



Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.

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. Guitly 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 upward over her shoulder—into the eyes of Abdul Kamak, 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 Kamak'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 Kamak'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 Kamak 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 burnoose.

"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 Kamak had been about to ride forth to hunt when he had seen the stranger girl alone by the bushes.

Leaping into the saddle, Abdul Kamak 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 Kamak'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 Kamak dashed out of the village of the sheik and was swallowed up by the jungle.

CHAPTER XVI. A Strange Meeting.

Sometimes loitering upon Tantor's back, sometimes roving 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 place 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 Malbihn, whose black attendants fled in terror at sight of Tantor and Korak.

Malbihn 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.

Malbihn's boy, feeling neither affection nor loyalty for his master, broke and ran at the first glimpse of the beast, and Malbihn was left alone and helpless. The elephant stopped a couple of paces from the wounded man's hammock. Malbihn 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 Malbihn recognized the strange figure as that of the creature who consorted with apes and baboons—the white warrior of the jungle. Malbihn covered still lower.

It was from Malbihn'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 no 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 man-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, sniffing 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.

"Meriem!" He uttered the single word as he hurled himself upon the inmates of the tent. Three negresses leaped from their sleeping mats, screaming. Meriem tried to prevent them from escaping, but before she could succeed the terrified blacks had darted through the hole in the tent wall made by Korak's knife and were gone screaming through the village.

Kbrak turned toward Meriem, and at the same moment a bloody and disheveled apparition leaped into the apartment.

"Morison!" cried the girl.

For it was Baynes, who, despite his wounds, had made his way to the sheik's village. Korak turned and looked at the newcomer. He had been about to take Meriem in his arms forgetful of all that might have transpired since last he had seen her. Then the coming of the young Englishman recalled the

scene he had witnessed in the little clearing, and a wave of misery swept over the ape man.

Already from without came the sounds of the alarm that the three



Her Heart Leaped in Pride and Joy. "Korak!" She Cried.

negresses had started. Men were running toward the tent. There was no time to be lost.

"Quick!" cried Korak, turning toward Baynes, who had scarce yet realized whether he was facing a friend or foe. "Take her to the palisade, following the rear of the tents. Here is my rope. With it you can scale the wall and make your escape."

"But you, Korak?" cried Meriem.

"I will remain," replied the ape man. "I have business with the sheik."

Meriem would have demurred, but the Killer seized them both by the shoulders and hustled them through the slit wall and out into the shadows beyond.

"Now run for it," he admonished and turned to meet and hold those who were pouring into the tent from the front.

The ape man fought well, fought as he had never fought before, but the odds were too great for victory, though he won that which he most craved—time for the Englishman to escape with Meriem. Then he was overwhelmed by numbers, and a few minutes later, bound and guarded, he was carried to the sheik's tent.

The old man eyed him in silence for a long time. He was trying to fix in his own mind some form of torture that would gratify his rage and hatred toward this creature who twice had been the means of his losing possession of Meriem.

And as he sat there looking upon Korak the silence was broken by the trumpeting of an elephant in the jungle beyond the palisade. A half smile touched Korak's lips. He turned his head a trifle in the direction from which the sound had come, and then there broke from his lips a low, weird call.

One of the blacks guarding him struck him across the mouth with the haft of his spear, but none there knew the significance of his cry.

In the jungle Tantor cocked his ears as the sound of Korak's voice fell upon them. He approached the palisade and, lifting his trunk above it, sniffed. Then he placed his head against the wooden logs and pushed, but the palisade was strong and gave only a little to the pressure.

In the sheik's tent the sheik rose at last and, pointing toward the bound captive, turned to one of his lieutenants.

"Burn him," he commanded, "at once! The stake is set."

Meriem, dazed by the unexpected sight of Korak, whom she had long given up as dead, permitted herself to be led away by Baynes. Among the tents he guided her safely to the palisade, and there, following Korak's instructions, the Englishman pitched a noose over the top of one of the upright logs that formed the barrier.

With difficulty he reached the top and then lowered his hand to assist Meriem to his side.

"Come," he whispered. "We must hurry."

And then, as though she had awak-

ened from a sleep, Meriem came to herself. Back there, fighting her enemies alone, was Korak—her Korak! Her place was by his side, fighting with him and for him.

She glanced up at Baynes.

"Go!" she called. "Make your way back to Bwana and bring help. My place is here. You can do no good remaining. Get away while you can and bring the big Bwana back with you."

Silently the Hon. Morison Baynes slid to the ground inside the palisade to Meriem's side.

