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 IX.

Numa "El Adrea."

ON the same day that Kadour ben Saden rode south the diligence from the north brought Tarzan a letter from D'Arnot which had been forwarded from Sidi-bel-Abbes. Here is the letter:

My Dear Jean—Since last I wrote you I have been across to London on a matter of business. I was there but three days. The very first day I came upon an old friend of yours quite unexpectedly in Henrietta street. Now, you never in the world would guess whom. None other than Mr. Samuel T. Philander. But it is true. I can see your look of incredulity. Nor is this all. He insisted that I return to the hotel with him, and there I found the others—Professor Archimedes Q. Porter, Miss Porter and that enormous black woman, Miss Porter's maid, Esmeralda, you will recall. While I was there Clayton came in. They are to be married soon. On account of his father's death it is to be a very quiet affair—only blood relatives.

While I was alone with Mr. Philander the old fellow became rather confidential; said Miss Porter had already postponed the wedding on three different occasions. He confided that it appeared to him that she was not particularly anxious to marry Clayton at all, but this time it seems that it is quite likely to go through.

Of course they all asked after you, but I respected your wishes in the matter of your true origin and only spoke to them of your present affairs.

Miss Porter was especially interested in everything I had to say about you and asked many questions. I am afraid I took a rather unchivalrous delight in picturing your desire and resolve to go back eventually to your native jungle. I was sorry afterward, for it did seem to cause her real anguish to contemplate the awful dangers to which you wished to return. "And yet," she said, "I do not know. There are more unhappy fates that the grim and terrible jungle presents to M. Tarzan. At least his conscience will be free from remorse. At times I long to return there, for I cannot but feel that the happiest moments of my life were spent there."

There was an expression of ineffable sadness on her face as she spoke.

Clayton appeared nervous and ill at ease while you were the subject of conversation. He wore a worried and harassed expression, yet he was very kindly in his expressions of interest in you. I wonder if he suspects the truth about you?

Tennington came in with Clayton. They are great friends, you know. He is about to set out upon one of his interminable cruises in that yacht of his and was urging the entire party to accompany him. Tried to inveigle me into it too. Is thinking of circumnavigating Africa this time.

Yesterday I met the Count and Countess de Coude at the races. They inquired after you. De Coude really seems quite fond of you. Doesn't appear to harbor the least ill will. Olga is as beautiful as ever, but a trifle subdued.

She asked me to tell you that Nikolas had left France. She paid him 20,000 francs to go away and stay. She is congratulating herself that she got rid of him before he tried to carry out a threat he recently made her that he should kill you at the first opportunity.

Have been ordered back to my ship. She sails from Havre in two days under sealed orders. If you will address me in her care the letters will find me eventually. I shall write you as soon as another opportunity presents. Your sincere friend,

PAUL D'ARNOT.

"I fear," mused Tarzan, half aloud, "that Olga has thrown away her 20,000 francs."

He read over that part of D'Arnot's letter several times in which he had quoted from his conversation with Jane Porter. Tarzan derived a rather pathetic happiness from it, but it was better than no happiness at all.

The following three weeks at Bou Saada were quite uneventful. Gernois, never cordial, kept more than ever aloof from Tarzan since the episode in the dining room of the hotel at Aumale. His attitude on the few occasions that they had been thrown together had been distinctly hostile.

That he might keep up the appearance of the character he was playing Tarzan spent considerable time hunting in the vicinity of Bou Saada. Once, probably because of the fact that he rode alone, he was like to have lost his life. He was riding slowly through a little ravine when a shot sounded close behind him and a bullet passed through the cork helmet he wore. Although he turned at once and galloped rapidly to the top of the ravine, there was no sign of any enemy, nor did he see aught of another human being until he reached Bou Saada.

"Yes," he soliloquized in recalling the occurrence. "Olga has indeed thrown away her 20,000 francs."

One night he was Captain Gerard's guest at a little dinner.

"Your hunting has not been very fortunate?" questioned the officer.

"No," replied Tarzan. "I think I shall move on farther south and have a try at some of your Algerian lions."

"Good!" exclaimed the captain. "We are marching toward Djelfa on the morrow. You shall have company that far at least. Lieutenant Gernois and I, with 100 men, are ordered south to patrol a district in which the marauders are giving considerable trouble. Possibly we may have the pleasure of hunting the lion together. What say you?"

