



THE HONORABLE MR. BAYNES MEETS THE NOW DOMESTICATED MERIEM AND FALLS IN LOVE WITH HER

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 and 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. They flee together to the jungle and take up life. Jack rescues an Arabian girl and takes her into the forest. He is wounded and Meriem is stolen. The bad Swedes buy her from Kovodoo, the black. Malblin kills Jensen fighting for the girl. Bwana comes to the rescue and takes her to his wife. Jack vainly seeks her in the wilds.

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

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

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

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

And this, briefly, was the Hon. Morison Baynes of luxurious European civilization. What would be the Hon. Morison Baynes of central Africa if it were difficult to guess.

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

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

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

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

And presently she found the features of Korak slowly dissolving and merging into those of another, and the figure of a tanned, half-naked Tarmanant became a khaki-clothed and sturdy Englishman astride a hunting pony.

The Hon. Morison Baynes was sitting with Meriem upon the veranda

one evening after the others had retired. Earlier they had been playing tennis, a game in which the Hon. Morison shone to advantage, as, in truth, he did in most all manly sports. He was telling her stories of London and Paris, of balls and banquets, of the wonderful women and their wonderful gowns, of the pleasures and pastimes of the rich and powerful.

Meriem was entranced. His tales were like fairy stories to this little jungle maid. The Hon. Morison loomed large and wonderful and magnificent in her mind's eye. He fascinated her, and when he drew closer to her after a short silence and took her hand she thrilled as one might thrill beneath the touch of a deity—a thrill of exaltation not unmingled with fear.

He bent his lips close to her ear. "Meriem!" he whispered. "My little Meriem! May I hope to have the right to call you 'my little Meriem?'"

The girl turned wide eyes upward to his face, but it was in shadow. She trembled, but she did not draw away. The man put an arm about her and drew her closer.

"I love you!" he whispered. She did not reply. She did not know what to say. She knew nothing of love. She had never given it a thought.



"Meriem!" He whispered. "My little Meriem!"

But she did know that it was very nice to be loved, whatever it meant. It was nice to have people kind to one. She had known so little of kindness or affection.

"Tell me," he said, "that you return my love."

His lips came steadily closer to hers. They had almost touched when a vision of Korak sprang like a miracle before her eyes. She saw Korak's face close to hers, she felt his lips against her lips, and then for the first time she guessed what love meant.

She drew away gently. "I am not sure," she said, "that I love you. Let us wait. There is plenty of time. I am too young to marry yet, and I am not sure that I should be happy in London or Paris. They rather frighten me."

She was not sure that she loved him! That came rather in the nature of a shock to the Hon. Morison's vanity. It seemed incredible that this little barbarian should have any doubt whatever as to the desirability of the Hon. Morison Baynes.

He glanced down at the girl's profile. It was bathed in the silvery light of the great tropic moon. She was most alluring.

Meriem rose. The vision of Korak was still before her.

"Good night," she said. "It is almost too beautiful to leave." She waved her

hand in a comprehensive gesture which took in the starry heavens, the great moon, the broad, silvered plain and the dense shadows in the distance that marked the jungle. "Oh, how I love it!"

"You would love London more," he said earnestly. "And London would love you. You would be a famous beauty in any capital of Europe. You would have the world at your feet, Meriem."

"Good night," she repeated, and left him.

CHAPTER XII. A Night Ride.

Meriem and Bwana were sitting on the veranda together the following day when a horseman appeared in the distance riding across the plain toward the bungalow.

Bwana shaded his eyes with his hand and gazed out toward the oncoming rider. He was puzzled. Strangers were few in central Africa. Even the blacks for a distance of many miles in every direction were well known to him. No white man came within a hundred miles that word of his coming did not reach Bwana long before the stranger. His every move was reported to the big Bwana—just what animals he killed and how many of each species, how he killed them, too, for Bwana would not permit the use of prussic acid or strychnine, and how he treated his "boys."

But here was evidently one who had slipped into the country unheralded. Bwana could not imagine who the approaching horseman might be.

After the manner of frontier hospitality the globe round, he met the newcomer at the gate, welcoming him even before he had dismounted. He saw a tall, well-knit man of thirty or more, blond of hair and smooth-shaven. There was a tantalizing familiarity about him that convinced Bwana that he should be able to call the visitor by name, yet he was unable to do so.

Bwana was wondering how a lone white man could have made his way through the savage, inhospitable miles that lay toward the south. As though guessing what must be passing through the other's mind, the stranger vouchsafed an explanation.

