

# The RETURN of TARZAN



By  
EDGAR RICE  
BURROUGHS

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## PROLOGUE.

Readers of "Tarzan of the Apes"—there were millions of them—have been awaiting with eagerness "The Return of Tarzan." They need no introduction to the ape-man, who was an English lord by ancestry and an inhabitant of the treetops by fate until the same fate brought him out and made him a civilized man after twenty years of life among the great apes of Africa. His adventures, as wonderful and interesting as any set forth in words, have been the center of interest in a story that is unique in its originality.

Now we have "The Return of Tarzan," as thrilling as its forerunner. In it are told the further adventures of the splendid ape-man, who at last wins his way to the side of his true love after facing countless perils by land and sea.

Whoever read "Tarzan of the Apes" needs no invitation to peruse this story. Others are warned that after they read this sequel to "Tarzan of the Apes" they won't be satisfied until they have read that story also.

## CHAPTER VII.

### The Dancing Girl of Sidi Aissa.

TARZAN'S first mission did not bid fair to be either exciting or vastly important. There was a certain lieutenant of spahis whom the government had reason to suspect of improper relations with a great European power. This Lieutenant Gernois, who was at present stationed at Sidi bel Abbes, had recently been attached to the general military staff, where certain information of great military value had come into his possession in the ordinary routine of his duties. It was this information which the government suspected the great power was bartering for with the officer. And so it was that Tarzan had come to Algeria in the guise of an American hunter and traveler to keep a close eye upon Lieutenant Gernois. At Sidi bel Abbes he presented his letters of introduction to both civil and military authorities—letters which gave no clue to the real significance of his mission.

Tarzan possessed a sufficient command of English to enable him to pass among Arabs and Frenchmen as an American, and that was all that was required of it. He met Gernois, whom he found to be a taciturn, dyspeptic looking man of about forty, having little or no social intercourse with his fellows.

For a month nothing of moment occurred. Tarzan was beginning to hope that, after all, the rumor about Gernois might have been false when suddenly the latter was ordered to Bou Saada, in the Petit Sahara, far to the south.

A company of spahis and three officers were to relieve another company already stationed there. Fortunately one of the officers, Captain Gerard, had become an excellent friend of Tarzan's, and so when the ape-man suggested that he should embrace the opportunity of accompanying him to Bou Saada, where he expected to find hunting, it caused not the slightest suspicion.

At Bouira the detachment detrained, and the balance of the journey was made in the saddle. As Tarzan was dicker at Bouira for a mount he caught a brief glimpse of a man in European clothes eyeing him from the doorway of a native house.

There had been something familiar about the face or figure of the fellow. Tarzan gave the matter no further thought.

The march to Annale was fatiguing to Tarzan, whose equestrian experiences hitherto had been confined to a course of riding lessons in a Parisian academy, and so it was that he quickly sought the comforts of a bed in the Hotel Grossat, while the officers and troops took up their quarters at the military post.

Although Tarzan was called early the following morning, the company of spahis was on the march before he had finished his breakfast. He was hurrying through his meal that the soldiers might not get too far in advance of him when he glanced through the door connecting the dining room with the bar.

To his surprise he saw Gernois standing there in conversation with the very stranger he had seen in the coffee house at Bouira the day previous. The man's back was toward him.

As his eyes lingered on the two Gernois looked up and caught the intent

expression on Tarzan's face. The stranger was talking in a low whisper at the time, but the French officer immediately interrupted him, and the two at once turned away and passed out of the range of Tarzan's vision.

This was the first suspicious occurrence that Tarzan had ever witnessed in connection with Gernois' actions, but he was positive that the men had left the barroom solely because Gernois had caught Tarzan's eyes upon them; then there was the persistent impression of familiarity about the stranger to further augment the ape-man's belief that here at length was something which would bear watching.

Tarzan did not overtake the column until he reached Sidi Aissa shortly after noon, where the soldiers had halted for an hour's rest. Here he found Gernois with the column, but there was no sign of the stranger.

It was market day at Sidi Aissa, and the numberless caravans of camels coming in from the desert and the crowds of bickering Arabs in the market place filled Tarzan with a consuming desire to remain for a day that he might see more of the sons of the desert. Thus it was that the company of spahis marched out that afternoon toward Bou Saada without him. He spent the hours until dark wandering about the market in company with a youthful Arab, one Abdul, who had been recommended to him by the innkeeper as a trustworthy servant and interpreter.

