The Son of Tarzan

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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NATURALLY, AFTER THEY TRAVEL TOGETHER AWHILE, LOVE DEVELOPS BETWEEN JACK AND MERIEM

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. original Tarzan, has inherited a love of wild life and steals from home to see the ape, now a drawing card 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.

CHAPTER VIII.

Korak and Meriem.

For many months the strange life of the three went on unmarked by any unusual occurrences—at least without any occurrences that seemed unusual to the youth or the ape—but to the little girl it was a constant nightmare of horrors for days and weeks until she, too, became accustomed to gazing into the eyeless sockets of death and to the feel of the icy wind of his shroudlike mantle.

Slowly she learned the rudiments of the only common medium of thought exchange which her companions possessed—the language of the great apes. More quickly she perfected herself in jungle craft, so that the time soon came when she was an important factor in the chase, watching while the others slept or helping them to trace the spoor of whatever prey they might be stalking.

Akut accepted her on a footing which bordered upon equality when it was necessary for them to come into close contact, but for the most part he avoided her. The youth always was kind to her, and if there were many occasions upon which he felt the burden of her presence he hid it from her.

Finding that the night damp and chill caused her discomfort and even suffering, Korak constructed a tight little shelter high among the swaying branches of a giant tree. Here little Meriem slept in comparative warmth and safety, while the Killer and the ape perched upon nearby branches, the former always before the entrance to the lofty domicile, where he best could guard its inmate from the dangers of arboreal enemies.

After the construction of the shelter the activities of the three became localized. They ranged less widely, for there was always the necessity of returning to their own tree at nightfall.

A river flowed near by. Game and fruit were plentiful, as were fish also. Existence had settled down to the daily humdrum of the wild—the search for food and the sleeping upon full bellies. They looked no further ahead than today.

If the youth thought of his past and of those who longed for him in the distant metropolis it was in a detached and impersonal sort of way, as though that other life belonged to another creature than himself. He had given up hope of returning to civilization, for, since his various rebuffs at the hands of those to whom he had looked for friendship, he had wandered so far inland as to realize that he was completely lost in the mazes of the jungle.

Then, too, since the coming of Meriem he had found in her that one thing which he had most missed before in his savage jungle life—human companionship.

The little girl idolized him, as she might have idolized an indulgent brother had she had one. Love was a thing unknown to either. But as the youth neared manhood it was inevitable that it should come to him, as it did to every other savage jungle male.

As Meriem became proficient in their common language the pleasures of their companionship grew correspondingly, for now they could converse, and, aided by the mental powers of their human heritage, they amplified the restricted vocabulary of the apes until talking was transformed from a task into an enjoyable pastime.

When Korak hunted Meriem usually accompanied him, for she had learned the fine art of silence when silence was desirable. She could pass through the branches of the great trees now with all the agility and stealth of the Killer himself. Great heights no longer appalled her. She swung from limb to limb, or she raced through the mighty branches, sure footed, lithe and fearless. Korak was very proud of her, and even old Akut grunted in approval where before he had growled in contempt.

A distant village of blacks had furnished her with a mantle of fur and feathers, with copper ornaments and weapons, for Korak would not permit her to go unarmed or unversed in the use of the weapons he stole for her. A light spear and a long knife were her weapons of offense or defense.

Her body, rounding into the fulness of an early maturity, followed the lines of a Greek goddess, but there the similarity ceased, for her face was beautiful.

As she grew more accustomed to the jungle and the ways of its wild denizens, fear left her. As time wore on she even hunted alone when Korak and Akut were prowling at a great distance, as they were sometimes forced to do when game was scarce in their immediate vicinity. Upon these occasions she usually confined her endeavors to the smaller animals, though sometimes she brought down a deer and once even Horta, the boar, a great tusker that might have made even Sheeta think twice before attacking him.

