

The Son of Tarzan

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

"Here we are at last," said Hanson. He drew his revolver and fired in the air. Instantly the camp across the river was silent. Black men ran down to the river's bank. Hanson halted them. But there was no sign of the Hon. Morison Baynes.

In accordance with their master's instructions the blacks manned a canoe and rowed across. Hanson placed Meriem in the little craft and entered it himself, leaving two boys to watch the horses, which the canoe was to return for and swing across to the camp side of the river.

Once in the camp Meriem asked for Baynes. For the moment her fears were slayed by the sight of the camp, which she had come to look upon as more or less of a myth. Meriem pointed toward the single tent that stood in the center of the enclosure.

"There," he said, and preceded her toward it. At the entrance he held the flap aside and motioned her within. Meriem entered and looked about. The tent was empty.

She turned toward Hanson. There was a hard grit on his face.

"Where is Mr. Baynes?" she demanded.

"He ain't here," replied Hanson. "Leastwise I never see him do me. But I'm here, and I'm a better man than that thing ever was. You don't need him no more—yon god me!" and he laughed uproariously and reached for her.

Meriem was looking full into his face as she fought for freedom when there came to her the sudden recognition of a familiar scene in which she had been a participant and with it full recognition of her assailant. He was the Swede Malibin, who had attacked her once before, who had shot his companion, who would have saved her and from whom she had been rescued by Swana.

His smooth face had deceived her, but now, with a growing fear and the similarity of positions, recognition was swift and sure.

But today there would be no Swana to save her!

As Meriem struggled with Malibin hope died within her. She did not utter a sound, for she knew that was none to come to her assistance and besides the jungle trials of her earliest life had taught her that any of aspirants for succor in the savage world of her upbringing.

But as she fought to free herself one hand came in contact with the bullet she had found in the holster at his hip. Slowly her fingers encircled the coveted prize and drew it from its resting place. She leveled it at his breast, but the hammer fell futilely upon an empty chamber.

For a moment she eluded Malibin and ran toward the entrance to the tent; but at the very doorway his heavy hand fell upon her shoulder and dragged her back. Whirling him with the fury of a wounded lioness, Meriem grasped the long revolver by the barrel, swung it high above her head and crushed it down full in Malibin's face.

With an oath of pain and rage the man staggered backward, releasing his hold upon her, and then sank uncon-

scious to the ground. Without a backward look Meriem turned and fled to the open.

Several of the blacks saw her and tried to intercept her flight, but the menace of her deadly weapon kept them at a distance.

And as she was beyond the encircling home and disappeared into the jungle to the south.

Straight into the branches of a tree she went, true to the arborist instincts of the little Mangani she had been, and there stripped off her riding skirt, her shoes and her stockings, for she had brought Meriem to his camp, a man in torn khaki, dirty, haggard, unkempt, come to a sudden stop as the impact of another bullet.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Morison Squares Accounts.

A mile away toward the east, fighting his way through the jungle along the trail taken by Malibin when he had brought Meriem to his camp, a man in torn khaki, dirty, haggard, unkempt, came to a sudden stop as the impact of another bullet.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A loud voice is a powerful weapon of defense and offense.

With cartridges for the revolver she might hope to bag small game and to protect herself from all but the most desperate enemies that would beset her way back to the beloved heartstone of Swana and My Dear.

With the thought came determination to return and obtain the coveted ammunition. She realized that she was taking great chances of recapture. But without means of defense and of obstructing incitement she felt that she could never hope to reach safety. And so she turned her face back toward the camp from which she had but just escaped.

She thought Malibin dead, so terribly a blow had she dealt him, and she hoped to find an opportunity after dark to enter the camp and search her tent for the cartridge belt. But scarcely had she found a hiding place in a great tree at the edge of the dome, where she could watch without danger of being discovered, than she saw the Swede emerge from his tent, wading blood-stained knee and hurling a volley of oaths and questions at his tent fellows.

Shortly after the entire camp set forth in search of her, and when Meriem was positive that all were gone she descended from her hiding place and ran quickly across the clearing to the tent. A hasty survey of the interior revealed no ammunition, but in one corner was a box in which were packed the Swede's personal belongings, including the revolver he had brought by his tent.

Meriem peered upon the receptacle as the possible container of extra ammunition. Quickly she loosed the cords that held the canvas covering about the box and a moment later had raised the lid and was rummaging through the heterogeneous accumulation of odds and ends within.

There were letters and papers and cuttings from old newspapers and among other things the photograph of a little girl upon the back of which was pasted a clipping from a Paris newspaper, a clipping that she had no time to read, yellowed and dimmed by age and handling. But something about the photograph of the little girl which was also reproduced in the newspaper clipping held her attention.

Where had she seen that picture before? And then, quite suddenly, it came to her that this was a picture of herself taken years and years before!

What had it been taken? How had she come into the possession of this picture? Why had it been reproduced in a newspaper? What was the story that the faded type told of it?

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A single glance assured her that she was right in her hunch that the box was intended for the weapon she had thrust inside the hand of her riding breeches, and slipping them into her pocket, she turned once more in her examination of the baffling likeness of herself that she held in her hand.

"How can we cross?" asked Baynes. The black shook his head. There was no canoe, and the crocodiles made it equivalent to suicide to enter the water in an attempt to swim across.

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