THE RETURN OF TARZAN

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

AUTHOR OF "TARZAN OF THE APES"

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CHAPTER XXIV—(Continued).

TENNINGTON did not show the surprise he felt. That was not all that he meant. He had been much with this fair daughter of Maryland since the wreck of the Lady Alice, and it had recently come to him that he had grown much more fond of her than would prove good for the peace of his mind, for he recalled almost constantly now the confidence which Monsieur Thuran had imparted to him that he and Miss Strong were engaged. He wondered if, after all, Thuran had been quite accurate in his statement. He had never seen the slightest indication on the girl's part of more than ordinary friendship.

"And then in Monsieur Thuran's loss, if they are lost, you would suffer a severe bereavement," he ventured.

She looked up at him quickly. "Monsieur Thuran had become a very dear friend," she said. "I liked him very much, though I have known him but a short time."

"Then you were not engaged to marry him?" he blurted out.

"Heaven's no!" she cried. "I did not care for him at all in that way."

There was something that Lord Tennington wanted to say to Hazel Strong—he wanted very badly to say it, and say it at once; but somehow the words stuck in his throat. He started lamely a couple of times, cleared his throat, became red in the face, and finally ended by remarking that he hoped the cabins would be finished before the rainy season commenced.

But, though he did not know it, he had conveyed to the girl the very message he intended, and left her happy—happier than she had ever been before in all her life.

Just then further conversation was interrupted by the sight of a strange and terrible-looking figure which emerged from the jungle just south of the camp. Tennington and the girl saw it at the same time. The Englishman reached for his revolver, but when the half-naked, bearded creature called his name aloud and came running toward them he dropped his hand and advanced to meet it.

None would have recognized in the filthy, emaciated creature, covered by a single garment of small skins, the immaculate Monsieur Thuran the party had last seen upon the deck of the Lady Alice.

Before the other members of the community were apprised of his presence Tennington and Miss Strong questioned him regarding the other occupants of the missing boat.

"They are all dead," replied Thuran. "The three sailors died before we made land. Miss Porter was carried off into the jungle by some wild animals while I was lying delirious with fever. Clayton died of the same fever but a few days since. And to think that all this time we have been separated by but a few miles—scarcely a day's march. It is terrible!"

How long Jane Porter lay in the darkness of the vault beneath the temple in the ancient city of Opar she did not know. For a time she was delirious with fever, but after this passed she commenced slowly to regain her strength. Every day the woman who brought her food beckoned to her to arise, but for many days the girl could only shake her head to indicate that she was too weak.

But eventually she was able to gain her feet, and then to stagger a few steps by supporting herself with one hand upon the wall. Her captors now watched her with increasing interest. The day was approaching, and the victim was gaining in strength.

Presently the day came, and a young woman whom Jane Porter had not seen before came with several others to her dungeon. Here some sort of ceremony was performed—that it was of a religious nature the girl was sure, and so she took new heart, and rejoiced that she had fallen among people upon whom the refining and softening influence of religion evidently had fallen. They would treat her humanely—of that she was now quite sure.

And so when they led her from her dungeon, through long, dark corridors, and up a flight of concrete steps to a brilliant courtyard, she went willingly, even gladly—for was she not among the servants of God? It might be, of course, that their interpretation of the supreme being differed from her own, but that they owned a god was sufficient evidence to her that they were kind and good.

But when she saw a stone altar in the center of the courtyard, and dark-brown stains upon it and the nearby concrete of the floor, she began to wonder and to doubt. And as they stooped and bound her ankles, and secured her wrists behind her, her doubts were turned to fear. A moment later, as she was lifted and placed supine across the altar's top, hope left her entirely, and she trembled in an agony of fright.

During the grotesque dance of votaries which followed, she lay frozen in horror, nor did she require the sight of the thin blade in the hands of the high priestess as it rose slowly above her to enlighten her further to her doom.

As the hand began its descent, Jane Porter closed her eyes and sent up a silent prayer to the Maker she was so soon to face—then she succumbed to the strain upon her tired nerves, and swooned.

Day and night Tarzan of the Apes raced through the primeval forest toward the ruined city in which he was positive the woman he loved lay either a prisoner or dead.

In a day and a night he covered the same distance that the fifty frightful men had taken the better part of a week to traverse, for Tarzan of the Apes traveled along the middle terrace high above the tangled obstacles that impede progress upon the ground.

The story the young bull ape had told made it clear to him that the girl captive had been Jane Porter, for there was not another white "she" in all the jungle. The "bulla" he had recognized from the ape's crude description as the grotesque parodies upon humanity who inhabit the ruins of Opar. And the girl's fate he could picture as plainly as though he were an eyewitness to it. When they would lay her across that grim altar he could not guess, but that her dear, frail body would eventually find its way there he was confident.