Here Tarzan purchased a better mount than the one he had selected at Bouira, and, entering into conversation with the stately Arab to whom the animal had belonged, learned that the seller was Kadour ben Saden, sheik of a desert tribe far south of Djelfa. Through Abdul Tarzan invited his new acquaintance to dine with him. As the three were making their way through the crowds of marketeers, camels, donkeys and horses that filled the market place with a confusing babel of sounds, Abdul plucked at Tarzan's sleeve.

"Look, master, behind us!" And he turned, pointing at a figure in Arab garb which disappeared behind a camel as Tarzan turned. "He has been following us about all afternoon. He must be a bad man or he would have honest business of his own to occupy his time."

"He is on the wrong scent, then, Abdul," replied Tarzan, "for no one here can have any grievance against me. This is my first visit to your country, and none knows me. He will soon discover his error and cease to follow us."

Kadour ben Saden having dined well prepared to take leave of his host. With dignified protestations of friendship he invited Tarzan to visit him in his wild domain, where the antelope, the stag, the boar, the panther and the lion might still be found in sufficient numbers to tempt an ardent huntsman.

It was after 8, and the dancing was in full swing as Tarzan and Abdul entered a Moorish cafe. The room was filled to repletion with Arabs. All were smoking and drinking their thick, hot coffee.

Tarzan and Abdul found seats near the center of the room, though the terrible noise produced by the musicians upon their Arab drums and pipes would have rendered a seat farther from them more acceptable to the quiet loving ape-man. A rather good looking girl was dancing, and, perceiving Tarzan's European clothes and scenting a generous gratuity, she threw her silken handkerchief upon his shoulder, to be rewarded with a franc.

When her place upon the floor had been taken by another the bright eyed Abdul saw her in conversation with two Arabs at the far side of the room near a side door that led upon an inner court, around the gallery of which were the rooms occupied by the girls who danced in this cafe.

At first he thought nothing of the matter, but presently he noticed from the corner of his eye one of the men nod in their direction and the girl turn and shoot a furtive glance at Tarzan. Then the Arabs melted through the doorway into the darkness of the court.

When it came again the girl's turn to dance she hovered close to Tarzan, and for the ape-man alone were her sweetest smiles. Many an ugly scowl was cast upon the tall European by swarthy, dark eyed sons of the desert, but neither smiles nor scowls produced any outwardly visible effect upon him. Again the girl cast her handkerchief upon his shoulder, and again was she rewarded with a franc piece. As she was sticking it upon her forehead, after the custom of her kind, she bent low toward Tarzan, whispering a quick word in his ear.

"There are two without in the court," she said quickly, in broken French, "who would harm m'sieur. At first I

promised to lure you to them, but you have been kind, and I cannot do it. Go quickly, before they find that I have failed them. I think that they are very bad men."

Tarzan thanked the girl, assuring her that he would be careful, and, having finished her dance, she crossed to the little doorway and went out into the court. But Tarzan did not leave the cafe as she had urged.

For another half hour nothing unusual occurred, then a surly looking Arab entered the cafe from the street. He stood near Tarzan, where he deliberately made insulting remarks about the European, but as they were in his native tongue Tarzan was entirely innocent of their purport until Abdul took it upon himself to enlighten him.

"This fellow is looking for trouble," warned Abdul. "He is not alone. In fact, in case of a disturbance nearly every man here would be against you. It would be better to leave quietly, master."

"Ask the fellow what he wants," commanded Tarzan.

"He says that the dog of a Christian! insulted the Ouled-Nail dancing girl, who belongs to him. He means trouble, m'sieur."

"Tell him that I did not insult his or any other Ouled-Nail, that I wish him to go away and leave me alone; that I have no quarrel with him nor has he any with me."

"He says," replied Abdul, after delivering this message to the Arab, "that besides being a dog yourself that you are the son of one and that your grandmother was a hyena. Incidentally you are a liar."

The attention of those near by had now been attracted by the altercation, and the sneering laughs that followed this torrent of invective easily indicated the trend of the sympathies of the majority of the audience.

Tarzan did not like being laughed at, neither did he relish the terms applied to him by the Arab, but he showed no sign of anger as he arose from his seat upon the bench. A half smile played about his lips, but of a sudden a mighty fist shot into the face of the scowling Arab, and back of it were the terrible muscles of the ape-man.