Tarzan was more than pleased, nor did he hesitate to say so, but the captain would have been astonished had he known the real reason of Tarzan's pleasure. Gernois was sitting opposite the ape-man. He did not seem so pleased with his captain's invitation.

"You will find lion hunting more exciting than gazelle shooting," remarked Captain Gerard, "and more dangerous."

"Even gazelle shooting has its dangers," replied Tarzan, "especially when one goes alone. I found it so today. I also found that, while the gazelle is the most timid of animals, it is not the most cowardly."

Tarzan saw a dull red creep up from beneath Gernois' collar. He was satisfied and quickly changed the subject.

When the column rode south from Bou Saada the next morning there were half a dozen Arabs bringing up the rear.

"They accompany us on the road for companionship," said Gerard.

Tarzan had learned enough about Arab character since he had been in Algeria to know that this was no real motive, for the Arab is never overfond of the companionship of strangers, and especially of French soldiers.

He was convinced that there were hired assassins on his trail, nor was he in great doubt but that Rokoff was at the bottom of the plot. Whether it was to be revenge or was in some way connected with his mission in the Gernois affair he could not determine. If the latter, and it seemed probable since the evidence he had had that Gernois suspected him, then he had two rather powerful enemies to contend with.

After camping at Djelfa for two days the column moved to the southwest, from whence word had come that the marauders were operating against the tribes whose douars were situated at the foot of the mountains.

The little band of Arabs who had accompanied them from Bou Saada disappeared suddenly the very night that orders had been given to prepare for the morrow's march from Djelfa. Tarzan had seen Gernois in conversation with one of them some half hour after Captain Gerard had issued his instructions relative to the new move. Only Gernois and Tarzan knew the direction of the proposed march.

Late that afternoon they went into camp at a little oasis in which was the douar of a sheik whose flocks were being stolen and whose herdsmen were being killed. Tarzan, who by this time, with the assistance of Abdul, had picked up quite a smattering of Arabic, questioned one of the younger Arabs.

No, he had seen no party of six horsemen riding from the direction of Djelfa. There were other oases scattered about. Possibly they had been journeying to one of these.

Early the next morning Captain Gerard split his command in two, giving Lieutenant Gernois command of one party, while he headed the other. They were to scour the mountains upon opposite sides of the plain.

"And with which detachment will M. Tarzan ride?" asked the captain. "Or maybe it is that monsieur does not care to hunt marauders?"

"Oh, I shall be delighted to go," Tarzan hastened to explain. He was wondering what excuse he could make to accompany Gernois. His embarrassment was short lived and was relieved from a most unexpected source. It was Gernois himself who spoke.

"If my captain will forego the pleasure of M. Tarzan's company for this once I shall esteem it an honor indeed to have monsieur ride with me today," he said, nor was his tone lacking in cordiality—in fact, Tarzan imagined that he had overdone it a trifle.

And so it was that Lieutenant Gernois and Tarzan rode off side by side at the head of the little detachment of spahis. Gernois' cordiality was short lived. No sooner had they ridden out of sight of Captain Gerard and his men than he lapsed once more into his accustomed taciturnity. As they advanced the ground became rougher. Steadily it ascended toward the mountains, into which they filed through a narrow canyon close to noon. By the side of a little rivulet Gernois called the midday halt. Here the men prepared and ate their frugal meal and refilled their canteens.

After an hour's rest they advanced again along the canyon until they presently came to a little valley, from which several rocky gorges diverged.

"We shall separate here," Gernois said, "several riding into each of these gorges." And then he commenced to detail his various squads and issue instructions to the noncommissioned officers who were to command them. When he had done he turned to Tarzan. "Monsieur will be so good as to remain here until we return."

Tarzan demurred, but the officer cut him short. "There may be fighting for one of these sections," he said, "and troops cannot be embarrassed by civilian noncombatants during action." A moment later Tarzan found himself alone in the midst of a desolate mountain fastness.

The sun was hot, so he sought the shelter of a nearby tree, where he tethered his horse and sat down upon the ground to smoke. Inwardly he swore at Gernois for the trick he had played upon him. A mean little revenge, thought Tarzan, and then suddenly it occurred to him that the man would not be such a fool as to antagonize him through a trival annoyance of so petty a description. There must be something deeper than this behind it. With the thought he arose and removed his rifle from its boot. He looked to its loads and saw that the magazine was full. Then he inspected his revolver. After this preliminary precaution he scanned the surrounding heights and the mouths of the several gorges—he was determined that he should not be caught napping.

