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CHAPTER XX.

The Light of Civilization.

ONE of the first things which D'Arnot accomplished after their arrival was to arrange to visit a high official of the police department, an old friend of D'Arnot's. He took Tarzan with him. Adroitly D'Arnot led the conversation from point to point until the policeman had explained to the interested Tarzan many of the methods in vogue for apprehending and identifying criminals.

Not the least interesting to Tarzan was the part played by finger prints in this fascinating science.

"But of what value are these imprints," asked Tarzan, "when after a few years the lines upon the fingers are entirely changed by the wearing out of the old tissue and the growth of new?"

"The lines never change," replied the official. "From infancy to senility the finger prints of an individual change only in size, except as injuries alter the loops and whorls. If imprints have been taken of the thumb and four



"Do finger prints show racial characteristics?"

fingers of both hands one must needs lose all entirely to escape identification.

"It is marvelous," exclaimed D'Arnot. "I wonder what the lines upon my fingers resemble."

"We can soon see," replied the police officer, and, ringing a bell, he summoned an assistant, to whom he issued a few directions.

The man left the room to return presently with a little hardwood box, which he placed on his superior's desk. "Now," said the officer, "you shall have your finger prints in a second."

He drew from the little case a square of plate glass, a little tube of thick ink, a rubber roller and a few snowy white cards.

Squeezing a drop of ink on to the glass, he spread it back and forth with the rubber roller until the entire surface of the glass was covered with a very thin and uniform layer of ink.

"Place the four fingers of your right hand upon the glass thus," he said to D'Arnot. "Now the thumb. That's right. Now place them in just the same position upon this card here; no, a little to the right. We must leave room for the thumb and the fingers of the left hand. There, that's it. Now the same with the left."

"Come, Tarzan," cried D'Arnot, "let's see what your whorls look like."

Tarzan complied readily, asking many questions of the officer during the operation.

"Do finger prints show racial characteristics?" he asked. "Could you determine, for example, solely from finger prints whether the subject was negro or Caucasian?"

"I think not," replied the officer, "though some claim that those of the negro are less complex."

"Could the finger prints of an ape be detected from those of a man?" "Probably, because the ape's would be far simpler than those of the higher organism."

"But a cross between an ape and a man might show the characteristics of either progenitor?" continued Tarzan. "I should think likely," responded the official. "But the science has not progressed sufficiently to render it exact enough in such matters. I should hate to trust its findings further than to differentiate between individuals. No two people born into the world probably have ever had identical lines upon

all their digits."

"Does the comparison require much time or labor?" asked D'Arnot.

"Ordinarily but a few moments, if the impressions are distinct."

D'Arnot drew a little black book from his pocket and commenced turning the pages.

Tarzan looked at the book in surprise. How did D'Arnot come to have his book?

Presently D'Arnot stopped at a page on which were five tiny little smudges. He handed the open book to the policeman.

"Are these imprints similar to mine or M. Tarzan's?" Can you say that they are identical with either?"

The officer drew a powerful glass from his desk and examined all three specimens carefully, making notations meanwhile upon a pad of paper.

Tarzan realized now what was the meaning of their visit to the police officer.

The answer to his life's riddle lay in these tiny marks.

With tense nerves he sat leaning forward in his chair.

Presently the police officer spoke. "Gentlemen," he said.

Both turned toward him.

"There is evidently a great deal at stake which must hinge to a greater or lesser extent upon the absolute correctness of this comparison. I therefore ask that you leave the entire matter in my hands until our expert returns."

"I had hoped to know at once," said D'Arnot. "M. Tarzan sails for America tomorrow."

"I will promise that you can cable him a report within two weeks," replied the officer. "What it will be I date not say. There are resemblances, yet—well, we had better leave it for M. Leblanc to solve."

A taxicab drew up before an old fashioned residence upon the outskirts of Baltimore.

A man of about forty, well built and with strong, regular features, stepped out and paying the chauffeur dismissed him.

A moment later the passenger was entering the library of the old home.

"Ah, Mr. Canler," exclaimed an old man, rising to greet him.

"Good evening, my dear professor," cried the man, extending a cordial hand.

"I have come this evening to speak with you about Jane. You know my aspirations, and you have been generous enough to approve my suit."

Professor Archimedes Q. Porter fidgeted in his armchair. The subject always made him uncomfortable. He could not understand why. Canler was a splendid match.

