



Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.

"He ain't here," replied Hanson. "Leastwise I don't see him, do you? But I'm here, and I'm a better man than that thing ever was. You don't need him no more—you got me," and he laughed uproariously and reached for her.

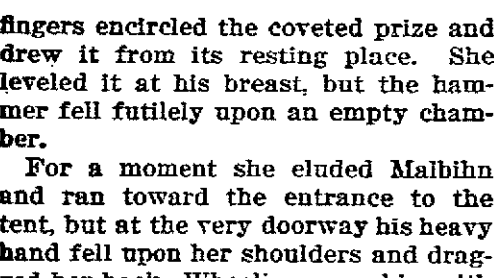
Meriem was looking full into his face as she fought for freedom when there came over her a sudden recollection of a similar scene in which she had been a participant and with it full recognition of her assailant. He was the Swede Milbihn, who had attacked her once before, who had shot his companion, who would have saved her and from whom she had been rescued by Bwana.

His smooth face had deceived her, but now, with the growing beard and the similarity of conditions, recognition came swift and sure.

But today there would be no Bwana to save her!

As Meriem struggled with Malbihn hope died within her. She did not utter a sound, for she knew that there was none to come to her assistance, and, besides, the jungle training of her earlier life had taught her the futility of appeals for succor in the savage world of her upbringing.

But as she fought to free herself one hand came in contact with the butt of Malbihn's revolver where it rested in the holster at his hip. Slowly her



Crashed It Down Full in Malbihn's Face.

fingers encircled the coveted prize and drew it from its resting place. She leveled it at his breast, but the hammer fell futilely upon an empty chamber.

For a moment she eluded Malbihn and ran toward the entrance to the tent, but at the very doorway his heavy hand fell upon her shoulders and dragged her back. Wheeling upon him with the fury of a wounded lioness, Meriem grasped the long revolver by the barrel, swung it high above her head and crashed it down full in Malbihn's face.

With an oath of pain and rage the man staggered backward, releasing his hold upon her, and then sank unconscious to the ground. Without a backward look Meriem turned and fled into the open.

Several of the blacks saw her and tried to intercept her flight, but the menace of the harmless weapon kept them at a distance.

And so she won beyond the encircling boma and disappeared into the jungle to the south.

Straight into the branches of a tree she went, true to the arboreal instincts of the little Mangani she had been, and there she stripped off her riding skirt, her shoes and her stockings, for she knew that she had before her a journey and a flight which would not brook the burden of these garments.

She had not gone far before she commenced to realize how slight were her chances for survival without means of defense or a weapon to bring down meat. Why had she not thought to strip the cartridge belt from Malbihn's waist before she had left his tent? With cartridges for the revolver she might hope to bag small game and to protect herself from all but the most ferocious of the enemies that would beset her way back to the beloved hearthstone of Bwana and My Dear.

With the thought came determination to return and obtain the coveted ammunition. She realized that she was taking great chances of recapture. But without means of defense and of obtaining meat she felt that she could never hope to reach safety. And so she turned her face back toward the camp from which she had but just escaped.

blood from his face and hurling a volley of oaths and questions at his terrified followers.

Shortly after the entire camp set forth in search of her, and when Meriem was positive that all were gone she descended from her hiding place and ran quickly across the clearing to Malbihn's tent. A hasty survey of the interior revealed no ammunition, but in one corner was a box in which were packed the Swede's personal belongings that he had sent along by his head man to this westerly camp.

Meriem seized upon the receptacle as the possible container of extra ammunition. Quickly she loosed the cords that held the canvas covering about the box and a moment later had raised the lid and was rummaging through the heterogeneous accumulation of odds and ends within.

There were letters and papers and cuttings from old newspapers, and among other things the photograph of a little girl upon the back of which was pasted a clipping from a Paris daily, a clipping that she had no time to read, yellowed and dimmed by age and handling. But something about the photograph of the little girl which was also reproduced in the newspaper clipping held her attention.

Where had she seen that picture before? And then, quite suddenly, it came to her that this was a picture of herself, taken years and years before!

Where had it been taken? How had it come into the possession of this man? Why had it been reproduced in a newspaper? What was the story that the faded type told of it?

Meriem was baffled by the puzzle that her search for ammunition had revealed. She stood gazing at the faded photograph for a time and then thought herself of the ammunition for which she had come. Turning again to the box, she rummaged to the bottom, and there in a corner she came upon a little box of cartridges.

A single glance assured her that they were intended for the weapon she had thrust inside the band of her riding breeches, and, slipping them into her pocket, she turned once more for an examination of the baffling likeness of herself that she held in her hand.

As she stood thus in vain endeavor to fathom this inexplicable mystery the sound of voices broke upon her ears. Instantly she was all alert. They were coming closer. A second later she recognized the lurid profanity of the Swede. Malbihn was returning!

She thrust the photograph into her waist. Quickly she slipped a cartridge into each of the chambers of the revolver. Then she backed toward the end of the tent, keeping the entrance covered by her weapon.

