THE RETURN OF TARZA

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

AUTHOR OF "TARZAN OF THE APES"

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BYNOPSIS:

Jean Tarzen, after he has given up Jane
Fotier, returns to Europe. On his way and
in Harls he beftends the Count and Countees de Conde, and so earns the samily of
tee Russian spice. Rekoff and Paulvitch,
the former being brother of the Countess.

Tarzet Joins the Foreign Office of the
French Government and is sent to Africa
to watch a certain Lieutenant Gernois.
During an attempt upon his life Tarzan
saves an Arab gif, restores ber to her
ather and travels with the latter into the
desert, following Gernois. The tatter is frequently met by suspicious persons, and
Tarzan has reasons for belleving that those
who seem his life are friends of Gernois.
In the desert Tarzan is left behind, fights
and affile an enormous lion, and is then
shot from ambush. He is captured and
taken into aut Arab village.

Rokoff, disguised as an Arab, comes to
tainst him, and threatens death on the
morrow. But that oight the girl whom
Tarzan has saved, whom he knows as the
Omesi-Nail of Edd Alsas, sets him free.
Together they leave the village and is
the desert lines meet a lion. Tarzan
kills the lion and, after they recover their
borses, the two set off for the girl a father's
lange.

Tarzan, after restoring the girl, goes

berse, the two set off for the girls father burse, the two set off for the girls father burse, the two set off for the girls father burse, the two where Rokoff and Germens are staying. He discovers proofs of their periody, frightens Hokoff almost out of his wite, rescues certain valuable papers and departs. Gernols commits suicide. Tarism, under the sawurised name of Caldwell, takes ship for Cape Town. On board two men act strangely. Taran meets Hazel Strong, best friend of Jane Forter.

The scene shifts back to the time when Tarism bade Jane good-by in America.

After Tarism had bute good-by to Jane, Clayton disnovered that farism was the real Lord Orewards. But he did not tell Jane, and their marriage was arranged, but postponed by Jane. They all go to Lambon and Orewards the was arranged, but postponed by Jane. They all go to Lambon and there for a trip around the work. These strong disnovers will farize a will have a the yacht. a Roboff, discussed as a Mather than the strong starts a search for him.

CHAPTER XIII-(Continued). MOMENT later the steward returned A to say that Mr. Caldwell was not in his stateroom. "I cannot find him, Miss Strong, and"—he hesitated—"I have learned that his berth was not occupied last night. I think I had better report the matter to the captain."

"Most assuredly," exclaimed Miss Strong. "I shall go with you to the captain myself. It is terrible! I know that aomething awful has happened. My presentiments were not false, after all."

It was a very frightened young woman

It was a very frightened young woman and an excited steward who presented themselves before the captain a few moments later. He listened to their stories ments later. He listened to their stories in silence—a look of concern marking his expression as the steward assured him that he had sought for the missing passenger in every part of the ship that a passenger might expected to frequent. "And you are sure, Miss Strong, that you saw a body fall overboad last night?" he asked.

There is not the slightest doubt about that," she answered. "I cannot say it was a human body-there was no outcry. It might have been only what I thought it was a bundle of refuse. But if Mr. Caldwell is not found on board I shall always be positive that it was he whom I saw fall past my port."

The captain ordered an immediate and thorough search of the entire ship from them is start to start a start of the captain ordered and thorough search of the entire ship from them to start to start on now was to

stem to stern-no nook or cranny was to be overlooked. Miss Strong remained in his cabin, waiting the outcome of the The captain asked her many questions, but she could tell him nothing about the missing man other than what she had herself seen during their brief acquaintance on shipboard. For the first time she suddenly realized how very little indeed Mr. Caldwell had told her about himself or his past life. That he had been born in Africa and educated in Paris was about all she knew, and this meagre in-formation had been the result of her sur-prise that an Englishman should speak English with such a marked French ac-

"Did he ever speak of any enemies?"
saked the captain. "Never."
"Was he acquainted with any of the other passengers?"
"Only as he has been with me—through

the circumstance of casual meeting as fellow shipmatea." "Er-was he, in your opinion, Miss Strong, a man who drank to excess?"

"I do not know that he drank at all-he certainly had not been drinking up to half an hour before I saw that body fall everboard," she answered, "for I was with him on the deck up to that time."