But finally, after what seemed long ages to the impatient ape-man, he topped the barrier cliffs that hemmed the desolate valley, and below him lay the grim and awful ruins of the now hideous city of Opar. At a rapid trot he started across the dry and dusty boulder-strewn ground toward the goal of his desires.

Would he be in time to rescue? He hoped against hope. At least he could be revenged, and in his wrath it seemed to him that he was equal to the task of wiping out the entire population of that terrible city. It was nearly noon when he reached the great boulder at the top of which terminated the secret passage to the pits beneath the city. Like a cat he scaled the precipitous sides of the frowning granite kopje. A moment later he was running through the darkness of the long, straight tunnel that led to the treasure vault. Through this he passed, then on and on until at last he came to the well-like shaft upon the opposite side of which lay the dungeon with the false well.

As he paused a moment upon the brink of the well a faint sound came to him through the opening above. His quick ears caught and translated it—it was the dance of death that preceded a sacrifice, and the sing-song ritual of the high priestess. He could even recognize the woman's voice.

Could it be that the ceremony marked the very thing he had hastened to prevent? A wave of horror swept over him. Was he, after all, to be just a moment too late? Like a fetishized deer he bounded across the narrow chasm to the overhanging of the passage beyond. At the false well he tore the rope previously

halted to cast a backward glance toward the city. Coming across the plain he saw a band of hideous men of Opar. For a moment he hesitated. Should he descend and make a race for the distant cliffs, or should he hide here until night? And then a glance at the girl's white face determined him. He could not keep her here and permit her enemies to get between them and liberty. For aught he knew they might have been followed through the tunnels, and to have foes before and behind would result in almost certain capture, since he could not fight his way through the enemy burdened as he was with the unconscious girl.

To descend the steep face of the boulder with Jane Porter was no easy task, but by binding her across his shoulder with the grass rope he succeeded in reaching the ground in safety before the Oparians arrived at the great rock. As the descent had been made upon the side away from the city, the searching party saw nothing of it, nor did they dream that their prey was so close before them.

By keeping the kopje between them and their pursuers, Tarzan of the Apes managed to cover nearly a mile before the men of Opar rounded the granite sentinel and saw the fugitive before them. With loud cries of savage delight, they broke into a mad run, thinking doubtless that they would soon overhaul the burdened runner; but they both underestimated the powers of the ape-man and overestimated the possibilities of their own short, crooked legs.

By maintaining an easy trot, Tarzan kept the distance between them always the same. Occasionally he would glance at the face so near his own. Had it not been for the faint beating of the heart pressed so close against his own, he would not have known that she was alive, so white and drawn was the poor, tired face.

And thus they came to the flat-topped mountain and the barrier cliffs. During the last mile Tarzan had let himself out, running like a deer, that he might have ample time to descend the face of the cliffs before the Oparians could reach the summit and hurl rocks down upon them. And so it was that he was half a mile down the mountainside ere the fierce little men came panting to the edge.

With cries of rage and disappointment they ranged along the cliff top shaking their cudgels, and dancing up and down in a perfect passion of anger. But this time they did not pursue beyond the boundary of their own country. Whether it was because they recalled the futility of their former long and irksome search, or after witnessing the ease with which the ape-man swung along before them, and the last burst of speed, they realized the utter hopelessness of further pursuit, it is difficult to say; but as Tarzan reached the woods that began at the base of the foothills which skirted the barrier cliffs they turned their faces once more toward Opar.

Just within the forest's edge, where he could yet watch the cliff tops, Tarzan laid his burden upon the grass, and going to the nearby rivulet brought water, with which he bathed her face and hands; but even this did not revive her, and, greatly worried, he gathered the girl into his strong arms once more and hurried on toward the west.

Late in the afternoon Jane Porter regained consciousness. She did not open her eyes at once—she was trying to recall the scenes that she had last witnessed. Ah, she remembered now. The altar, the terrible priestess, the descending knife. She gave a little shudder, for she thought that either this was death or that the knife had buried itself in her heart and she was experiencing the brief delirium preceding death.

And when finally she mustered courage to open her eyes, the sight that met them confirmed her fears, for she saw that she was being borne through a leafy paradise in the arms of her dead lover. "If this be death," she murmured, "thank God that I am dead."

"You spoke, Jane!" cried Tarzan. "You are regaining consciousness!"

"Yes, Tarzan of the Apes," she replied, and for the first time in months a smile of peace and happiness lighted her face.

"Thank God!" cried the ape-man, coming to the ground in a little grassy clearing beside the stream. "I was in time, after all."

"In time? What do you mean?" she questioned.

"In time to save you from death upon the altar, dear," he replied. "Do you not remember?"

"Save me from death!" she asked, in a puzzled tone. "Are we not both dead, my Tarzan?"

He had placed her upon the grass by now, her back resting against the stem of a huge tree. At her question he stepped back where he could the better see her face.

