The Son of Tarzan

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

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"Here we are at last," said Hanson. He drew his revolver and fired in the air. Instantly the camp across the river was astir. Black men ran down to the river's bank. Hanson hailed them. But there was no sign of the Hon. Morison Baynes.

In accordance with their master's instructions the blacks manned a canoe and rowed across. Hanson placed Meriem in the little craft and entered it himself, leaving two boys to watch the horses, which the canoe was to return for and swim across to the camp side of the river.

Once in the camp Meriem asked for Baynes. For the moment her fears had been allayed by the sight of the camp, which she had come to look upon as more or less of a myth. Hanson pointed toward the single tent that stood in the center of the inclosure.

"There," he said, and preceded her toward it. At the entrance he held the flap aside and motioned her within. Meriem entered and looked about. The tent was empty.

She turned toward Hanson. There was a broad grin on his face.

"Where is Mr. Baynes?" she demanded.

"He ain't here," replied Hanson. "Leastwise I don't see him, do you? But I'm here, and I'm a better man than that thing ever was. You don't need him no more—you got me," and he laughed uproariously and reached for her.

Meriem was looking full into his face as she fought for freedom when there came over her a sudden recollection of a similar scene in which she had been a participant and with it full recognition of her assailant. He was the Swede Malbihn, who had attacked her once before, who had shot his companion, who would have saved her and from whom she had been rescued by Bwana.

His smooth face had deceived her, but now, with the growing beard and the similarity of conditions, recognition came swift and sure.

But today there would be no Bwana to save her!

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As Meriem struggled with Malbihn hope died within her. She did not utter a sound, for she knew that there was none to come to her assistance, and, besides, the jungle training of her earlier life had taught her the futility of appeals for succor in the savage world of her upbringing.

But as she fought to free herself one hand came in contact with the butt of Malbihn's revolver where it rested in the holster at his hip. Slowly her fingers encircled the coveted prize and drew it from its resting place. She leveled it at his breast, but the hammer fell futilely upon an empty chamber.

For a moment she eluded Malbihn and ran toward the entrance to the tent, but at the very doorway his heavy hand fell upon her shoulders and dragged her back. Wheeling upon him with the fury of a wounded lioness, Meriem grasped the long revolver by the barrel, swung it high above her head and crashed it down full in Malbihn's face.

With an oath of pain and rage the man staggered backward, releasing his hold upon her, and then sank unconscious to the ground. Without a backward look Meriem turned and fled into the open.

Crashed It Down Full in Malbihn's Face.

Several of the blacks saw her and tried to intercept her flight, but the menace of the harmless weapon kept them at a distance.

And so she won beyond the encircling boma and disappeared into the jungle to the south.

Straight into the branches of a tree she went, true to the arboreal instincts of the little Mangani she had been, and there she stripped off her riding skirt, her shoes and her stockings, for she knew that she had before her a journey and a flight which would not brook the burden of these garments.

She had not gone far before she commenced to realize how slight were her chances for survival without means of defense or a weapon to bring down meat. Why had she not thought to strip the cartridge belt from Malbihn's waist before she had left his tent? With cartridges for the revolver she might hope to bag small game and to protect herself from all but the most ferocious of the enemies that would beset her way back to the beloved hearthstone of Bwana and My Dear.

With the thought came determination to return and obtain the coveted ammunition. She realized that she was taking great chances of recapture. But without means of defense and of obtaining meat she felt that she could never hope to reach safety. And so she turned her face back toward the camp from which she had but just escaped.

She thought Malbihn dead, so terrific a blow had she dealt him, and she hoped to find an opportunity after dark to enter the camp and search his tent for the cartridge belt. But scarcely had she found a hiding place in a great tree at the edge of the boma, where she could watch without danger of being discovered, than she saw the Swede emerge from his tent, wiping blood from his face and hurling a volley of oaths and questions at his terrified followers.

Shortly after the entire camp set forth in search of her, and when Meriem was positive that all were gone she descended from her hiding place and ran quickly across the clearing to Malbihn's tent. A hasty survey of the interior revealed no ammunition, but in one corner was a box in which were packed the Swede's personal belongings that he had sent along by his head man to this westerly camp.

