





Presently Clayton opened his eyes. . A

"It's all right, old fellow," said the ape

upon one elbow. "Yes," he almost shout-ed: "I will live. I will live long enough to find and kill that beast!" But the brief effort left him weaker than before,

and he sank back again upon the rotting grasses that, with hie old ulster, had been the bed of Jane Porter.

been the bed of Jane Porter.
"Don't worry about Thuran," said
Tarzan of the Apes, laying a reassuring
hand on Clayton's forehead. "He belongs
to me, and I shall get him in the end,

For a long time Clayton lay very still. Several times Tarzan had to put his ear

quite close to the sunken chest to catch the faint beating of the wornout heart. Toward evening he aroused again for a

For a moment they remained kneeling

had suffered he had learned compassion

nessage upon the bit of faded yellow paper, and as she read her eyes went

very wide. Twice she read those start-ing words before she could fully compre-

Finger prints prove you Greystoke.

XXVL

THE PASSING OF THE APE-MAN.

older man had built.

hend their meaning.

never fear."

brief moment.



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By MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD

CONTINUED FROM BATURDAY. HAD dived early in the afternoon, and it was night. Instead of finding myself atill stripped for swimming, I had a loose robe around me, and a coverlet drawn up

to my armpits. The couch under me was no means of hemlock twigs and akins, like out bunks at home; but soft and rich. wondered if I had died and gone to seaven; and just then the Virgin moved set my head and stood looking down at past my head and stood looking down at me. I started to jump out of a window, but felt so little power to move that I only twitched, and pretended to be asleep and watched her as we sighted game, with eyes nearly shut. She had a poppet of a child on one arm that sat up instead of leaning against her shoulder, and looked at me, too. The poppet had a cap on its head, and was dressed in lace, and she wore a white dress that let her neck and arms out, but covered her to the ground.

This was remarkable, the Indian women

This was remarkable, the Indian women covered their necks and arms, and wore their petticoats short. I could see this image breaths, which was a marvel, and the color moving under her white skin. Her eyes seemed to go through you and search all the veins, sending a shiver of pleasure down your back.

Now I knew after the first start that she was a living girl holding a living baby, and when my father. Thomas Williams, appeared at the door of the room, it was certain I could not be in heaven. It came over me in a flash that I myself was changed. In spite of the bandages my head was as clear as if all its faculties were washed and newly arranged. I could look back into my life and perceive things that I had only sensed as a dumb brute. A fish thawed out after being frozen, and reanimated through every sparkling scale and tremulous fin, could not have felt the resurrection more keenly. My broken head gave me no trouble at all.

all.

A little man, that I did not know was in the room, shuffled across the floor to keep my father from entering. Around the base of his head he had a thin curtain of hair scarcely reaching his shoulders. His nose pointed upward. Ha tip was the shape of a candle extinguisher. He were horn spectacles; and knee breeches, waist-coat and coat of black like the ink which fides to brown in a drying ink-horn. He shape of a candle extinguisher. He wore horn spectacles; and knee breeches, waist-coat and coat of black like the ink which fides to brown in a drying ink-horn. He put his hands together and took them apart uncertainly, and shot out his lip and frowned; as if he had an universal and frowned; as if he had an universal skenedonk lessened the rims around his seen at the hunting lodges every skenedonk lessened the rims around his

grade and dared not vent it. He said something in a language I did not understand, and my father made Then he began a kind of Anglo-worse than the patois we used Regis when we did not speak Iro-I made out the talk between the understanding each without hesita-

"Sir, who are you?"
"The chief, Thomas Williams," answered my father.
"Pardon me, sir: but you are unmis-takably an Indian."
"Troquots chief," said my father. "Mo-

Pligt being the case, what authority have you for calling yourself Thon Williams?" challenged the little man.

Williams? challenged the little man.
"Themas Williams is my name."
"Impossible, air! Shenedonk, the Ossida.
does not assume so much. He lays no
claim to William Jones or John Smith, or
some other honest British name."

The chief maintained silent dignity.
"Come, sir, let me have your Indian
name! I can hear it if I cannot re-

Bilently contemptuous, my father turned toward me.

"Stop, sir!" the man in the horn spec-tacles cried "What do you want?" "Your boy? This lad is white."

