By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

CONTRACT ISIA, by A. C. McClurg & Co. AUTHOR OF "TARZAN OF THE APES"

STNOPSIS: Targan, on board a steamer

CHAPTER II-(Continued.)

NE does not judge the gazelle by Othe lions that attack it," replied Tarn. 'A had seen those two work beforein the smoking room the day prior to their attack on you, if I recollect it correctly, and so, knowing their methods, I am convinced that their enmity is a sufficient guarantee of the integrity of its object. Men such as they must cleave only to the vile, hating all that is noblest

"It is very kind of you to put it that way," she replied, smiling. "I have already heard of the matter of the card game. My husband told me the entire stery. He spoke especially of the strength and bravery of Monsieur Tar-ran, to whom he feels that he owes an immense debt of gratitude." Your husband?" repeated Tarsan

Yes. I am the Countess de Coude."

"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."
"Alas, monsieur, I already am so
greatly indebted to you that I may never greatly indebted to you that I may never hope to settle my own account, so pray do not add further to my obligations," and she smiled so sweetly upon him that Tarzan feit that a man might easily attempt much greater things than he had accomplished, solely for the pleasure of receiving the benediction of that smile. He did not see her again that day, and

He did not see her again that day, and in the rush of landing on the following morning he missed her entirely, but there had been something in the expression of her eyes as they parted on deck the previous day that haunted him. It had been almost wintful as they had spoken of the strangeness of the swift friendships of an ocean crossing, and of the excell ease with which they are broken equal ease with which they are broken

Tarzan wondered if he should ever see

CHAPTER III. WHAT HAPPENED IN THE RUE MAULE.

On His arrival in Parts. Tarzan had ing for some time that he was being watched, and it was in response to this animal instinct, the was strong within the friend. D'Arnot, where the naval lieutenant had 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 D'Arnot, 'thus lightly to give up not alone wealth and position, but an oppor-tunity to prove beyond doubt to all the world that in your veins flows the noble ood of two of England's most honored uses—instead of the blood of a savage e-ape. It is incredible that they could have believed you-Miss Porter least of

Why, I never did believe it, even back in the wilds of your African jungle, when you tore the raw meat of your kills r mighty jaws, like some wild beast, wiped your greasy hands upon your hs. Even then, before there was the slightest proof to the contrary, I knew that you were mistaken in the belief that Kala was your mother. "And now, with your father's diary of the terrible life led by him and your

mother on that wild African shore; with the account of your birth, and, final and the account of your birth, and, final and most convincing proof of all, your own baby finger prints upon the pages of it, it seems incredible to me that you are which you should sive a mide to which you should sive a mide to which you should sive a mide to the series incredible to me that you are which you should sive a mide to which you should sive a mide to the series in the willing to remain a nameless, penniless dark.

I do not need any better name than

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 I have 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 Tarsan? 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've had died at the stake in the village of Mbonga's cannibals. Nor do I forget that to your selfsacrificing devotion I owe the fact that I recovered from the terrible wounds I received at their hands-I discovered later remain with me in the amphitheatre of the apes while your heart was urging you

When we finally came there, and found that Miss Porter and her party had left, I commenced to realize something of what you had done for an utter stranger. Nor am I trying to repay you with money, Tarsan. 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.

"Well," laughed Tarzan, "we shall not quarrel over the money. I must live, and so I must have it; but I shall be more contented with something to do. You cannot show me your friendship in a more convincing manner than to find em ployment for me-I shall die of inactivity in a short while. As for my birthright-It is in good hands. Clayton is not guilty of robbing me of it. He truly believes that he is the real Lord Greystoke, and the chances are that he will make a better English lord than a man who was born and raised in an African lungle. You know that I am but half civilized even now. Let me see red in anger but a moment, and all the instincts of the sayage beast that I really am sub-merge what little I possess of the milder ways of culture and refinement.

