

DOINGS OF THE VAN LOONS



Well, Father has to satisfy his appetite somehow



SYNOPSIS.

A scientific expedition of 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 resolves to go along.

Jack learns the ape language. Paulvitch, hating the father, tries to kill Jack, but is killed by Akut. Jack and Akut escape to Africa and enter the jungle.

Malibhu and her son, two Swede renegades and traders, try valiantly for mercenary reasons, to get possession of a little girl, Meriem, held by an Arab sheik. Jack learns jungle lore from Akut.

Jack comes across the Swede's safari, but is repulsed. Disheartened, he takes all the more to jungle life. From a tree he spies Meriem.

The Swedes buy Meriem from Kovudoo. In a row over her Malibhu kills Jensen. A man known as Bwana rescues Meriem.

Bwana takes Meriem home to his wife who adopts her. Jack, with baboons, storms Kovudoo's village. Not finding Meriem he believes she has been killed.

The Hon. Baynes visits Bwana and falls in love with Meriem. Disguised and under the name of Hanson, Malibhu arrives at Bwana's plantation.

Baynes persuades Meriem, who believes Korak dead, to prepare to elope with him. Bwana, learning this, sends Baynes away.

Korak from a tree oversees a secret meeting between Baynes and Meriem. Hanson, pretending that he will take Meriem to Baynes, takes her to his own camp. She recognizes Malibhu and escapes.

Baynes tracks Malibhu and both fire and wound each other. Meriem is captured by the sheik and his Arabs.

Korak on an elephant comes to the rescue and also Baynes. Helped by Korak, Baynes and Meriem escape. Korak, bound to a stake, is rescued by the elephant.

Just then the fellow chanced to glance downward. Beneath him, wedged among the branches of a tree, lay a canoe.

The negro grasped Baynes' arm and pointed toward his find. The Hon. Morison could scarce repress a shout of exultation. Quickly the two slid down the drooping branches into the boat. The black seized the paddle, and Baynes shoved them out from beneath the tree. A second later the canoe shot out upon the bosom of the river and headed toward the opposite shore and the camp of the Swede.

Baynes squatted in the bow, straining his eyes after the men pulling the other canoes upon the bank across from him. He saw Malibhu step from the bow of the foremost of the little craft. She saw him stare and glance

hidden his men in the deserted village to capture her. And when at last the woman had walked into the trap he had set for her and he had recognized her as the same little girl he had brutalized and maltreated years before his gratification had been huge. Now he lost no time in establishing the old relations of father and daughter that had existed between them in the past.

A two days' march brought them at last to the familiar scenes of her childhood, and the first face upon which she set her eyes as she was driven through the gates into the strong stockade was that of the toothless, hideous Mahunu, her one-time nurse. It was as though all the years that had intervened were but a dream. Had it not been for her clothing and the fact that she had grown in stature she might well have believed it so.

For a time the inhabitants of the sheik's village who had not been upon the march with him amused themselves by inspecting the strangely clad white girl whom some of them had known as a little child.

Among the Arabs who had come in her absence was a tall young fellow of twenty, a handsome, sinister-looking youth, who stared at her in open admiration until the sheik came and ordered him away, and Abdul Kanak went scowling.

At last, their curiosity satisfied, Meriem was left alone. As of old, she was permitted the freedom of the village, for the stockade was high and strong and the only gates were well guarded by day and night. But, as of old, she cared not for the companionship of the cruel Arabs and the degraded blacks who formed the following of the sheik, and so, as had been her wont in the sad days of her childhood, she slunk down to an unfrequented corner of the inclosure where she had often played at housekeeping with her beloved Neeka.

Meriem pressed her hand above her heart and stifled a sigh, and as she did so she felt the hard outlines of the photographs she had hidden there, as she slunk from Malibhu's tent. Now she drew it forth and commenced to re-examine it more carefully than she had had time to do before.