"I came down from the north to do a little trading and hunting," he said, "and got way off the beaten track. My head man, who was the only member of the safari who had ever before been in the country, took sick and died. We could find no natives to guide us, and so I simply swung back straight north. We have been living on the fruits of our guns for over a month."

"Didn't have an idea there was a white man within a thousand miles of us when we camped last night by a water hole at the edge of the plain. This morning I started out to hunt and saw the smoke from your chimney, so I sent my gun bearer back to camp with the good news and rode straight over here myself. Of course I've heard of you—everybody who comes into cen-

WHY COAT WAS UNBUTTONED

Private, Unable to Speak English, Gives Explanation After His Second Reprimand.

A private of foreign extraction recently appeared at reveille with his overcoat unbuttoned, contrary to regulations, relates a cantonment correspondent. The colonel, who happened to be on the scene, noticed this discrepancy; he called the man out of the ranks, took him to his office and delivered a stern lecture on the necessity of military exactitude. During the admonition the private maintained a dignified silence. When the colonel had finished, he pointed to the door. The man went out.

The following morning he appeared at reveille with his coat again unbuttoned. When the formality was concluded, the captain called him to one side.

"Didn't the colonel tell you to keep your coat buttoned?" he demanded.

The private regarded him blankly.

"I say, didn't the colonel tell you to keep your coat buttoned?"

The man looked at the officer with a puzzled expression.

"No no spik English," he affirmed mildly.

Fearless Japanese Official.

Of all the eccentric characters in Japan, one of the most famous and distinguished is probably Viscount Dr. Inajiro Tajiri, president of the imperial board of audit. He flatters nobody, not excepting himself, says a correspondent, and is feared by all who are not sincere. The late Prince Katsura was once scolded by him, and not long ago Baron Shibusawa waxed hot in anger at a public meeting as he rose to refute the charges of commercial corruption which Viscount Tajiri had made against Japan's business world at large. He is outspoken when he thinks the occasion demands outspokenness. Fearlessness of public opinion or ridicule is dramatically exemplified in the very simple and unpretentious life that he is leading. His food is of the simplest variety. He daily carries to the office a bento box filled with rice and some pickled plums, and during the past 40 years he has ever stuck to his Spartan lunch.

tral Africa does—and I'd be mighty glad of permission to rest up and hunt around here for a couple of weeks."

"Certainly," replied Bwana. "Make yourself at home."

They had reached the veranda now, and Bwana was introducing the stranger to Meriem and My Dear, who had just come from the bungalow's interior.

"This is Mr. Hanson," he said, using the name the man had given him. "He is a trader who has lost his way in the jungle to the south."

My Dear and Meriem bowed their acknowledgments of the introduction. The man seemed rather ill at ease in their presence. His host attributed this to the fact that his guest was unaccustomed to the society of cultured women, and so found a pretext to extricate him quickly from his seemingly unpleasant position and lead him away to his study and the brandy and soda, which were evidently much less embarrassing to Mr. Hanson.

When the two had left them Meriem turned toward My Dear.

"It is odd," she said, "but I could almost swear that I had known Mr. Hanson in the past. It is odd, but quite impossible," and she gave the matter no further thought.

For three weeks Hanson had remained. During this time he said that his boys were resting and gaining strength after their terrible ordeals in the untracked jungles to the south, but he had not been as idle as he appeared to have been. He divided his small following into two parts, intrusting the leadership of each to men whom he believed he could trust.

One party he moved very slowly northward along the trail that connects with the great caravan routes entering the Sahara from the south. The other he ordered straight westward with orders to halt and go into permanent camp just beyond the great river which marks the natural boundary of the country that the big Bwana rightfully considers almost his own.

To his host he explained that he was moving his safari slowly toward the north—he said nothing of the party moving westward. Then one day he announced that half his boys had deserted, for a hunting party from the bungalow had come across his northerly camp, and he feared that they might have noticed the reduced numbers of his following.

And thus matters stood when one hot night Meriem, unable to sleep, rose and wandered out into the garden. The Hon. Morison had been urging his suit once more that evening, and the girl's mind was in such a turmoil that she had been unable to sleep.

Hanson, the stranger, shows unusual interest in Meriem and watches closely the movements of the girl and her new lover.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Then Head for Statehouse.

Major P. Dale, who has a smokers' establishment in Ohio street, says the Indianapolis News, has a relic of the Civil war that is causing the soldiers of today considerable worry. Major Dale's father, Colonel Dale, was the commander of the Fourth Missouri cavalry during the Civil war. Among the relics left by the colonel was a poster announcing a meeting of soldiers at the statehouse in Jefferson City, Mo. This poster is now the property of the son here.

