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[Illustration]

Tarzan of the Apes

by Edgar Rice Burroughs

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CHAPTER I.

Out to Sea

I had this story from one who had no business to tell it to me, or to

any other. I may credit the seductive influence of an old vintage upon

the narrator for the beginning of it, and my own skeptical incredulity

during the days that followed for the balance of the strange tale.

When my convivial host discovered that he had told me so much, and that

I was prone to doubtfulness, his foolish pride assumed the task the old

vintage had commenced, and so he unearthed written evidence in the form

of musty manuscript, and dry official records of the British Colonial

Office to support many of the salient features of his remarkable

narrative.

I do not say the story is true, for I did not witness the happenings

which it portrays, but the fact that in the telling of it to you I have

taken fictitious names for the principal characters quite sufficiently

evidences the sincerity of my own belief that it \_may\_ be true.

The yellow, mildewed pages of the diary of a man long dead, and the

records of the Colonial Office dovetail perfectly with the narrative of

my convivial host, and so I give you the story as I painstakingly

pieced it out from these several various agencies.

If you do not find it credible you will at least be as one with me in

acknowledging that it is unique, remarkable, and interesting.

From the records of the Colonial Office and from the dead man’s diary

we learn that a certain young English nobleman, whom we shall call John

Clayton, Lord Greystoke, was commissioned to make a peculiarly delicate

investigation of conditions in a British West Coast African Colony from

whose simple native inhabitants another European power was known to be

recruiting soldiers for its native army, which it used solely for the

forcible collection of rubber and ivory from the savage tribes along

the Congo and the Aruwimi. The natives of the British Colony complained

that many of their young men were enticed away through the medium of

fair and glowing promises, but that few if any ever returned to their

families.

The Englishmen in Africa went even further, saying that these poor

blacks were held in virtual slavery, since after their terms of

enlistment expired their ignorance was imposed upon by their white

officers, and they were told that they had yet several years to serve.

And so the Colonial Office appointed John Clayton to a new post in

British West Africa, but his confidential instructions centered on a

thorough investigation of the unfair treatment of black British

subjects by the officers of a friendly European power. Why he was sent,

is, however, of little moment to this story, for he never made an

investigation, nor, in fact, did he ever reach his destination.

Clayton was the type of Englishman that one likes best to associate

with the noblest monuments of historic achievement upon a thousand

victorious battlefields—a strong, virile man—mentally, morally, and

physically.

In stature he was above the average height; his eyes were gray, his

features regular and strong; his carriage that of perfect, robust

health influenced by his years of army training.

Political ambition had caused him to seek transference from the army to

the Colonial Office and so we find him, still young, entrusted with a

delicate and important commission in the service of the Queen.

When he received this appointment he was both elated and appalled. The

preferment seemed to him in the nature of a well-merited reward for

painstaking and intelligent service, and as a stepping stone to posts

of greater importance and responsibility; but, on the other hand, he

had been married to the Hon. Alice Rutherford for scarce a three

months, and it was the thought of taking this fair young girl into the

dangers and isolation of tropical Africa that appalled him.

For her sake he would have refused the appointment, but she would not

have it so. Instead she insisted that he accept, and, indeed, take her

with him.

There were mothers and brothers and sisters, and aunts and cousins to

express various opinions on the subject, but as to what they severally

advised history is silent.

We know only that on a bright May morning in 1888, John, Lord

Greystoke, and Lady Alice sailed from Dover on their way to Africa.

A month later they arrived at Freetown where they chartered a small

sailing vessel, the \_Fuwalda\_, which was to bear them to their final

destination.

And here John, Lord Greystoke, and Lady Alice, his wife, vanished from

the eyes and from the knowledge of men.

Two months after they weighed anchor and cleared from the port of

Freetown a half dozen British war vessels were scouring the south

Atlantic for trace of them or their little vessel, and it was almost

immediately that the wreckage was found upon the shores of St. Helena

which convinced the world that the \_Fuwalda\_ had gone down with all on

board, and hence the search was stopped ere it had scarce begun; though

hope lingered in longing hearts for many years.

The \_Fuwalda\_, a barkentine of about one hundred tons, was a vessel of

the type often seen in coastwise trade in the far southern Atlantic,

their crews composed of the offscourings of the sea—unhanged murderers

and cutthroats of every race and every nation.

The \_Fuwalda\_ was no exception to the rule. Her officers were swarthy

bullies, hating and hated by their crew. The captain, while a competent

seaman, was a brute in his treatment of his men. He knew, or at least

he used, but two arguments in his dealings with them—a belaying pin and

a revolver—nor is it likely that the motley aggregation he signed would

have understood aught else.

So it was that from the second day out from Freetown John Clayton and

his young wife witnessed scenes upon the deck of the \_Fuwalda\_ such as

they had believed were never enacted outside the covers of printed

stories of the sea.

It was on the morning of the second day that the first link was forged

in what was destined to form a chain of circumstances ending in a life

for one then unborn such as has never been paralleled in the history of

man.

Two sailors were washing down the decks of the \_Fuwalda\_, the first

mate was on duty, and the captain had stopped to speak with John

Clayton and Lady Alice.

The men were working backwards toward the little party who were facing

away from the sailors. Closer and closer they came, until one of them

was directly behind the captain. In another moment he would have passed

by and this strange narrative would never have been recorded.

But just that instant the officer turned to leave Lord and Lady

Greystoke, and, as he did so, tripped against the sailor and sprawled

headlong upon the deck, overturning the water-pail so that he was

drenched in its dirty contents.

For an instant the scene was ludicrous; but only for an instant. With a

volley of awful oaths, his face suffused with the scarlet of

mortification and rage, the captain regained his feet, and with a

terrific blow felled the sailor to the deck.

The man was small and rather old, so that the brutality of the act was

thus accentuated. The other seaman, however, was neither old nor

small—a huge bear of a man, with fierce black mustachios, and a great

bull neck set between massive shoulders.

As he saw his mate go down he crouched, and, with a low snarl, sprang

upon the captain crushing him to his knees with a single mighty blow.

From scarlet the officer’s face went white, for this was mutiny; and

mutiny he had met and subdued before in his brutal career. Without

waiting to rise he whipped a revolver from his pocket, firing point

blank at the great mountain of muscle towering before him; but, quick

as he was, John Clayton was almost as quick, so that the bullet which

was intended for the sailor’s heart lodged in the sailor’s leg instead,

for Lord Greystoke had struck down the captain’s arm as he had seen the

weapon flash in the sun.

Words passed between Clayton and the captain, the former making it

plain that he was disgusted with the brutality displayed toward the

crew, nor would he countenance anything further of the kind while he

and Lady Greystoke remained passengers.

The captain was on the point of making an angry reply, but, thinking

better of it, turned on his heel and black and scowling, strode aft.

He did not care to antagonize an English official, for the Queen’s

mighty arm wielded a punitive instrument which he could appreciate, and

which he feared—England’s far-reaching navy.

The two sailors picked themselves up, the older man assisting his

wounded comrade to rise. The big fellow, who was known among his mates

as Black Michael, tried his leg gingerly, and, finding that it bore his

weight, turned to Clayton with a word of gruff thanks.

Though the fellow’s tone was surly, his words were evidently well

meant. Ere he had scarce finished his little speech he had turned and

was limping off toward the forecastle with the very apparent intention

of forestalling any further conversation.

They did not see him again for several days, nor did the captain accord

them more than the surliest of grunts when he was forced to speak to

them.

They took their meals in his cabin, as they had before the unfortunate

occurrence; but the captain was careful to see that his duties never

permitted him to eat at the same time.

The other officers were coarse, illiterate fellows, but little above

the villainous crew they bullied, and were only too glad to avoid

social intercourse with the polished English noble and his lady, so

that the Claytons were left very much to themselves.

This in itself accorded perfectly with their desires, but it also

rather isolated them from the life of the little ship so that they were

unable to keep in touch with the daily happenings which were to

culminate so soon in bloody tragedy.

There was in the whole atmosphere of the craft that undefinable

something which presages disaster. Outwardly, to the knowledge of the

Claytons, all went on as before upon the little vessel; but that there

was an undertow leading them toward some unknown danger both felt,

though they did not speak of it to each other.

On the second day after the wounding of Black Michael, Clayton came on

deck just in time to see the limp body of one of the crew being carried

below by four of his fellows while the first mate, a heavy belaying pin

in his hand, stood glowering at the little party of sullen sailors.

Clayton asked no questions—he did not need to—and the following day, as

the great lines of a British battleship grew out of the distant

horizon, he half determined to demand that he and Lady Alice be put

aboard her, for his fears were steadily increasing that nothing but

harm could result from remaining on the lowering, sullen \_Fuwalda\_.

Toward noon they were within speaking distance of the British vessel,

but when Clayton had nearly decided to ask the captain to put them

aboard her, the obvious ridiculousness of such a request became

suddenly apparent. What reason could he give the officer commanding her

majesty’s ship for desiring to go back in the direction from which he

had just come!

What if he told them that two insubordinate seamen had been roughly

handled by their officers? They would but laugh in their sleeves and

attribute his reason for wishing to leave the ship to but one

thing—cowardice.

John Clayton, Lord Greystoke, did not ask to be transferred to the

British man-of-war. Late in the afternoon he saw her upper works fade

below the far horizon, but not before he learned that which confirmed

his greatest fears, and caused him to curse the false pride which had

restrained him from seeking safety for his young wife a few short hours

before, when safety was within reach—a safety which was now gone

forever.

It was mid-afternoon that brought the little old sailor, who had been

felled by the captain a few days before, to where Clayton and his wife

stood by the ship’s side watching the ever diminishing outlines of the

great battleship. The old fellow was polishing brasses, and as he came

edging along until close to Clayton he said, in an undertone:

“’Ell’s to pay, sir, on this ’ere craft, an’ mark my word for it, sir.

’Ell’s to pay.”

“What do you mean, my good fellow?” asked Clayton.

“Wy, hasn’t ye seen wats goin’ on? Hasn’t ye ’eard that devil’s spawn

of a capting an’ is mates knockin’ the bloomin’ lights outen ’arf the

crew?

“Two busted ’eads yeste’day, an’ three to-day. Black Michael’s as good

as new agin an’ ’e’s not the bully to stand fer it, not ’e; an’ mark my

word for it, sir.”

“You mean, my man, that the crew contemplates mutiny?” asked Clayton.

“Mutiny!” exclaimed the old fellow. “Mutiny! They means murder, sir,

an’ mark my word for it, sir.”

“When?”

“Hit’s comin’, sir; hit’s comin’ but I’m not a-sayin’ wen, an’ I’ve

said too damned much now, but ye was a good sort t’other day an’ I

thought it no more’n right to warn ye. But keep a still tongue in yer

’ead an’ when ye ’ear shootin’ git below an’ stay there.

“That’s all, only keep a still tongue in yer ’ead, or they’ll put a

pill between yer ribs, an’ mark my word for it, sir,” and the old

fellow went on with his polishing, which carried him away from where

the Claytons were standing.

“Deuced cheerful outlook, Alice,” said Clayton.

“You should warn the captain at once, John. Possibly the trouble may

yet be averted,” she said.

“I suppose I should, but yet from purely selfish motives I am almost

prompted to ‘keep a still tongue in my ’ead.’ Whatever they do now they

will spare us in recognition of my stand for this fellow Black Michael,

but should they find that I had betrayed them there would be no mercy

shown us, Alice.”

“You have but one duty, John, and that lies in the interest of vested

authority. If you do not warn the captain you are as much a party to

whatever follows as though you had helped to plot and carry it out with

your own head and hands.”

“You do not understand, dear,” replied Clayton. “It is of you I am

thinking—there lies my first duty. The captain has brought this

condition upon himself, so why then should I risk subjecting my wife to

unthinkable horrors in a probably futile attempt to save him from his

own brutal folly? You have no conception, dear, of what would follow

were this pack of cutthroats to gain control of the \_Fuwalda\_.”

“Duty is duty, John, and no amount of sophistries may change it. I

would be a poor wife for an English lord were I to be responsible for

his shirking a plain duty. I realize the danger which must follow, but

I can face it with you.”

“Have it as you will then, Alice,” he answered, smiling. “Maybe we are

borrowing trouble. While I do not like the looks of things on board

this ship, they may not be so bad after all, for it is possible that

the ‘Ancient Mariner’ was but voicing the desires of his wicked old

heart rather than speaking of real facts.

“Mutiny on the high sea may have been common a hundred years ago, but

in this good year 1888 it is the least likely of happenings.

“But there goes the captain to his cabin now. If I am going to warn him

I might as well get the beastly job over for I have little stomach to

talk with the brute at all.”

So saying he strolled carelessly in the direction of the companionway

through which the captain had passed, and a moment later was knocking

at his door.

“Come in,” growled the deep tones of that surly officer.

And when Clayton had entered, and closed the door behind him:

“Well?”

“I have come to report the gist of a conversation I heard to-day,

because I feel that, while there may be nothing to it, it is as well

that you be forearmed. In short, the men contemplate mutiny and

murder.”

“It’s a lie!” roared the captain. “And if you have been interfering

again with the discipline of this ship, or meddling in affairs that

don’t concern you you can take the consequences, and be damned. I don’t

care whether you are an English lord or not. I’m captain of this here

ship, and from now on you keep your meddling nose out of my business.”

The captain had worked himself up to such a frenzy of rage that he was

fairly purple of face, and he shrieked the last words at the top of his

voice, emphasizing his remarks by a loud thumping of the table with one

huge fist, and shaking the other in Clayton’s face.

Greystoke never turned a hair, but stood eying the excited man with

level gaze.

“Captain Billings,” he drawled finally, “if you will pardon my candor,

I might remark that you are something of an ass.”

Whereupon he turned and left the captain with the same indifferent ease

that was habitual with him, and which was more surely calculated to

raise the ire of a man of Billings’ class than a torrent of invective.

So, whereas the captain might easily have been brought to regret his

hasty speech had Clayton attempted to conciliate him, his temper was

now irrevocably set in the mold in which Clayton had left it, and the

last chance of their working together for their common good was gone.

“Well, Alice,” said Clayton, as he rejoined his wife, “I might have

saved my breath. The fellow proved most ungrateful. Fairly jumped at me

like a mad dog.

“He and his blasted old ship may hang, for aught I care; and until we

are safely off the thing I shall spend my energies in looking after our

own welfare. And I rather fancy the first step to that end should be to

go to our cabin and look over my revolvers. I am sorry now that we

packed the larger guns and the ammunition with the stuff below.”

They found their quarters in a bad state of disorder. Clothing from

their open boxes and bags strewed the little apartment, and even their

beds had been torn to pieces.

“Evidently someone was more anxious about our belongings than we,” said

Clayton. “Let’s have a look around, Alice, and see what’s missing.”

A thorough search revealed the fact that nothing had been taken but

Clayton’s two revolvers and the small supply of ammunition he had saved

out for them.

“Those are the very things I most wish they had left us,” said Clayton,

“and the fact that they wished for them and them alone is most

sinister.”

“What are we to do, John?” asked his wife. “Perhaps you were right in

that our best chance lies in maintaining a neutral position.

“If the officers are able to prevent a mutiny, we have nothing to fear,

while if the mutineers are victorious our one slim hope lies in not

having attempted to thwart or antagonize them.”

“Right you are, Alice. We’ll keep in the middle of the road.”

As they started to straighten up their cabin, Clayton and his wife

simultaneously noticed the corner of a piece of paper protruding from

beneath the door of their quarters. As Clayton stooped to reach for it

he was amazed to see it move further into the room, and then he

realized that it was being pushed inward by someone from without.

Quickly and silently he stepped toward the door, but, as he reached for

the knob to throw it open, his wife’s hand fell upon his wrist.

“No, John,” she whispered. “They do not wish to be seen, and so we

cannot afford to see them. Do not forget that we are keeping to the

middle of the road.”

Clayton smiled and dropped his hand to his side. Thus they stood

watching the little bit of white paper until it finally remained at

rest upon the floor just inside the door.

Then Clayton stooped and picked it up. It was a bit of grimy, white

paper roughly folded into a ragged square. Opening it they found a

crude message printed almost illegibly, and with many evidences of an

unaccustomed task.

Translated, it was a warning to the Claytons to refrain from reporting

the loss of the revolvers, or from repeating what the old sailor had

told them—to refrain on pain of death.

“I rather imagine we’ll be good,” said Clayton with a rueful smile.

“About all we can do is to sit tight and wait for whatever may come.”

CHAPTER II.

The Savage Home

Nor did they have long to wait, for the next morning as Clayton was

emerging on deck for his accustomed walk before breakfast, a shot rang

out, and then another, and another.

The sight which met his eyes confirmed his worst fears. Facing the

little knot of officers was the entire motley crew of the \_Fuwalda\_,

and at their head stood Black Michael.

At the first volley from the officers the men ran for shelter, and from

points of vantage behind masts, wheel-house and cabin they returned the

fire of the five men who represented the hated authority of the ship.

Two of their number had gone down before the captain’s revolver. They

lay where they had fallen between the combatants. But then the first

mate lunged forward upon his face, and at a cry of command from Black

Michael the mutineers charged the remaining four. The crew had been

able to muster but six firearms, so most of them were armed with boat

hooks, axes, hatchets and crowbars.

The captain had emptied his revolver and was reloading as the charge

was made. The second mate’s gun had jammed, and so there were but two

weapons opposed to the mutineers as they bore down upon the officers,

who now started to give back before the infuriated rush of their men.

Both sides were cursing and swearing in a frightful manner, which,

together with the reports of the firearms and the screams and groans of

the wounded, turned the deck of the \_Fuwalda\_ to the likeness of a

madhouse.

Before the officers had taken a dozen backward steps the men were upon

them. An ax in the hands of a burly Negro cleft the captain from

forehead to chin, and an instant later the others were down: dead or

wounded from dozens of blows and bullet wounds.

Short and grisly had been the work of the mutineers of the \_Fuwalda\_,

and through it all John Clayton had stood leaning carelessly beside the

companionway puffing meditatively upon his pipe as though he had been

but watching an indifferent cricket match.

As the last officer went down he thought it was time that he returned

to his wife lest some members of the crew find her alone below.

Though outwardly calm and indifferent, Clayton was inwardly

apprehensive and wrought up, for he feared for his wife’s safety at the

hands of these ignorant, half-brutes into whose hands fate had so

remorselessly thrown them.

As he turned to descend the ladder he was surprised to see his wife

standing on the steps almost at his side.

“How long have you been here, Alice?”

“Since the beginning,” she replied. “How awful, John. Oh, how awful!

What can we hope for at the hands of such as those?”

“Breakfast, I hope,” he answered, smiling bravely in an attempt to

allay her fears.

“At least,” he added, “I’m going to ask them. Come with me, Alice. We

must not let them think we expect any but courteous treatment.”