"And then again, had I declared my-self I should have robbed the woman I love of the wealth and position that her marriage to Clayton will now insure to I could not have done that-could

Nor is the matter of birth of great importance to me," he went on, without waiting for a reply. "Raised as I have been. I see no worth in man or beast that is not theirs by virtue of their own mantal or physical provess. And so I am as happy to think of Kela as my mother as I would be to try to picture the poor, unhappy little Emphish girl who passed away a year after she bore me. Kain was al-waya kind to me in her flerce and savage way. I must have nursed at her halry

come when you will be glad to claim your own. Remember what I say, and let us hope that it will be as easy then as it is now. You must bear in mind that Professor Porter and Mr. Philander are the only people in the world who can swear that the little akeleton found in the cabin with these of your father, and mother was with those of your father and mother was that of an infant anthropoid ape, and not the offspring of Lord and Lady Grey-stoke. That evidence is most important. They may not live many years longer. And then, dld it not occur to you that once Miss Forter knew the truth she would break her engagement with Clay-You might easily have your title,

your estates, and the woman you love.
Tarzan. Had you not thought of that?"
Tarzan shook his head, "You do not know her." he said. "Nothing could bind her closer to her bargain than some mis-fortune to Clayton. She is from an old Southern family in America, and Southrners pride themselves upon their loy-

Targan spent the two following weeks newing his former brief acquaintance with Paris. In the daytime he haunted the libraries and picture galleries. He had become an omnivorous reader, and the world of possibilities that were opened him in this seat of culture and learnplated the very infinitesimal crumb of the sum total of human knowledge that a single individual might hepe to acquire even after a lifetime of study and re-search; but he learned what he could by day, and threw himself into a search for

his nocturnal avocation,

If he smoked too many cigarettes and frank too much absinthe it was because te took civilization as he found it, and did the things that he found his civilized did the things that he found his civilized brothers doing. The life was a new and alluring one, and, in addition, he had a sorrow in his breast and great longing which he knew could never be fulfilled, and so he sought in study and in dissipation—the two extremes—to forget the past and inhibit contemplation of the future. He was gitting in a music hell one ever the search of the study and the search of th He was sitting in a music hall one evening, sipping his absinthe and admiring the art of a certain famous Russian dancer, when he caught a passing glimpse of a pair of evil black eyes upon him. The man turned and was lost in the crowd at the exit before Tarzan could catch a good look at him, but he was confident that he had seen those even before, and that they had been fastened on him this evening through no passing accident. He had had the uncanny feel-

prised the eyes in the very act of watch-Before he left the music hall the matter had been forgotten, nor did he notice the swarthy individual who stepped deeper into the shadows of an opposite doorway as Targan emerged from the brilliantly lighted amusement hall.

him, that he turned suddenly and sur-

Had Tarzan but known it, he had been followed many times from this and other places of amusement, but seldom, if ever, had he been alone. Tonight D'Arnot had had another engagement, and Tarzan had ome by himself.

As he turned in the direction he was occustomed to taking from this part of Paris to his spartments, the watcher across the street ran from his hiding place and hurried on ahead at a rapid pace

Tarzan had been wont to traverse the Rue Maule on his way home at night. Because it was very quiet and very dark reminded him more of his beloved African jungle than did the noisy and garish streets surcounding it. If you are familiar with your Paris you will

On this night Targan had proceeded have no intention of so doing. In fact, the next, and let us hope the last, burden that I shall be forced to put upon your unseltish friendship will be the finding of Tarsan was bounding up the stairs and through the dark corridors to her rescue. At the end of the corridor on the third landing a door stood slightly ajar, and

enough for 20 men, and that half of what from within Tarzan heard again the same appeal that had lured him from the street. Another instant found him in the centre of a dimly-lighted room. An oil lamp burned upon a high, old-fashioned mantel, casting its dim rays over a dozen repulsive figures. All but one were men. The other was a woman of about 25. Her face, marked by low passions and disaipation, might once have been lovely. She stood with one hand at her throat, crouching against the farther wall.

"Help, monsieur," she cried in a low voice as Tarzan entered the room; "they were killing me."

