

The Son of Tarzan

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

Merlem was almost at Korak's side when Tantor saw a long knife in her hand, and then he broke forth, bellowing horribly, and charged down upon the frail girl.

Korak screamed commands to his huge protector in an effort to halt him, but all to no avail. Merlem raced toward the bordering trees with all the speed that lay in her swift little feet, but Tantor, for all his huge bulk, drove down upon her with the rapidity of an express train.

What was that? Korak's eyes started from their sockets. A strange figure had leaped from the tree the shade of which Merlem already had reached—leaped beyond the girl straight into the path of the charging elephant.

It was a half naked white giant. Across his shoulder a coil of rope was looped. In the hand of his gee-string was a hunting knife.

A sharp command broke from the stranger's lips. The great beast halted in his tracks, and Merlem swung herself upward into the tree to safety.

Korak breathed a sigh of relief, not unmixed with wonder. He fastened his eyes upon the face of Merlem's deliverer, and as recognition slowly filtered into his understanding they went wide in incredulity and surprise. Tantor, still rumbling angrily, stood swaying to and fro before the giant white man.

Then the latter stepped straight beneath the upraised trunk and spoke a low word of command. The great beast ceased his muttering. The savage light died from his eyes, and as the stranger stepped forward toward Korak, Tantor trailed docilely at his heels.

Merlem was watching, too, and wondering. Suddenly the man turned toward her.

"Come, Merlem!" he called. And then she recognized him with a startled "Bwana!"

"Jack!" cried the white giant, kneeling at the ape man's side.

"Father!" came chokingly from the Killer's lips. "Thank God that it was you! No one else in all the jungle could have stopped Tantor."

Quickly the man cut the bonds that held Korak, and as the youth struggled weakly to his feet and threw his arms about his father, the older man turned toward Merlem.

"I thought," he said, sternly, "that I told you to return to the farm."

Korak was looking at them wonderingly. In his heart was a great yearning to take the girl in his arms, but in time he remembered the other—the dapper young English gentleman—and that he was but a savage ape man.

Merlem looked up pleadingly into Bwana's eyes.

"You told me," she said in a very small voice, "that my place was beside the man I love." And she turned her eyes toward Korak, all filled with the wonderful light that no other man had yet seen in them and that none other ever would.

The Killer started toward her with outstretched arms, but suddenly he fell upon one knee before her instead and, lifting her hand to his lips, kissed it more reverently than he could have kissed the hand of his country's queen.

A rumble from Tantor brought the three, all jungle bred, to instant alertness. Tantor was looking toward the



Then He Charged Down Upon the Frail Girl.

trees behind them, and as their eyes followed his gaze the head and shoulders of a great ape appeared amid the foliage.

For a moment the creature eyed them, and then from his throat rose a loud scream of recognition and of joy, and a moment later the beast had leaped to the ground, followed by a score of bulls like himself, and was waddling toward them, shouting in the primordial tongue of the anthropoid: "Tarzan has returned! Tarzan, lord of the jungle!"

It was Akut, and instantly he commenced leaping and bounding about the trio, uttering hideous shrieks and mouthings that to any other human beings might have indicated the most ferocious rage, but these three knew that the king of the apes was doing homage to a king greater than himself.

Korak laid his hand affectionately upon his father's shoulder. "There is but one Tarzan," he said. "There can never be another."

CHAPTER XVIII.

A Family Reunion.

Two days later the three dropped from the trees on the edge of the plain, across which they could see the smoke rising from the bungalow and the cookhouse chimneys. Tarzan of the Apes had regained his civilized clothing from the tree where he had hidden it, and as Korak refused to enter the presence of his mother in the savage half raiment that he had worn so long and as Merlem would not leave him for fear, as she explained, that he would change his mind and run off into the jungle again, the father went on ahead to the bungalow for horses and clothes.

My Dear met him at the gate, her eyes filled with questioning and sorrow, for she saw that Merlem was not with him.

"Where is she?" she asked, her voice trembling. "Muviri told me that she disobeyed your instructions and ran off into the jungle after you had left them. Oh, John, I cannot bear to lose her, too!" And Lady Greystoke broke down and wept as she pillowed her head upon the broad breast where so often before she had found comfort in the great tragedies of her life.