At the instant that the man fell a half dozen fierce plainmen sprang into the room from where they had apparently been waiting for their cue in the street before the cafe. With cries of "Kill the unbeliever!" and "Down with the dog of a Christian!" they made straight for Tarzan.

A number of the younger Arabs in the audience sprang to their feet to join in the assault upon the unarmed white man. Tarzan and Abdul were rushed back toward the end of the room by the very force of numbers opposing them. The young Arab remained loyal to his master and with drawn knife fought at his side.

With tremendous blows the ape-man felled all who came within reach of his powerful hands. So closely packed was the howling, cursing mob that no weapon could be wielded to advantage, and none of the Arabs dared use a firearm for fear of wounding one of his compatriots.

Finally Tarzan succeeded in seizing one of the most persistent of his attackers. With a quick wrench he disarmed the fellow, and then, holding him before them as a shield, he backed slowly beside Abdul toward the little door which led into the inner courtyard. At the threshold he paused for an instant and, lifting the struggling Arab above his head, hurled him as though from a catapult full in the faces of his oppressing fellows.

Then Tarzan and Abdul stepped into the semidarkness of the court. The frightened Ouled-Nails were crouching at the tops of the stairs which led to their respective rooms, the only light in the courtyard coming from the sickly candles which each girl had stuck with its own grease to the woodwork of her door frame.

Scarcely had Tarzan and Abdul emerged from the room ere a revolver spoke close at their backs, the light shone beneath one of the stairways, and as they turned to meet this new antagonist two muffled figures sprang toward them, firing as they came. Tarzan leaped to meet these two new assailants. The foremost lay a second later in the trampled dirt of the court, disarmed and groaning from a broken wrist. Abdul's knife found the vitals of the second in the instant that the fellow's revolver missed fire as he held it to the faithful Arab's forehead.

The maddened horde within the cafe were now rushing out in pursuit of their quarry. The girls had extinguished their candles at a cry from one of their number, and the only light within the yard came feebly from the open and half blocked door of the cafe. Tarzan had seized a sword from the man who had fallen before Abdul's knife, and now he stood waiting for the rush of men that was coming in search of them through the darkness.

Suddenly he felt a light hand upon his shoulder from behind and a woman's voice whispering: "Quick, m'sieur! This way. Follow me!"

"Come, Abdul," said Tarzan, in a low tone to the youth: "we can be no worse off elsewhere than we are here." The woman turned and led them up the narrow stairway that ended at the door of her quarters. Tarzan was close beside her. Instinctively he knew that she was the same who had whispered the warning in his ear earlier in the evening.

As they reached the top of the stairs they could hear the angry crowd searching the yard beneath.

"Soon they will search here," whispered the girl. "Hasten; you can draw from the farther window of my room to the street beyond. Before they discover that you are no longer in the

court or the buildings you will be safe within the hotel."

But even as she spoke several men had started up the stairway at the head of which they stood. There was a sudden cry from one of the searchers. They had been discovered. Quickly the crowd rushed for the stairway. The foremost assailant then leaped upward, but at the top he met the sudden sword that he had not expected—the quarry had been unarmed before.

With a cry the man toppled back upon those behind him. Like tenpins they rolled down the stairs. The ancient and rickety structure could not withstand the strain of this unwanted weight and jarring. With a creaking and rending of breaking wood it collapsed beneath the Arabs, leaving Tarzan, Abdul and the girl alone upon the frail platform at the top.

"Come!" cried the Ouled-Nail. "They will reach us from another stairway through the room next to mine. We have not a moment to spare."

Just as they were entering the room Abdul heard and translated a cry from the yard below for several to hasten to the street and cut off escape from that side.

"We are lost now," said the girl simply.

"We?" questioned Tarzan.

"Yes, m'sieur," she responded; "they will kill me as well. Have I not aided you?"

Alone Tarzan could have sprung into the midst of that close packed mob and, laying about him after the fashion of Numa, the lion, have struck the Arabs with such consternation that escape would have been easy. Now he must think entirely of these two faithful friends.

He crossed to the window which overlooked the street. In a minute



"We are lost now."

There would be enemies below. Already he could hear the mob clambering the stairway to the next quarters—they would be at the door beside him in another instant. He put a foot upon the sill and leaned out, but he did not look down. Above him, within arm's reach, was the low roof of the building. He called to the girl. She came and stood beside him. He put a great arm about her and lifted her across his shoulder.

