



JACK SEES THE PRETTY LITTLE ARABIAN GIRL BADLY MISTREATED BY THE SHEIK AND RESCUES HER

Synopsis.—A scientific expedition off the African coast rescues a human derelict, Alexis Paulvitch. He brings aboard an ape, intelligent and friendly, and reaches London. Jack, son of Lord Greystoke, the original Tarzan, has inherited a love of wild life and steals from home to see the ape, now a drawing card in a music hall. The ape makes friends with him. The ape refuses to leave Jack despite his trainer. Tarzan appears and is joyfully recognized by the ape, for Tarzan had been king of his tribe. Tarzan agrees to buy Akut, the ape, and send him back to Africa. Jack and Akut become great friends. Paulvitch is killed when he attempts murder. A thief tries to kill Jack, but is killed by Akut. They flee together to the jungle and take up life. Jack is repulsed by both white and black men.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

A year had passed since the driven men had fired upon the lad and driven him back into the jungle to take up his search for the only remaining creatures to whom he might look for companionship—the great apes. For months the two had wandered eastward, deeper and deeper into the jungle. The year had done much for the boy—turning his already mighty muscles to sheaves of steel, developing his woodcraft to a point where it verged upon the uncanny, perfecting his arboreal instincts and training him in the use of both natural and artificial weapons of offense and defense. He had become at last a creature of marvelous physical powers and mental cunning. He was still but a boy, yet so great was his strength that the powerful anthropoid with which he often engaged in mimic battles was no match for him. Akut had taught him to fight as the bull ape fights, not ever was there a teacher better fitted to instruct in the savage warfare of primordial man or a pupil better equipped to profit by the lessons of a master. As the two searched for a band of the almost extinct species of ape to which Akut belonged they lived upon the best the jungle afforded. Antelope and zebra fell to the boy's spear or were dragged down by the two powerful beasts of prey, who leaped upon them from some overhanging limb or from the ambush of the undergrowth beside the trail to the water hole or the ford. Akut and Jack, now called Korak in the ape language, were moving slowly down the wind, and warily, because the advantage was with whatever beast might chance to be hunting ahead of them, where their scout spoor was being borne by the light breeze. Suddenly the two halted simultaneously. Two heads were cocked upon one side. Like creatures hewn from solid rock they stood immovably, listening. Not a muscle quivered. For several seconds they remained thus. Then Korak advanced cautiously a few yards and leaped nimbly into a tree. Akut followed close upon his heels. Neither had made a sound that would have been appreciable to human ears at a dozen paces. Stopping often to listen, they crept forward through the trees. That both

