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a very faithful and loyal wife, but as

"Who is that gentleman?" she asked.

"He is booked, madame, as M. Tar-

"Rather a large estate," thought the

As Tarzan walked slowly toward the

smoking room he came unexpectedly

without. He would have vouch-

upon two men whispering excitedly

safed them not even a passing thought

but for the strangely guilty glance that

Tarzan entered the smoking room

and sought a chair a little apart from

the others who were there. He felt in

no mood for conversation, and as he

sipped his absinth he let his mind run

rather sorrowfully over the past few weeks of his life. Time and again he

had wondered if he had acted wisely

in renouncing his birthright to a man

to whom he owed nothing. It is true

that he liked Clayton, but-ah, but

that was not the question. It was not

for William Cecil Clayton, Lord Grey-

stoke, that he had denied his birth. It

was for the woman whom both he and

Clayton loved and whom a strange

freak of fate had given to Clayton in-

That she loved him made the thing

doubly difficult to bear, yet he knew

that he could have done nothing less

than he did do that night within the

little railway station in the far Wis-

consin woods. To him her happiness

was the first consideration of all, and

his brief experience with civilization

and civilized men had taught him that

without money and position life to

Jane Porter had been born to both,

and had Tarzan taken them away

doubtless have plunged her into a life

of misery and torture. That she would

have spurned Clayton once he had

been stripped of both his title and his

estates never for once occured to Tar-

zan, for he credited to others the same

honest loyalty that was so inherent a

quality in himself. Nor in this in-

Tarzan's thoughts drifted from the

past to the future. He tried to look

forward with pleasurable sensations to

his return to the jungle of his birth

and boyhood, the cruel, fierce jungle

in which he had spent twenty of his

twenty-two years. But who or what

of all the myriad jungle life would

there be to welcome his return? Not

one. Only Tantor, the elephant, could

he call friend. The others would bunt

him or flee from him as had been their

Not even the apes of his own tribe

If civilization had done nothing else

extent taught him to crave the society

of his own kind and to feel with genu-

companionship. And in the same ratio

world without a friend-without a liv-

ing thing who spoke the new tongues

which Tarzan had learned to love so

t for himself.

was that Tarzan look-

lish upon the future he

sing over his cigarette

on a mirror before him

w reflected a table at

sat at cards. Present-

hed, and Tarzan could

irteously offered to till

ir that the game might

ed. He was the small-

whom Tarzan had seen

t outside the smoking

the man who had but

ie game. Tarzan knew

tone of the other play

who sat opposite the

ount Raoul de Coude.

rattentive steward had

one of the celebrities of

escribing him as a man

dal family of the French

zan's attention was riv-

deture in the glass. The

rose to leave and then

stance had he erred.

way in the past.

most of them was unendurable.

stead of to him.

one of them shot in his direction.

girl, but now her interest was still fur-

san of Africa," replied the steward.

she had had nothing whatever to do with the selection of a husband it is Readers of "Tarzan of the not at all unlikely that she was not Apes"-there were millions of wildly and passionately in love with the them-have been awaiting with ne that fate and her titled Russian faeagerness "The Return of Tarther had selected for her. However, san." They need no introducsimply because she was surprised into tion to the ape-man, who was a tiny exclamation of approval at sight of a splendid young stranger it must an English lord by ancestry and not be inferred therefrom that her an inhabitant of the treetops by thoughts were in any way disloyal to fate until the same fate brought her spouse. She merely admired, as him out and made him a civilized she might have admired a particularly man after twenty years of life fine specimen of any species. Further among the great apes of Africa. more, the young man was unquestion ably good to look at His adventures, as wonderful and As her furtive glance rested upo interesting as any set forth in his profile, he rose to leave the deck. words, have been the center of The Countess de Coude beckoned to a Interest in a story that is unique passing steward. in its originality.
Now we have "The Return of

Tarzan," as thrilling as its forerunner. In it are told the further adventures of the splendid epe-man, who at last wins his way to the side of his true love after facing countless perils by land and sea.

Whoever read "Tarsan of the Apes" needs no invitation to peruse this story. Others are warned that after they read this sequel to "Tarsan of the Apes" they won't be satisfied until they have read that story also.

> CHAPTER L On the Liner.

GNIFIOUE!" elaculated the Countess de Coude beneath her breath.

ount, turning toward his young wife. "What is it that is magnificent?" And the count bent his eyes in various directions in quest of the object of her admiration.