The sun sank lower and lower, yet there was no sign of returning spahis. At last the valley was submerged in shadow. Tarzan was too proud to go back to camp until he had given the detachment ample time to return to the valley, which he thought was to have been their rendezvous. With the closing in of night he felt safer from attack, for he was at home in the dark, and he fell asleep, with his back against the tree.

He must have slept for several hours, for when he was suddenly awakened by the frightened snorting and plunging of his horse the moon was shining full upon the little valley, and there, not ten paces before him, stood the grim cause of the terror of his mount.

Superb, majestic, his graceful tail extended and quivering, and his two eyes of fire riveted full upon his prey, stood Numa, el adrea, the black lion. A little thrill of joy tingled through Tarzan's nerves. It was like meeting an old friend after years of separation. For a moment he sat rigid to enjoy the magnificent spectacle of this lord of the wilderness.

But now Numa was crouching for the spring. Very slowly Tarzan raised his gun to his shoulder. He had never killed a large animal with a gun in all his life. Heretofore he had depended upon his spear, his poisoned arrows, his rope, his knife or his bare hands. Instinctively he wished that he had his arrows and his knife. He should have felt surer with them.

Numa was lying quite flat upon the ground now, presenting only his head. Tarzan would have preferred to fire a little from one side, for he knew what terrific damage the lion could do if he lived two minutes or even a minute after he was hit. The horse stood trembling in terror at Tarzan's back. The ape-man took a cautious step to one side. Numa but followed him with his eyes. Another step he took and then another. Numa had not moved. Now he could aim at a point between the eye and the ear.

His finger tightened upon the trigger, and as he fired Numa sprang. At the same instant the terrified horse made a last frantic effort to escape. The tether parted, and he went careening down the canyon toward the desert.

No ordinary man could have escaped those frightful claws when Numa sprang from so short a distance. But Tarzan was no ordinary man. From earliest childhood his muscles had been trained by the fierce exigencies of his existence to act with the rapidity of thought. As quick as was el adrea Tarzan of the Apes was quicker, and so the great beast crashed against a tree, where he had expected to feel the soft flesh of man, while Tarzan, a couple of paces to the right, pumped another bullet into him that brought him, clawing and roaring, to his side.

Twice more Tarzan fired in quick succession, and then el adrea lay still and roared no more. It was no longer M. Jean Tarzan. It was Tarzan of the Apes that put a savage foot upon the body of his savage kill and, raising his face to the full moon, lifted his mighty voice in the weird and terrible challenge of his kind—a bull ape had made his kill. And the wild things in the wild mountains stopped in their hunting and trembled at this new and awful voice, while down in the desert the children of the wilderness came out of their goatskin tents and looked toward the mountains, wondering what new and savage scourge had come to devastate their flocks.

CHAPTER X.

Through the Valley of the Shadow.

A HALF mile from the valley in which Tarzan stood a score of white robed figures, bearing long, wicked looking guns, halted at the sound and looked at one another with questioning eyes. But presently, as it was not repeated, they took up their silent, stealthy way toward the valley.

Tarzan was now confident that Gernois had no intention of returning for him, but he could not fathom the object that had prompted the officer to desert him, yet leave him free to return to camp. His horse gone, he decided that it would be foolish to remain longer in the mountains, and so he set out on his lonely way toward the desert.

He had scarcely entered the confines of the canyon when the first of the white robed figures emerged into the valley upon the opposite side. For a moment they scanned the little depression from behind sheltering bowlders, but when they had satisfied themselves that it was empty they advanced across it. Beneath the tree at one side they came upon the body of el adrea. With muttered exclamations they crowded about it. Then, a moment later, they hurried down the canyon which Tarzan was threading a brief distance in advance of them. They moved cautiously and in silence, taking advantage of shelter, as men do who are stalking man.

As Tarzan walked down the wild canyon beneath the brilliant African moon the call of the jungle was strong upon him. The solitude and the savage freedom filled his heart with life and buoyancy. Again he was Tarzan of the Apes—every sense alert against the chance of surprise by some jungle enemy—yet treading lightly and with head erect in proud consciousness of his might.