"But Jane," continued Canler, "I cannot understand her. She puts me off first on one ground and then another. I always have the feeling that she breathes a sigh of relief every time I bid her goodby."

"Tut tut," said Professor Porter. "Tut tut, Mr. Canler. Jane is a most obedient daughter. She will do precisely as I tell her."

"Then I can still count on your support?" asked Canler, a tone of relief marking his voice.

"Certainly, sir, certainly," exclaimed Professor Porter. "How could you doubt it?"

"There is young Clayton, you know," suggested Canler. "He has been hanging about for months. I don't know that Jane cares for him. But besides his title they say he has inherited a very considerable estate from his father. It might not be strange if he finally won her unless—"

Canler paused.

"Tut, tut, Mr. Canler. Unless—what?" "Unless you see fit to request that Jane and I be married at once," said Canler slowly and distinctly.

"I have already suggested to Jane that it would be desirable," said Professor Porter sadly, "for we can no longer afford to keep up this house and live as her associations demand."

"What was her reply?"

"She said she was not ready to marry any one yet," replied Professor Porter. "That we could go and live upon the farm in northern Wisconsin which her mother left her. It is a little more than self supporting. The tenants have always made a living from it and have been able to send Jane a trifle each year."

"She is planning our going up there the first of the week. Philander and Mr. Clayton have already gone to get things in readiness for us."

"Clayton has gone there?" exclaimed Canler, visibly chagrined. "Why was not I told? I would gladly have gone and seen that every comfort was pro-

vided."

"Jane feels that we are already too much in your debt, Mr. Canler," said Professor Porter.

Canler was about to reply when the sound of footsteps came from the hall without, and Jane Porter entered the room.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" she exclaimed, pausing on the threshold. "I thought you were alone, papa."

"It is only I, Jane," said Canler, who had risen. "Won't you come in and join the group? We were just speaking of you."

"Thank you," said Jane, entering and taking the chair Canler placed for her. "I only wanted to tell papa that Toby has come down from the college to pack his books."

"I must see him at once," cried the professor. "Excuse me just a moment." And the old man hastened from the room.

As soon as he was out of earshot Canler turned to Jane Porter.

"See here, Jane," he said bluntly. "How long is this thing to go on like this? You haven't refused to marry me, but you haven't promised either."

"I want to get the license tomorrow so that we can be married quietly before you leave for Wisconsin. I don't care for any fuss or feathers, and I'm sure you don't either."

The girl turned cold, but she held her head bravely.

"Your father wishes it, you know," added Canler.

"Yes, I know," she spoke scarcely above a whisper. "Do you realize that you are buying me, Mr. Canler?" she asked finally and in a cold, level voice—"buying me for a few paltry dollars? Of course you do. And the hope of just such a contingency was in your mind when you loaned papa the money for that hare-brained escapade, which but for a most mysterious circumstance would have been successful."

"But you, Mr. Canler, would have been the most surprised. You had no idea that the venture would succeed. You knew that without security you had a greater hold on the honor of the Porters than with it. You knew the one best way to force me to marry you without seeming to force me."

"You have never mentioned the loan. In any other man I should have thought that the prompting of a magnanimous and noble character. But you are deep."

"I know you better than you think I know you. I shall certainly marry you if there is no other way, but let us understand each other once and for all."

"You surprise me, Jane," said Canler. "I thought you had more self control, more pride. Of course you are right. I am buying you, and I knew that you knew it. But I thought you would prefer to pretend that it was otherwise. But have it your own way," he added lightly. "I am going to have you, and that is all that interests me."

Without a word the girl turned and left the room.

But Jane Porter was not married before she left with her father and Esmeralda for her little Wisconsin farm. As she coldly bade Robert Canler goodbye while the train pulled out he called to her that he would join them in a week or two.

At their destination they were met by Clayton and Mr. Philander in a huge touring car belonging to the former and quickly whirled away through the dense northern woods toward the little farm which the girl had not visited before since childhood.

The farmhouse, which stood on a little elevation some hundred yards from the tenants' house, had undergone a complete transformation during the three weeks that Clayton and Mr. Philander had been there.

The former had imported a small army of carpenters and plasterers, plumbers and painters from a distant city, and what had been but a dilapidated shell was now a cozy little story house filled with every modern convenience procurable in so short a time.

"I couldn't think of your living in the hole we found here," said Clayton to Jane when they were alone.