"My grandmother was white," conde-scended the chief. "A white prisoner from Deerneld. Eunice Williams." 'I see, sir. You get your Williams from a Tankees. And is this lad's mother

Mohawk." "Why, man, his body is like milk! He is no son of yours." The chief marched toward me.

"Let him alone! If you try to drag him out of the manor I will appeal to the pathonity of Le Ray de Chaumont." father apoke to me with sharp

What do you call him?" the little man inquired, ambling benide the chief, "Eleman Williams in his name, But in the lookes, at St. Regis, everywhere, it

Lazarre."
"How old in her"

"About 18 years" Williams," said my "Wall, Thomas Williams," said my fretful guardian, his pringponism melting to patronage. "I will tell you who I am, and then you can test no analety I am Lipeter Chantry, physician to the Count de Chaumont The last cut his fread open on a rock diving in the take, and has remained unconscious ever d has remained unconstitut ever se. The is partly due to an epiata have administered to insure complete let and he will not awake for several the received the heat surgery

to Not, He received the hest surgery our as he was brought here and wil in my hands by he educated the Faceschale," was not sear the lenge," said my ser, "I have deen the lake fishing." have tied him once, and shall bleed again, Dough the recht did that the effectually. But these strapping he creatures need frequent blood-

hist gave him no thanks, and I he perhanded. I may three as go and knock on the cook's door who for abmetiting to eat before

the hors," responded no father.

Doctor Chantry jumped at the chief that I had spent on Lake George were

your business!"
It was like one of the little dogs in our camp snapping at the patriarch of them all and recoiling from a growl.

My father's hand was on his hunting knife; but he grunted and said nothing. Doctor Chantry himself withdrew from the room and left the Indian in possession. Weak as I was, I felt my insides duake with laughter. My very first observation of the whimsical being tickled me with a kind of foreknowledge of all his weak fretfulness.

My father sait down on the floor at the foot of my couch, where the wax light

My father sat down on the floor at the foot of my couch, where the wax light threw his shadow, exaggerating its unmoving profile. I noticed one of the chairs he disdained as useless; though when eating or drinking with white men he sat at table with them. The chair I saw was one that I faintly recognized as furniture of some previous experience, slimlegged, gracefully curved and brocaded. Brocaded was the word. I studied it until I fell asleep.

legged, gracetuly curved and trade of the sun, shining through the protected windows, instead of glaring into our ledge door, showed my father sitting in the same position when I woke, and Skenedonk at my side. I liked the educated Iroquola. He was about 10 years my senior. He had been taken to France when a stripling, and was much bound to the whites, though living with his own tribe. Skenedonk had the mildest brown eyes I ever saw outside a deer's head. He was a bald Indian with one small scalip lock. But the just and perfect dome to which his close-lying ears were attached needed no hair to adorn it. You felt glad that nothing shaded the benevolence of his all-over forehead. By conlence of his all-over forehead. By con-trast he emphasized the sullenness of my father; yet when occasion had pressed there never was a readier hand than Skenedonk's to kill.

Skenedonk's to kill.

I tossed the cover back to spring out of bed with a whoop. But a woman in a high cap with ribbons hanging down to her heels and a dress short enough to show her shoes stepped into the room and made a courtesy. Her face fell easily into creases when she talked, and gave you the feeling that it was too soft of flash. Indeed, her eyes were cushioned

eyes. My father grunted.
"Did Madame de Ferrier say 'the young gentleman'?" Shenedonk inquired.

"I was told to inquire. I am her serv-ant Ernestine," said the woman, her face creased with the anxiety of responding to Tell Madame de Ferrier that the young

gentleman is much better and will go Eagle bome to the lodges today."
"She said I was to wait upon him and that." give him his breakfast under the doctor's

with thanks to Madame de Ferrier wait upon him." Ernestine again courtesled, and made

way for Dector Chantry.

"We will bring the wholesome lancet again into play, my lad," said Doctor Chantry. I waited in uncertainty with my feet on the floor and my hands on the side of the couch, while he carefully removed coat and waterest and turned. removed coat and waistcoat and turned

Ernestine, bring the basin," he com-My father may have thought the doctor was about to inflict a vicarious puncture on himself. Skenedonk, with respect for civilized surgery, waited. I did not wait. The operator hared me to the elbow and showed a piece of plaster already sticking on my arm. The conviction of being outraged in my person came upon me mightily, and snatching the wholesome lancet I turned its spring upon the docor. He yelled I leaped through the four like a deer, and ran barefooted, the loose robe curdling above my kness. I had been the fleetest foot among the Ining the air silds past my naked body, when I saw the girl and poppet baby who had looked at me during my first consciousness. They were sitting on a blanket under the trees of De Chaumont's

park, which despend into wilderness.
"Give me my mother's book." I strangled out of the depths of my throat; ind repeated, as if torn by a devil-"Give me my mother's book!"

