

The Son of Tarzan

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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CHAPTER XV—Continued.

But he was not yet dead. Again he aimed and fired, the bullet splintering the gunwale of the canoe close by Baynes' face. Baynes fired again as his canoe drifted further downstream, and Malbihn answered from the shore, where he lay in a pool of his own blood.

And thus, doggedly, the two wounded men continued to carry on their weird duel until the winding African river had carried the Hon. Morison Baynes out of sight around a wooded point.

Meriem had traversed half the length of the village street when a score of white-robed negroes and half-castes leaped out upon her from the dark interiors of the surrounding huts. She tried to flee, but heavy hands seized her, and when she turned at last to plead with them her eyes fell upon the face of a tall, grim old man glaring down upon her from the folds of his burnoose.

At sight of him she staggered back in shocked and terrified surprise. It was the sheik!

The sheik and his party had been marching southward along the river when one of them, dropping out of line to fetch water, had seen Meriem making for the village. The fellow had called the sheik's attention to the strange sight—a white woman alone in central Africa—and the old Arab had hidden his men in the deserted village to capture her.

And when at last the woman had walked into the trap he had set for her and he had recognized her as the same little girl he had brutalized and maltreated years before his gratification had been huge. Now he lost no time in establishing the old relations of father and daughter that had existed between them in the past.

A two days' march brought them at last to the familiar scenes of her childhood, and the first face upon which she set her eyes as she was driven through the gates into the strong stockade was that of the toothless, hideous Mabunu, her one time nurse. It was as though all the years that had intervened were but a dream. Had it not been for her clothing and the fact that she had grown in stature she might well have believed it so.

For a time the inhabitants of the sheik's village who had not been upon the march with him amused themselves by inspecting the strangely clad white girl whom some of them had known as a little child.

Among the Arabs who had come in her absence was a tall young fellow of twenty, a handsome, sinister looking youth, who stared at her in open admiration until the sheik came and ordered him away, and Abdul Kamak went, scowling.

At last, their curiosity satisfied, Meriem was left alone. As of old, she was permitted the freedom of the village, for the stockade was high and strong and the only gates were well guarded by day and night. But, as of old, she cared not for the companionship of the cruel Arabs and the degraded blacks who formed the following of the sheik, and so, as had been her want in the sad days of her childhood, she slunk down to an unfrequented corner of the inclosure where she had often played at housekeeping with her beloved Geeka.

Meriem pressed her hand above her heart and stifled a sigh, and as she did so she felt the hard outlines of the photographs she had hidden there as she slunk from Malbihn's tent. Now she drew it forth and commenced to re-examine it more carefully than she had had time to do before.

As she sat gazing at the picture she suddenly became aware that she was not alone; that some one was standing close behind her, some one who had approached her noiselessly. Guiltily she thrust the picture back into her waist. A hand fell upon her shoulder. She was sure that it was the sheik, and she awaited in dumb terror the blow that she knew would immediately follow.

No blow came, and she looked upward over her shoulder—into the eyes of Abdul Kamak, the young Arab.

"I saw," he said, "the picture that you have just hidden. It is you when you were a child, a very young child. May I see it again?"

Meriem drew away from him. "I will give it back," he said. "I have heard of you, and I know that you have no love for the sheik, your father. Neither have I. I will not betray you. Let me see the picture."

She drew the photograph from its hiding place and handed it to him. He turned the picture over, and as his eyes fell upon the old newspaper cutting they went wide. He could read French—with difficulty, it is true, but he could read it. He had been to Paris. He had spent six months there on exhibition with a troop of his desert fellows.

Slowly, laboriously, he read the yellowed cutting. His eyes were no longer wide. Instead, they narrowed to two slits of cunning. When he had done he looked at the girl.

"You have read this?" he asked. "I have not had the opportunity," she replied.

A wonderful idea had sprung to Abdul Kamak's mind. It was an idea that might be furthered if the girl were kept in ignorance of the contents of that newspaper cutting. It would certainly be doomed should she learn its contents.

