

THE DAILY STORY BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS AUTHOR OF 'TARZAN OF THE APES'

CHAPTER XX

FOR a moment Tarzan thought that his strange freak of fate a miracle had saved him, but when he realized the ease with which the gorilla-like animal...

Through winding corridors she led further and further into the remote precincts of the temple, until they came to a great chamber in the center of which stood an altar.

He had fallen into the hands of descendants of the ancient sun worshippers. His seeming rescue by a votary of the high priestesses of the sun...

The priestess led the victim to the altar steps. Against the galleys above filled with watchers who from an arched doorway at the east end of the chamber...

Each priestess bore two golden cups, and as they formed in line along one side of the altar the men formed opposite them, advancing and taking each a cup from the female priestess.

As she advanced to the opposite side of the altar she halted, and it seemed that there was a note of warning in her voice as she motioned to the priestess to continue with the rite.

She shook her head, and it seemed that there was a note of warning in her voice as she motioned to the priestess to continue with the rite.

At her signal the priestess rushed upon the ape-man, and, lifting him bodily, laid him upon his back across the altar.

quicker leap he was at her side, and a restraining hand was laid upon her arm. "Wait!" said Tarzan of the Apes, in the language of the tribe of Kerchak.

"What do you want of me?" she continued. "For what purpose did you save me from that?"

"I could not see a woman murdered!" It was a half question that answered her. "But what do you intend to do with me now?" she continued.

"Nothing," he replied, "but you can do something for me—you can lead me out of this place to freedom." He made the suggestion without the slightest thought that she would accede.

"I cannot understand why you came to my rescue in the first place, and now I cannot understand why, having me within your power, you do not wish to be revenged upon me for having sentenced you to death—having almost having put you to death with my own hand."

"It was at one of these times that the great calamity occurred. When the time came for the temple to be returned to the world, the people waited.

"But why are you more human than the others?" she asked him. (CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

OFFICIAL RAKES RAILROADS Port Director Attacks Discrimination in Favor of Ship Companies.

The room was bright with the soft light of the shaded lamps and the red glow of an open fire and redolent of the spicy breath of roses.

How the people jostled and elbowed! A good natured crowd it was. She, in all the wide city, seemed to be alone.

Presently she rose and stood regarding herself in a long glass. Her cloak had fallen to the floor and she stood revealed in all the magnificence of her stage gown, glittering with jeweled trimmings and billowy with costly lace.

"When I came to the city," she went on, "this great throbbing city, with its beautiful, sad, wicked life, I was a young girl, untutored in the ways of the world."

"And your love, Monsieur, what of me? Do I deserve no consideration? Am I to be thrust aside so surely?"

"You cannot say anything of me—you cannot accuse me more mercilessly than I accuse myself. Because I have wronged you, would you have me make my wrong still deeper? My heart is far away in the Southern land tonight where these little white blossoms came from."

"For the first time it came to her that it was given, even in this world, to love sincerely. A great pity, born of the new beauty and light in her own life, stirred within her heart."

"God bless you, my dear. With faith and love. From the flowers in her hand she looked

The Daily Story

White Roses

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at the crimson blooms in the bowl, and again at the blossoms in her hand; little blossoms they were, looking insignificant and meager beside their real sisters, but she pressed them to her lips, a rush of tears blinding her. Then she bowed her head upon her hands—not sobbing—only remembering.

The notes of the street grew faint and far; instead, the grass was green beneath her feet, the sky was blue overhead, and under a canopy of little white roses she stood, her head upon her lover's breast, listening to the first whispers of love.

The lumbering of some heavy vehicle roused her. With a sudden impatient movement she uncloaked the diamond necklace from about her throat and heaped it in a glittering pile upon the desk, and tossed the photograph upon the trembling; the voices of the choristers still humming in the gray old church, came to her. She stood listening, with the roses crushed to her breast.

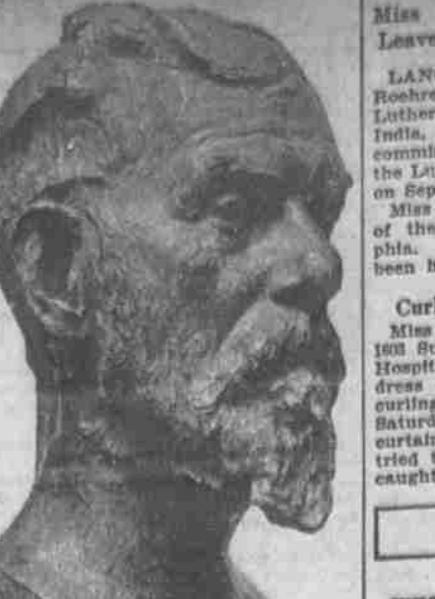
After a while she went into the room beyond and kneeling down drew from a drawer an oblong package. She shook out the folds of a white muslin gown and smoothed it carefully.