"It is very strange," said the captain. "He did not look to me like a man who was subject to fainting aralls or continue.

was subject to fainting spells, or anything of that sort. And even had he been it is scarcely credible that he should have fallen completely over the rail had he been taken with an attack while leaning upon it—be would rather have fallen inside, upon the deck. If he is not on board, Miss Strong, he was thrown overboard—and the fact that you heard reboard—and the fact that you heard no outery would lead to the assumption that he was dead before he left the ship's deck—murdered." The girl shuddered.

It was a fuul hour later that the first officer returned to report the outcome of the search.

the search. "Mr. Caldwell is not on board, sir," he

"I fear there is something more serious than accident here. Mr. Brently," said the captain. "I wish you would make a personal and very careful examination of Mr. Caldwell's effects, to ascertain it there is any clew to a motive for either suicide or murder—slift the thing to the bottom."

"Aye, aye, sir!" responded Mr. Brently, and he left to commence his investigation Hazel Strong was prostrated. For two days she did not leave her cabin, and when she finally ventured on the deck she when she finally ventured on the deck she was very wan and white, with great, dark circles beneath her eyes. Waking or sleeping, it seemed that she constantly saw that dark body dropping, swift and silent, into the cold, grim ses. Shorily after her first appearance on deck following the tragedy, Monsieur Thuran joined her with many expressions of kindly solicitude.

"Oh, but it is terrible Miss Strong" he

of kindly solleitude.
"Oh. but it is terrible, Miss Strong," he said. "I cannot rid my mind of it."
"Nor I," said the girl wearily. "I feel that he might have been saved had I but

asian. "I campot rid my mind of it."

"Nor I." easid the girlt wearity. "I feet that he might have been saved had I but given the girls me been saved had I but given the girls me been saved had I but given the girls me been saved had I but given the girls me been saved had I but given the girls me been saved had I but given the girls me been saved had I but given the girls me been saved by girls me been saved on the had been saved to the happens surprises of her life—she fan face to face upon Jane Forter as she was coming out of a leweler's shop.

"Why, I can't believe my own eyes."

"Why, I can't believe my own eyes.

"Why, I can't

"Saprist! but she would cause a sen-sation in St. Petersburg." And he would, too, with the assistance of her inher-tance.

After Monsieur Thuran had squandered a few million dollars, he discovered that the vocation was entirely to his liking that he would continue on down to Cape Town, where he suddenly decided that he had pressing engagements that might detain him there for some time.

Miss Strong had told him that she and her mother were to visit the latter's brother there—they had not decided upon the duration of their stay, and it would probably run into months.

She was delighted when she found that Monsteur Thuran was to be there also.
"I hope that we shall be able to continue our acquaintance," she said. "You must call upon mamma and me as soon as we are settled."

Monsteur Thuran was delighted at the

Monsteur Thuran was delighted at the prospect, and lost no time in saying so. Mrs. Strong was not quite so favorably impressed by him as her daughter.

"I do not know why I should distrust him," she said to Hazel one day as they were discussing him. "He seems a perfect gentleman in every respect, but sometimes there is something about his even a feeting avarance which I cannot have a feeting a supposition which I cannot have a feeting a supposition of the latest have a feeting a eyes.—a fleeting expression which I cannot describe, but when I see it gives me a very uncanny feeling."

The girl laughed. "You are a silly dear, mamms," she said.

"I suppose so, but I am sorry that we have not poor Mr. Caldwell for company instead."

'And I, too," replied her daughter. Monsieur Thuran became a frequent risiter at the home of Hazel Strong's uncle in Cape Town. His attentions were very marked, but they were so punctill-ously arranged to meet the girl's every wish that she came to depend upon him more and more. Did she or her mother or a cousin require an escort—was there a little friendly service to be rendered, the genial and ubiquitous Monsieur Thuran was always available. Her uncle and his family grew to like him for his unfalling courtesy and willingness to be of service. Monsieur Thuran was becoming indispensable. At length, feeling the moment prosable. At length, feeling the moment pro-

sable. At length, feeling the moment propitious, he proposed. Miss Strong was startled. She did not know what to say.

"I had never thought that you cared for me in any such way," she told him.
"I've looked upon you always as a very dear friend. I shall not give you my answer now. Forget that you have asked me to be your wife. Let us go on as we have been—then I can consider you from an entirely different angle for a time. It may be that I shall discover that my feeling for you is more than friendship. I

The next day it came. Mrs. Strong, Hasel, and Monsieur Thuran were Lord Tennington's guests aboard his yacht. Mrs. Strong had been telling them how much she had enjoyed her visit at Cape Town, and that she regretted that a letter just received from her attorneys in Baltimore had necessitated her cutting her visit shorter than they had intended. "When do you sail?" asked Tennington. "The first of the week, I think," she replied.

replied.