"Meriem," he whispered, "never until today have my eyes beheld you, yet at once they told my heart that it must ever be your servant. You do not know me, but I ask that you trust me. I can help you. You hate the sheik. So do I. Let me take you away from him. Come with me and we will go back to the great desert where my father is a sheik mightier than his yours. Will you come?"

Meriem sat in silence. She hated to wound the only one who had offered her protection and friendship, but she did not want Abdul Kamak's love. Deceived by her silence, the man seized her and strained her to him, but Meriem struggled to free herself.

"I do not love you!" she cried. "Oh, please do not make me hate you! You are the only one who has shown kindness toward me, and I want to like you, but I cannot love you!"

Abdul Kamak drew himself to his full height.

"You will learn to love me," he said, "for I shall take you, whether you will or no. You hate the sheik, and so you will not tell him, for if you do I will tell him of the picture. I hate the sheik, and—"

"You hate the sheik?" came a grim voice from behind him.

Both turned to see the sheik himself standing a few paces from them. Abdul still held the picture in his hand. Now he thrust it within his burnoose.

"Yes," he said, "I hate the sheik." And as he spoke he sprang toward the older man, felled him with a blow and dashed on across the village to the line where his horse was picketed, saddled and ready, for Abdul Kamak had been about to ride forth to hunt when he had seen the stranger girl alone by the bushes.

Leaping into the saddle, Abdul Kamak dashed for the village gates. The sheik, momentarily stunned by the blow that had felled him, now staggered to his feet, shouting lustily to his followers to stop the escaping Arab.

A dozen blacks leaped forward to intercept the horseman, only to be ridden down or brushed aside by the muzzle of Abdul Kamak's long musket, which he lashed from side to side about him as he spurred on toward the gate.

But here he must surely be intercepted. Already the two blacks stationed there were pushing the unwieldy



Her Heart Leaped in Pride and Joy. "Korak!" She Cried.

portals to. Up flew the barrel of the fugitive's weapon. With reins flying loose and his horse at a mad gallop, the son of the desert fired once, and one keeper of the gate dropped in his tracks. An instant later the other had been ridden down.

With a wild whoop of exultation, twirling his musket high above his head and turning in his saddle to laugh back into the faces of his pursuers, Abdul Kamak dashed out of the village of the sheik and was swallowed up by the jungle.

CHAPTER XVI. A Strange Meeting.

Sometimes lolling upon Tantor's back, sometimes roaming the jungle in solitude, Korak made his way slowly toward the west and south. He made but a few miles a day, for he had a whole lifetime before him and no place in particular to go. Possibly he would have moved more rapidly but for the thought which continually haunted him that each mile he traveled carried him farther and farther away from Meriem—no longer his Meriem, as of yore, it is true, but still as dear to him as ever.

Thus he came upon the trail of the sheik's hand as it traveled down river from the point where the sheik had captured Meriem to its own stockaded village. Suddenly he came to the camp of the renegade Swede Malbihn, whose black attendants fled in terror at sight of Tantor and Korak.

Malbihn lay in a hammock beneath a canopy before his tent. His wounds were painful, and he had lost much blood. He was very weak. He looked up in surprise as he heard the screams

of his men and saw them running toward the gate.

And then from around the corner of his tent loomed a huge bulk, and Tantor, the great tusser, towered above him.

Malbihn's boy, feeling neither affection nor loyalty for his master, broke and ran at the first glimpse of the beast, and Malbihn was left alone and helpless. The elephant stopped a couple of paces from the wounded man's hammock. Malbihn cowered, moaning. He was too weak to escape. He could only lie there with staring eyes, gazing in horror into the blood rimmed, angry little orbs fixed upon him, and await his death.

Then, to his astonishment, a man slid to the ground from the elephant's back. Almost at once Malbihn recognized the strange figure as that of the creature who consorted with apes and baboons—the white warrior of the jungle. Malbihn cowered still lower.

It was from Malbihn's dying lips that Korak learned of the Swede's encounter with Baynes and how Meriem was again in the camp of the sheik. Korak lost no time in seeking her.