"Wait here until I reach down for you from above," he said to Abdul. "In the meantime shove everything in the room against that door—it may delay them long enough." Then he stepped to the sill of the narrow window with the girl upon his shoulders.

"Hold tight," he cautioned her. A moment later he had clambered to the roof above with the ease and dexterity of an ape. Setting the girl down, he leaned far over the roof's edge, calling softly to Abdul. The youth ran to the window.

"Your hand," whispered Tarzan. The men in the room beyond were battering at the door. With a sudden crash it fell splintering in, and at the same moment Abdul felt himself lifted like a feather on to the roof above. They were not a moment too soon.

As the three squatted upon the roof above the quarters of the Ouled-Nails they heard the angry cursing of the Arabs in the room beneath. Abdul translated from time to time to Tarzan.

"They are beating those in the street below now," said Abdul, "for permitting us to escape so easily. Those in the street say that we did not come that way, that we are still within the building and that those above, being too cowardly to attack us, are attempting to deceive them into believing that we have escaped. In a moment they will have fighting of their own to attend to if they continue their brawling."

Presently those in the building gave up the search and returned to the cafe. A few remained in the street below, smoking and talking.

Said Tarzan to the girl, thinking her for the sacrifice she had made for him, a total stranger.

"I liked you," she said simply. "You were unlike the others who come to the cafe. You did not speak coarsely to me. The manner in which you gave me money was not an insult."

"What shall you do after tonight?" he asked. "You cannot return to the cafe. Can you even remain with safety in Sidi Aissa?"

"Tomorrow it will be forgotten," she

replied. "But I should be glad if it might be that I need never return to this or another cafe. I have not remained because I wished to. I have been a prisoner." "A prisoner?" ejaculated Tarzan incredulously.

"A slave would be the better word," she answered. "I was stolen in the night from my father's domain by a band of marauders. They brought me here and sold me to the Arab who keeps this cafe. It has been nearly two years now since I saw the last of mine own people. They are very far to the south. They never come to Sidi Aissa."

"You would like to return to your people?" asked Tarzan. "Then I shall promise to see you safely so far as Bou Saada at least. There we can doubtless arrange with the commandant to send you the rest of the way."

"Oh, m'sieur," she cried. "How can I ever repay you? My father can reward you, and he will, for he is not a great sheik? He is Kadour ben Saden."

"Kadour ben Saden?" ejaculated Tarzan. "Why, Kadour ben Saden is in Sidi Aissa this very night. He dined with me but a few hours since."

"Hush!" cautioned Abdul. "Listen."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### The Fight in the Desert.

FROM below came the sound of voices, quite distinguishable upon the still night air. Tarzan could not understand the words, but Abdul and the girl translated.

"They have gone now," said the latter. "It is you they want, m'sieur. One of them said that the stranger who had offered money for your slaying lay in the house of Akmed id Souf with a broken wrist, but that he had offered a still greater reward if some would lay in wait for you upon the road to Bou Saada and kill you."

"It is he who followed m'sieur about the market today," exclaimed Abdul. "I saw him again within the cafe—him and another—and the two went out into the inner court after talking with this girl here. It was they who attacked and fired upon us as we came out of the cafe. Why do they wish to kill you, m'sieur?"

"I do not know," replied Tarzan, and then, after a pause, "unless— But he did not finish, for the thought that had come to his mind, while it seemed the only reasonable solution of the mystery, appeared at the same time quite improbable.

Presently the men in the street went away. The courtyard and the cafe were deserted. Cautionally Tarzan lowered himself to the sill of the girl's window. The room was empty. He returned to the roof and let Abdul down; then he lowered the girl to the arms of the waiting Arab.

From the window Abdul dropped the short distance to the street below, while Tarzan took the girl in his arms and leaped down as he had done on so many other occasions in his own forest with a burden in his arms. A little cry of alarm was started from the girl's lips, but Tarzan landed in the street with but an imperceptible jar and lowered her in safety to her feet.

She clung to him for a moment. "How strong monsieur is and how active!" she cried. "El adrea, the black lion, m'sieur is not more so."