Meriem seized upon the receptacle as the possible container of extra ammunition. Quickly she loosed the cords that held the canvas covering about the box and a moment later had raised the lid and was rummaging through the heterogeneous accumulation of odds and ends within.

There were letters and papers and cuttings from old newspapers, and among other things the photograph of a little girl upon the back of which was pasted a clipping from a Paris daily, a clipping that she had no time to read, yellowed and dimmed by age and handling. But something about the photograph of the little girl which was also reproduced in the newspaper clipping held her attention.

Where had she seen that picture before? And then, quite suddenly, it came to her that this was a picture of herself, taken years and years before!

Where had it been taken? How had it come into the possession of this man? Why had it been reproduced in a newspaper? What was the story that the faded type told of it?

Meriem was baffled by the puzzle that her search for ammunition had revealed. She stood gazing at the faded photograph for a time and then bethought herself of the ammunition for which she had come. Turning again to the box, she rummaged to the bottom, and there in a corner she came upon a little box of cartridges.

A single glance assured her that they were intended for the weapon she had thrust inside the band of her riding breeches, and, slipping them into her pocket, she turned once more for an examination of the baffling likeness of herself that she held in her hand.

As she stood thus in vain endeavor to fathom this inexplicable mystery the sound of voices broke upon her ears. Instantly she was all alert. They were coming closer. A second later she recognized the lurid profanity of the Swede. Malbihn was returning!

She thrust the photograph into her waist. Quickly she slipped a cartridge into each of the chambers of the revolver. Then she backed toward the end of the tent, keeping the entrance covered by her weapon.

The men stopped outside, and Meriem could hear Malbihn profanely issuing instructions. He was a long time about it, and while he talked in his bellowing, brutish voice the girl sought some avenue of escape.

Stooping, she raised the bottom of the canvas and looked beneath and beyond. There was no one in sight upon that side. Throwing herself upon her stomach, she wormed beneath the tent wall just as Malbihn, with a final word to his men, entered the tent.

Meriem heard him cross the floor, and then she rose and, stooping low, ran to a native hut directly behind. Once inside this she turned and glanced back. There was no one in sight. She had not been seen.

And now from Malbihn's tent she heard a great cursing. The Swede had discovered the rifling of his box. He was shouting to his men, and as she heard them reply Meriem darted from the hut and ran toward the edge of the boma farthest from Malbihn's tent.

Two minutes' start of any pursuers was all Meriem cared for. Once in the trees she knew that she could outdistance and elude them.

Her hopes were high. They could not overtake her now; she had had too good a start of them!

There was a smile on her lips as she dropped to the ground to cross a little clearing where once had stood a native village surrounded by its fields. The huts still stood in ruins.

The deserted huts were to her all the better because they were deserted. She did not see the keen eyes watching her from a dozen points, from tumbling doorways, from behind tottering granaries. In utter unconsciousness of impending danger she started up the village street because it offered the clearest pathway to the jungle.

CHAPTER XV.

Morison Squares Accounts.

A mile away toward the east, fighting his way through the jungle along the trail taken by Malbihn when he had brought Meriem to his camp, a man in torn khaki, filthy, haggard, unkempt, came to a sudden stop as the report of a rifle resounded faintly through the tangled forest. The black man just ahead of him stopped too.

"We are almost there, Bwana," he said. There was awe and respect in his tone and manner.

The white man nodded and motioned his ebon guide forward once more. It was the Hon. Morison Baynes, the fastidious, the exquisite. His face and hands were scratched and smeared with dried blood from the wounds he had come by in thorn and thicket. His clothes were tatters. But through the blood and the dirt and the rags a new Baynes shone forth—a handsomer Baynes than the dandy and fop of yore.

As the two forged ahead toward their goal they were startled by a volley of shots ahead of them. Then came a few scattering reports, some savage yells and silence.

Baynes was frantic in his endeavors to advance more rapidly, but here the jungle seemed a thousandfold more tangled than before. A dozen times he tripped and fell. Twice the black followed a blind trail, and they were forced to retrace their steps, but at last they came out into a little clearing near the big ati, a clearing that once had held a thriving village, but now lay desolate in decay and ruin.

