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However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

Magnetism in the Wilds.

Fish stories are supposed to be unique as stretchers of the imagination, but none beats the story told by a member of the British commission to the United States.

It seems that one of his acquaintances—a traveler of some note—had sold a farm to an Irishman, and the latter was complaining because there were no birds about the place.

"Set some traps," suggested the former owner, "and they will come."

"Shure an' will they come thin?"

"Yes, I was once in Africa, and there wasn't a woman, I had been told, within 200 miles. I wanted one to cook and keep house. So I hung a pair of earrings, a bracelet and some sundry buttons on a tree, and the next morning I found five applicants under the branches."

Treatment of Paretics.

As a result of two and a half years of treating paretics in the New Jersey State hospital with salvarsan, neosalvarsan and albuminate of mercury injected into the spinal cord, Drs. Britton D. Evans and Frederic H. Thorne report to the Medical Journal that this method has little or no value.

Only an optimist can suffer from insomnia and feel glad it isn't a toothache that is keeping him awake.

The only way to crush an egotist is to pay no attention to him.

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When Coffee Disagrees!

The Son of Tarzan

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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FOREWORD.

Those strange original stories "Tarzan of the Apes" and "The Return of Tarzan" captured the delighted fancy of millions of readers. Although they were full of thrills, "The Son of Tarzan" holds the reader's interest with wonderful tenacity and yields nothing to them in the line of breathless adventure. In this wonderful Tarzan story you will meet Tarzan himself, who is John Clayton, Lord Greystoke; Lady Greystoke, his wife; Alexis Paulvitch, friend of the murderer Rokoff; Akut, the gray ape, and many others, not the least of whom is Jack Clayton, the son of Tarzan.

CHAPTER I.

—1—

Paulvitch and an Ape.

The Marjorie W.'s long boat was floating down the broad Uganbi with ebb tide and current. Her crew were lazily enjoying this respite from the arduous labor of rowing upstream. Three miles below them lay the Marjorie herself, quite ready to sail so soon as they should have clambered aboard and swung the long boat to its davits.

Presently the attention of every man was drawn from his dreaming or his gossiping to the northern bank of the river. There, screaming at them in a cracked falsetto, and with skinny arms outstretched, stood a strange apparition of a man.

"Wot in thunder?" ejaculated one of the crew.

"A white man!" muttered the mate; and then: "Man the oars, boys, and we'll just pull over an' see what he wants."

When they came close to the shore they saw an emaciated creature with scant white locks, tangled and matted.

The thin, bent body was naked save for a loin cloth. Tears were rolling down the sunken, pockmarked cheeks. The man jabbered at them in a strange tongue.

"Rooshun," hazarded the mate. "Savvy English?" he called to the man.

The scarecrow did, and in that tongue, brokenly and haltingly, as though it had been many years since he had used it, he begged them to take him with them away from this awful country. Once on board the Marjorie W. the stranger told his rescuers a pitiful tale of privation, hardships and torture, extending over a period of ten years.

How he happened to have come to Africa he did not tell them, leaving them to assume that he had forgotten the incidents of his life prior to the frightful ordeals that had wrecked him mentally and physically. His name, he said, was Alexis Paulvitch.

A few scraggly, yellow-white locks had supplanted the thick dark hair that had once covered his head. His limbs were bent and twisted; he walked with a shuffling, unsteady gait, his body doubled forward. His teeth were gone—knocked out by his savage masters. Even his mentality was but a sorry mockery of what it once had been.

They took him aboard the Marjorie W., and there they fed and nursed him. He gained a little in strength, but his appearance never altered for the better—a human derelict, battered and wrecked, they had found him; a human derelict, battered and wrecked, he would remain until death claimed him. Alexis Paulvitch could easily have passed for eighty.

The Marjorie W. had been chartered by a syndicate of wealthy manufacturers, equipped with a laboratory and a staff of scientists and sent out to search for some natural product which the manufacturers who footed the bills had been importing from South America at an enormous cost. What the product was none on board the Marjorie W. knew except the scientists; nor is it of any moment to us, other than that it led the ship to a certain island off the coast of Africa after Alexis Paulvitch had been taken aboard.

