THE BEASTS OF TARZAN



PRESENTLY Kaviri's head began to whirl-objects became confused and dim before his eyes— there was a great pain in his chest as he struggled for the breath of life that

when he opened his eyes once more he found, much to his surprise, that he was not dead. He lay, securely bound, in the bottom of his own cance. A great panther sat upon its haunches, looking down upon him.

Havir shuddered and closed his eyes Kaviri shuddered and closed his eyes

again, waiting for the feroclous creature to spring upon him and put him out of his misery of terror. After a moment, no rending fangs hav-

body, he again ventured to open his eyes. Beyond the pauther kneeled the white giant who had overcome him. The man was wielding a paddle, while

directly behind him Kaviri saw some of his own warriors similarly engaged. Back of them again squatted several of Tarsan, seeing that the chief had re-

gained consciousness, addressed him.
"Your warriors tell me that you are
the chief of a numerous people and that
your name is Kavirl," he said.
"Yes," replied the black.
"Why did you attack me? I was coming in peace."

"Another white man came in peace three moons ago," replied Kaviri, "and after we had brought him presents of a goat and enssava and milk he set upon us with his guns and killed man; of my people and then went on his way, taking all of our goats and many of our young men and women."

men and women.

"I am not as this other white man," replied Tarzan. "I should not have barmed you had you not set upon me. Tell me, what was the face of this bad white man like? I am searching for one who has wronged me. Possibly this may be the very one."

"He was a man with a bad face, covered with a great black beard, and he was very, very wicked-yes, very wicked

"Was there a little white child with him?" asked Tarsan, his heart almost stepping as he awaited the black's answer.

thild was not with this man's party-it was with the other party."

"Other party!" exclaimed Tarzan. "What other party?"

With the party that the very bad white man was pursuing. There was a white man, woman and the child, with Ex Mosula porters. They passed up the river three days ahead of the very bad white man. I think that they were running away from him."

A white man, woman and child! Tar-zan was puzzled. The child must be his little Jack; but who could the woman be-and the man? Was it possible that ope of Rokoff's confederates had con-klired with some woman-who had accompanied the Russian-to steal the baby from him?

If this was the case, they had doubt-

less purposed returning the child to civil-ization and there either claiming a re-ward or holding the little prisoner for

But now that Rokoff had succeeded in chasing them far inland, up the savage river, there could be little doubt but that he would eventually overhaul them, unless, as was still more probable, they should be captured and killed by the very cannibals farther up the Ugambi, to whom, Tarzan was now convinced, it had been Rokoff's intention to deliver

As he talked to Kaviri the cances had been moving steadily upriver toward the chief's village. Kaviri's warriors plied the paddles in the three canoes, casting sidelong terrified glances at their hid-cous passengers. Three of the apes of Akut had been killed in the encounter, but there were, with Akut, eight of the frightful beats remaining, and there was Sheeta, the panther, and Tarzan and Mu-

Kaviri's warriors thought that they had never seen so terrible a crew in all their lives. Momentarily they expected to be pounced upon and torn asunder by some of their captors, and, in fact, it was all that Tarzan and Mugambi and was all that Tarzan and Mugambi and Akut could do to keep the snarling, illsatured brutes from snapping at the glistening naked bodies that brushed against them now and then with the movements of the paddlers.

At Kaviri's camp Tarzan paused only long enough to eat the food that the blacks furnished and arrange with the chief for a deep men to must be set.

thief for a dozen men to man the pad-dies of his canoe.

Kaviri was only too glad to comply with any demands that the ape-men might make if only such compliance would hasten the departure of the horrid mack; but it was easier, he discovered, to promise men than to furnish them, for when his people learned his intenas those that had not already fled into the jungle proceeded to do so without point out those who were to accom-Bany Tarzan he discovered that he only member of his tribe left within village.

Tarzan could not repress a smile.

'They do not seem anxious to accompany us." he said; "but just remain
quietly here, Kaviri, and presently you

shall see your people flocking to your

Then the ape-man rose and, calling his pack about him, commanded that Musambi remain with Kaviri and disappeared in the jungle, with Sheeta and its apes at his heels.

For half an hour the silence of the grim forest was broken only by the ordinary sounds of the teeming life that but adds to its lowering loneliness. Kavin and Mugambi sat alone in the palicaded village—waiting.

Fresently from a great distance came a hideous sound. Mugambi recognized the weird challenge of the ape-man. Immediately from different points of the compass rose a horrid semicircle of similar shrieks and screams, punctuated now and again by the blood-curdling cry of a hungry panther.