"Oh nothing at all, my dear?" replied the countess, a slight flush momentarily coloring her already pink cheek. "I was but recalling with admiration those stupendous skyscrapers, as they call them, of New York." And the fair countess settled herself more comfortably in her steamer chair and resumed the magazine which "nothing at all" had caused her to let fall upon her lap.

Her husband again buried himself from her future husband it In his book, but not without a mild wonderment that three days out from New York his countess should sudden



other swarthy plotter had entered and was standing behind the count's chair. Parzan saw him turn and glance furtively about the room, but his eyes did not rest for a sufficient time upon the mirror to note the reflection of Tar zan's watchful eyes. Stealthily the man withdrew something from his pocket. Tarzan could not discern what the object was, for the man's hand

Slowly the hand approached the rount, and then, very deftly, the thing that was in it was transferred to the count's pocket.

The play went on for some ten mir utes after this until the count won a considerable wager from him who had last joined the game, and then Tarzan saw the fellow back of the count's chair nod his head to his confederate. Instantly the player arose and pointed a finger at the count.

"Had I known that monsieur was a professional card sharp I had not been so ready to be drawn into the game," he said.

Instantly the count and the two other players were upon their feet. Coude's face went white.

"What do you mean, sir?" he cried. 'Do you know to whom you speak?" "I know that I speak for the last time to one who cheats at cards," replied the fellow.

The count leaned across the table and struck the man full in the mouth with his open palm, and then the others closed in between them. "There is some mistake, sir." cried one of the other players. "Why, this

is Count de Coude of France." "If I am mistaken," said the accuser "I shall gladly apologize, but before do so first let monsieur le comte explain the extra cards which I saw him

drop into his side pocket." And then the man whom Tarzan had een drop them there turned to sneak from the room, but found the exit bar-

red by a tall, gray eyed stranger. With a low oath he seized Tarzan to oush him to one side. The ape-man but smiled as he twisted the big fellow about and, grasping him by the collar of his coat, escorted him back to the table, struggling, cursing and striking in futile remonstrance. It was Nikolas Rokoff's first experience with the muscles that had brought their savage owner victorious through encounters with Sabor, the tiger;

The man who had accused De Coude and the two others who had been playing stood looking expectantly at the

Numa, the lion, and Terkoz, the great

"You have but to slip your hand in the count's coat pocket," said the ac-And then as the others hesitated to do so, "Come; I shall do it myself if no other will," and he stepped forward toward the count. "No, monsieur," said De Coude; will submit to a search only at the

hands of a gentleman." "It is unnecessary to search the count. The cards are in his pocket. I myself saw them placed there."

All turned in surprise toward this new speaker to behold a very well built young man urging a res captive toward them by the scruff of his neck.

"It is a conspiracy!" cried De Coude "There are no cards in my angrily. coat!" And with that he ran his hand into his pocket. As he did so tense silence reigned in the little group. The count went dead white, and then very slowly he withdrew his hand, and in ro three cards.

He looked at them in mute and horrified surprise, and slowly the red of mortification suffused his face. Expressions of pity and contempt tinged the features of those who looked on at the death of a man's honor.

"It is a conspiracy, monsieur." It was the gray eyed stranger who spoke. en," he continued, "monsieur le comte did not know that those cards were in his pocket. This person whom just intercepted in an effort to escape placed the cards there."

De Coude had glanced from Tarzan to the man in his grasp. "Mon Dieu, Nikolas Rokoff!" he cried. "You?" Then he turned to his accuser and

yed him intently for a moment. "And you, monsieur, I did not rec ognize you without your beard. It quite disguises you, Paulvitch. I see it all now. It is quite clear, gentle-

would extend the hand of fellowship men." He turned to Tarzan. "No, my friend," said the count hastily. "It is a personal matter, and for Tarzan of the Apes it had to some I beg that you will let it drop. It is sufficient that I have been exonerated from the charge. The less we have to ine pleasure the congenial warmth of do with such fellows the better. But, monsieur, how can I thank you for the had it made any other life distasteful great kindness you have done me? to him. It was difficult to imagine a

Permit me to offer you my card." Tarzan had released Rokoff, who, with his confederate, Paulvitch, had hastened from the smoking room. Just as he was leaving, Rokoff turned to Tarzan. "Monsieur will have ample opportunity to regret his interference

in the affairs of others." Tarzan smiled, and then, bowing to the count, handed him his own card. The count read, "Jean C. Tarzan, l'Afrique."