Lord Greystoke raised her head and looked down into her eyes, his own smiling and filled with the light of happiness.

"What is it, John?" she cried. "You have good news. Do not keep me waiting for it."

"I want to be quite sure that you can stand hearing the best news that ever came to either of us," he said.

"Joy never kills!" she cried. "You have found—her?" She could not bring herself to hope for the impossible.

"Yes, Jane," he said, and his voice was husky with emotion, "I have found her—and him!"

"Where is he? Where are they?" she demanded.

"Out there at the edge of the jungle. He wouldn't come to you in his savage leopard skin and his nakedness. He sent me to fetch him civilized clothing."

She clasped her hands in ecstasy and turned to run toward the bungalow.

"Wait!" she cried over her shoulder. "I have all his little suits. I have saved them all. I will bring one to you."

Tarzan laughed and called to her to stop.

"The only clothing on the place that will fit him," he said, "is mine—if it isn't too small for him. Your little boy has grown, Jane."

She laughed, too; she felt like laughing at everything or at nothing. The world was all love and happiness and joy once more, the world that had been shrouded in the gloom of her great sorrow for so many years. So great was her joy that for the moment she forgot the sad message that awaited Merlem.

She called to Tarzan after he had ridden away to prepare her for it, but he did not hear and rode on without knowing of it himself.

When they arrived the mother faced Merlem, an expression of sadness erasing the happiness from her eyes.

"My little girl," she said, "in the midst of our happiness a great sorrow awaits you—Mr. Baynes did not survive his wounds."

The expression of sorrow in Merlem's eyes expressed only what she sincerely felt, but it was not the sorrow of a woman bereft of her best beloved.

"I am sorry," she said quite simply. "But it was not love, I did not know what love was until I knew that Korak lived," and she turned toward the Killer with a smile.

Lady Greystoke looked quickly up into the eyes of her son, the son who one day would be Lord Greystoke. No thought of the difference in the stations of the girl and her boy entered her mind. To her Merlem was fit for a king. She only wanted to know that Jack loved the little Arab waif.

The look in his eyes answered the question in her heart, and she threw her arms about them both and kissed them each a dozen times.

"Now," she cried, "I shall really have a daughter!"

It was several weary marches to the nearest mission, but they waited at the farm only a few days for rest and preparation for the great event before setting out upon the journey, and after the marriage ceremony had been performed they kept on to the coast to take passage for England.

They had been home but a week when Lord Greystoke received a message from his old friend D'Arnot. It was in the form of a letter of introduction brought by one General Armand Jacot. Lord Greystoke recalled the name, as who familiar with modern French history would not? For Jacot was in reality the Prince de Cadrenet, that intense republican who refuses to use, even by courtesy, a title that had belonged to his family for 400 years.

"There is no place for princes in a republic," he was wont to say.

Lord Greystoke received the hawk nosed, gray mustached soldier in his library, and after a dozen words the two men had formed a mutual esteem that was to endure through life. And the soldiers' words laid vividly before his host scenes and events nearly two decades old. He told his host how he had been a captain in the Foreign Legion of France stationed at that time in Africa. He told how he had hunted down marauding bands of Arabs and blacks in the heart of the great desert of Sahara. He told how he had in camp with him his little four-year-old daughter and how he came back to camp one day to find that she had mysteriously disappeared.

Neither the wealth of her father and mother nor all the powerful resources of the great French republic were able to wrest the secret of her whereabouts from the inscrutable desert that had swallowed her and her abductor.

A reward of such enormous proportions was offered that many adventurers were attracted to the hunt, among them Janssen and Malblin. This was no case for the modern detective of civilization, yet several of these threw themselves into the search. The bones of some are bleaching beneath the African sun upon the silent sands of the Sahara.

"I have come to you," explained General Jacot as he concluded, "because our dear admiral tells me that there is no one in all the world who is more intimately acquainted with Central Africa than you."

"We did all that love and money and even government resources could do to discover her, but all to no avail."