"You child," she whispered to herself, "you child!" But she went on smoothing out the crumpled folds.

Laughing softly, she slipped out of the heavy, silken gown and donned the simple white one. She let down her heavy hair and braided it in one long plait, and pinned the white rose in the laces at her throat.

Then she went back to the sitting room and stood before the mirror, regarding with grave eyes the face that looked back at her; no longer that of a worldly-worn woman, but of a radiant girl.

The little maid stared when she entered with a card, but Margaret was too engrossed to note her surprise.



Portrait of Margaret, the woman in the story.



Portrait of James Grafty, the man in the story.

BUST AND ITS MAKER

Above is a portrait bust of James Grafty, for which Clyde C. Bathurst, of 20th and Cherry streets, shown below, has received honor...

SALEM, N. J., AUG. 2.—Falling to heed warnings given by Prosecutor Daniel V. Summerlin, a squad of officers in charge of Sheriff A. Lincoln Fox yesterday visited Fenton Beach, a pleasure resort along the Delaware River, in Upper Penn's Neck township, and closed the merry-ground, shooting gallery and poolroom, where a flourishing business was being conducted.

SHERIFF ARRESTS OPERATORS OF SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS

One Held for Felonious Assault for Attacking Captor With Butcher Knife.

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MORE SUFFRAGE ACTIVITY

Philadelphia suffrage workers have a busy week ahead of them. Open-air rallies are scheduled for every evening and noon will find the organizers addressing factory employes in every section of the city.

Miss Anna McCue will continue her work in the Kensington mill district, where her popularity among the mill hands has gained many supporters for the suffrage cause.

German Bank Failure Reported. PARIS, Aug. 2.—A Lausanne dispatch says that the Mendelssohn-Barnothdy Bank, of Germany, has failed for \$750,000.

NURSE GOES TO INDIA

Miss Roscher, of Lancaster, Pa., will leave for the Lutheran mission fields at Rajahmundry, India, early in September.

Curling Iron Fire Fatal to Women. Miss Carrie L. Hall, 43 years old, 1601 Summer street, died in the German Hospital from burns received when she was heating curling iron over an open gas jet.

OBITUARIES

E. Malin Hoopes. WEST CHESTER, Aug. 2.—E. Malin Hoopes, aged about 84 years, who has been in business a longer time than any other merchant in this place, died Saturday after a short illness.

Anderson. —On August 2, 1915, MARY W. Anderson, wife of John Anderson, died at her residence, 112 E. 12th street, at 11 o'clock.

Berry. —On Aug. 2, 1915, MARGARET BERRY, wife of Alfred Berry, died at her residence, 200 E. 12th street, at 10 o'clock.

Bilger. —On August 2, 1915, SAMUEL BILGER, in his 90th year, died at his residence, 205 North 11th street, at 11 o'clock.

Boadman. —On August 2, 1915, JOHN A. BOADMAN, husband of Mary Boadman, died at his residence, 1015 E. 12th street, at 10 o'clock.

Doyle. —On August 2, 1915, HARRY A. DOYLE, son of William A. Doyle, died at his residence, 428 Fairmount ave., at 11 o'clock.

Erkold. —At Langhorne, Pa., on Monday, August 2, 1915, EMMA REBECCA ERKOLD, wife of the late Edward J. Erkold, died at her residence, 11th, from her late residence.

Joseph. —On August 2, 1915, JOSEPH J. JOSEPH, son of Joseph and Mary Byrne, died at his residence, 11th, from his late residence.

Cavanaugh. —On August 2, 1915, MARY CAVANAUGH, wife of the late John Cavanaugh, died at her residence, 11th, from her late residence.

Connel. —On August 2, 1915, HENRY CONNELL, son of the late John A. Connel, died at his residence, 11th, from his late residence.

Deal. —On August 2, 1915, JOSEPH C. DEAL, son of the late John C. Deal, died at his residence, 11th, from his late residence.

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GET-RICH-QUICK-WALSINGFORD

Advertisement for 'GET-RICH-QUICK-WALSINGFORD' featuring a cartoon of a man with a large fish and text: 'IS DAT YO' MISTO WALSINGFORD? IS YO' LIL FRIEN' FANSY AH IS SADLY IN NEED OB ONE HUNDRED BONES-YO' UNDERSTAN'-GIT BUSY-GOOD BYE-'