him his target; then, lightning-like, the missile would fly to its goal. With raised spear he crept among the branches of the tree, glaring downward in search of the owner of the voice which rose to him from below. At last he saw a human back. The spear hand flew to the limit of the throwing position to gather the force that would send the iron shod missile completely through the body of the unconscious victim. And then the Killer paused. He leaned forward a little to get a better view of the target. He lowered his spear cautiously that it might make no noise by scraping against foliage or branches. Quietly he crouched in a comfortable position along a great limb, and there he lay with wide eyes, looking down in wonder upon the creature he had crept upon to kill—looking down upon a little girl, a little nut brown maiden. Korak wondered what the girl would do were he to drop suddenly from the tree to her side. Most likely she would scream and run away. Then would come the men of the village with spears and guns and set upon him. They would either kill him or drive him away. A lump rose in the boy's throat. He craved the companionship of his own kind, though he hardly realized how greatly. He would have liked to slip down beside her, though he knew from the words he had overheard that she spoke a language with which he was unfamiliar. At last he hit upon a plan. He would attract her attention and reassure her by a smiling greeting from a greater distance. Silently he wormed his way back into the tree. It was his intention to haul her from beyond the palisade, giving her the feeling of security which he imagined the stout burricade would afford. He had scarcely left his position in the tree when his attention was attracted by a considerable noise upon the opposite side of the village. By moving a little he could see the gate at the far end of the main street. A number of men, women and children were running toward it. It swung open, revealing the head of a caravan upon the opposite side. It trooped in motly organization—black slaves and dark hued Arabs of the northern deserts; cursing camel drivers urging on their vicious charges; overburdened donkeys, waving sadly pendulous ears while they endured with stoic patience the brutalities of their masters; goats, sheep and horses. Into the village they all trooped behind a tall, sour old man, who rode, without greetings to those who shrunk from his path, directly to a large goat-skin tent in the center of the village. Here he spoke to a wrinkled black hag. Korak from his vantage point could see it all. He saw the old man asking questions of the black woman, and then he saw the latter point in the direction of the tree beneath which the little girl played. A grim smile curved the thin, cruel lips of the Arab. The child essayed to crawl away, but before she could get out of reach the old man kicked her brutally, sending her sprawling upon the grass. Then he followed her up to seize and strike her as was his custom. Above them in the tree a beast crouched where a moment before had been a boy—a beast with dilating nostrils and bared fangs—a beast that trembled with rage. The sheik was stooping to reach for the girl when the Killer dropped to the ground at his side. His spear was still in his left hand, but he had forgotten it. Instead his right fist was clinched, and the sheik took a backward step, astonished by the sudden materialization of this strange apparition apparently out of a clear sky, the heavy fist landed full upon his mouth, backed by the weight of the young giant and the terrific power of his more than human muscles. Bleeding and senseless, the sheik sank to earth. Korak turned toward the child. She had regained her feet and stood, wide eyed and frightened, looking first up into his face and then



And Then the Killer Paused.

were greatly puzzled was apparent from the questioning looks they cast at one another from time to time. Finally the lad caught a glimpse of a palisade a hundred yards ahead and beyond it the tops of some goat skin tents and a number of thatched huts. His lip upcurled in a savage snarl. Blacks! How he hated them! He signed to Akut to remain where he was while he advanced to reconnoiter. He heard a voice beyond the palisade, and toward that he made his way. A great tree overhung the inclosure at the very point from which the voice came. Into this Korak crept. His spear was ready in his hand. His ears told him of the proximity of a human being. All that his eyes required was a single glance to show