"A week since there came to me in Paris a swarthy Arab, who called himself Abdul Kanak. He said that he had found my daughter and could lead me to her. I took him at once to Admiral D'Arnot, who I knew had traveled some in Central Africa. The man's story led the admiral to believe that the place where the girl the Arab supposed to be my daughter was held in



"I Know You! I Know You!" She Cried.

captivity was not far from your African estates, and he advised that I come at once and call upon you—that you would know if such a girl were in your neighborhood."

"What proof did the Arab bring that she was your daughter?" asked Lord Greystoke.

"None," replied the other. "That is why we thought best to consult you before organizing an expedition. The fellow had only an old photograph of her, on the back of which was pasted a newspaper cutting describing her and offering a reward. We feared that, having found this somewhere, it had aroused his cupidity and led him to believe that in some way he could obtain the reward, possibly by foisting upon us a white girl on the chance that so many years had elapsed that we would not be able to recognize an impostor as such."

"Have you the photograph with you?" asked Lord Greystoke.

The general drew an envelope from his pocket, took a yellowed photograph from it and handed it to the Englishman. Tears dimmed the old warrior's eyes as they fell again upon the pictured features of his lost daughter.

Lord Greystoke examined the photograph for a moment. A queer expression entered his eyes. He touched a bell at his elbow, and an instant later a footman entered.

"Ask my son's wife if she will be so good as to come to the library," he directed.

The two men sat in silence. General Jacot was too well bred to show in any way the chagrin and disappointment he felt in the summary manner in which Lord Greystoke had dismissed the subject of his call. As soon as the young lady had come and he had been presented he would make his departure.

A moment later Merlem entered.

Lord Greystoke and General Jacot rose and faced her. The Englishman spoke no word of introduction. He wanted to see the effect of the first sight of the girl's face on the Frenchman, for he had a theory, a heaven born theory, that had leaped into his mind the moment his eyes had rested on the baby face of Jeanne Jacot.

General Jacot took one look at Merlem, then turned toward Lord Greystoke. "How long have you known it?" he asked, a trifle accusingly.

"Since you showed me that photograph a moment ago," replied the Englishman.

"It is she," said Jacot, shaking with suppressed emotion, "but she does not recognize me. Of course, she could not." Then he turned to Merlem. "My child," he said, "I am your—"

But she interrupted him with a quick, glad cry as she ran toward him with outstretched arms.

"I know you! I know you!" she cried. "Oh, now I remember!" And the old man folded her in his arms.

Jack Clayton and his mother were summoned, and when the story had been told them they were only glad that little Merlem had found a father and a mother.

"And really you didn't marry an Arab waif after all," said Merlem. "Isn't it fine?"

"You are fine," replied the Killer. "I married my little Merlem, and I don't care for my part whether she is an Arab or just a little Mangani."

"She is neither, my son," said General Armand Jacot. "She is a princess in her own right."

(THE END.)

Courageous Men Who Have Carried Civilization Into the Dark Corners of the Earth

"The world today would be a very small place were it not for men who have carried the torch of civilization into far places," says William Heyliger in an article entitled "Daniel Boone," which appears in Boys' Life. "An unquenchable fire, burning in their breasts, has urged them forth to break paths for their generation. They have penetrated the dark corners of the earth; they have, in many cases, paid forfeit with their lives. Columbus, Magellan, Livingstone—all were of this lion's breed. So, too, was Daniel Boone. There was never a day, for almost fifteen years, when Boone's life was not in danger. No other man ever fought civilization's fight against such bitter odds. He led the first white settlers into Kentucky. His eldest son was killed on the march. Other men gave up and returned to civilization, but Boone pressed on. He founded Boonesboro, and for years never knew what moment the warwhoop of the savage would bring him from his sleep. His daughter was kidnapped by the Indians; another son was slain from ambush. But Boone, with that flame of creation burning in his breast, never once turned aside. Almost single-handed he wrested the great state of Kentucky from the Indians. Almost single-handed he planted the banner of human advancement 500 miles beyond the then farthest frontier."

Great Scientist, Scholar, Thinker, Usually Not an All Around Good Fellow

There is always danger when any one concentrates that the concentration will be carried too far—so far that it produces a narrow, one-sided and warped point of view, observes a writer. The great scientist, the great scholar and great thinker in any line, is usually not an all around "good fellow." "Crabbed," "queer," "peculiar," "odd," "funny," and "warped"—are these not the adjectives that generally describe the geniuses of the world?