"Give me my mother's book!"
She blanched so white that her lips looked seared, and instead of disputing my claim or inquiring about my mother, or telling me to begone, she was up on

Taking her dress in her finger tips and settling back almost to the ground in the most beautiful obelsance I over saw, sha

"Bret"
Neither in Iroquois nor in IroquoisFranch had such a name been given to
me before. I had a long title signifying
Tree-Cutter, which belonged to every
chief of our family. But that word—
and her deep revenues neined chief of our family. But that word-"Sire!"—and her deep reverence sevened to atome in some way for what I had lost. I sat up, quieting myear, still moved as water beaves. She put the missal on the lap of my single garment, and drew back a stop, formally standing. My scarred ankies, at which the Indian railed the manner of the tribs. There after the manner of the tribs. There her gave, for I never would git on them sites the manner of the tribe. There were the restraining the tears that ran ions no restraining the tears that randown my face. She might have mocked one, but she remained white and quietieshie I sat as dumb as a dog and as full of unuttered apeach. Looking back new I can see what pussionate naturally should be seen as a superior. The Chaument's manue house, facing a minding avenue, could be seen from where we were. It was of store, built to inclose a court on three sides in the form that I afterward recognitised as that of

in rage.

"For God's sake, shut up and go about neys and roofs of Le Ray de Chaumont's neys and roofs of Le Ray de Chaumont's manor often looked at me through trees as I steered my boat among the islands. He was a great land owner, having more than 300,000 acres of wilderness. And he was friendly with both Indians and Americans. His figure did not mean much to me when I saw it, being merely a type of wealth, and wealth extends little power into the wilderness.

The reposet of a schild climbed up and

The poppet of a child climbed up and held to the girl's dress. She stooped over and kissed it, saying, "Sit down, Paul." We heard a rush of horses up the avenue, and out of the woods came Le Ray de Chaumont and his groom, the wealthy land owner equipped in gentleman's riding dress from his spurs to his hat. He made a fine show, whip hand on his hip and back erect as a pine tree.

He was a man in middle life, but he reined up and dismounted with the swift agility of a youth, and sent his horse away with the groom, as soon as he saw the girl run across the grass to meet him. Taking her hand he bowed over it and klessed it with pleasing ceremony, of which I approved. An Iroquois chief in full council had not better manners than

Paul and I waited to see what was going to happen, for the two came toward us, the girl talking rapidly to the man. I saw my father and Skenedonk and the doctor also coming from the house, and they readily spied me sitting tame as a washit door the hole.

rabbit hear the baby.

You never can perceive yourself what figure you are making in the world; for when you think you are the admired of all eyes you may be displaying a fool; and when life seems prostrated in you it was the bas you show as a monument on may be that you show as a monument on the heights. But I could not be mistaken in De Chaumont's opinion of me. He pointed his whip handle at me, exclaim-

ing-"What!-that scarecrow, madame?"

CHAPTER IL. BUT look at him," she urged.
"I recognize first," said De Chaumont as he sauntered, "an old robe of my

mmer since I came into the wilderness There you see his father, the half-breed

"I saw the dauphin in London, count. I was a little child, but his scarred ankles and wrists and forehead are not easily forgotten The dauphin died in the Temple,

"My father and Philippe never believed Your father and Philippe were very

mad royalists."
"And you have gone over to Bonaparte.
They said that boy had all the traits of
the Bourbons, even to the shaping of his "A bourbon our hears nothing but

"A bourbon ear hears nothing but Bonaparte in these days," said De Chaumont. "How do you know this is the same boy you saw in London?"

"Last night while he was lying unconscious after Doctor Chantry had bandaged his head and bled him. I went in to see if I might be of use.

"He was like some one I had seen. But I did not know him until a moment ago. He ran out of the house like a wild Indian. Then he saw us sitting here, and

He ran out of the house like a wild indian. Then he saw us sitting here, and came and fell down on his knees at sight of that missal. I saw his scars. He claimed the book as his mother's and you know, count, it was his mother.

wants a present he dreams that you give it to him, or he claims it. Chief Williams' boy wanted your valuable illuminated book. I only wonder he had the taste. The rings on your hands are more to an Indian's liking.