THE two savages, Kaviri and Mu of Kaviri's hut, looked at one another-

Kaviri with ill-concealed alarm-

duling I know not, unless is be that they | The uperman was at a loss as to how are devouring your people who ran he might enter into communication with

nwag.". Kaviri shuddered and rolled his eyes. Knviri shuddered and rolled his eyes fearfully toward the jungle. In all his long life in the savage forest he had never heard such an awful, fearsome din. Closer and closer came the sounds, and new with them were minded the terrified shrieks or women and children and of men. For 29 long minutes the blood-curdling cries continued, until they seemed but a stone's throw from the patisade. Kavisi rose to lice, but Musamiu seized and held him, for such had been the command of Tarzan. A moment later a horde of terrified natives burst from the jungle, racing toward the shelter of their huts. Like frightened sheep they ran, and behind them, driving them as sheep might be driven, came Targan and Sheeta and the hideous appea of Akut.

hideons spes of Akut.

Presently Tarian stood before Kavirt, the old quiet smile upon his lips.

"Your people have returned, my brother." he said, "and now you may select those who are to accompany me and paddle my cance."

Tremblingly Kaviri tottered to his feet, calling to his people to come from their hirs; but none responded to his sum-

"Tell them," suggested Targan, "that if they do not come I shall send my people in after them."

Kaviri did as he was bid, and in an instant the entire population of the village came forth, their wide and frightened eyes rolling from one to another of the savage creatures that wandered about the village street.

about the village street.
Quickly Kavri designated a dozen warriors to accompany Tarzan. The poor
fellows went almost white with terror
at the prospect of close contact with
the painter and the spes in the narrow
confines of the cance; but when Kaviri
explained to them that there was no
excape, that Barror

splained to them.

scape—that Bwana Taram
sue them with his grim horde shound
they attempt to run away from the duty—
they finally went gloomily down to the
river and took their places in the canoe.
It was with a sigh of relief that their
chieftain saw the party disappear about
a headland a short distance upriver.
For three days the stronge company
a continued farther and farther into the
continued farther and farther into the
heart of the savage country that lies on
heart of the savage country that lies on
the voice of an old man came out of the
full as several

The same of the savage and driving Sheeta
back into the jungle before he leaps
among you. If you will not promise to
take me in and treat me as a friend I
shall let Sheeta stay and devour you.

For a moment there was silence. Then
the voice of an old man came out of the
quiet of the village street.

"If you are indee! a white man and
wiend, we will let you come in; but first

because of the loss.

As a matter of fact, he could have traveled much more rapidly on shore, but he believed that he could hold his own wild crew together to better advantage by keeping them to the hoat as much as possible. Twice a day they landed to hunt and feed, and at night they slept upon the bank of the mainland or on one of the numerous little islands that dotted the river.

Before them the natives fled in alarm.

When he reached a way."

"Very well," replied Tarzin. "Idsten, and you shall hear Sheeta fleeing before me."

The ape-man returned quickly to the tree and this time a made a great noise me."

The ape-man returned quickly to the tree and this time a made a great noise me."

When he reached a point well above.

Finally he decided to take to the land himself, leaving his company to follow after him by bont. He explained to Mugambi the thing that he had in mind, and told Agut to follow the directions of the black.

"I will join you again in a few days."
be said. "Now I go ahead to learn what
has become of the very bad white man shom I seek."
At that next halt Tarzan took to the

here, and was soon lost to the view of deserted, showing that news of the com-ing of his pack had traveled rapidly, but toward evening he came upon a distant cluster of thatched huis surrounded by

meal se Tarzan of the Apes poised shove them in the branches of a glant tree which overhung the palisade at one point.

he might enter into communication with these people without either frightening them or arousing their savage love of bat-tie. He had to gesire to fight now, for he was upon a much more important mis-sion than that of battling with every chance tribe that he should happen to meet with.

At last he bit upon a plan, and after seeing that he was concealed from the view of those below, he gave a few hourse grunts in initiation of a panther. All even immediately turned upward toward the foliage above.

It was growing dark, and they could not penetrate the leafy screen which shielded the ape-man from their view. The moment that he had won their at tention he raised his voice in the shriller and more bideous acream of the beast he personated, and then, scarce stirring a leaf in his descent, dropped to the ground once again outside the palisade and, with the speed of a deer, ran quickly round to the village gate.

Here he beat upon the fiber-bound suplines of which the barrier was constructed, shouting to the natives in their own tongue that he was a friend who wished food and shelter for the right.

Tarzan knew well the nature of the black man. He was aware that the grunting and screaming of Sheeta in the tree above them would set their nerfes on edge, and that his pounding upon their gate after dark would still further add to their terror.

That they did not reply to his hall was no surprise, for natives are fearful of any voice that comes out of the night from beyond their palisades, attributing it always to some demon or other ghostly visitor; but still be continued to call to

"Let me in, my friends?" he cried. "I an a white man pursuing the very bad white man who passed this way a few days ago. I follow to punish him for the sins be has committed against you and you

"If you are indeed a white man and a friend, we will let you come in; but first you must drive Sheeta away."
"Very well," replied Tarzan. "Idsten, and you shall bear Sheeta fleeing before

detted the river.