As Tarzan turned toward the men about him he saw the crafty, evil faces of hab-itual criminals. He wondered that they had made no effort to escape. A movement behind him caused him to turn things his eyes saw, and one of them caused him considerable wonderment. A man was sneaking stealthily from the room and in the brief glance that Tarzan had of him he saw that it was Rokoff. But the other thing that he saw was of

more imemdiate interest. It was a great brute of a fellow tiptoeing upon him from behind with a huge bludgeon in his hand, and then, as the man and his confederates saw that he was discovered, there ates saw that he was discovered, there was a concerted rush upon Tarzan from all sides. Some of the men drew knives. Others picked up chairs, while the fellow with the bludgeon raised it high above his head in a mighty swing that would have crushed Tarzan's head had it ever descended upon it.

it ever descended upon it. But the brain and the agility and the muscles that had coped with the mighty strength and cruel craftiness of Terkoz and Numa in the fastnesses of their savage jungle were not to be so easily subdued as these Apaches of Paris had be-

lieved.

Selecting his most formidable antagonist, the fellow with the bludgeon. Tarks of hearged full upon him, dodging the falling weapon and catching the man a terrific blow on the point of the chin that felled him in his tracks.

Then he had turned upon the others. This was sport. He was reveling in the joy of battle and the just of blood. As though it had been but a brittle shell, to break at the least rough usage, the thin veneer of his civilization fell from him and ten burly villains found themselves penned in a small pour with a wild and savage beast, against whose steel muscles their puny strength was less than futile. their puny strength was less than futile. At the end of the corridor without stood Rokoff, waiting for the cutcome of the affair. He wished to be sure that Tarian was dead before he left, but it was not a part of his plan to be one of these within the room when the murder occurred.

The woman still stood where she had way I must have nursed at her hairy hreast from the time that my own mother died. She fought for me against the wild denisons of the forest, and against the signature of the forest, and against the subject of real mother love.

"And I, on my part, loved her, Paul I did not realize how much until after the crued spear and the policoned arrows of Monga's black warrior had sloten ther away from us. I was still a child when that occurred, and I three myself upon her dead body and wept out my mather. To you my friend, she would have a possible as a child might for his own mather. To you my friend, she would have a possible as a child might for his own mather. To you my friend, she would have a possible as a child might for his own mather. To you my friend, she would have a possible dead love transflature his might. And so my she was been his death had have a possible dead love transflature his might. The woman still stood where she had when I array member of changes or distinct or distinguish is denied to the semilar on the same that the will denism on a constant to remain the change Tarray had not a seen.

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Later an expression of stripped and the chief when the change Tarray had not seen.

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loyalty," said D'Arnot, "but the time will assailants, and Tarzan fought as he had assallants, and Tarzan fought as he had learned to fight with the great bull ages of the tribe of Kerchak. He was in a dozen places at once, leap-ing hither and thither about the room

n sinuous bounds that reminded the woman of a panther she had seen at the coo. Now a wrist-bone snapped in his fron grip, now a shoulder was wrenched from its socket as he forced a victim's arm backward and upward.

With shrieks of pain the men escaped into the hallway as quickly as they could; but even before the first one staggered, bleeding and broken, from the room, Rokoff had seen enough to con-vince him that Tarsan would not be the one to lie dead in that house this night, and so the Russian had hastened to a nearby den and telephoned the police that a man was committing murder on the third floor of Rue Maule, 27, When the officers arrived they found

three men groaning on the floor, a fright-ened woman lying upon a filthy bed, her face buried in her arms, and what appeared to be a well-dressed young gen-tleman standing in the centre of the room awaiting the reinforcements which he had thought the footsteps of the officers nurrying up the stairway had announced but they were mistaken in the last; it was a wild beast that looked upon then through those narrowed lide and steel-gray eyes. With the smell of blood the last vestige of civilization had deserted Farzan, and now he stood at bay, like a ion surrounded by hunters, awaiting the next overt act, and crouching to charge relaxation and amusement at night. Nor did he find Paris a whit less fertile field its author. "What has happened here?" asked one

of the policemen

Targan explained briefly, but when he urned to the woman for confirmation of his statement he was appalled by her

"He Hes?" she screamed shrilly, addressing the policemen. "He came to my purpose. When I repulsed him he would have killed me had not my screams at-tracted these gentlemen, who were passing the house at the time. He is a devil, monsieurs; alone he has all but killed ten men with hie bare hands and his teeth." So shocked was Tarzan by her ingrati-tude that for a moment he was struck dumb. The police were inclined to be a little skeptical, for they had had other dealings with this same lady and her lovely coterie of gentlemen friends. However, they were policemen, not judges, so they decided to place all the inmates of the room under arrest, and let another, whose business it was, separate But they found that it was one thing

to tell this well-dressed young man that he was under arrest, but quite another o enforce it.