When speed was required Korak depended upon no other muscles than his own, and so it was that the moment Tantor had landed him safely upon the same side of the river as lay the village of the sheik the ape man deserted his bulky comrade and took to the trees in a rapid race toward the south and the spot where the Swede had told him Meriem might be.

It was dark when he came to the passade, strengthened considerably since the day that he had rescued Meriem from her pitiful life within its cruel confines. No longer did the giant tree spread its branches above the wooden rampart, but ordinary man made defenses were scarce considered obstacles by Korak.

Loosening the rope at his waist, he tossed the noose over one of the sharpened posts that composed the passade. A moment later his eyes were above the level of the obstacles, taking in all within their range beyond. There was no one in sight close by, and Korak drew himself to the top and dropped lightly to the ground within the inclosure.

Then he commenced his stealthy search of the village. First toward the Arab tents he made his way, sniffing and listening. He passed behind them, searching for some sign of Meriem. Not even the wild Arab curs heard his passage, so silently he went—a shadow passing through shadows.

Naked but for his leopard skin and his loin cloth, Korak the Killer slunk into the shadows at the back of the tent, where his keen scent told him Meriem was. His sharp knife slit a six foot opening in the tent wall, and Korak, tall and mighty, sprang through upon the astonished visions of the inmates.

Meriem saw and recognized him the instant that he entered the apartment. Her heart leaped in pride and joy at the sight of the noble figure for which it had hungered so long.

"Meriem!" she uttered the single word as he hurried himself upon the inmates of the tent. Three negroes leaped from their sleeping mats, screaming. Meriem tried to prevent them from escaping, but before she could succeed the terrified blacks had darted through the hole in the tent wall made by Korak's knife and were gone screaming through the village.

Korak turned toward Meriem, and at the same moment a bloody and disheveled apparition leaped into the apartment.

"Morison!" cried the girl. For it was Baynes, who, despite his wounds, had made his way to the sheik's village.

Korak turned and looked at the newcomer. He had been about to take Meriem in his arms forgetful of all that might have transpired since last he had seen her. Then the coming of the young Englishman recalled the scene he had witnessed in the little clearing, and a wave of misery swept over the ape man.

Already from without came the sounds of the alarm that the three negroes had started. Men were running toward the tent. There was no time to be lost.

"Quick!" cried Korak, turning toward Baynes, who had scarce yet realized whether he was facing a friend or foe. "Take her to the passade, following the rear of the tents. Here is my rope. With it you can scale the wall and make your escape."

"But you, Korak?" cried Meriem. "I will remain," replied the ape man. "I have business with the sheik."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Cigar Lighters in Italy.
The Italian substitute for the neat and convenient cigar lighter found in every American cigar store is a long rope lighted and placed outside of the tobacco shop. It is made of cheap hemp, of rope waste, and even of rags twisted roughly into shape and held together by strings of twine. The improvised lighter is made by the store-keeper himself. — Popular Science Monthly.

Another Player's Bad Legs Caused Walter Maranville to Become Great Shortstop

"A pair of bad legs made Walter Maranville the great shortstop he is," declared Bingo Harrigan, an old-time New England baseball man, but now a government employee in St. Louis—"but the bad legs weren't on Maranville," he added, when his hearers looked puzzled.

"No," Harrigan went on to explain, "the bad legs belonged to Frank Connaughton, and you see it was this way:

Connaughton was playing second for New Bedford and Maranville was playing short, just a kid out of school then. Old Frank couldn't cover the ground, so the Rabbit, timid at first, began to help him out on his territory. Before the season was well along, Maranville was doing most of the work in both positions. If you don't believe it look up the records, for I think he had about 800 chances in 120 games that season, which was going some.

"So I say it was Connaughton's bad legs that made the Rabbit a great



Walter Maranville.

shortstop. If he hadn't had to help Conny out he might never have become the ground cover he developed into."

Then Harrigan went on to tell how he tried to induce Arthur Irwin to buy Maranville. Irwin went to New Bedford on his suggestion, he says, to look the Rabbit over. Old Arthur took one look at the little fellow, according to Harrigan, and said in disgust:

"What? That kid for a major league ball club? Why, he's not big enough to play on a high school nine. Let him grow a couple of years before he plays professional ball."