"Dead!" he repeated, and then he laughed. "You are not, Jane; and if you will return to the city of Opar and ask them who dwell there they will tell you that I was not dead a few short hours ago. No, dear, we are both very much alive."

"But both Hazel and Monsieur Thuran told me that you had fallen into the ocean many miles from land," she urged, as though trying to convince him that he must indeed be dead. "They said that there was no question but that it must have been you, unless that you could have survived or been picked up."

"How can I convince you that I am no spirit?" he asked, with a laugh. "It was I whom the delightful Monsieur Thuran pushed overboard, but I did not drown—I will tell you all about it after a while—and here I am very much the same wild man you first knew, Jane Porter."

The girl rose slowly to her feet and came toward him.

"I cannot even yet believe it," she murmured. "It cannot be that such happiness can be true after all the hideous things that I have passed through these awful months since the Lady Alice went down."

She came close to him and laid a hand, soft and trembling, upon his arm.

(CONTINUED MONDAY.)

Raced Death in Stolen Auto

Peter Larro, of Milliman street, was arraigned for a hearing at Central Station today, accused by M. Petrignani, of Landisville, N. J., of stealing his automobile. Larro told the police that he went to the New Jersey town last Wednesday and found his brother ill. Believing that his brother would die if not taken to a hospital, he said he took the first machine he saw and raced with it to this city. His brother died on the way. Larro then dismantled the car. He was arrested by Detective Gleason at a North Broad street garage.

TODAY'S MARRIAGE LICENSES

Samuel J. Ewing, 812 N. Bucknell st., and Anna M. Gallagher, 2014 Parrish st.
Herbert W. Daniels, 2116 Park ave., and Marion T. Nash, 2157 N. 13th st.
Vuko Zeblick, 550 N. 5th st., and Marina Arranovy, 258 Brown st.
Harrison Jones, 2145 Cora st., and Elizabeth Rollins, 2141 Cora st.
Horace Hart, 3506 Hope st., and Elizabeth Sanders, 3507 Hope st.
Robert Jackson, 2138 Naudain st., and May Ubery, 2225 Kimball st.
John K. Bower, 4057 Walton ave., and Catharine C. Bagg, 5127 Haxel ave.
Eugene Jalels, 1128 Peel st., and Agnes Mickiick, 1124 Peel st.
Michael Faccepanial, 2534 Callowhill st., and Marya Sredniik, 244 N. 23d st.
Frederick Herbert, 618 N. 7th st., and Lillian A. Kephart, 4839 Germantown ave.
Bolislaw Chrzstowski, 2626 Emery st., and Marya Blazikowska, 2617 Salmon st.
Lorenzo Saccone, 1932 Tasker st., and Rosina Salvagno, 1130 Alter st.
John F. Whipple, 5242 Crowson st., and Mary A. Duffy, 4123 Bitner st.
William F. Parker, 2042 W. Dauphin st., and Lena M. Glass, 114 E. 20th st.
Robert F. Kerwan, 39 N. 19th st., and Myrtle E. Brunsler, 1920 Filmore st.
George W. A. Berger, 2048 E. Madison st., and Martha A. Roelgen, 2048 E. Ontario st.
Samuel Goodrich, 508 Titan st., and Hannah Mayer, 248 S. 57th st.
William Purnell, 3127 Manton st., and Hattie Mumford, 1724 Annin st.
George W. Hasloop, Norristown, Pa., and Katherine G. Emory, Reach and Cheltenham ave.
Stanislaus Dulinsky, 1012 Carlton st., and Monika Nowacsine, 1919 Carlton st.
Curtis P. Calver, 3211 Archer st., and Anna E. Simonson, 1918 N. Lawrence st.
Harry F. Mallgrave, 807 N. 60th st., and Florence Kinnaird, 1539 N. 60th st.
William G. Jones, 1506 S. Chester st., and Edna Birmingham, 1318 S. Lambert st.

THOMAS ANDERSON

Open golf champion of Pennsylvania, killed in automobile accident at Orange, N. J.

ANDERSON, CHAMPION GOLFER, KILLED IN AUTO

Pennsylvania Open Golf Winner Insisted Upon Speeding in New Car

NEW YORK, Aug. 14.—Thomas Anderson, open golf champion of Pennsylvania, and professional golfer of the Montclair Golf Club, was killed when he drove into a rut in the road and lost control, while speeding in Prospect avenue, Orange, N. J., in his new car last night. The machine zigzagged a few yards, then plunged into a gulley 10 feet below.

Anderson was caught beneath the car as it turned over. Death was almost instantaneous. Thomas Ward, steward of the Montclair Golf Club, who sat beside Anderson, was thrown clear and escaped with severe lacerations and contusions. William H. Mitchell, a negro demonstrator, the other occupant of the car, was taken to the Orange Memorial Hospital with a fractured leg.