"I am guilty of no offense," he said lietly. "I have but sought to defend myself. I do not know why the woman has told you what she has. She can have no enmity against me, for never until I came to this room in response to her cries for help had I seen her." "Come, come," said one of the officers;

"there are judges to listen to all that," and he advanced to lay his hand upon Tarzan's shoulder. An instant later he lay crumpled in a corner of the room, and then, as his comrades rushed in upon the spe-man, they experienced a taste of what the apaches had but recently gone through. So quickly and so roughly did he handle them that they had not even an opportunity to draw their revolvers. (CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

The Daily Story

Aunt Jennie Intervenes By M. DIBBELL

Ir would have been hard to find a more disgusted youth than was Alfred Gibson as he plouded along the dry country road. Targan," replied the spe-man; "and as some two squares through the dense shadows of the squalid old tenements alighted from the train, expecting to which line this dismal way when he was specified by which line this dismal way when he was specified by which line this dismal way when he was specified by which line this dismal way when he was specified by which line this dismal way when he was specified by which line this dismal way when he was specified by which line this dismal way when he was specified by which line this dismal way when he was specified by which line this dismal way when he was specified by which line this dismal way when he was specified by which line this dismal way when he was specified by which line this dismal way when he was specified by the way in the way when he was specified by the way in the way when he was specified by the way when he was specified b find his uncle's team in waiting for him, not a solitary turnout was visible; and as the tiny village boasted no livery stable this meant a six-mile tramp to his uncle's farm.

No rain had fallen for over two weeks and it was not long before Alfred's perspiring face began to assume a streak; look from the settling dust. Fortunately, he possessed a sense of humor, which began to asert itself, and a smile showed through the dirt as he said to himself: "Blest if I don't play them a little joke for this. If they are not willing to receive a respectable nephew, I'll see how a disreputable one goes. Can't look much worse than I do, anyhow."

He proceeded to remove cuffs, collar, and necktle, turn up his coat collar, rumple his hair and tilt his soft hat, punched all out of shape, far over one eye. look from the settling dust. Fortunately

unched all out of shape, far over one eye Before long the tall white gates of iglow Farm loomed up before him through the descending twilight. Assuming the wanderer's slouch, Alfred went up the long drive and to the rear of the big farmhouse. He paused at the



He found her in the old-fashioned flower garden.

kitchen door and knocked vigorously; then waited in mischlevous articipation of the surprise he should give Meliasa. When the door opened it was not upon the good-humored face of Meliasa, the servant, that he gazed, but into a pair of clear gray eyes, whose owner, Alfred thought, was the prettiest young woman he had ever beheld.

"Good evening." she said kindly, "What can I do for you?"
But all Affred's ideas as to the yarn he should tell Melissa if his succeeded in concealing his identity had vanished.

conscaling his identity had vanished.
"I beg your pardon, but I am Mr. Biglow's nephew," he stammered.
An astoniahed expression finished into the girl's eyes, but she replied:
"Come in and I will sail him. He is with Annt Jennie."
Feeting decidedly small, Alfred entered the kitchen and seated himself near the door, while the girl went in search of his untile. She ran swiftly up the atgirs and into the room where Mr. Bislow and Mallaca were in attandance on Mrs. Biglow, who had appraised her when her successions had brought her when her successions and brought her when her mace substrate.

Unite John, do please come down

erable looking man there, who says he is your nephew; and I thought the best way to soothe him was to pretend I believed it and come for you."

Mr. Biglow rose at once, saying, "Tou were right, my dear, and we will soon find out who this impostor is."

Alfred, meantime, was making the most of his solitude. The instant the door closed he save his face a vigorous scrubbing, smoothed his bair, replaced his collar and was adjusting his tie before a small looking-siass when his tucle and the strange young woman appeared.

The change produced was almost equal to one of the lightning acts of a stage professional, and Mr. Higlow advanced, saying:

Well, Alfred, I don't see but that you look natural. I guesa the sudden en-trance of a stranger must have given Alfred felt decidedly foolish as he en-

ountered the look of bewilderment in Syney's eyes.
"I looked badly enough to frighten any pody when I came in uncle," and then as explained his intended joke on Melican.