After Korak had left the village of the blacks following his last thieving expedition the screams of women and children had brought the warriors in from the forest and the river. Great was the excitement and hot was the rage of the men when they learned that the white devil had again entered their homes, frightened their women and stolen arrows and ornaments and food.

Even their superstitious fear of this weird creature who hunted with a huge bull ape was overcome in their desire to wreak vengeance upon him and rid themselves for good and all of the menace of his presence in the jungle.

And so it was that a score of the fleetest and most doughty warriors of the tribe set out in pursuit of Korak and Akut but a few minutes after they had left the scene of the Killer's many depredations.

The little party of warriors was led by Kovudoo, the chief, a middle aged savage of exceptional cunning and bravery. It was he who first came within sight of the quarry which they had followed for hours by the mysterious methods of their almost uncanny powers of observation, intuition and even scent.

The white youth and the white maid stood alone in the jungle when they were discovered by Kovudoo's band. Akut had been made king of his ape tribe, and Korak, to Akut's sorrow had left him to dwell with Meriem in the jungle. One of Kovudoo's men leaned close to the ear of his chief.

"Look!" he whispered and pointed to something that dangled at the girl's side. "When my brother and I were slaves in the village of the sheik my brother made that thing for the sheik's little daughter. She played with it all days and called it after my brother, whose name is Geeka. Just before we escaped some one came and struck down the sheik, stealing his daughter away. If this is she the sheik will pay you well for her return."

Korak's arm had gone around the shoulders of Meriem. And then from behind him broke a hideous bedlam of savage war cries, and a score of shrieking blacks were upon them.

Korak turned to give battle. Meriem with her own light spear stood by his side. An avalanche of barbed missiles flew about them. One pierced Korak's shoulder, another his leg, and he went down.

A Score of Shrieking Blacks Were Upon Them.

Meriem was unscathed for the blacks had intentionally spared her. Now they rushed forward to finish Korak and make good the girl's capture. But as they came there came also from another point in the jungle the great Akut and at his heels the huge bulls of his new kingdom.

Snarling and roaring, they rushed upon the black warriors when they saw the mischief they had already wrought. Kovudoo, realizing the danger of coming to close quarters with these mighty ape men, seized Meriem and called upon his warriors to retreat.

For a time the apes followed them, and several of the blacks were badly mauled and one killed before they succeeded in escaping. Nor would they have got off thus easily had Akut not been more concerned with the condition of the wounded Korak than with the fate of the girl, upon whom he had always looked as more or less of an interloper, and an unquestioned burden.

Korak lay bleeding and unconscious when Akut reached his side. The great ape tore the heavy spears from his flesh, licked the wounds and then carried his friend to the lofty shelter that Korak had constructed for Meriem. Further than this the brute could do nothing. Nature must accomplish the rest unaided or Korak must die.

He did not die, however. For days he lay helpless with fever, while Akut and the apes hunted close by that they might protect him from such birds and beasts as might reach his lofty retreat. Occasionally Akut brought him juicy fruits which helped to slake his thirst and allay his fever, and little by little his powerful constitution overcame the effects of the spear thrusts. The wounds healed and his strength returned.

All during his rational moments as he had lain upon the soft furs which lined Meriem's nest he had suffered more acutely from fears for Meriem than from the pain of his own wounds. For her he must live; for her he must regain his strength that he might set out in search of her. But it was many a day before strength returned to him.

* * * * * * *

Meriem, bound and under heavy guard in Kovudoo's own hut, had no doubt but that Korak would come back and still less that he would easily free her.

So now as she lay waiting for him she dreamed of him and of all that he meant to her. She compared him with the sheik, her father, and at the thought of the stern, grizzled old Arab she shuddered. Even the savage blacks had been less harsh to her than he.

Not understanding their tongue, she could not guess what purpose they had in keeping her a prisoner. She knew that man ate man, and she had expected to be eaten, but she had been with them for some time now, and no harm had befallen her.