The roadster was purchased by Anderson two weeks ago, and he had not learned how to drive it, but he insisted upon driving it home last night.

Anderson, 30 years old, upheld his family's traditions as golf experts. Last month, for the second time, he won the open golf championship of Pennsylvania. His brother, the late William Anderson, won four times the open golf championship of the United States. William Anderson, his father, was until his death, two years ago, professional golfer for the Montclair Golf Club.

Anderson had been professional golfer for the Glen Ridge Golf Club, the Litchfield Golf Club, the Inwood Golf Club and the Outmont Country Club of Pittsburgh. His mother and three sisters live in Scotland. Mrs. John Watson, another sister, lives in Verona, N. J.

THE DAILY STORY

A Case of Goose

Young Sewell Chester thought very well of himself. He had studied law and been admitted to the bar. He was rather good looking, and the praise of certain young ladies had made him vain.

While waiting for his first case he had the consolation of feeling that his bread and butter did not depend on it. Altogether, Mr. Chester was taking a rosy view of life. He might have continued in this line for many months more but for forming the acquaintance of Miss Mildred Vane.

After his first case a lawyer is cautious. Instead of plunging he looks up the law. The first time Mr. Chester met Miss Vane he admired her. The second time he fell in love. The third time—well, Miss Vane was rather a blunt, outspoken girl, and she turned on him with:

"Mr. Chester, I should think the law would occupy your attention to the exclusion of everything else until you had carved a name for yourself."

Mr. Chester mentally admitted that the girl had the advantage.

"You aren't in practice yet, are you?" continued the girl. "I mean the practice of law?"

"I—I haven't had a case."

"But you probably will have, if you wait long enough."

"Y-e-s."

"I had an uncle who studied law and waited five years for his first client. She was an old woman who had had a goose stolen from her. It was a simple case, but he won it and then went right ahead and became a great lawyer. You should not get discouraged."

"Yes, this is my first case, and it is about a goose."

Lawyers never swear. They know the laws against profanity. They never indulge to threats. There's a law about that. They never seek revenge. The law faces them again. Mr. Chester felt himself crushed, but he could lock himself in his office and declare in whispers that the day would come—yes, it should come!—by the beard of his father it must come!—when—and so on and so forth! Then he took up life again and did more waiting for a client and still continued to love Miss Mildred Vane, though he took care not to lisp the fact to anybody.

Mr. Vane was something or other in a life insurance company. As that something or other brought him a salary of $30,000 a year, he could afford a house in the country as well as one in the city.

Mr. Vane stuck to his horses and carriage, instead of selling them for junk and doing his riding in a chug wagon. He thought it safer for the public. In an auto he did not know what minute he might run over one of his own policyholders who carried a $25,000 risk and had paid but one premium on it.

It, therefore, came about that one afternoon Mr. Vane's coachman was driving Mr. Vane's daughter over the highway leading from home to the village and the railroad depot. There were farmhouses to pass. There were cows and pigs and geese and hens to pass. Mr. Vane's coachman sat up very straight and dignified. He had a position in the world. Cows and pigs and geese and hens had not. They seemed to realize this, and slowly sauntered out of the dust into the mayweeds.

All but one gander! He was full of dignity and had a reputation to maintain. There was his flock looking on and waiting to see if he would show the white feather. He took his stand, and, with outspread wings, he hissed defiance. He was a brave old gander, but he went down under the iron hoofs of the blacks and met his doom. He gave forth one squawk and all was over!

"Here—stop—what have you done!" exclaimed Miss Mildred, at the coachman, as she realized that there had been an accident of some kind.

"Only an old goose, Miss," was the reply, though the horses were checked.

"But we'll see about the old goose, just the same!" announced a farmer and the owner of the bird, as he stepped from his gate. "Young lady, your coachman deliberately drove over that gander!"

"But he didn't get out of the way!" protested the coachman.

"Neither did you. That goose had as much right to the highway as you have. I was watching, and you didn't turn out an inch."

"I am willing to pay the value of the goose," said Miss Mildred, as she opened her purse.

"Very well, Miss. My price is fifty dollars!"

"What! What! Fifty dollars for a goose?"

"Don't give him over fifty cents!" put in coachee.

"Fifty dollars, Miss, and not a cent less!" said the farmer as he set his jaw. "I don't set that value on him simply as an old gander, but because he has licked a fox and a hawk in a fair fight. One night, when a robber was trying to get into the house, this old gander gave the alarm. I had only to watch his actions to tell the weather three days in advance. Oh, yes, you will have to pay the $50, and I am letting you off cheap at that."

"But I won't pay it!" flamed the girl. "It is simply ridiculous. "I'll pay a dollar and no more."

"Not another cent," added the coachman.

"Very well. I am not a constable, and I arrest you both for malicious destruction of property. Drive to the village and I will have you arraigned in court!"

