

THE RETURN OF TARZAN

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

AUTHOR OF "TARZAN OF THE APES"

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Tarzan, after he has given Jane Porter, returns to Europe. On his way to Paris he visits the Count and Countess de Coudo, and so enters the country of the French Government sent to Africa to which a certain Lieutenant Gernot.

During an attempt upon his life Tarzan was saved by the Countess de Coudo, and she sends the Countess de Coudo, and she sends the Countess de Coudo, and she sends the Countess de Coudo.

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consume a year at least, for they were to stop for indefinite periods at various points in the Mediterranean and Red Seas, and the Atlantic Ocean, thus down the East Coast, putting in at every port that was worth the seeing.

And so it happened that on a certain day two vessels passed in the Strait of Gibraltar. The smaller, trim white yacht, was speeding toward the east, and on her deck sat a young woman who gazed with wide eyes upon a diamond-studded locket which she idly fingered.

She wondered if the man who had given her the locket was still alive. She had never seen him since she had given it to him, and she was sure that she would never see him again.

When the yacht had passed the man reappeared behind her. He was a young man, and she recognized him as the man who had given her the locket.

And upon the deck of the larger vessel, a passenger was passing toward the east, the man sat with another young woman, and the two idly speculated upon the identity of the dainty craft gliding so gracefully through the gentle swell of the lazy sea.

When the yacht had passed the man reappeared behind her. He was a young man, and she recognized him as the man who had given her the locket.

"Yes," she said, "I like America very much, and that means of course that I like Americans, for a country is only what its people make it. I met some very delightful people while I was there. I recall many names from your city, Miss Strong, whom I liked particularly—Professor Porter and his daughter."

"Jane Porter!" exclaimed the girl. "Do you mean to tell me that you know Jane Porter? He is the very best man I know. I have in the world. We were little children together—we have known each other for ages."

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with Paulvitch he fumed and swore, threatening the most terrible of revenge.

"I would throw him overboard tonight," he cried, "if I were not afraid that he would not find a way to enter his stateroom and search for the documents."

Paulvitch smiled. "You are supposed to be the brains of this partnership, my dear Nikolaus," he replied. "Why do you not find the means to search Monsieur Caldwell's stateroom?"

Two hours later fate was kind to them, for Paulvitch, who was ever on the watch, saw Tarzan leave his room without locking the door. Five minutes later he was in the stateroom where he could see the alarm in case Tarzan returned, and Paulvitch was deftly searching the contents of the ape-man's luggage.

He was about to give up in despair when he saw a coat with Tarzan's name tag removed. A moment later he grasped an official envelope in his hand. A quick glance at its contents brought a broad smile to the Russian's face.

When he left the stateroom Tarzan himself could not have told that an article in it had been touched since he left it—Paulvitch was a master in his chosen field.

When he handed the packet to Rokoff in the seclusion of their stateroom the larger of the two, who steward, and ordered a pint of champagne.

"We must celebrate, my dear Alexia," he said.

"It was luck, Nikolaus," explained Paulvitch. "It is evident that these papers always pass his person, but by chance he neglected to transfer them when he changed his clothes a few minutes since. But there will be the deuce to pay when he discovers his loss. I am afraid that he will immediately connect you with it. Now that he knows that you are on board he will suspect you at once."

"It will make no difference whom he suspects—my tonight," said Rokoff, with a nasty grin.

After Miss Strong had gone below that night Tarzan stood leaning over the rail, looking at the stars. He had done this since he had come on board—sometimes he stood thus for an hour. And the eyes that had been watching his every movement since he had boarded the ship at Algiers knew that this was his habit.

Even as he stood there this night those eyes were on him. Presently the last straggler had left the deck. It was a dark night, and the stars were shining brightly. The ship's deck was empty, and the only sound was the gentle lapping of the waves against the hull.

From the shadows of the cabin two figures crept stealthily upon the deck. They were dressed in dark clothing, and their faces were hidden in shadow. They moved quickly and silently, their feet making no sound on the wooden planks.

They were close to him now, and he felt a sudden chill. He turned to look at them, but they were gone. He searched the deck, but they were nowhere to be seen. He felt a sense of uneasiness, and he decided to go to his cabin.