The men had by this time surrounded the dead and wounded officers, and

without either partiality or compassion proceeded to throw both living

and dead over the sides of the vessel. With equal heartlessness they

disposed of their own dead and dying.

Presently one of the crew spied the approaching Claytons, and with a

cry of: “Here’s two more for the fishes,” rushed toward them with

uplifted ax.

But Black Michael was even quicker, so that the fellow went down with a

bullet in his back before he had taken a half dozen steps.

With a loud roar, Black Michael attracted the attention of the others,

and, pointing to Lord and Lady Greystoke, cried:

“These here are my friends, and they are to be left alone. D’ye

understand?

“I’m captain of this ship now, an’ what I says goes,” he added, turning

to Clayton. “Just keep to yourselves, and nobody’ll harm ye,” and he

looked threateningly on his fellows.

The Claytons heeded Black Michael’s instructions so well that they saw

but little of the crew and knew nothing of the plans the men were

making.

Occasionally they heard faint echoes of brawls and quarreling among the

mutineers, and on two occasions the vicious bark of firearms rang out

on the still air. But Black Michael was a fit leader for this band of

cutthroats, and, withal held them in fair subjection to his rule.

On the fifth day following the murder of the ship’s officers, land was

sighted by the lookout. Whether island or mainland, Black Michael did

not know, but he announced to Clayton that if investigation showed that

the place was habitable he and Lady Greystoke were to be put ashore

with their belongings.

“You’ll be all right there for a few months,” he explained, “and by

that time we’ll have been able to make an inhabited coast somewhere and

scatter a bit. Then I’ll see that yer gover’ment’s notified where you

be an’ they’ll soon send a man-o’war to fetch ye off.

“It would be a hard matter to land you in civilization without a lot o’

questions being asked, an’ none o’ us here has any very convincin’

answers up our sleeves.”

Clayton remonstrated against the inhumanity of landing them upon an

unknown shore to be left to the mercies of savage beasts, and,

possibly, still more savage men.

But his words were of no avail, and only tended to anger Black Michael,

so he was forced to desist and make the best he could of a bad

situation.

About three o’clock in the afternoon they came about off a beautiful

wooded shore opposite the mouth of what appeared to be a land-locked

harbor.

Black Michael sent a small boat filled with men to sound the entrance

in an effort to determine if the \_Fuwalda\_ could be safely worked

through the entrance.

In about an hour they returned and reported deep water through the

passage as well as far into the little basin.

Before dark the barkentine lay peacefully at anchor upon the bosom of

the still, mirror-like surface of the harbor.

The surrounding shores were beautiful with semitropical verdure, while

in the distance the country rose from the ocean in hill and tableland,

almost uniformly clothed by primeval forest.

No signs of habitation were visible, but that the land might easily

support human life was evidenced by the abundant bird and animal life

of which the watchers on the \_Fuwalda’s\_ deck caught occasional

glimpses, as well as by the shimmer of a little river which emptied

into the harbor, insuring fresh water in plenitude.

As darkness settled upon the earth, Clayton and Lady Alice still stood

by the ship’s rail in silent contemplation of their future abode. From

the dark shadows of the mighty forest came the wild calls of savage

beasts—the deep roar of the lion, and, occasionally, the shrill scream

of a panther.

The woman shrank closer to the man in terror-stricken anticipation of

the horrors lying in wait for them in the awful blackness of the nights

to come, when they should be alone upon that wild and lonely shore.

Later in the evening Black Michael joined them long enough to instruct

them to make their preparations for landing on the morrow. They tried

to persuade him to take them to some more hospitable coast near enough

to civilization so that they might hope to fall into friendly hands.

But no pleas, or threats, or promises of reward could move him.

“I am the only man aboard who would not rather see ye both safely dead,

and, while I know that’s the sensible way to make sure of our own

necks, yet Black Michael’s not the man to forget a favor. Ye saved my

life once, and in return I’m goin’ to spare yours, but that’s all I can

do.

“The men won’t stand for any more, and if we don’t get ye landed pretty

quick they may even change their minds about giving ye that much show.

I’ll put all yer stuff ashore with ye as well as cookin’ utensils an’

some old sails for tents, an’ enough grub to last ye until ye can find

fruit and game.

“With yer guns for protection, ye ought to be able to live here easy

enough until help comes. When I get safely hid away I’ll see to it that

the British gover’ment learns about where ye be; for the life of me I

couldn’t tell ’em exactly where, for I don’t know myself. But they’ll

find ye all right.”

After he had left them they went silently below, each wrapped in gloomy

forebodings.

Clayton did not believe that Black Michael had the slightest intention

of notifying the British government of their whereabouts, nor was he

any too sure but that some treachery was contemplated for the following

day when they should be on shore with the sailors who would have to

accompany them with their belongings.

Once out of Black Michael’s sight any of the men might strike them

down, and still leave Black Michael’s conscience clear.

And even should they escape that fate was it not but to be faced with

far graver dangers? Alone, he might hope to survive for years; for he

was a strong, athletic man.

But what of Alice, and that other little life so soon to be launched

amidst the hardships and grave dangers of a primeval world?

The man shuddered as he meditated upon the awful gravity, the fearful

helplessness, of their situation. But it was a merciful Providence

which prevented him from foreseeing the hideous reality which awaited

them in the grim depths of that gloomy wood.

Early next morning their numerous chests and boxes were hoisted on deck

and lowered to waiting small boats for transportation to shore.

There was a great quantity and variety of stuff, as the Claytons had

expected a possible five to eight years’ residence in their new home.

Thus, in addition to the many necessities they had brought, there were

also many luxuries.

Black Michael was determined that nothing belonging to the Claytons

should be left on board. Whether out of compassion for them, or in

furtherance of his own self-interests, it would be difficult to say.

There was no question but that the presence of property of a missing

British official upon a suspicious vessel would have been a difficult

thing to explain in any civilized port in the world.

So zealous was he in his efforts to carry out his intentions that he

insisted upon the return of Clayton’s revolvers to him by the sailors

in whose possession they were.

Into the small boats were also loaded salt meats and biscuit, with a

small supply of potatoes and beans, matches, and cooking vessels, a

chest of tools, and the old sails which Black Michael had promised

them.

As though himself fearing the very thing which Clayton had suspected,

Black Michael accompanied them to shore, and was the last to leave them

when the small boats, having filled the ship’s casks with fresh water,

were pushed out toward the waiting \_Fuwalda\_.

As the boats moved slowly over the smooth waters of the bay, Clayton

and his wife stood silently watching their departure—in the breasts of

both a feeling of impending disaster and utter hopelessness.

And behind them, over the edge of a low ridge, other eyes watched—close

set, wicked eyes, gleaming beneath shaggy brows.

As the \_Fuwalda\_ passed through the narrow entrance to the harbor and

out of sight behind a projecting point, Lady Alice threw her arms about

Clayton’s neck and burst into uncontrolled sobs.

Bravely had she faced the dangers of the mutiny; with heroic fortitude

she had looked into the terrible future; but now that the horror of

absolute solitude was upon them, her overwrought nerves gave way, and

the reaction came.

He did not attempt to check her tears. It were better that nature have

her way in relieving these long-pent emotions, and it was many minutes

before the girl—little more than a child she was—could again gain

mastery of herself.

“Oh, John,” she cried at last, “the horror of it. What are we to do?

What are we to do?”

“There is but one thing to do, Alice,” and he spoke as quietly as

though they were sitting in their snug living room at home, “and that

is work. Work must be our salvation. We must not give ourselves time to

think, for in that direction lies madness.

“We must work and wait. I am sure that relief will come, and come

quickly, when once it is apparent that the \_Fuwalda\_ has been lost,

even though Black Michael does not keep his word to us.”

“But John, if it were only you and I,” she sobbed, “we could endure it

I know; but—”

“Yes, dear,” he answered, gently, “I have been thinking of that, also;

but we must face it, as we must face whatever comes, bravely and with

the utmost confidence in our ability to cope with circumstances

whatever they may be.

“Hundreds of thousands of years ago our ancestors of the dim and

distant past faced the same problems which we must face, possibly in

these same primeval forests. That we are here today evidences their

victory.

“What they did may we not do? And even better, for are we not armed

with ages of superior knowledge, and have we not the means of

protection, defense, and sustenance which science has given us, but of

which they were totally ignorant? What they accomplished, Alice, with

instruments and weapons of stone and bone, surely that may we

accomplish also.”

“Ah, John, I wish that I might be a man with a man’s philosophy, but I

am but a woman, seeing with my heart rather than my head, and all that

I can see is too horrible, too unthinkable to put into words.

“I only hope you are right, John. I will do my best to be a brave

primeval woman, a fit mate for the primeval man.”

Clayton’s first thought was to arrange a sleeping shelter for the

night; something which might serve to protect them from prowling beasts

of prey.

He opened the box containing his rifles and ammunition, that they might

both be armed against possible attack while at work, and then together

they sought a location for their first night’s sleeping place.

A hundred yards from the beach was a little level spot, fairly free of

trees; here they decided eventually to build a permanent house, but for

the time being they both thought it best to construct a little platform

in the trees out of reach of the larger of the savage beasts in whose

realm they were.

To this end Clayton selected four trees which formed a rectangle about

eight feet square, and cutting long branches from other trees he

constructed a framework around them, about ten feet from the ground,

fastening the ends of the branches securely to the trees by means of

rope, a quantity of which Black Michael had furnished him from the hold

of the \_Fuwalda\_.

Across this framework Clayton placed other smaller branches quite close

together. This platform he paved with the huge fronds of elephant’s ear

which grew in profusion about them, and over the fronds he laid a great

sail folded into several thicknesses.

Seven feet higher he constructed a similar, though lighter platform to

serve as roof, and from the sides of this he suspended the balance of

his sailcloth for walls.

When completed he had a rather snug little nest, to which he carried

their blankets and some of the lighter luggage.

It was now late in the afternoon, and the balance of the daylight hours

were devoted to the building of a rude ladder by means of which Lady

Alice could mount to her new home.

All during the day the forest about them had been filled with excited

birds of brilliant plumage, and dancing, chattering monkeys, who

watched these new arrivals and their wonderful nest building operations

with every mark of keenest interest and fascination.

Notwithstanding that both Clayton and his wife kept a sharp lookout

they saw nothing of larger animals, though on two occasions they had

seen their little simian neighbors come screaming and chattering from

the near-by ridge, casting frightened glances back over their little

shoulders, and evincing as plainly as though by speech that they were

fleeing some terrible thing which lay concealed there.

Just before dusk Clayton finished his ladder, and, filling a great

basin with water from the near-by stream, the two mounted to the

comparative safety of their aerial chamber.

As it was quite warm, Clayton had left the side curtains thrown back

over the roof, and as they sat, like Turks, upon their blankets, Lady

Alice, straining her eyes into the darkening shadows of the wood,

suddenly reached out and grasped Clayton’s arms.

“John,” she whispered, “look! What is it, a man?”

As Clayton turned his eyes in the direction she indicated, he saw

silhouetted dimly against the shadows beyond, a great figure standing

upright upon the ridge.

For a moment it stood as though listening and then turned slowly, and

melted into the shadows of the jungle.

“What is it, John?”

“I do not know, Alice,” he answered gravely, “it is too dark to see so

far, and it may have been but a shadow cast by the rising moon.”

“No, John, if it was not a man it was some huge and grotesque mockery

of man. Oh, I am afraid.”

He gathered her in his arms, whispering words of courage and love into

her ears.

Soon after, he lowered the curtain walls, tying them securely to the

trees so that, except for a little opening toward the beach, they were

entirely enclosed.

As it was now pitch dark within their tiny aerie they lay down upon

their blankets to try to gain, through sleep, a brief respite of

forgetfulness.

Clayton lay facing the opening at the front, a rifle and a brace of

revolvers at his hand.

Scarcely had they closed their eyes than the terrifying cry of a

panther rang out from the jungle behind them. Closer and closer it came

until they could hear the great beast directly beneath them. For an

hour or more they heard it sniffing and clawing at the trees which

supported their platform, but at last it roamed away across the beach,

where Clayton could see it clearly in the brilliant moonlight—a great,

handsome beast, the largest he had ever seen.

During the long hours of darkness they caught but fitful snatches of

sleep, for the night noises of a great jungle teeming with myriad

animal life kept their overwrought nerves on edge, so that a hundred

times they were startled to wakefulness by piercing screams, or the

stealthy moving of great bodies beneath them.

CHAPTER III.

Life and Death

Morning found them but little, if at all refreshed, though it was with

a feeling of intense relief that they saw the day dawn.

As soon as they had made their meager breakfast of salt pork, coffee

and biscuit, Clayton commenced work upon their house, for he realized

that they could hope for no safety and no peace of mind at night until

four strong walls effectually barred the jungle life from them.

The task was an arduous one and required the better part of a month,

though he built but one small room. He constructed his cabin of small

logs about six inches in diameter, stopping the chinks with clay which

he found at the depth of a few feet beneath the surface soil.

At one end he built a fireplace of small stones from the beach. These

also he set in clay and when the house had been entirely completed he

applied a coating of the clay to the entire outside surface to the

thickness of four inches.

In the window opening he set small branches about an inch in diameter

both vertically and horizontally, and so woven that they formed a

substantial grating that could withstand the strength of a powerful

animal. Thus they obtained air and proper ventilation without fear of

lessening the safety of their cabin.

The A-shaped roof was thatched with small branches laid close together

and over these long jungle grass and palm fronds, with a final coating

of clay.

The door he built of pieces of the packing-boxes which had held their

belongings, nailing one piece upon another, the grain of contiguous

layers running transversely, until he had a solid body some three

inches thick and of such great strength that they were both moved to

laughter as they gazed upon it.

Here the greatest difficulty confronted Clayton, for he had no means

whereby to hang his massive door now that he had built it. After two

days’ work, however, he succeeded in fashioning two massive hardwood

hinges, and with these he hung the door so that it opened and closed

easily.

The stuccoing and other final touches were added after they moved into

the house, which they had done as soon as the roof was on, piling their

boxes before the door at night and thus having a comparatively safe and

comfortable habitation.

The building of a bed, chairs, table, and shelves was a relatively easy

matter, so that by the end of the second month they were well settled,

and, but for the constant dread of attack by wild beasts and the ever

growing loneliness, they were not uncomfortable or unhappy.

At night great beasts snarled and roared about their tiny cabin, but,

so accustomed may one become to oft repeated noises, that soon they

paid little attention to them, sleeping soundly the whole night

through.

Thrice had they caught fleeting glimpses of great man-like figures like

that of the first night, but never at sufficiently close range to know

positively whether the half-seen forms were those of man or brute.

The brilliant birds and the little monkeys had become accustomed to

their new acquaintances, and as they had evidently never seen human

beings before they presently, after their first fright had worn off,

approached closer and closer, impelled by that strange curiosity which

dominates the wild creatures of the forest and the jungle and the

plain, so that within the first month several of the birds had gone so

far as even to accept morsels of food from the friendly hands of the

Claytons.

One afternoon, while Clayton was working upon an addition to their

cabin, for he contemplated building several more rooms, a number of

their grotesque little friends came shrieking and scolding through the

trees from the direction of the ridge. Ever as they fled they cast

fearful glances back of them, and finally they stopped near Clayton

jabbering excitedly to him as though to warn him of approaching danger.

At last he saw it, the thing the little monkeys so feared—the man-brute

of which the Claytons had caught occasional fleeting glimpses.

It was approaching through the jungle in a semi-erect position, now and

then placing the backs of its closed fists upon the ground—a great

anthropoid ape, and, as it advanced, it emitted deep guttural growls

and an occasional low barking sound.

Clayton was at some distance from the cabin, having come to fell a

particularly perfect tree for his building operations. Grown careless

from months of continued safety, during which time he had seen no

dangerous animals during the daylight hours, he had left his rifles and

revolvers all within the little cabin, and now that he saw the great

ape crashing through the underbrush directly toward him, and from a

direction which practically cut him off from escape, he felt a vague

little shiver play up and down his spine.

He knew that, armed only with an ax, his chances with this ferocious

monster were small indeed—and Alice; O God, he thought, what will

become of Alice?

There was yet a slight chance of reaching the cabin. He turned and ran

toward it, shouting an alarm to his wife to run in and close the great

door in case the ape cut off his retreat.

Lady Greystoke had been sitting a little way from the cabin, and when

she heard his cry she looked up to see the ape springing with almost

incredible swiftness, for so large and awkward an animal, in an effort

to head off Clayton.

With a low cry she sprang toward the cabin, and, as she entered, gave a

backward glance which filled her soul with terror, for the brute had

intercepted her husband, who now stood at bay grasping his ax with both

hands ready to swing it upon the infuriated animal when he should make

his final charge.

“Close and bolt the door, Alice,” cried Clayton. “I can finish this

fellow with my ax.”

But he knew he was facing a horrible death, and so did she.

The ape was a great bull, weighing probably three hundred pounds. His

nasty, close-set eyes gleamed hatred from beneath his shaggy brows,

while his great canine fangs were bared in a horrid snarl as he paused

a moment before his prey.

Over the brute’s shoulder Clayton could see the doorway of his cabin,

not twenty paces distant, and a great wave of horror and fear swept

over him as he saw his young wife emerge, armed with one of his rifles.

She had always been afraid of firearms, and would never touch them, but

now she rushed toward the ape with the fearlessness of a lioness

protecting its young.

“Back, Alice,” shouted Clayton, “for God’s sake, go back.”

But she would not heed, and just then the ape charged, so that Clayton

could say no more.

The man swung his ax with all his mighty strength, but the powerful

brute seized it in those terrible hands, and tearing it from Clayton’s

grasp hurled it far to one side.

With an ugly snarl he closed upon his defenseless victim, but ere his

fangs had reached the throat they thirsted for, there was a sharp

report and a bullet entered the ape’s back between his shoulders.

Throwing Clayton to the ground the beast turned upon his new enemy.

There before him stood the terrified girl vainly trying to fire another

bullet into the animal’s body; but she did not understand the mechanism

of the firearm, and the hammer fell futilely upon an empty cartridge.

Almost simultaneously Clayton regained his feet, and without thought of

the utter hopelessness of it, he rushed forward to drag the ape from

his wife’s prostrate form.

With little or no effort he succeeded, and the great bulk rolled

inertly upon the turf before him—the ape was dead. The bullet had done

its work.

A hasty examination of his wife revealed no marks upon her, and Clayton

decided that the huge brute had died the instant he had sprung toward

Alice.

Gently he lifted his wife’s still unconscious form, and bore her to the

little cabin, but it was fully two hours before she regained

consciousness.

Her first words filled Clayton with vague apprehension. For some time

after regaining her senses, Alice gazed wonderingly about the interior

of the little cabin, and then, with a satisfied sigh, said:

“O, John, it is so good to be really home! I have had an awful dream,

dear. I thought we were no longer in London, but in some horrible place

where great beasts attacked us.”