Whereupon he climbed up beside the driver and gave the word to go on. Had he not declared himself an officer he would have been pitched out. To pitch an officer from a carriage on his head into the highway is no joke in law. The coachman was glum, and the girl bit her handkerchief to keep back the words of "sass" that rose to her lips, and the remainder of the drive was not enjoyed by any one.

On arriving in the village the carriage was driven straight to the office of a justice of the peace, and Miss Mildred's feelings passed from indignation to fear.

Just how the briefless young lawyer happened to be in the village need not be explained, but he was there and saw the carriage and came to know what had happened. After 10 minutes' talk with the coachman he entered the courtroom to nod to the girl-prisoner, and to inform the justice that he was her counsel in the case. Then and there occurred an episode. The prisoners were arraigned, and the lawyer Chester drew a long breath and prepared to do or die.

The killing of the old gander was admitted. It was admitted that he was the property of the plaintiff. It was further admitted that he had a legal right on the King's Highway, but there was the question of value. Even in the city of New York at Thanksgiving or Christmas time, a tough old gander was not worth over a dollar in the market. That sum had been offered the owner and rejected.

Fifty dollars for a goose? Whoever heard of the like? The cackling of geese saved Rome, but not one of the flock brought over $2 afterward. Malicious destruction of goose life? Why, his clients were not aware that such a gander was in existence! That gander had fought a hawk and a fox, but it was that same belligerent spirit that had brought about his death. He was more of a menace to the highway than the carriage.

Mr. Chester spoke for an hour. He waved his arms. He thundered. He quoted decisions. He appealed. He won his case and went over to the girl smiling.

"Just like my uncle!" she laughed.

"Yes, this is my first case, and it is about a goose."

"And your next, let us hope——"

"Will be about a young lady, and I feel that I shall win that!"

Miss Mildred blushed and turned away. The case may not be called for some little time yet, but Mr. Chester has confidence in the plea he has prepared.

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Sculptor's Funeral Tomorrow

The funeral services of Franz Menyen, who died yesterday at his home, 601 North Marshall street, will be held tomorrow. Mr. Menyen was a noted sculptor, painter and photographer. He was born in Cologne and studied art under masters in Munich and Rome. He left many works of art in Europe as testimonials to his skill. Among the portrait reliefs he executed were those of Liszt and Pius IX. His "Archangel Michael" is the central figure on the north portal of the Cologne Cathedral. He came to this country and Philadelphia in 1875, and opened a photographer's shop in Walnut street, near 12th. He soon gained a wide reputation as an expert photographer. Mr. Menyen also engaged in sculpturing, and was an unsuccessful contestant in the competition for the statue of William Penn at City Hall. Mr. Menyen was 75 years old. He had been failing in health for years and a paralytic stroke was the cause of his death.

Funeral of Terrence R. Woods

The funeral of Terrence R. Woods, a well-known real estate dealer who died Tuesday, was held today at his home, 1908 Christian street. Burial was in Holy Cross Cemetery. Mr. Woods was known as one of the most expert appraisers of real estate values in the city. His advice was constantly sought by capitalists and real estate men. He was also an art connoisseur and stocked his home with many rare prints. Ireland was his native land, and he aided the home rule cause throughout his life. He engaged in many charitable enterprises. He died of the infirmities of age.

War Veteran to Be Buried Monday

The funeral of George A. Napier, a veteran of the Civil War and of the Philadelphia Volunteer Fire Department, will be held on Monday at 2:30 o'clock from his late home, 3852 Melon street. Interment will be made in Greenwood Cemetery. Mr. Napier was 80 years old and was a member of the Volunteer Engine Company No. 20, at 10th and Filbert streets.

Piatt Funeral Tuesday

The funeral of John W. Piatt, who died at his home yesterday after a long illness, will be held on Tuesday from his late home, 436 Seville street, Roxborough. Funeral services will be held at the Wissahickon Methodist Episcopal Church, of which he was a trustee and for years leader of the choir. Mr. Piatt was a member of the firm of Piatt Brothers, manufacturers of yarns, at Main street and Walnut lane, Manayunk. He was also a member of Roxborough Lodge No. 135, F. and A. M.

Dr. George Kerr's Funeral

Arrangements have been completed for the funeral of Dr. George Kerr, 74 years old, a Civil War surgeon, who died at his summer home in Lavalette, N. J., on Thursday. The funeral will be held today from the undertaking establishment of G. Frankenfield & Sons, 322 North 52d street. Interment will be made privately at West Laurel Hill Cemetery.

OBITUARIES

John J. McKinley

John J. McKinley, one of the most prominent residents of Kensington, died yesterday at his home, 2802 North 2d street, at the age of 70 years. He made a fortune by investing in real estate at the time of Kensington's growth as a manufacturing centre.