"Indeed?" exclaimed Moneteur Thuran.
"I am very fortunate. I, too, have found that I must return at once, and now I shall have the honor of accompanying

and serving you."

"That is nice of you, Monsieur Thuran," replied Mrs. Strong. "I am sure that we shall be glad to place ourselves under your protection." But in the bottom of her heart was the wish that they must exame him. Why who could not might escape him. Why, she could not have told.
"By Jove!" ejaculated Lord Tennington.

a moment later. "Bully idea, by Jove!"
"Yes, Tennington, of course," ventured
Clayton, "it must be a bully idea if you
had it, but what the deuce is it? Goin' had it, but what the deuce is it? Goin' to steam to China via the South Pole?"
"Oh, I say now, Ciayton," returned Tennington, "you needn't be so rough on a fellow just because you didn't happen to suggest this trip yourself—you've acted a regular bounder ever since we salled.
"No, sir," he continued, "It's a bully idea, and you'll all say so. It's to take Mrs Strong and Miss Strong, and Thuran, too, if he'll come, as far as England with us on the yacht. Now, isn't that a corker?"

"Forgive me, Tenny, old boy." cried Clayton. "It certainly is a corking idea—I never should have suspected you of it. You're quite sure it's original, are you?"
"And we'll sail the first of the week."

"And we'll sail the first of the week, or any other time that suits your con-venience, Mrs. Strong," concluded the big-hearted Englishman, as though the thing were all aranged except the sailing

date.
"Mercy, Lord Tennington, you haven't even given us an opportunity to thank you, much less decide whether we shall be able to accept your generous invita-

"Why, of course you'll come," responded Tennington. "We'll make as good time as any passenger boat, and you'll be fully as comfortable; and, anyway, we all want you, and won't take no for an answer."

And so it was astiled that they about the same train mistaken, but now a hundred and one little pieces of corroborative evidence occurry roads toward the Avery house.

"What's doing tonight?" asked Wade.
"It's rather unusual to have to bring



It was a very frightened young woman and an excited steward who presented themselves before the captain.

and people.

certainly have not thought for a moment that I loved you."

This arrangement was perfectly satis-

This arrangement was perfectly satisfactory to Monsieur Thuran. He deeply regretted that he had been so hasty, but he had loved her for so a long time, and so devotedly, that he thought every one and explainations of the various scenes must know it. "From the first time that I saw you,

"From the first time that I saw you, Hazel, I've loved you. I am willing to wait, for I am certain that so great and pure a love as mine will be rewarded. All that I care about to know is that you do not love anether. Will you tell me?"

"I have never been in love in my life," she replied, and he was quite satisfied. On the way home that night he purchased a steam yacht and built a million dollar villa on the Hlack Sea.

The next day Hazel Strong enjoyed one of the happiest surprises of her life—she

"What do you mean. Jane?" creed Hazel, now thoroughly alarmed "Who do you think it is?"
"I don't think. Hazel. I know that that is a picture of Tazzan of the Apes. I "Jane!"
"I cannot be inisiaken. Oh, Hazel, are you sure that he is dead? Can there be no mistake." "I am afraid not door," answered Honel

the girls were both engrossed in them, Jane asking many questions, and Hazel keeping up a perfect torrent of comment

MEARS & BROWN

SHRINERS ON RETURN TRIP



Lu Lu Temple tourists and ladies on the front of an engine at a railroad station in Wyoming. The quartet below, from left to right, are Mrs. W. Freeland Kendrick, Mrs. Ed. Vare, Mrs. George Vare and Miss Katherine Vare.

while I thought he was John Caldwell, of London. He said that he had been born in Africa, and educated in France." "Yes, that would be true," murmured

Jane Porter dully. "The first officer who searched his lug-

gage found nothing to identify John Caldwell, of London. Practically all his belongings had been made or purchased in Parls. Everything that bore an initial was marked either with a 'T' alone or with 'J. C. T.' We thought that he was traveling incognito under his first two names—the J. S. standing for John Caldwell'.' "Tarzan of the Apes took the name Jean