“There, there, Alice,” he said, stroking her forehead, “try to sleep

again, and do not worry your head about bad dreams.”

That night a little son was born in the tiny cabin beside the primeval

forest, while a leopard screamed before the door, and the deep notes of

a lion’s roar sounded from beyond the ridge.

Lady Greystoke never recovered from the shock of the great ape’s

attack, and, though she lived for a year after her baby was born, she

was never again outside the cabin, nor did she ever fully realize that

she was not in England.

Sometimes she would question Clayton as to the strange noises of the

nights; the absence of servants and friends, and the strange rudeness

of the furnishings within her room, but, though he made no effort to

deceive her, never could she grasp the meaning of it all.

In other ways she was quite rational, and the joy and happiness she

took in the possession of her little son and the constant attentions of

her husband made that year a very happy one for her, the happiest of

her young life.

That it would have been beset by worries and apprehension had she been

in full command of her mental faculties Clayton well knew; so that

while he suffered terribly to see her so, there were times when he was

almost glad, for her sake, that she could not understand.

Long since had he given up any hope of rescue, except through accident.

With unremitting zeal he had worked to beautify the interior of the

cabin.

Skins of lion and panther covered the floor. Cupboards and bookcases

lined the walls. Odd vases made by his own hand from the clay of the

region held beautiful tropical flowers. Curtains of grass and bamboo

covered the windows, and, most arduous task of all, with his meager

assortment of tools he had fashioned lumber to neatly seal the walls

and ceiling and lay a smooth floor within the cabin.

That he had been able to turn his hands at all to such unaccustomed

labor was a source of mild wonder to him. But he loved the work because

it was for her and the tiny life that had come to cheer them, though

adding a hundredfold to his responsibilities and to the terribleness of

their situation.

During the year that followed, Clayton was several times attacked by

the great apes which now seemed to continually infest the vicinity of

the cabin; but as he never again ventured outside without both rifle

and revolvers he had little fear of the huge beasts.

He had strengthened the window protections and fitted a unique wooden

lock to the cabin door, so that when he hunted for game and fruits, as

it was constantly necessary for him to do to insure sustenance, he had

no fear that any animal could break into the little home.

At first he shot much of the game from the cabin windows, but toward

the end the animals learned to fear the strange lair from whence issued

the terrifying thunder of his rifle.

In his leisure Clayton read, often aloud to his wife, from the store of

books he had brought for their new home. Among these were many for

little children—picture books, primers, readers—for they had known that

their little child would be old enough for such before they might hope

to return to England.

At other times Clayton wrote in his diary, which he had always been

accustomed to keep in French, and in which he recorded the details of

their strange life. This book he kept locked in a little metal box.

A year from the day her little son was born Lady Alice passed quietly

away in the night. So peaceful was her end that it was hours before

Clayton could awake to a realization that his wife was dead.

The horror of the situation came to him very slowly, and it is doubtful

that he ever fully realized the enormity of his sorrow and the fearful

responsibility that had devolved upon him with the care of that wee

thing, his son, still a nursing babe.

The last entry in his diary was made the morning following her death,

and there he recites the sad details in a matter-of-fact way that adds

to the pathos of it; for it breathes a tired apathy born of long sorrow

and hopelessness, which even this cruel blow could scarcely awake to

further suffering:

My little son is crying for nourishment—O Alice, Alice, what shall I

do?

And as John Clayton wrote the last words his hand was destined ever to

pen, he dropped his head wearily upon his outstretched arms where they

rested upon the table he had built for her who lay still and cold in

the bed beside him.

For a long time no sound broke the deathlike stillness of the jungle

midday save the piteous wailing of the tiny man-child.

CHAPTER IV.

The Apes

In the forest of the table-land a mile back from the ocean old Kerchak

the Ape was on a rampage of rage among his people.

The younger and lighter members of his tribe scampered to the higher

branches of the great trees to escape his wrath; risking their lives

upon branches that scarce supported their weight rather than face old

Kerchak in one of his fits of uncontrolled anger.

The other males scattered in all directions, but not before the

infuriated brute had felt the vertebra of one snap between his great,

foaming jaws.

A luckless young female slipped from an insecure hold upon a high

branch and came crashing to the ground almost at Kerchak’s feet.

With a wild scream he was upon her, tearing a great piece from her side

with his mighty teeth, and striking her viciously upon her head and

shoulders with a broken tree limb until her skull was crushed to a

jelly.

And then he spied Kala, who, returning from a search for food with her

young babe, was ignorant of the state of the mighty male’s temper until

suddenly the shrill warnings of her fellows caused her to scamper madly

for safety.

But Kerchak was close upon her, so close that he had almost grasped her

ankle had she not made a furious leap far into space from one tree to

another—a perilous chance which apes seldom if ever take, unless so

closely pursued by danger that there is no alternative.

She made the leap successfully, but as she grasped the limb of the

further tree the sudden jar loosened the hold of the tiny babe where it

clung frantically to her neck, and she saw the little thing hurled,

turning and twisting, to the ground thirty feet below.

With a low cry of dismay Kala rushed headlong to its side, thoughtless

now of the danger from Kerchak; but when she gathered the wee, mangled

form to her bosom life had left it.

With low moans, she sat cuddling the body to her; nor did Kerchak

attempt to molest her. With the death of the babe his fit of demoniacal

rage passed as suddenly as it had seized him.

Kerchak was a huge king ape, weighing perhaps three hundred and fifty

pounds. His forehead was extremely low and receding, his eyes

bloodshot, small and close set to his coarse, flat nose; his ears large

and thin, but smaller than most of his kind.

His awful temper and his mighty strength made him supreme among the

little tribe into which he had been born some twenty years before.

Now that he was in his prime, there was no simian in all the mighty

forest through which he roved that dared contest his right to rule, nor

did the other and larger animals molest him.

Old Tantor, the elephant, alone of all the wild savage life, feared him

not—and he alone did Kerchak fear. When Tantor trumpeted, the great ape

scurried with his fellows high among the trees of the second terrace.

The tribe of anthropoids over which Kerchak ruled with an iron hand and

bared fangs, numbered some six or eight families, each family

consisting of an adult male with his females and their young, numbering

in all some sixty or seventy apes.

Kala was the youngest mate of a male called Tublat, meaning broken

nose, and the child she had seen dashed to death was her first; for she

was but nine or ten years old.

Notwithstanding her youth, she was large and powerful—a splendid,

clean-limbed animal, with a round, high forehead, which denoted more

intelligence than most of her kind possessed. So, also, she had a great

capacity for mother love and mother sorrow.

But she was still an ape, a huge, fierce, terrible beast of a species

closely allied to the gorilla, yet more intelligent; which, with the

strength of their cousin, made her kind the most fearsome of those

awe-inspiring progenitors of man.

When the tribe saw that Kerchak’s rage had ceased they came slowly down

from their arboreal retreats and pursued again the various occupations

which he had interrupted.

The young played and frolicked about among the trees and bushes. Some

of the adults lay prone upon the soft mat of dead and decaying

vegetation which covered the ground, while others turned over pieces of

fallen branches and clods of earth in search of the small bugs and

reptiles which formed a part of their food.

Others, again, searched the surrounding trees for fruit, nuts, small

birds, and eggs.

They had passed an hour or so thus when Kerchak called them together,

and, with a word of command to them to follow him, set off toward the

sea.

They traveled for the most part upon the ground, where it was open,

following the path of the great elephants whose comings and goings

break the only roads through those tangled mazes of bush, vine,

creeper, and tree. When they walked it was with a rolling, awkward

motion, placing the knuckles of their closed hands upon the ground and

swinging their ungainly bodies forward.

But when the way was through the lower trees they moved more swiftly,

swinging from branch to branch with the agility of their smaller

cousins, the monkeys. And all the way Kala carried her little dead baby

hugged closely to her breast.

It was shortly after noon when they reached a ridge overlooking the

beach where below them lay the tiny cottage which was Kerchak’s goal.

He had seen many of his kind go to their deaths before the loud noise

made by the little black stick in the hands of the strange white ape

who lived in that wonderful lair, and Kerchak had made up his brute

mind to own that death-dealing contrivance, and to explore the interior

of the mysterious den.

He wanted, very, very much, to feel his teeth sink into the neck of the

queer animal that he had learned to hate and fear, and because of this,

he came often with his tribe to reconnoiter, waiting for a time when

the white ape should be off his guard.

Of late they had quit attacking, or even showing themselves; for every

time they had done so in the past the little stick had roared out its

terrible message of death to some member of the tribe.

Today there was no sign of the man about, and from where they watched

they could see that the cabin door was open. Slowly, cautiously, and

noiselessly they crept through the jungle toward the little cabin.

There were no growls, no fierce screams of rage—the little black stick

had taught them to come quietly lest they awaken it.

On, on they came until Kerchak himself slunk stealthily to the very

door and peered within. Behind him were two males, and then Kala,

closely straining the little dead form to her breast.

Inside the den they saw the strange white ape lying half across a

table, his head buried in his arms; and on the bed lay a figure covered

by a sailcloth, while from a tiny rustic cradle came the plaintive

wailing of a babe.

Noiselessly Kerchak entered, crouching for the charge; and then John

Clayton rose with a sudden start and faced them.

The sight that met his eyes must have frozen him with horror, for

there, within the door, stood three great bull apes, while behind them

crowded many more; how many he never knew, for his revolvers were

hanging on the far wall beside his rifle, and Kerchak was charging.

When the king ape released the limp form which had been John Clayton,

Lord Greystoke, he turned his attention toward the little cradle; but

Kala was there before him, and when he would have grasped the child she

snatched it herself, and before he could intercept her she had bolted

through the door and taken refuge in a high tree.

As she took up the little live baby of Alice Clayton she dropped the

dead body of her own into the empty cradle; for the wail of the living

had answered the call of universal motherhood within her wild breast

which the dead could not still.

High up among the branches of a mighty tree she hugged the shrieking

infant to her bosom, and soon the instinct that was as dominant in this

fierce female as it had been in the breast of his tender and beautiful

mother—the instinct of mother love—reached out to the tiny man-child’s

half-formed understanding, and he became quiet.

Then hunger closed the gap between them, and the son of an English lord

and an English lady nursed at the breast of Kala, the great ape.

In the meantime the beasts within the cabin were warily examining the

contents of this strange lair.

Once satisfied that Clayton was dead, Kerchak turned his attention to

the thing which lay upon the bed, covered by a piece of sailcloth.

Gingerly he lifted one corner of the shroud, but when he saw the body

of the woman beneath he tore the cloth roughly from her form and seized

the still, white throat in his huge, hairy hands.

A moment he let his fingers sink deep into the cold flesh, and then,

realizing that she was already dead, he turned from her, to examine the

contents of the room; nor did he again molest the body of either Lady

Alice or Sir John.

The rifle hanging upon the wall caught his first attention; it was for

this strange, death-dealing thunder-stick that he had yearned for

months; but now that it was within his grasp he scarcely had the

temerity to seize it.

Cautiously he approached the thing, ready to flee precipitately should

it speak in its deep roaring tones, as he had heard it speak before,

the last words to those of his kind who, through ignorance or rashness,

had attacked the wonderful white ape that had borne it.

Deep in the beast’s intelligence was something which assured him that

the thunder-stick was only dangerous when in the hands of one who could

manipulate it, but yet it was several minutes ere he could bring

himself to touch it.

Instead, he walked back and forth along the floor before it, turning

his head so that never once did his eyes leave the object of his

desire.

Using his long arms as a man uses crutches, and rolling his huge

carcass from side to side with each stride, the great king ape paced to

and fro, uttering deep growls, occasionally punctuated with the

ear-piercing scream, than which there is no more terrifying noise in

all the jungle.

Presently he halted before the rifle. Slowly he raised a huge hand

until it almost touched the shining barrel, only to withdraw it once

more and continue his hurried pacing.

It was as though the great brute by this show of fearlessness, and

through the medium of his wild voice, was endeavoring to bolster up his

courage to the point which would permit him to take the rifle in his

hand.

Again he stopped, and this time succeeded in forcing his reluctant hand

to the cold steel, only to snatch it away almost immediately and resume

his restless beat.

Time after time this strange ceremony was repeated, but on each

occasion with increased confidence, until, finally, the rifle was torn

from its hook and lay in the grasp of the great brute.

Finding that it harmed him not, Kerchak began to examine it closely. He

felt of it from end to end, peered down the black depths of the muzzle,

fingered the sights, the breech, the stock, and finally the trigger.

During all these operations the apes who had entered sat huddled near

the door watching their chief, while those outside strained and crowded

to catch a glimpse of what transpired within.

Suddenly Kerchak’s finger closed upon the trigger. There was a

deafening roar in the little room and the apes at and beyond the door

fell over one another in their wild anxiety to escape.

Kerchak was equally frightened, so frightened, in fact, that he quite

forgot to throw aside the author of that fearful noise, but bolted for

the door with it tightly clutched in one hand.

As he passed through the opening, the front sight of the rifle caught

upon the edge of the inswung door with sufficient force to close it

tightly after the fleeing ape.

When Kerchak came to a halt a short distance from the cabin and

discovered that he still held the rifle, he dropped it as he might have

dropped a red hot iron, nor did he again attempt to recover it—the

noise was too much for his brute nerves; but he was now quite convinced

that the terrible stick was quite harmless by itself if left alone.

It was an hour before the apes could again bring themselves to approach

the cabin to continue their investigations, and when they finally did

so, they found to their chagrin that the door was closed and so

securely fastened that they could not force it.

The cleverly constructed latch which Clayton had made for the door had

sprung as Kerchak passed out; nor could the apes find means of ingress

through the heavily barred windows.

After roaming about the vicinity for a short time, they started back

for the deeper forests and the higher land from whence they had come.

Kala had not once come to earth with her little adopted babe, but now

Kerchak called to her to descend with the rest, and as there was no

note of anger in his voice she dropped lightly from branch to branch

and joined the others on their homeward march.

Those of the apes who attempted to examine Kala’s strange baby were

repulsed with bared fangs and low menacing growls, accompanied by words

of warning from Kala.

When they assured her that they meant the child no harm she permitted

them to come close, but would not allow them to touch her charge.

It was as though she knew that her baby was frail and delicate and

feared lest the rough hands of her fellows might injure the little

thing.

Another thing she did, and which made traveling an onerous trial for

her. Remembering the death of her own little one, she clung desperately

to the new babe, with one hand, whenever they were upon the march.

The other young rode upon their mothers’ backs; their little arms

tightly clasping the hairy necks before them, while their legs were

locked beneath their mothers’ armpits.

Not so with Kala; she held the small form of the little Lord Greystoke

tightly to her breast, where the dainty hands clutched the long black

hair which covered that portion of her body. She had seen one child

fall from her back to a terrible death, and she would take no further

chances with this.

CHAPTER V.

The White Ape

Tenderly Kala nursed her little waif, wondering silently why it did not

gain strength and agility as did the little apes of other mothers. It

was nearly a year from the time the little fellow came into her

possession before he would walk alone, and as for climbing—my, but how

stupid he was!

Kala sometimes talked with the older females about her young hopeful,

but none of them could understand how a child could be so slow and

backward in learning to care for itself. Why, it could not even find

food alone, and more than twelve moons had passed since Kala had come

upon it.

Had they known that the child had seen thirteen moons before it had

come into Kala’s possession they would have considered its case as

absolutely hopeless, for the little apes of their own tribe were as far

advanced in two or three moons as was this little stranger after

twenty-five.

Tublat, Kala’s husband, was sorely vexed, and but for the female’s

careful watching would have put the child out of the way.

“He will never be a great ape,” he argued. “Always will you have to

carry him and protect him. What good will he be to the tribe? None;

only a burden.

“Let us leave him quietly sleeping among the tall grasses, that you may

bear other and stronger apes to guard us in our old age.”

“Never, Broken Nose,” replied Kala. “If I must carry him forever, so be

it.”

And then Tublat went to Kerchak to urge him to use his authority with

Kala, and force her to give up little Tarzan, which was the name they

had given to the tiny Lord Greystoke, and which meant “White-Skin.”

But when Kerchak spoke to her about it Kala threatened to run away from

the tribe if they did not leave her in peace with the child; and as

this is one of the inalienable rights of the jungle folk, if they be

dissatisfied among their own people, they bothered her no more, for

Kala was a fine clean-limbed young female, and they did not wish to

lose her.

As Tarzan grew he made more rapid strides, so that by the time he was

ten years old he was an excellent climber, and on the ground could do

many wonderful things which were beyond the powers of his little

brothers and sisters.

In many ways did he differ from them, and they often marveled at his

superior cunning, but in strength and size he was deficient; for at ten

the great anthropoids were fully grown, some of them towering over six

feet in height, while little Tarzan was still but a half-grown boy.

Yet such a boy!

From early childhood he had used his hands to swing from branch to

branch after the manner of his giant mother, and as he grew older he

spent hour upon hour daily speeding through the tree tops with his

brothers and sisters.

He could spring twenty feet across space at the dizzy heights of the

forest top, and grasp with unerring precision, and without apparent

jar, a limb waving wildly in the path of an approaching tornado.

He could drop twenty feet at a stretch from limb to limb in rapid

descent to the ground, or he could gain the utmost pinnacle of the

loftiest tropical giant with the ease and swiftness of a squirrel.

Though but ten years old he was fully as strong as the average man of

thirty, and far more agile than the most practiced athlete ever

becomes. And day by day his strength was increasing.

His life among these fierce apes had been happy; for his recollection

held no other life, nor did he know that there existed within the

universe aught else than his little forest and the wild jungle animals

with which he was familiar.

He was nearly ten before he commenced to realize that a great

difference existed between himself and his fellows. His little body,

burned brown by exposure, suddenly caused him feelings of intense

shame, for he realized that it was entirely hairless, like some low

snake, or other reptile.

He attempted to obviate this by plastering himself from head to foot

with mud, but this dried and fell off. Besides it felt so uncomfortable

that he quickly decided that he preferred the shame to the discomfort.

In the higher land which his tribe frequented was a little lake, and it

was here that Tarzan first saw his face in the clear, still waters of

its bosom.

It was on a sultry day of the dry season that he and one of his cousins

had gone down to the bank to drink. As they leaned over, both little

faces were mirrored on the placid pool; the fierce and terrible

features of the ape beside those of the aristocratic scion of an old

English house.

Tarzan was appalled. It had been bad enough to be hairless, but to own

such a countenance! He wondered that the other apes could look at him

at all.

That tiny slit of a mouth and those puny white teeth! How they looked

beside the mighty lips and powerful fangs of his more fortunate

brothers!

And the little pinched nose of his; so thin was it that it looked half

starved. He turned red as he compared it with the beautiful broad

nostrils of his companion. Such a generous nose! Why it spread half

across his face! It certainly must be fine to be so handsome, thought

poor little Tarzan.