Indian's liking."

But he is not an Indian, count. He is as white as we are."

"That signifies nothing. Plenty of white

children have been brought up among the tribes. Chief Williams' grandmother, I have beard, was a Yankee woman."
My tather stopped when he saw Madame de Ferrier, and called to me in Iroquois. It was plain that he and Doctor Chantry disagreed. Skenedonk, put out of countenance by my behavior, and the stubbornness of the chief, looked ready

stubbornness of the chief, looked ready to lay his hand upon his mouth in sign of being confounded before white men; for his learning had altered none of his inherited instincts.

But as for me, 'I was as De Chaumont had said, Chief Williams' boy, faint from blood letting and 'A hours' fasting; and the father's command reminded me of the mother's dinner pot. I stood up erect and drew the flowered silk robe around me. Il would have been easier to walk and drew the flowered sitk robe around me. It would have been easier to walk on burning coals, but I felt obliged to return the book to Madams de Ferrier. She would not take it. I closed her grasp upon it, and stooping, saluted her hand with courtesy as De Chaumont had done. If he had roared I must have done this devoir. But all he did was to widen his eyes and strike his log with his riding whip.

My father and I middom taked, he leads

My father and I section taked. An in-dian boy who lives in water and forsat ail summer and on anowahoes all winter, finds talk enough in the natural world without failing back upon his family. Dignified manners were not lacking amons my siders, but speech had seemed of little account to me before this day. The chief paddled and I sat naked in our canon; for we left the flowered robe with a home-boy at the stables; the sun with a house-boy at the stables; the sin-warm upon my skin, the table's bine glam-our affecting me tike embantment. Neither love nor averation was asso-clated with my father. I task my head between my hands and tried to remamber a face that was associated with aver-sion.

that I afterward recognized as that of France palests. There were a great many flowers in the court and vines are very great to me?"

All those standard should be stage. All those "Patter, ! I impulsed, "was anybody (CONTINUED TOMORROW)

THE RETURN OF TARZAN By Edgar Rice Burroughs, Author of "Tarzan of the Apes"

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CHAPTER XXV-(Continued). T MUST be that I am dreaming, and I that I shall awaken in a moment to see that awful knife descending toward my heart-kiss me, dear, just once before I lose my dream forever."

Targan of the Apes needed no second invitation. He took the girl he loved in his strong arms and kissed her not once, but a hundred times, until she lay there panting for breath; yet when he stopped she put her arms around his neck and drew his lips down to hers once more.

"Am I alive and a reality, or am I but a dream?" he asked. the girl, "He left me after the fever got bad. "If you are not alive, my man," she nswered, "I pray that I may die thus

before I awaken to the terrible realities of my last waking moments." For awile both were silent-gazing into each other's eyes as though each still questioned the reality of the wonderful happiness that had come to them. The past, with all its hideous disappointments past, with all its fideous disappointments and horrors, was forgotten—the future did not belong to them; but the present— ah, it was theirs; none could take it from them. It was the girl who first broke the

weet silonce.

"Where are we going, dear?" she asked.

"What are we going to do?"

"Where would you like best to go?" he asked.

"What would you like best to

"To go where you go, my man; to do whatever seems best to you," she answered.

wered.

"But Clayton?" he asked. For a moment he had forgotten that there existed upon the earth other than they two.

"We have forgotten your husband."

"I am not married Tarzan of the Apes," she cried. "Nor am I longer promised in marriage. The day before those awful creatures captured me I

brief moment.

"Jane," he whispered. The girl bent her head closer to catch the faint meassage. "I have wronged you—and him," he nodded weakly toward the ape-man. "I loved you so—it is a poor excuse to offer for injuring you; but I could not bear to think of giving you up. I do not asked your forgiveness. I only wish to do now the thing I should have done over a year ago." He fumbled in the pocket of the ulster beneath him for something that he had discovered there while he lay between the paroxysms of fover. Presently he found it—a crumpled bit of yellow paper. He handed it to the promised in marriage. The day below those awful creatures captured me I spoke to Mr. Clayton of my love for you, and he understood then that I could not keep the wicked promise that I had made. It was after we had been miraculously saved from an attacking lion." She paused suddenly and looked up at him, a questioning light in her eyes. "Tarsan of the Apes," she cried, "It was you who did that thing? It could have been no other." He dropped his eyes, for he was He dropped his eyes, for he was hamed, He dropped his eyes, for he was bit of yellow paper. He handed it to the shamed, "How could you have gone away and I'How could you have gone away and I'How