"Several days ago," says the owner of the poster, "I put the relic in the window of my store, thinking it would interest passersby. The poster calls for a meeting of soldiers at the statehouse at 8 o'clock. I guess I'll have to take it down as the soldiers in town from Ft. Harrison read the thing and then head for the statehouse. They don't observe it closely or they'd discover that it is dated 1863 and that the statehouse mentioned was in Jefferson City, Mo."

Will Not Visit "Meat Houses."

In Tokyo, says Good Health, a certain class of Japanese are adopting the practice of eating meat, as they have acquired the habit of using tobacco and drinking whisky, through their desire to imitate the westerners. Some have an idea that by flesh-eating they may be able to increase their size and vigor.

It is noticeable, however, that the Japanese women refuse to eat meat and will not visit the restaurants where meat is served, which are known as "meat houses." The Japanese women regard it improper to visit such places.

Kills Microbes.

Large quantities of hydrochloride of soda are now being used in the laundry of a certain hospital for destroying micro-organisms and removing stains, without appreciably injuring the fabrics. This solution is prepared by the electrolysis of a 4 per cent solution of common salt and water.

Question of Rights.

People generally understand that their rights end at the point where the other fellow's begin; but the trouble comes in determining the localities of that point.—Exchange.

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

(Prepared by Oregon Agricultural College) Oregon butter makers making butter that will go into storage at some stage of its way to the consumer find that it pays to give special attention to making storage butter, since not all butter has keeping qualities even under ideal storage conditions, says V. D. Chappell, assistant professor of dairy manufacture. He explains how it is done as follows:

The two fundamental factors of keeping quality are quality of cream and quality of workmanship. Nearly all cream is received in sour condition, because Oregon creamery men are not always alive to the need for cream improvement. When the manager is after volume rather than quality the butter maker cannot well be blamed for the poor quality of cream received. Only by proper handling can butter with fairly good keeping qualities be made from sour or second grade cream.

Churning temperature is doubtless the most important factor of good butter. At this season of the year it should be kept at such point as to allow control not only of moisture but likewise the body of the finished product. Overworked butter does not keep well, and is likely to be greasy or sticky. Not enough worked, it will likely be porous and leaky. The body should be firm after the butter milk has been drained. The firmer it is the more working it will stand without becoming greasy or sticky. It should not be so firm as to become tallowy before moisture is added. If so firm that it is difficult to incorporate moisture the butter may be worked about ten or twelve revolutions in the wash water, the water drained off, salt added and then worked to a firm, waxy body.

It does not pay to ruin the body of the butter to incorporate another per cent of moisture. It does pay to put in the amount necessary to the best product. Each pound of moisture means 54 cents, but if incorporated at the expense of a sticky product it means a discount of one per cent or more.

If butter is leaky it may be incorporated with the right amount of moisture, salt added wet in a trench, and the butter worked to a firm, waxy body. Water enough is added to the salt merely to dampen, not soak it. This helps dissolve the salt without so much working as to damage the butter texture. Storage butter should be only lightly salted.

Mold must be prevented, with present prices of materials, labor and butter fat. Mold growth causes several pounds' loss to each cube and builds a mighty bad reputation for the brand. Since all Oregon butter is pasteurized mold troubles come from storage conditions where the cubes, wrappers and cube liners are kept. The storage quarters should be light and dry. Paraffining will protect the cubes and prevent the woody taste often present in storage butter, and the cube liners may be boiled in a three per cent salt solution. High humidity in the refrigerator is a source of mold, and a good coat of whitewash will do wonders to prevent mold.

Oregon City.—After eight years of idleness the machinery at the old lumber mill in the northern part of the city, near Greenpoint, started into motion last week, and railroad ties are now being manufactured by the Jackson Lumber company.

Salem.—Full investigation of alleged paying irregularities on the part of the Blake-Compton Co. of McMinnville in connection with the Salem-Aurora unit of the Pacific highway was started last week by Highway Engineer Nunn.

Salem.—Ben W. Olcott will not resign as secretary of state. It is now practically assured that he will retain this office, along with the office of governor, until his term of secretary of state expires next year.

Astoria.—The old Clatsop mill resumed operations Saturday morning after a shut-down of several months and will engage in the cutting of fir. The plant will employ about 180 men.

Oregon City.—W. P. Hawley, who donated to the city his historic home of Dr. John McLoughlin, founder of Oregon City, was elected to honorary membership in the McLoughlin Memorial association at the annual meeting Monday. The home has been restored and is located in a slightly spot in a city park block overlooking the Willamette river.