"Monsieur Tarzan," he said, "may indeed wish that he had never befriended me, for I can assure him that he has won the enmity of two of the most unmitigated scoundrels in all Eu-

That night as Tarzan entered his cabin he found a folded note upon the floor that had evidently been pushed beneath the door. He opened it and read:

M. Tarzan-Doubtless you did not realize the gravity of your offense or you would not have done the thing you did today. I am willing to believe that you acted in ig-norance and without any intention to of-fend a stranger. For this reason I shall gladly permit you to offer an apology, and on receiving your assurances that you

nuggest. Very respectfully, NIKOLAS ROKOFF. play about his lips for a moment, then tion to the civilized world. he promptly dropped the matter from his mind and went to bed.

In a nearby cabin the Countess de Coude was speaking to her husband. "Why so grave, my dear Raoul?" she asked. "You have been as glum as could be all evening. What worries you?" "Olga, Nikolas is on board. Did you

know it?" "Nikolas!" she exclaimed. "But it is impossible, Raoul. It cannot be. Nikolas is under arrest in Germany." "So I thought myself until I saw him today-him and that other arch scoundrel, Paulvitch. Olga, I cannot endure his persecution much longerno, not even for you. Sooner or later

"Oh, no, Raoul!" cried the countess, sinking to her knees before him as he sat with bowed head upon a divan. "Do not do that. Remember your promise to me. Tell me, Raoul, that you will not do that. Do not even threaten

I shall turn him over to the authori-

him. Raoul." "I cannot understand. He has forfeited all claim upon your love, loyalty and respect. He is a menace to your life and honor and to the life and honor of your husband. I trust that you may never regret championing him." "I do not champion him, Raoul," she

nterrupted vehemently. "I believe that I hate him as much as you do, butoh, Raoul, blood is thicker than water. "I should today have liked to sample the consistency of his," growled De Coude grimly. "The two deliberate

ly attempted to besmirch my honor,

Olga." And then he teld her of all that had happened in the smoking room. Late the following afternoon Rokoff and Paulvitch were standing on deck at a point which was temporarily deserted. As Tarzan came upon them they were in heated argument with a woman. Tarzan noted that she was richly appareled and that her slender, well modeled figure denoted youth, but

as she was heavily velled he could not

discern her features. The men were standing on either side of her, and the backs of all were toward Tarzan, so that he was quite close to them without their ware of his presence. He noticed that Rekoff seemed to be threatening, the woman pleading, but they spoke in a trange tongue, and he could only guess from appearances that the girl was

afraid. As the ape-man hesitated the man seized the woman roughly by the wrist, twisting it as though to wring promise from her through torture. Then steel fingers gripped his shoulder, and he was swung unceremonious ly around, to meet the cold, gray eyes of the stranger who had thwarted him on the previous day.

"This is my answer to your note, monsieur." said Tarzan in a low voice And he hurled the fellow from him with such force that Rokoff lunged sprawling against the rail.

"Name of a name!" shrieked Rokoff. "Pig, but you shall die for this!" And, springing to his feet, he rushed upon Tarzan, tugging the meanwhile to draw a revolver from his hip pocket. The girl shrank back in terror.

"Nikolas!" she cried. "Do not-oh, do not do that! Quick, monsieur, fly, he will surely kill you!" But instead of flying Tarzan advanced to meet the fellow. "Do not make a fool of yourself, monsieur," he said.

Rokoff at last succeeded in drawing the revolver. He deliberately raised it to Tarzan's breast and pulled the trigger. The hammer fell with a futile click on an empty chamber; the apeman's hand shot out like the head of an angry python, there was a quick wrench, and the revolver sailed far out across the ship's rail and dropped into the Atlantic.

For a moment the two men stood there facing one another. Rokoff had regained his self possession. He was

the first to speak. "Twice now has monsieur seen fit to interfere in matters which do not concern him. If monsieur does not know who Nikolas Rokoff is, this last piece of affrontery will insure that monsieur later has good reason to remember

"That you are a coward and a scoundrel, monsieur." replied Tarzan. "is all that I care to know of you." And he turned to ask the girl if the man had hurt her, but she had disappeared. Then, without even a glance toward Rokoff and his companion, he continned his stroll along the deck.