As she sat gazing at the picture she suddenly became aware that she was not alone; that some one was standing close behind her, some one who had approached her noiselessly. Gullibly she thrust the picture back into her waist. A hand fell upon her shoulder. She was sure that it was the sheik and she awaited in dumb terror the blow that she knew would immediately follow.

No blow came, and she looked up ward over her shoulder—into the eyes of Abdul Kanak, the young Arab.

"I saw," he said, "the picture that you have just hidden. It is you when you were a child, a very young child. May I see it again?"

Meriem drew away from him. "I will give it back," he said. "I have heard of you, and I know that you have no love for the sheik, your father. Neither have I. I will not betray you. Let me see the picture."

She drew the photograph from its hiding place and handed it to him. He turned the picture over, and as his eyes fell upon the old newspaper cutting they went wide. He could read French—with difficulty. It is true, but he could read it. He had been to Paris. He had spent six months there on exhibition with a troop of his desert fellows.

Slowly, laboriously, he read the yellowed cutting. His eyes were no longer wide. Instead, they narrowed to two slits of cunning. When he had done he looked at the girl.

"You have read this?" he asked. "I have not had the opportunity," she replied.

A wonderful idea had sprung to Abdul Kanak's mind. It was an idea that might be furthered if the girl were kept in ignorance of the contents of that newspaper cutting. It would certainly be doomed should she learn its contents.

"Meriem," he whispered, "never until today have my eyes beheld you, yet at once they told my heart that it must ever be your servant. You do not know me, but I ask that you trust me. I can help you. You hate the sheik. So do I. Let me take you away from him. Come with me and we will go back to the great desert where my father is a sheik mightier than is yours. Will you come?"

Meriem sat in silence. She hated to wound the only one who had offered her protection and friendship, but she did not want Abdul Kanak's love. Deceived by her silence, the man seized her and strained her to him, but Meriem struggled to free herself.

"I do not love you!" she cried. "Oh, please do not make me hate you! You are the only one who has shown kindness toward me, and I want to like

you, but I cannot love you!" Abdul Kanak drew himself to his full height.

"You will learn to love me," he said. "For I shall take you, whether you will or no. You hate the sheik, and so you will not tell him, for if you do I will tell him of the picture. I hate the sheik, and—"

"You hate the sheik?" came a grim voice from behind them. Both turned to see the sheik himself standing a few paces from them. Abdul still held the picture in his hand. Now he thrust it within his bosom.

"Yes," he said, "I hate the sheik. And as he spoke he sprang toward the older man, felled him with a blow and dashed on across the village to the line where his horse was picketed, saddled and ready, for Abdul Kanak had been about to ride forth to hunt when he had seen the stranger girl alone by the bushes.

Leaping into the saddle, Abdul Kanak dashed for the village gates. The sheik, momentarily stunned by the blow that had felled him, now staggered to his feet, shouting lustily to his followers to stop the escaping Arab.

A dozen blacks leaped forward to intercept the horseman, only to be ridden down or brushed aside by the muzzle of Abdul Kanak's long musket, which he lashed from side to side about him as he spurred on toward the gate.

But here he must surely be intercepted. Already the two blacks stationed there were pushing the unwieldy portals to. Up flew the barrel of the fugitive's weapon. With reins flying loose and his horse at a mad gallop, the son of the desert fired once, and one keeper of the gate dropped in his tracks. An instant later the other had been ridden down.

With a wild whoop of exultation, twirling his musket high above his head and turning in his saddle to laugh back into the faces of his pursuers, Abdul Kanak dashed out of the village of the sheik and was swallowed up by the jungle.

CHAPTER XVI. A Strange Meeting. Sometimes, jolting upon Tantor's back, sometimes roaming the jungle in solitude, Korak made his way slowly toward the west and south. He made but a few miles a day, for he had a whole lifetime before him and no piece in particular to go. Possibly he would have moved more rapidly but for the thought which continually haunted him that each mile he traveled carried him farther and farther away from Meriem—no longer his Meriem, as of yore, it is true, but still as dear to him as ever.