"I should like to meet this el adrea of yours," he said. "I have heard much about him." "And you come to the domain of my father you shall see him," said the girl. "He lives in a spur of the mountains north of us and comes down from his lair at night to rob my father's domain. With a single blow of his mighty paw he crushes the skull of a bull, and we betide the belated wayfarer who meets el adrea abroad at night."

Without further mishap they reached the hotel and sent a messenger for Kadour ben Saden. They had waited perhaps half an hour when the messenger returned with the old sheik. He entered the room with a questioning expression upon his proud face.

"Monsieur has done me the honor to— he commenced, and then his eyes fell upon the girl. With outstretched arms he crossed the room to meet her. "My daughter!" he cried. "Allah is merciful!" And tears dimmed the martial eyes of the old warrior.

When the story of her abduction and her final rescue had been told to Kadour ben Saden he extended his hand to Tarzan.

"All that is Kadour ben Saden's is thine, my friend, even to his life," he said very simply, but Tarzan knew that these were no idle words.

Early next morning the party was on its way south toward Bou Saada. For a few miles the road was good, and they made rapid progress, but suddenly it became only a waste of sand, into which the horses sank fetlock deep at nearly every step. In addition to Tarzan, Abdul, the sheik, and his daughter were four of the wild plainmen of the sheik's tribe who had accompanied him upon the trip to Sidi Aissa. Thus, seven guns strong, they entertained little fear of attack by day, and if all went well they should reach Bou Saada before nightfall. But soon Abdul announced that they were being followed by six horsemen.

"At the next village I shall remain and question these gentlemen while you ride on," said Tarzan.

"If you stop we shall stop," said Kadour ben Saden. "Until you are safe with your friends or the enemy has left your trail we shall remain with you. There is nothing more to say."

Tarzan nodded his head. He was a man of few words, and possibly it was for this reason as much as any that Kadour ben Saden had taken to him, for if there be one thing that an

Arab despises it is a talkative man. All the balance of the day Abdul caught glimpses of the horsemen in their rear. They remained always at about the same distance. During the occasional halts for rest and at the longer halt at noon they approached no closer.

"They are waiting for darkness," said Kadour ben Saden.

And darkness came before they reached Bou Saada. The pursuing horsemen rapidly closed up the distance that intervened between them and their intended quarry. Abdul whispered this fact to Tarzan, for he did not wish to alarm the girl. The ape-man drew back beside him.

"You will ride ahead with the others, Abdul," said Tarzan. "This is my quarrel. I shall wait at the next convenient spot and interview these fellows."

"Then Abdul shall wait at thy side," replied the young Arab, nor would any threats or commands move him from his decision.

"Very well, then," replied Tarzan. "Here is as good a place as we could wish. Here are rocks at the top of this hillcock. We shall remain hidden here and speak with the gentlemen."

They drew in their horses and dismounted. The others, riding ahead, were already out of sight in the darkness. Beyond them shone the lights of Bou Saada. Tarzan removed his rifle from his boot and loosened his revolver in his holster. He ordered Abdul to withdraw behind the rocks with the horses so that they would be shielded from the enemies' bullets should they fire. The young Arab pretended to do as he was bid, but when he had fastened the two animals securely to a low shrub he crept back to lie on his belly a few paces behind Tarzan.

The ape-man stood erect in the middle of the road, waiting. Nor did he have long to wait. The sound of galloping horses came suddenly out of the darkness below him, and a moment later he discerned the moving blotches of lighter color against the solid background of the night.

"Halt," he cried, "or we fire!"

The white figures came to a sudden stop, and for a moment there was silence. Abdul raised himself to one knee. Tarzan cocked his jungle trained ears, and presently there came to him the sound of horses walking quietly through the sand to the east of him, to the west, to the north and to the south. They had been surrounded. Then a shot came from the direction in which he was looking. A bullet whirled through the air above his head, and he fired at the flash of the enemy's gun.

Instantly the soundless waste was torn with the quick staccato of guns upon every hand. Abdul and Tarzan fired only at the flashes. They could not yet see their foemen. But one came too close, for Tarzan was accustomed to using his eyes in the darkness of the jungle night, than which there is no more utter darkness this side the grave, and with a cry of pain a saddle was emptied.

"The odds are evening, Abdul," said Tarzan, with a low laugh.