honor struck at the recumbent figure of the sheik. In an involuntary gesture of protection the Killer threw an arm about the girl's shoulders and stood waiting for the Arab to regain consciousness. For a moment they remained thus, then the girl spoke. "When he regains his senses he will kill me," she said in Arabic. Korak could not understand her. He shook his head, speaking to her first in English and then in the language of the apes. But neither of these were intelligible to her. She leaned forward and touched the hilt of the long knife that the Arab wore. Then she raised her clasped hand above her head and drove an imaginary blade into her breast above her heart. Korak understood. The old man would kill her. The girl came to his side again and stood there trembling. She did not fear him. Why should she? He had saved her from a terrible beating at the hands of the sheik. Never in her memory had another so befriended her. She looked up into his face. It was a boyish, handsome face, nut brown like her own. She admired the spotted leopard skin that circled his lithe body from one shoulder to his knees. And Korak looked at the girl. He had always held girls in a species of contempt. Boys who associated with them were, in his estimation, molly-coddles. He wondered what he should do. He stood for several minutes buried in thought. The girl watched his mind, wondering what was passing in his mind. She, too, was thinking of the future. She feared to remain and suffer the vengeance of the sheik. There was no one in all the world to whom she might turn other than this half naked stranger who had dropped miraculously from the clouds to save her from one of the sheik's accented beatings. Would her new friend leave her now? Wistfully she gazed at his intent face. She moved a little closer to him, laying a slim, brown hand upon his arm. The contact awakened the lad from his absorption. He looked down at her, and then his arm went about her shoulders once more, for he saw tears upon her lashes. "Come," he said, "the jungle is kinder than man. You shall live in the jungle, and Korak and Akut will protect you." She did not understand his words, but the pressure of his arm drawing her away from the prostrate Arab and the tents was quite intelligible. One little arm crept about his waist, and together they walked toward the palisade. Beneath the great tree that had harbored Korak while he watched the girl at play he lifted her in his arms and, drawing her lightly across his shoulders, leaped nimbly into the lower branches. And so Meriem entered the jungle with Korak, trusting, in her childish innocence, the stranger who had befriended her and perhaps influenced in her belief in him by that strange intuitive power possessed by woman. The two had gone but a short distance from the village when the girl spied the huge proportions of the great Akut. With a half stifled scream she clung more closely to Korak and pointed fearfully toward the ape. Akut, thinking that the Killer was returning with a prisoner, came growling toward them. A little girl aroused no more sympathy in the beast's heart than would a full grown bull ape. She was a stranger and therefore to be killed. He bared his yellow fangs as he approached, and to his surprise the Killer bared his likewise, but he bared them at Akut and snarled menacingly. "Ah," thought Akut, "the Killer has taken a mate!" And so, obedient to the tribal laws of his kind, he left them alone, become suddenly absorbed in a fuzzy caterpillar of peculiarly succulent appearance. The larva disposed of, he glanced from the corner of an eye at Korak. The youth had deposited his burden upon a large limb, where she clung desperately to keep from falling. "She will accompany us," said Korak to Akut, jerking a thumb in the direction of the girl. "Do not harm her. We will protect her." Akut shrugged. To be burdened by the young of man was in no way to his liking. He could see from her evident fright at her position on the branch and from the terrified glances she cast in his direction that she was hopelessly unfit. By all the ethics of Akut's training and inheritance the unfit should be eliminated, but if the Killer wished this she there was nothing to be done about it but to tolerate her. Meriem spent an evening and a night of unmitigated terror.

Naturally, after they travel together for a while, a love affair develops between Jack and Meriem. Then comes trouble.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Varieties of Oysters. We do not distinguish many different kinds of oysters when we eat them, and yet there are, it is said, between 350 and 400 varieties of oysters in the world. Among the smallest known is that which the people of England, France and Germany usually eat—the oysters dug in the neighborhood of Ostend, in Belgium. The largest oysters are those of the Pacific ocean and the Philippine islands. Ordinary oysters of choice varieties, transplanted from the Atlantic coast to the Pacific, have been found to develop into great size, but to lose their flavor to such an extent that they became scarcely eatable.

KIDNEY SUFFERERS HAVE FEELING OF SECURITY

You naturally feel secure when you know that the medicine you are about to take is absolutely pure and contains no harmful or habit producing drugs.

Such a medicine is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, kidney, liver and bladder remedy. The same standard of purity, strength and excellence is maintained in every bottle of Swamp-Root.

Swamp-Root is scientifically compounded of vegetable herbs. It is not a stimulant and is taken in teaspoonful doses. It is not recommended for everything. According to verified testimony it is nature's great helper in relieving and overcoming kidney, liver and bladder troubles.

A sworn statement of purity is with every bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. If you need a medicine, you should have the best.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you will find it on sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

However, if you wish first to try 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.

Page Sir Isaac Newton.

In a certain Indianapolis home is a large plaster of paris globe used by the fond parents of the three promising children, says the Indianapolis News, to acquaint them with their geography lessons. The other day the mother went into the children's room and found the youngest on the floor with the globe between his knees and a dead fly in his hands. "Put that filthy fly down!" commanded the mother. The child was pliantly disturbed. "Put it down. What are you doing with it?" the mother repeated. The child answered with action. He put the fly on the top of the globe, then spun it around quickly. The fly fell to the floor. "Mother," the boy pleaded, "mother, why does the fly fall off the earth when we don't?"

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County—ss. Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1918. (Seal) A. W. Gleason, Notary Public. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. Druggists, 75c. Testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Chance for a Peep.