Tarzan could not but wonder what manner of conspiracy was on foot or what the scheme of the two men might be. On the woman's finger he had noticed a ring of peculiar workmanship. He determined to note the fingers of the women passengers he came upon thereafter that he might discover the identity of her whom Rokoff was persecuting.

CHAPTER II.

Forging Bonds of Hate and-ARZAN had sought his deck chair, where he sat speculating on the numerous instances of human cruelty, selfshness and spite that had fallen to his lot to witness since that day in the jungle four years since that his eyes had first fallen upon a human being other than himself-the sleek, black Kulonga, whose swift spear had that day found the vitals of Kala, the great she ape, and robbed the youth Tarzan of the only mother he had ever known. He recalled the murder of King by the rat faced Snipes; the abandonment of Professor Porter and his party by

will not again interfere in affairs that do not concern you I shall drop the matter.

Otherwise-but I am sure that you will ase the wisdom of adopting the course it will be the cers of the west coast colony that Tarzan permitted a grim smile to had afforded him his first introduc-

> "Mon Dieu!" he solfloquized. they are all alike-cheating, murdering, lying, fighting, and all for things that the beasts of the jungle would not deign to possess-money to purchase the effeminate pleasures of weaklings. It is a silly world, an idiotic world, and Tarzan of the Apes was a fool to renounce the freedom and the happiness of his jungle to come into it."

man lay. Paulvitch's fingers were Presently as he sat there the sudgripping the fair throat, while his vicden feeling came over him that eyes were watching from behind. Tarzan wheeled about so quickly that the eyes of the young woman who had been surreptitiously regarding him had not even time to drop before the gray eyes of the ape-man shot an inquiring ook straight into them. Then as they fell Tarzan saw a faint wave of crimson creep swiftly over the now half averted face.

He smiled to himself at the result of his very uncivilized and ungallant action, for he had not lowered his own eyes when they met those of the young woman. She was very young and equally good to look upon. Further, there was something rather familiar about her that set Tarzan to wondering where he had seen her before. As she walked away she raised one hand to the black, waving mass at the nape of her neck, and Tarzan saw upon a finger of this hand the ring of strange workmanship that he had seen upon the finger of the veiled woman a short time before.

After dinner that evening Tarzan oiled lazily by the forward rail watching the play of the moonlight upon the gently rolling waters. He was half hidden by a davit, so that two men who approached along the deck did not see him, and as they passed Tarzan caught enough of their conversation to cause him to fall in behind them to follow and learn what deviltry they were up to. He had recognized the voice as that of Rokoff and had seen that his companion was Paulviteh.

Tarzan had overheard but a few vords: "And if she screams you may choke her until"- He kept the two men in sight as they walked briskly now along the deck. To the smoking room he followed them, but they merely halted at the doorway long enough apparently to assure themselves that one whose whereabouts they wished to establish was within.

Then they proceeded directly to the irst class cabins upon the promenade deck. Here Tarzan found greater difficulty in escaping detection, but he managed to do so successfully. As they haited before one of the polished hardwood doors Tarzan slipped into the shadow of a passageway not a dozen feet from them.

To their knock a woman's voice asked in French, "Who is it?" "It is I, Olga-Nikolas," was the answer in Rokoff's now familiar guttural

"May I come in?" "Why do you not cease persecuting me, Nikolas?" came the voice of the woman from beyond the thin panel "I have never harmed you."

"Come, come, Olga," urged the man in propitiatory tones, "I but ask a half dozen words with you. I shall not harm you nor shall I enter your cabin, but I cannot shout my message through

Tarzan heard the catch click as it was released from the inside. Rokoff was standing directly in front of the door. Paulvitch had flattened himself against the paneled wall of the corridor beyond. The door opened. Rokoff half entered the room and stood with his back against the door, speaking in, a low whisper to the woman, whom Tarzan could not see. Then Tarzan it directly to me, nor shall the calling heard the woman's voice, level, but oud enough to distinguish her words. "No, Nikolas," she was saying; "it is useless. Threaten as you will, I shall

never accede to your demands." Tarzan saw Rokoff turn and nod to Panlvitch, who sprang unickly toward the doorway of the cabin, rushing in past Rokoff, who held the door open for him. Then the latter stepped quickly out. The door closed. Tarzan heard the click of the lock as Paulvitch turned it from the inside. Rokoff remained standing before the door, with head bent, as though to catch the words of the two within. A nasty

smile curled his bearded lip. Tarzan could hear the woman's voice commanding the fellow to leave her cabin. "I shall send for my husband," she cried. "He will show you

no mercy." Paulvitch's sneering laugh came through the polished panels.