'It was nearly a week ago I wrote you of my coming, and when no one showed up at the station I thought I would have my revenge."
Mr. Biglow laughed heartily, "We have

all been so occupied in looking after Aunt Jennie for the last few days that no one has thought of the postoffice." he said. "Your letter is still there. But let me introduce you to your cousin by marriage, Sydney Thompson." Sydney looked as if she hardly knew whether to laugh or be angry, when Al-

Please forgive me for frightening you I shall never try to be funny again."
'Oh don't say that," she replied, "this would be a very dismal world if there were no fun in it."

Then they all went up to Aunt Jennie, and found her anxiously waiting an explanation of the "poor, miserable man" who had startled Sydney. Alfred found that Sydney's society be-came an ever-increasing delight to him as

the days passed. One morning, a week after his arrival at Biglow Farm, he sat on the veranda with Aunt Jennie, who was now able to get about a little. "How is it that I have never met;

thought I knew all the family. "Sydney has been studying hard for ears, and has just finished college," she replied. "I could not get her to spare the time for a visit to me before. But she feels the need of rest, and as her marriage will probably take place next spring, she concluded to give me a few week

Alfred felt as if the bright world had turned suddenly black. "I did not know she was engaged; she wears no ring." said Aunt Jennie. . "Her mar-really a family arrangement. iage is really a family arrangement, and as she has known Matthew Chase all her life, she would not hear of a ring. He is years older than Sydney, but I hope he will make her happy," he sighed.

Alfred rose and said bitterly, "I wish ou had told me sooner. Now that I have learned to love Sydney better than life it is hard to find she is bound to another man." He left his astonished aunt and strode savagely down the drive

Aunt Jennie gazed after him with mingled feelings of pity and dismay. Poor Alfred, why did I not guess what might happen and warn him?" She She second surprise when a soft oice naked:

"Oh, Aunt Jennie, why didn't you warn ne, too?" Sydney came through the oper loor back of her aunt, and sank down beside her.

There were tears in her eyes as she continued. "I was just coming out to you, and could not help hearing what you, and could not help hearing what Alfred Gilson said when he left you. Oh, Auntie, I never did love Matthew."

Aunt Jennie was at her wits end. "Don't cry, Sydney dear," she pleaded. "I am sure it will all come right. Have you learned to care for Alfred?"

"I am afraid so," said Sydney, "for it made me feel so happy when he said he loved me, until I thought of Matthew."

loved me—until I thought of Matthew."
The tears came in a flood, and breaking away from her aust, she fled into the

Left alone, Mrs. Biglow did some serius thinking, and apparently was ed with the result, for her troubled face grew calm, and rising, she limped in to the big deak. She speedily wrote a let-ter, addressing it to Matthew Chase. Several days passed uneventfully. Sydney and Alfred, though apparently on

endly terms, took no more long r drives together. On drives together.
On the fifth day after the sending of his epistle to Matthew Chase, Mr. Bigow handed Sydney a letter, "That was ill for you today," he remarked.

Seeing it was from her future husband, dney sought her own room to read it Mrs. Biglow was alone when a very be-wildered-looking and yet happy Sydney ame to her after reading Matthew's

"Aunt Jennie, I can't understand it," she began, "Matthew asks me to release him from his engagement. He says he fears he is too old to make me happy. and that he has always known I cared for him only as a friend. He thinks we would be wiser just to continue being friends. Do you suppose he has thought it all over since I came away and feels as 1 do?"

Aunt Jennie smiled. Her letter to Mat-thew Chase had been written in the hope that Sydney's happiness need not be

Later Aunt Jennie told Alfred of this sudden termination of the engagement, and he went in search of Sydney. He found her in the old-fashioned flower garden

'Aunt Jennie has told me that you are free, and I have come to ask if you can ever care a little for me, Sydney? I love you more than I can tell-I have known you were the degrest thing on earth to me since I first saw your face." Sydney laughed, happily. "The first time I saw your face it was so dirty—"" she began, but Alfred caught her in his

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Police Court Chronicles A strong desire to visit Kensington seized Tony Costs, and he went there in selized fony Coats, and he went there in a happy frame of mind. He was greeted cordially in the neighborhood of Front and Laurel streets by Edward Murray, Morris Bennett and Pat Waish, all re-spected members of the "Chain Gang," the police say.