The very effort to concentrate on the one subject which has brought success has made it impossible to keep in touch with the thousand and one currents of thoughts and topics of conversation which go to make up comfortable and easy-going life.

Like the old sea captain, these geniuses miss something in their effort to fix their attention on one thing.

In spite of this danger, it is a good thing to work for concentration. The likelihood of becoming one-sided is big where genius is concerned, but then it can be excused. Most of us can safely concentrate our attention and still feel sure that we will keep in touch with the world about us.

HAVE A LAUGH

Couldn't Be Another John Smith? Mrs. Gusher (after introduction to out-of-town guest)—Oh, Mrs. Smith, do tell me, do you know John Smith, who used to live in Indianapolis? Mrs. Smith—Not very well. He's my husband and travels.

Behind the Times.

"Things move rapidly these days." "That's right." "Yes; the old wheelhorse politician is liable to be run over."

General Decoration.

"The battleship was sighted—" "Good heavens. I knew dogs and pigeons were, but were even the ships decorated?"

Crack.

"Flubdub poses as a slick proposition." "Maybe. But some day he'll run up against the crack of doom." "Oh, he expects to wriggle through that."

Unanswered.

"Are you sure you understand this subject?" asked the bystander. "Of course I understand it," replied the soap-box orator. "Who explained it to you?" "I thought most of it out for myself." "Then why disturb and confuse the rest of us who are trying to do the same thing?"

Looks Brighter to Weary.

Frayed Phil—His paper says dey's quite a lot of people dat thinks it's unlucky ter begin any work on Friday.

Dropping a Passenger.

Traveler (on the aerial express)—I want to drop into Hickville, conductor! Conductor (looking at watch)—"Strap on your parachute—you walk the plank in seven minutes!"

IN MAKING ALFALFA HAY EXACT METHODS OF HANDLING ARE OF GREAT IMPORTANCE



The Side-Delivery Rake Is an Excellent Tool to Use in Making Alfalfa Hay. But It Should Be Used Before the Leaves Become Dry Enough to Shatter.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Valuable as alfalfa is, it has its drawbacks. It is difficult to establish in some parts of the country, especially in the eastern states. It requires careful methods of handling. It is no crop for the careless farmer; but is a very profitable one for the farmer who takes the trouble to learn how to handle it from the seedling to the feeding. One of the important things to learn is just how to make alfalfa hay, according to specialists of the United States department of agriculture.

Alfalfa does not cure at all readily, and good quality hay is hard to get. Especially is this true of the first cutting, which comes when heavy rains are apt to interfere with its proper curing. The bright green hay so common in the irrigated sections is almost never seen in the humid regions, due to injury from rain.

Time of Cutting.

Most farmers are prone to cut their alfalfa too early. They are anxious to get more cuttings, thereby thinking to get a bigger crop. The fact is, the extra cutting is frequently made at the expense of total tonnage. The real test of the size of the season's crop is total tonnage rather than number of cuttings. Where four cuttings are possible, three usually are more desirable and more profitable. More hay is actually made for the season; and the plants are left in better condition for the winter.

The first growth usually is rank, sometimes causing the farmer to think it should be cut before it really is ready. The stage of growth is the indication for cutting rather than the size of the plants. The general rule is to cut alfalfa just as it is coming into bloom and the basal shoots are making a good start for the next crop. In the eastern states, cutting earlier may injure and frequently kills the plants. Cutting later lowers the feeding value of the hay.

Methods of Harvesting.

Methods of making alfalfa hay vary in different sections of the country; but the basic principles are the same. The motto everywhere is: "Cure alfalfa hay quickly, with as little handling and exposure to the weather as possible." Rapid curing holds the leaves on better, less handling knocks fewer of them off. This is important,

because the leaves are the most nutritious part of the plant.