Mr. McKinley came from Ireland as a poor boy. He worked on farms around New York and then purchased a small farm where Kensington now is. When the land became valuable as a location for plants he sold his farm, making a profit of a small fortune. He invested in more real estate and laid the foundation for the fortune he is reputed to have left of a half million dollars.

Later he engaged in the milk business and continued in this until 20 years ago, when he retired. Two sons and a daughter survive him, John J. McKinley, Jr., Joseph and Mary. The first son is a councilman from the 33d Ward.

Thomas J. Prickett

The funeral of Thomas J. Prickett, former president of the New Jersey State Camp, P. O. S. of A., who was drowned in the Delaware River near Gloucester, will be held today from the P. O. S. of A. hall, Palmyra, N. J. Interment will be made at Morgan Cemetery, Palmyra.

Mr. Prickett, who was 61 years old, was widely known in this city, where for many years he conducted Prickett's Business College at 13th and Chestnut streets.

Deaths

BAKER.—On August 12, 1915, ANNIE, wife of Herbert Baker (nee Brennlesen). Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services, on Monday, at 2 p. m. precisely, at the residence of her parents, 2465 N. Fairhill st. Interment Green Mount.

BURTON.—On August 10, 1915, AGNES F., daughter of William H. and Anna C. Scott Burton, in her 12th year. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral, on Monday, at 8 a. m., from her parents' residence, 230 Watkins st. High Mass of Requiem at the Church of the Sacred Heart.

CAMPBELL.—On August 13, 1915, ELLEN D. CAMPBELL, in her 92d year. Funeral services Tuesday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, at the residence of Mrs. William Ammon, Sr., 231 West York avenue, York, Pa. Interment at York, Pa. Lancaster, Pa., papers please copy.

CARROLL.—At Washington, D. C., on August 13, 1915, BERNARD J., son of the late Andrew and Ann Carroll. Relatives and friends, also members of the United States Navy, are invited to attend funeral, on Tuesday, at 8:30 a. m., from the residence of his father-in-law, John J. O'Neill, 3349 I st. (Kensington ave. and Westmoreland st.). Solemn Requiem Mass at the Church of the Ascension at 10 a. m. Interment at New Cathedral Cemetery.

CHAMBERS.—On August 12, 1915, ALEXANDER, son of John and the late Kate Chambers and grandson of the late William and Rebecca Steele. Funeral, to which the relatives and friends are invited, on Sunday, August 15, at 1:30 p. m., from his father's residence, 1427 South Orianna st. Interment Fernwood Cemetery.

COUGHLIN.—On August 13, 1915, CATHARINE, daughter of John J. and Catharine Coughlin and granddaughter of Catharine and the late William S. Hershay, aged 19 months. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral, on Monday, at 2 p. m., from her parents' residence, 4205 North Reese st. Interment at Green Mount Cemetery.

CRAMP.—On August 13, 1915, EMMA S., wife of Dr. Joseph A. Cramp and daughter of the late James and Mary R. Hood, at her late residence, Sharpless ave., Melrose Park, Montgomery County, Pa. Due notice of the funeral will be given.

CURRY.—On August 12, 1915, SARAH, widow of John S. Curry, aged 54 years. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral services, on Monday, at 2 p. m., at the parlors of S. P. Frankenfield Sons, N. W. corner 59th and Spring Garden sts. Interment at Northwood Cemetery.

DALMEDO.—On August 12, 1915, JAMES F., husband of Katharine Dalmedo, aged 54 years. Relatives and friends, also William G. Warden Beneficial Association, are invited to attend the funeral, on Monday, at 8 a. m., from his late residence, 2741 Wharton st. Solemn Requiem Mass at St. Anthony's Church, at 9:30 a. m. Interment at New Cathedral Cemetery.

DEGEN.—On August 13, 1915, at Ocean City, N. J., JOSEPH DEGEN, aged 88 years. Funeral and interment at La Porte, Pa., Sunday, August 15th.

De WITT.—On August 12, 1915, MARY W. De WITT, widow of Peter F. De Witt. Relatives and friends, also members of the B. M. Sodality of St. Peter Claver's Parish, are invited to attend funeral, on Monday, at 7:30 a. m., from her late residence, 1910 Pemberton st. Solemn Mass of Requiem at 9 a. m., precisely, at St. Peter Claver's Church, 12th and Lombard st. Interment private at New Cathedral Cemetery.

DOWLING.—On August 13, 1915, JAMES D. DOWLING. Due notice of the funeral will be given from his late residence, 5033 Woodland ave., Philadelphia.

ENGLE.—At Medford, N. J., on Sixth day, Eighth month 13th, 1915, SARAH B., widow of Aaron W. Engle, in her 70th year. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral, from her late residence, Medford, N. J., on Second day, 16th, at 2 P. M. Interment Friends' Burying Grounds, Medford, N. J.