"The purser will fetch your husband, madame," said the man. "In fact, that officer has already been notified that you are entertaining a man other than your husband behind the locked door of your cabin." "Bah!" cried the woman. "My hus-

band will know!" "Most assuredly your husband will know, but the purser will not, nor will the newspaper men who shall in some mysterious way hear of it on our land-

"Alexis Paulvitch," came the woman's voice, cold and fearless, "you are a coward, and when I whisper a certain name in your ear you will think better of your demands upon me and your threats against me." And there came a moment's silence in which Tarzan could imagine the woman leaning toward the scoundrel and whispering the thing she had hinted at into his ear-only a moment of silence and then a startled oath from the man, the

scuffling of feet, a woman's screamand silence. But scarcely had the cry ceased be-

fore the ape-man had leaped from his affair he had witnes hiding place. Rokoff started to run. two nights before. but Tarzan grasped him by the collar

zan was confident that Rokoff had had

no intention that his confederate

should go that far. He felt that the

man's aims were deeper than that-

deeper and even more sinister than

Without hesitating to question those

within the ape-man threw his giant

shoulder against the frail panel, and

in a shower of splintered wood he en-

tered the cabin, dragging Rokoff after

tim's bands beat futilely at his face.

Before him on a couch the wo-

brutal, cold blooded murder.

far enough.'

monsieur."

real desires before them.

"My husband feels that he owes you and dragged him back. Neither spoke, an immense debt of gratitude." she for both felt instinctively that murder was being done in that room, and Tar-

"Your husband?" repeated Tarzan

questioningly. "Yes. I am the Countess de Coude." "I am already amply repaid, madame, in knowing that I have rendered a service to the wife of the Count de

Coude." On his arrival in Paris Tarzan went directly to the apartments of his old friend D'Arnot, where the naval lieutenant scored him roundly for his decision to renounce the title and estates that were rightly his from his father. John Clayton, the late Lord Greystoke.

"You must be mad, my friend," said The noise of his entrance brought D'Arnot, "thus lightly to give up not Paulvitch to his feet, where he stood alone wealth and position, but an opglowering menacingly at Tarzan. The portunity to prove beyond doubt to all girl rose falteringly to a sitting posthe world that in your veins flows the ture upon the couch. One hand was noble blood of two of England's most at her threat, and her breath came in honored houses-instead of the blood little gasps. Although disheveled and of a savage she ape. It is incredible very pale, Tarzan recognized her as that they could have believed youthe young woman whom he had caught Miss Porter least of all. staring at him on deck earlier in the

"Why, I never did believe it, even back in the wilds of your African jun-"What is the meaning of this?" said gle, when you tore the raw meat of Tarzan, turning to Rokoff, whom he your kills with mighty jaws, like some intuitively singled out as the instigawild beast, and wiped your greasy tor of the outrage. The man remainhands upon your thighs. Even then, ed silent, scowling. "Touch the butbefore there was the slightest proof to ton, please," continued the ape-man. the contrary, I knew that you were We will have one of the ship's offimistaken in the belief that Kala was cers here. This affair has gone quite your mother.

"And now, with your father's diary "No, no," cried the girl, coming sudof the terrible life led by him and your denly to her feet; "please do not do mother on that wild African shore: that! I am sure that there was no with the account of your birth and. real intention to harm me. I angered final and most convincing proof of all, mis person, and he lost control or your own baby finger prints upon the himself; that is all. I would not care pages of it, it seems incredible to me to have the matter go further, please, that you are willing to remain a nameless, penniless vagabond."
"I do not need any better name than

The girl evidently was in fear of these two. She dared not express her Tarzan," replied the ape-man. "And as for remaining a penniless vagabond, "Then," said Tarzan, "I shall certain I have no intention of so doing. In ly act on my own responsibility. To fact, the next, and let us hope the last, you," he continued turning to Rokoff. burden that I shall be forced to put upon your unselfish friendship will be the finding of employment for me."

