

THE SON OF TARZAN

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Illustrated by Dorothy Dulin



IT WAS about this time that a runner brought a letter that, when she learned the contents, filled Meriem with excitement. Visitors were coming! A number of English ladies and gentlemen had accepted My Dear's invitation to spend a month of hunting and exploring with them.

Meriem was all expectancy. What would these strangers be like? Would they be as nice to her as had Bwana and My Dear, or would they be like the other white folk she had known—cruel and relentless? My Dear assured her that they all were gentlefolk, and that she would find them kind, considerate and honorable.

To My Dear's surprise there was none of the shyness of the wild creature in Meriem's anticipation of the visit of strangers.

She looked forward to their coming with curiosity and with a certain pleasurable anticipation when once she was assured that they would not bite her. In fact, she appeared no different than would any pretty young miss who had learned of the expected coming of company.

Korak's image was still often in her thoughts, but it aroused now a less well-defined sense of bereavement. A quiet sadness pervaded Meriem when she thought of him, but the poignant grief of her loss when it was young no longer goaded her to desperation.

Yet she was still loyal to him. She still hoped that some day he would find her, nor did she doubt for a moment but that he was searching for her if he still lived.

It was this last suggestion that caused her the greatest perturbation. Korak might be dead. It hardly seemed possible that one so well equipped to meet the emergencies of jungle life should have succumbed so young, yet when she had last seen him he had been beset by a horde of armed warriors; and should he have returned to the village again, as she well knew he must have, he may have been killed.

Even her Korak could not single-handed slay an entire tribe.

AT LAST the visitors arrived. There were three men and two women—the wives of the two older men. The youngest member of the party was the Hon. Morison Baynes, a young man of considerable wealth, who, having exhausted all the possibilities for pleasure offered by the capitals of Europe, had gladly seized upon this opportunity to turn to another continent for excitement and adventure.

He looked upon all things non-European as rather more or less impossible; still he was not at all averse to enjoying the novelty of unaccustomed places and making the most of strangers indigenous thereto, however unspeakable they might have seemed to him at home. In manner he was suave and courteous to all—if possible a trifle more punctilious toward those he considered of meaner clay than toward the few he mentally admitted to equality.

Nature had favored him with a splendid physique and a handsome face, and also with sufficient good judgment to appreciate that, while he might enjoy the contemplation of his superiority to the masses, there was little likelihood of the masses being equally entranced by the same cause. And so he easily maintained the reputation of being a most democratic and likable fellow—and indeed he was likable. Just a shade of his egotism was occasionally apparent—never sufficient to become a burden to his associates.

And this, briefly, was the Hon. Morison Baynes of luxurious European civ-

lization. What would be the Hon. Morison Baynes of central Africa it were difficult to guess.

Meriem at first was shy and reserved in the presence of the strangers. Her benefactors had seen fit to ignore mention of her strange past, and so she passed as their ward, whose antecedents not having been mentioned were not to be inquired into. The guests found her sweet and unassuming, laughing, vivacious, and a never-exhausted storehouse of quaint and interesting jungle lore.

She had ridden much during her year with Bwana and My Dear. She knew each favorite clump of concealing reeds along the river that the buffalo loved best. She knew a dozen places where lions laired, and every drinking hole in the drier country twenty-five miles back from the river. With unerring precision that was almost uncanny she could track the largest or the smallest beast to his hiding place.

But the thing that baffled them all was her instant consciousness of the presence of carnivora that others, exerting their faculties to the utmost, could neither see nor hear.

The Hon. Morison Baynes found Meriem a most beautiful and charming companion. He was delighted with her from the first. Particularly so, it is possible, because he had not thought to find companionship of this sort upon the African estate of his London friends. They were together a great deal, as they were the only unmarried couple in the little company.

Meriem, entirely unaccustomed to the companionship of such as Baynes, was fascinated by him. His tales of the great, gay cities with which he was familiar filled her with admiration and with wonder. If the Hon. Morison always shone to advantage in these narratives, Meriem saw in that fact but a natural consequence to his presence upon the scene of his story—wherever Morison might be, he must be a hero. So thought the girl.

With the actual presence and companionship of the young Englishman the image of Korak became less real. Where before it had been an actuality to her, she now realized that Korak was but a memory. To that memory she still was loyal; but what weight has a memory in the presence of a fascinating reality?

Meriem had never accompanied the men upon a hunt since the arrival of the guests. She never had cared particularly for the sport of killing. The tracking she enjoyed; but the mere killing for the sake of killing she could not find pleasure in—little savage she had been, and still to some measure was.

When Bwana had gone forth to shoot for meat she had always been his enthusiastic companion, but with the coming of the London guests the hunting had deteriorated into mere killing. Slaughter the host would not permit; yet the purpose of the hunts was for heads and skins, and not for food.

SO Meriem remained behind and spent her days either with My Dear upon the shaded veranda or riding her favorite pony across the plains or to the forest edge. Here she would leave him untethered while she discarded nonessentials and took to the trees for the unalloyed pleasures of a return to the wild, free existence of her earlier childhood.

Then would come again visions of Korak, and, tired at last of leaping and swinging through the trees, she would stretch herself comfortably upon a branch and dream.

And presently, as today, she found the features of Korak slowly dissolving and merging into those of another; and the figure of a tanned, half naked Tarman-

gani became a khaki-clothed and sturdy Englishman astride a hunting pony.