Overdoses of Sugar Cause of Throat Disturbances Is Statement of Medical Man

Singers frequently complain of catarrh and nearly always blame the American climate for their trouble. Do the singers, however, sufficiently consider the food they eat? We have been informed by a medical expert, whom we respect as an authority, that most of the throat disturbances in the United States are caused by overdoses of sugar. He says he has proved his statement on a number of vocalists of various temperaments and physical characteristics by inducing them to eat excessively of sugar and sweet diet late in the evening and then to observe most carefully the condition of their throats and tongues in the morning. After he had brought on catarrhal troubles through the abuse of sugar he invariably restored the vocal chords to their normal condition by putting his patients on a salt diet and prohibiting the sugar diet.

We are but quoting a doctor's conversation and we do not for a moment pose as medical experts ourselves. We believe, however, that the doctor's advice should at least receive careful consideration.—Exchange.

Historic Pens Preserved in a Showcase in French Foreign Office Museum

In the French foreign office there is a small collection of historic pens preserved in a showcase. These range from the pen with which Bismarck and Jules Favre signed the armistice at Versailles January 28, 1871, to that with which Muley Hafid signed the treaty in March 30, 1912, giving the French a protectorate over Morocco. The collection also includes the pen used by President McKinley and M. Cambon when they arranged the preliminaries of peace between Spain and the United States, and the one with which Gambetta wrote announcing the resignation of "le Grand Ministere."

In the Berlin museum may be seen two historic pens—that with which Queen Louise of Prussia signed her last will and testament, side by side with the pen used by William I of Prussia in his famous letter to Queen Augusta, informing her of the victory of Sedan.

Mending With Alum.

An excellent way to mend china and glass is to melt alum in an old iron spoon over the fire and apply to the broken parts. When dry these articles can be washed in hot water and the cement will hold rigidly.

Road Work Is Nationwide

Concrete Construction Is Well Under Way; No Wait for Lower Prices

Full speed ahead! This is the slogan that is putting the pep in highway construction all over the country. Especially is this true of concrete construction.

A survey of recent concrete highway lettings discloses a marked tendency toward full speed ahead in road work. While the tendency was not so apparent a short time ago it is no more than might be expected and bears out the repeated assertion of those qualified to speak from a definite knowledge of material costs that waiting for a drop in prices would result only in a waste of time and a shortening of the construction season, to the great disadvantage of the public at large.

Contractors who have permitted themselves to be affected by this policy of delay and who have as a result lagged in organizing their equipment and labor forces for the season's work will be surprised to learn the extent to which concrete road work is contracted for or already under way.

Awards have been made for concrete roads in the District of Columbia, Connecticut, West Virginia, Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Kentucky, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Virginia and other states.

The scope of territory reporting contracts shows that the resumption of highway work is not confined to any particular territory—based upon purely local conditions and necessities—but is, in fact, nationwide. The total yardage to date for the first three months of 1919 was approximately 3,500,000, more than three times the amount of yardage laid during the entire twelve months of 1909, when concrete road construction first began to get under way.

Also of great significance to the highway contractor is the fact that the movement for permanent hard-surfaced trunk-line highways throughout the United States is an impersonal one. That is to say, it is a movement that has back of it primarily an economic force seeking an outlet to market that will not place such a heavy drain upon the producer in transit as to lessen the net profits to the producer and increase the cost to the consumer by reason of excessive and altogether unnecessary hauling costs in reaching that market.

Mother's Cook Book

The straight thing pays always in the end, in friendship, in business, in politics, in every conceivable avenue and phase of life.—Harish Waide Trine.

Cooling Foods for Hot Days.

During the hot weather succulent vegetables, frozen desserts and cooling beverages appeal to the appetite rather than the heavier, heartier foods.

Small green onions, cooked tops and all and served on buttered toast with a white sauce as one does asparagus, makes a dainty and pretty dish.

When making salad of any kind of vegetable a cupful more or less of cottage cheese will add to the quantity as well as palatability.