left me?" she cried reproachfully.
"Don't, Jane!" he pleaded. "Please don't! You cannot know how I have suffered for the cruelty of this act, or how I suffered then, first in jealous rage, and I suffered then in the suffered the suffered then in the suffered the then in bitter resentment against the fate that I had not deserved. I went back to the apea after that, Jane intending never again to see a human being." He told her then his life since he had returned to the jungle-or how he dropped like a plummet from a civilized Parisian to a savage Waziri warrior, and from there back to the brute that he had

been raised.
She asked him many questions, and at last fearfully of the things Monsieur Thuran had told her—of the woman in He narrated every detail of his civilized life to her, omitting nothing, for he felt no shame, since his heart always had been true to her. When he finished he

sat looking at her, as though waiting for her judgment, and his sentence. "I knew that he was not speaking the truth," she said. "Oh, what a horrible reature he is!"

"You are not angry with me, then?" And her reply, though apparently most

rrelevant, was truly feminine.
"Is Olga de Coude very beautiful?" she And Tarzan laughed and kissed her again. "Not one-tenth so beautiful as ou, dear," he said. She gave a contented little sigh and let

her head rest against his shoulder. He knew that he was forgiven.

That night Tarzan built a snug little bower high among the swaying branches of a giant tree, and there the tired girl slept, while in a crotch beneath her the ape-man curled, ready, even in sleep, to

protect her.

It took them many days to make the long journey to the coast. Where the way was easy they walked hand in hand beneath the arching bows of the mighty forest, as might in a far-gone past have walked their primeval forbears. When the underbrush was tangled he took her in his great arms and bore her lightly

through the trees and the days were al too short, for they were very happy. Had it not been for their anxiety to reach and succor Clayton they would have drawn out the sweet pleasure of that wonderful journey indefinitely.

On the last day before they reached the

coast Tarsan caught the scent of men ahead of them-the scent of black men.

abend of them—the scent of black men. He told the girl and cautioned her to maintain silence. "There are few friends in the jungle." he remarked dryly.

In half an hour they came stealthly doen a small party of black warriors fling toward the west. As Tarsan saw them he gave a cry of delight—it was a band of his own Walir. Busuit was there and others who had accompanied him to Opar, At sight of him they danced and cried out in exuberant joy. For weeks they had been searching for him, they told him.

The blacks exhibited considerable wonderneat at the presence of the whits girl with him, and when they found that she was to be his woman they vised with one another to do her bonor. With the happy Wasiri laughing and dancing about them they came to the rule shelter by the shors.

There was no sign of life, and no re-

SCHUYLKILL RECEDING

Four Men Have Narrow Escape in Current When Motorboat Stalls

The Schuylkill River is slowly receding today, following its alarming rise yes-Tarzan forced a few drops between the cracked and swollen lips. He wetted the hot forehead and bathed the pitiful limbs. terday, due to the recent heavy up-State rains, which swelled the river so that 6 feet of water was pouring over the Flat Rock Dam, and the level at Manayunk was 11 feet above the normal.

faint, shadowy smile lighted his counte-nance as he saw the girl leaning over him. At sight of Tarzan the expression changed to one of wonderment. The Philadelphia Hydro-Electric Company took records of the water level at 6 o'clock this morning and found it to be 5 feet above normal. At 8 o'clock the water had fallen 6 inches and was dimitishing in the second of t man. "We've found you in time. Every-thing will be all right now, and we'll have you on your feet again before you know minishing in violence rapidly.

The Englishman shook his head weakly.
"It's too late," he whispered. "But it's
just as well. I'd rather die."
"Where is Monsieur Thuran?" asked Although little property damage is reported as resulting from the flooded river, four young men had a narrow escape from death in the current last night. A motorboat, which they were running, be-came stalled, and was all but swept over the Flat Rock Dam. An anchor, thrown overboard at the last moment, saved the boat, while the men were taken "He left me after the fever got bad.
He is a devil. When I begged for the
water that I was too weak to get, he
drank before me, threw the rest out,
and laughed in my face." At the thought
of it the man was suddenly animated by
a spark of vitality. He raised himself
upon one show. "Yes." he almost shoutashore by canoelsts.