But when he saw his own eyes; ah, that was the final blow—a brown spot,

a gray circle and then blank whiteness! Frightful! not even the snakes

had such hideous eyes as he.

So intent was he upon this personal appraisement of his features that

he did not hear the parting of the tall grass behind him as a great

body pushed itself stealthily through the jungle; nor did his

companion, the ape, hear either, for he was drinking and the noise of

his sucking lips and gurgles of satisfaction drowned the quiet approach

of the intruder.

Not thirty paces behind the two she crouched—Sabor, the huge

lioness—lashing her tail. Cautiously she moved a great padded paw

forward, noiselessly placing it before she lifted the next. Thus she

advanced; her belly low, almost touching the surface of the ground—a

great cat preparing to spring upon its prey.

Now she was within ten feet of the two unsuspecting little

playfellows—carefully she drew her hind feet well up beneath her body,

the great muscles rolling under the beautiful skin.

So low she was crouching now that she seemed flattened to the earth

except for the upward bend of the glossy back as it gathered for the

spring.

No longer the tail lashed—quiet and straight behind her it lay.

An instant she paused thus, as though turned to stone, and then, with

an awful scream, she sprang.

Sabor, the lioness, was a wise hunter. To one less wise the wild alarm

of her fierce cry as she sprang would have seemed a foolish thing, for

could she not more surely have fallen upon her victims had she but

quietly leaped without that loud shriek?

But Sabor knew well the wondrous quickness of the jungle folk and their

almost unbelievable powers of hearing. To them the sudden scraping of

one blade of grass across another was as effectual a warning as her

loudest cry, and Sabor knew that she could not make that mighty leap

without a little noise.

Her wild scream was not a warning. It was voiced to freeze her poor

victims in a paralysis of terror for the tiny fraction of an instant

which would suffice for her mighty claws to sink into their soft flesh

and hold them beyond hope of escape.

So far as the ape was concerned, Sabor reasoned correctly. The little

fellow crouched trembling just an instant, but that instant was quite

long enough to prove his undoing.

Not so, however, with Tarzan, the man-child. His life amidst the

dangers of the jungle had taught him to meet emergencies with

self-confidence, and his higher intelligence resulted in a quickness of

mental action far beyond the powers of the apes.

So the scream of Sabor, the lioness, galvanized the brain and muscles

of little Tarzan into instant action.

Before him lay the deep waters of the little lake, behind him certain

death; a cruel death beneath tearing claws and rending fangs.

Tarzan had always hated water except as a medium for quenching his

thirst. He hated it because he connected it with the chill and

discomfort of the torrential rains, and he feared it for the thunder

and lightning and wind which accompanied them.

The deep waters of the lake he had been taught by his wild mother to

avoid, and further, had he not seen little Neeta sink beneath its quiet

surface only a few short weeks before never to return to the tribe?

But of the two evils his quick mind chose the lesser ere the first note

of Sabor’s scream had scarce broken the quiet of the jungle, and before

the great beast had covered half her leap Tarzan felt the chill waters

close above his head.

He could not swim, and the water was very deep; but still he lost no

particle of that self-confidence and resourcefulness which were the

badges of his superior being.

Rapidly he moved his hands and feet in an attempt to scramble upward,

and, possibly more by chance than design, he fell into the stroke that

a dog uses when swimming, so that within a few seconds his nose was

above water and he found that he could keep it there by continuing his

strokes, and also make progress through the water.

He was much surprised and pleased with this new acquirement which had

been so suddenly thrust upon him, but he had no time for thinking much

upon it.

He was now swimming parallel to the bank and there he saw the cruel

beast that would have seized him crouching upon the still form of his

little playmate.

The lioness was intently watching Tarzan, evidently expecting him to

return to shore, but this the boy had no intention of doing.

Instead he raised his voice in the call of distress common to his

tribe, adding to it the warning which would prevent would-be rescuers

from running into the clutches of Sabor.

Almost immediately there came an answer from the distance, and

presently forty or fifty great apes swung rapidly and majestically

through the trees toward the scene of tragedy.

In the lead was Kala, for she had recognized the tones of her best

beloved, and with her was the mother of the little ape who lay dead

beneath cruel Sabor.

Though more powerful and better equipped for fighting than the apes,

the lioness had no desire to meet these enraged adults, and with a

snarl of hatred she sprang quickly into the brush and disappeared.

Tarzan now swam to shore and clambered quickly upon dry land. The

feeling of freshness and exhilaration which the cool waters had

imparted to him, filled his little being with grateful surprise, and

ever after he lost no opportunity to take a daily plunge in lake or

stream or ocean when it was possible to do so.

For a long time Kala could not accustom herself to the sight; for

though her people could swim when forced to it, they did not like to

enter water, and never did so voluntarily.

The adventure with the lioness gave Tarzan food for pleasurable

memories, for it was such affairs which broke the monotony of his daily

life—otherwise but a dull round of searching for food, eating, and

sleeping.

The tribe to which he belonged roamed a tract extending, roughly,

twenty-five miles along the seacoast and some fifty miles inland. This

they traversed almost continually, occasionally remaining for months in

one locality; but as they moved through the trees with great speed they

often covered the territory in a very few days.

Much depended upon food supply, climatic conditions, and the prevalence

of animals of the more dangerous species; though Kerchak often led them

on long marches for no other reason than that he had tired of remaining

in the same place.

At night they slept where darkness overtook them, lying upon the

ground, and sometimes covering their heads, and more seldom their

bodies, with the great leaves of the elephant’s ear. Two or three might

lie cuddled in each other’s arms for additional warmth if the night

were chill, and thus Tarzan had slept in Kala’s arms nightly for all

these years.

That the huge, fierce brute loved this child of another race is beyond

question, and he, too, gave to the great, hairy beast all the affection

that would have belonged to his fair young mother had she lived.

When he was disobedient she cuffed him, it is true, but she was never

cruel to him, and was more often caressing him than chastising him.

Tublat, her mate, always hated Tarzan, and on several occasions had

come near ending his youthful career.

Tarzan on his part never lost an opportunity to show that he fully

reciprocated his foster father’s sentiments, and whenever he could

safely annoy him or make faces at him or hurl insults upon him from the

safety of his mother’s arms, or the slender branches of the higher

trees, he did so.

His superior intelligence and cunning permitted him to invent a

thousand diabolical tricks to add to the burdens of Tublat’s life.

Early in his boyhood he had learned to form ropes by twisting and tying

long grasses together, and with these he was forever tripping Tublat or

attempting to hang him from some overhanging branch.

By constant playing and experimenting with these he learned to tie rude

knots, and make sliding nooses; and with these he and the younger apes

amused themselves. What Tarzan did they tried to do also, but he alone

originated and became proficient.

One day while playing thus Tarzan had thrown his rope at one of his

fleeing companions, retaining the other end in his grasp. By accident

the noose fell squarely about the running ape’s neck, bringing him to a

sudden and surprising halt.

Ah, here was a new game, a fine game, thought Tarzan, and immediately

he attempted to repeat the trick. And thus, by painstaking and

continued practice, he learned the art of roping.

Now, indeed, was the life of Tublat a living nightmare. In sleep, upon

the march, night or day, he never knew when that quiet noose would slip

about his neck and nearly choke the life out of him.

Kala punished, Tublat swore dire vengeance, and old Kerchak took notice

and warned and threatened; but all to no avail.

Tarzan defied them all, and the thin, strong noose continued to settle

about Tublat’s neck whenever he least expected it.

The other apes derived unlimited amusement from Tublat’s discomfiture,

for Broken Nose was a disagreeable old fellow, whom no one liked,

anyway.

In Tarzan’s clever little mind many thoughts revolved, and back of

these was his divine power of reason.

If he could catch his fellow apes with his long arm of many grasses,

why not Sabor, the lioness?

It was the germ of a thought, which, however, was destined to mull

around in his conscious and subconscious mind until it resulted in

magnificent achievement.

But that came in later years.

CHAPTER VI.

Jungle Battles

The wanderings of the tribe brought them often near the closed and

silent cabin by the little land-locked harbor. To Tarzan this was

always a source of never-ending mystery and pleasure.

He would peek into the curtained windows, or, climbing upon the roof,

peer down the black depths of the chimney in vain endeavor to solve the

unknown wonders that lay within those strong walls.

His child-like imagination pictured wonderful creatures within, and the

very impossibility of forcing entrance added a thousandfold to his

desire to do so.

He could clamber about the roof and windows for hours attempting to

discover means of ingress, but to the door he paid little attention,

for this was apparently as solid as the walls.

It was in the next visit to the vicinity, following the adventure with

old Sabor, that, as he approached the cabin, Tarzan noticed that from a

distance the door appeared to be an independent part of the wall in

which it was set, and for the first time it occurred to him that this

might prove the means of entrance which had so long eluded him.

He was alone, as was often the case when he visited the cabin, for the

apes had no love for it; the story of the thunder-stick having lost

nothing in the telling during these ten years had quite surrounded the

white man’s deserted abode with an atmosphere of weirdness and terror

for the simians.

The story of his own connection with the cabin had never been told him.

The language of the apes had so few words that they could talk but

little of what they had seen in the cabin, having no words to

accurately describe either the strange people or their belongings, and

so, long before Tarzan was old enough to understand, the subject had

been forgotten by the tribe.

Only in a dim, vague way had Kala explained to him that his father had

been a strange white ape, but he did not know that Kala was not his own

mother.

On this day, then, he went directly to the door and spent hours

examining it and fussing with the hinges, the knob and the latch.

Finally he stumbled upon the right combination, and the door swung

creakingly open before his astonished eyes.

For some minutes he did not dare venture within, but finally, as his

eyes became accustomed to the dim light of the interior he slowly and

cautiously entered.

In the middle of the floor lay a skeleton, every vestige of flesh gone

from the bones to which still clung the mildewed and moldered remnants

of what had once been clothing. Upon the bed lay a similar gruesome

thing, but smaller, while in a tiny cradle near-by was a third, a wee

mite of a skeleton.

To none of these evidences of a fearful tragedy of a long dead day did

little Tarzan give but passing heed. His wild jungle life had inured

him to the sight of dead and dying animals, and had he known that he

was looking upon the remains of his own father and mother he would have

been no more greatly moved.

The furnishings and other contents of the room it was which riveted his

attention. He examined many things minutely—strange tools and weapons,

books, paper, clothing—what little had withstood the ravages of time in

the humid atmosphere of the jungle coast.

He opened chests and cupboards, such as did not baffle his small

experience, and in these he found the contents much better preserved.

Among other things he found a sharp hunting knife, on the keen blade of

which he immediately proceeded to cut his finger. Undaunted he

continued his experiments, finding that he could hack and hew splinters

of wood from the table and chairs with this new toy.

For a long time this amused him, but finally tiring he continued his

explorations. In a cupboard filled with books he came across one with

brightly colored pictures—it was a child’s illustrated alphabet—

A is for Archer

Who shoots with a bow.

B is for Boy,

His first name is Joe.

The pictures interested him greatly.

There were many apes with faces similar to his own, and further over in

the book he found, under “M,” some little monkeys such as he saw daily

flitting through the trees of his primeval forest. But nowhere was

pictured any of his own people; in all the book was none that resembled

Kerchak, or Tublat, or Kala.

At first he tried to pick the little figures from the leaves, but he

soon saw that they were not real, though he knew not what they might

be, nor had he any words to describe them.

The boats, and trains, and cows and horses were quite meaningless to

him, but not quite so baffling as the odd little figures which appeared

beneath and between the colored pictures—some strange kind of bug he

thought they might be, for many of them had legs though nowhere could

he find one with eyes and a mouth. It was his first introduction to the

letters of the alphabet, and he was over ten years old.

Of course he had never before seen print, or ever had spoken with any

living thing which had the remotest idea that such a thing as a written

language existed, nor ever had he seen anyone reading.

So what wonder that the little boy was quite at a loss to guess the

meaning of these strange figures.

Near the middle of the book he found his old enemy, Sabor, the lioness,

and further on, coiled Histah, the snake.

Oh, it was most engrossing! Never before in all his ten years had he

enjoyed anything so much. So absorbed was he that he did not note the

approaching dusk, until it was quite upon him and the figures were

blurred.

He put the book back in the cupboard and closed the door, for he did

not wish anyone else to find and destroy his treasure, and as he went

out into the gathering darkness he closed the great door of the cabin

behind him as it had been before he discovered the secret of its lock,

but before he left he had noticed the hunting knife lying where he had

thrown it upon the floor, and this he picked up and took with him to

show to his fellows.

He had taken scarce a dozen steps toward the jungle when a great form

rose up before him from the shadows of a low bush. At first he thought

it was one of his own people but in another instant he realized that it

was Bolgani, the huge gorilla.

So close was he that there was no chance for flight and little Tarzan

knew that he must stand and fight for his life; for these great beasts

were the deadly enemies of his tribe, and neither one nor the other

ever asked or gave quarter.

Had Tarzan been a full-grown bull ape of the species of his tribe he

would have been more than a match for the gorilla, but being only a

little English boy, though enormously muscular for such, he stood no

chance against his cruel antagonist. In his veins, though, flowed the

blood of the best of a race of mighty fighters, and back of this was

the training of his short lifetime among the fierce brutes of the

jungle.

He knew no fear, as we know it; his little heart beat the faster but

from the excitement and exhilaration of adventure. Had the opportunity

presented itself he would have escaped, but solely because his judgment

told him he was no match for the great thing which confronted him. And

since reason showed him that successful flight was impossible he met

the gorilla squarely and bravely without a tremor of a single muscle,

or any sign of panic.

In fact he met the brute midway in its charge, striking its huge body

with his closed fists and as futilely as he had been a fly attacking an

elephant. But in one hand he still clutched the knife he had found in

the cabin of his father, and as the brute, striking and biting, closed

upon him the boy accidentally turned the point toward the hairy breast.

As the knife sank deep into its body the gorilla shrieked in pain and

rage.

But the boy had learned in that brief second a use for his sharp and

shining toy, so that, as the tearing, striking beast dragged him to

earth he plunged the blade repeatedly and to the hilt into its breast.

The gorilla, fighting after the manner of its kind, struck terrific

blows with its open hand, and tore the flesh at the boy’s throat and

chest with its mighty tusks.

For a moment they rolled upon the ground in the fierce frenzy of

combat. More and more weakly the torn and bleeding arm struck home with

the long sharp blade, then the little figure stiffened with a spasmodic

jerk, and Tarzan, the young Lord Greystoke, rolled unconscious upon the

dead and decaying vegetation which carpeted his jungle home.

A mile back in the forest the tribe had heard the fierce challenge of

the gorilla, and, as was his custom when any danger threatened, Kerchak

called his people together, partly for mutual protection against a

common enemy, since this gorilla might be but one of a party of

several, and also to see that all members of the tribe were accounted

for.

It was soon discovered that Tarzan was missing, and Tublat was strongly

opposed to sending assistance. Kerchak himself had no liking for the

strange little waif, so he listened to Tublat, and, finally, with a

shrug of his shoulders, turned back to the pile of leaves on which he

had made his bed.

But Kala was of a different mind; in fact, she had not waited but to

learn that Tarzan was absent ere she was fairly flying through the

matted branches toward the point from which the cries of the gorilla

were still plainly audible.

Darkness had now fallen, and an early moon was sending its faint light

to cast strange, grotesque shadows among the dense foliage of the

forest.

Here and there the brilliant rays penetrated to earth, but for the most

part they only served to accentuate the Stygian blackness of the

jungle’s depths.

Like some huge phantom, Kala swung noiselessly from tree to tree; now

running nimbly along a great branch, now swinging through space at the

end of another, only to grasp that of a farther tree in her rapid

progress toward the scene of the tragedy her knowledge of jungle life

told her was being enacted a short distance before her.

The cries of the gorilla proclaimed that it was in mortal combat with

some other denizen of the fierce wood. Suddenly these cries ceased, and

the silence of death reigned throughout the jungle.

Kala could not understand, for the voice of Bolgani had at last been

raised in the agony of suffering and death, but no sound had come to

her by which she possibly could determine the nature of his antagonist.

That her little Tarzan could destroy a great bull gorilla she knew to

be improbable, and so, as she neared the spot from which the sounds of

the struggle had come, she moved more warily and at last slowly and

with extreme caution she traversed the lowest branches, peering eagerly

into the moon-splashed blackness for a sign of the combatants.

Presently she came upon them, lying in a little open space full under

the brilliant light of the moon—little Tarzan’s torn and bloody form,

and beside it a great bull gorilla, stone dead.

With a low cry Kala rushed to Tarzan’s side, and gathering the poor,

blood-covered body to her breast, listened for a sign of life. Faintly

she heard it—the weak beating of the little heart.

Tenderly she bore him back through the inky jungle to where the tribe

lay, and for many days and nights she sat guard beside him, bringing

him food and water, and brushing the flies and other insects from his

cruel wounds.

Of medicine or surgery the poor thing knew nothing. She could but lick

the wounds, and thus she kept them cleansed, that healing nature might

the more quickly do her work.

At first Tarzan would eat nothing, but rolled and tossed in a wild

delirium of fever. All he craved was water, and this she brought him in

the only way she could, bearing it in her own mouth.

No human mother could have shown more unselfish and sacrificing

devotion than did this poor, wild brute for the little orphaned waif

whom fate had thrown into her keeping.

At last the fever abated and the boy commenced to mend. No word of

complaint passed his tight set lips, though the pain of his wounds was

excruciating.

A portion of his chest was laid bare to the ribs, three of which had

been broken by the mighty blows of the gorilla. One arm was nearly

severed by the giant fangs, and a great piece had been torn from his

neck, exposing his jugular vein, which the cruel jaws had missed but by

a miracle.

With the stoicism of the brutes who had raised him he endured his

suffering quietly, preferring to crawl away from the others and lie

huddled in some clump of tall grasses rather than to show his misery

before their eyes.

Kala, alone, he was glad to have with him, but now that he was better

she was gone longer at a time, in search of food; for the devoted

animal had scarcely eaten enough to support her own life while Tarzan

had been so low, and was in consequence, reduced to a mere shadow of

her former self.

CHAPTER VII.

The Light of Knowledge

After what seemed an eternity to the little sufferer he was able to

walk once more, and from then on his recovery was so rapid that in

another month he was as strong and active as ever.

During his convalescence he had gone over in his mind many times the

battle with the gorilla, and his first thought was to recover the

wonderful little weapon which had transformed him from a hopelessly

outclassed weakling to the superior of the mighty terror of the jungle.

Also, he was anxious to return to the cabin and continue his

investigations of its wondrous contents.

So, early one morning, he set forth alone upon his quest. After a

little search he located the clean-picked bones of his late adversary,

and close by, partly buried beneath the fallen leaves, he found the

knife, now red with rust from its exposure to the dampness of the

ground and from the dried blood of the gorilla.