C. Tarzan," said Jane, in the same lifeless monotone. "And he is dead! Oh, Hazel, it is horrible! He died all alone in this terrible ocean! It is unbelievable that that brave heart ceased to beat—that those mighty muscles are quiet and cold forever! That he who was the person-lification of life and health and manly strength should be prey of slimy, crawling things, that——" But she could go no further, and with a little moan she buried her head in her arms, and sank sobbing

deck that was portable. Later two of the seamen fell to fighting in the forecastle, with the result that one of them was badly wounded with a knife and the other had to be put in irons. Then, to cap the climax, the mate fell overboard at night and was drowned before help could reach him. The yacht cruised about the spot for ten hours, but no sign of the man was seen after he disappeared from the deck into the sea.

Every member of the years and every

Every member of the crew and guests was gloomy and depressed after these series of misfortunes. All were apprehensive of worse to come, and this was especially true of the seamen, who recalled all sorts of terrible omens and warnings that had occurred during the early part of the yoyage, and which they could now clearly translate into the precursors of some grim and terrible tragedy

"And here," she said suddenly, "here's a man you know. Poor fellow, I have so often intended asking you about him, but I have never been able to think of it when we were together." She was holding the little print so that Jane did not see the face of the man it portrayed. Nor did the croakers have long to wait. The second night after the drowning of the mate the little yacht was suddenly racked from stem to stern. About 1 o'clock in the morning there was a terrific impact that threw the slumbering guests and crew from berth and bunk. A mighty shudder ran through the frail craft; she lay far over to starboard; the engines stopped. For a "His name was John Caldwelli," con-tinued Hazel. "Do you recall him? He said that he met you in America. He is an Englishman." to starboard; the engines stopped. For a moment she hung there with her decks at an angle of 45 degrees—then, with a sullen, rending sound, she slipped back into the sea and righted.

(CONTINUED MONDAY.)

The Daily Story

Her Clothes-And His Ruby Wells tumped up huriedly when the train pulled into the station at New Rochelle. The usual crowd of week-end visitors filled the sistes and Ruby was only one of hundreds who picked up a suit case and escaped to the less crowded

is an Englishman."

"I do not recollect the name," replied Jane. "Let me see the picture."

"The poor fellow was lost overboard on our trip down the coast," she said, as she handed the print to Jane.

"Lost over—why, Hazel, Hazel, don't tell me that he is dead—drowned at sea!" and before the astonished Miss Strong could catch her Jane Porter had slipped to the floor in a swoon.

After Hazel had restored her chum to conclousness, she sat looking at her for a long time before either spoke.

"I did not know, Jane." said Hazel in constrained voice, "that you knew Mr. Caldwell so intimately that his death could prove such a shock to you."

"John Caldwell" questioned Miss Perter. "You do not mean to tell me that you do not know who this man was, Hazel?"

"Why, yes, Jane; I know perfectly well platform. Mrs. Hobbes was at the station to mee

her. When their greeting was over, hos-tess and guest jumped into a waiting car-riage and were whilred away over the country roads. John Wade and his host. Billy Avery,



"It's rather unusual to have to bring dress clothes out here, old man." "Dinner at the Sutcliffe's—fashionable people, you know-and the big dance at the club,"

"Looks good to me," laughed Wade.
"Are there some geod-looking girls in

"Sure, and I understand from my wife that Mrs. Hobbes has a peach out with her this week You'll meet her anyway. "We have to make more or less of a rush for it, won't we?" Wade laughed. "I mean, of course, the dinner."

"Oh, we'll make it in good time-here e are now." The two men got away-Avery insisting on carrying his guest's bag.

After his greeting to Mrs. Avery, Wade was shown to his room, there to pre-pare for the dinner party. The first thing he did was to open his suitcase that his evening clothes might not be un-

"Great Scott!" he ejaculated, picked up the wrong suitcase! Oh, I say, what a stunning frock!"

her head in her arms, and sank sobbing to the floor.

For days Miss Porter was ill, and would see no one except Hazel and the faithful Esmeralda. When at last she came on deck all were struck by the sad change that had taken place in her. She was no longer the alert, vivacious American beauty who had charmed and delighted all whe came in contact with her. Instead she was a very quiet and sad little girl—with an expression of hopeless wistfulness that none but Hazel Strong could interpet.

The entire party strove their utmost to

The entire party strove their utmost to | Wade sank on the couch beside the fem-The entire party strove their utmost to cheer and amuse her, but all to no avail. Occasionally the jolly Lord Tennington would wring a wan smile from her, but for the most part she sat with wide eyes looking out across the sea.

