"He should be on his way to his home by now," replied Paulvitch.

"Good! My lady will be sitting in her boudoir, very much in negligee, about now. In a minute the faithful Jacques will escort M. Tarzan into her presence without announcing him. The count will break in upon a very pretty scene in about fifteen minutes from now. I think we have planned marvelously, my dear Alexis. Let us go out and drink to the very good health of M. Tarzan in some of old Plancois's unparalleled absinth, not forgetting that the Count de Coude is one of the best swordsmen in Paris and by far the best shot in all France."

When Tarzan reached Olga's Jacques was awaiting him at the entrance.

"This way, monsieur," he said and led the way up the broad marble staircase. In another moment he had opened a door and, drawing aside a heavy curtain, obsequiously bowed Tarzan into a dimly lighted apartment. Then Jacques vanished.

Across the room from him Tarzan saw Olga seated before a little desk on which stood her telephone. She was tapping impatiently upon the polished surface of the desk. She had not heard him enter.

"Olga," he said, "what is wrong?" She turned toward him with a little cry of alarm.

"Jean!" she cried. "What are you doing here? Who admitted you? What does it mean?"

Tarzan was thunderstruck, but in an instant he realized a part of the truth. "Then you did not send for me, Olga?"

"Send for you at this time of night? Jean, do you think that I am quite mad?"

"Francis telephoned me to come at once; that you were in trouble and wanted me."

"Francis? Who in the world is Francis?"

"He said that he was in your service. He spoke as though I should recall the fact."

"There is no one by that name in my employ. Some one has played a joke upon you, Jean," and Olga laughed.

"I fear that it may be a most sinister joke," Olga, he replied. "There is more back of it than humor."

"What do you mean? You do not think that?"

"Where is the count?" he interrupted.

"At the German ambassador's."

"This is another move by your estimable brother. Tomorrow the count will hear of it. He will question the servants. Everything will point to what Rokoff wishes the count to think."

"The scoundrel!" cried Olga. She had arisen and come close to Tarzan, where she stood looking up into his face. She was very frightened. In her eyes was an expression that the hunter sees in those of a poor, terrified doe—puzzled, questioning. Her look, her attitude, her words were elo-

quent of the age old appeal of defenseless woman to her natural protector—man. Tarzan took one of the warm little hands in his own strong one. The act was quite involuntary and almost equally so was the instinct of protection that threw a sheltering arm around the girl's shoulders.

The result was electrical. Never before had he been so close to her. In startled guilt he looked suddenly into each other's eyes and where Olga de Coude should have been strong she was weak, for she crept closer into the man's arms and clasped her own about his neck. And Tarzan of the Apes? He took her into his mighty arms and covered her lips with kisses.

Rokoff de Coude made hurried excuses to his host after he had read the note handed him by the ambassador's butler. Never afterward could he recall the nature of the excuses he made. Everything was quite a blur to him up to the time that he stood on the threshold of his own home. Then he became very cool, moving quietly and with caution. For some inexplicable reason Jacques had the door open before he was halfway to the steps. It did not strike him at the time as being unusual, though afterward he remarked it.

Very softly he tiptoed up the stairs and along the gallery to the door of his wife's boudoir. In his hand was a heavy walking stick—in his heart murder.

Olga was the first to see him. With a horrified shriek she tore herself from Tarzan's arms and the ape-man turned just in time to ward with his arm a terrible blow that De Coude had aimed at his head. Once, twice, three times the heavy stick fell with lightning rapidity and each blow aided in the transition of the ape-man back to the primordial.

With the low, guttural snarl of the bull ape he sprang for the Frenchman. The great stick was torn from his grasp and broken in two as though it had been matchwood, to be flung aside as the now infuriated beast charged for his adversary's throat.

Olga de Coude stood a horrified spectator to the terrible scene which ensued during the next brief moment, then she sprang to where Tarzan was murdering her husband—chokeing the life from him—shaking him as a terrier might shake a rat.

Practically she tore at his great hands. "Mother of God!" she cried. "You are killing him, you are killing him! Oh, Jean, you are killing my husband!"

Tarzan was deaf with rage. Suddenly he hurled the body to the floor, and, placing his foot upon the upturned breast, raised his head. Then through the palace of the Count de Coude rang the awesome challenge of the bull ape that has made a kill. From cellar to attic the horrid sound searched out the servants and left them blanched and trembling. The woman in the room

expecting to see the maniacal light of murder in the eyes above her. Instead she saw horror and contrition.

"Oh, Jean!" she cried. "See what you have done. He was my husband, I loved him, and you have killed him."

Very gently Tarzan raised the limp form of the Count de Coude and bore it to a couch. Then he put his ear to the man's breast.

"Some brandy, Olga," he said. She brought it, and together they forced it between his lips. Presently a faint gasp came from the white lips. The head turned, and De Coude groaned.

"He will not die," said Tarzan. "Thank God!"

"Why did you do it, Jean?" she asked.