In the jungle vegetation that overgrew what had once been the main village street lay the body of a black man, pierced through the heart with a bullet and still warm. Baynes and his companion looked about in all directions, but no sign of a living being could they discover. They stood in silence, listening intently.

What was that? Voices and the dip of paddles out upon the river?

Baynes ran across the dead village toward the fringe of jungle upon the river's brim. The black was at his side. Together they forced their way

Malbihn Dropped His Rifle and Clutched Frantically at His Breast.

through the screening foliage until they could obtain a view of the river, and there, almost to the other shore, they saw Malbihn's canoes making rapidly for camp.

The black recognized his companions immediately.

"How can we cross?" asked Baynes.

The black shook his head. There was no canoe, and the crocodiles made it equivalent to suicide to enter the water in an attempt to swim across.

Just then the fellow chanced to glance downward. Beneath him, wedged among the branches of a tree, lay a canoe.

The negro grasped Baynes' arm and pointed toward his find. The Hon. Morison could scarce repress a shout of exultation. Quickly the two slid down the drooping branches into the boat. The black seized the paddle, and Baynes shoved them out from beneath the tree. A second later the canoe shot out upon the bosom of the river and headed toward the opposite shore and the camp of the Swede.

Baynes squatted in the bow, straining his eyes after the men pulling the other canoes upon the bank across from him. He saw Malbihn step from the bow of the foremost of the little craft. He saw him turn and glance back across the river. He could see his start of surprise as his eyes fell upon the pursuing canoe and called the attention of his followers to it.

Now the canoe was within easy speaking distance of the shore.

"What do you want?" yelled Malbihn, raising his weapon threateningly.

"You, hang you!" shouted Baynes, whipping out his revolver and firing almost simultaneously with the Swede.

As the two reports rang out Malbihn dropped his rifle, clutched frantically at his breast, staggered, fell, first to his knees and then lunged upon his face. Baynes stiffened. His head flew back spasmodically. For an instant he stood thus and then crumpled very gently into the bottom of the boat.

Baynes turned weakly in the direction of the shore, to see Malbihn drawn up upon his elbows, leveling his rifle at him. The Englishman slid to the bottom of the canoe as a bullet whizzed above him. Malbihn, sore hit, took longer in aiming, nor was his aim as sure as formerly.

With difficulty Baynes turned himself over on his stomach and, grasping his revolver in his right hand, drew himself up until he could look over the edge of the canoe.

Malbihn saw him instantly and fired, but Baynes did not flinch or duck. With painstaking care he aimed at the target upon the shore, away from which he now was drifting with the current. His finger closed upon the trigger. There was a flash, a report, and Malbihn's giant frame jerked to the impact of another bullet.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A loud voice is a powerful weapon of defense and offense.

Loganberry Juice May Soon Become Popular Among the "Soft" Drinks in Demand

"Soft drinks"—"soft" in slang meaning "easy to get"—may attain new importance. Soft drinks made from fruit juices doubtless will attract many new devotees, who will find that beverages made from pure fruit juices are decidedly healthful, cooling, refreshing and invigorating, says the United States department of agriculture.

Because of its pleasant flavor, the juice of the Logan blackberry, commonly known as the loganberry, is very popular as a beverage. The berry is also used in making jams, jellies and soda-fountain sirups. Methods of extracting and treating the juice are constantly being bettered. This industry, already a large one, is growing rapidly.

Loganberry juice is naturally so sour that it is necessary both to dilute and to sweeten it to obtain a drinkable article. The berry has a characteristic flavor. It somewhat resembles that of the raspberry, both red and black, but is more acid than either.

Adding enough sugar to reduce sufficiently the tartness of the juice makes a product too sirupy to drink, unless it is diluted at the same time. The sirup prepared for soda-fountain use is not diluted until sold over the counter. Some of the sweetened but undiluted juices have been labeled by manufacturers as "concentrated." This description is unwarranted, as the juices have not been concentrated or evaporated, but simply sweetened. They should be properly labeled as loganberry sirups.

