

beyond any of the natives, and they began to whisper about evil spirits, but he fell down when it came to marksmanship. At a hundred yards he couldn't even touch the tree, while the life-trained natives stuck their lances into the mark to a man. The last event was a hundred mile run. You college fellows don't know what a real muscular test is. It was half way to the coast and back, over a well-beaten trail. Dale was all right for two miles, but then the natives began to pass him, and by the time he had gone five miles every last Indian was out of sight, and he, completely exhausted, dropped out.

"However, as he had won the most tests, the toquis proclaimed him winner. He was given a day's rest; and then—the gorilla.

"How he shuddered as he entered the pole enclosure of the beast. Those huge, long arms, that grinning, diabolical face, filled him with horror, and the thought of the fate of that brave ulman a year ago made him sick, but now it was too late to withdraw for the brute was upon him.

"The Princess Nakomis had never forgotten the face and figure of that handsome Spaniard. This contest did not concern her, for never could one of those dark Araucanians win her loyal Spanish heart; yet she feared this powerful man whom the spirits seemed to favor. Yes, the gorilla should kill him. Perhaps her Spaniard would come back sometime. Perhaps her beauty would bring him, for her mother had said she would be beautiful. She hoped it would, and with a prayer to the Virgin to send her Spaniard back to her, she stole out on the night before the fight and threw the wild karacco seeds into the cage. Poor girl! Little did she guess whom she was working against.

"Writhing with pain the brute leaped forward the instant he caught sight of Dale, roaring till the forest rang. Jim must have had iron nerves, to keep cool then. As he sprang aside he dealt the beast a crushing blow on his left eye, and then a terrible battle began. But for the beast's clumsy mittens Dale wouldn't have lived ten seconds; as it was, the brute nearly broke Jim's left shoulder with a single blow, but Dale sprang to his feet before the gorilla reached him. The stout pole cage was about forty feet square, so there was not much room to run in, but Jim started out lively, running from right to left. The gorilla sprang after him, but it was bewildered, kept losing sight of Jim and running off on a tangent, for the left eye was closed. Every instant the brute became more furious, but in his fury lay Dale's hope.