

The SON OF TARZAN

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THERE ENTERS THE STORY A PRETTY LITTLE ARABIAN GIRL NAMED MERIEM, AND SOME VERY WICKED MEN

Synopsis.—A scientific expedition off the African coast rescues a human derelict, Alexis Paulvitch. He brings aboard an ape, intelligent and friendly, and reaches London. Jack, son of Lord Greystoke, the original Tarzan, has inherited a love of wild life and steals from home to see the ape, now a drawing card in a music hall. The ape makes friends with him. The ape refuses to leave Jack despite his trainer. Tarzan appears and is joyfully recognized by the ape, for Tarzan had been king of his tribe. Tarzan agrees to buy Akut, the ape, and send him back to Africa. Jack and Akut become great friends. Paulvitch is killed when he attempts murder. A thief tries to kill Jack, but is killed by Akut.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

Leaping to his feet, he hurled his shoulder against the door. Herr Skopf was a heavy man. The frail door collapsed beneath his weight, and Herr Skopf stumbled precipitately into the room.

Before him lay the greatest mystery of his life. Upon the floor at his feet was the dead body of a strange man. The neck was broken and the jugular severed as by the fangs of a wild beast. The old lady and her grandson were gone. The window was open. They must have disappeared through the window, for the door had been locked from the inside.

But how could the boy have carried his invalid grandmother from a second story window to the ground? It was preposterous. Again Herr Skopf searched the small room. He noticed that the bed was pulled well away from the wall. Why? He looked beneath it again for the third or fourth time. The two were gone, and yet his judgment told him that the old lady could not have gone without porters to carry her down as they had carried her up the previous day.

Further search but deepened the mystery. All the clothing of the two was still in the room. If they had gone they must have gone naked or in their night clothes.

No boat had left the harbor in the meantime. There was not a railroad within hundreds of miles. There was no other white settlement that the two could reach under several days of arduous marching, accompanied by a well equipped safari. They had simply vanished into thin air, for the native he had sent to inspect the ground beneath the open window had just returned to report that there was no sign of a footstep there, and what sort of creatures were they who could have dropped that distance to the soft turf without leaving spoor?

Herr Skopf shuddered. Yes, it was a great mystery. There was something uncanny about the whole thing. He hated to think about it, and he dreaded the coming of night.

It was a great mystery to Herr Skopf and doubtless still is.

CHAPTER V. The Sheik's Daughter.

Two Swedes, Carl Jensen and Sven Malbina, after conducting several mysterious expeditions far to the south of the Sahara, turned their attention to the more profitable business of ivory poaching.

In a great district they were already known for their relentless cruelty and their greed for ivory. The natives feared and hated them. The European governments in whose possessions they worked had long sought them; but, working their way slowly out of the north, they had learned many things in the no man's land south of the Sahara, which gave them immunity from capture through easy avenues of escape that were unknown to those who pursued them.

Their raids were sudden and swift. They seized ivory and retreated into the trackless wastes of the north before the guardians of the territory they raped could be made aware of their presence. Relentlessly they slaughtered elephants themselves as well as stealing ivory from the natives. Their following consisted of a hundred renegade Arabs and negro slaves, a fierce band of cutthroats.

Remember them, Carl Jensen and Sven Malbina, yellow bearded Swedish giants, for you shall meet them later. In the heart of the jungle, hidden away upon the banks of a small un-

explored tributary of a large river that empties into the Atlantic not so far from the equator, lay a small heavily palisaded village. Twenty palm thatched, beehive huts sheltered its black population, while half a dozen goatskin tents in the center of the clearing housed the score of Arabs who found shelter here, while by trading and raiding they collected the cargoes which their ships of the desert bore northward twice each year to the market at Timbuktu.

Playing before one of the Arab tents was a little girl of ten, a black haired, black eyed little girl, who with her nut brown skin and graceful carriage looked every inch a daughter of the desert. Her little fingers were busily engaged in fashioning a skirt of grasses for a much disheveled doll which a kindly disposed slave had made for her a year or two before.

The head of the doll was rudely clipped from ivory, while the body was a rat skin stuffed with grass. The arms and legs were bits of wood, perforated at one end and sewn to the rat skin torso.

The doll was quite hideous and altogether disreputable and soiled, but Meriem thought it the most beautiful and adorable thing in the whole world, which is not so strange in view of the fact that it was the only object within that world upon which she could bestow her confidences and her love.

Every one else with whom Meriem came in contact was, almost without exception, either indifferent to her or cruel. There was the old black hag who looked after her, for example, Mabunu, toothless, filthy and ill tempered.

She lost no opportunity to cuff the little girl or even inflict minor tortures upon her. And there was the sheik, her father. She feared him more than



Before Him Lay the Greatest Mystery of His Life.

she did Mabunu. He often scolded her for nothing, quite habitually terminating his tirades by cruelly beating her until her little body was black and blue.