She did not know that a runner had been dispatched to the distant village of the sheik to barter with him for a ransom. She did not know, nor did Kovudoo, that the runner had never reached his destination; that he had fallen in with the safari of Jessen and Malbihn and with the talk-alikeness of a native had unfolded his whole mission to the black servants of the two Swedes. These had not been long in retailing the matter to their masters, and the result was that when the runner left their camp to continue his journey he had scarce passed from sight before there came the report of a rifle, and he rolled lifeless into the underbrush with a bullet hole in his back.

A few moments later Malbihn strolled back into the encampment, where he went to some pains to let it be known that he had had a shot at a fine buck and missed. The Swedes knew that their men hated them and that an overt act against Kovudoo would quickly be carried to the chief at the first opportunity. Nor were they sufficiently strong in either guns or loyal followers to risk antagonizing the wily old chief.

The next day the Swedes set out for Kovudoo's village, bent on securing possession of the person of the white girl whom Kovudoo's runner had told them lay captive in the chief's village. How they were to accomplish their end they did not know. Force was out of the question, though they would not have hesitated to use it had they possessed it.

In former years they had marched roughshod over enormous areas, taking toll by brute force even when kindliness or diplomacy would have accomplished more. But now they were in bad straits—so bad that they had not shown their true colors scarce twice in a year, and then only when they came upon an isolated weak village.

Kovudoo was not of these, and though his village was in a way remote from the more populous district to the north, his power was such that he maintained an acknowledged suzerainty over the thin thread of villages which connected him with the savage lords to the north.

To have antagonized him would have spelled ruin for the Swedes. It would have meant that they might never reach civilization by the northern route. To the west the village of the sheik lay directly in their path, barring them effectually. To the east the trail was unknown to them, and to the south there was no trail.

The Swedes buy Meriem from Kovudoo, and in fighting over her Malbihn kills Jenssen.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Superstitions About Salt.

It is a curious fact that, from the earliest times, many superstitions have clung about the use of salt. There is much evidence in Holy Writ for ceremonial uses of it. The Mosaic law commands that every oblation of meat offered shall be seasoned with salt, a command that is given, with variations, in various books of the Bible, such as Leviticus 2:13 and Ezekiel 16:4. In the old days salt was put into a child's mouth in baptism, and in some countries to this day the custom is followed of throwing a pinch of it into holy water to ward off the evil spirit.

If a baby had the appetite of a young potato beetle it would eat from fifty to a hundred pounds of food every 24 hours.

WINTER HOLDS MUCH FOR MICH. FARMERS

Big Series of Schools, Congresses and Conventions Opens in January.

TRACTOR "CAMP" PLANNED

College to Conduct Two Weeks' Course in March for Training of Tractor Engineers.

From Office of Publications, Michigan Agricultural College.

East Lansing.—If there is a farmer in Michigan who is not familiar in 1918 with all the whats, whys and wherefores of production, it will be a safe wager that he is one of four things—deaf, dumb, blind or a paralytic. For Michigan has outlined a plan of action for training her citizens for the fray in the furrows just about as thorough in its way as is Uncle Sam's course for making his men ready for the fight at the front. The winter season, beginning in January and continuing until the middle of March, will be one of schools, congresses and conventions for the farmer, and all of them will be conducted in East Lansing, the seat of the Michigan Agricultural college.

This winter program for agriculturists will start off smack with the new year. The short courses at the college will come first, beginning on January 7. With these much of the rural population of the state is familiar. They were provided originally for the purpose of giving farmers and others the direct benefits of the educational opportunities the college presents. It was readily seen, however, that the country man, whose time during the spring, summer and fall is monopolized by the rush of farm operations, couldn't attend at such times of the year. The eight weeks' winter courses accordingly were designed to accommodate him at a time when he was most likely to be at liberty. An effort is made by means of them to teach the most essential agricultural principles and practices.