Deaths

ANDERSON.—Suddenly, at Lamberton, N. J., on August 13, 1916, MARY ANN, widow of William D. Anderson, in her 74th year. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral, from her late residence, Lumberton, N. J., on Tuesday, August 17, at 2 p. m. Interment at Evergreen Cemetery.

Interment at Evergreen Cemetery.

AYRTON.—On August 14, 1915, HARRY, busband of Sarah Ayrton, Relatives and friends, also Loyal Order of Moose, No. 54, and Steamfitters' Union, No. 420, are invited to attend funeral services, on Thursday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, at his late residence, 1211 S. Bucknell st. Interment Mt. Moriah Cemetery, Remains may be viewed on Wednesday evening, between 8 and 19 o'clock. BARTON.—On August 14, 1915, FRANK, husband of Annie Barton, aged 51 years. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services, on Tussday, at 2:30 p.m., at his late residence, 3631 Potter st. (Kensington ave. and F st.). Interment Oakland Cemetery.

(Kensington ave. and F st.). Interment Oaktand Cemetery.

BILL.—On August 14, 1915, GEORGE H.,
husband of Amelia Bill. Relatives and
friends are invited to attend the funeral servloss, on Wednesday, at 2:30 p. m., at the residence of his son, Charles E. Bill. corner of,
Margaret and Hawthorne sts. Frankford. Interment North Cedar Hill Cometery. Remains may be viewed Tuesday evening.

BOREL.—On August 14, 1915, WILLIAM
BOREL, beloved son of Frederick and Sophia
Borel (nee Thure), aged 28 years, Itelatives and friends, also employes of John
Walamanker, are invited to attend funeral
services, on Tuesday, 1:30 p. m., at his parents' residence. 528 E. Johnson st., Germantown. Friends may call Monday, 8 p. m.
Auto funeral.

BORRELI.—On August 18, 1915, GEORGE,
son of the late George and Anna Morreil.
Relatives and friends are invited to attend
the funeral, on Tuesday, at 19 a. m., from
the residence of his uncle, Frank H. Krausch,
2440 S. Opal st. Interment at Mount Morian
Cemetery. Automobile service.

the residence of his uncle, Frank B. Krausch, 2440 S. Opal st. Interment at Mount Morian Cemetery. Automobile service.

BRANCH.—At Beverly, N. J., on August 14, 1915, THOMAS, husband of August 14, 1915, THOMAS, husband of Augusta. C. Branch, in his 68th year, Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services, on Monday, at 8:15 p. m., at his late residence, Fins at, Beverly, N. J. Interment at Riegelsville, Pa., on Tuesday, at 10 a. m. Train leaves Market St. Ferry, Philadelphia Monday, at 6:32 p. m. and 7:20 p. m. Carlisle papers please copy.

BYER.—Suddenly, on August 14, 1915, VILLIAM BYER, husband of Elizabeth Hyer. Funeral on Tuesday morning, at 11 o'clock, from his late residence, South Dennia, Capa May County, N. J. Priends of deceased are invited to attend funeral services, also Shekinah Lodge, No. 246, F. and A. M. Interment at South Dennia, N. J. CAMPBELL, in her 22d year. Funeral services Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock, at the realdence of Mrs. William Ammon, Br., 231 West York ave., York, Pa. Interment at York, Pa. Lancaster, Pa., papers pleasa copy. there, the girl's lips movin; in silent there, the girl's lips movin; in silent prayer, and as they rose and stood on either side of the now peaceful form, tears came to the ape-man's eyes, for through the anguish that his own heart for the suffering of others.

Through her own tears the girl read the

She handed the paper to Tarsan. "And he has known it all this time," she said, "and did not tell you?"
"I knew it first, Jane," replied the man. "I did not know that he knew it at all. I must have dropped this message that night in the waiting room. It was there that I received it." "And afterward you told us that you mother was a she-ape, and that you had never known your father?" she asked in-"The title and the estates meant noth-

"And if I had taken them away from him I should have been robbing the woman I love-don't you understand, Jane?" It was as though he attempted to excuse a fault.
She extended her arms toward him across the body of the dead man, and took his hands in here. "And I would have thrown away a love like that!" she said.