With Jane Porter's illness one misfortune after another seemed to attack the yacht. First an engine broke down, and they drifted for two days while temporary repairs were being made. Then a squall struck them unaware, that carried overboard nearly everything above deck that was portable. Later two of the seamen fell to fighting in the forecastle.

Wade sank on the couch beside the feminine apparel and felt a peculiar intimacy with the owner of the suitcase. "I could kick myself for a blind idlot for having unconsciously deprived you of all these." He looked at the initials on the back myself for a blind idlot for having unconsciously deprived you of all these." He looked at the initials on the owner of the suitcase. "I could kick myself for a blind idlot for having unconsciously deprived you of all these." He looked at the initials on the warm of the suitcase. "I could kick myself for a blind idlot for having unconsciously deprived you of all these." He looked at the initials on the warm of the assument of the suitcase. "I could kick myself for a blind idlot for having unconsciously deprived you of all these." He looked at the initials on the owner of the suitcase. "I could kick myself for a blind idlot for having unconsciously deprived you of all these." He looked at the initials on the owner of the suitcase. "I could kick myself for a blind idlot for having unconsciously deprived you of all these." He looked at the initials on the warm of the warm of the suitcase. "I could kick myself for a blind idlot for having unconsciously deprived you of all these." He looked at the initials on the back of the sliver brush. "R. W." could kick myself for a blind idlot for having unconsciously deprived you of all these." He looked at the initials on the back of the sliver brush. "R. W." could kick black hair to wear with this costume."

A knock sounded on Wade's door.

Avery's head popped in. "Oh, I sayaren't you nearly ready? What in
the —."

"Yes-oh, yes-I'm ready-just come in and have a look at what I've brought in the way of evening clothes for the dinnerdance! "Great Scott, man! We are almost due

at the Sutcliffes now."

at the Sutcliffes now."

"I'm sorry, old man, but you will have to go without me—I've picked up the wrong bag in that beastly crowded train."

Avery's sense of humor prevailed. He roared. Wade joined in.

"I'll go and speak to my wife." laughed Avery. "We'll have to fix you up somehow. I think my wife's father had a dress suit at one time. He was some 30 pounds smaller than you."

"Beat it." put in Wade. "I'll not go to a dinner in somebody's hand-me-downs!"

a dinner in somebody's hand-me-downs!"
"You've got to! Mrs. Sutcliffe would never forgive my wife if she were the cause of an empty chair at one of her

Wade sighed hopelessly as Bill Avery made his exit laughing uproariously.

Meantime Mrs. Hobbes sat on the edge of the bed in her guest chamber and talked through tears and laughter to the huddled mass of femininity that was Ruby Wells.

"You must so, Ruby. She would never forgive me. My red dress won't look so

"Alice Hobbes! How can you sit there and suggest that I wear brilliant, flaming red with this scarlet hair of mine-be-sides-we would have to use a dozen asfety pins!" Ruby Wells would have resorted to tears but for the effect on nose and syes. Underneath it all the humor

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of the attuation was trembling into mirth.

Finally she laughed.
"All right, Alice-make a scarcorow of me if you want to. I'll do as you say,

me if you want to. I'll do as you say, and if I don't make an impression on some man it won't be your fault.

Alice went off smilingly to get he evening dress and silppers for her guest. Ruby picked up an immaculate pair of dress trousers. "Humph! You are nice and big, anyway—I'm awfully sorry I was so perfectly silly as to take up the wrong suitense. I rather like your pear! was so perfectly filly as to take up the wrong suitcase. I rather like your pearl stude." She picked up a large box of candy. "I've a good notion to give this to Alice. The one in my own case is exactly the same, and you could give mine to your hostess."

A half hour later the guests at Mrs. Sutcliffe's, well bred though they were, looked up in amazement as Mrs. Hobbes and her guest were announced. They had had a similar shock when Billy Avery entered with John Wade.

The latter looked up when Ruby Wells entered, and was being introduced.