The courses are divided into a number of a specialized character. One deals with dairying only; another takes up horticulture and fruit-growing; still a third has to do with soil management and crops, and a fourth is for poultrymen. These run for eight weeks, commencing on January 7, and concluding on March 2. As a state enterprise they are, naturally, open to any citizen of Michigan who chooses to enroll.

Normally the short courses deal almost wholly with agricultural practices and problems of peace times, but the present crisis, with its flood of new problems to be dealt with and solved has made some elaborations necessary. The student in the short courses this winter will accordingly grapple with agricultural problems as they are now and will be for some time to come.

Grain Growers Convene January 15-16.

While the short courses will run eight weeks, there will be a number of other "between acts" features. The first of these "asides" will come on January 15 and 16, when grain growers will come to the college to attend the annual sessions of the Michigan Crop Improvement association. This is the organization through which the college has been doing most of its work with purebred and pedigreed grains. A part of the meeting will be taken up with a discussion of the routine business affairs of the association, but most important will be consideration of plans for bringing about the planting in 1918 of improved varieties of wheat, rye, corn, oats and barley, for it has been shown that use of high-yielding grains offers at once a simple and an economical means of increasing food production. At least two men of note will make addresses to the grain growers in the two days' conferences. One of these will be Dean Alfred Vivian of the Ohio State College of Agriculture, and the other will be Prof. C. P. Bull, professor of agronomy at the University of Minnesota and founder of the Minnesota experiment station. Dean Vivian's topic will be "Agriculture and the War." Professor Bull will speak of "Corn Improvement."

An exhibit of pedigreed grains will be conducted in conjunction with the convention.

Short Course Men to Meet.

At the same time the 3,000 or so men in the state who have attended or graduated from the short courses of the college will muster on the campus for a reunion—their first, by the way. The short course "grads" will take in the conferences of the grain growers, and in addition give an hour or two now and then to reunions and goodfellowship.

Live Stock Men Also Called.

The live stock men of the state will meet on January 17 and 18. This will be the annual convention of the Live Stock Breeders and Feeders' association, the body with which practically all Michigan live stock organizations are affiliated. Among these will be the Michigan Horse Breeders' association, the Michigan Shorthorn Cattle Breeders' association, the Michigan Holstein-Fresian association, the Michigan Jersey Cattle club, the Michigan Guernsey Cattle club, the Michigan Hereford Breeders' association, the Michigan Aberdeen Angus association, the Michigan Red Polled Cattle Breeders' association, the Michigan Sheep Breeders and Feeders' association, the Michigan Shropshire Sheep Breeders' association, the Michigan Hampshire Breeders' association, the Michigan Oxford Sheep Breeders' association, the Michigan Merino Sheep Breeders' association, the Michigan Swine Breeders' association, the Michigan O. I. C. and Chester White Swine association, the Michigan Poland China Swine Breeders' association, the Michigan Berkshire Swine Breeders' association, the Michigan Duroc Jersey Swine Breeders' association, the Michigan Hampshire Swine Breeders' association and the Michigan Stock Exhibitors' association.

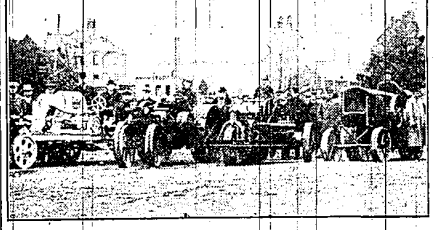
This convention, which will bring together more representative live stock men than any other assembly of the year, will go to the heart of the meat production question in Michigan and will conclude with a sale of cattle in the college's stock judging pavilion.

Meetings of the convention, many of which will be addressed by men of note in the live-stock world, will be open to the public, and will constitute one of the most important of the winter's activities at M. A. C.

Train Tractor Engineers March 4.

No sessions of note are likely to take place between January 18 and March 4. On the latter date, however, a double-header will be put on. One of these will be a course for the training of tractor engineers, which will run for two weeks, and the other will be the annual farmers' week program, which will be offered on March 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9.