Locusts as Food Date Back to the Days of John the Baptist, and Others

It was not necessary for a learned entomologist in the Johns Hopkins faculty to prove the edibility of locusts by eating a few of them and surviving the experiment. For unnumbered centuries these insects have been an occasional, but considerable, part of the diet of millions of people in several parts of the world, and if ever those people hear of the Johns Hopkins man's exploit they will smile superiorly and wonder at the belatedness of his audacity. The history of John the Baptist is not the only recorded instance in which empirical persons have anticipated the scientist.

Of course, locusts are edible; so are hundreds of other insects—thousands of them, probably—and it might not be at all injudicious at this time, when so much of the world's population is going hungry, if more attention were bestowed on what is, after all, the largest of new food sources. Still, the locusts in this country are not in much danger as a result of the professor's revelation, even though he does say that they taste like shrimp.

JUST TO SMILE

Oh, Fudge.

"What's all that noise, all that hubbub in the shops?"

"We manufacture tennis goods."

"Well?"

"And that fellow is making a racket."

Had Only to Act Natural.

Youth—I don't want to take that character. I'll make a fool of myself.

Lady Stage Manager — Well, you said you wanted an easy part.

The Difference.

"What's the difference between baseball and trigonometry?"

"Give it up."

"A woman will pretend to be interested when you're trying to explain baseball to her."

A Desirable Entertainment.

"A successful man must study the faults of others."

"Well, I don't know that it will make a man successful, but it ought to be a delightful study."

The Popular Fad.

"Everybody seems to be affected with it."

"What?"

"The strike fever."

"What's happened now?"

"The wife and children have struck for more spending money."

Sensitive.

Mrs. Newgilt—What is your objection to buying that lovely French bulldog?

Her Husband—I won't stand for a dog that turns up his nose at me.

Bird Census.

According to the conclusions reached by the government investigators who took the federal bird census several years ago, breeding birds prefer to set up housekeeping and raise their families in the thickly inhabited centers of population. Another instance of flocking to the cities!

The Army Worm and Its Control

How to Dispose of Pest Which Swoops Down on All Green Crops

The army worm that has been doing so much damage to corn, wheat and green crops in various sections of the country, is the caterpillar form of a moth that flies only at night, according to Frank B. Wade, deputy entomologist for the Indiana state conservation commission. In a bulletin issued by the commission, Mr. Wade describes the family history of the pest and tells the most approved methods of fighting it.

"To begin with," said Mr. Wade, "the moth is about one and one-half inches across the spread wings and is brownish gray in color. The caterpillar, when full grown, is about one and one-half inches long, is smooth, and is usually greenish in general color with one broad stripe of dark gray or black down the middle of the back and with a narrower stripe of the same color on either side. The broad stripe usually has a fine light broken stripe running down its center. The head is greenish-brown, speckled with black.

"It is this caterpillar form that does the damage by eating every green thing within reach. So numerous do they sometimes become that one can actually hear them eat in concert. When they have cleaned up on the food supply in one field they move en masse to an adjoining field, and thus comes about the familiar name of army worm.

"The full grown caterpillar ceases to feed and goes into the pupa or resting state after from three to four weeks of feeding. Here it remains beneath the surface of the soil, as a rule, for about two weeks. The pupae look something like date seeds. The moth on emerging from the pupal case dries its wings and flies away to mate. The eggs are then laid usually in the folded part of grass blades, and they hatch in from eight to ten days, thus starting the tiny caterpillars once more.

"To control these pests one should be alert to detect the first attack, for the area invaded is usually relatively small at first and may be mowed off and straw scattered and burned, thus destroying the caterpillars. Another method of control is to spray the infested area heavily with paris green (one pound to 50 gallons of water) or with lead arsenate (two pounds to 50 gallons). Such sprayed material should, of course, not be used as feed.

"Poisoned bait will also do good service. Make up a bran mash with 50 pounds of wheat bran and one pound of paris green or two pounds of lead arsenate and moisten it with cheap molasses or sirup and add the juice of half a dozen lemons or oranges. By scattering this bait broadcast throughout the infested area in small pieces, a large number of worms may be killed.