"Oh, Cecil, I wish I might repay you as you deserve—as you would wish," said Jane.

"Why can't you, Jane?" "Because I love some one else."

"Canler?" "No."

"But you are going to marry him. He told me as much before I left Baltimore."

The girl winced.

"Is it because of the money, Jane?" She nodded.

"Then am I so much less desirable than Canler? I have money enough," he said bitterly.

"I don't love you, Cecil," she said. "but I respect you. If I must disgrace myself by such a bargain with any man I prefer that it be one I already despise. I should loathe the man to whom I sold myself without love, who soever he might be."

"You will be happier," she concluded, "alone, with my respect and friendship, than with me and my contempt."

He did not press the matter further, but if ever a man had murder in his heart it was William Cecil Clayton. Lord Greyhound, when a week later, Robert Canler drew up before the farmhouse in his purring six cylinder.

A week passed—a tense though uneventful week for all.

Canler was insistent that Jane marry him at once.

At length she gave in from sheer loathing of the continued and hateful importuning.

It was agreed that on the morrow Canler was to drive to town and bring back the license and a clergyman.

Clayton had wanted to leave as soon as the plan was announced, but the girl's tired, hopeless look kept him. He could not desert her.

Something might happen yet, he tried to console himself by thinking. In his heart he knew that it would require but a tiny spark to turn his hatred for Canler into the blood lust of the killer.

Early the next morning Canler set out for town.

In the east smoke could be seen lying low over the forest, for a fire had been raging for a week not far from them, but the wind still lay in the west and no danger threatened them.

About noon Jane Porter started off for a walk. She would not let Clayton accompany her. She wanted to be alone, she said, and he respected her wishes.

In the house Professor Porter and Mr. Philander were immersed in an absorbing discussion of some weighty scientific problem. Esmeralda dozed in the kitchen, and Clayton, heavy eyed after a sleepless night, threw himself down upon the couch in the living room and soon dropped into a fitful slumber.

To the east the black smoke clouds rose higher into the heaven. Suddenly they eddied and then commenced to drift rapidly toward the west.

On and on they came. The inmates of the tenant house were gone, for it was market day, and none there was to see the rapid approach of the fire.

Soon the flames had spanned the road to the south and cut off Canler's return. A little fluctuation of the wind now carried the path of the forest fire slightly to the north, then blew back, and the flames nearly stood still as though held in leash by some master hand.

(To Be Continued.)

MILITANTS ENTER CATHOLIC CHURCHES

Rush Into Pulpit to Shout Protest Against Forcible Feeding.

London, June 8.—Suffragettes for the first time invaded Catholic churches and created scenes by attempting to harangue the congregations. Worship was disturbed in both Westminster cathedral and the Church of the Oratory, Brampton.

Father Bernard Vaughan had just taken his place in the pulpit in Westminster cathedral during the evening service, when a woman, well dressed and apparently of refinement, rushed up the steps into another pulpit and, waving her arms, shrieked: "In the presence of the Blessed Sacrament I protest against the forcible feeding of women."

The congregation, shocked by the woman's action, rose from their seats. Murmurs of protest at the sacrilege ran through the edifice. One of the women worshippers tried to persuade the suffragette to descend from the pulpit, but she remained, waving her arms and yelling incoherently, until the vergers forcibly pulled her down the steps and led her to the door, where she was turned over to the police.

A band of suffragettes interrupted the mass of the Church of Oratory by chanting: "God save Emmeline Pankhurst and all our noble prisoners; open the eyes of this church and of the priests to put an end to the torture."

A scene of disorder ensued. A suffragette rose and started a prayer, but she had scarcely uttered a word when a woman worshiper clapped her hands over the mouth of the suffragette. Struggling fiercely and screaming, the suffragettes were forced by ushers and male parishioners down the aisle to the doors and into the street.

The growing hostility on the part of the public toward the militant suffragettes was shown by assaults on several open air meetings. Speakers were mobbed, stands were torn down and the women were saved by the police from duckings or beatings.

T. R. Continues Journey to Madrid. Paris, June 8.—Colonel Theodore Roosevelt continued his journey to Madrid, where, next Thursday, he will attend the wedding of his son, Kermit, to Miss Belle Willard, daughter of the American ambassador to Spain.

Chicago, June 8.—Adolph Sturm, a member of the clothing firm of Sturm, Schiller & Co., was found dead in a water-filled bathtub in his residence. The police, unable to determine whether he was drowned or died of heart disease, informed the coroner.