He did not like the change in its former bright and gleaming surface;

but it was still a formidable weapon, and one which he meant to use to

advantage whenever the opportunity presented itself. He had in mind

that no more would he run from the wanton attacks of old Tublat.

In another moment he was at the cabin, and after a short time had again

thrown the latch and entered. His first concern was to learn the

mechanism of the lock, and this he did by examining it closely while

the door was open, so that he could learn precisely what caused it to

hold the door, and by what means it released at his touch.

He found that he could close and lock the door from within, and this he

did so that there would be no chance of his being molested while at his

investigation.

He commenced a systematic search of the cabin; but his attention was

soon riveted by the books which seemed to exert a strange and powerful

influence over him, so that he could scarce attend to aught else for

the lure of the wondrous puzzle which their purpose presented to him.

Among the other books were a primer, some child’s readers, numerous

picture books, and a great dictionary. All of these he examined, but

the pictures caught his fancy most, though the strange little bugs

which covered the pages where there were no pictures excited his wonder

and deepest thought.

Squatting upon his haunches on the table top in the cabin his father

had built—his smooth, brown, naked little body bent over the book which

rested in his strong slender hands, and his great shock of long, black

hair falling about his well-shaped head and bright, intelligent

eyes—Tarzan of the apes, little primitive man, presented a picture

filled, at once, with pathos and with promise—an allegorical figure of

the primordial groping through the black night of ignorance toward the

light of learning.

His little face was tense in study, for he had partially grasped, in a

hazy, nebulous way, the rudiments of a thought which was destined to

prove the key and the solution to the puzzling problem of the strange

little bugs.

In his hands was a primer opened at a picture of a little ape similar

to himself, but covered, except for hands and face, with strange,

colored fur, for such he thought the jacket and trousers to be. Beneath

the picture were three little bugs—

BOY.

And now he had discovered in the text upon the page that these three

were repeated many times in the same sequence.

Another fact he learned—that there were comparatively few individual

bugs; but these were repeated many times, occasionally alone, but more

often in company with others.

Slowly he turned the pages, scanning the pictures and the text for a

repetition of the combination \_b-o-y\_. Presently he found it beneath a

picture of another little ape and a strange animal which went upon four

legs like the jackal and resembled him not a little. Beneath this

picture the bugs appeared as:

A BOY AND A DOG

There they were, the three little bugs which always accompanied the

little ape.

And so he progressed very, very slowly, for it was a hard and laborious

task which he had set himself without knowing it—a task which might

seem to you or me impossible—learning to read without having the

slightest knowledge of letters or written language, or the faintest

idea that such things existed.

He did not accomplish it in a day, or in a week, or in a month, or in a

year; but slowly, very slowly, he learned after he had grasped the

possibilities which lay in those little bugs, so that by the time he

was fifteen he knew the various combinations of letters which stood for

every pictured figure in the little primer and in one or two of the

picture books.

Of the meaning and use of the articles and conjunctions, verbs and

adverbs and pronouns he had but the faintest conception.

One day when he was about twelve he found a number of lead pencils in a

hitherto undiscovered drawer beneath the table, and in scratching upon

the table top with one of them he was delighted to discover the black

line it left behind it.

He worked so assiduously with this new toy that the table top was soon

a mass of scrawly loops and irregular lines and his pencil-point worn

down to the wood. Then he took another pencil, but this time he had a

definite object in view.

He would attempt to reproduce some of the little bugs that scrambled

over the pages of his books.

It was a difficult task, for he held the pencil as one would grasp the

hilt of a dagger, which does not add greatly to ease in writing or to

the legibility of the results.

But he persevered for months, at such times as he was able to come to

the cabin, until at last by repeated experimenting he found a position

in which to hold the pencil that best permitted him to guide and

control it, so that at last he could roughly reproduce any of the

little bugs.

Thus he made a beginning of writing.

Copying the bugs taught him another thing—their number; and though he

could not count as we understand it, yet he had an idea of quantity,

the base of his calculations being the number of fingers upon one of

his hands.

His search through the various books convinced him that he had

discovered all the different kinds of bugs most often repeated in

combination, and these he arranged in proper order with great ease

because of the frequency with which he had perused the fascinating

alphabet picture book.

His education progressed; but his greatest finds were in the

inexhaustible storehouse of the huge illustrated dictionary, for he

learned more through the medium of pictures than text, even after he

had grasped the significance of the bugs.

When he discovered the arrangement of words in alphabetical order he

delighted in searching for and finding the combinations with which he

was familiar, and the words which followed them, their definitions, led

him still further into the mazes of erudition.

By the time he was seventeen he had learned to read the simple, child’s

primer and had fully realized the true and wonderful purpose of the

little bugs.

No longer did he feel shame for his hairless body or his human

features, for now his reason told him that he was of a different race

from his wild and hairy companions. He was a M-A-N, they were A-P-E-S,

and the little apes which scurried through the forest top were

M-O-N-K-E-Y-S. He knew, too, that old Sabor was a L-I-O-N-E-S-S, and

Histah a S-N-A-K-E, and Tantor an E-L-E-P-H-A-N-T. And so he learned to

read. From then on his progress was rapid. With the help of the great

dictionary and the active intelligence of a healthy mind endowed by

inheritance with more than ordinary reasoning powers he shrewdly

guessed at much which he could not really understand, and more often

than not his guesses were close to the mark of truth.

There were many breaks in his education, caused by the migratory habits

of his tribe, but even when removed from his books his active brain

continued to search out the mysteries of his fascinating avocation.

Pieces of bark and flat leaves and even smooth stretches of bare earth

provided him with copy books whereon to scratch with the point of his

hunting knife the lessons he was learning.

Nor did he neglect the sterner duties of life while following the bent

of his inclination toward the solving of the mystery of his library.

He practiced with his rope and played with his sharp knife, which he

had learned to keep keen by whetting upon flat stones.

The tribe had grown larger since Tarzan had come among them, for under

the leadership of Kerchak they had been able to frighten the other

tribes from their part of the jungle so that they had plenty to eat and

little or no loss from predatory incursions of neighbors.

Hence the younger males as they became adult found it more comfortable

to take mates from their own tribe, or if they captured one of another

tribe to bring her back to Kerchak’s band and live in amity with him

rather than attempt to set up new establishments of their own, or fight

with the redoubtable Kerchak for supremacy at home.

Occasionally one more ferocious than his fellows would attempt this

latter alternative, but none had come yet who could wrest the palm of

victory from the fierce and brutal ape.

Tarzan held a peculiar position in the tribe. They seemed to consider

him one of them and yet in some way different. The older males either

ignored him entirely or else hated him so vindictively that but for his

wondrous agility and speed and the fierce protection of the huge Kala

he would have been dispatched at an early age.

Tublat was his most consistent enemy, but it was through Tublat that,

when he was about thirteen, the persecution of his enemies suddenly

ceased and he was left severely alone, except on the occasions when one

of them ran amuck in the throes of one of those strange, wild fits of

insane rage which attacks the males of many of the fiercer animals of

the jungle. Then none was safe.

On the day that Tarzan established his right to respect, the tribe was

gathered about a small natural amphitheater which the jungle had left

free from its entangling vines and creepers in a hollow among some low

hills.

The open space was almost circular in shape. Upon every hand rose the

mighty giants of the untouched forest, with the matted undergrowth

banked so closely between the huge trunks that the only opening into

the little, level arena was through the upper branches of the trees.

Here, safe from interruption, the tribe often gathered. In the center

of the amphitheater was one of those strange earthen drums which the

anthropoids build for the queer rites the sounds of which men have

heard in the fastnesses of the jungle, but which none has ever

witnessed.

Many travelers have seen the drums of the great apes, and some have

heard the sounds of their beating and the noise of the wild, weird

revelry of these first lords of the jungle, but Tarzan, Lord Greystoke,

is, doubtless, the only human being who ever joined in the fierce, mad,

intoxicating revel of the Dum-Dum.

From this primitive function has arisen, unquestionably, all the forms

and ceremonials of modern church and state, for through all the

countless ages, back beyond the uttermost ramparts of a dawning

humanity our fierce, hairy forebears danced out the rites of the

Dum-Dum to the sound of their earthen drums, beneath the bright light

of a tropical moon in the depth of a mighty jungle which stands

unchanged today as it stood on that long forgotten night in the dim,

unthinkable vistas of the long dead past when our first shaggy ancestor

swung from a swaying bough and dropped lightly upon the soft turf of

the first meeting place.

On the day that Tarzan won his emancipation from the persecution that

had followed him remorselessly for twelve of his thirteen years of

life, the tribe, now a full hundred strong, trooped silently through

the lower terrace of the jungle trees and dropped noiselessly upon the

floor of the amphitheater.

The rites of the Dum-Dum marked important events in the life of the

tribe—a victory, the capture of a prisoner, the killing of some large

fierce denizen of the jungle, the death or accession of a king, and

were conducted with set ceremonialism.

Today it was the killing of a giant ape, a member of another tribe, and

as the people of Kerchak entered the arena two mighty bulls were seen

bearing the body of the vanquished between them.

They laid their burden before the earthen drum and then squatted there

beside it as guards, while the other members of the community curled

themselves in grassy nooks to sleep until the rising moon should give

the signal for the commencement of their savage orgy.

For hours absolute quiet reigned in the little clearing, except as it

was broken by the discordant notes of brilliantly feathered parrots, or

the screeching and twittering of the thousand jungle birds flitting

ceaselessly amongst the vivid orchids and flamboyant blossoms which

festooned the myriad, moss-covered branches of the forest kings.

At length as darkness settled upon the jungle the apes commenced to

bestir themselves, and soon they formed a great circle about the

earthen drum. The females and young squatted in a thin line at the

outer periphery of the circle, while just in front of them ranged the

adult males. Before the drum sat three old females, each armed with a

knotted branch fifteen or eighteen inches in length.

Slowly and softly they began tapping upon the resounding surface of the

drum as the first faint rays of the ascending moon silvered the

encircling tree tops.

As the light in the amphitheater increased the females augmented the

frequency and force of their blows until presently a wild, rhythmic din

pervaded the great jungle for miles in every direction. Huge, fierce

brutes stopped in their hunting, with up-pricked ears and raised heads,

to listen to the dull booming that betokened the Dum-Dum of the apes.

Occasionally one would raise his shrill scream or thunderous roar in

answering challenge to the savage din of the anthropoids, but none came

near to investigate or attack, for the great apes, assembled in all the

power of their numbers, filled the breasts of their jungle neighbors

with deep respect.

As the din of the drum rose to almost deafening volume Kerchak sprang

into the open space between the squatting males and the drummers.

Standing erect he threw his head far back and looking full into the eye

of the rising moon he beat upon his breast with his great hairy paws

and emitted his fearful roaring shriek.

One—twice—thrice that terrifying cry rang out across the teeming

solitude of that unspeakably quick, yet unthinkably dead, world.

Then, crouching, Kerchak slunk noiselessly around the open circle,

veering far away from the dead body lying before the altar-drum, but,

as he passed, keeping his little, fierce, wicked, red eyes upon the

corpse.

Another male then sprang into the arena, and, repeating the horrid

cries of his king, followed stealthily in his wake. Another and another

followed in quick succession until the jungle reverberated with the now

almost ceaseless notes of their bloodthirsty screams.

It was the challenge and the hunt.

When all the adult males had joined in the thin line of circling

dancers the attack commenced.

Kerchak, seizing a huge club from the pile which lay at hand for the

purpose, rushed furiously upon the dead ape, dealing the corpse a

terrific blow, at the same time emitting the growls and snarls of

combat. The din of the drum was now increased, as well as the frequency

of the blows, and the warriors, as each approached the victim of the

hunt and delivered his bludgeon blow, joined in the mad whirl of the

Death Dance.

Tarzan was one of the wild, leaping horde. His brown, sweat-streaked,

muscular body, glistening in the moonlight, shone supple and graceful

among the uncouth, awkward, hairy brutes about him.

None was more stealthy in the mimic hunt, none more ferocious than he

in the wild ferocity of the attack, none who leaped so high into the

air in the Dance of Death.

As the noise and rapidity of the drumbeats increased the dancers

apparently became intoxicated with the wild rhythm and the savage

yells. Their leaps and bounds increased, their bared fangs dripped

saliva, and their lips and breasts were flecked with foam.

For half an hour the weird dance went on, until, at a sign from

Kerchak, the noise of the drums ceased, the female drummers scampering

hurriedly through the line of dancers toward the outer rim of squatting

spectators. Then, as one, the males rushed headlong upon the thing

which their terrific blows had reduced to a mass of hairy pulp.

Flesh seldom came to their jaws in satisfying quantities, so a fit

finale to their wild revel was a taste of fresh killed meat, and it was

to the purpose of devouring their late enemy that they now turned their

attention.

Great fangs sunk into the carcass tearing away huge hunks, the

mightiest of the apes obtaining the choicest morsels, while the weaker

circled the outer edge of the fighting, snarling pack awaiting their

chance to dodge in and snatch a dropped tidbit or filch a remaining

bone before all was gone.

Tarzan, more than the apes, craved and needed flesh. Descended from a

race of meat eaters, never in his life, he thought, had he once

satisfied his appetite for animal food; and so now his agile little

body wormed its way far into the mass of struggling, rending apes in an

endeavor to obtain a share which his strength would have been unequal

to the task of winning for him.

At his side hung the hunting knife of his unknown father in a sheath

self-fashioned in copy of one he had seen among the pictures of his

treasure-books.

At last he reached the fast disappearing feast and with his sharp knife

slashed off a more generous portion than he had hoped for, an entire

hairy forearm, where it protruded from beneath the feet of the mighty

Kerchak, who was so busily engaged in perpetuating the royal

prerogative of gluttony that he failed to note the act of

\_lese-majesté\_.

So little Tarzan wriggled out from beneath the struggling mass,

clutching his grisly prize close to his breast.

Among those circling futilely the outskirts of the banqueters was old

Tublat. He had been among the first at the feast, but had retreated

with a goodly share to eat in quiet, and was now forcing his way back

for more.

So it was that he spied Tarzan as the boy emerged from the clawing,

pushing throng with that hairy forearm hugged firmly to his body.

Tublat’s little, close-set, bloodshot, pig-eyes shot wicked gleams of

hate as they fell upon the object of his loathing. In them, too, was

greed for the toothsome dainty the boy carried.

But Tarzan saw his arch enemy as quickly, and divining what the great

beast would do he leaped nimbly away toward the females and the young,

hoping to hide himself among them. Tublat, however, was close upon his

heels, so that he had no opportunity to seek a place of concealment,

but saw that he would be put to it to escape at all.

Swiftly he sped toward the surrounding trees and with an agile bound

gained a lower limb with one hand, and then, transferring his burden to

his teeth, he climbed rapidly upward, closely followed by Tublat.

Up, up he went to the waving pinnacle of a lofty monarch of the forest

where his heavy pursuer dared not follow him. There he perched, hurling

taunts and insults at the raging, foaming beast fifty feet below him.

And then Tublat went mad.

With horrifying screams and roars he rushed to the ground, among the

females and young, sinking his great fangs into a dozen tiny necks and

tearing great pieces from the backs and breasts of the females who fell

into his clutches.

In the brilliant moonlight Tarzan witnessed the whole mad carnival of

rage. He saw the females and the young scamper to the safety of the

trees. Then the great bulls in the center of the arena felt the mighty

fangs of their demented fellow, and with one accord they melted into

the black shadows of the overhanging forest.

There was but one in the amphitheater beside Tublat, a belated female

running swiftly toward the tree where Tarzan perched, and close behind

her came the awful Tublat.

It was Kala, and as quickly as Tarzan saw that Tublat was gaining on

her he dropped with the rapidity of a falling stone, from branch to

branch, toward his foster mother.

Now she was beneath the overhanging limbs and close above her crouched

Tarzan, waiting the outcome of the race.

She leaped into the air grasping a low-hanging branch, but almost over

the head of Tublat, so nearly had he distanced her. She should have

been safe now but there was a rending, tearing sound, the branch broke

and precipitated her full upon the head of Tublat, knocking him to the

ground.

Both were up in an instant, but as quick as they had been Tarzan had

been quicker, so that the infuriated bull found himself facing the

man-child who stood between him and Kala.

Nothing could have suited the fierce beast better, and with a roar of

triumph he leaped upon the little Lord Greystoke. But his fangs never

closed in that nut brown flesh.

A muscular hand shot out and grasped the hairy throat, and another

plunged a keen hunting knife a dozen times into the broad breast. Like

lightning the blows fell, and only ceased when Tarzan felt the limp

form crumple beneath him.

As the body rolled to the ground Tarzan of the Apes placed his foot

upon the neck of his lifelong enemy and, raising his eyes to the full

moon, threw back his fierce young head and voiced the wild and terrible

cry of his people.

One by one the tribe swung down from their arboreal retreats and formed

a circle about Tarzan and his vanquished foe. When they had all come

Tarzan turned toward them.

“I am Tarzan,” he cried. “I am a great killer. Let all respect Tarzan

of the Apes and Kala, his mother. There be none among you as mighty as

Tarzan. Let his enemies beware.”

Looking full into the wicked, red eyes of Kerchak, the young Lord

Greystoke beat upon his mighty breast and screamed out once more his

shrill cry of defiance.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Tree-top Hunter

The morning after the Dum-Dum the tribe started slowly back through the

forest toward the coast.

The body of Tublat lay where it had fallen, for the people of Kerchak

do not eat their own dead.

The march was but a leisurely search for food. Cabbage palm and gray

plum, pisang and scitamine they found in abundance, with wild

pineapple, and occasionally small mammals, birds, eggs, reptiles, and

insects. The nuts they cracked between their powerful jaws, or, if too

hard, broke by pounding between stones.

Once old Sabor, crossing their path, sent them scurrying to the safety

of the higher branches, for if she respected their number and their

sharp fangs, they on their part held her cruel and mighty ferocity in

equal esteem.

Upon a low-hanging branch sat Tarzan directly above the majestic,

supple body as it forged silently through the thick jungle. He hurled a

pineapple at the ancient enemy of his people. The great beast stopped

and, turning, eyed the taunting figure above her.

With an angry lash of her tail she bared her yellow fangs, curling her

great lips in a hideous snarl that wrinkled her bristling snout in

serried ridges and closed her wicked eyes to two narrow slits of rage

and hatred.

With back-laid ears she looked straight into the eyes of Tarzan of the

Apes and sounded her fierce, shrill challenge. And from the safety of

his overhanging limb the ape-child sent back the fearsome answer of his

kind.

For a moment the two eyed each other in silence, and then the great cat

turned into the jungle, which swallowed her as the ocean engulfs a

tossed pebble.