The men stopped outside, and Meriem could hear Malbihn profanely issuing instructions. He was a long time about it, and while he talked in his bellowing, brutish voice the girl sought some avenue of escape.

Stooping, she raised the bottom of the canvas and looked beneath and beyond. There was no one in sight upon that side. Throwing herself upon her stomach, she wormed beneath the tent wall just as Malbihn, with a final word to his men, entered the tent.

Meriem heard him cross the floor, and then she rose and, stooping low, ran to a native hut directly behind. Once inside this she turned and glanced back. There was no one in sight. She had not been seen.

And now from Malbihn's tent she heard a great cursing. The Swede had discovered the rifling of his box. He was shouting to his men, and as she heard them reply Meriem darted from the hut and ran toward the edge of the boma farthest from Malbihn's tent.

Two minutes' start of any pursuers was all Meriem cared for. Once in the trees she knew that she could outdistance and elude them.

Her hopes were high. They could not overtake her now; she had had too good a start of them!

There was a smile on her lips as she dropped to the ground to cross a little clearing where once had stood a native village surrounded by its fields. The huts still stood in ruins.

The deserted huts were to her all the better because they were deserted. She did not see the keen eyes watching her from a dozen points, from tumbling doorways, from behind tottering granaries. In utter unconsciousness of impending danger she started up the village street because it offered the clearest pathway to the jungle.

CHAPTER XV.
Morison Squares Accounts.
A mile away toward the east, fighting his way through the jungle along the trail taken by Malbihn when he had brought Meriem to his camp, a man in torn khaki, filthy, haggard, unkempt, came to a sudden stop as the report of a rifle resounded faintly through the tangled forest. The black man just ahead of him stonned too.

"We are almost there, Bwana," he said. There was awe and respect in his tone and manner.

The white man nodded and motioned his ebony guide forward once more. It was the Hon. Morison Baynes, the fastidious, the exquisite. His face and hands were scratched and smeared with dried blood from the wounds he had come by in thorn and thicket. His clothes were tatters. But through the blood and the dirt and the rags a new Baynes shone forth—a handsomer Baynes than the dandy and fop of yore.

As the two forged ahead toward their goal they were startled by a volley of shots ahead of them. Then came a few scattering reports, some savage yells and silence.

Baynes was frantic in his endeavors to advance more rapidly, but here the jungle seemed a thousandfold more tangled than before. A dozen times he tripped and fell. Twice the black followed a blind trail, and they were forced to retrace their steps, but at last they came out into a little clearing near the big afi, a clearing that once had held a thriving village, but now lay desolate in decay and ruin.

In the jungle vegetation that overgrew what had once been the main village street lay the body of a black man, pierced through the heart with a bullet and still warm. Baynes and his companion looked about in all directions, but no sign of a living being could they discover. They stood in silence, listening intently.

What was that? Voices and the dip of paddles out upon the river?

Baynes ran across the dead village toward the fringe of jungle upon the river's brim. The black was at his side. Together they forced their way through the screening foliage until they could obtain a view of the river, and there, almost to the other shore, they saw Malbihn's canoes making rapidly for camp.

The black recognized his companions immediately.

"How can we cross?" asked Baynes. The black shook his head. There was no canoe, and the crocodiles made it equivalent to suicide to enter the water in an attempt to swim across.

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 Malbihn step from the bow of the foremost of the little craft. He saw him turn and glance



Malbihn Dropped His Rifle and Clutched Frantically at His Breast.

back across the river. He could see his start of surprise as his eyes fell upon the pursuing canoe and called the attention of his followers to it.

Now the canoe was within easy speaking distance of the shore.

"What do you want?" yelled Malbihn, raising his weapon threateningly.

"You, hang you!" shouted Baynes, whipping out his revolver and firing almost simultaneously with the Swede.

As the two reports rang out Malbihn dropped his rifle, clutched frantically at his breast, staggered, fell, first to his knees and then lunged upon his face. Baynes stiffened. His head flew back spasmodically. For an instant he stood thus and then crumpled very gently into the bottom of the boat.

Baynes turned weakly in the direction of the shore, to see Malbihn drawn up upon his elbows, leveling his rifle at him. The Englishman slid to the bottom of the canoe as a bullet whizzed above him. Malbihn, sore hit, took longer in aiming, nor was his aim as sure as formerly.

With difficulty Baynes turned himself over on his stomach and, grasping his revolver in his right hand, drew himself up until he could look over the edge of the canoe.

Malbihn saw him instantly and fired, but Baynes did not flinch or duck. With painstaking care he aimed at the target upon the shore, away from which he now was drifting with the current. His finger closed upon the trigger. There was a flash, a report, and Malbihn's giant frame jerked to the impact of another bullet.

But he was not yet dead. Again he aimed and fired, the bullet splintering the gunwale of the canoe close by Baynes' face. Baynes fired again as his canoe drifted further downstream, and Malbihn answered from the shore,

WEST INDIANA MOTOR CO.