Cucumbers are one of the most refreshing of vegetables when served crisp and cold. The method used by many cooks of soaking them in salt water is most undesirable as the wilted product is tough and unpalatable. If they must be soaked, let it be in cold unsalted water.

Slices of cucumbers covered with a bit of dressing as filling for sandwiches made and served while they are still cold and crisp, are most agreeable.

Tomato Salad.

Cut thick slices of uniform sized tomatoes, after removing the peeling, cover each slice with finely chopped celery, cucumber and a bit of onion. Serve on lettuce with a spoonful of mayonnaise on top of each slice. The chopped vegetable may be marinated for a half hour in a French dressing, which will improve the flavor.

Plain Ice Cream.

The simplest and easiest ice cream to make as well as the least expensive is one with a custard foundation. Use three eggs, one cupful of sugar, four cupfuls of milk, a tablespoonful of vanilla and one-fourth teaspoonful of salt. Cook as for custard, adding the vanilla when cold; freeze as usual. A pint of cream added just before freezing is a great improvement.

Lemonade.

Boil two cupfuls of sugar and four cupfuls of water until a rich sirup is formed. Add one cupful of lemon juice and put in the ice chest. Dilute with leaved water for lemonade. A little grated lemon rind boiled with the sirup adds an attractive flavor.

Orangeade.

Boil two cupfuls of sugar and two of water until a rich sirup is made, then add two-thirds of a cupful of orange juice and one-third of a cupful of lemon juice, with leaved or chilled water to dilute. Serve a slice of orange in each glass.

Iced Tea.

Prepare the tea, using a teaspoonful to a quart of water; when cold chill with ice and serve with slices of lemon; add sugar to sweeten.

Nellie Maxwell
Cabot Discovered the North American Continent in 1497

On the 24th of June, 1497, John Cabot and his son, Sebastian, Venetian navigators, in the service of England, discovered the North American continent at a point in Labrador, on St. John's day. No one had as yet reached the continent and Cabot called the site he had discovered Prima Vista.

ROOM IN THE POULTRY HOUSE

The majority of growers put many fowls together in one poultry house. A house ten feet square does not contain over a dozen large fowls and 15 small ones. For 100 hens house 16 by 60 and divided into two or three apartments will accommodate three apartments are used there will be 50 in a flock, the space being 30 feet for 50 fowls. An excellent plan is a house 16 by 32 feet, divided into two compartments, 16 by 16 each, with 25 hens in each compartment. The space gives ample room for scratching under shelter in winter. An extra shed for scratching will be appreciated by the hens. It is built at a small cost and will accommodate many fowls. In summer the fowls can roost under the sheds.

The yards should be about ten feet the space of the houses, but the better, and the deeper the soil and sheds, that is, depth to the ground—the more comfortable the fowls. Each house can have a double yard, so as to change the fowls from one yard to the other. A path in front and one in the rear is a excellent plan.

The best way to estimate how many hens to keep in a building is to multiply the width by the length and divide by ten. For instance, if a house is 9 by 16 feet, multiply the two figures together, making 144 square feet divide this by ten, and there is a provision over 14. Do not put more than 15 hens in such a house.

HERE AND THERE

Dress is sometimes a matter of form and form is often a matter of dress.

If a man calls on a woman she is pleased—either when he comes or goes.

Brevity is said to be the soul of wit, but the man who is short doesn't feel funny.

A wise man imagines that he is engaged in a game of bluff until he wakes up and finds himself married.

Addition to self and subtraction from others comprise the men's sole knowledge of arithmetic.

Meaning of the Swastika

The Swastika is the earliest symbol which has been handed down from prehistoric times. It is used by a tallman or charm, being a symbol for benediction, blessing, health, long life, good fortune and prosperity. As a religious emblem it is in use in India centuries before the Christian era. It appeared in Europe about the middle of the thirteenth century and was in use among the mound builders of America.

Just Like the Peacock

Although the American peacock is a little bird only five and six inches long, it has one trait in common with the gorgeously plumaged cock, namely, that it seems to be continually spreading its tail feathers, says the American Forestry Association, Washington.