But into the mind of Tarzan a great plan sprang. He had killed the

fierce Tublat, so was he not therefore a mighty fighter? Now would he

track down the crafty Sabor and slay her likewise. He would be a mighty

hunter, also.

At the bottom of his little English heart beat the great desire to

cover his nakedness with \_clothes\_ for he had learned from his picture

books that all \_men\_ were so covered, while \_monkeys\_ and \_apes\_ and

every other living thing went naked.

\_Clothes\_ therefore, must be truly a badge of greatness; the insignia

of the superiority of \_man\_ over all other animals, for surely there

could be no other reason for wearing the hideous things.

Many moons ago, when he had been much smaller, he had desired the skin

of Sabor, the lioness, or Numa, the lion, or Sheeta, the leopard to

cover his hairless body that he might no longer resemble hideous

Histah, the snake; but now he was proud of his sleek skin for it

betokened his descent from a mighty race, and the conflicting desires

to go naked in prideful proof of his ancestry, or to conform to the

customs of his own kind and wear hideous and uncomfortable apparel

found first one and then the other in the ascendency.

As the tribe continued their slow way through the forest after the

passing of Sabor, Tarzan’s head was filled with his great scheme for

slaying his enemy, and for many days thereafter he thought of little

else.

On this day, however, he presently had other and more immediate

interests to attract his attention.

Suddenly it became as midnight; the noises of the jungle ceased; the

trees stood motionless as though in paralyzed expectancy of some great

and imminent disaster. All nature waited—but not for long.

Faintly, from a distance, came a low, sad moaning. Nearer and nearer it

approached, mounting louder and louder in volume.

The great trees bent in unison as though pressed earthward by a mighty

hand. Farther and farther toward the ground they inclined, and still

there was no sound save the deep and awesome moaning of the wind.

Then, suddenly, the jungle giants whipped back, lashing their mighty

tops in angry and deafening protest. A vivid and blinding light flashed

from the whirling, inky clouds above. The deep cannonade of roaring

thunder belched forth its fearsome challenge. The deluge came—all hell

broke loose upon the jungle.

The tribe shivering from the cold rain, huddled at the bases of great

trees. The lightning, darting and flashing through the blackness,

showed wildly waving branches, whipping streamers and bending trunks.

Now and again some ancient patriarch of the woods, rent by a flashing

bolt, would crash in a thousand pieces among the surrounding trees,

carrying down numberless branches and many smaller neighbors to add to

the tangled confusion of the tropical jungle.

Branches, great and small, torn away by the ferocity of the tornado,

hurtled through the wildly waving verdure, carrying death and

destruction to countless unhappy denizens of the thickly peopled world

below.

For hours the fury of the storm continued without surcease, and still

the tribe huddled close in shivering fear. In constant danger from

falling trunks and branches and paralyzed by the vivid flashing of

lightning and the bellowing of thunder they crouched in pitiful misery

until the storm passed.

The end was as sudden as the beginning. The wind ceased, the sun shone

forth—nature smiled once more.

The dripping leaves and branches, and the moist petals of gorgeous

flowers glistened in the splendor of the returning day. And, so—as

Nature forgot, her children forgot also. Busy life went on as it had

been before the darkness and the fright.

But to Tarzan a dawning light had come to explain the mystery of

\_clothes\_. How snug he would have been beneath the heavy coat of Sabor!

And so was added a further incentive to the adventure.

For several months the tribe hovered near the beach where stood

Tarzan’s cabin, and his studies took up the greater portion of his

time, but always when journeying through the forest he kept his rope in

readiness, and many were the smaller animals that fell into the snare

of the quick thrown noose.

Once it fell about the short neck of Horta, the boar, and his mad lunge

for freedom toppled Tarzan from the overhanging limb where he had lain

in wait and from whence he had launched his sinuous coil.

The mighty tusker turned at the sound of his falling body, and, seeing

only the easy prey of a young ape, he lowered his head and charged

madly at the surprised youth.

Tarzan, happily, was uninjured by the fall, alighting catlike upon all

fours far outspread to take up the shock. He was on his feet in an

instant and, leaping with the agility of the monkey he was, he gained

the safety of a low limb as Horta, the boar, rushed futilely beneath.

Thus it was that Tarzan learned by experience the limitations as well

as the possibilities of his strange weapon.

He lost a long rope on this occasion, but he knew that had it been

Sabor who had thus dragged him from his perch the outcome might have

been very different, for he would have lost his life, doubtless, into

the bargain.

It took him many days to braid a new rope, but when, finally, it was

done he went forth purposely to hunt, and lie in wait among the dense

foliage of a great branch right above the well-beaten trail that led to

water.

Several small animals passed unharmed beneath him. He did not want such

insignificant game. It would take a strong animal to test the efficacy

of his new scheme.

At last came she whom Tarzan sought, with lithe sinews rolling beneath

shimmering hide; fat and glossy came Sabor, the lioness.

Her great padded feet fell soft and noiseless on the narrow trail. Her

head was high in ever alert attention; her long tail moved slowly in

sinuous and graceful undulations.

Nearer and nearer she came to where Tarzan of the Apes crouched upon

his limb, the coils of his long rope poised ready in his hand.

Like a thing of bronze, motionless as death, sat Tarzan. Sabor passed

beneath. One stride beyond she took—a second, a third, and then the

silent coil shot out above her.

For an instant the spreading noose hung above her head like a great

snake, and then, as she looked upward to detect the origin of the

swishing sound of the rope, it settled about her neck. With a quick

jerk Tarzan snapped the noose tight about the glossy throat, and then

he dropped the rope and clung to his support with both hands.

Sabor was trapped.

With a bound the startled beast turned into the jungle, but Tarzan was

not to lose another rope through the same cause as the first. He had

learned from experience. The lioness had taken but half her second

bound when she felt the rope tighten about her neck; her body turned

completely over in the air and she fell with a heavy crash upon her

back. Tarzan had fastened the end of the rope securely to the trunk of

the great tree on which he sat.

Thus far his plan had worked to perfection, but when he grasped the

rope, bracing himself behind a crotch of two mighty branches, he found

that dragging the mighty, struggling, clawing, biting, screaming mass

of iron-muscled fury up to the tree and hanging her was a very

different proposition.

The weight of old Sabor was immense, and when she braced her huge paws

nothing less than Tantor, the elephant, himself, could have budged her.

The lioness was now back in the path where she could see the author of

the indignity which had been placed upon her. Screaming with rage she

suddenly charged, leaping high into the air toward Tarzan, but when her

huge body struck the limb on which Tarzan had been, Tarzan was no

longer there.

Instead he perched lightly upon a smaller branch twenty feet above the

raging captive. For a moment Sabor hung half across the branch, while

Tarzan mocked, and hurled twigs and branches at her unprotected face.

Presently the beast dropped to the earth again and Tarzan came quickly

to seize the rope, but Sabor had now found that it was only a slender

cord that held her, and grasping it in her huge jaws severed it before

Tarzan could tighten the strangling noose a second time.

Tarzan was much hurt. His well-laid plan had come to naught, so he sat

there screaming at the roaring creature beneath him and making mocking

grimaces at it.

Sabor paced back and forth beneath the tree for hours; four times she

crouched and sprang at the dancing sprite above her, but might as well

have clutched at the illusive wind that murmured through the tree tops.

At last Tarzan tired of the sport, and with a parting roar of challenge

and a well-aimed ripe fruit that spread soft and sticky over the

snarling face of his enemy, he swung rapidly through the trees, a

hundred feet above the ground, and in a short time was among the

members of his tribe.

Here he recounted the details of his adventure, with swelling chest and

so considerable swagger that he quite impressed even his bitterest

enemies, while Kala fairly danced for joy and pride.

CHAPTER IX.

Man and Man

Tarzan of the Apes lived on in his wild, jungle existence with little

change for several years, only that he grew stronger and wiser, and

learned from his books more and more of the strange worlds which lay

somewhere outside his primeval forest.

To him life was never monotonous or stale. There was always Pisah, the

fish, to be caught in the many streams and the little lakes, and Sabor,

with her ferocious cousins to keep one ever on the alert and give zest

to every instant that one spent upon the ground.

Often they hunted him, and more often he hunted them, but though they

never quite reached him with those cruel, sharp claws of theirs, yet

there were times when one could scarce have passed a thick leaf between

their talons and his smooth hide.

Quick was Sabor, the lioness, and quick were Numa and Sheeta, but

Tarzan of the Apes was lightning.

With Tantor, the elephant, he made friends. How? Ask not. But this is

known to the denizens of the jungle, that on many moonlight nights

Tarzan of the Apes and Tantor, the elephant, walked together, and where

the way was clear Tarzan rode, perched high upon Tantor’s mighty back.

Many days during these years he spent in the cabin of his father, where

still lay, untouched, the bones of his parents and the skeleton of

Kala’s baby. At eighteen he read fluently and understood nearly all he

read in the many and varied volumes on the shelves.

Also could he write, with printed letters, rapidly and plainly, but

script he had not mastered, for though there were several copy books

among his treasure, there was so little written English in the cabin

that he saw no use for bothering with this other form of writing,

though he could read it, laboriously.

Thus, at eighteen, we find him, an English lordling, who could speak no

English, and yet who could read and write his native language. Never

had he seen a human being other than himself, for the little area

traversed by his tribe was watered by no greater river to bring down

the savage natives of the interior.

High hills shut it off on three sides, the ocean on the fourth. It was

alive with lions and leopards and poisonous snakes. Its untouched mazes

of matted jungle had as yet invited no hardy pioneer from the human

beasts beyond its frontier.

But as Tarzan of the Apes sat one day in the cabin of his father

delving into the mysteries of a new book, the ancient security of his

jungle was broken forever.

At the far eastern confine a strange cavalcade strung, in single file,

over the brow of a low hill.

In advance were fifty black warriors armed with slender wooden spears

with ends hard baked over slow fires, and long bows and poisoned

arrows. On their backs were oval shields, in their noses huge rings,

while from the kinky wool of their heads protruded tufts of gay

feathers.

Across their foreheads were tattooed three parallel lines of color, and

on each breast three concentric circles. Their yellow teeth were filed

to sharp points, and their great protruding lips added still further to

the low and bestial brutishness of their appearance.

Following them were several hundred women and children, the former

bearing upon their heads great burdens of cooking pots, household

utensils and ivory. In the rear were a hundred warriors, similar in all

respects to the advance guard.

That they more greatly feared an attack from the rear than whatever

unknown enemies lurked in their advance was evidenced by the formation

of the column; and such was the fact, for they were fleeing from the

white man’s soldiers who had so harassed them for rubber and ivory that

they had turned upon their conquerors one day and massacred a white

officer and a small detachment of his black troops.

For many days they had gorged themselves on meat, but eventually a

stronger body of troops had come and fallen upon their village by night

to revenge the death of their comrades.

That night the black soldiers of the white man had had meat a-plenty,

and this little remnant of a once powerful tribe had slunk off into the

gloomy jungle toward the unknown, and freedom.

But that which meant freedom and the pursuit of happiness to these

savage blacks meant consternation and death to many of the wild

denizens of their new home.

For three days the little cavalcade marched slowly through the heart of

this unknown and untracked forest, until finally, early in the fourth

day, they came upon a little spot near the banks of a small river,

which seemed less thickly overgrown than any ground they had yet

encountered.

Here they set to work to build a new village, and in a month a great

clearing had been made, huts and palisades erected, plantains, yams and

maize planted, and they had taken up their old life in their new home.

Here there were no white men, no soldiers, nor any rubber or ivory to

be gathered for cruel and thankless taskmasters.

Several moons passed by ere the blacks ventured far into the territory

surrounding their new village. Several had already fallen prey to old

Sabor, and because the jungle was so infested with these fierce and

bloodthirsty cats, and with lions and leopards, the ebony warriors

hesitated to trust themselves far from the safety of their palisades.

But one day, Kulonga, a son of the old king, Mbonga, wandered far into

the dense mazes to the west. Warily he stepped, his slender lance ever

ready, his long oval shield firmly grasped in his left hand close to

his sleek ebony body.

At his back his bow, and in the quiver upon his shield many slim,

straight arrows, well smeared with the thick, dark, tarry substance

that rendered deadly their tiniest needle prick.

Night found Kulonga far from the palisades of his father’s village, but

still headed westward, and climbing into the fork of a great tree he

fashioned a rude platform and curled himself for sleep.

Three miles to the west slept the tribe of Kerchak.

Early the next morning the apes were astir, moving through the jungle

in search of food. Tarzan, as was his custom, prosecuted his search in

the direction of the cabin so that by leisurely hunting on the way his

stomach was filled by the time he reached the beach.

The apes scattered by ones, and twos, and threes in all directions, but

ever within sound of a signal of alarm.

Kala had moved slowly along an elephant track toward the east, and was

busily engaged in turning over rotted limbs and logs in search of

succulent bugs and fungi, when the faintest shadow of a strange noise

brought her to startled attention.

For fifty yards before her the trail was straight, and down this leafy

tunnel she saw the stealthy advancing figure of a strange and fearful

creature.

It was Kulonga.

Kala did not wait to see more, but, turning, moved rapidly back along

the trail. She did not run; but, after the manner of her kind when not

aroused, sought rather to avoid than to escape.

Close after her came Kulonga. Here was meat. He could make a killing

and feast well this day. On he hurried, his spear poised for the throw.

At a turning of the trail he came in sight of her again upon another

straight stretch. His spear hand went far back, the muscles rolled,

lightning-like, beneath the sleek hide. Out shot the arm, and the spear

sped toward Kala.

A poor cast. It but grazed her side.

With a cry of rage and pain the she-ape turned upon her tormentor. In

an instant the trees were crashing beneath the weight of her hurrying

fellows, swinging rapidly toward the scene of trouble in answer to

Kala’s scream.

As she charged, Kulonga unslung his bow and fitted an arrow with almost

unthinkable quickness. Drawing the shaft far back he drove the poisoned

missile straight into the heart of the great anthropoid.

With a horrid scream Kala plunged forward upon her face before the

astonished members of her tribe.

Roaring and shrieking the apes dashed toward Kulonga, but that wary

savage was fleeing down the trail like a frightened antelope.

He knew something of the ferocity of these wild, hairy men, and his one

desire was to put as many miles between himself and them as he possibly

could.

They followed him, racing through the trees, for a long distance, but

finally one by one they abandoned the chase and returned to the scene

of the tragedy.

None of them had ever seen a man before, other than Tarzan, and so they

wondered vaguely what strange manner of creature it might be that had

invaded their jungle.

On the far beach by the little cabin Tarzan heard the faint echoes of

the conflict and knowing that something was seriously amiss among the

tribe he hastened rapidly toward the direction of the sound.

When he arrived he found the entire tribe gathered jabbering about the

dead body of his slain mother.

Tarzan’s grief and anger were unbounded. He roared out his hideous

challenge time and again. He beat upon his great chest with his

clenched fists, and then he fell upon the body of Kala and sobbed out

the pitiful sorrowing of his lonely heart.

To lose the only creature in all his world who ever had manifested love

and affection for him was the greatest tragedy he had ever known.

What though Kala was a fierce and hideous ape! To Tarzan she had been

kind, she had been beautiful.

Upon her he had lavished, unknown to himself, all the reverence and

respect and love that a normal English boy feels for his own mother. He

had never known another, and so to Kala was given, though mutely, all

that would have belonged to the fair and lovely Lady Alice had she

lived.

After the first outburst of grief Tarzan controlled himself, and

questioning the members of the tribe who had witnessed the killing of

Kala he learned all that their meager vocabulary could convey.

It was enough, however, for his needs. It told him of a strange,

hairless, black ape with feathers growing upon its head, who launched

death from a slender branch, and then ran, with the fleetness of Bara,

the deer, toward the rising sun.

Tarzan waited no longer, but leaping into the branches of the trees

sped rapidly through the forest. He knew the windings of the elephant

trail along which Kala’s murderer had flown, and so he cut straight

through the jungle to intercept the black warrior who was evidently

following the tortuous detours of the trail.

At his side was the hunting knife of his unknown sire, and across his

shoulders the coils of his own long rope. In an hour he struck the

trail again, and coming to earth examined the soil minutely.

In the soft mud on the bank of a tiny rivulet he found footprints such

as he alone in all the jungle had ever made, but much larger than his.

His heart beat fast. Could it be that he was trailing a MAN—one of his

own race?

There were two sets of imprints pointing in opposite directions. So his

quarry had already passed on his return along the trail. As he examined

the newer spoor a tiny particle of earth toppled from the outer edge of

one of the footprints to the bottom of its shallow depression—ah, the

trail was very fresh, his prey must have but scarcely passed.

Tarzan swung himself to the trees once more, and with swift

noiselessness sped along high above the trail.

He had covered barely a mile when he came upon the black warrior

standing in a little open space. In his hand was his slender bow to

which he had fitted one of his death dealing arrows.

Opposite him across the little clearing stood Horta, the boar, with

lowered head and foam flecked tusks, ready to charge.

Tarzan looked with wonder upon the strange creature beneath him—so like

him in form and yet so different in face and color. His books had

portrayed the \_negro\_, but how different had been the dull, dead print

to this sleek thing of ebony, pulsing with life.

As the man stood there with taut drawn bow Tarzan recognized him not so

much the \_negro\_ as the \_Archer\_ of his picture book—

A stands for Archer

How wonderful! Tarzan almost betrayed his presence in the deep

excitement of his discovery.

But things were commencing to happen below him. The sinewy black arm

had drawn the shaft far back; Horta, the boar, was charging, and then

the black released the little poisoned arrow, and Tarzan saw it fly

with the quickness of thought and lodge in the bristling neck of the

boar.

Scarcely had the shaft left his bow ere Kulonga had fitted another to

it, but Horta, the boar, was upon him so quickly that he had no time to

discharge it. With a bound the black leaped entirely over the rushing

beast and turning with incredible swiftness planted a second arrow in

Horta’s back.

Then Kulonga sprang into a near-by tree.

Horta wheeled to charge his enemy once more; a dozen steps he took,

then he staggered and fell upon his side. For a moment his muscles

stiffened and relaxed convulsively, then he lay still.

Kulonga came down from his tree.

With a knife that hung at his side he cut several large pieces from the

boar’s body, and in the center of the trail he built a fire, cooking

and eating as much as he wanted. The rest he left where it had fallen.

Tarzan was an interested spectator. His desire to kill burned fiercely

in his wild breast, but his desire to learn was even greater. He would

follow this savage creature for a while and know from whence he came.

He could kill him at his leisure later, when the bow and deadly arrows

were laid aside.

When Kulonga had finished his repast and disappeared beyond a near

turning of the path, Tarzan dropped quietly to the ground. With his

knife he severed many strips of meat from Horta’s carcass, but he did

not cook them.