Little Meriem could scarce recall any other existence than that of the stern cruelty of the sheik and Mabunu. Dimly in the back of her childish memory there lurked a blurred recol-

lection of a gentle mother. But Meriem was not sure but that even this was a dream picture induced by her own desire for the caresses she never received.

Suddenly there arose sounds of altercation beyond the village gates. Meriem listened. With the curiosity of childhood she would have liked to run down there and learn what it was that caused the men to talk so loudly. Others of the villagers were already trooping in the direction of the noise.

But Meriem did not dare. The sheik would be there, doubtless, and if he saw her it would be but another opportunity to abuse her, so Meriem lay still and listened.

Presently she heard the crowd moving up the street toward the sheik's tent. Cautiously she stuck her head around the edge of the tent. She could not resist the temptation, for the sameness of the village life was monotonous and she craved diversion.

What she saw was two strangers—white men. They were alone, but as they approached she learned from the talk of the natives that surrounded them that they possessed a considerable following that was camped outside the village.

They were coming to palaver with the sheik. The old Arab met them at the entrance to his tent. His eyes narrowed wickedly when they had appraised the newcomers. They stopped before him, exchanging greetings. They had come to trade for ivory, they said.

The sheik grunted. He had no ivory. Meriem gasped. She knew that in a nearby hut the great tusks were piled almost to the roof. She poked her head farther forward to get a better view of the strangers. How white their skins! How yellow their great beards!

Suddenly one of them turned his eyes in her direction. She tried to dodge back out of sight, for she feared



"It Will Not Harm to Try the Power of Gold," Replied Jensen.

all men, but he saw her. Meriem saw the look of almost shocked surprise that crossed his face. The sheik saw it too and guessed the cause of it.

"I have no ivory," he repeated. "I do not wish to trade. Go away. Go now!"

He stepped from his tent and almost pushed the strangers about in the direction of the gates. They demurred, and then the sheik threatened. It would have been suicide to have disobeyed, so the two men turned and left the village, making their way immediately to their own camp.

The sheik returned to his tent, but he did not enter it. Instead he walked to the side where little Meriem lay close to the goatskin wall, very frightened. The sheik stooped and clutched her by the arm. Viciously he jerked her to her feet, dragged her to the entrance of the tent and shoved her within. Following her, he seized her again, beating her ruthlessly.

"Stay within!" he growled. "Never let the strangers see your face. Next time you show yourself to strangers I shall kill you!"

In the camp of the strangers one was speaking rapidly to the other.

"There is no doubt of it, Malbina," he was saying, "not the slightest, but why the old scoundrel hasn't claimed the reward long since is what puzzles me."

"There are some things dearer to an Arab, Jensen, than money," returned the first speaker. "Revenge is one of them."

"Anyhow, it will not harm to try the power of gold," replied Jensen.

Malbina shrugged.

"Not on the sheik," he said. "We might try it on one of his people, but the sheik will not part with his revenge for gold. To offer it to him would only confirm his suspicions that we must have awakened when we were talking to him before his tent. If we got away with our lives then we should be fortunate."

CHAPTER VI. In the Jungle.

His first night in the jungle was one which the son of Tarzan held longest in his memory. No savage carnivora menaced him. There was never a sign of hideous barbarian, or if there were the boy's troubled mind took no cognizance of them.

His conscience was harassed by the thought of his mother's suffering. Self blame plunged him into the depths of misery.

The killing of the American caused him little or no remorse. The fellow had earned his fate. Jack's regret on

this score was due mainly to the effect which the death of Conlon had had upon his own plans.

Now he could not return directly to his parents, as he had planned. Fear of the primitive borderland law, of which he had read highly colored, imaginary tales, had thrust him into the jungle—a fugitive. He dared not return to the coast at this point, not that he was so greatly influenced through personal fear as from a desire to shield his father and mother from further sorrow and from the shame of having their honored name dragged through the sordid degradation of a murder trial.

With returning day the boy's spirits rose. With the rising sun came new hope within his breast. He would return to civilization by another way. None would guess that he had been connected with the killing of the stranger in the little out of the way trading post upon a remote shore.

Jack spends his first days in the jungle. Remorse for the pain he has caused his parents makes him miserable. New experiences startle the youth.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HEALTH FOUND IN GARDEN

Perspiration That Results Carries Away Noxious Elements, and Strength and Vigor Are Certain.

To the man who woos her earnestly nature offers a store of unexpected gifts. Our thousands of amateur gardeners who have put in the leisure hours in their little garden patches have begun to realize that one of the biggest rewards of their labors may not be the actual produce they will obtain, valuable as that may be, but in the less tangible results on their own bodily and spiritual welfare.