THE next morning they set out upon I the short journey to Tarzan's cabin. Four Wasiri hore the body of the dead Engilahman. It had been the spe-man's suggestion that Clayton be buried beside the former Lord Greystoke near the edge of the jungle against the cabin that the Jane Porter was glad that it was to be so, and in her hearf of hearts ahe won-dered at the marvelous fineness of char-acter of this wondrous man, who, though

CATHERRY.—On August 18, 1915, JENNIE, CATHERRY—On August 18, 1915, JENNIE, Rober of Elia (Carborry and daughter of Rober of Elia (Carborry and charget of Rober of Elia (Carborry) and charget of Rober of Elia (Carborry). The former of the Carborry of the former of the Carborry of the Carborry of Carborry o

precisely at 2 c'clock, at the chapet of Abdrew J. Bair & Sons. Arch and 19th as Interment at Mount Moriah Censetery, as mains may be between on Monday eresise, between the hours of 7 and 9 oclock.

FUETTERER—On August 14, 1915, BER. THA. wife of Peter Fuetterer. Helative at friends, also Losgue of the Sacred Hast and Alar and Rossay Societies of 81 Bessventura's Church, are invited to attend to funeral, on Tuesday, at 7:30 a. in, free her late residence, soha North 6th st. Solema Mass of Requiem at 81 Bonaventura's Church are invited to attend to funeral, on Tuesday, at 7:30 a. in, free her late residence, soha North 6th st. Solema Mass of Requiem at 81 Bonaventura's Church at D a. in, Interment private.

GALAGHER.—On August 14, 1915, MARY daughter of the late William and rease Gallagher. Relatives and friends also the League of the Secred Heart and Aftar Solema the Annancialion Church, are invited at attend the funeral on Wednesday, at 80 a. m. from nee 4ste residence, 820 computer of the Annanciation Church are invited in in Interment at Cathedral Cemetery.

GMEE.—On August 14, 1916, JOSEPH w. husband of Sarah and son of William and the late Honora Ghee. Heintives and friends are invited to attend the funeral, on Tomboday, from the residence of his father, 190 North 34th st., at 8:30 a. m. High Mass at 8t Columba & Church at 10 a. m. historical are residence, 2728 Pleasant st., East Owden, N. J. Interment private, at Arimacian invited to attend the funeral, on Tomboday, from 7t to 9.

HANNER.—On August 15, 1915, ELIZABSTE widow of Charles Hand and daughter of blate residence, 2728 Pleasant at, East Owden, N. J. Interment private, at Arimacian Commentary. Remains may be viewed the averting, from 7t to 9.

HAND.—On August 15, 1915, EUGENIE widow of Charles Hand and daughter of blate residence, 121 East Stuar; are Laundowne, Pa. Interment private at the late residence, 121 East Stuar; are Laundowne, Pa. Interment private at in lington Cemetery.

HASTINGS.—On August 15, 1915, EDWARD W., husband of Lillian Harsha

HASTINGS.—On August 15, 1915, EDWARD W., husband of Lillian Harshaw Hasting Relatives and friends are invited to smeathe funcial services, on Tuesday, at 2 p. a. at his late residence, 0003 Callowhill st. beterment private, Westminster Cemetery, Remains may be viewed on Monday, after 1 p. m.

p. m.

HASTINGS.—On August 15, 1915, ELLA B.

wife of James M. Hastings. Relatives and
friends are invited to attend the functal serless, on Wednesday, at 11:30 a. m. at her,
late residence, Forrest ave. shove Washington lane, East Germantown, informat
strictly private. Remains may be riewed
on Tuenday ovening.

on Tuesday ovening.

HATCH.—On August 15, 1915, EDWIN R. D. HATCH., aged 57 years. Due notice of the futural with be given, from his late residence, 1827 Wallace st.

HENNINGER.—On August 15, 1925, 4EORGS W., husband or Nettle Henninger. Relatives and friends, also Cases Tribe & 113, L.O. of R. M.; employes of the U. Q. L. Campany, 46th and Market st. and must bers of 30th Ward Republican Club, are my vited to attend the uneral services, on Wednesday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, at his late residence, 1427 Bainbridge at. Informent private. Remains may be viewed Tuesday evening after 7:30.

