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CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

Merlem would have denuded, but the killer set off the light by the shoulders and hustled them through the slit wall and out into the shadows beyond.

"Now run for it," he admonished and turned to meet and hold those who were pouring into the tent from the front.

"The ape man fought well, fought as he had never fought before, but the odds were too great for victory, though he won that which he most craved—time for the Englishman to escape with Merlem. Then he was overwhelmed by numbers and a few minutes later, bound and gagged, he was carried to the sheik's tent.

The old man eyed him in silence for a long time. He was trying to fix in his own mind some form of torture that would gratify his rage and hatred toward this creature who twice had been the means of his losing possession of Merlem.

And as he sat there looking upon Korak the sheik was broken by the trumpeting of an elephant in the jungle toward the pulisade. A half smile touched Korak's lips. He turned his head a trifle in the direction from which the sound had come, and then there broke from his lips a low, weird call.

One of the blacks guarding him struck him across the mouth with the flat of his spear, but none there knew the significance of his cry. In the jungle Tantor cocked his ears at the sound of Korak's voice fell upon them. He approached the pulisade and, lifting his trunk above it, sniffed. Then he placed his trunk against the wooden logs and pushed, but the pulisade was strong and gave only a little to the pressure.

In the sheik's tent the sheik rose at last and, pointing toward the house, captive, turned to one of his lieutenants.

"Burn him," he commanded, "at once! The stake is set."

Merlem, dazed by the unexpected sight of Korak, who she had long given up as dead, permitted herself to be led away by Baynes. Among the tents he pulled her safely to the pulisade, and then following Korak's instructions, the Englishman pitched a mouse over the top of one of the upright logs that formed the barrier. With difficulty he reached the top and then lowered his hand to assist Merlem to his side.

"Come," he whispered. "We must hurry."

As they went, as though she had awakened from a sleep, Merlem came to herself. Back there, fighting her enemies alone, was Korak—her Korak! Her place was by his side, fighting with him and for him.

She glanced up at Baynes. "Go!" she called. "Make your way back to Bwana and bring help. My place is here. You can do no good remaining. Get away while you can and bring the big Bwana back with you."

Suddenly the Hon. Merlem Baynes did to the ground inside the pulisade to Merlem's side.

"It was only for you that I left him," he said, nodding toward the tents that had just left. "I knew that he could hold them longer than I and give you a chance to escape that I might not be able to have given you."

"I thought you should have remained," he heard, you call him Korak, and so I know who he is."

As they stood there for the moment of their conversation the sounds of tumult in the village came to them.

"They have killed him!" whispered Merlem.

The statement brought Baynes to a realization of the cause of their return. "Wait here," he said, "I will go and see. If he is dead, we can do him no good. If he lives I will do my best to free him."

"We will go together," replied Merlem. "Come! And she led the way back toward the tent in which they had just seen Korak.

As they went they were often forced to throw themselves to the ground in the shadow of a tent or to creep for people were passing hurriedly to and from. The whole village was aroused and moving about. The return to the tent of the sheik took much longer than had their swift flight to the pulisade. Cautiously they crept to the slit that Korak's knife had made. In the rear wall Merlem peered inside. The apartment was empty. She crawled through the aperture, Baynes at her heels, and then silently crossed the space to the rugs that partitioned the tent into two rooms. Parting the hangings, Merlem looked toward the front room. It, too, was deserted.

She crossed to the door of the tent and looked out. Then she gave a little gasp of horror. Baynes at her shoulder looked past her to the sight that had

startled her, and he, too, exclaimed, but his was an oath of anger. A hundred feet away they saw Korak bound to a stake, the brush still about him already night. The Englishman pushed Merlem to one side and rushed on a run for the nearest tent. What he would do in the face of scores of hostile blacks and Arabs he did not stop to consider.

At the same instant Tantor broke through the pulisade and charged the group. In the face of the incensed host the crowd turned and fled, carrying Baynes backward with them.

Tantor wrapped his trunk about the body of Korak and the stake to which it was bound and tore it from the ground. Lifting his burden high above his head, the giant beast wheeled and raced for the breach he had just made in the pulisade. The sheik, who in the meantime had rushed to the front of the tent, saw the elephant, the elephant, entered the blackness of the night.

At a moment it was all over, and the elephant had disappeared with his prize, but pandemonium reigned throughout the village. Men, women and children ran hither, thither, for safety. Cursing and sobbing, the horses and camels and donkeys, terrified by the trumpeting of the pachyderm, kicked and pulled at their tether.