There is health in the soil of Mother Earth. The perspiration that results from your labors is carrying away noxious elements from your blood. Strength and vigor come from contact with the soil. In this kinship to the earth is found one reason that nearly all of our greatest men have been country-bred boys. It is why farmer boys of today are stronger and more able than youths reared in cities. Do not be afraid if your hand acquires a few callouses or a brownish tint. A well-tanned hand is a more fitting subject for pride than a soft, white, useless hand. You may meet with some failures from not knowing the how and why of things, but there is a joy which cannot fail.

The miracle of planting a seed and seeing the growth, though a common thing, contains joy and food for the heart. Gardening not only brings nourishment for the body and food for the mind, but it expands the soul.—Milwaukee Journal.

Was Equal to the Emergency.

It was in a Sunday school on the East side of New York that a new interpretation of Moses' flight from Egypt into the Promised Land was given. The exponent of the old, old story had told of Moses' leadership and of the attempt of the Egyptians to wrest back their slaves from the fast-moving Moses. "But wasn't it wrong for him to take away the Israelites from the Egyptians," asked one little fellow, "when they wuz under contract to work for them?" The speaker saw he must temporize. This was a community where unions thrived, and the sacredness of one's bond mustn't be attacked. "Oh, that was all right," he explained. "Moses gave them a check on the bank of the Red sea."

The Tactful Writer.

When writing to those away from home or distant relatives or friends see to it that your letter fairly sparkles with cheer and good news. Bring a smile to the reader's lips and make him or her long to be with you to share the happy joys you tell about.

These are the kind of letters that go straight to the hearts of those who receive them. The vast majority of us have a full measure of cares and responsibilities to contend with, but every one of us can often think a happy thought or speak a good word and we should in all fairness pass it on.—Exchange.

Just the Same.

Alice May and her brother attended a birthday party of a playmate. Ice cream, cake and lemonade were served. The boy asked for a glass of water, and Alice said: "Drink your lemonade." He responded that he did not want lemonade, but water. His sister replied: "Drink it; it's just like water."

Tigers Abound in India.

Tigers abound in India to this day. In some parts of that land the natives, especially the Hindus, regard the tiger with such superstitious awe that they will not kill one. Some think it is tenanted by a spirit which makes it immortal.

City of Many Mills.

The English city of Sheffield has 400 steel manufacturing concerns.

MEAT CAUSE OF KIDNEY TROUBLE

Take Salts to flush Kidneys if Back hurts or Bladder bothers.

If you must have your meat every day, eat it, but flush your kidneys with salts occasionally, says a noted authority who tells us that meat forms uric acid which almost paralyzes the kidneys in their efforts to expel it from the blood. They become sluggish and weaken, then you suffer with a dull misery in the kidney region, sharp pains in the back or sick headache, dizziness, your stomach sours, tongue is coated and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine gets cloudy, full of sediment, the channels often get sore and irritated, obliging you to seek relief two or three times during the night.

To neutralize these irritating acids, to cleanse the kidneys and flush out the body's urinous waste get four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy here; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate sluggish kidneys, also to neutralize the acids in urine, so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure, and makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink.

Salary of Chief Executive.

The compensation of the president of the United States is fixed by congress, and may not be increased or diminished during the existing presidential term, that is, any increase or reduction of the salary or endowments of the office can only take effect at the next term. The original salary of the office was \$25,000 a year, increased in 1873 to \$50,000, and in 1909 to \$75,000.

Spiritual Princes.

There were Christians in Treves as early as the second century, and it had a bishop as early as 314. The archbishops of Treves became one of the leading spiritual princes of the early German empire. The Treves of today is a rich and active city of possibly 75,000 souls, a show city, a shrine city, and one in which the Yankee tourists should find much to interest them.

Shave With Cuticura Soap

And double your razor efficiency as well as promote skin purity, skin comfort and skin health. No mug, no slimy soap, no germs, no waste, no irritation even when shaved twice daily. One soap for all uses—shaving, bathing and shampooing.—Adv.

Letter Boxes in the Heights.

In the Alps there is one letter box at an elevation of nearly 10,000 feet above the sea level from which there are collections four times a day. There are several letter receptacles at an elevation of between 6,000 and 7,000 feet.

Correct Your Mistakes.

It is only an error in judgment to make a mistake, but it shows infirmity of character to adhere to it when discovered.

NERVOUS PROSTRATION

May be Overcome by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—This Letter Proves It.

West Philadelphia, Pa.—"During the thirty years I have been married, I have been in bad health and had several attacks of nervous prostration until it seemed as if the organs in my whole body were worn out. I was finally persuaded to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it made a well woman of me. I can now do all my housework and advise all ailing women to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I will guarantee they will derive great benefit from it."—Mrs. FRANK FITZGERALD, 25 N. 41st Street, West Philadelphia, Pa.

There are thousands of women everywhere in Mrs. Fitzgerald's condition, suffering from nervousness, backache, headaches, and other symptoms of a functional derangement. It was a grateful spirit for health restored which led her to write this letter so that other women may benefit from her experience and find health as she has done.

For suggestions in regard to your condition write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of their 40 years experience is at your service.