"I do not know. He struck me, and I went mad. I have seen the apes of my tribe do the same thing. I have never told you my story, Olga. It would have been better had you known it—this might not have happened. I never saw my father. The only mother I ever knew was a ferocious she ape. Until I was fifteen I had never seen a human being. I was twenty before I saw a white man. A little more than a year ago I was a naked beast of prey in an African jungle. Do not judge me too harshly. Two years is too short a time in which to attempt to work the change in an individual that it has taken countless ages to accomplish in the white race."

"I do not judge you at all, Jean. The fault is mine. You must go now, say must not find you here when he regains consciousness. Goodby."

It was a sorrowful Tarzan who walked with bowed head from the palace of the Count de Coude.

Once outside his thoughts took definite shape, to the end that twenty minutes later he entered a police station not far from the Rue Mailla. Here he found one of the officers with whom he had had an encounter several weeks previous. The policeman was genuinely glad to see again the man who had so roughly handled him. After a moment of conversation Tarzan asked if he had ever heard of Nicolas Rokoff or Alexis Paulvitch.

"Very often indeed, monsieur. Each has a police record, and while there is nothing charged against them now we make it a point to know pretty well where they may be found should the occasion demand. It is only the same precaution that we taken with every known criminal. Why does monsieur ask?"

"They are known to me," replied Tarzan. "I wish to see M. Rokoff on a little matter of business. If you can direct me to his lodgings I shall appreciate it."

A few minutes later he bade the policeman adieu and, with a slip of paper in his pocket bearing a certain address in a semi-respectable quarter, he walked briskly toward the nearest taxi stand.

Rokoff and Paulvitch had returned to their rooms and were sitting talking over the probable outcome of the evening's events. They had telephoned to the offices of two of the morning papers, from which they momentarily expected representatives to hear the first report of the scandal that was to stir social Paris on the morrow.

(To be continued.)

Fears are felt in Chatham of a flood, the Thames river having risen more than three feet since Monday with the still continuing rains.

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sank to her knees beside the body of her husband and prayed.

Slowly the red mist faded from before Tarzan's eyes. Things began to take form—he was regaining the perspective of civilized man. His eyes fell upon the figure of the kneeling woman. "Olga," he whispered. She looked up,



She Tore Herself From Tarzan's Arms.

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GIRL'S SLEEP OF 22 DAYS ENDS IN DEATH

WINDSOR, May 13.—An unbroken sleep of 22 days ended by death to-day when Maude Walker, aged 22, died at her home here.

The young lady went to bed on the night of April 22nd, and started on her long sleep. At times she would move restlessly, but never once opened her eyes or spoke a word.

She had been a sufferer from a complication of diseases for some time.

LADIES! SECRET TO DARKEN GRAY HAIR

Bring Back Its Color and Lustre with Grandma's Sage Tea Recipe

Common garden sage brewed into a heavy tea, with sulphur and alcohol added, will turn gray, streaked and faded hair beautifully dark and luxuriant; remove every bit of dandruff, stop scalp itching and falling hair. Mixing the Sage Tea and Sulphur recipe at home, though, is troublesome. An easier way is to get the ready-to-use tonic, costing about 50 cents a large bottle, at drug stores, known as "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy," thus avoiding a lot of fuss.

While wispy, gray, faded hair is not sinful, we all desire to retain our youthful appearance and attractiveness. By darkening your hair with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur, no one can tell, because it does it so naturally, so evenly. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning all gray hairs have disappeared. After another application or two your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy, soft and luxuriant and you appear years younger. Agent, T. George Bowles.

DAILY FASHION HINT.

No. 6,673, Lady's Coat.

This coat is in the new Balzacian style. It is loose and flares nobly at the lower edges. The sleeves are in the Raglan style, extending to the neck edge. Here there is a small collar joining notched revers in the regulation coat fashion. These coats are made of rough fabric, tweeds, homespuns, basket weaves and the like, which are found in similar effect in both woollens and cottons.

The coat pattern, No. 6,673, is cut in sizes 34 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 3 1/2 yards of 50 inch material.

This pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this paper.

Eight days must be allowed for receipt of pattern.

PATTERN ORDER

Cut this out, fill in with your name and address, number, description. Enclose 10c, and mail to the Pattern Department of the Brantford Courier.