A dozen or more broke loose, and it was the galloping of these mad animals that brought a sudden idea into Baynes' head. He turned to search for Merlem, only to find her at his elbow.

"Here he is!" he cried. "I see him. He is a horse of color!"

Elated with the idea, Merlem led him to the far end of the village.

"Loseen, two of them," he said, "lead them back into the shadows behind these huts, I know where there

are."

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and Baynes leaped their spina mounts through the brush in the pulisade and were gone up the well worn trail toward the north.

CHAPTER XVII.

Tantor Returns.

And Korak? Tantor carried him deep into the jungle, nor passed until no sound from the distant village reached his keen ears. Then he hid his burden gently down. Korak struggled to free himself from his bonds, but even his great strength was unable to cope with the many strands of hard knotted cord that bound him.

And while he struggled through the night with his bonds Baynes and Merlem were riding rapidly northward along the river. The girl had assured Baynes that Korak was safe in the jungle with Tantor. It had not occurred to her that the ape man might not be able to burst his bonds. Baynes had been wounded by a shot from the rifle of one of the Arabs, and the girl wanted to get him back to Bwana's home, where he could be properly cared for.

"Then," she said, "I shall get Bwana to come with me and search for Korak. He must come and live with us. All night they rode, and the day was still young when they came suddenly upon a party hurrying southward. It was Bwana himself, and his sleek, black warriors.

At sight of Baynes the big Englishman's brows contracted in a frown, but he waited to hear Merlem's story before giving vent to the long pent in his breast. When she had finished he seemed to have forgotten Baynes. His thoughts were occupied with another subject.

"You say that you found Korak?" he asked. "You really saw him?"

"Yes," replied Merlem; "as plainly as I see you, and I want you to come with me, Bwana, and help me find him again."

"Did you see him?" He turned toward the Hon. Merlem, the village chief.

"Yes," replied Baynes; "very plainly."

"What sort of appearing man is he?" continued Merlem. "About how old would you say?"

"I should say he was an Englishman about my own age," replied Baynes, and Kamels and donkeys, terrified by the trumpeting of the pachyderm, kicked and pulled at their tether.

"Take him Merlem and Mr. Baynes home," he said. "I am going into the jungle."

Then he motioned to his head man to take his horse and commence the return journey to the farm. Merlem slowly journeyed the tired horse back to the village of the sheik.

A litter was rigged for the new arrivals. Baynes, and the little cavalcade was soon slowly winding off along the river trail.

Bwana, who had been watching them until they were out of sight.

Slowly he turned toward a nearby tree. Leaping upward, he caught a lower branch and drew himself up among the branches. His movements were quick and agile. High into the tree he made his way and there commenced to dress himself in his clothing.

After Bwana had left his party, sending them back toward the farm, Merlem had ridden for a short distance with bowed head. What thought passed through that active brain who can say? Presently she seemed to come to a decision. She called that head man to her side.

"I am going back with Bwana," she announced.

The black shook his head. "No," he announced. "Bwana says I take you home. So I take you home."

Presently her horse passed beneath a low hanging branch, and the black head man found himself caught at the girl's eyes. She smiled. He ran forward to the tree into which she had disappeared. He could see nothing of her. He called, but there was no response. He waited a moment, but he saw no sign of her. He called again, but there was no response. He waited a moment, but he saw no sign of her. He called again, but there was no response.

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A man on the shady side of forty thought he was going into a decline. He went to his physician, submitted to a thorough examination and waited the word which was to consign him to the easy life.

"This is what the doctor, who happened to be a modern physician, told him: 'You get too much sleep, too much sit around too much and walk too little. I am going to put you on a rigid diet, and I want you to walk—walk—walk!'

The man who thought he was going into a decline demurred at the doctor's suggestion of a rigid diet. The diet prescribed consisted of milk—only milk—and the man who saw visions of the rainbow heard his "rattles" but he decided to follow the doctor's orders. He stuck to the rigid diet.

And he made it a practice to walk two miles to the office every morning, rain or shine. The exercise which he acquired a year for the street car after a week or two astonished him.

At the end of a week of dieting and walking, this man began to look like a man with different eyes. His front which had been a burden, began to assume an attractive glow. At the end of two weeks, with a modified but still skimping diet, and more walking, he began to catch himself in the act of running up the stairs instead of dragging himself up by main force. At the end of four weeks of this treatment, without taking a drop of medicine or a single pill, he felt as if ten years had rolled off his shoulders.