The tractor school, as might be expected, will open to agriculturists an easy way of learning to operate the big power machines which as a result of the dearth of farm labor are coming more and more into use, and in 1918 will play as highly an important a part in Michigan's farming scheme as do Byng's tanks on the western front.



Tractor Battery at M. A. C.

Individuals taking the two weeks' work will be required to pay only their living expenses at the college. There will be no tuition or other fees of any consequence.

The instruction in farm tractor operation will be in charge of Prof. H. H. Musselman of the department of farm mechanics of M. A. C. and Ashley M. Berridge, director of the short courses at the college. The work will include both the theoretical and the practical study of tractors. When the theory has been mastered, the men taking the course will be given a chance to climb aboard tractors and pilot them over the college farm. A full battery of machines of a number of different makes will be employed.

The only thing about the tractor school giving concern to the college authorities is the probability that it will draw more candidates for tractor knowledge than can be accommodated. Because of this prospect it has been suggested that persons who wish to be sure of admittance get in touch at once with the director of the short courses in East Lansing.

Farmers' Week in March.

But while the conventions, short courses and schools will give Michigan agriculturists inspiration to keep plugging progressively, the event before all others in the winter repertoire will be the farmers' week session at M. A. C. the week of March 4. At this time the entire college will be placed at the disposal of citizens of the state—and rural citizens in particular—for a full six days. During these sessions special instruction will be offered in practically every field of agricultural enterprise, and this will be supplemented further by daily addresses from a number of the nation's ablest agricultural leaders and representatives of the food administration in Washington.

The farmers' week program will furnish a sort of grand windup to the winter's work of tuning up the state's food producers for the man-sized job confronting them in 1918. Every pressing agricultural problem will be treated and plans presented for the solution of them. There will be blended with the instructional program also, one of entertainment, though the features of this have not yet been given out.

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"Bruges la Morte."

In a lost corner of the great lowland flat of Flanders, defended from the sea by an artificial dike, and at the point of intersection of a net work of canals and waterways, there stands a little town known to the Belgians as Brugge and to the rest of the world as Bruges, writes Niksah.

Fortunately for lovers of the quaint and picturesque, this city with its slender bell turrets, its lacelike gables and decorated house fronts has so far been spared the general devastation that followed in the wake of the invading Germans. They call it "Bruges la morte" and at every turn there is something to remind the visitor of the decay that has fallen upon the town. The ever-recurring view of picturesquely grouped tower, gable and bridge, of wide tree-filled parks, breathes an atmosphere of infinite stillness and charm, which is at the same time strangely pathetic.

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by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Catarrhal Deafness, and that is by a constitutional remedy. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. Catarrhal Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result. Unless the inflammation can be reduced and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing may be destroyed forever. Many cases of Deafness are caused by Catarrh, which is an inflamed condition of the Mucous Surfaces.

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Mrs. Flathush—Does your husband come home to his luncheon?

Mrs. Bensonhurst—Oh, yes; every day.

"And does he grumble when it's not ready on time?"

"He does not."

"But you don't always have it on time for him, do you?"

"Hardly ever on time."

"And does he grumble when it's not"

"He certainly does not."

"Why doesn't he grumble, do you suppose?"

"Because I won't let him."

Tommy Needed Them, Too.

The wounded Tommy writhed and squirmed as the masseuse, with iron fingertips, massaged his injured leg. At last he burst out:

"'Arf a mo! What d'yer think yer a-doing of? Ow!"

"It's all right!" said the masseuse. "I'm kneading your muscles!"

The Tommy gently but firmly pulled his leg away from the none too gentle grasp of his tormentor, and breathed:

"So'm I!"

No Need.

Lady—Do you think it is fair to take his candy?

Little Boy—I don't have to be fair—I kin lick him.—Life.

Take things as they come, but remember there are some things it will pay you to go after.

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