In the west, where there is little rain during the haying season, the mowers are started in the morning and the hay raked into windrows the following day. The hay is then cured or is stacked or baled direct from the windrow as soon as the hay is sufficiently cured. The raking commences as soon as the leaves are wilted, but when the stems are still green. It is cocked when the stems are "half dry." It may be stacked when moisture can no longer be twisted out of a wisp of the hay.

In the humid sections of the country the process of curing the hay is much more difficult. The cutting frequently must be delayed several days on account of bad weather. The operations and methods are practically the same as in the dry sections, except that more time is required. Hay caps and stack covers may prove necessary.

Stack Alfalfa Hay.

High moisture content sometimes makes it desirable to stack alfalfa hay instead of putting it in the barn. This is especially true of the first cutting. Build stacks carefully and in a shape that will expose as little of the hay to the weather as possible. Cover the tops with marsh grass, Sudan grass, millet, or some other leg grass that will make a good thatch. Anchor a well-made thatch with rods on the ends of wire on top of a properly made stack, and the hay will keep almost as well as in the barn. In fact, it may keep better, on account of the likelihood of new alfalfa hay heating in the mow.

If the hay is put in the mow, it is well to provide for some extra ventilation, especially if its moisture content is high. This can be arranged by placing horizontally at frequent intervals ventilators made of lumber. These may be simply a framework of triangular or rectangular shape placed in the hay as the mow is filled.

Haymaking is an operation that must be done in a certain space of time that is short at best, and that is always liable to be made shorter by bad weather. For this reason there is no farm operation in which system and efficiency count for more; so it will pay every farmer to know just when and just how to make the most of his alfalfa crop.

CO-OPERATIVE PLAN IS GOOD

Farmers in One County in Florida Make Saving of \$113.50 on Carload of Potatoes.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

When the farmers of Madison county, Florida, sold a carload of sweet potatoes co-operatively and by so doing saved \$113.50 they began to realize the benefits of selling their produce in this way. The county agent has been showing them how to get orders for a number of other cars of potatoes and the co-operative plan is growing in every part of the county. The agent hopes before long to have a good co-operative organization among the farmers for buying and selling all farm produce and equipment co-operatively.

ARSENATE OF LIME AS SPRAY

May Be Used in All Situations Where Paris Green Has Been Used—Good Lead Substitute.

Experiments thus far made by the bureau of entomology, United States department of agriculture, indicate that arsenate of lime may be used in all situations where paris green has been employed, and that for some fruits (apple, pear and quince) it will often be a satisfactory substitute for arsenate of lead, the present cost of which is much above normal, when used with lime or fungicides containing lime.

CARE OF TREES ON ARRIVAL

Make Examination Immediately on Receipt and See That They Are Free From Disease.

Examine your trees as soon as they arrive and see that they are free from disease and insects. It is best to set them out at once, but if for any reason this cannot be done, heel them in. To do this dig a trench about one and a half feet deep and spread the trees thinly in this trench. Fill with soil, covering the trees six to ten inches deeper than they were in the nursery row.

COW ENTITLED TO VACATION

Experienced Dairymen Will Let Animals Stand for Six Weeks Before Freshening.

The cow that works all the time will not give as much milk as the one that is allowed to take a vacation of a few weeks during the year. Experienced cow owners never milk their cows continually, but leave them stand dry for at least six weeks before freshening. A dairy cow is a hard-worked animal and needs rest for recuperation.

SOURCES OF WATER SUPPLY

Wells and Springs May Easily Be Contaminated—Purity and Abundance Are Essential.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.) Purity and abundance are the essentials of water supply. Wells and springs are the usual sources of farm water, but both may easily be contaminated, and the vicinity should therefore be inspected for possible sources of pollution.

HOGS ARE VERY PROFITABLE

Brood Sow That Produces Two Litters of Average Size Yearly Is Most Desirable.

A good brood sow that makes two litters of average size a year will produce considerable wealth for the farmer who feed and care for the sow and her litter. There are very few side lines equal to hogs, when the hogs are properly cared for.

CONSIDERATION IS DUE SOIL

It Is Highly Important That Farm Crops Be Saved and Utilized on the Farm.

It is hoped that the silo will be given careful consideration when plans are made for conserving food crops for the year. It is highly desirable that the feed crops be saved and utilized on the farm.