FELIG.—Suddenly, on August 11, 1915, LEON FELIG, 556 West 140th st., New York, beloved husband of Maggie Felig and father of Mortimer, Arthur, Charlie, John and Harold. Funeral on Sunday morning at 9 o'clock.

FORT.—On August 13, 1915, ANNA C., wife of John E. Fort and daughter of Bridget and the late Terrence Donohue. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral, on Tuesday, at 8:30 a. m., from her late residence, 2427 East Somerset st. Solemn Requiem Mass at St. Ann's Church at 10 a. m. Interment New Cathedral Cemetery.

FOULKES.—On August 13, 1915, ALVAH, husband of Augusta Foulkes (nee Krombolz) and son of Charles and the late Elizabeth Foulkes, aged 45 years. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral, on Monday, at 2 p. m., from the residence of his brother-in-law, Charles H. Fowler, 222 4th st., Gloucester City, N. J. Interment at Harleigh Cemetery.

GAFFNEY.—Suddenly, on August 11, 1915, CHARLES ALLEN, son of William and Anna B. Gaffney, aged 26 years. Relatives and friends, also employes of the U. G. I. Frankford Dept., are invited to attend funeral services, on Monday, at 2 p. m., at his parents' residence, 623 East Clementine st. Interment at Oakland Cemetery. Remains may be viewed on Sunday, after 7 p. m.

GALLAGHER.—On August 12, 1915, J. LEO, son of Catharine C. and the late Daniel J. Gallagher (nee McLaughlin). Relatives and friends, also employes of Lincoln Furniture Co., are invited to attend funeral, on Monday, at 9:30 a. m., from residence of his mother, 3050 North 19th st. Solemn Requiem Mass at St. Stephen's at 10 a. m. Interment New Cathedral Cemetery.

GERNERT.—On August 12, 1915, Mrs. PAULINE GERNERT, aged 75 years. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral, on Monday morning, at 8 o'clock, from the residence of her son-in-law, Michael Kappell, 1240 North 18th st. Requiem Mass at Church of the Gesu, at 9:30 o'clock. Interment at Holy Cross Cemetery.

GLACKIN.—On August 13, 1915, PATRICK GLACKIN. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral, on Monday morning, at 8:30 o'clock, from 1509 N. 11th st. Mass at St. Malachy's Church, at 7 o'clock. Interment at Holy Cross Cemetery.

HACKETT.—On August 11, 1915, LUCY, widow of Peter Hackett, at her late residence, 981 North 24th st. Interment Saturday, at 2 p. m.

HAYES.—On August 12, 1915, CATHARINE, widow of Peter Hayes. Relatives and friends, also the Sacred Heart Sodality of St. Teresa's Church, are invited to attend the funeral, on Monday, at 9:30 a. m., from her late residence, 1319 Catharine st. High Mass of Requiem at St. Teresa's Church at 10 a. m. Interment at Cathedral Cemetery.

HEATH.—On August 13, 1915, ABEL HEATH, aged 56 years. Relatives and friends, also Mount Lodge, No. 44, A. F. and A. M., and George Peabody Lodge, No. 218, K. of P., are invited to attend the funeral, on Sunday, at 2 p. m., from his late residence, 434 Waterworks ave., Roxborough. Interment Laurelwood Cemetery. Interment private.

HERBERT.—On August 12, 1915, at his late residence, 1328 Blair ave., WILLIAM S. HERBERT, aged 68 years. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services, on Monday, at 2 p. m., at the residence of Albert Moore, 721 North 41st st. Interment Mount Peace Cemetery.

HIGGINS.—On August 13, 1915, ELLEN, wife of Andrew Higgins, Roberton (nee Brooks) are invited to attend funeral, on Monday, at 8:30 a. m., from her late residence, 3552 Haverford ave., West Philadelphia. Solemn Requiem Mass at Church of Our Lady of Victory, at 10 a. m. Interment at St. Denis' Cemetery.

JOHNSON.—ELIZABETH JOHNSON, widow of Charles Johnson, formerly of Camden, N. J. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services, on Sunday, at 2 p. m., at the residence of Howell Moore, stream, near Frenchtown, N. J. Interment at Upper Tinicum, Pa., at convenience of family.

KEELY.—On August 13, 1915, FREDERICK W. KEELY. Funeral strictly private, at the convenience of the family.

KELLY.—Suddenly, on August 13, 1915, JOHN F., beloved husband of Annie M. Kelly. Relatives and friends, also all societies of which he was a member, are invited to attend the funeral, on Monday morning, at 8:30 o'clock, from his late residence, 1733 Winton st. (11th and Jackson sts.). Solemn Requiem High Mass at the Church of the Epiphany at 10 o'clock precisely. Interment at Holy Cross Cemetery.