"Got a telegram from my husband just now. Every time I get a telegram my hand shakes so I can hardly open it, whether there is any bad news or not."

"Same with me," said the neighbor gossiping over the back fence. "It's a wonder these smart men wouldn't adopt signaling fronts for telegrams, same as they use in letters. But they don't keep how they worry us women."

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The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic is equally valuable as a General Tonic because it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. 60 cents.

Change of Heart.

"Tom is so good hearted." "Really? I thought he was troubled with palpitation."

Acid Stomach, Heartburn and Nausea quickly disappear with the use of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills. Send for trial box to 372 Pearl St., New York. Adv.

Berlin, Conn., declines to change its name.

KNOWING THE REAL ITALY

Too Few Have Troubled to Study Recent Development of Gifted Race of Men, Says Writer.

Prejudices die hard. Ideas soon become fixed. Only a great upheaval such as a war, or other stern ordeal moves us to revise our preconceived notions and examine the truth of our premises.

Nations at war, like men in their cups, are apt to reveal the whole truth. Shams, make-believes, sterile hypotheses fall to earth, the traditional self fades into a dim background and a nation stands forth naked, its true self.

Latent passions fanned to flame by war sear the soul and fuse inherited characteristics into new elements, so that the real temper of a people stands revealed, illuminated by the fires that burn along its battle line.

So it is with Italy! Most of us love Italy, few know her. William Kay Wallace writes in Scribner's. Too few have troubled to study the recent development of this great and gifted race of men which has come to take up again the heritage of ancient Rome.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the

Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletch* In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Relief. "Another thing to be thankful for?" "What's that?" "All the stores are closed. For one day there's no chance of being reminded that anything has gone up in price."

Keeping the Quality Up

LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE, the World-Famous Cure for Cough and Grip, is now 50c per box. An account of the advance in the price of the six different Medicinal Concentrated Extracts and Chemicals contained in LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE, it was necessary to increase the price to the 50c. It has stood the test for a Quarter of a Century. It is used by every Civilized Nation.

Leave it to Her.

A man may hurl thunderbolt arguments at his wife, but she can usually think of something to say when he is through.

True, the world loves a quiet man, but it gives a lot of attention to the fellow that gets up and howls.

a brass band down the street because he didn't have a gun.

No Raise in Price Of This Great Remedy HILLS CASCARA BROMIDE QUININE. The standard cold cure for 20 years—in a tablet form—safe, sure, no opiates—cures cold in 24 hours—grip in 3 days. Money back if fails. Get the genuine box with Red top and Mr. Hill's picture on it. Costs less, gives more, saves money. 24 Tablets for 25c. At Any Drug Store.

Woe Betide Him. Miss Eleanor Sears, the young sportsman, was talking in Boston about a young man who had recently been fitted.

"It was his pacifist tendencies that made her fit him," said Miss Sears. "From socialism he drifted to the I Won't Works. I believe he became positively pro-German in the end."

She shrugged her shoulders. "Every girl loves a bargain," she said, "but woe betide the man who cheapens himself in her eyes!"

Germany some day will trace her downfall to the theory that nothing but victory matters.

Sacrifice is not a bargain counter affair; it is always rated at a high price.

Sores and Wounds. If you knew the wonderful healing properties of Dr. David Roberts' ANTISEPTIC—Price \$1.00 you would use no other preparation in the treatment of sore throats, old sores, pull-evil and fistulas. It heals in the shortest possible time. Read the Practical Home Veterinarian for free booklet on Sores in Cows. If no dealer in your town, write Dr. David Roberts' Vet. Co., 100 Grand Avenue, Waukegan, Wis.

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For Constipation Carter's Little Liver Pills. Helpful to the Healthiest. Set You Right Over Night. Colorless or Pale Faces usually indicate the absence of Iron in the blood, a condition which will be greatly helped by Carter's Iron Pills.

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