

The Son of Tarzan

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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CHAPTER XV—Continued.

But he was not yet dead. Again he

and fired, the bullet splintering the

the gunwale of the canoe close by

Baynes' face. Baynes fired again as

his canoe drifted further down stream,

and Malibini unsuspicious of the shot,

where he lay in a pool of his own

blood. Then, doggedly, the two wounded

men continued to cower on their

clut until the windless African river

had carried the Hun, Moriam Baynes

out of sight around a wooded point.

Meriam had traversed the river

the village of the white-robed negroes

which leaped out upon her from the

dark interior of the surrounding hills.

She tried to flee, but her feet were

scattered her, and when she turned at last

to plead with her eyes full upon the

face of a tall, grim old man glaring

down upon her from the folds of his

burrows.

At sight of him she staggered back

in shocked and terrified surprise. It

was the sheik!

The sheik and his party had been

marshaling southward along the river

when one of them, dropping out of

line to fetch water, had seen Meriam

making for the village. The fellow had

called the sheik's attention to the

strange sight—his white robe and his

central African—and the old Arab had

hidden his men in the deserted village

to capture her.

And when at last the woman had

walked into the trap, he had set for

her and he had recognized her as the

same little girl he had brutalized and

maltreated years before his gratifica-

tion had been lured. Now he looked

down at her with a cold, cruel smile

as he established the old relation-

of father and daughter that had ex-

isted between them in the past.

A few days' march brought them at

last to the familiar scene of her

childhood, and the first face upon

which she set her eyes as she was

driven through the gates into the

strong stockade was that of the tooth-

A wonderful idea had sprung to the

thought of the sheik. It was

that might be furthered if the girl

was kept in ignorance of the contents

of that newspaper clipping. It would

probably be deemed should she learn

his secrets.

"Meriam," he whispered, "never tell

me today how my eyes beheld you

yet at once they told my heart that it

must be your servant. You are not

free. I can help you. You hate the

sheik. So do I. Let me take you away

from him. Come with me and we

will go back to the great desert. You

will not tell him that I am here. You

will not tell him that I am here. You

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of his men and saw them running to

wart the gate.

And then from around the corner of

his tent loomed a huge bull, and Tan-

zor, the great ostrich, towered above

him.

Malibini's boy, feeling neither affec-

tion nor loyalty for his master, broke

and ran at the first glimpse of the

beast, and Malibini was left alone and

helpless. The elephant stopped at the

couple of paces from the wounded

man's hammock. Malibini covered,

moaning. He was too weak to escape.

He could only lie there with staring

eyes, gazing in horror into the blood-

rimmed, angry little nose fixed upon

him, and await his death.

Then, to his astonishment, a man

said to the ground from the elephant's

back. Almost at once Malibini recog-

nized the strange figure as that of the

creature who consorted with apes and

baboons—the white warrior of the jungle.

Malibini covered still lower.

It was from Malibini's dying lips

that Korak learned of the Swedish en-

counter with Baynes and how Meriam

was again in the camp of the sheik.

Korak lost no time in seeking her.

When speed was required Korak de-

parted upon no other device than his

own, and so it was that the mount-

ain had landed him safely upon the

same side of the river as lay the

village of the sheik the ape man de-

scribed his last, desperate and toxic

troops in a rapid race toward the

South and the point where the Swede

had told him Meriam might be.

It was dark when he came to the

millage, strewn with coral rubble.

And so it was that he had rescued

Meriam from his life within its

coral confines. No longer did the giant

spread the branches above the

beast's head, but ordinary man

made defenses were scarce considered

obstacles by Korak.

Loosening the rope at his waist, he

thrust the nose over one of the shur-

pendent posts that crossed the path of

the beast, and he went down with

the level of the obstacles, taking in all

within their range below. There was

no one in sight close by, and Korak

crept by himself to the top and dropped

lightly to the ground within the in-

closure.

Then he commenced his stealthy

search of the village. First he went

down to the beach to make his way, sniffing

and listening. He passed behind the

searching for some sign of Meriam.

Not even the wild Arab ears heard his

resonance, so softly he went on shadow

ing his way.

Naked but for his leopard skin and

his loincloth, Korak the Killer slunk

into the shadows at the back of the

beach, where he saw the light of the

fire. His sharp knife slit a

six foot opening in the tent wall, and

Korak, tall and mighty, sprang

through upon the astonished visions of

the interior.

Meriam saw and recognized him the

instant that he entered the apartment.

Her heart leaped in pride and joy at

the sight of the noble figure for which

she had hungered so long.

"Korak," she cried.

"Meriam!" He uttered the single

word as he hurried himself upon the

inmates of the tent. Three negroes

leaped from their sleeping mats and

seemingly Meriam tried to prevent

them from escaping, but before she

could succeed the terrified blacks had

hurled through the hole in the tent

wall men by Korak's knife and were

scampering toward the village.

Korak turned toward Meriam, and

at the same moment a bloody and

disheveled apparition leaped into the

apartment.

"Meriam!" cried the girl.

"For it was Baynes, who, despite his

wounds, had made his way to the

sheik's village.

Korak turned and looked at the new-

comer. He had been so sure that

Meriam in his sure forgetfulness of all

that might have transpired since last

he had seen her. Then the coming

of the young Englishman recalled the

scene he had witnessed in the little

clearing and a wave of misery swept

over the ape man.

Already from without came the

sounds of the alarm that the three

negresses had started. Men were run-

ning toward the tent. There was no

time to be lost.

"Quick!" cried Korak, turning to

ward Baynes, who had scarce yet re-

acted when he saw facing a friend

and foe. "Take her to the palisade, fol-

lowing the rear of the tents. Here is

my rope. With it you can scale the

wall and make your escape."

"But you, Korak?" cried Meriam.

"I will remain," replied the ape man.

"I have business with the sheik."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Clap! Lighters in Italy.

The Italian substitute for the neat

and convenient cigar lighter found in

every American cigar store is a "lo-

pe" lighter. It is made of cheap

iron, of rope waste, and even of raw

twisted roughly into shape and held

together by strings of twine. The in-

vention is highly praised by the store

keeper himself. —Popular Science

Monthly.

Bowser Is Sad

But His Sadness Departs All of a Sudden.

(Copyright, 1918, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

By M. QUAD.

After dinner Mr. Bowser lighted his

cigar and sat down on the front steps

to smoke. The cat sat with him and

for an hour he seemed to have many

thoughts and paid but little heed to

what was going on around him. By and

by he went into the house and sat

down with Mrs. Bowser and presently

said:

"I was having a revery out there by

myself and it has made me feel sad."

"Then you were thinking of sad things?" queried Mrs. Bowser.

"Yes, they were sad. I was think-

ing of mother's death. She called me

to her when she was dying and told

me to always speak the truth. I can

remember every word she said. Dear

mother, but I hope she has long

been with the angels."

"That is the reason why you always

speak the truth, now, is it?"

"Justly. He realized that he had

sometimes, as all men do, but he hoped

she would never find him out and

was, therefore, not using any sarcasm."

"And my father," continued Mr.

Bowser, "when he was dying he

called me to him and told me always

to be honest under all circumstances.

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