They complained of an annoying thirst

They complained of an annoying thirst, and when Tony didn't see the point, Murray saked him point blank to buy a drink. His pals seconded the motion, and the tric showed Tony a good saloon. Tony treated three or four times and then indicated a tendency to hesitate.

"Why we're just startin," Walsh reminded him, and the others agreed that they had only wet their lips.

But Tony tightened the rubber band on his wallet and backed out of the sa-



Icon. The men followed him, and seeing a gleanting watch chain on his vest, all three reached for it. There was a tug three reached for it. There was a tug of war, which brought the contestants many yards up the street. Policeman Waters saw the battle, and as the odds were against Tony, he immediately took his side of the argument.

By quick use of the club he quieted the three members of the "Chain Gang" and took them to the Front and Master streets station. The trio told Magistrate Scott that it was all a missais and that the whole thing was a juke, but the tudge was shoptical. He said: AUGUSTINE BEACH

FALSE WITNESS: By EDMUND B. D'AUVERGNE

The story of a man and a girl, and circumstances which were altered through the intervention of a kindly disposed fate.

by the Associated Newspapers, Ltd.)
HAD been with no little difficulty that the wretched Sydney had been A that the wretched Sydney has been talked by his daughter into facing Maud Flessey. He heartily wished he had never left the comparatively safe asylum of the United States. At every moment he expected to feel the hand of a detective upon his shoulder. His weak, unstable faind was incapable of distinguishing friend from foe or deciding on any definite policy. He had spent the evening lounging moodly about his brother's house, longing for yet had spent the evening lounging moodily about his brother's house, longing for yet dreading his return. At one moment he was tempted again to rush off in search of Huron, at another to throw himself entirely upon the mercy of his brother. He allowed himself to be led into the presence of Admiral Plessey's daughter, feeling that it would at least be an advantage to know all his enemies by sight.

Maud, on her part, swalted with a wildly beating heart the coming of the man who had actually seen her father shot and who was able with a word to strip her of her right to her father's name and fortune. Yet she knew he would not dare to speak that word. She drew herself up to her full height-proud and defiant as Jove's queen and looked the man steadily and scornfully in

the face. It seemed long before he could raise his eyes to meet hers. Then his obvious shame and confusion changed immedi-ately into an expression of bewilder-ment. He scanned her face, eagerly

studying every feature. "But you ain't Miss Plessey!" he blurted out.

Maud misunderstood him. The blood mantied in her face. "I am the daughter of Admiral Plessey," she replied bravely. "the daughter of the man whom you robbed and whom you saw shot at Ports mouth."

The man was too puzzled and surprised to show any alarm or shame. He step-ped closer to the girl and peared up into ped closes her face. "But it ain't possible!" he maintained

'If you are that woman's daughter, what are you doing with Aline's eyes—with her nose and ears—and be gosh! with her identical proud, aneering look, just what she used to freeze me with when I ex-plained how I'd lost her money?" It was Maud's turn to be bewildered

"I don't understand you. Mr. Dereve," she faltered, "I have only just heard of your sister"-she steadled her voice and said firmly-"whom I know now that my father married." ather married."
Dereve shock his head sadly. "I don't
mow about his marrying her," he said
lowly. "I sin't heard that." He sat

slowly. down and continued to stare at the girl before him. "But what I want to know is what call have you to resemble my dend sister?"

Maud stood trembling with excitement in the centre of the room, painfully con-scious that three pairs of eyes were scrutinizing every detail of her appearance. Richard was the first to break the silence. "Well, there's no harm in my saying that I traced a resemblance between you and Monty, Miss Plessey, the first time I saw you."
The two girls' eyes met. They smiled,

and their smiles were curiously alike. "Well, this beats everything!" ex-claimed Sydney, slapping his leg. "Monty"—he turned towards his daughter go and fetch that portrait of your aunt that hangs in your uncle's bedroom," As the young girl with a swift, startled glance at Maud hurried away, her father placed his hands to his brow, made an effort to concentrate his muddled wits, and at last formulated an inquiry. "How old are you, Miss Plessey?"