Before them the natives fled in alarm, so that they found only deserted villages in their path as they proceeded. Targan motion, shaking the tree violently, crying anxious to get in touch with some of the savages who dwelt upon the river's killed, and proctuating his own voice with the screams and mouthings of an angry beast.

Presently he raced toward the opposite side of the tree and off into the jungle, pounding loudly against the boles of trees as he went and voicing the pan-ther's diminishing growls as he drew fur-

ther and further away from the village. A few minutes later he returned to the village gate, calling to the natives within: "I have driven Sheeta away," he said. "Now come and admit me as you promised,"
For a time there was the sound of

shore, and was soon lost to the view of his people.

The first few villages be came to were deserted, showing that news of the command opened the gates, peering anxiously ing of his pack had traveled rapidly; but toward evening he came upon a distant cluster of thatched huts surrounded by a rude pallsade, within which were a couple of hundred natives.

The women were preparing the evening meal as Tarzan of the Apes poised shove the people of the min quiet lones, protesting his friendship for them, they opened the friendship for them, they opened the barrier a trifle further and admitted him. (CONTINUED TOMORROW)

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

PREDERICK ADAIR rolled over in bed | have it, Margaret, returning from church, the chiffrobe. He smiled contentedly when | too, and they met. suit. And his eyes wandered lovingly toward the drawer beside it which held the new tango hose, cravat and bordered handkerchief. In the hatbox was a new pearl-gray hat, and in the cupboard a brand-new walking stick. A shirt, carefully selected from a new half dozen.

carefully selected from a new half dozen, lay over a chair, and new gloves and shoes were in their proper places. This beautiful spring Sunday was to be a day of days. At 2 o'clock he was o dine at the Emersons' to meet Miss Wilda Winters. And Frederick knew as well as all the rest of Greendale that old Henry Winters had coined money almost as fast as the mint, after he had moved

o New York.

Frederick rolled out of bed, bathed and nade a psinfully careful toilet, albeit his brain was busier planning things to say to the prospective heiress than with shoe strings and collar buttons.

it was an opportunity not to be neglected. Time and again he had put the little god of love behind him. "I'll never marry until I can find some on with-well, with enough money to kee her comfortably if anything should happen to me." He had always put it that way, even unto himself, arguing that it was all a matter of not being able to afford a heavy insurance. But in his heart he knew that he wanted a few substantial things on his own account, an automobile, a man to say, "Thank you, sir," and "Very good, sir," If he chose to kick him down stairs, and time to enjoy himself. To tell the truth, he wanted about everything that money can buy, and in exchange he was quite willing to give his carefully tailored self.

The latter was more of a sacrifice than it would appear. It was common talk in Greendale that Frederick Adair would never marry. Bachelorhood ran in the Adair family, his father being the only one of seven brothers who had married.

The Adairs loved their freedom!
"It's a shame for him to waste Margaret Cartwright's time!" was the common cry. "He'll never marry her in the world.

world."

"She knows the family falling," protested others. "Why doesn't she throw
him over? She can pick any one of a
dozen better than him."

Frederick finished dressing. He had
tried to conjure up a mental photograph
of Wilda Winters, but invariably her hair
was soft and of a shining chestnut brown
like Margaret's, and Margaret's violet

of the teeming life that but adds to its lowering loneliness. Karling and Mugambi sat alone in the palisaded viliage—waiting.

Presently from a great distance came history sound and Mugambi recognized by well challenge of the ape-man. Imbediately from different points of the compass rose a horrid semicircle of similary panther.

CHAPTER VII

THE two savages, Kaviri and Mugambi square and fortune of Miss Winters.

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It was too early to present himself at the Emersons'. The spring morning being exceptionally fine, with grass, trees, sky and flowers more vividly colored than he ever remembered having seen them before, he wandered into the park. Besides, by so doing he need not pass Margaret's house. Some way he wished to avoid her today. But as luck would

A Delayed Engagement

the chiffrobe. He smiled contentedly when be caught a gleam of pale gray. He know that were he a little nearer he wide ned with admiration. In a new suit would get the faint stripe of tango color than ran through the perfectly tailored a little tip-tilted hat with blue flowers, she was adorable. With a background of green, and the clear waters of a tiny lake that reflected the sky—had anything prettier ever existed? One of the backelor Adairs had once had a picture bung in the National gallery. Frederick had inherited an eye for color.