He had just reached his cabin when he heard a sound that made him stop. It was a soft, rhythmic sound, like the beating of a heart. He listened intently, but he could not find the source of the sound. He felt a sense of mystery, and he decided to investigate.

He went to the door of his cabin, and he looked out into the night. The deck was empty, and the stars were shining brightly. He felt a sense of uneasiness, and he decided to go to his cabin.

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"WORK UNTIL YOU'RE THROUGH" IS SLOGAN OF SUCCESSFUL MAN

By Following It Frank B. Rutherford Has Risen to Be Secretary of Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.



FRANK B. RUTHERFORD

"You will have to start at 8 o'clock every day and work until you're through."

This was the instruction given a boy who applied for a position at the office of the Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 367 Chestnut street.

After he had hung up his hat and coat he saw there were lots of things to be straightened out around the office, and he grumbledly the proprietor consented to accommodate the stranger.

"Hog and hominy," the staple foods, were produced locally. A barrel of flour, a small cheese and a limited stock of canned goods constituted the grocery department, but search discovered a can of Vienna sausages, some canned peaches, some crackers and cheese, and the storekeeper's wife promised a pot of coffee.

Lambert sat on the steps and smoked while he waited for the coffee and pondered the situation. All winter he had sought an introduction to the girl who was his one fellow passenger in the parlor car. He knew that her name was Jessie Fulton and that she lived down town.

Here they were, joint occupants of the parlor car, and he looked for a week that he might hold them together, if not all night. The freight had gone up in the forenoon and had broken through a rickety bridge. A temporary bridge must be built before they could go ahead.

The porter promised to get me something, she protested.

"Not at all," she hastened to protest. "It will be more pleasant this way."

"The porter promised to get me something," she protested.

"Your face seems familiar," she said, the faint color mounting to her cheeks.

"I worked in the building where you used to make some money, didn't you?" she explained readily.

"It seems almost like knowing you to meet down here in Georgia," she said smilingly. Lambert beamed. To think that after seeking her all winter he should find her down here and under circumstances that had for success seemed too good to be true.

He sent the porter back with the dishes and settled down to entertain the girl. It was almost midnight before they realized how time had been flying, and he arranged with the porter for a midnight bed for Miss Fulton in the drawing room while he occupied the smoking room.

"It seems that we are out of trouble at last," he said in greeting. "The track was cleared about 6 o'clock."

"I am rather sorry for it," he said earnestly. "Perhaps we may arrange another picnic here before I go back North. I have a title to look up. It may take a week. I rather think I will."

"I shall not wait for the picnic," she insisted. "I am going to have you at our home to breakfast, if you will come."

"If I will come," he repeated with a happy laugh. "Why, Miss Fulton, nothing would hold me back. Do you know that I do not know you? Now that I do know you, I'm not going to be driven away."

"Did you notice me, too," she asked quickly. Lambert smiled at the significance of the word "too."

"May heaven bless this tumble-down branch line," he said irrelevantly. "I run from misery to Paradise without change of cars."

Jessie Fulton nodded as though she agreed with him and they went out on the platform to greet her mother.

"How far are we to the next station?" he demanded. "We're in a station now," explained the conductor. "It's on the other side of the train."

Lambert smiled grimly as he surveyed the waste tracts where the station became apparent. It was a rough, unimproved place, smaller than the average workhouse. It was dark and deserted, but just across the sandy road a light burned feebly in a low building.

"Do you suppose I could get something to eat over there?" he asked. "It's a store," was the noncommittal answer. "I remember we put off a box of crackers last week."

Lambert dropped to the dusty roadbed and strode across the strip of sand. The store was closed and dark, but the light shone from the kitchen in the rear and grumblingly the proprietor consented to accommodate the stranger.

The stock was small and uninviting. "Hog and hominy," the staple foods, were produced locally. A barrel of flour, a small cheese and a limited stock of canned goods constituted the grocery department, but search discovered a can of Vienna sausages, some canned peaches, some crackers and cheese, and the storekeeper's wife promised a pot of coffee.

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The Daily Story

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