The average New Yorker who works and eats too much if he does not drink too much, his wife who sits too much and walks altogether too little. And what is true of the average New Yorker is true of the average American. Too much food, too much drink, and too much sitting around are the deadly trinity of our national degeneration. We are becoming physically flabby and mentally drowsy. We are beginning to rot in the straitjacket.

Overindulgence has done it—this system of self-jammering which Dr. John R. Quale of Cleveland calls "twentieth century laziness."

Most of these "twentieth century habits" have to do with the stomach. In some languages a piece of false philosophy has been crystallized like a fly in amber, in the homely phrase, "I have the heartache" when stomach ache is the reality. That phrase is an unconscious recognition of the fact that the stomach is the center of the human system.

The importance of the stomach has been recognized by the earliest law. The dietary regulations of the law of Moses were a far-sighted attempt to

make the food of a historic nation conform to the laws of nature. Legislation for peoples living under conditions similar to those under which the Jews lived, Mohammed, another of the world's great lawgivers, embodied in the Koran a good deal that he found in the Talmud on the subject of eating and drinking.

Moses put the children of Israel on a diet. Mohammed put the Arabs on a diet. Business and professional America ought to go on a diet and stay there for awhile.

Nature is the greatest of all physicians. (Oh! nature a chance. Don't overdo your stomach with too much food. Don't overwork your liver and your kidneys by too much drink, and sometimes very little drink, is too much. Nature is the watchman sitting at the gate. Nature is ready to be up and at the enemy of your life at the first sign of danger. Don't bind and gag the champion. Give him a chance for his life and yours.

"Eat less. Walk more. The results will astonish you."—New York Mail.

Served the Meat Flavor. Cold meat chicken or other meat left over in quantities too small for use alone may be used advantageously by mixture with other foods. Here is a recipe for the way to use such meat.

Chop the meat fine and season it well. Mix in enough butter or oil to make it "saute" well. Form into balls about the size of a finger and wrap around each a thin piece of short dough made from a pint of flour, two tablespoons of baking powder, salt and milk enough to mix. Bake the rolls in a hot oven until they are a delicate brown. Serve hot.—New York World.

Feminine Ability. Whoever it was that remarked words is a mystery certainly remarked a heading: "Feminine Ability." We doubt if she herself can explain how it is she can always get something else in a suit after it is so full it won't hold anything else.—Macon Telegraph.

The Rivals. "I have just been reading" quoth Hamlet fast, "some startling statistics about the earth's capacity." "The earth's capacity?" responded Yorick Hamlet. "You'll never play to it!"—Pittsburgh Post.

The only thing you can afford not to pay is a grudge.

Parson Was Sarcastic. Parson Miles was a rather dry speaker, but occasionally he proved that he had ready wit. One evening he was addressing his congregation on the subject of leading an upright life, when he suddenly paused and beckoned to the sexton. "Brown," said he, in a clear, distinct tone of voice, "open a couple of windows on each side of the church, please." "For your purpose, sir?" exclaimed the sexton, with a look of great surprise. "Did I understand you to say 'Open the windows'?" It is a very bitter cold night, he replied. I am well aware of that, Brown," was the cold, hard reply of the minister, as he gazed around the church, "but it is not healthy to sleep with the windows shut."

Compressed Air Clears Sewer Pipes. Bradford, England, has a sewer five miles long with a drop of 70 feet in distance. The grade is not uniform. As the sewage is loaded with heavy solid matter, the flow was not what it should have been. The city did not want to resort to pumping because of the expense. One of the city engineers hit upon the idea of using compressed air at a pressure of 50 pounds and discharging it at regular intervals into the sewer. The plan was carried out with great success. It has been done for some time now without a recurrence of the difficulty.

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Palestine a Small Country.

Nearly all the events in the history of Israel that are recorded in the Old Testament happened within a territory no bigger than the state of Connecticut, whose area is 4,800 square miles, and into hardly any other country has there been crowded from the days of Abraham till our own so much history—that is to say, so many events that have been recorded in the annals of mankind.

Nor is it only that Palestine is really a small country. The traveler constantly feels as he moves about that it is a small country. From the heights a few miles north of Jerusalem he sees, looking northward, a far-off summit carrying snow for eight months in the year. It is Hermon, nearly 10,000 feet high—Hermon, whose fountains feed the rivers of Damascus—Naboun Geographic Magazine.

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