HOLT.—At Cleveland, O., of appendicitis, es August 14, 1915, EAMUFIL D. HOLT. Beta-tives and friends are invited to attend the funeral on Tuesday, at 2 p. m., from his late residence, 813 Lansdowne read, Lianste, Fa. Interment at Arlington Cemetery. HUGHES.—On August 15, 1915, EDWARD, infant son of John J. and Cathains E. Hughes, aged 7 months. Funeral on Tuestay, At 2 p. m., from his parents' residence, inc. North 65d at. Interment private.

North 63d at. Interment private.

JACOBER.—In August 14, 1915. BERTHA, widow of Jesoph Jacober, ared 74 years Relatives and friends, also the wemen of the Altar Society and Sacred Heart Leases of the Church of Our Lady Help of Christians, are myliced to attend the funeral, on Wederday, at 8:30 a. m. from the testdema of her son-in-law William Sater, 8136 Ged A. Requiem Mass at the Church of Our Laghtley of Christians at 10 a. m. Intermediate Help of Christians at 10 a. m. Intermediate Help Reductive Committee of Christians at 10 a. m. Intermediate Help Reductive Committee of Elizabeth and the late John S. Jarden. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral service. Thursday morning at 10:30 o'clock, at her late readdence, 1828 Fairmount ave. Intermediat attends of the control of

Thursday morning at 10:30 o'clock, at her late residence, 1828 Fairmount ave. Interment strictly private.

KERR.—On August 14. 1915, MARY E., wife of C. Parker Kerr. Relatives and triends also Lades' Auxiliary of the Public Bertin Ratiway Co., are invited to attend the Bertin Ratiway Co., are invited to the Rational Rational Residence of the Rational Rational Rational Residence of the Rational Rational Relatives and friends are invited at attend the functal services, an Tuesday attention, at 2 o'clock, at her late residence, 1800 Master at Interment private.

RNOELL—On August 14, 1915, WILLIAM R., hushand of Elizabeth Knoell and son at the late Charles J. and Janole Knoell. In 38 224 year. Relatives and friends, ske Plais Tries, No. 72, I. O. R. M., are invited to silend the funcral services, on Wednesday, at 2 p. m., at his late residence. 2516 West Arisona at Interment Northwood Cemetery Friends may view remains on Tuesday 31 p. m.

LAMBE.—On August 14, 1915, ROBE LAMBE.

Aristona st. Inferment Northwood Cemeters: Friends may view remains on Tuesday at 8. p. m.

LAMBE.—On August 14.1915. ROSE LAMPE, wife of Pairtck Lambe. Relatives and trients are invited to attend the foneral, on Tuesday at 8.30 a. m. from the residence of her husband, Loot Hollywood at (29th at bickinson sts.). Solemn Requiest Mass st id. Gabriel's Church, at 10 a. m. Information of the Rev. David Lamp. Fustant and mother of the Rev. David Lamp. Fustant invited, on Tuesday morning, August 17, 25.30 octobs, from her late residence, 134. Porter street Sciemn Mass of Requires at the Church of fir Monlea at 10 octobs, proceedings, Interment at Holy Cross Cemeter. Automobile Inneral.

LITTLE—On August 15, 1915. AGNES CLARA, Gaughtur of the Internal of the Notice and Friends and Mary Little. Reintives and friends are british to attend the funeral, on Tuesday at 15 of the Church of the Internal and Interment at Holy General Tuesday. Interment at Holy General Tuesday at 15 of all momentuate Conception Church at 9 a. m. Interment at Holy General Part of the Internal and Interment at Holy General Part of the Part of

INC. PANEL S.

was to be his woman they visid with one another to do has honer. With the happy Washri laughing and dancing about them they came to the rude shelter by the shore.

There was no sign of life, and no response to their calls. Tayran chambered quickly to the interior of the little tree hut, only to sparge a moment later with an empty tim. Throwing it down to Busull, he told him to fetch water, and then he beckened Jane Porter to come up.

Together they leaned over the emackated thin he beckened Jane Porter to come up.

Together they leaned over the emackated thing that ones had been an English nobleman. Tears came to the siri's eyes as she saw the poor, sunten cheeks and hollew eyes, and tile lines of suffering upon the cape young and hambours face.

"He still lives" said Farran. "We will do all that can be some for him, but I four that we are too lets."

When Busuit had hisuspin the water.

(CONCLUDED TOMORROW). PROPERTY OF ANY OF STREET OF STREET