And while she dreamed there came to her ears from a distance, faintly, the terrified bleating of a kid. Meriem was instantly alert. You or I, even had we been able to hear the pitiful wail at so great a distance, could not have interpreted it; but to Meriem it meant a species of terror that afflicts the ruminant when a carnivore is near and escape impossible.

It had been both a pleasure and a sport of Korak's to rob Numa of his prey whenever possible, and Meriem, too, had often joyed in the thrill of snatching some dainty morsel almost from the very jaws of the king of beasts.

Now, at the sound of the kid's bleat, all the well-remembered thrills recurred. Instantly she was all excitement to play again the game of hide-and-seek with death.

Already she had discarded her riding skirt—it was a heavy handicap to successful travel in the trees. Her boots and stockings had followed the skirt, for the bare sole of the human foot does not slip upon dry or even wet bark as does the hard leather of a boot.

SHE would have liked to discard her riding breeches as well, but a year of motherly admonitions on the part of My Dear had almost convinced Meriem that it was not good form to go naked through the world.

At her hip hung a hunting knife. Her rifle was still in its boot at her pony's withers. Her revolver she had not brought.

The kid was still bleating as Meriem started rapidly in its direction, which she knew was straight toward a certain water-hole which had once been famous as a rendezvous for lions. Of late there had been no evidences of carnivora in the neighborhood of this drinking place; but Meriem was positive that the bleating of the kid was due to the presence of either a lion or a panther.

But she would soon know, for she was rapidly approaching the terrified animal. She wondered as she hastened onward that the sounds continued to come from the same point. Why did the kid not run away?

And then she came in sight of the little animal, and knew. The kid was tethered to a stake beside the water-hole!

Meriem paused in the branches of a near-by tree and scanned the surrounding clearing with quick, penetrating eyes. Where was the hunter? Bwana and his people did not hunt thus. Who could have tethered this poor little beast as a lure to Numa? Bwana never countenanced such acts in his country, and his word was law among those who hunted within a radius of many miles of his estate.

Some wandering savages, doubtless, thought Meriem; but where were they? Not even her keen eyes could discover them. And where was Numa? Why had he not long since sprung upon this delicious and defenseless morsel? That he was close by was attested by the pitiful crying of the kid.

Ah! Now she saw him. He was lying close in a clump of brush a few yards to her right. The kid was down wind from him and getting the full benefit of his terrorizing scent, which did not reach Meriem.

To circle to the opposite side of the clearing where the trees approached closer to the kid, to leap quickly to the little animal's side and cut the tether that held him would be the work of but a moment. In that moment Numa might charge, and then there would be scarce time to regain the safety of the trees; yet it might be done. Meriem had es-

caped from closer quarters than that many times before.

The doubt that gave her momentary pause was caused by fear of the unseen hunters more than by fear of Numa. If they were stranger blacks, the spears that they held in readiness for Numa might as readily be loosed upon whoever dared release their bait as upon the prey they sought thus to trap.

Again the kid struggled to be free. Again his piteous wail touched the tender heartstrings of the girl. Tossing discretion aside, she commenced to circle the clearing. Only from Numa did she attempt to conceal her presence.

At last she reached the opposite trees. An instant she paused to look toward the great lion, and at the same moment she saw the huge beast rise slowly to his full height. A low roar betokened that he was ready.

Meriem loosened her knife and leaped to the ground. A quick run brought her to the side of the kid. Numa saw her. He lashed his tail against his tawny sides. He roared terribly; but for an instant he remained where he stood—surprised into inaction, doubtless, by the strange apparition that had sprung so unexpectedly from the jungle.

Other eyes were upon Meriem, too—eyes in which were no less surprise than that reflected in the yellow-green orbs of the carnivore. A white man, hiding in a thorn boma, half rose as the young girl leaped into the clearing and dashed toward the kid.

He saw Numa hesitate. He raised his rifle and covered the beast's breast. The girl reached the kid's side. Her knife flashed, and the little prisoner was free. With a parting bleat it dashed off into the jungle.

Then the girl turned to retreat toward the safety of the tree from which she had dropped so suddenly and unexpectedly into the surprised view of the lion, the kid and the strange white man.

As she turned the girl's face was turned toward the hunter. His eyes went wide as he saw her features. He gave a little gasp of surprise; but now the lion demanded all his attention—the baffled, angry beast was charging.

His breast was still covered by the motionless rifle. The man could have fired and stopped the charge at once; but for some reason, since he had seen the girl's face, he hesitated. Could it be that he did not care to save her? Or did he prefer, if possible, to remain unseen by her?

It must have been the latter cause which kept the trigger-finger of the steady hand from exerting the little pressure that would have brought the great beast at least to a temporary pause.

Like an eagle the man watched the race for life the girl was making. A second or two measured the time which the whole exciting event consumed from the moment that the lion broke into his charge. Nor once did the rifle sights fail to cover the broad breast or the tawny side as the lion's course took him a little to the man's left.

Once, at the very last moment, when escape seemed impossible, the hunter's finger tightened ever so little upon the trigger; but almost coincidentally the girl leaped for an overhanging branch—but the lion leaped, too!

CHAPTER XVIII

The Hon. Morison.

BUT the nimble Meriem had swung herself beyond the lion's reach without a second or an inch to spare.

The man breathed a sigh of relief as he lowered his rifle. He saw the girl fling a grimace at the angry, roaring, man-eater beneath her, and then, laughing, speed away into the forest. For an hour the lion remained about the water hole. A hundred times could the hunter have bagged his prey. Why did he fail to do