The ship lay at anchor off the coast for several weeks. The monotony of life aboard her became trying for the crew. They went often ashore, and finally Paulvitch asked to accompany them—he, too, was tiring of the blighting sameness of existence upon the ship.

The island was heavily timbered. Dense jungle ran down almost to the beach. The scientists were far inland, prosecuting their search for the valuable commodity that native rumor upon the mainland had led them to believe might be found here in marketable quantity.

The ship's company fished, hunted and explored. Paulvitch shuffled up and down the beach or lay in the shade of the great trees that skirted it.

One day, as the men were gathered at a little distance, inspecting the body of a panther that had fallen to the gun of one of them who had been hunting inland, Paulvitch lay sleeping beneath his tree. He was awakened by the touch of a hand upon his shoulder.

With a start he sat up to see a huge anthropoid ape squatting at his side, inspecting him intently.

The Russian was thoroughly frightened. He glanced toward the sailors—they were a couple of hundred yards away.

Again the ape plucked at his shoulders, jabbering plaintively. Paulvitch saw no menace in the inquiring gaze or in the attitude of the beast. He got slowly to his feet. The ape rose at his side.

Half doubled, the man shuffled cautiously away toward the sailors. The ape moved with him, taking one of his arms. They had come almost to the little knot of men before they were seen, and by this time Paulvitch had become assured that the beast meant him no harm. The animal evidently was accustomed to the association of human beings.

It occurred to the Russian that the ape represented considerable and certain money value, and before they reached the sailors he had decided that he should be the one to profit by it.

When the men looked up and saw the oddly paired couple shuffling toward them they were filled with amazement and started on a run toward the two. The ape showed no sign of fear. Instead, he grasped each sailor by the shoulder and peered long and earnestly into his face. Having inspected them all, he returned to Paulvitch's side, disappointment written strongly upon his countenance and in his carriage.

The men were delighted with him. They gathered about, asking Paulvitch many questions and examining his companion. The Russian told them that

With Mighty Blows of His Open Palms He Felled One After Another.

the ape was his. Nothing further would he offer, but kept harping continually upon the same theme: "The ape is mine. The ape is mine."

Tiring of Paulvitch, one of the men essayed a pleasantry. Circling about behind the ape, he prodded the anthropoid in the back with a pin.

Like a flash the beast wheeled upon its tormentor, and in the brief instant of turning the placid, friendly animal was metamorphosed to a frenzied demon of rage.

The broad grin that had sat upon the sailor's face as he perpetrated his little joke froze to an expression of terror. He attempted to dodge the long arms that reached for him, but, falling, drew a long knife that hung at his belt.

The ape tore the weapon from the man's grasp with a single wrench and flung it to one side; then his yellow fangs were buried in the sailor's shoulder.

With sticks and knives the man's companions fell upon the beast, while Paulvitch danced around the cursing, snarling pack, mumbling and screaming pleas and threats. He saw his visions of wealth rapidly dissipating before the weapons of the sailors.

The ape, however, proved no easy victim to the superior numbers that seemed fated to overwhelm him. Rising from the sailor who had precipitated the battle, he shook his giant shoulders, freeing himself from two of the men that were clinging to his back and with mighty blows of his open palms felled one after another of his attackers, leaping hither and thither with the agility of a small monkey.

The fight had been witnessed by the captain and mate, who were just landing from the Marjorie W., and Paulvitch saw these two now running forward with drawn revolvers, while the two sailors who had brought them ashore trailed at their heels. The ape stood looking about him at the havoc he had wrought, but whether he was awaiting a renewal of the attack or was deliberating which of his foes he should exterminate first, Paulvitch could not guess.

What he could guess, however, was that the moment the two officers came within firing distance of the beast they would put an end to him in short order unless something were done, and done quickly, to prevent.

