

Those karacco seeds deprived the beast of his semi-human reason, and he grew wilder in his rushes.

"The game proceeded thus far according to Jumbo's plan, but an unexpected element entered. Dale began to grow dizzy. He ran a few yards further, then reeled and fell against the poles. As he fell he saw that brute with his ghastly, hellish grin, coming toward him. The earth careened and Dale almost lost his senses, but the physical law which brought him down, floored his antagonist also, for at this moment the gorilla staggered and fell in a heap. Dale saw that now was his one chance for life, and springing to his feet he fell forward with his fist aimed at the beast's remaining eye.

"With another roar of pain the brute staggered to his feet and plunged about wildly for a few minutes, constantly colliding with the poles violently, and then discouraged and exhausted, he laid down, moaning piteously.

"Then was Jim Dale declared the victor, and suitor for the hand of Nakomis, princess of the Araucanian Northland. That night Jumbo cleaned him up well, but immediately applied a still gayer coat of paint, and the next morning he was ushered into the presence of the princess, to be accepted or rejected at her will.

"She was seated in a room of which her mother had directed the building. Rich skins covered the floor and a few pictures and other decorations, almost priceless in this isolated spot, were arranged with the utmost taste.

"Dale occasionally had serious moments, and as he set out for the royal dwelling he was reviewing his folly. 'Here I am,' said he, 'a college man with friends and wealth, suing for the hand of an Indian maiden.' Ah, but she was not an Indian maiden. In her heart she was a Spaniard, in rank a princess, fit to be queen of his heart.

"As Dale appeared she met his gaze with eyes full of terror. How his paint daubed face and gay robe contrasted with her beautiful dark features, and modest dress! She was not clad in calico and skins like the other women, but in silk, for her mother was a gentlewoman. Who could help but love a creature of such rare beauty, under such circumstances?

"'My princess,' began Dale in the Araucanian tongue, 'I have the honor of laying at your feet the trophies of victory,' putting down the bundle of arrows given him by the toquis; 'may I hope that the victor has found favor with the princess?'