"Pooh, pooh!" scoffed D'Arnot. You know that I did not mean that. Have I not told you a dozen times that have enough for twenty men and hat half of what I have is yours? And if I gave it all to you would it represent even the tenth part of the value I place upon your friendship, my Tarzan? Would it repay the services you did me in Africa? I do not forget, my friend, that but for you and your wondrous bravery I would have died at the stake in the village of Mbonga's cannibals. Nor do I forget that your self sacrificing devotion I owe the fact that I recovered from the terrible wounds I received at their hands. I discovered later something of what It meant to you to remain with me in the amphitheater of the apes while your heart was urging you on to the

"When we finally came there and found that Miss Porter and her party nad lert i commenced to realize something of what you had done for an utter stranger. Nor am I trying to repay you with money, Tarzan. It is that just at present you need money. Were it sacrifice that I might offer you it were the same-my friendship must always be yours, because our tastes are similar, and I admire you. That I cannot command, but the money I can and shall."

CHAPTER III.

robbing me of it. He truly believes

better English lord than a man who

civilized even now. Let me see red in

stincts of the savage beast that I real-

of the milder ways of culture and re-

"And then again had I declared my-

self I should have robbed the woman

her marriage to Clayton will now in-

"Nor is the matter of birth of great

importance to me," he went on with-

finement.

that-could I, Paul?

TELL," laughed Tarzan, "we

shall not quarrel over the

money. I must live, and

so I must have it, but I

"and this includes your accomplice, I What Happened In the Rue Maule. may say that from now on to the end of the voyage I shall take it upon myself to keep an eye on you, and should there chance to come to my notice any act of either one of you that might shall be more contented with someeven remotely annoy this young woman you shall be called to account for thing to do. You cannot show me your friendship in a more convincing or the accounting be pleasant experimanner than to find employment for me. I shall die of inactivity in a short ences for either of you. while. As for my birthright, it is in

kind deed you attempted."

"Now, get out of here!" And he grabbed Rokoff and Paulvitch each by the good hands. Clayton is not guilty of scruff of the neck and thrust them forcibly through the doorway, giving that he is the real Lord Greystoke, and each an added impetus down the corthe chances are that he will make a ridor with the toe of his boot. Then he was born and raised in an African turned back to the stateroom and the girl. She was looking at him in wide jungle. You know that I am but half eyed astonishment. anger but for a moment, and all the in-

"Ah, monsieur," she said, "I hope that you will not suffer for the kind deed you attempted. You have made ly am submerge what little I possess a very wicked and resourceful enemy. who will stop at nothing to satisfy his hatred. You must be very careful, indeed, monsieur"-"Pardon, me, madame; my name is I love of the wealth and position that

Tarzan."

sure to her. I could not have done "M. Tarzan. And because I would not consent to notifying the officers do not think that I am not sincerely grateful to you for the brave and chivalrous protection you rendered me. out waiting for a reply. "Raised as I Good night, M. Tarzan. I shall never have been, I see no worth in man or forget the debt I owe you." And with beast that is not theirs by virtue of a most winsome smile that displayed | their own mental or physical prowess, a row of almost perfect teeth the girl and so I am as happy to think of Kala courtesied to Tarzan, who bade her as my mother as I would be to try and good night and made his way on deck. | picture the poor, unhappy little Eng-It puzzled the man considerably that lish girl who passed away a year after

there should be two on board-this girl she bore me. Kala was always kind and Count de Coude-who suffered in- to me in her fierce and savage way. dignities at the hands of Rokoff and must have nursed at her hairy breast his companion and yet would not per- from the time that my own mother mit the offenders to be brought to jus- died. She fought for me against the tice. It occurred to him that he had | wild denizens of the forest and against not learned her name. That she was the savage members of our tribe with married had been evidenced by the the ferocity of real mother love. narrow gold band that encircled the third finger of her left hand. Involun- I did not realize how much until after tarily he wondered who the lucky man the cruel spear and the poisoned arrow might be.

Tarzan saw nothing further of any her away from me. I was still a child of the actors in the little drama that when that occurred, and I threw myhe had caught a fleeting glimpse of self upon her dead body and wept out until late in the afternoon of the last my anguish as a child might for his day of the voyage. Then he came sud- own mother. To you, my friend, she denly face to face with the young wo- would have appeared a nideous and man as the two approached their deck | ugly creature, but to me she was beauchairs from opposite directions. She tiful, so gloriously does love transfiggreeted him with a pleasant smile,

VOL.

LETTERS Writer Favor Editor Daily

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THE PAPER

THE HOME

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"And I on my part loved her, Paul.

of Mbonga's black warrior had stolen