"Great Scott! What excruciating tastel" he whispered to Billy Avery. "And look at the hang of the dress-it hikes up in

"Rather the same effect as your vest, isn't it?" covertly suggested Avery. "And it's pinned in at the walst, I ' went on Wade, waxing into a white heat. "Is this the peach you spoke

-" Even Avery was taken

"Must be--" Even Aven aback. "Sh! Here she is." "Hello, Billy!" Mrs. Hobbes shook hands with Avery. The introductions took place and Wade made room for took place and wade made room for Ruby Wells at his side. He couldn't help himself from falling into the snare of her charm. It would have been there if her gown had been yellow, red and

green mixed. "I understand we are to be dinner part-ners," she said with a twinkle gleaming from the deep gray of her eyes.

She cast a quizzical glance at the length of arm and hand projecting below Wade's coat sleeve. Another glance traveled over the shoulders which strove to proclaim their breadth notwithstanding the

meager proportions of the coat.

She looked up again and their eyes met. Both strove to quell the laughter, but it was too much. They laughed until every one in the room cast startled glances in their direction.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Ruby when John Wade's eyes had ceased their mockery and her own had

'To be frank, Miss Wells," said Wade, "I laughed because your eyes made me, at my own predicament and because well, because you are so hopelessly-a-well, out of harmony with the clothes you have on.

Ruby bit her lips. He was so serious and apologetic. "If I am out of harmony—you must be out of tune. If I may have the impertin-ence to suggest it—a little sugar might

ence to suggest it—a little sugar might coax that coat of yours to meet."

"That's right, laugh at a fellow because he has had the misfortune to pick up the wrong sultcase—"
"Sultcase!" cried Ruby. "Are you the poor man whose bag I ran off with?"

"I beg your pardon—I ran off with yours?"

yours?'

"Oh, very well—as the suit fits—"
"But it doesn't!" They laughed again.
"And is my perfectly good maize-col-

ored gown-' "We'l, I wouldn't have said the things were yellow—"

He stopped confused. The slow color mounted in Ruby's cheeks. Try as he might, Wade could not turn his eyes from the exquisite beauty.

"I had pictured—just you—in that maize-colored gown," said Wade. "And perhaps," said Ruby, "I had pictured—just you—in that evening suit." Dinner was announced. Ruby and Wade arose and she put her hand on his arm. Toward the end of dinner Ruby leaned near Wade and whispered: "I refuse absolutely to go to that dance tonight in

"So do I—in these clothes. But, listen. Immediately after dinner I will order a carriage and you and I will make a hasty exit. I will explain the circumstances to Mrs. Sutcliffe."

"What are you going to explain?" asked Ruby, with wide-open eyes.
"That you and I are going to make ourselves presentable before the dance."
Two hours later Wade strolled impatiently about the drawing room at the Hobbes home. He straightened an already immaculate set tie and glanced at Hobbes home. He straightened an al-ready immaculate set tie and glanced at the perfect fit of his own evening clothes. Presently he heard a soft little swish on the upper landing of the stairs, and he went to the half to meet Ruby Wells. His eyes lit up as she came down the stairs. The soft gown clung in graceful folds and her glorious Titian half was

stairs. The soft gown clung in graceful folds and her glorious Titian hair was crowned by a wreath of buds from which the pearls peeped.

He took her hand as she came to the last step. "I cannot tell you how beautiful you are," he said, while a slight tremor shook his voice.

Ruby was on a level with him.

Ruby was on a level with him now and her large gray eyes lingered shyly on his face. The unspeakable answer was in her eyes.

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Will Benefits Anti-Vivisectionists NORTH WALES, Pa. July 31—By the will of Nora King Buckley, late of Broad Axe, half of her \$60,000 estate is to be divided in equal parts and will so to the Anti-Vivisection Society of Philadelphia for Homeless and Suffering Animals and the Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

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and Emylla Szeakyh, 128 Jamestown at,

and Emylla Szeakyh, 128 Jamestown at,

and Emylla Szeakyh, 128 Jamestown at,

Police Court Chronicles

Gallantry is one of the big assets of Fred Donnelly. A lady in distress is always greeted with the heiping hand from Fred. It is true that he often has personal burdens, which we will not speak of here, for it is none of our business and is decidedly irrelevant to the matter at hand. Fred was picking his way with some difficulty along East Norris street when he stopped and sasped. Approaching him in a direct course was a moving iceberg.