He had seen fire, but only when Ara, the lightning, had destroyed some

great tree. That any creature of the jungle could produce the

red-and-yellow fangs which devoured wood and left nothing but fine dust

surprised Tarzan greatly, and why the black warrior had ruined his

delicious repast by plunging it into the blighting heat was quite

beyond him. Possibly Ara was a friend with whom the Archer was sharing

his food.

But, be that as it may, Tarzan would not ruin good meat in any such

foolish manner, so he gobbled down a great quantity of the raw flesh,

burying the balance of the carcass beside the trail where he could find

it upon his return.

And then Lord Greystoke wiped his greasy fingers upon his naked thighs

and took up the trail of Kulonga, the son of Mbonga, the king; while in

far-off London another Lord Greystoke, the younger brother of the real

Lord Greystoke’s father, sent back his chops to the club’s \_chef\_

because they were underdone, and when he had finished his repast he

dipped his finger-ends into a silver bowl of scented water and dried

them upon a piece of snowy damask.

All day Tarzan followed Kulonga, hovering above him in the trees like

some malign spirit. Twice more he saw him hurl his arrows of

destruction—once at Dango, the hyena, and again at Manu, the monkey. In

each instance the animal died almost instantly, for Kulonga’s poison

was very fresh and very deadly.

Tarzan thought much on this wondrous method of slaying as he swung

slowly along at a safe distance behind his quarry. He knew that alone

the tiny prick of the arrow could not so quickly dispatch these wild

things of the jungle, who were often torn and scratched and gored in a

frightful manner as they fought with their jungle neighbors, yet as

often recovered as not.

No, there was something mysterious connected with these tiny slivers of

wood which could bring death by a mere scratch. He must look into the

matter.

That night Kulonga slept in the crotch of a mighty tree and far above

him crouched Tarzan of the Apes.

When Kulonga awoke he found that his bow and arrows had disappeared.

The black warrior was furious and frightened, but more frightened than

furious. He searched the ground below the tree, and he searched the

tree above the ground; but there was no sign of either bow or arrows or

of the nocturnal marauder.

Kulonga was panic-stricken. His spear he had hurled at Kala and had not

recovered; and, now that his bow and arrows were gone, he was

defenseless except for a single knife. His only hope lay in reaching

the village of Mbonga as quickly as his legs would carry him.

That he was not far from home he was certain, so he took the trail at a

rapid trot.

From a great mass of impenetrable foliage a few yards away emerged

Tarzan of the Apes to swing quietly in his wake.

Kulonga’s bow and arrows were securely tied high in the top of a giant

tree from which a patch of bark had been removed by a sharp knife near

to the ground, and a branch half cut through and left hanging about

fifty feet higher up. Thus Tarzan blazed the forest trails and marked

his caches.

As Kulonga continued his journey Tarzan closed on him until he traveled

almost over the black’s head. His rope he now held coiled in his right

hand; he was almost ready for the kill.

The moment was delayed only because Tarzan was anxious to ascertain the

black warrior’s destination, and presently he was rewarded, for they

came suddenly in view of a great clearing, at one end of which lay many

strange lairs.

Tarzan was directly over Kulonga, as he made the discovery. The forest

ended abruptly and beyond lay two hundred yards of planted fields

between the jungle and the village.

Tarzan must act quickly or his prey would be gone; but Tarzan’s life

training left so little space between decision and action when an

emergency confronted him that there was not even room for the shadow of

a thought between.

So it was that as Kulonga emerged from the shadow of the jungle a

slender coil of rope sped sinuously above him from the lowest branch of

a mighty tree directly upon the edge of the fields of Mbonga, and ere

the king’s son had taken a half dozen steps into the clearing a quick

noose tightened about his neck.

So quickly did Tarzan of the Apes drag back his prey that Kulonga’s cry

of alarm was throttled in his windpipe. Hand over hand Tarzan drew the

struggling black until he had him hanging by his neck in mid-air; then

Tarzan climbed to a larger branch drawing the still threshing victim

well up into the sheltering verdure of the tree.

Here he fastened the rope securely to a stout branch, and then,

descending, plunged his hunting knife into Kulonga’s heart. Kala was

avenged.

Tarzan examined the black minutely, for he had never seen any other

human being. The knife with its sheath and belt caught his eye; he

appropriated them. A copper anklet also took his fancy, and this he

transferred to his own leg.

He examined and admired the tattooing on the forehead and breast. He

marveled at the sharp filed teeth. He investigated and appropriated the

feathered headdress, and then he prepared to get down to business, for

Tarzan of the Apes was hungry, and here was meat; meat of the kill,

which jungle ethics permitted him to eat.

How may we judge him, by what standards, this ape-man with the heart

and head and body of an English gentleman, and the training of a wild

beast?

Tublat, whom he had hated and who had hated him, he had killed in a

fair fight, and yet never had the thought of eating Tublat’s flesh

entered his head. It would have been as revolting to him as is

cannibalism to us.

But who was Kulonga that he might not be eaten as fairly as Horta, the

boar, or Bara, the deer? Was he not simply another of the countless

wild things of the jungle who preyed upon one another to satisfy the

cravings of hunger?

Suddenly, a strange doubt stayed his hand. Had not his books taught him

that he was a man? And was not The Archer a man, also?

Did men eat men? Alas, he did not know. Why, then, this hesitancy! Once

more he essayed the effort, but a qualm of nausea overwhelmed him. He

did not understand.

All he knew was that he could not eat the flesh of this black man, and

thus hereditary instinct, ages old, usurped the functions of his

untaught mind and saved him from transgressing a worldwide law of whose

very existence he was ignorant.

Quickly he lowered Kulonga’s body to the ground, removed the noose, and

took to the trees again.

CHAPTER X.

The Fear-Phantom

From a lofty perch Tarzan viewed the village of thatched huts across

the intervening plantation.

He saw that at one point the forest touched the village, and to this

spot he made his way, lured by a fever of curiosity to behold animals

of his own kind, and to learn more of their ways and view the strange

lairs in which they lived.

His savage life among the fierce wild brutes of the jungle left no

opening for any thought that these could be aught else than enemies.

Similarity of form led him into no erroneous conception of the welcome

that would be accorded him should he be discovered by these, the first

of his own kind he had ever seen.

Tarzan of the Apes was no sentimentalist. He knew nothing of the

brotherhood of man. All things outside his own tribe were his deadly

enemies, with the few exceptions of which Tantor, the elephant, was a

marked example.

And he realized all this without malice or hatred. To kill was the law

of the wild world he knew. Few were his primitive pleasures, but the

greatest of these was to hunt and kill, and so he accorded to others

the right to cherish the same desires as he, even though he himself

might be the object of their hunt.

His strange life had left him neither morose nor bloodthirsty. That he

joyed in killing, and that he killed with a joyous laugh upon his

handsome lips betokened no innate cruelty. He killed for food most

often, but, being a man, he sometimes killed for pleasure, a thing

which no other animal does; for it has remained for man alone among all

creatures to kill senselessly and wantonly for the mere pleasure of

inflicting suffering and death.

And when he killed for revenge, or in self-defense, he did that also

without hysteria, for it was a very businesslike proceeding which

admitted of no levity.

So it was that now, as he cautiously approached the village of Mbonga,

he was quite prepared either to kill or be killed should he be

discovered. He proceeded with unwonted stealth, for Kulonga had taught

him great respect for the little sharp splinters of wood which dealt

death so swiftly and unerringly.

At length he came to a great tree, heavy laden with thick foliage and

loaded with pendant loops of giant creepers. From this almost

impenetrable bower above the village he crouched, looking down upon the

scene below him, wondering over every feature of this new, strange

life.

There were naked children running and playing in the village street.

There were women grinding dried plantain in crude stone mortars, while

others were fashioning cakes from the powdered flour. Out in the fields

he could see still other women hoeing, weeding, or gathering.

All wore strange protruding girdles of dried grass about their hips and

many were loaded with brass and copper anklets, armlets and bracelets.

Around many a dusky neck hung curiously coiled strands of wire, while

several were further ornamented by huge nose rings.

Tarzan of the Apes looked with growing wonder at these strange

creatures. Dozing in the shade he saw several men, while at the extreme

outskirts of the clearing he occasionally caught glimpses of armed

warriors apparently guarding the village against surprise from an

attacking enemy.

He noticed that the women alone worked. Nowhere was there evidence of a

man tilling the fields or performing any of the homely duties of the

village.

Finally his eyes rested upon a woman directly beneath him.

Before her was a small cauldron standing over a low fire and in it

bubbled a thick, reddish, tarry mass. On one side of her lay a quantity

of wooden arrows the points of which she dipped into the seething

substance, then laying them upon a narrow rack of boughs which stood

upon her other side.

Tarzan of the Apes was fascinated. Here was the secret of the terrible

destructiveness of The Archer’s tiny missiles. He noted the extreme

care which the woman took that none of the matter should touch her

hands, and once when a particle spattered upon one of her fingers he

saw her plunge the member into a vessel of water and quickly rub the

tiny stain away with a handful of leaves.

Tarzan knew nothing of poison, but his shrewd reasoning told him that

it was this deadly stuff that killed, and not the little arrow, which

was merely the messenger that carried it into the body of its victim.

How he should like to have more of those little death-dealing slivers.

If the woman would only leave her work for an instant he could drop

down, gather up a handful, and be back in the tree again before she

drew three breaths.

As he was trying to think out some plan to distract her attention he

heard a wild cry from across the clearing. He looked and saw a black

warrior standing beneath the very tree in which he had killed the

murderer of Kala an hour before.

The fellow was shouting and waving his spear above his head. Now and

again he would point to something on the ground before him.

The village was in an uproar instantly. Armed men rushed from the

interior of many a hut and raced madly across the clearing toward the

excited sentry. After them trooped the old men, and the women and

children until, in a moment, the village was deserted.

Tarzan of the Apes knew that they had found the body of his victim, but

that interested him far less than the fact that no one remained in the

village to prevent his taking a supply of the arrows which lay below

him.

Quickly and noiselessly he dropped to the ground beside the cauldron of

poison. For a moment he stood motionless, his quick, bright eyes

scanning the interior of the palisade.

No one was in sight. His eyes rested upon the open doorway of a nearby

hut. He would take a look within, thought Tarzan, and so, cautiously,

he approached the low thatched building.

For a moment he stood without, listening intently. There was no sound,

and he glided into the semi-darkness of the interior.

Weapons hung against the walls—long spears, strangely shaped knives, a

couple of narrow shields. In the center of the room was a cooking pot,

and at the far end a litter of dry grasses covered by woven mats which

evidently served the owners as beds and bedding. Several human skulls

lay upon the floor.

Tarzan of the Apes felt of each article, hefted the spears, smelled of

them, for he “saw” largely through his sensitive and highly trained

nostrils. He determined to own one of these long, pointed sticks, but

he could not take one on this trip because of the arrows he meant to

carry.

As he took each article from the walls, he placed it in a pile in the

center of the room. On top of all he placed the cooking pot, inverted,

and on top of this he laid one of the grinning skulls, upon which he

fastened the headdress of the dead Kulonga.

Then he stood back, surveyed his work, and grinned. Tarzan of the Apes

enjoyed a joke.

But now he heard, outside, the sounds of many voices, and long mournful

howls, and mighty wailing. He was startled. Had he remained too long?

Quickly he reached the doorway and peered down the village street

toward the village gate.

The natives were not yet in sight, though he could plainly hear them

approaching across the plantation. They must be very near.

Like a flash he sprang across the opening to the pile of arrows.

Gathering up all he could carry under one arm, he overturned the

seething cauldron with a kick, and disappeared into the foliage above

just as the first of the returning natives entered the gate at the far

end of the village street. Then he turned to watch the proceeding

below, poised like some wild bird ready to take swift wing at the first

sign of danger.

The natives filed up the street, four of them bearing the dead body of

Kulonga. Behind trailed the women, uttering strange cries and weird

lamentation. On they came to the portals of Kulonga’s hut, the very one

in which Tarzan had wrought his depredations.

Scarcely had half a dozen entered the building ere they came rushing

out in wild, jabbering confusion. The others hastened to gather about.

There was much excited gesticulating, pointing, and chattering; then

several of the warriors approached and peered within.

Finally an old fellow with many ornaments of metal about his arms and

legs, and a necklace of dried human hands depending upon his chest,

entered the hut.

It was Mbonga, the king, father of Kulonga.

For a few moments all was silent. Then Mbonga emerged, a look of

mingled wrath and superstitious fear writ upon his hideous countenance.

He spoke a few words to the assembled warriors, and in an instant the

men were flying through the little village searching minutely every hut

and corner within the palisades.

Scarcely had the search commenced than the overturned cauldron was

discovered, and with it the theft of the poisoned arrows. Nothing more

they found, and it was a thoroughly awed and frightened group of

savages which huddled around their king a few moments later.

Mbonga could explain nothing of the strange events that had taken

place. The finding of the still warm body of Kulonga—on the very verge

of their fields and within easy earshot of the village—knifed and

stripped at the door of his father’s home, was in itself sufficiently

mysterious, but these last awesome discoveries within the village,

within the dead Kulonga’s own hut, filled their hearts with dismay, and

conjured in their poor brains only the most frightful of superstitious

explanations.

They stood in little groups, talking in low tones, and ever casting

affrighted glances behind them from their great rolling eyes.

Tarzan of the Apes watched them for a while from his lofty perch in the

great tree. There was much in their demeanor which he could not

understand, for of superstition he was ignorant, and of fear of any

kind he had but a vague conception.

The sun was high in the heavens. Tarzan had not broken fast this day,

and it was many miles to where lay the toothsome remains of Horta the

boar.

So he turned his back upon the village of Mbonga and melted away into

the leafy fastness of the forest.

CHAPTER XI.

“King of the Apes”

It was not yet dark when he reached the tribe, though he stopped to

exhume and devour the remains of the wild boar he had cached the

preceding day, and again to take Kulonga’s bow and arrows from the tree

top in which he had hidden them.

It was a well-laden Tarzan who dropped from the branches into the midst

of the tribe of Kerchak.

With swelling chest he narrated the glories of his adventure and

exhibited the spoils of conquest.

Kerchak grunted and turned away, for he was jealous of this strange

member of his band. In his little evil brain he sought for some excuse

to wreak his hatred upon Tarzan.

The next day Tarzan was practicing with his bow and arrows at the first

gleam of dawn. At first he lost nearly every bolt he shot, but finally

he learned to guide the little shafts with fair accuracy, and ere a

month had passed he was no mean shot; but his proficiency had cost him

nearly his entire supply of arrows.

The tribe continued to find the hunting good in the vicinity of the

beach, and so Tarzan of the Apes varied his archery practice with

further investigation of his father’s choice though little store of

books.

It was during this period that the young English lord found hidden in

the back of one of the cupboards in the cabin a small metal box. The

key was in the lock, and a few moments of investigation and

experimentation were rewarded with the successful opening of the

receptacle.

In it he found a faded photograph of a smooth faced young man, a golden

locket studded with diamonds, linked to a small gold chain, a few

letters and a small book.

Tarzan examined these all minutely.

The photograph he liked most of all, for the eyes were smiling, and the

face was open and frank. It was his father.

The locket, too, took his fancy, and he placed the chain about his neck

in imitation of the ornamentation he had seen to be so common among the

black men he had visited. The brilliant stones gleamed strangely

against his smooth, brown hide.

The letters he could scarcely decipher for he had learned little or

nothing of script, so he put them back in the box with the photograph

and turned his attention to the book.

This was almost entirely filled with fine script, but while the little

bugs were all familiar to him, their arrangement and the combinations

in which they occurred were strange, and entirely incomprehensible.

Tarzan had long since learned the use of the dictionary, but much to

his sorrow and perplexity it proved of no avail to him in this

emergency. Not a word of all that was writ in the book could he find,

and so he put it back in the metal box, but with a determination to

work out the mysteries of it later on.

Little did he know that this book held between its covers the key to

his origin—the answer to the strange riddle of his strange life. It was

the diary of John Clayton, Lord Greystoke—kept in French, as had always

been his custom.

Tarzan replaced the box in the cupboard, but always thereafter he

carried the features of the strong, smiling face of his father in his

heart, and in his head a fixed determination to solve the mystery of

the strange words in the little black book.

At present he had more important business in hand, for his supply of

arrows was exhausted, and he must needs journey to the black men’s

village and renew it.

Early the following morning he set out, and, traveling rapidly, he came

before midday to the clearing. Once more he took up his position in the

great tree, and, as before, he saw the women in the fields and the

village street, and the cauldron of bubbling poison directly beneath

him.

For hours he lay awaiting his opportunity to drop down unseen and

gather up the arrows for which he had come; but nothing now occurred to

call the villagers away from their homes. The day wore on, and still

Tarzan of the Apes crouched above the unsuspecting woman at the

cauldron.

Presently the workers in the fields returned. The hunting warriors

emerged from the forest, and when all were within the palisade the

gates were closed and barred.

Many cooking pots were now in evidence about the village. Before each

hut a woman presided over a boiling stew, while little cakes of

plantain, and cassava puddings were to be seen on every hand.

Suddenly there came a hail from the edge of the clearing.

Tarzan looked.

It was a party of belated hunters returning from the north, and among

them they half led, half carried a struggling animal.

As they approached the village the gates were thrown open to admit

them, and then, as the people saw the victim of the chase, a savage cry

rose to the heavens, for the quarry was a man.

As he was dragged, still resisting, into the village street, the women

and children set upon him with sticks and stones, and Tarzan of the

Apes, young and savage beast of the jungle, wondered at the cruel

brutality of his own kind.

Sheeta, the leopard, alone of all the jungle folk, tortured his prey.

The ethics of all the others meted a quick and merciful death to their

victims.

Tarzan had learned from his books but scattered fragments of the ways

of human beings.

When he had followed Kulonga through the forest he had expected to come

to a city of strange houses on wheels, puffing clouds of black smoke

from a huge tree stuck in the roof of one of them—or to a sea covered

with mighty floating buildings which he had learned were called,

variously, ships and boats and steamers and craft.

He had been sorely disappointed with the poor little village of the

blacks, hidden away in his own jungle, and with not a single house as

large as his own cabin upon the distant beach.

He saw that these people were more wicked than his own apes, and as

savage and cruel as Sabor, herself. Tarzan began to hold his own kind

in low esteem.

Now they had tied their poor victim to a great post near the center of

the village, directly before Mbonga’s hut, and here they formed a

dancing, yelling circle of warriors about him, alive with flashing

knives and menacing spears.

In a larger circle squatted the women, yelling and beating upon drums.

It reminded Tarzan of the Dum-Dum, and so he knew what to expect. He

wondered if they would spring upon their meat while it was still alive.

The Apes did not do such things as that.

The circle of warriors about the cringing captive drew closer and

closer to their prey as they danced in wild and savage abandon to the

maddening music of the drums. Presently a spear reached out and pricked

the victim. It was the signal for fifty others.