But they were still far too one-sided, and when the five remaining horsemen whirled at a signal and charged full upon them it looked as if there would be a sudden ending of the battle. Both Tarzan and Abdul sprang to the shelter of the rocks that they might keep the enemy in front of them. There was a mad clatter of galloping hoofs, a volley of shots from both sides, and the Arabs withdrew to repeat the maneuver, but there were now only four against the two.

From one direction came the sound of a new charge. But scarcely had the first gun spoken ere a dozen shots rang out behind the Arabs. There came the wild shouts of a new party to the controversy and the pounding of the feet of many horses from down the road to Bou Saada.

The Arabs did not wait to learn the identity of the newcomers. With a parting volley, as they dashed by the position which Tarzan and Abdul were holding, they plunged off along the road toward Sidi Aissa. A moment later Kadour ben Saden and his men dashed up.

"Why did you not tell me that you contemplated ambushing those fellows?" asked the sheik in a hurt tone. "We might have had them all instead of killing only two if the seven of us had stopped to meet them."

"It was to prevent the transfer of my own quarrel to another's shoulders that Abdul and I stopped off to question them. Then there is your daughter. I could not be the cause of exposing her needlessly to the marksmanship of six men."

Kadour ben Saden shrugged his shoulders. He did not relish having been cheated out of a fight.

The little battle so close to Bou Saada had drawn out a company of soldiers. Tarzan and his party met them just outside the town. The officer in charge halted them to learn the significance of the shots.

"A handful of marauders," replied Kadour ben Saden. "They attacked two of our number who had dropped behind, but when we returned to them the fellows soon dispersed. They left two dead. None of my party was injured."

This seemed to satisfy the officer, and after taking the names of the party he marched his men on toward the scene of the skirmish to bring back the dead men for purposes of identification if possible.

Two days later Kadour ben Saden, with his daughter and followers, rode south through the pass below Bou Saada, bound for their home in the far wilderness. The sheik had urged Tarzan to accompany him, and the girl had added her entreaties to those of



"Why did you not tell me you contemplated ambushing those fellows?"

her father; but, though he could not explain it to them, Tarzan's duties loomed particularly large after the happenings of the past few days so that he could not think of leaving his post for an instant. But he promised to come later if it lay within his power to do so, and they had to content themselves with that assurance.

During these two days Tarzan had spent practically all his time with Kadour ben Saden and his daughter. He was keenly interested in this race of stern and dignified warriors and embraced the opportunity which their friendship offered to learn what he could of their lives and customs. In his head revolved an idea that when he had completed his mission he would resign and return to live for the remainder of his life with the tribe of Kadour ben Saden.

The front of the Hotel du Petit Saham, where Tarzan stopped in Bou Saada, is taken up with the bar, two dining rooms and the kitchens. Both of the dining rooms open directly off the bar, and one of them is reserved for the use of the officers of the garrison. As you stand in the barroom you may look into either of the dining rooms if you wish.

It was to the bar that Tarzan repaired after speeding Kadour ben Saden and his party on their way. It was yet early in the morning, for Kadour ben Saden had elected to ride far that day, so that it happened that when Tarzan returned there were guests still at breakfast.

As his casual glance wandered into the officers' dining room Tarzan saw something which brought a look of interest to his eyes. Lieutenant Gernois was sitting there, and as Tarzan looked a white-robed Arab approached and, bending, whispered a few words into the lieutenant's ear. Then he passed on out of the building through another door.

In itself the thing was nothing, but as the man had stooped to speak to the officer Tarzan caught sight of something which the accidental parting of the man's burmese revealed—he carried his left arm in a sling.

(To Be Continued.)

## MET WITH A FOUL PLAY

Belief Exists That Vance of Tekamah Murdered in Colorado.

Crestone, Colo., July 2.—S. J. Vance of Tekamah, Neb., is convinced that his brother, Benjamin Vance, the prospector whose body was found in a gully at the base of a cliff near Palo Rita pass, was murdered after locating a promising mineral vein. The body was found after an organized search had been started by the Nebraska man a week ago. His suspicions were aroused when unsatisfactory answers were given him regarding the location of the dead man's mining property. He found his brother's cabin, which revealed many high-grade ore samples, hidden in a secret passageway. Vance disappeared last October. His body was found lying face upward, across a log. Above it rested the dead body of his collie dog, its face resting against that of its dead master. Two holes, apparently made by bullets, and numerous cuts and abrasions were found on Vance's body. His brother asserts that everything indicates the man was murdered, and he has asked the authorities to investigate.



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