"Good merning-what shall I call you-Madam Ceres? The spring doesn't come she laughed and held out her hand. Goed morning, Mr. Brummel. Thank you for the compliment, but Ceres only made potatoes grow. Besides, I'm not

made po madam." "Of course! I always say the wrong thing." thing." He glanced at his watch. There was still plenty of time before dinner. "Where are you going? And may I go

along? "I'm going home, and you may go along. I was just hoping to see you to-day. I'm going away tonight."

"Away? For how long and where, may ask?" answer your first question, and to Net

answer your first question, and to New York, thence to Europe to study, if all goes well. It's my music."

A tiny cloud hung between the sun and the gay little park for an instant. The shadow seemed to chill him. In a moment the world had changed. Forgotten was Miss Wilda Winters, heiress to millions.

A curious pain was gripping his heart Margaret was going away to be swal-lowed up by the big world. He was about to lose her,

"Why—I hadn't any idea of this. You never said anything about going. Isn't it rather sudden?" he managed to set She looked at him curiously. little. I had a letter yesterday. She looked at him curiously. "Yes, a little. I had a letter yesterday."
"But I don't see why you want to go. Your friends are all here."
"Ob, no! One makes friends anywhere."

where. The lightness of her tone stabbed him-The lightness of her tone stabbed him. Here was a new Margaret who was going away, and glad of the prospect. He had always supposed that had he taken the notion to propose she would never have hesitated for a second to say "Yes."

Now she appeared to be unattainable. It was the first time in his life that his vanity had been hurt, a vanity that had stifled love.

atified love. 'Margaret!'

"I can't let you go!"
"Why, Frederick. I don't understand.
Can't let me go? Why, pray?"
"Because I love you!"

"Because I love you!" he repeated trying to get a glimpse of her eyes. "Don't
you think you might come back and
marry me? Or, better still, not go at all.
I'm done for, Margaret, if you do."
"I—I might think about it, Frederick,"
he said onfile. "It is rather better." she said softly. "It is rather hard to un make my mind. Won't you come hom with me to dinner?"

And the Emersons with Miss Wilds Winters waited in vain for their guest until the telephone announced that he had been unavoidably detained.

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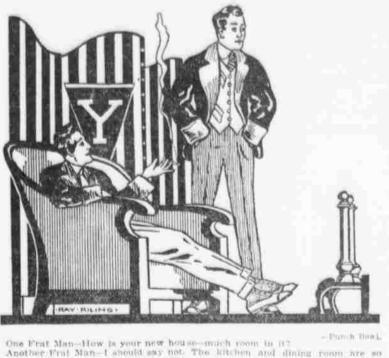








WHAT THEY LAUGH AT IN COLLEGE



Helpful "Have you found your son helpful

"Bind o'." replied Farmer Corntossel, "The hired help seems more willin' to wick around an' cut the grass store Josh unfertook to teach 'em to play golf."-Washington Star.



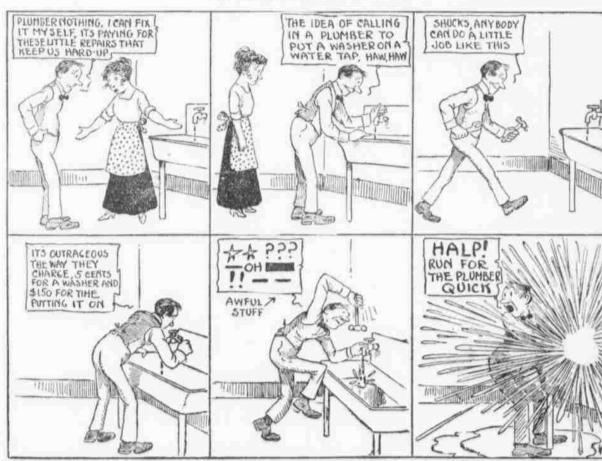
Sympathetic Recruit (whose pal has hid his cars boxed by exapperated sergenus). E didn't ought to do that, did 'e?

The Injured One-It don't matter if 'e did ought or if 'e didn't ought, 'e dun'



have neuritis, what does that mean? Weakly Brown-It means he's going to charge a high price.

DID IT EVER HAPPEN TO YOU?





"What are you so worried about?" "My rich uncle wants to see me about his will. If I tell him I married well, he will leave his money to his near

relations, and if I say I didn't ma

well, he'll leave it to someone worth-ier than myself."

On the Outside

Yes, Jimmy, you're right there times in one's life when one feels for-

Cause for Worry

"Gracious, Dick, I see you're shayontaide. "And so I am, my dear! Did you think I was fur-lined?"

----AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME



Hanger - She appears to have changed her clothes. Fanger-Most people disappear to do that.-Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantera.

 \mathbf{A}

"Always thought you were too lary to run like this for a car, old man." "it's all right, old top. Laziness runs In our family!"-Browning's Magazine.

8

This Is From Boston, but How About Juniper Street?