The nocturnal sounds of the mountains were new to him, yet they fell upon his ears like the soft voice of a half forgotten love. Many he intuitively sensed—ah, there was one that was familiar indeed; the distant coughing of Sheeta, the leopard, but there was a strange note in the final wail which made him doubt. It was a panther he heard.

Presently a new sound—a soft, stealthy sound—obtruded itself among the others. No human ears other than the ape-man's would have detected it. At first he did not translate it, but finally he realized that it came from the bare feet of a number of human beings. They were behind him, and they were coming toward him quietly. He was being stalked.

In a flash he knew why he had been left in that little valley by Gernois, but there had been a hitch in the arrangements—the men had come too late. Closer and closer came the footsteps. Tarzan halted and faced them, his rifle ready in his hand. Now he caught a fleeting glimpse of a white burnoose. He called aloud in French, asking what they would of him. His reply was the flash of a long gun, and with the sound of the shot Tarzan of the Apes plunged forward upon his face.

The Arabs did not rush out immediately; instead, they waited to be sure that their victim did not rise. Then they came rapidly from their concealment and bent over him. It was soon apparent that he was not dead. One of the men put the muzzle of his gun to the back of Tarzan's head to finish him, but another waved him aside. "If we bring him alive the reward is to be greater," explained the latter.

So they bound his hands and feet and, picking him up, placed him on the shoulders of four of their number. Then the march was resumed toward the desert. When they had come out of the mountains they turned toward the south and about daylight came to the spot where their horses stood in care of two of their number.

From here on their progress was more rapid. Tarzan, who had regained consciousness, was tied to a spare horse, which they evidently had brought for the purpose. His wound was but a slight scratch, which had furrowed the flesh across his temple. It had stopped bleeding, but the dried and clotted blood smeared his face and clothing. He had said no word since he had fallen into the hands of these Arabs nor had they addressed him other than to issue a few brief commands to him when the horses had been reached.

For six hours they rode rapidly across the burning desert, avoiding the oases near which their way led. About noon they came to a douar of about twenty tents. Here they halted, and as one of the Arabs was releasing the alfa grass ropes which bound him to his mount they were surrounded by a mob of men, women and children. Many of the tribe, and more especially the women, appeared to take delight in heaping insults upon the prisoner, and some had even gone so far as to throw stones at him and strike him with sticks when an old sheik appeared and drove them away.

"All ben Ahmed tells me," he said, "that this man sat alone in the mountains and slew el adrea. What the business of the stranger who sent us after him may be I know not, and what he may do with this man when we turn him over to him I care not, but the prisoner is a brave man, and while he is in our hands he shall be treated with the respect that be due one who hunts the lord with the large head alone and by night—and slays him."

Tarzan had heard the respect in which Arabs held a lion killer, and he was not sorry that chance had played into his hands thus favorably to relieve him of the petty tortures of the tribe. Shortly after this he was taken to a goatskin tent upon the upper side of the douar. There he was fed, and then, securely bound, was left lying on a piece of native carpet alone in the tent.

He could see a guard sitting before the door of his frail prison, but when he attempted to force the stout bonds that held him he realized that any extra precaution on the part of his captors was quite unnecessary—not even his giant muscles could part those numerous strands.

Just before dusk several men approached the tent where he lay and entered it. All were in Arab dress, but presently one of the number advanced to Tarzan's side, and as he let the folds of cloth that had hidden the lower half of his face fall away the ape-man saw the malevolent features of Nikolas Rokoff. There was a nasty smile on the bearded lips.

"Ah, M. Tarzan," he said, "this is indeed a pleasure. But why do you not arise and greet your guest?"

He Kicked Tarzan Heavily In the Side

Then, with an ugly oath, "Get up, you dog!" And, drawing back his booted foot, he kicked Tarzan heavily in the side. "And here is another and another and another," he continued as he kicked Tarzan about the face and side, "one for each of the injuries you have done me."

The ape-man made no reply. He did not even deign to look upon the Russian again after the first glance of recognition. Finally the sheik, who had been standing a mute and frowning witness of the cowardly attack, intervened.

"Stop!" he commanded. "Kill him if you will, but I will see no brave man subjected to such indignities in my presence. I have half a mind to turn him loose that I may see how long you would kick him then."

This threat put a sudden end to Rokoff's brutality, for he had no craving to see Tarzan loosed from his bonds while he was within reach of those powerful hands.