No. Size

Name

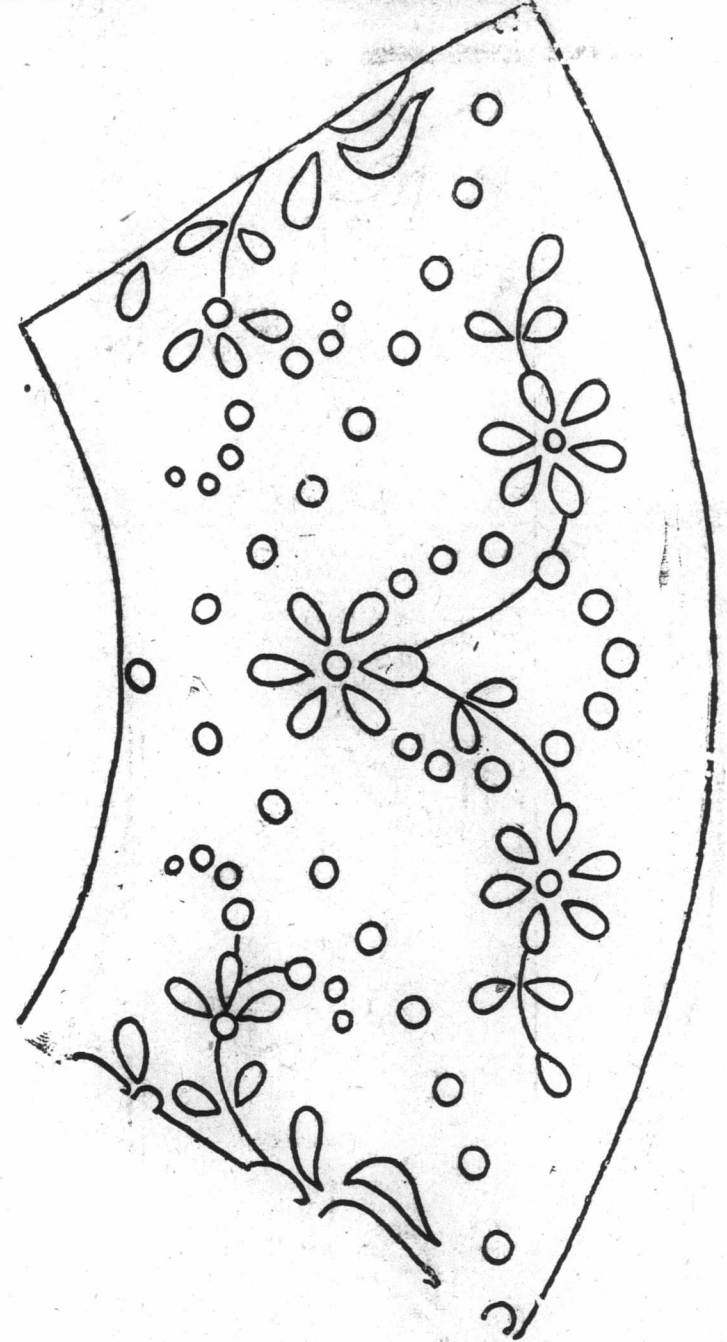
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THE COURIER EMBROIDREY PATTERNS

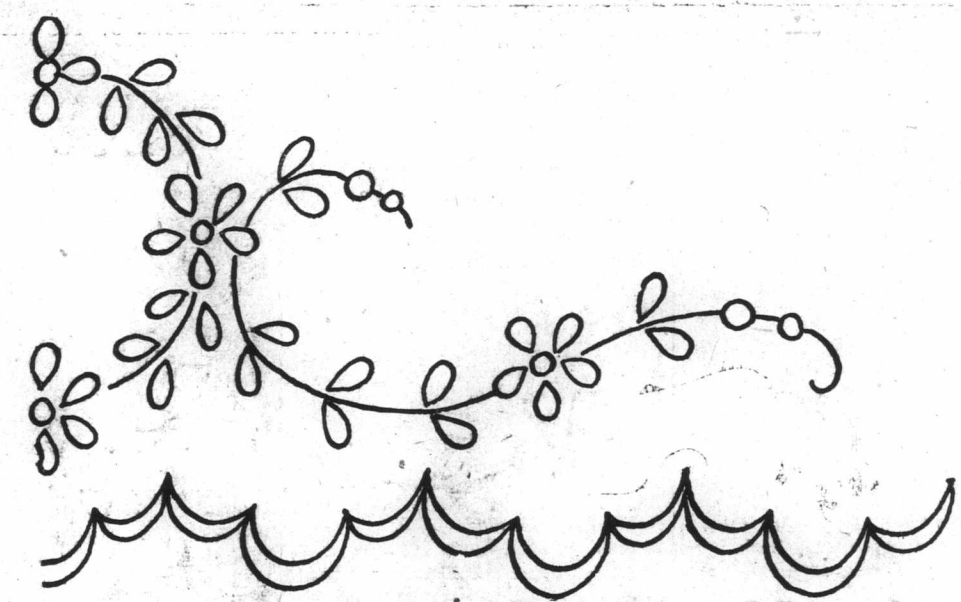
DIRECTIONS FOR TRANSFERRING

Lay a piece of impression paper, face down, upon the material. Place the newspaper pattern in position over this, and with a hard, sharp pencil firmly trace each line. If the material is sheer, this may be laid over the pattern, and the design drawn direct on the goods, as it will show through. When handled in this way, impression paper, of course, will not be required.



HALF OF EMBROIDERED CANDLE SHADE.

These shades are very effective when finished and mounted over colored foundations. The flowers and leaves are solidly worked, with the dots as eyelets and the stems in the outline stitch. Mercerized cotton No. 25 should be used. The shade is finished by narrow Irish lace sewed at the top and bottom.



END FOR HAND TOWEL.

The scallops should be padded and closely buttonholed. The flowers and leaves are worked solid with the dots as eyelets and the stems in the outline stitch. Use mercerized cotton No. 20.

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