"To keep the worms from moving on to new feeding grounds, trenches should be plowed entirely around the infested area. The trench should be at least six inches deep and should have a vertical side toward the new ground. It should have postholes at intervals for the worms to fall into and it should be kept as dusty as possible by dragging a log through it to pulverize the soil. It should be tended at all times when the worms are on the move, as they should be burned when they begin to get numerous in the trench. A gasoline torch or straw covered with coal oil may be used for this purpose.

"In wet weather the trench will not stop the worms, and then a line of heavy road oil laid an inch or two wide on a smooth hard surface should be used. Drag a plank heavily loaded with stones over the ground to prepare the surface for the oil.

"The army worm appears about the same time each year, but in small numbers and without doing noticeable damage. It is only when, because of circumstances which are not thoroughly understood, the army worm becomes very numerous, that it is a menace. Probably some of its natural enemies fared ill last winter and were not on hand in their usual numbers to dispose of the worms this spring. At any rate they are with us, and if not properly handled they bid fair to do more damage in the localities where they appear than the seventeen-year locust."

KEEPING CHICKENS IN TOWN

In many towns and cities there are ordinances restricting the keeping of fowls under certain conditions, namely, that the neighbors shall not be annoyed by the crowing of the male birds and that the poultry house must be located a specified distance from any dwelling. Under such conditions, says the United States department of agriculture, a permit should be easy to obtain and the conditions set forth complied with.

The male bird in the flock is not necessary for the production of eggs and usually the house can be so located and kept clean that it will not annoy the neighbors.

Indian Talk Was Too Much For Fritz When He Tried to Tap the Yankee Wires

There was one code Fritz never got on to in France. That was the Sioux. A soldier just back from France tells of it:

"A good many German spies got over into the allied lines," said the Yank, who was in charge of a communicating battery. "And there was some tapping of lines and listening in by German agents who understood English perfectly. We got around that in a clever way. We put Sioux Indians on the telephones to send and receive orders.

"'Ump, glum, hoosha, moo, chunk,' an Indian would repeat over the telephone, meaning 'bring up a battery of 75's.'

"'Og, gog, pom, hegan, cachoo, rakok,' would come the answer, which might mean, 'they're starting, will be there in five minutes.'

"I don't know how much of a technical war vocabulary those Sioux had, but Fritzie never got wise to the lingo."

How Light Changes Shape of Pupil of Eye of Both Animal and the Human

Nothing is more deceptive than the appearance of a cat's eye. The pupil ordinarily appears as a long, narrow oval or a vertical black line, yet its natural shape is circular. It is a matter of the effect of light. In a bright light our pupils become very small circles, while those of a cat turn into ovals or narrow slits. The general effect is the same in either case—namely, to diminish the quantity of light passing into the eye. Curiously enough, in the larger animals of the cat tribe, such as tigers, the pupil sometimes behaves exactly like a human pupil, and when brightly illuminated contracts into a minute circle instead of becoming linear. In the case of domestic cats, the older the animal the more frequently does the pupil of the eye assume a circular form.

Famous White Sox Second Baseman in His Old Form Both at Bat and Afield

Age is no handicap to Eddie Collins, famous second baseman of the Chicago White Sox. At least the Tarrytown lad has betrayed no sign of decay thus far in the season's campaign, and in the series at the Polo grounds he flashed all his old form at the bat and afield. Collins and Schalk are the

Eddie Collins.

backbone of the Sox, the mainspring by which the play of the club afield is directed.

Collins certainly is as fast as he has been through the last few seasons, and although he has not invaded the .300 circle in batting he is sure to arrive up there in the early future. Furthermore, Collins has more to do with infusing a spirit of co-operative combativeness into the Sox than any other individual in the outfit, with the exception of Kid Gleason, the manager, who is a fighter down to the ground and one of the best all around good fellows in the pastime.

POPULAR SCIENCE

The normal number of teeth is 32.

The number of bones in the body is 240.

The weight of your blood is 28 pounds.

A skeleton weighs about 14 pounds.

The human brain is twice as large as that of any animal.

Tobacco leaves treated with the X-ray are thereby cleared of the destructive beetle.