The ape had made no move to attack the Russian, but even so, the man was none too sure of what might happen were he to interfere with the savage beast, now thoroughly aroused to rage and with the smell of new spilled blood fresh in its nostrils. For an instant he hesitated, and then again there rose before him the dreams of affluence which this great anthropoid would doubtless turn to realities once Paulvitch had landed him safely in some great metropolis like London.

The captain was shouting to him now to stand aside so he might have a shot at the animal, but instead Paulvitch shuffled to the ape's side and, though the man's hair quivered at its roots, he mastered his fear and laid hold of the animal's arm.

"Come!" he commanded, and tugged to pull the beast from among the sailors, many of whom were now sitting up in wide-eyed fright or crawling away from their conqueror upon hands and knees.

Slowly the ape permitted itself to be led to one side, nor did it show the slightest indication of a desire to harm the Russian. The captain came to a halt a few paces from the odd pair.

"Get aside!" he commanded. "I'll put that brute where he won't chew up any more able seamen!"

"It wasn't his fault, captain," pleaded Paulvitch. "Please don't shoot him. The men started it—they attacked him first. You see, he's perfectly gentle—and he's mine—he's mine—he's mine! I won't let you kill him!" he concluded, as his half wrecked mentality pictured anew the pleasure that money would buy in London—money that he could not hope to possess without some such windfall as the ape represented.

The captain lowered his weapon.

"The men started it, did they?" he repeated. "How about that?" and he turned toward the sailors, who had by this time picked themselves from the ground, none of them much the worse for his experience except the fellow who had been the cause of it and who would doubtless nurse a sore shoulder for a week or so.

"Simpson done it," said one of the men. "He stuck a pin into the monk from behind, and the monk got him—which served him bloomin' well right—an' he got the rest of us, too, for which I can't blame him, since we all jumped him to once."

The captain looked at Simpson, who sheepishly admitted the truth of the allegation; then he stepped over to the ape as though to discover for himself the sort of temper the beast possessed. But it was noticeable that he kept his revolver cocked and leveled as he did so.

However, he spoke soothingly to the animal, who squatted at the Russian's side, looking first at one and then another of the sailors.

As the captain approached him the ape half rose and waddled forward to meet him. Upon his countenance was the same straight, searching expression that had marked his scrutiny of each of the sailors he had first encountered. He came quite close to the officer and laid a paw upon one of the man's shoulders, studying his face intently for a long moment; then came the expression of disappointment, accompanied by what was almost a human sigh, as he turned away to peer in the same curious fashion into the faces of the mate and the two sailors who had arrived with the officers.

In each instance he sighed and passed on, returning at length to Paulvitch's side, where he squatted down once more, thereafter evincing little or no interest in any of the other men and apparently forgetful of his recent battle with them.

When the party returned aboard the Marjorie W., Paulvitch was accompanied by the ape, who seemed anxious to follow him. The captain interposed no obstacles to the arrangement, and so the great anthropoid was tacitly admitted to membership in the ship's company.

Once aboard he examined each new face minutely, evincing the same disappointment in each instance that had marked his scrutiny of the others.

The strange ape is taken to London and there meets old friends. Lord Greystoke is worried and puzzled by his son Jack's restlessness.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Musk has certain radioactive properties that cause the odor of the perfume to be carried through the air in a very extraordinary way. The radioactive property of musk affects very strangely the natives who carry it to market. If a package of musk is held close to the body for any length of time it produces sores that are described as being similar in character to those caused by pure radium.

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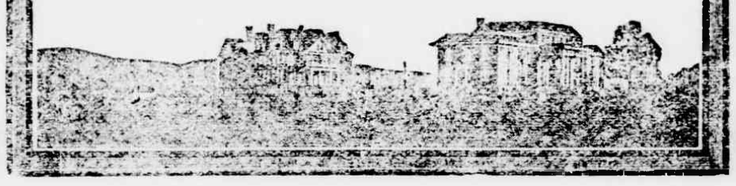

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