

The Son of Tarzan

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

Meriem was almost at Korak's side when Tantor saw a long knife in her hand, and then he broke forth, bellowing, fiercely, and charged down upon the girl.

Korak screamed commands to his huge protector in an effort to halt him, but all to no avail. Meriem raced toward the bordering trees with all the speed that lay in her swift little feet, but Tantor, for all his huge bulk, drove down upon her with the rapidity of an express train.

What was that? Korak's eyes started from their sockets. A strange figure had leaped from the tree the shade of which Meriem already had reached—leaped beyond the girl straight into the path of the charging elephant.

It was a half naked white giant. Across his shoulder a coil of rope was looped. In the band of his girdle was a hunting knife.

A sharp command broke from the stranger's lips. The great beast halted in his tracks, and Meriem swung her self upward into the tree to safety.

Korak breathed a sigh of relief, not unmixed with wonder. He fastened his eyes upon the face of the white giant, and as recognition slowly filtered into his understanding they went wide in incredulity and surprise. Tantor, still rumbling angrily, stood away from him, and before the giant white man.

Then the latter stepped straight beneath the upraised trunk and spoke a low word of command. The great beast ceased his muttering. The white light died from his eyes, and as the stranger stepped forward toward Korak, Tantor trailed docilely at his heels.

Meriem was watching, too, and wondered. Suddenly the man turned toward her.

"Come, Meriem," he called, and then she recognized him with a start. "Tantor!"

"Jack!" cried the white giant, kneeling at the ape man's side.

"Father!" came chokingly from the girl's lips. "Thank God that it was you! No one else in all the jungle could have stopped Tantor!"

Quickly the man cut the bonds that held Korak, and as the youth struggled weakly to his feet and threw his arms about his father, the older man turned toward Meriem.

"I thought," he said, sternly, "that I told you to return to the farm."

Korak was looking at them wonderingly. In his heart was a guess yearning to take the girl in his arms, but in time he remembered the other—the dapper young English gentleman—and that he was but a savage ape man.

Meriem looked up pleadingly into Tantor's eyes.

"You told me," she said in a very small voice, "that my place was beside the man I love." And she turned her eyes toward Korak, all filled with the wonderful light that no other man had seen in them and that none other ever would.

The killer started toward her with outstretched arms, but suddenly his feet went out from under him, and he fell upon his knees before her instead, and lifting her hand to his lips, kissed it more reverently than he could have kissed the hand of his country's queen.

A ripple from Tantor brought the three, all jungle bred, to instant alertness. Tantor was looking toward the

Korak held his hand affectionately up to his father's shoulder.

"There is but one Tarzan," he said. "There can never be another."

CHAPTER XVIII.

A Family Reunion.

Two days later the three dropped from the trees on the edge of the plain, across which they could see the smoke rising from the hearth and the chimneys of the cookhouse. Tarzan of the Apes had regained his civilized clothing from the tree where he had hidden it, and as Korak refused to enter the presence of his mother in the savage half raiment that he had worn so long and as Meriem would not leave him for fear, as she explained, that he would change his mind and run off into the jungle again, the father went on ahead to the bungalow for horses and clothes.

My Dear met him at the gate, her eyes filled with questioning and sorrow. For she saw that Meriem was not with him.

"Where is she?" she asked, her voice trembling. "My father told me that she disobeyed your instructions and ran off into the jungle after you had left them. Oh, John, I cannot bear to lose her, too!" And Lady Greylocke broke down and wept as she plovered her head upon the broad shoulder of her son, and found comfort in the great tragedies of her life.

Lady Greylocke raised her head and looked down at her eyes, his own smiling and filled with the light of happiness.

"What is it, John?" she cried. "You have good news. Do not keep me waiting for it."

"I want to be quite sure that you can stand hearing the best news that ever came to either of us," he said.

"Joy never kills!" she cried. "You have found her?" She could not bring herself to hope for the impossible.

"Yes, Jane," he said, and his voice was husky with emotion. "I have found her—and him!"

"Where is he? Where are they?" she demanded.

"Out there at the edge of the jungle. He wouldn't come to you in his savage leopard skin and his nakedness. He sent me to fetch him civilized clothing."

She clasped her hands in ecstasy and turned to run toward the bungalow.

"Wait!" she cried over her shoulder. "I have all his little suits. I have saved them all. I will bring one to you."

Tarzan laughed and called to her to stop.

"The daily clothing on the place that will fit him," he said, "is blue—if it is not too small for him. Your little boy has grown, Jane."

She laughed, too; she felt like laughing at everything or at nothing. This world with its joys and sorrows that had been shrouded in the gloom of her great sorrow, for so many years. So great was her joy that for the first time she forgot the sad message that awaited Meriem.

She called to Tantor after he had ridden away to prepare for it, but he did not hear, and rode on without knowing of it himself.

When they arrived the mother faced Meriem, an expression of sadness crasing her happiness from her eyes.