"It was only for you that I left him," he said, nodding toward the tents they had just left. "I knew that he could hold them longer than I and give you a chance to escape that I might not be able to have given you. It was I, though, who should have remained. I heard you call him Korak, and so I know who he is."

As they stood there for the moment of their conversation the sounds of tumult in the village subsided.

"They have killed him!" whispered Meriem.

The statement brought Baynes to a realization of the cause of their return.

"Wait here," he said. "I will go and see. If he is dead we can do him no good. If he lives I will do my best to free him."

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.

had their swift flight to the palisade.

Cautiously they crept to the slit that Korak's knife had made in the rear wall. Meriem peered inside. The rear apartment was empty. She crawled through the aperture, Baynes at her heels, and then silently crossed the space to the rugs that partitioned the tent into two rooms. Parting the hangings, Meriem looked into the front room. It, too, was deserted.

She crossed to the door of the tent and looked out. Then she gave a little gasp of horror. Baynes at her shoulder looked past her to the sight that had startled her, and he, too, exclaimed, but his was an oath of anger.

A hundred feet away they saw Korak bound to a stake, the brush piled about him already alight. The Englishman pushed Meriem to one side and started on a run for the doomed man. What he could do in the face of scores of hostile blacks and Arabs he did not stop to consider.

At the same instant Tantor broke through the palisade and charged the group. In the face of the maddened beast the crowd turned and fled, carrying Baynes backward with them.

Tantor wrapped his trunk about the body of Korak and the stake to which it was bound and tore it from the ground. Lifting his burden high above his head, the giant beast wheeled and raced for the breach he had just made in the palisade. The sheik, rifle in hand, rushed directly in the path of the maddened brute. He raised his weapon and fired once. The bullet missed its mark, and Tantor was upon him, crushing him beneath his gigantic feet as he raced over him. And then, bearing his burden carefully, Tantor, the elephant, entered the blackness of the jungle.

In a moment it was all over, and the elephant had disappeared with his prize, but pandemonium reigned throughout the village. Men, women and children ran helter skelter for safety. Curs fled, yelping. The horses and camels and donkeys, terrorized by the trumpeting of the pachyderm, kicked and pulled at their tether.

A dozen or more broke loose, and it was the galloping of these past him that brought a sudden idea into Baynes' head. He turned to search for Meriem, only to find her at his elbow.

"The horses!" he cried. "If we can get a couple of them!"

Filled with the idea, Meriem led him to the far end of the village.

"Loosen two of them," she said, "and lead them back into the shadows behind those huts. I know where there are saddles. I will bring them and the bridles," and before he could stop her she was gone.

Baynes quickly untied two of the frightened animals and led them to the point designated by Meriem. Here he waited impatiently for what seemed an hour, but was in reality but a few minutes. Then he saw the girl approaching beneath the burden of two saddles.

Quickly they placed these upon the horses. They could see by the light of the torture fire that still burned that the blacks and Arabs were recovering from their panic. Men were running about gathering in the loose stock, and two or three were already leading their captives back to the end of the village where Meriem and Baynes were busy with the trappings of their mounts.

Now the girl flung herself into the saddle.

"Hurry!" she whispered. "We shall

YOUR JOB

Job Printing

OUR Job Office is fully and thoroughly equipped for printing Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Sale Bills, Menues, Folders, Posters, Cards, Fan 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.



Tantor Wrapped His Trunk About the Body of Korak.

dash for liberty that it carried them half way across the village before the surprised inhabitants were aware of what was happening. Then an Arab recognized them and, with a cry of alarm, raised his rifle and fired. The shot was a signal for a volley, and amid the rattle of musketry Meriem and Baynes leaped their horses' mounts through the breach in the palisade and were gone up the well worn trail toward the north.

(Continued next week.)

ADMINISTRATRIX'S NOTICE.
Letters of Administration on the estate of H. A. Boggs, late of Indiana Borough, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, those having claims against the said estate are requested to present them duly authenticated for settlement, and those knowing themselves indebted are requested to make prompt payment.

FLORENCE M. ROGGS,
Administratrix.

Indiana, Pa., June 4, 1920.—31

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Letters of Administration on the estate of Eliza J. Baird, late of Adams township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, those having claims against the said estate are requested to present them duly authenticated for settlement, and those knowing themselves indebted are requested to make prompt payment.

W. C. BAIRD,
D. E. BAIRD,
Administrators.

June 7, 1920. 6-10-20

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND.

Largest Ask your Druggist for Chichester's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Blue Ribbon Druggist. Ask for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.