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## JACK LEARNS THE APE LANGUAGE AND HE AND AKUT BE-COME BOON CRONIES—PAULVITCH ATTEMPTS MURDER AND IS HIMSELF KILLED FOR TREACHERY

**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 Grey-stoke, 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 and despite his traitor, Tarzan appears and is joyfully recognized by the ape, for Tarzan had been of his tribe. Tarzan agrees to buy Akut, the ape, and send him back to Africa.

### CHAPTER III.—Continued.

Tarzan visited Akut the following day, but though Jack begged to be allowed to accompany him, he was refused. This time Tarzan saw the peck-marked old owner of the ape, he did not recognize as the wily Paulvitch of former days. Tarzan, induced by Akut's pleadings, branched the question of the ape's purchase, but Paulvitch would not name any price, saying that he would consider the matter.

When Tarzan returned home Jack was all excitement to hear the details of his visit, and finally suggested that his father buy the ape and bring it home. Lady Grey-stoke was horrified at the suggestion.

The boy was insistent. Tarzan explained that he had wished to purchase Akut and return him to his jungle home, and to this the mother assented. Jack asked to be allowed to visit the ape, but again he was met with flat refusal.

He had the address, however, which the trainer had given his father, and two days later he found the opportunity to elude his new tutor—who had replaced the terrified Mr. Moore—and after considerable search through a seaport of London which he had never before visited he found the smelly little quarters of the peckmarked old man.

The old fellow himself replied to his knocking, and when Jack stated that he had come to see Akut, he opened the door and admitted him to the little room which he and the great ape occupied.

At sight of the youth the ape leaped to the floor and shuffled forward. The man, not recognizing his visitor and fearing that the ape meant mischief, stepped between them, ordering the ape back to the bed.

"He will not hurt me," cried the boy. "We are friends, and before, he was my father's friend. They knew one another in the jungle. My father is Lord Grey-stoke. He does not know that I have come here. My mother forbade me to come here, but I wished to see Akut, and I will pay you if you will let me come here often to see him."

Paulvitch encouraged the boy to come and see him often, and always he pleased upon the ape's craving for tales of the savage world, with which Paulvitch was all too familiar. He left him alone with Akut much, and it was not long until he was surprised to learn that the boy could make the great beast understand him—that he had actually learned much of the primitive language of the anthropoids.

During this period Tarzan came several times to visit Paulvitch. He seemed anxious to purchase Akut, and at last the old man frankly told him he was prepared to return the beast to the wilds of his native jungle, but in some way his wife feared that it would be the ape's fate to be sent to a circus. He explained to Paulvitch, had so influenced his own life.

The Russian could scarce repress a smile, as he listened to Lord Grey-stoke's words, for scarce a half hour had passed since the future Lord Grey-stoke had been sitting upon the disordered bed, jabbering away to Akut with all the fluency of a home ape.

It was during this interview that a man occurred to Paulvitch, and as a result of it he agreed to accept a fabulous sum for the ape and upon receipt of the money to deliver the beast to a vessel that was sailing south from London for Africa two days later.

Everything played into Paulvitch's hands. As chance would have it, Tarzan's son overheard his father relating to the boy's mother the steps he was taking to return Akut safely to his jungle home, and, having overheard, he begged them to bring the ape home that he might have him for a playmate. Tarzan would not have been averse to this plan, but Lady Grey-stoke was horrified at the very thought of it.

Jack pleaded with his mother, but all unavailingly. She was obstinate, and at last the lad appeared to acquiesce in his mother's decision that the ape

slim violently to the floor, leaping upon his breast as he fell. From the bed the ape growled and struggled with his bonds.

The boy did not cry out—a trait inherited from his savage sire, who during years in the jungle following the death of his foster mother, Kala, the great ape, had learned that there was no more to come to the succor of the fallen.

Paulvitch's fingers sought the lad's throat. He grinned down horribly into the face of his victim.