Twenty next birthday. Sydney smiled derisively.
"I guess not, or you're a big Sirl for you're age. "You won't see 20 again, nor

What do you say, Mr. Arrol? At any other time Richard would have protested against the gross discourtesy of thus accusing a lady to her face of looking three years older than she made her self out to be. Now, without taking his eyes off Maud, he replied without flinching, "Begging Miss Pleasey's pardon. should certainly have taken her for 2

or 23. A cry of bewilderment, piteous in its in-tensity, broke from Maud. "What does all this mean? Who are ou trying-all of you-to prove me to

"Search me," replied Sydney, in unintelligible Yankee dialect; he scratched his head, "Kinder puzzles me."

Monty returned with the photograph.

Maud seized it greedily and devoured it with her eyes.
She drew a deep breath and laid the picture down.
"I can't understand this,"fi she moaned.

Sydney emitted a chuckle,
"My brother tells me I'm a fool," he
observed, "and perhaps I ain't shown
myself over and above cute in this transaction, but I can see as far through a brick wall as most men, and I reckon-

The servant opened the door, "Mr. Huron would like to see Mr. Dereve on urgent business," she announced.
"Show Mr. Huron in," commanded Monty, not forgetting at this crisis that she was mistress of her uncle's house, All waited in silence till Mr. Huron

made his appearance. He stared from Maud to Sydney, then at Richard and Monty, whom he did not know. "Sit down, Gilbert, my friend," said ydney. "You are just in time to assist Sydney. at a most interesting development. You know this young lady pretty well, I guess."

Huron smiled pleasantly and nodded. "I have known Miss Plessey ever since she was-"How old?"

Sydney barked out the question, craning his neck forward toward his one-time complice. Huron glanced keenly at him; then at

Maud, then at Monty. In a flash he took in the whole situation. "Ah!" he said, "I can pretty well guess what you have discovered." He smiled frontcally. "Of course, it must be very terrible for you, Dereve, to find that Ad-miral Plessey's daughter was also your-" "Niece!" thundered the American ex-

At that word Maud turned pale as a ghost and sat down abruptly, holding on to the table beside the couch.

ultantly.

"I shouldn't shout that quite so loud."
said Huron, quietly. "You don't realize
what that disclosure means to Miss Plessey." He directed a look of deep concern and commiseration at the girl whom he had threatened and cajoled in vain. They forgot, petty schemers and rogues, both of them, that the girl had a nimbler, clearer brain than any of them there. The first shock of the discovery passed, she perceived all its implications to the

"What do you suppose this means to me, Gilbert?" she asked, calmly. He shrusged his shoulders. "Mrs. Plessey and I alone knew the truth." he said.
"Your father betrayed your mother said treated her very badly. That my friend bereve here knows, and that is why I wanted to cover up the painful story of your father's death. When Admiral Plea-

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sey married Gracie he persuaded her to adopt you-his illegitimate daughter and to pass you off as her own. In her kind-ness of heart she consented and kept the

secret to the last. Now, sissi-Maud's smile from the words on his lips. "What a pity, Gilbert," she remarked, "that you did not have a conference with my with Mrs. Plessey before you called here. She told me some. thing this afternoon which apparently Mr. Dereve never knew-that my father was actually married to my mother, as I now learn her to be!"

Sydney started. "Is that true?" he gasped.

"Well," said Maud, "It is hardly admission to Mrs. Plessey's advantage, is it? I fancy it will turn out to be true." She rose and looked round. "Well, think we had all better go to bed now, for one am very tired. * * And have to readjust my point of view.

But she was not to go to bed just ther But she was not to go to bed Just Leis. As she moved towards the door every one in the drawing room heard the sound of wheels outside. She paused. She caught the sound of a footstep on the stairs. Her face lit up. She rushed towards the door and opened it to admit Eustace Dereve. Behind him was Martin Arreal.

Martin and Maud instantly withdres behind the door, which Eustace consider-stely held half closed behind him. A minute later all three walked into the

"Hullo, old chap!" cried Richard, grasping his brother's hand. Sydney and Huron tried hard not to appear uncom-

fortable.