"Very well," he replied to the Arab. "I shall kill him presently."

"Not within the precincts of my douar," returned the sheik. "When he leaves here he leaves alive. What you do with him in the desert is none of my concern, but I shall not have the blood of a Frenchman on the hands of my tribe on account of another man's quarrel. They would send soldiers here and kill many of my people and burn our tents and drive away our flocks."

"As you say," growled Rokoff. "I'll take him out into the desert below the douar and dispatch him."

"You will take him a day's ride from my country," said the sheik firmly, "and some of my children shall follow you to see that you do not disobey me. Otherwise there may be two dead Frenchmen in the desert."

Rokoff shrugged. "Then I shall have to wait until tomorrow. It is already dark."

"As you will," said the sheik. "But by an hour after dawn you must be gone from my douar. I have little liking for unbelievers and none at all for a coward."

Rokoff would have made some kind of retort, but he checked himself, for he realized that it would require but little excuse for the old man to turn upon him. Together they left the tent. At the door Rokoff could not resist the temptation to turn and fling a parting taunt at Tarzan.

"Sleep well, monsieur," he said, "and do not forget to pray well, for when you die tomorrow it will be in such agony that you will be unable to pray for blaspheming."

No one had bothered to bring Tarzan either food or water since noon, and consequently he suffered considerably from thirst. He wondered if it would be worth while to ask his guard for water, but, after making two or three requests without receiving any response, he decided that it would not.

Far up in the mountains he heard a lion roar. How much safer one was, he soliloquized, in the haunts of wild beasts than in the haunts of men. Never in all his jungle life had he been more relentlessly tracked down than in the past few months of his experience among civilized men. Never had he been any nearer death.

Again the lion roared. It sounded a little nearer. Tarzan felt the old, wild impulse to reply with the challenge of his kind. His kind? He had almost forgotten that he was a man and not an ape. He tugged at his bonds. God, if he could but get them near those strong teeth of his! He felt a wild wave of madness sweep over him as his efforts to regain his liberty met with failure.

Numa was roaring almost continually now. It was quite evident that he was coming down into the desert to hunt. It was the roar of a hungry lion. Tarzan envied him, for he was free. No one would tie him with ropes and slaughter him like a sheep. It was that which galled the ape-man. He did not fear to die, no—it was the humiliation of defeat before death, without even a chance to battle for his life.

It must be near midnight, thought Tarzan. He had several hours to live. Possibly he would yet find a way to take Rokoff with him on the long journey. He could hear the savage lord of the desert quite close by now. Possibly he sought his meat from among the penned animals within the douar.

For a long time silence reigned, then Tarzan's trained ears caught the sound of a stealthily moving body. It came from the side of the tent nearest the mountains—the back. Nearer and nearer it came. He waited, listening intently, for it to pass. For a time there was silence without, such a terrible silence that Tarzan was surprised that he did not hear the breathing of the animal he felt sure must be crouching close to the back wall of his tent.

There! It is moving again. Closer it creeps. Tarzan turns his head in the direction of the sound. The inside of the tent is black as ink. Slowly the back rises from the ground, forced up by the head and shoulders of a body that looks all black in the blackness. Beyond is a faint glimpse of the dimly moonlighted desert.

A grim smile plays about Tarzan's lips. At least Rokoff will be cheated. How mad he will be! And death will be more merciful than he could have hoped for at the hands of the Russian.

Now the back of the tent drops into place and all is darkness again—whatever it is is inside the tent with him. He hears it creeping close to him—now it is beside him. He closes his eyes and waits for the mighty paw. Upon his upturned face falls the gentle touch of a soft hand groping in the dark, and then a girl's voice in a scarcely audible whisper pronounces his name.

"Yes, it is I," he whispers in reply. "But in the name of heaven who are you?"

"The Ouled-Nail of Sidi Aissa," came the answer. While she spoke Tarzan could feel her working about his bonds. Occasionally the cold steel of a knife touched his flesh. A moment later he was free.

"Come!" she whispered.

On hands and knees he followed her out of the tent by the way she had come. She continued crawling thus flat to the ground until she reached a little patch of shrub. There she halted until he gained her side. For a moment he looked at her before he spoke.

"I cannot understand," he said at last. "Why are you here? How did you know that I was a prisoner in that tent? How does it happen that it is you who have saved me?"