"Your father ruined me," he mumbled. "I will pay him. He will think that the ape did it; that I left him alone for a few minutes and that I still throw your body upon the bed after I have choked the life out of you, and when I bring your father he will see the ape squating over it," and the twisted fiend cackled in ghoulish laughter.

His fingers closed upon the boy's throat.

Behind them the growling of the mad beast reverberated against the walls of the little room. The boy paled, but no other sign of fear or panic showed upon his countenance. He was the son of Tarzan. The fingers tightened their grip upon his throat. It was with difficulty that he breathed.

He lunged against the stout cord that held him. Turning, he wrapped the cord about his hands, as a man might have done, and he heavily backward. The great muscles stood out beneath his shaggy hide.

There was a rending as of splintered wood—the cord held, but a portion of the forehead of the bed came away.

At the sound Paulvitch looked up. His hideous face went white in terror—the ape was free!

With a single bound the creature was upon him. The man shrieked. The brute wreathed him from the body of the boy. Yellow fingers sank into his flesh. Yellow fangs gauged close to his throat—he struggled futilely.



His Hideous Face Went White in Terror—The Ape Was Free!

and then they closed, and the soul of Alexis Paulvitch passed into the keep- ing of the demons who had long been awaiting it.

The boy struggled to his feet, assisted by Akut. For two hours, under his instructions, the ape worked upon the knot that secured his friend's wrists. Finally they gave up their secret, and the boy was free.

He cut the cord that still dangled from the ape's body. Then he opened one of his bags and drew forth some garments.

His plans had been well made. He did not consult the beast, which did all that he directed. Together they slipped from the house, but no casual observer might have noted that one of them was an ape.

Jack and Akut disappear and elude all pursuit. They start out as partners in a strange country.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Curious Weapons.

A member of the St. Louis bar tells the following story: A lawyer of Missouri, who shall be called Smith, was seized suddenly by an attack of temporary insanity while travelling across that state.

Stopping off the train at a county seat where he was quite unknown, he walked into the bank and requested the cashier to grant him permission to borrow money.

He stated that Mr. Smith was a stranger of culture and refinement, who seemed confused about something or other, invited him back of the railing. Inside the railing, Smith was arrested and then indicted by the grand jury (at the time in session) for assault with dangerous and deadly weapons.

Still smiling, the lad crossed the room and stood before the Russian. "I will show you how to secure the ape," he said to the boy. "I will show you how to secure the ape," he said to the boy.

The boy did as he was bid, placing his hands behind him when Paulvitch told him to do so. Instantly the old man slipped the running noose over one of the lad's wrists, took a couple of half piches about his other wrist and knotted the cord.

The moment that the boy was secured the attitude of the man changed. He had known and bitterly hated Tarzan in Africa years before, for Tarzan had broken up his business as a slave dealer. Now, with an angry oath, he wheeled Tarzan's son about, tripped him and hurled

## OLD SORES, ULCERS AND ECZEMA VANISH

Good, Old, Reliable, Peterson's Ointment Stops Itching Instantly.

"Had 51 ulcers on my legs. Doctors wanted to cut off leg. Peterson's Ointment cured me."—Wm. J. Nichols, 40 Wilder St., Rochester, N. Y.

Get a large box for 30 cents at any drug- ists, says Peterson, and money back if it doesn't help you at once. Always keep Peterson's Ointment in the house. Fine for burns, scalds, bruises, and the surest remedy for skin diseases, pimples, itching eczema and piles the world has ever known. "Peterson's Ointment is the best for bleeding and itching piles I have ever found."—Major Charles E. Whitney, Vineyard Haven, Mass.

"Peterson's Ointment has given great satisfaction for Salt Rheum."—Mrs. J. L. Weiss, Cuylerville, N. Y.

All druggists sell it; recommend it. Adv.

## BUILT AN AIRPLANE IN 1848

Scotch Inventor Devised Machine With Steam Boilers Which Was Scheduled to Fly to China.

An old handicraftsman faded with age with a printed design showing a steam-propelled airplane in full career for China, has revived an old story which was recently brought to light.