Political Announcements

All announcements MUST BE ACCOMPANIED BY THE CASH at the following rate: For Congressman, \$15; State Senator, \$10; Representative, \$5; for County Officials, \$5 each.

For State Senator. We are authorized to announce the name of John Mattes, jr., as a candidate for Senator from Cass and Otoe counties, subject to the decision of the democratic voters at the primary election on Tuesday, August 18, 1914.

For Representative. M. G. Kime, of Nehawka precinct, will be a candidate for member of the lower house of the state legislature, subject to the will of the democratic voters of Cass county at the primary election to be held Tuesday, August 18, 1914.

Commissioner—Third District. Henry Snook, of Tipton precinct, will be a candidate for the office of Commissioner from the Third district, subject to the decision of the democratic voters at the primary election on Tuesday, August 18, 1914.

For Sheriff. John Wunderlich, of Nehawka precinct, is a candidate for sheriff of Cass county, subject to the decision of the democratic voters of the county at the primary election to be held on Tuesday, August 18, 1914.

For Register of Deeds. Mont Robb is a candidate for Register of Deeds of Cass county, subject to the decision of the republican voters of the county at the primary election to be held on Tuesday, August 18, 1914.

County Commissioner. We are authorized to announce Charles R. Jordan, of Alvo, as a candidate for Commissioner from the Third district, subject to the decision of the democratic voters at the primary election on Tuesday, August 18, 1914.

For Commissioner—Second District. C. E. Heebner, present commissioner from the above district, is a candidate for re-election, subject to the decision of the republican voters at the primary election to be held on Tuesday, August 18, 1914.

For Sheriff. Carroll D. Quinton, the present sheriff, is a candidate for the nomination of said office, subject to the decision of the republican voters at the primary election, held on Tuesday, August 18, 1914.

For County Clerk. Frank J. Libershal, the present county clerk, filling said office by appointment, is a candidate for the nomination to said office, subject to the decision of the democratic voters at the primary election, held on Tuesday, August 18, 1914.

For County Judge. Charles L. Graves of Union is a candidate for the nomination to the office of county judge, subject to the decision of the voters at the primary election, held on Tuesday, August 18, 1914.

Shoe Workers' Strike Off. Portsmouth, O., June 8.—The strike of shoe workers, inaugurated on March 29, was formally called off. More than two thousand workers were involved. The bottom virtually dropped out of the strike recently as a result of sweeping court injunctions and the imposition of jail sentences on a large number of labor leaders.

Adolph Sturm Found Dead. Chicago, June 8.—Adolph Sturm, a member of the clothing firm of Sturm, Schiller & Co., was found dead in a water-filled bathtub in his residence. The police, unable to determine whether he was drowned or died of heart disease, informed the coroner.

Denied Aid, Kills Doctor. Duquoin, Ill., June 8.—Refused medical attention for his child because of an unpaid bill, Jesse Joplin shot Dr. Winton D. Dunn, former mayor of Duquoin, six times. The physician died.

Always Lead to Better Health. Serious sickness start in disorders of the stomach, liver and kidneys. The best corrective and preventive is Dr. King's New Life Pills. They Purify the Blood—Prevent Constipation, keep Liver, Kidneys and Bowels in healthy condition. Give you better health by ridding the system of fermenting and gassy foods. Effective and mild. 25c at your Druggist.

Best results are secured by advertising in the Journal.

JUNE BULLETIN OF EXCURSION FARES.....

To Pacific Coast: General Excursion rate of \$60 daily.

Yellowstone Park:

General Excursion rate \$32.00 to the entrance, and from \$82.00 to \$100, all-expense tours, diverse routes, etc. Inquire about Wylie Permanent camp tours and the conducted tours from Cody.

Rocky Mountains:

Special Excursion rates to Denver, Estes Park, Glacier National Park, Salt Lake City, with diverse route mountain tours.

The Black Hills:

Daily tourist rates to Hot Springs, Deadwood and Lead. This beautiful region is attracting a greatly increased patronage every summer.

The Big Horn Region:

Tourist rates to Sheridan, Ranchester, Thermopolis and Cody, Wyo.

Eastern Tours:

Attractive excursion fares commencing June 1st. They cover direct, also circuit routes. Secure Eastern rate booklet.