"My little girl," she said, "in the midst of our happiness a great sorrow awaits you—Mr. Baynes did not survive his wounds."

The expression of sorrow in Meriem's eyes expressed only what she sincerely felt, but it was not the sorrow of a woman bereft of her best beloved.

"I am sorry," she said quite simply. "But it was not I, I did not know what I was doing. I know that Korak lived, and she turned toward the girl with a smile."

Lady Greylocke looked quickly into the eyes of her son, the son who one day would be Lord Greylocke. No thought of the difference in the situations of the girl and her boy entered her mind. To her Meriem was fit for a king. She only wanted to know that Jack loved the little Arab wife.

The look in his eyes answered the question in her heart, and she threw her arms about them both and kissed them each a dozen times.

"Now," she cried, "I shall really have a daughter!"

It was several weary marches to the nearest mission, but they waited at the farm only a few days for rest and preparation for the great event before setting out upon the journey, and after the marriage ceremony had been performed they kept on to the coast to take passage for England.

They had been home but a week when Lord Greylocke received a message from the old friend D'Arnot. It was in the form of a letter of introduction brought by one General Armand Jacot. Lord Greylocke recalled the name, as who, familiar with modern French history would not? For Jacot was in reality the Prince de Condorcet, that intense republican who refuses to use, even by courtesy, a title that had belonged to his family for 400 years.

"There is no place for princes in a republic," he used to say.

Lord Greylocke received the hawk-nosed, gray-mustached soldier in his library, and after a dozen words the two men had found a mutual esteem and then went to ensure through life.

And the soldiers' words laid vividly before his hot scenes and events nearly two decades old. He told his host how he had been a captive in the Eastern Legion of France stationed at that time in Africa. He told how he had hunted down marauding bands of Arabs and blacks in the heart of the great desert, and how he had found a little Arab child with him his little four-year-old daughter and how he came back to camp one day to find that she had mysteriously disappeared.

Neither the wealth of her father and mother nor all the powerful resources of the great French republic were able to wrest the secret of her whereabouts from the inscrutable desert that had swallowed her and her abductor.

A reward of such enormous proportions was offered that many adventures were attracted to the hunt, among them Jensen and Malblin. This was no case for the modern detectives of civilization, yet several of these threw themselves into the search. The bones of some are bleaching beneath the African sun upon the silent sands of the Sahara.

"I have come to you," explained General Jacot as he concluded, "because our dear admiral tells me that there is no one in all the world who is more intimately acquainted with Central Africa than you."

"We did all that love and money and even government resources could do to discover her, but all to no avail."

"A week since there came to me in Paris a worthy Arab, who called himself Abdul Kammak. He said that he had found my daughter and could lead me to her. I took him at once to Admiral D'Arnot, who I knew had traveled some in Central Africa. The man's story led the admiral to believe that the place where the girl, the Arab supposed to be my daughter, was held in



"I know You! I know You!" She cried.

capitally was not far from your African estates, and he advised that I come at once and call upon you—that you would know if such a girl were in your power."

"What proof did the Arab bring that she was your daughter?" asked Lord Greylocke.

"None," replied the other. "That is why we thought best to consult you before organizing an expedition. The fellow had only an old photograph of her on the back of which was pasted a newspaper cutting describing her and offering a reward. We feared that having found this somewhere, he had procured his captivity and led him to believe that in some way he could obtain the reward, possibly by faking upon us a white girl in the chance that so many years had elapsed that we would not be able to recognize an impostor as such."

"I have your photograph from your pocket," said Lord Greylocke. "The general drew an envelope from his pocket, took a yellowed photograph from it and handed it to the Englishman. Tears dimmed the old warrior's eyes as they fell again upon the pictured features of his lost daughter."

Lord Greylocke examined the photograph for a moment. A queer expression entered his eyes. He touched a bell at his elbow and an instant later a footman entered.

"Ask my son's wife if she will be so good as to come to the library," he directed.

The two men sat in silence. General Jacot was too well bred to show in any way the chagrin and disappointment he felt in the summary manner in which Lord Greylocke had dismissed the subject of his call. As soon as the young lady had come and he had been presented he would make his departure.

A moment later Meriem entered. Lord Greylocke and General Jacot rose and faced her. The Englishman spoke no word of introduction. He wanted to see the effect of the first sight of the girl's face on the Frenchman, for he had a theory, a heaven-born theory, that had leaped into his mind the moment his eyes had rested on the baby face of Jeanne Jacot.

General Jacot took one look at Meriem, then turned toward Lord Greylocke. "How long have you known her?" he asked, a trifle hesitatingly.

"Since you showed me that photograph a moment ago," replied the Englishman.

"It is she," said Jacot, shaking with suppressed emotion, "that she does not recognize me. Of course she could not. Then he turned to Meriem."

"My child," he said, "am you?"

But she interrupted him with a quick, glad cry as she ran toward him with outstretched arms.

"I know you! I know you!" she cried. "Oh, how I remember!" And the old man folded her in his arms.