Authorized Chevrolet Agent

—THE ECONOMICAL CAR—

SALES AND SERVICE

EXPERT REPAIR MECHANICS

COMPLETE STOCK OF PARTS

—AGENCY FOR—

Armstrong, White, Buffington
Brushvalley, Center, Young
And Parts of Washington
Rayne and Cherryhill
Townships

Conemaugh, Blacklick, Burrell,
East and West Wheatfield

TELEPHONE } Bell 9278
Local 309w

HARRY S. HOUK, Mgr.

Indiana, Pa.

where he lay in a pool of his own blood. And thus, doggedly, the two wounded men continued to carry on their weird duel until the winding African river had carried the Hon. Morison Baynes out of sight around a wooded point.

Meriem had traversed half the length of the village street when a score of white-robed negroes and half-castes leaped out upon her from the dark interiors of the surrounding huts. She tried to flee, but heavy hands seized her, and when she turned at last to plead with them her eyes fell upon the face of a tall, grim old man glaring down upon her from the folds of his burruse.

At sight of him she staggered back in shocked and terrified surprise. It was the sheik!

The sheik and his party had been marching southward along the river when one of them, dropping out of line to fetch water, had seen Meriem making for the village. The fellow had called the sheik's attention to the strange sight—a white woman alone in central Africa—and the old Arab had 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 Mabunu, 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 Kamak 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 Geeka.

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 Malbihn's tent. Now she drew it forth and commenced to re-examine it more carefully than she had had time to do before.

(Continued next week.)

OUR WANT AND FOR SALE ADS BRING QUICK RESULTS.

Printing?

Job Printing

OUR Job Office is fully and thoroughly equipped for printing Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Sale Bills, Menues, Folders, Posters, Cards, Farm Stationery, Etc. In fact anything in the job printing line.

You will find our work first-class and our prices reasonable. Try us.

MESSINGER PUB. CO.
Indiana, Pa.

SHERIFF'S SALES

By virtue of certain writs of Fi. Fa. Vend. Ex. and Lev. Fa., issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Indiana County, and to me directed, there will be exposed to public vendue or outcry at the Court House, Indiana, Pennsylvania, on

Friday, July 2, 1920

AT 2:00 O'CLOCK, P. M., the following described real estate, to-wit:

All the right, title, interest and claim of the defendant,
DOR MAR COAL COMPANY,
of or tract of land, situate in the Township of Canoe, County of Indiana and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at a stone; thence along lands of Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh Railway Company, North 84 degrees West 733 feet to a stone; thence East 643 feet to a stone; thence South 1 degree West 150 feet to a stone; thence along public road, South 75 degrees and 30 minutes East 390 feet to a stone; thence South 84 degrees and 30 minutes East 643 feet to a stone; thence South 1 degree West 53 feet to the place of beginning, containing Two (2) acres and thirty-eight (38) perches; with a one story frame house thereon erected; and being the same tract of land which was conveyed to Dor Mar Coal Company by W. C. Lowther and Elizabeth B. Lowther, his wife, by their deed dated January 29, 1919 and filed in the office for the recording of Deeds etc. in and for Indiana County in Deed Book Vol. 170, Page 211.

Taken in execution at suit of John L. Painter, Pl. Fa. No. 3, September Term, 1920.

PIERCE & PIERCE.

Taken in execution at suit of Wm. Lewis, Pl. Fa. No. 8, September Term, 1920.

PIERCE & PIERCE.

Taken in execution at suit of N. L. 1920.

PIERCE & PIERCE.

NOTICE—Any person purchasing at the above sale will please take notice that at least \$100.00 (if the Bid be so much) will be required as soon as the property is knocked down unless the purchaser is the only judgment creditor, in which case an amount sufficient to cover all costs will be required and the balance of the purchase money must be paid in full or receipt given by the judgment creditor on or before the first Monday of Sept. Court. No deed will be offered for acknowledgement unless purchase money be fully paid. The sheriff reserves the right to return his writ "property not sold for non-payment of purchase money."

J. E. RICHARDS, Sheriff,
Sheriff's Office, Indiana, Pa. June 9, 1920.

Beginning of Great Industry.

In 1694 a Portuguese bark, homeward bound from Madagascar, driven from her course by tempests, was forced to take shelter in the harbor of Charleston, S. C., and the captain, in return for courtesies extended him, presented Gov. Landgrave Smith with a bag of rice seed, which Smith planted that year in accordance with the captain's instructions, and from this crop sprang the present tremendous rice industry in the southern United States.

Don't Always Blame Hens When Eggs Are Scarce.

Rats may be getting them—U. S. Government Bulletins prove they know how to get them. Break a cake of RAT-SNAP into small pieces and place where rats travel. If there, RAT-SNAP will get them—positively. Three sizes, 25c, 50c, \$1.00. Sold and guaranteed by

J. M. STEWART & CO.
THE TROUTMAN CO.
HILDERRAND'S DRUG STORE.