She smiled. "I have come a long way tonight," she said, "and we have a long way to go before we shall be out of danger. Come; I shall tell you all about it as we go."

(To Be Continued.)

AFTER MISSOURI PACIFIC

House to Inquire Into Its Default on Subsidy Bonds.

Washington, July 8.—The house passed the resolution of Congressman Barton of Nebraska requiring the secretary of the treasury to send to the house important information now in the files of the treasury department concerning government bonds of the Missouri Pacific railroad covering the 166 miles of railroad extending from Atchison to Waterville, Kan.

The said bonds were issued by the government when that line was owned by the central branch of the Union Pacific before taken over by the Missouri Pacific.

In explaining this resolution of inquiry Mr. Barton said that the Missouri Pacific has issued bonds to the government in the sum of $1,600,000, that the accrued interest in all makes that amount now nearly $4,000,000, that the road never has paid any part of the principal or interest, being the only road in the United States that has not made good on its subsidy bond.

Votes to Extend Trolley Franchise.

Kansas City, July 8.—Kansas City voted to extend the franchise of the Metropolitan Street Railroad company nineteen years. The franchise carried by about 7,000 votes. Under its terms a fare of 5 cents will be charged.

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DISTRICT ATTORNEY SMITH

Seeking to Solve the Baffling Murder Mystery That Arouses Country.

Photo by American Press Association.

RAMSOM NOT PAID, ZAPATA SLAYS MAN

Juan Velaso Executed When Delivery is Delayed.

Vera Cruz, Mexico, July 8.—Delay in the payment of a ransom of 1,000,000 pesos has resulted in the execution by Zapatistas of Juan Velasco, the manager of a cotton manufacturing concern, who was taen prisoner near Atlixco, state of Puebla, according to Velasco's brother, who left Vera Cruz to obtain his release, but returned from his unsuccessful mission.

The prisoner was compelled to send to the officials of the company in Puebla the demand for the ransom and Velasco's brother started out immediately to aid him. He proceeded as far as Apizaco, near Puebla, where he was going to get in touch with the Zapatistas, when he was informed that the captive already had been killed.

FUNSTON REPORTS FIGTHING

Washington Interested In Reports of Mutiny of Huerta Troops.

Washington, July 8.—The mutiny which has broken out among Mexican federal soldiers near American outposts at Vera Cruz was a subject of keen interest in American official quarters and several messages on the subject were received from General Funston, who reported that fighting between the federals and mutineers was in progress.

Funston reported the Mexican commander had informed him of the uprising and of the threat of the mutineers to attack the American lines.

According to a personal message from Villa, received in Washington from Torreon, differences between himself and Carranza are being satisfactorily adjusted.

Four Federal Officers Executed.

Nogales, Ariz., July 8.—Four federal officers were captured during the fighting near Guaymas and immediately executed, according to reports received by Constitutionalist officials. Thirty-four soldiers also were taken.

ILLINOIS MINERS IDLE

Forty Thousand Are Out of Work, Says Secretary McDonald.

Springfield, Ill., July 8.—A desperate condition in the coal mining industry in Illinois was depicted by Duncan McDonald, secretary-treasurer of the Illinois mine workers, addressing the state efficiency and economy committee at its meeting at the state house, considering reorganization of the labor and mining agencies of Illinois. Forty thousand of the 90,000 members of his order in the state are out of work, said Mr. McDonald, because of the overdoing of the coal mining industry in Illinois.

"Many of these miners are on the verge of starvation," said the speaker, "as we have not enough money in our relief fund to supply them all. Eighteen mining companies failed last year and probably more than that number will fail this year. Too many mines are being opened. There should be a law here like that in Germany, restricting the opening of new mines."

Orient Contractors Also Bankrupt.

Kansas City, July 7.—The three construction companies which built the Kansas City, Mexico and Orient railway and which went into bankruptcy with the road, were auctioned off on the steps of the federal building here for 5 cents on the dollar. Benjamin S. Harmon of New York City, representing the stockholders' committee, bought all three companies for an aggregate of $145,000.

No Public Funeral For Anarchists.

New York, July 8.—The public funeral and demonstration planned for Saturday by anarchists and others in honor of three men and the woman killed by the bomb explosion of July 4 has been called off. It is possible the victims will be cremated and the public funeral held over the ashes.