Publications free: "Low rates to the Pacific Coast," "Yellowstone Park," "Estes Park," "California Excursions," "Low Rates East," "Big Horn Ranch Resorts," "The Black Hills," "Colorado-Utah Handbook." Ask us for such publications as you wish and let us help plan your tour.



R. W. CLEMENT, Ticket Agent

L. W. WAKELY, General Passenger Agent, Omaha, Nebr.,

Local News

From Monday's Daily.

Mrs. Eugene Selz departed this morning for Eagle, where she will visit for a short time with relatives and friends.

Carter Albin, of the vicinity of Union, accompanied by his little son, was in the city today looking after business matters.

Joseph Felzer was a passenger this afternoon for Omaha, where he was called to look after some matters of business.

T. B. Bates and wife were in the metropolis yesterday, where they visited for the day at the home of Mrs. Bates' parents.

County Judge A. J. Beeson departed this morning on the early Burlington train for Lincoln, where he was called on business matters.

Mrs. Nellie Agnew of Lincoln, who has been here visiting at the home of her mother, Mrs. C. H. Parmele, for a short time, departed this morning for her home.

Mrs. J. F. Eischeidt and two children, of Wymore, were over Sunday visitors in this city with relatives and friends.

H. T. Batton departed this afternoon for La Platte to enjoy a visit at the home of his son-in-law, Fred Kaffenberger and family.

John Hiber, jr., wife and little son came in last evening from their home at O'Neill, Neb., and will visit here with Mr. Hiber's parents for a short time.

Mrs. James Archer of Ulrica, S. D., who has been here visiting with friends for a few days, departed this morning for Nebraska City to visit for a short time.

Drs. B. F. Brendel and J. E. Brendel and wife motored up this morning from their home at Murray to spend a few hours here looking after business matters.

Mrs. Russell Harris and little daughter came in yesterday afternoon from their home at Omaha for a short visit at the home of Mrs. Harris' parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Fricke. This morning Mrs. Fricke accompanied her daughter to Omaha, where she will spend the day.

Louis Kirschenblatt of Omaha came down yesterday for a short visit with relatives in this city.

Dr. G. H. Gilmore was here Saturday in attendance at the stag at the new Elks' club in this city.

W. G. Roedecker, cashier of the Murray State bank, was in the city Saturday evening attending the stag at the Elks' club.

Try the Journal for calling cards.

Frank P. Sheldon, one of the leading citizens of Nehawka, came up Saturday from his home to attend the gathering at the Elks club.

L. D. Hiatt and wife came up Saturday evening from their home at Murray to visit here over Sunday with the parents of Mrs. Hiatt, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Heinrich.

Mrs. Henry Mauzy and daughter, Miss Marion, departed this morning for Kearney, Neb., where they will visit for a short time at the home of Dr. T. J. Todd and wife.

John Mattes, jr., and family, of Nebraska City, were in the city today for a few hours en route from their home to Omaha, and John spent a few hours here visiting with his many friends.

Miss Teresa Hempel departed yesterday for Sioux City, Iowa, where she will be in attendance at the Superior lodge of the Degree of Honor for the next week or ten days, Miss Hempel being past superior chief of honor.

Rev. H. G. McClusky departed for Parkville, Mo., this morning, where he will attend the commencement exercises of Park college and also attend the tenth reunion of the class of 1904, of which Mrs. McClusky and he were members.

Eugene Lister, Hilliard Grassman and Kenneth McCarthy were visitors in Omaha yesterday, where they spent the day with Theodore Lister, at the hospital, where he is confined, having undergone an operation. Thursday, for the removal of one of his eyes, which has been sightless for some time.

H. B. Neitzel, wife and children who have been here for the past few months visiting at the home of Mrs. Neitzel's mother, Mrs. F. R. Guthmann and family, departed this morning for their home at Boise, Idaho. Mrs. Guthmann and son, Charles, and daughter, Miss Minnie, accompanied them as far as Omaha on their journey.

Coughs and Colds Weaken the System.

Continued Coughs, Colds and Bronchial troubles are depressing and weaken the system. Loss of weight and appetite generally follow. Get a 50c bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery today. It will stop your cough. The first dose helps. The best medicine for Stubborn Coughs, Colds and all Throat and Lung Troubles. Mr. O. H. Brown, Muscatine, Ala., writes: "My wife was sick during the hot summer months and I honestly believe Dr. King's New Discovery saved her life." Good for children. 50c and \$1.00, at your Druggist.

Try the Journal for calling cards.

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