It looked like that until it was within a few feet of the bewildered Donnelly. Then he saw that it was a washwoman



with a basket of white clothes head. Before her was a puddle of water.
Like Sir Walter Raleigh, the gallant
knight of old, Donnelly picked up a board
which was close by and dropped it over
the puddle that the maiden of uncertain girth might navigate safely with her burden

But in dropping the board he miscalcu-lated. It didn't quite span the puddle and

there was a splash of muddy water, which showered fountain-like over her clothes and put all her efforts at the washtub to naught. And then, as is usual with Den-nelly, he was misunderstood. The woman encircled his neck and hore him to the encircied his neck and bore him to the surface of the puddle. Then she beat him with her fists and the water-soaked clothes. The man's 'shouts for help brought Policeman Bob Neville. It required much coaxing by the cop to make the woman cease hostilities.

"It's a fine beexnies—oxtstockixachjkyituhnyjuthyetrgb—ach," she said. But as neither Bob nor Donnelly could understand her, the cop took his prisoner to the East Girard avenue station.

Magistrate Stevenson expressed genuing regret when he heard of Donnelly's martyrdom. But as he had nowhere to go the Judge sent him for a month's vacation to Holmesburg-on-the-Delaware.

OBITUARIES

Miss Anne Hartranft

NORRISTOWN, Pa., July 31.—Miss Anne Hartranft, youngest daughter of former Governor John F. Hartranft, died here last night, aged 48 years. A sister, Mrs. E. W. Stocham, and brother, Coi-onel D. S. Hartranft, survive. MARRIED

BRINTON-BALLOU.-On July 20, 1915, at St. Peter's P. E. Church, by the Rev. Harry D. Viets, HOWARD F. BRINTON and UNA BALLOU, daughter of Mrs. Franklin Ballou.

IN MEMORIAM

McCLOSKEY.—In sad but loving remem-brance of my dearly beloved lather, JOHN McCLOSKEY, who passed away July 31, 1900, Btill dear is thy memory to me. ELIZABETH.

Deaths

BROOMALL. Suddenly, on July 29, 1915, at Delco-on-the-Manasquan," N. J. ELEFANOR LOUISE, daughter of the late John Martin Broomal, 3d, and Massaret Hamilton Broomal, 3d, and Massaret Hamilton Broomal, 3d, and Massaret Hamilton Broomal, and Massaret Hamilton Broomal, and Massaret Hamilton Brooms.

LOUISE, daughter of the late John Martin Broomall, 3d, and Mangaret Hamilton Broomall, of Media, Pa in her tourth year. Finneral and interment private.

DAVIS.—On July 36, 1915, LEWIS DAVIS. Relatives and friends are lavited to attend the funeral services, on Tuesday afternoon, at 2 o'clock precisely, at his late residence, at 40 North 17th st. Interment private, at Woodlands Cometery.

HAMILTON.—On July 30, 1915, ANNA BARBARA, widow of Alpheus A. Hamiliton, in her 19th year. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock, at her late residence, 4038 Baring street. Interment private, at West Laurei Hill Cemetery.

NEEMAN.—On July 30, 1915, SALLIE STILES NEEMAN. Of Dover, Del., widow of George W. Neeman, ased 61 years. The relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services on Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock at the superiments of Oliver H. Bair, 1529 Chestnut street, Interment private. O'KANE.—On July 29, 1915, EDWARD DANIEL O'KANE, beloved husband of Kathrine O'Kane, beloved husband of Kathrine O'Kane (nee Crownell, non of the late Daniel and Nors O'Kane. A member of the Knights of Columbus. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral, on Tuesday morning, at 8:36 o'clock, from his late residence, 428 bouth 45th st. Solemn Requirem Mass at St. Francis de Sales Church, at 10 o'clock, interment at New Cathedral Camstery.

Parker.—On July 28, 1915, IDA T., widow of Labor. On July 28, 1915, IDA T., widow

TYN PARKER. Notice of funeral will be given.

RUNYON.—On July 28, 1915, IDA T. widow of John T. Runyon. Funeral services and interment private.

SMITH.—At Alexandria, Va. on July 29, 1915, ALEXIS SMITH, tormerly of Wilmington, Dal., in the Tist year of his age, Funeral at Alexandria, Va., on Monday, August 2 at 10 a. m.

TILDEN.—On July 29, 1915, WILLIAM TATEM TILDEN, aged 60 years. Funeral service on Monday, August 2, at 3 p. m., at his late residence. "Overleigh," MoKean ave, Germantown. Internent private Kindly omit flowers. Carriages will meet the 2:11 train from Broad St. at Queen Lane Station.

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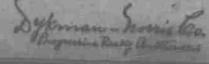
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