Thus he came upon the trail of the sheik's band as it traveled down river from the point where the sheik had captured Meriem to its own stockaded village. Suddenly he came to the camp of the renegade Swede Malibhu, whose black attendants fled in terror at sight of Tantor and Korak.

Malibhu lay in a hammock beneath a canopy before his tent. His wounds were painful, and he had lost much blood. He was very weak. He looked up in surprise as he heard the screams of his men and saw them running toward the gate.

And then from around the corner of his tent loomed a huge bulk, and Tantor, the great tusker, towered above him.

Malibhu's boy, feeling neither affection nor loyalty for his master, broke and ran at the first glimpse of the beast, and Malibhu was left alone and helpless. The elephant stopped a couple of paces from the wounded man's hammock. Malibhu covered, moaning. He was too weak to escape. He could only lie there with staring eyes, gazing in horror into the blood-rimmed, angry little orbs fixed upon him, and await his death.

Then, to his astonishment, a man slid to the ground from the elephant's back. Almost at once Malibhu recognized the strange figure as that of the creature who consorted with apes and baboons—the white warrior of the jungle. Malibhu covered still lower.

It was from Malibhu's dying lips that Korak learned of the Swede's encounter with Baynes and how Meriem was again in the camp of the sheik. Korak lost no time in seeking her.

When speed was required Korak depended upon other muscles than his own, and so it was that the moment Tantor had landed him safely upon the same side of the river as lay the village of the sheik the ape man deserted his bulky comrade and took to the trees in a rapid race toward the south and the spot where the Swede had told him Meriem might be.

It was dark when he came to the palisade, strengthened considerably since the day that he had rescued Meriem from her pitiful life within its cruel confines. No longer did the giant tree spread its branches above the wooden rampart. But ordinary men

made defenses were scarce considered obstacles by Korak.

Loosening the rope at his waist, he tossed the noose over one of the sharpened posts that composed the palisade. A moment later his eyes were above the level of the obstacles, taking in all within their range beyond. There was no one in sight close by, and Korak drew himself to the top and dropped lightly to the ground within the inclosure.

Then he commenced his stealthy search of the village. First toward the Arab tents he made his way sniffling and listening. He passed behind them, searching for some sign of Meriem. Not even the wild Arab curs heard his passage, so silently he went—a shadow passing through shadows.

Naked but for his leopard skin and his loin cloth, Korak the Killer slunk into the shadows at the back of the tent, where his keen scent told him Meriem was. His sharp knife slit a six foot opening in the tent wall, and Korak, tall and mighty, sprang through upon the astonished visions of the inmates.

Meriem saw and recognized him the instant that he entered the apartment. Her heart leaped in pride and joy at the sight of the noble figure for which it had hungered so long.

"Korak!" she cried.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Notice of JOHN LYNCH, deceased. Notice is hereby given to all persons interested in said estate, that the undersigned, executor of the last will and testament of said John Lynch, deceased, will appear before the Probate Court of the county of La Salle and state of Illinois, at the County Court House, in Ottawa, Illinois, on Monday the 10th day of December, A. D. 1917, for the purpose of rendering an account of his proceedings in the administration of said estate for the final settlement, when and where any and all persons interested may appear and show cause, if any there be, why such account should not be approved by the Court.

Dated at Ottawa, this 31st day of October, 1917. E. J. KELLY, Executor.

EDW. G. ZILM, Clerk of Probate Court, La Salle County, Illinois.

NOTICE TO PROVE CLAIMS.

Browne & Wiley, Attorneys.

Estate of MARY HANNAN, deceased. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of the estate of Mary Hannan, late of the County of La Salle and State of Illinois, deceased, will appear before the Probate Court of said County, on the first Monday (being the 3rd day) of December, 1917, at the Probate Court Room in Ottawa, in said County, when and where all persons having claims or demands against said estate are notified to attend and present the same in writing for adjustment.

Dated this 18th day of October, A. D. 1917. JAMES HANNAN, Administrator.

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