In 1848 a Scotch inventor built an airplane with steam boilers. The old machine was a nine-days' wonder, but there is no record that it ever got beyond the experimental stage and a few "unsteady" "awpops" on the downs.

It is recorded that "he was deficient in equilibrium," "a puff of wind being sufficient to upset it." It was, of course, the butt of all the satirists. The handicraftsman (which has preserved the outline of the old machine), pretends that the flying monster was capable of going to China "in 24 hours certain."

Passengers being landed by parachute at places en route. The steersman was crying, "Hello, Bill Jackson, keep your eye on Malta, and get ready to drop the parcels."

Tell the Bombay agent in No. 5 to have his parachute in readiness to his bat on, and shut his mouth, as it is blowing a stiff breeze." The inventor was seen descending over the various countries of the earth, and at the journey's end the emperor of China, surrounded by the wise men, is awaiting with trepidation the arrival of the airplane.

## Too Old to Learn.

"Why don't you try to manage that horse without profanity?" asked a coachman of a cavalcade.

"It wouldn't do any good," said the cavalcade. "It ain't fair to this horse to ask it to start at its time of life to learn a lot of polite words."

## Puck.

## Army Life.

The difference between army life and ordinary life is that those in the army know that discontent doesn't get them anything.



## WHAT YOU SURELY NEED

is a healthy, active, industrious liver. Small doses of these pills taken regularly insure that. You may also need a purgative sometimes. Then take one larger dose. Keep that in mind; it will pay you rich dividends in Health and Happiness.

Small Pills  
Small Dose  
Small Price

## ROSY CHEEKS OR HEALTHY COLOR indicates Iron in the Blood. Pale or colorless cheeks indicate the system must be re- built. This will be much helped by CARTER'S IRON PILLS

## STRANGLES

Or Disemper to stallions, brood mares, colts and all others in most destructive. The germ causing the disease must be removed from the body of the animal. To prevent the trouble the same must be done.

**SPORN'S COMPOUND**  
Will do both—cure the sick and prevent those "expensive" from being so. It is a powerful, safe, and reliable remedy. All druggists, harness houses, or manufacturers. SPORN MEDICAL CO., Manufacturers, Graham, Ind., U.S.A.

## Blamed the Bee.

He was a slow young man, and she was despairing of him ever attempting to kiss her. But as they stood at the garden gate, holding each other's hand, a naughty, nasty bee alighted on his neck, and its sting made him suddenly lurch forward, with the result that he found his lips pressed against those of his sweetheart. So he sealed the accident with a kiss.

"George!" she exclaimed in amazement, as she turned her head to smile.

"It was—er—the bee's—er—fault," stammered George, blushing all over his countenance. "I hope you're not angry."

"What at all," she remarked, with a twinkle in her eye. "I'm sorry there wasn't a hive full."

## Will Teach Lumber Business.

The Harvard graduate school of business administration in co-operation with department of forestry, announces a course in the lumber business for college graduates who look forward to undertaking some branch of lumbering and also to graduates of forestry or engineering schools who desire special instruction in the lumber business. The course covers two years, and on completion graduates receive a degree of master in business administration.

## Figuring His Loss.

Billie—How much does his job pay?  
Mr. Brown—Why do you ask that when I have already told you that you won't do?  
Billie—I just want to figure out how much I am losing.

Strive to be the cream of your profession, remembering that cream always rises to the top.

## Young Folks in the country often make fun at a rattling gate.

Righteousness altereth a man before it exalteth him.

# Safe and Pleasant

You do not sacrifice pleasure when reasons of health cause you to stop your coffee, providing you use

# INSTANT POSTUM

It's remarkable how this gratifying and wholesome cereal beverage completely takes the place of coffee with those who for some reason or another think it best to abandon the old table drinks.

There's a rich, coffee-like flavor which can be modified to any strength desired by using more or less of the Instant Postum in the cup—and the addition of hot water with cream and sugar as desired make a truly delectable hot drink.

Made in America

Sold by Grocers. No raise in price.

50-cup tin, 30c. 100-cup tin, 50c.

# "There's a Reason"