Eustace sat down and looked round him with a pleased smile. "What a delightful family party, isn't it?" he said. "I guess you are surprised, Syd, at seeing Mr. Arrol so soon in response to your telegram. You should have left a stronger man in charge of him. It took stronger man in charge of min. It took him just 34 hours to get out of that nice little prison you had contrived for him. Your China boy got badly mauled in trying to resist him, so I hear. Well. well * * so he caught the next boat after yours and as he had the sense to land at Queenstown, which you hadn't. land at Queenstown, which you hadn't, you only managed to gain a start of 16 hours or so. I guess you and he will enjoy a chat * * * and who's this stranger?" Eustace looked towards Huron, who rose and made for the door "I-I don't think I'll stay any longer, he said. "I'm afraid I came at an awk ward moment." He turned towards Maud and spoke to her in a low tone. "You

despise me and look on me as a scoundrel No doubt I am. But I have been urged by motives not very different from those which inspired you to take up Captain Arrol's case." She smilled scornfully and incredulously. He bowed his head and continued. "As you may have heard, I was once in love with your mother. Your father stole her from me. He threatened to put an end to our meetings. When this fool of an uncle of yours"—he glanced contemptuously towards Sydwho was evidently offering apole gies to Martin-"came along I soon dis-covered that your father had married Gracie during his sister's lifetime. I wanted to save her and to avenge myself on your father at the same time. That

is why I breed him to get the plane and the same story. Once he had them and had concerned himself in your father a deat I knew we could keep him mouth shur. That is why I wanted you to get the plans back from his brother, so that I could hold them as a pixtol at his head."

He paused, bit his IIp and looked at the ground. The other had withdrawn to the far end of the room and left these two to their final explanation. The man continued, "Then I fell in love with you. when you met Arrol and urged him to reopen the case we feared—Gracle and I-that all this would happen. I suggested that you should be told the whole truth and that Gracie should throw herself on your indulgence. Do not forget urged Huron, "that your father, though perhans unintentionally, wronged her, No, she wouldn't consent to that. To let No, she wouldn't consent to that. To let you know that she was not legally your father's wife, that you were not hes daughter, that she had jeoparded Arrol's daughter, that forfelt her interest in your father sproperty, she believed you would never forgive her. I hope you will would have lorgive these days you will be perhaps one of these days you will be able to forgive me, for I have loved you very much, Maud." And for the first time in her life Maud saw something like

tears in Gilbert Huron's eyes, Impulsively she took his hand. "I never knew exactly what people mean by for-give," she said with a nervous laugh, "It is all over and done with now. I don't bear you any grudge and I hope you will be happy."

She never saw Gilbert Huron again.

The marriage of Admiral Plessey's daughter to Martin Arrol was described daugnter and a same as a remantic match in the newspapers, some of which were unkind enough to recall the tragedy of her father's death. However, everybody agreed that a more effective way could not have been devised for disposing of any shreds of suspicion that might still attach to the ex-naval

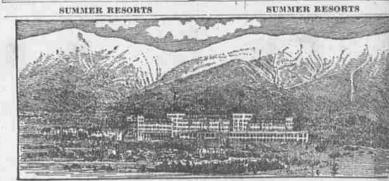
Hard upon this announcement came the Hard upon this announcement came the news that plans, unanimously admitted by his family to have been in the possession of Admiral Pleasey at the time of his death, had been sold to Eustace Dereve by a person of doubtful antecedents who could not now be traced. Men in the clubs added two and two to-gether and remarked that the police would have done better to have found out what was missing from the ad-miral's desk than to waste their time and the public money by trying to in-

culpate an obviously innocent man.

Mrs. Plessey was not present at the
wedding and has not been seen in London since. Her old friends visiting her at her delightful villa near Cannes say that she is looking younger than ever. of course, is rude enough to ask after the health of her grandchild. (The End.)

Funeral of Dr. Lewis H. Adler Dr. Lewis H. Adler, who died at the Methodist Hospital from uraemia, will be buried today. Funeral services will be held at the funeral establishment of Oisver H. Bair. Doctor Adler will be burst with Masonic rites, under the direction of Hamilton Lodge, of which he was a member. Interment will be in Mount Moriah Cemetery.

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