KENNEY.—On August 12, 1915, PATRICK, husband of the late Arabella Kenney (nee Friel). Relatives and friends, also Ellis Post No. 6, G. A. R., are invited to attend the funeral, on Monday, at 8:30 a. m., from his son's residence, Joseph B. Kenney, 905 Albanus st. (5000 North 5th st.), Olney. High Mass of Requiem at the Church of the Incarnation at 10 a. m. Interment at Holy Sepulchre Cemetery.

KLEMAN.—On the 13th inst., at Ocean City, N. J., SARAH E., widow of Franklin Kleman. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services, on Tuesday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, at her late residence, 1800 Master st. Interment private.

LAURENCE.—On August 13, 1915, BATSHEBA T., widow of Herman Laurence, aged 80 years. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services, on Monday morning, precisely at 10 o'clock, at the residence of her son-in-law, John S. Heston, 3430 N. 18th st. Interment at Clarksboro, N. J.

LEAHY.—On August 13, 1915, JULIA A. LEAHY (nee Splane), wife of Peter Leahy and mother of the Rev. David Leahy, S. J., et al., to which the relatives and friends are invited, on Tuesday morning, August 17, at 8:30 o'clock, from her late residence, 1631 Porter street. Solemn Mass of Requiem at the Church of St. Monica at 10 o'clock precisely. Interment at Holy Cross Cemetery. Automobile funeral.

LIEBERT.—On August 12, 1915, HELEN A. LIEBERT, daughter of John L. and Marie L. Liebert (nee Baer), aged 4 months 12 days. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral, on Monday, at 9:30 a. m., from her parents' residence, 205 Carson st., Manayunk. Interment private, at Westminster Cemetery.

LOFTUS.—On August 12, 1915, MICHAEL, husband of Annie Loftus (nee McManus) and son of the late John and Rose Loftus (nee Kolby). Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral, on Monday, at 8:30 a. m., from his late residence, 2614 Almond st. (18th Ward). Solemn Requiem Mass at St. Ann's Church at 10 a. m. Interment at St. Ann's Cemetery.

MARCUS.—On August 11, 1915, BEATRICE MARCUS (nee Kercher), daughter of Mrs. B. Wilcox. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services, on Monday, at 2 p. m., at her late residence, 3517 North Broad st. Interment private.

MARKERT.—On August 13, 1915, JOHN G., husband of Mattie and son of David and Annie Markert. Relatives and friends, also Lieut. Cushing Council, No. 839, O. of I. A., Star of the Union Circle, No. 48, B. of A., are invited to attend the funeral services, on Tuesday, August 17, at 1 p. m., at the residence of his father-in-law, Richard Bennett, 2421 E. Letterly st. Interment private, at Greenwood (K. of P.) Cemetery. Friends may call Monday, after 8 p. m.

McCALLUM.—On August 13, 1915, ELEANORE, daughter of Joseph and May McCallum, aged 1 year. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral, on Monday morning, at 10 o'clock, from her parents' residence, 1429 Corlies st. Interment at New Cathedral Cemetery.

McELROY.—On August 12, 1915, ELIZA F. McELROY, widow of Robert J. Murray and daughter of the late James and Matilda Gillin. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services, on Monday, at 2 p. m., at Upper Dublin Lutheran Church. Interment at Rose Hill Cemetery.

McKENNA.—On August 12, 1915, JAMES, husband of the late Mary McKenna. Relatives and friends, also branches No. 53, C. B. A.; Division No. 5, A. O. H.; Altar and Rosary Societies of the Holy Family Church, are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, on Monday, at 8:30 a. m., from the residence of his son-in-law, Edward J. Daley, 4917 Wissahickon ave., Manayunk. Solemn High Mass at Holy Family Church, at 10 a. m. Interment at St. John's Cemetery.

McKINLEY.—On August 13, 1915, JOHN J. McKINLEY. Residence, 2802 N. 2d st. Notice of the funeral will be given.

McMURRAY.—At Lewisburg, Pa., on August 12, 1915, ELIZABETH, widow of the late Joseph McMurray, aged 74 years. Relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral services, on Monday afternoon, at 1 p. m., at the chapel of Mount Moriah Cemetery. Interment at Mount Moriah Cemetery.

MEYNEN.—On August 12, 1915, FRANZ MEYNEN, aged 70 years. Relatives and friends, also Herman Lodge, No. 123, F. and A. M., and all other societies of which he was a member, are invited to attend the funeral services, on Sunday, at 2 p. m., precisely, at his late residence, 601 N. Marshall st. Interment private. Please omit flowers.

MOORE.—On August 13, 1915, JOHN, son of Elizabeth and the late George Moore, aged 18 years. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral services, on Tuesday, at 2 p. m., at the residence of his mother, 5024 Thompson st. Interment at Arlington Cemetery.

NAPIER.—On August 13, 1915, GEORGE A. NAPIER, husband of Christine