

THE MUCKER

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS
Author of the TARZAN and MARS STORIES

CHAPTER XIV—(Continued.)

THE mucker opened his eyes. Close above him bent the radiant vision of Barbara Harding's face. On his forehead he felt the soothing strokes of her cool, soft hand.

He closed his eyes again to battle with the agonizing realization that he enjoyed this strange, new sensation—the sensation of being ministered to by a gentle woman—and, perchance the thought, by a gentle woman!

"With an effort he raised himself to one elbow, scowling at her.

"O'wan," he said; "I ain't no boob dude. Cut out de mush. Lemme be beat it!"

Hurt more than she would have cared to admit, Barbara Harding turned away from her ungrateful and ungracious patient to repeat her ministrations to the Frenchman.

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He watched him for a moment, a puzzled expression upon her face, and then returned to work on Theriere.

The Frenchman's respiration was scarcely appreciable, yet after a time he opened his eyes and looked up wearily.

"Paints and fainter came his breathing, until it was with difficulty that the girl drew his head toward her breast.

"Mr. Byrne," she whispered.

"The mucker turned his face toward her. It looked tired and haggard.

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A special honor roll in heaven for such noble men as you.

Theriere smiled sadly.

"Byrne will tell you all," he said, "except how I am—does not know that."

"Is there any message, my friend," asked the girl, "that you would like to have me deliver?"

Theriere remained silent for a moment as though thinking.

"My name," he said, "is Henri Theriere. I am the Count de Cadenet of France.

There is no message, Miss Harding, other than you see fit to deliver to my relatives.

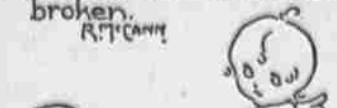
They lived in Paris the last I heard of them—my brother Jacques was a deputy."

His voice had become so low and weak that the girl could scarce distinguish his words.

He gazed once or twice, and then tried to speak again. Barbara leaned closer, her ear almost against his lips.

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

The one who looks at life hard-eyed
And leaves kind words
unspoken
Is sad, I think, as an
empty house
With all the windows
broken.



chinks getting him," replied Byrne. "But maybe I kin hide his grave so's dey won't tumble to it."

"You are in no condition to carry him at all," said the girl. "I doubt if you can go far, even without a burden."

The mucker grinned.

"Youse don't know me, miss," he said, and, stooping, he lifted the body of the Frenchman to his broad shoulder and started up the hillside through the trackless underbrush.

It would have been an impossible feat for an ordinary man in the pink of condition in which they placed him as he was from pain and loss of blood, strode steadily upward while the marvelous girl followed close behind him.

A hundred yards above the spring, they came upon a little level spot, and here with the two swords of Oda Yorimoto which they still carried, they scooped a shallow grave in which they placed all that was mortal of the Count de Cadenet.

Barbara Harding whispered a short prayer above the new-made grave, while the mucker stood with bowed head beside her. Then they turned to their flight again up the wild face of the savage mountain.

The moon came up at last to lighten the way for them, but it was a rough and dangerous climb at best. In many places they were forced to walk hand-in-hand for considerable distances, and twice the mucker had lifted the girl bodily in his arms to bear her across particularly dangerous or difficult stretches.

Shortly after midnight they struck a small mountain stream upon which they followed until, in a natural cut-dike, they came upon its source and found their further progress barred by precipitous cliffs, which rose above them, sheer and unscalable.

PUBLIC OPINION FORCE TO END GREAT WARS, MRS. FELS DECLARES

Member of Ford Party and American Delegate on International Conference Board Analyzes Conflict

CONSIDERS MEXICAN ISSUE

"What are the pacifists—the organized pacifists sitting in conference at Stockholm—doing today to preserve peace between this country and Mexico?"

"We in America who are interested in preserving friendly relations between the United States and Mexico," said Mrs. Fels, "are actively working toward that end."

Mrs. Fels then suggested that the Stockholm conference be transmuted into a flexible body aiming at the formation of enlightened public opinion throughout the world for the bringing about and the preservation of peace and good will throughout the world.

of the Board of Education. The committee reported that military training was not wanted in the Philadelphia schools, but regulated physical training.

"The tariff is due the struggle for ports of outlet and attendant railway rights. We would think it absurd for the Senate to claim a part of its own on the Atlantic seaboard."

Other members of the peace party are active in the Society Against Militarism.

"Therefore I think," said Mrs. Fels, "that pacifists can do more at home among their own people, getting the truth of them directly."

So evidently pacifism, as well as charity, begins at home.

"It is futile for an unorganized conference to address itself with whatever proposition, to governments direct. You can reach a government only through its own people."

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DOCTOR GOAT

By Farmer Smith
Doctor Goat was seated in his Morris chair reading the *Goatville* paper. Every little while he would laugh and grin. Finally his wife could stand it no longer, so she inquired.

Our Postoffice Box

Eleanor Welas and her playmate Mary, whose last names by the way, we would like to know, have decided to spend some hours of their summer vacation earning pin money. How they will spend this money is a mystic secret.

Prue's Tea Party

By ROSE FISHER.
It was a wonder that people didn't like Prue better. She had almost everything to make them like her, pretty clothes and a pretty face, and at sunny smile and lots and lots of toys, but the fact remains that she was not a favorite.

Branch Club News

Mrs. Webb, the mother of Alfred and Wilfred Webb, treated the "Question-Mark Rainbows," her young son's branch club members, to a wonderful day in Hunting Park. The boys brought their tennis court net and rackets with them and played to their hearts' content.

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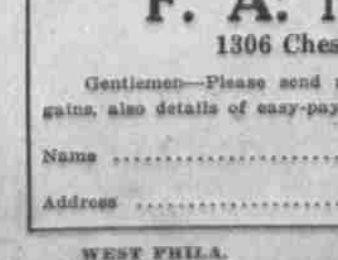


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