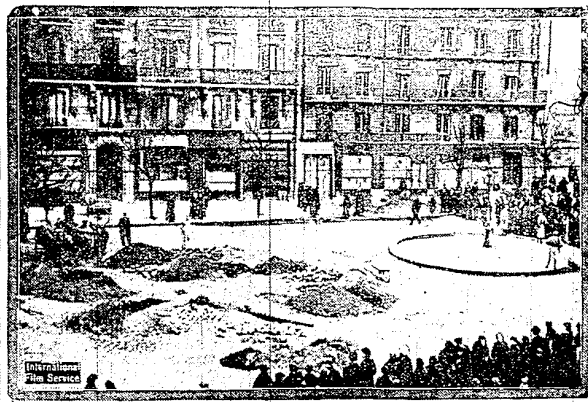
Jack Clayton and his mother were surprised and when the story had been told them they were only glad that little Meriem had found a father and a mother.

"And really you don't marry as Arab wives after all," said Meriem. "Don't they?"

"You are fine," replied the killer. "I married my little Meriem, and I don't care for my wife either. She is Arab or just a little Mangani."

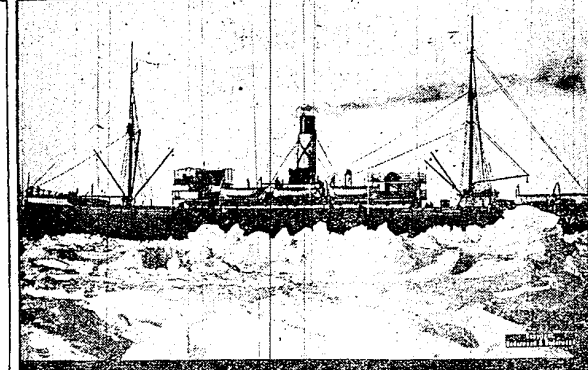
"She is neither, my son," said General Armand Jacot. "She is a French girl of my own blood."

A STREET IN PARIS AFTER THE VISIT OF GERMAN GOTHAS



One of the streets in Paris showing the damage caused by a 200-pound torpedo dropped from a raiding Gotha on the night of January 30. Great holes many feet deep were made by the torpedoes, and the buildings in the background were badly injured.

RED CROSS LINER FLORIZEL WRECKED ON REEFS OFF CAPE RACE



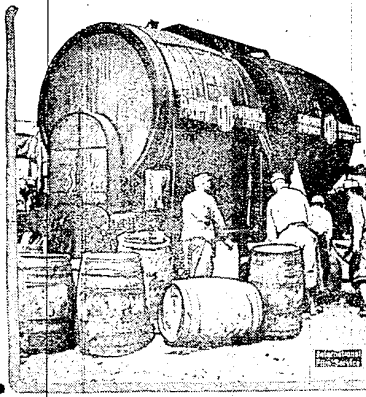
Forty-four survivors, who were left of the ship company or lost, were taken from this ill-fated Red Cross liner Florizel, which struck a reef north of Cape Race, N. F., during a terrific blizzard. The survivors were taken off by the crew of the Prospero, which was sent by the government to the scene with special lifesaving apparatus. The Florizel is shown here as an ice breaker in New York harbor.

AN UNUSUAL BILLET



Billets for soldiers who fight on the western front can be anywhere. But the strangest place that any fighter had to put up for the night on the fighting lines is shown in this British official photograph. A great concrete tank which turned over in a bombardment is being utilized by the Tommies and they have made a real cozy home of the huge cylinder. They are shown here going in for a rest. The picture is an excellent reminder of the old lady who lived in a shoe with her immense family. This home is just as different from the average habitation as the shoe, and the family of Tommies who lodge here is equally numerous.

WINE FOR THE POILUS AT THE FRONT



Wine is an important part of the daily rations served to the French soldiers. The above photograph shows soldiers filling barrels from the tank car which has just arrived from the wine regions in southern France. The barrels of wine are then sent forward to the men in the trenches.

THEY DO NOT FEAR GERMAN POISON GAS



These American soldiers are wearing the marvelous new gas mask adopted by our army. Each man in the group sent home a copy of the photograph, just to show how our fighters have sunk their individuality in the combined fight for human justice and liberty.



Then He Charged Down Upon the Frail Girl.

trees behind them, and as their eyes followed this gaze the head and shoulders of a great ape appeared amid the foliage.

For a moment the creature eyed them, and then from their throats rose a loud scream of recognition and of joy, and a moment later the beast had leaped to the ground, followed by a score of buds like himself, and were waddling toward them, shouting in the primordial tongue of the anthropoid: "Tarzan has returned! Tarzan, lord of the jungle!"

It was Akut, and instantly he commenced leaping and bounding about the trio, uttering hideous shrieks and unmeaning that to any other human beings might have indicated the most ferocious rage, but these three knew that the king of the apes was doing them no harm.

He was a king greater than him-