Eyes, ears, arms and legs were pierced; every inch of the poor writhing

body that did not cover a vital organ became the target of the cruel

lancers.

The women and children shrieked their delight.

The warriors licked their hideous lips in anticipation of the feast to

come, and vied with one another in the savagery and loathsomeness of

the cruel indignities with which they tortured the still conscious

prisoner.

Then it was that Tarzan of the Apes saw his chance. All eyes were fixed

upon the thrilling spectacle at the stake. The light of day had given

place to the darkness of a moonless night, and only the fires in the

immediate vicinity of the orgy had been kept alight to cast a restless

glow upon the restless scene.

Gently the lithe boy dropped to the soft earth at the end of the

village street. Quickly he gathered up the arrows—all of them this

time, for he had brought a number of long fibers to bind them into a

bundle.

Without haste he wrapped them securely, and then, ere he turned to

leave, the devil of capriciousness entered his heart. He looked about

for some hint of a wild prank to play upon these strange, grotesque

creatures that they might be again aware of his presence among them.

Dropping his bundle of arrows at the foot of the tree, Tarzan crept

among the shadows at the side of the street until he came to the same

hut he had entered on the occasion of his first visit.

Inside all was darkness, but his groping hands soon found the object

for which he sought, and without further delay he turned again toward

the door.

He had taken but a step, however, ere his quick ear caught the sound of

approaching footsteps immediately without. In another instant the

figure of a woman darkened the entrance of the hut.

Tarzan drew back silently to the far wall, and his hand sought the

long, keen hunting knife of his father. The woman came quickly to the

center of the hut. There she paused for an instant feeling about with

her hands for the thing she sought. Evidently it was not in its

accustomed place, for she explored ever nearer and nearer the wall

where Tarzan stood.

So close was she now that the ape-man felt the animal warmth of her

naked body. Up went the hunting knife, and then the woman turned to one

side and soon a guttural “ah” proclaimed that her search had at last

been successful.

Immediately she turned and left the hut, and as she passed through the

doorway Tarzan saw that she carried a cooking pot in her hand.

He followed closely after her, and as he reconnoitered from the shadows

of the doorway he saw that all the women of the village were hastening

to and from the various huts with pots and kettles. These they were

filling with water and placing over a number of fires near the stake

where the dying victim now hung, an inert and bloody mass of suffering.

Choosing a moment when none seemed near, Tarzan hastened to his bundle

of arrows beneath the great tree at the end of the village street. As

on the former occasion he overthrew the cauldron before leaping,

sinuous and catlike, into the lower branches of the forest giant.

Silently he climbed to a great height until he found a point where he

could look through a leafy opening upon the scene beneath him.

The women were now preparing the prisoner for their cooking pots, while

the men stood about resting after the fatigue of their mad revel.

Comparative quiet reigned in the village.

Tarzan raised aloft the thing he had pilfered from the hut, and, with

aim made true by years of fruit and coconut throwing, launched it

toward the group of savages.

Squarely among them it fell, striking one of the warriors full upon the

head and felling him to the ground. Then it rolled among the women and

stopped beside the half-butchered thing they were preparing to feast

upon.

All gazed in consternation at it for an instant, and then, with one

accord, broke and ran for their huts.

It was a grinning human skull which looked up at them from the ground.

The dropping of the thing out of the open sky was a miracle well aimed

to work upon their superstitious fears.

Thus Tarzan of the Apes left them filled with terror at this new

manifestation of the presence of some unseen and unearthly evil power

which lurked in the forest about their village.

Later, when they discovered the overturned cauldron, and that once more

their arrows had been pilfered, it commenced to dawn upon them that

they had offended some great god by placing their village in this part

of the jungle without propitiating him. From then on an offering of

food was daily placed below the great tree from whence the arrows had

disappeared in an effort to conciliate the mighty one.

But the seed of fear was deep sown, and had he but known it, Tarzan of

the Apes had laid the foundation for much future misery for himself and

his tribe.

That night he slept in the forest not far from the village, and early

the next morning set out slowly on his homeward march, hunting as he

traveled. Only a few berries and an occasional grub worm rewarded his

search, and he was half famished when, looking up from a log he had

been rooting beneath, he saw Sabor, the lioness, standing in the center

of the trail not twenty paces from him.

The great yellow eyes were fixed upon him with a wicked and baleful

gleam, and the red tongue licked the longing lips as Sabor crouched,

worming her stealthy way with belly flattened against the earth.

Tarzan did not attempt to escape. He welcomed the opportunity for

which, in fact, he had been searching for days past, now that he was

armed with something more than a rope of grass.

Quickly he unslung his bow and fitted a well-daubed arrow, and as Sabor

sprang, the tiny missile leaped to meet her in mid-air. At the same

instant Tarzan of the Apes jumped to one side, and as the great cat

struck the ground beyond him another death-tipped arrow sunk deep into

Sabor’s loin.

With a mighty roar the beast turned and charged once more, only to be

met with a third arrow full in one eye; but this time she was too close

to the ape-man for the latter to sidestep the onrushing body.

Tarzan of the Apes went down beneath the great body of his enemy, but

with gleaming knife drawn and striking home. For a moment they lay

there, and then Tarzan realized that the inert mass lying upon him was

beyond power ever again to injure man or ape.

With difficulty he wriggled from beneath the great weight, and as he

stood erect and gazed down upon the trophy of his skill, a mighty wave

of exultation swept over him.

With swelling breast, he placed a foot upon the body of his powerful

enemy, and throwing back his fine young head, roared out the awful

challenge of the victorious bull ape.

The forest echoed to the savage and triumphant paean. Birds fell still,

and the larger animals and beasts of prey slunk stealthily away, for

few there were of all the jungle who sought for trouble with the great

anthropoids.

And in London another Lord Greystoke was speaking to \_his\_ kind in the

House of Lords, but none trembled at the sound of his soft voice.

Sabor proved unsavory eating even to Tarzan of the Apes, but hunger

served as a most efficacious disguise to toughness and rank taste, and

ere long, with well-filled stomach, the ape-man was ready to sleep

again. First, however, he must remove the hide, for it was as much for

this as for any other purpose that he had desired to destroy Sabor.

Deftly he removed the great pelt, for he had practiced often on smaller

animals. When the task was finished he carried his trophy to the fork

of a high tree, and there, curling himself securely in a crotch, he

fell into deep and dreamless slumber.

What with loss of sleep, arduous exercise, and a full belly, Tarzan of

the Apes slept the sun around, awakening about noon of the following

day. He straightway repaired to the carcass of Sabor, but was angered

to find the bones picked clean by other hungry denizens of the jungle.

Half an hour’s leisurely progress through the forest brought to sight a

young deer, and before the little creature knew that an enemy was near

a tiny arrow had lodged in its neck.

So quickly the virus worked that at the end of a dozen leaps the deer

plunged headlong into the undergrowth, dead. Again did Tarzan feast

well, but this time he did not sleep.

Instead, he hastened on toward the point where he had left the tribe,

and when he had found them proudly exhibited the skin of Sabor, the

lioness.

“Look!” he cried, “Apes of Kerchak. See what Tarzan, the mighty killer,

has done. Who else among you has ever killed one of Numa’s people?

Tarzan is mightiest amongst you for Tarzan is no ape. Tarzan is—” But

here he stopped, for in the language of the anthropoids there was no

word for man, and Tarzan could only write the word in English; he could

not pronounce it.

The tribe had gathered about to look upon the proof of his wondrous

prowess, and to listen to his words.

Only Kerchak hung back, nursing his hatred and his rage.

Suddenly something snapped in the wicked little brain of the

anthropoid. With a frightful roar the great beast sprang among the

assemblage.

Biting, and striking with his huge hands, he killed and maimed a dozen

ere the balance could escape to the upper terraces of the forest.

Frothing and shrieking in the insanity of his fury, Kerchak looked

about for the object of his greatest hatred, and there, upon a near-by

limb, he saw him sitting.

“Come down, Tarzan, great killer,” cried Kerchak. “Come down and feel

the fangs of a greater! Do mighty fighters fly to the trees at the

first approach of danger?” And then Kerchak emitted the volleying

challenge of his kind.

Quietly Tarzan dropped to the ground. Breathlessly the tribe watched

from their lofty perches as Kerchak, still roaring, charged the

relatively puny figure.

Nearly seven feet stood Kerchak on his short legs. His enormous

shoulders were bunched and rounded with huge muscles. The back of his

short neck was as a single lump of iron sinew which bulged beyond the

base of his skull, so that his head seemed like a small ball protruding

from a huge mountain of flesh.

His back-drawn, snarling lips exposed his great fighting fangs, and his

little, wicked, blood-shot eyes gleamed in horrid reflection of his

madness.

Awaiting him stood Tarzan, himself a mighty muscled animal, but his six

feet of height and his great rolling sinews seemed pitifully inadequate

to the ordeal which awaited them.

His bow and arrows lay some distance away where he had dropped them

while showing Sabor’s hide to his fellow apes, so that he confronted

Kerchak now with only his hunting knife and his superior intellect to

offset the ferocious strength of his enemy.

As his antagonist came roaring toward him, Lord Greystoke tore his long

knife from its sheath, and with an answering challenge as horrid and

bloodcurdling as that of the beast he faced, rushed swiftly to meet the

attack. He was too shrewd to allow those long hairy arms to encircle

him, and just as their bodies were about to crash together, Tarzan of

the Apes grasped one of the huge wrists of his assailant, and,

springing lightly to one side, drove his knife to the hilt into

Kerchak’s body, below the heart.

Before he could wrench the blade free again, the bull’s quick lunge to

seize him in those awful arms had torn the weapon from Tarzan’s grasp.

Kerchak aimed a terrific blow at the ape-man’s head with the flat of

his hand, a blow which, had it landed, might easily have crushed in the

side of Tarzan’s skull.

The man was too quick, and, ducking beneath it, himself delivered a

mighty one, with clenched fist, in the pit of Kerchak’s stomach.

The ape was staggered, and what with the mortal wound in his side had

almost collapsed, when, with one mighty effort he rallied for an

instant—just long enough to enable him to wrest his arm free from

Tarzan’s grasp and close in a terrific clinch with his wiry opponent.

Straining the ape-man close to him, his great jaws sought Tarzan’s

throat, but the young lord’s sinewy fingers were at Kerchak’s own

before the cruel fangs could close on the sleek brown skin.

Thus they struggled, the one to crush out his opponent’s life with

those awful teeth, the other to close forever the windpipe beneath his

strong grasp while he held the snarling mouth from him.

The greater strength of the ape was slowly prevailing, and the teeth of

the straining beast were scarce an inch from Tarzan’s throat when, with

a shuddering tremor, the great body stiffened for an instant and then

sank limply to the ground.

Kerchak was dead.

Withdrawing the knife that had so often rendered him master of far

mightier muscles than his own, Tarzan of the Apes placed his foot upon

the neck of his vanquished enemy, and once again, loud through the

forest rang the fierce, wild cry of the conqueror.

And thus came the young Lord Greystoke into the kingship of the Apes.

CHAPTER XII.

Man’s Reason

There was one of the tribe of Tarzan who questioned his authority, and

that was Terkoz, the son of Tublat, but he so feared the keen knife and

the deadly arrows of his new lord that he confined the manifestation of

his objections to petty disobediences and irritating mannerisms; Tarzan

knew, however, that he but waited his opportunity to wrest the kingship

from him by some sudden stroke of treachery, and so he was ever on his

guard against surprise.

For months the life of the little band went on much as it had before,

except that Tarzan’s greater intelligence and his ability as a hunter

were the means of providing for them more bountifully than ever before.

Most of them, therefore, were more than content with the change in

rulers.

Tarzan led them by night to the fields of the black men, and there,

warned by their chief’s superior wisdom, they ate only what they

required, nor ever did they destroy what they could not eat, as is the

way of Manu, the monkey, and of most apes.

So, while the blacks were wroth at the continued pilfering of their

fields, they were not discouraged in their efforts to cultivate the

land, as would have been the case had Tarzan permitted his people to

lay waste the plantation wantonly.

During this period Tarzan paid many nocturnal visits to the village,

where he often renewed his supply of arrows. He soon noticed the food

always standing at the foot of the tree which was his avenue into the

palisade, and after a little, he commenced to eat whatever the blacks

put there.

When the awe-struck savages saw that the food disappeared overnight

they were filled with consternation and dread, for it was one thing to

put food out to propitiate a god or a devil, but quite another thing to

have the spirit really come into the village and eat it. Such a thing

was unheard of, and it clouded their superstitious minds with all

manner of vague fears.

Nor was this all. The periodic disappearance of their arrows, and the

strange pranks perpetrated by unseen hands, had wrought them to such a

state that life had become a veritable burden in their new home, and

now it was that Mbonga and his head men began to talk of abandoning the

village and seeking a site farther on in the jungle.

Presently the black warriors began to strike farther and farther south

into the heart of the forest when they went to hunt, looking for a site

for a new village.

More often was the tribe of Tarzan disturbed by these wandering

huntsmen. Now was the quiet, fierce solitude of the primeval forest

broken by new, strange cries. No longer was there safety for bird or

beast. Man had come.

Other animals passed up and down the jungle by day and by night—fierce,

cruel beasts—but their weaker neighbors only fled from their immediate

vicinity to return again when the danger was past.

With man it is different. When he comes many of the larger animals

instinctively leave the district entirely, seldom if ever to return;

and thus it has always been with the great anthropoids. They flee man

as man flees a pestilence.

For a short time the tribe of Tarzan lingered in the vicinity of the

beach because their new chief hated the thought of leaving the

treasured contents of the little cabin forever. But when one day a

member of the tribe discovered the blacks in great numbers on the banks

of a little stream that had been their watering place for generations,

and in the act of clearing a space in the jungle and erecting many

huts, the apes would remain no longer; and so Tarzan led them inland

for many marches to a spot as yet undefiled by the foot of a human

being.

Once every moon Tarzan would go swinging rapidly back through the

swaying branches to have a day with his books, and to replenish his

supply of arrows. This latter task was becoming more and more

difficult, for the blacks had taken to hiding their supply away at

night in granaries and living huts.

This necessitated watching by day on Tarzan’s part to discover where

the arrows were being concealed.

Twice had he entered huts at night while the inmates lay sleeping upon

their mats, and stolen the arrows from the very sides of the warriors.

But this method he realized to be too fraught with danger, and so he

commenced picking up solitary hunters with his long, deadly noose,

stripping them of weapons and ornaments and dropping their bodies from

a high tree into the village street during the still watches of the

night.

These various escapades again so terrorized the blacks that, had it not

been for the monthly respite between Tarzan’s visits, in which they had

opportunity to renew hope that each fresh incursion would prove the

last, they soon would have abandoned their new village.

The blacks had not as yet come upon Tarzan’s cabin on the distant

beach, but the ape-man lived in constant dread that, while he was away

with the tribe, they would discover and despoil his treasure. So it

came that he spent more and more time in the vicinity of his father’s

last home, and less and less with the tribe. Presently the members of

his little community began to suffer on account of his neglect, for

disputes and quarrels constantly arose which only the king might settle

peaceably.

At last some of the older apes spoke to Tarzan on the subject, and for

a month thereafter he remained constantly with the tribe.

The duties of kingship among the anthropoids are not many or arduous.

In the afternoon comes Thaka, possibly, to complain that old Mungo has

stolen his new wife. Then must Tarzan summon all before him, and if he

finds that the wife prefers her new lord he commands that matters

remain as they are, or possibly that Mungo give Thaka one of his

daughters in exchange.

Whatever his decision, the apes accept it as final, and return to their

occupations satisfied.

Then comes Tana, shrieking and holding tight her side from which blood

is streaming. Gunto, her husband, has cruelly bitten her! And Gunto,

summoned, says that Tana is lazy and will not bring him nuts and

beetles, or scratch his back for him.

So Tarzan scolds them both and threatens Gunto with a taste of the

death-bearing slivers if he abuses Tana further, and Tana, for her

part, is compelled to promise better attention to her wifely duties.

And so it goes, little family differences for the most part, which, if

left unsettled would result finally in greater factional strife, and

the eventual dismemberment of the tribe.

But Tarzan tired of it, as he found that kingship meant the curtailment

of his liberty. He longed for the little cabin and the sun-kissed

sea—for the cool interior of the well-built house, and for the

never-ending wonders of the many books.

As he had grown older, he found that he had grown away from his people.

Their interests and his were far removed. They had not kept pace with

him, nor could they understand aught of the many strange and wonderful

dreams that passed through the active brain of their human king. So

limited was their vocabulary that Tarzan could not even talk with them

of the many new truths, and the great fields of thought that his

reading had opened up before his longing eyes, or make known ambitions

which stirred his soul.

Among the tribe he no longer had friends as of old. A little child may

find companionship in many strange and simple creatures, but to a grown

man there must be some semblance of equality in intellect as the basis

for agreeable association.

Had Kala lived, Tarzan would have sacrificed all else to remain near

her, but now that she was dead, and the playful friends of his

childhood grown into fierce and surly brutes he felt that he much

preferred the peace and solitude of his cabin to the irksome duties of

leadership amongst a horde of wild beasts.

The hatred and jealousy of Terkoz, son of Tublat, did much to

counteract the effect of Tarzan’s desire to renounce his kingship among

the apes, for, stubborn young Englishman that he was, he could not

bring himself to retreat in the face of so malignant an enemy.

That Terkoz would be chosen leader in his stead he knew full well, for

time and again the ferocious brute had established his claim to

physical supremacy over the few bull apes who had dared resent his

savage bullying.

Tarzan would have liked to subdue the ugly beast without recourse to

knife or arrows. So much had his great strength and agility increased

in the period following his maturity that he had come to believe that

he might master the redoubtable Terkoz in a hand to hand fight were it

not for the terrible advantage the anthropoid’s huge fighting fangs

gave him over the poorly armed Tarzan.

The entire matter was taken out of Tarzan’s hands one day by force of

circumstances, and his future left open to him, so that he might go or

stay without any stain upon his savage escutcheon.

It happened thus:

The tribe was feeding quietly, spread over a considerable area, when a

great screaming arose some distance east of where Tarzan lay upon his

belly beside a limpid brook, attempting to catch an elusive fish in his

quick, brown hands.

With one accord the tribe swung rapidly toward the frightened cries,

and there found Terkoz holding an old female by the hair and beating

her unmercifully with his great hands.

As Tarzan approached he raised his hand aloft for Terkoz to desist, for

the female was not his, but belonged to a poor old ape whose fighting

days were long over, and who, therefore, could not protect his family.

Terkoz knew that it was against the laws of his kind to strike this

woman of another, but being a bully, he had taken advantage of the

weakness of the female’s husband to chastise her because she had

refused to give up to him a tender young rodent she had captured.

When Terkoz saw Tarzan approaching without his arrows, he continued to

belabor the poor woman in a studied effort to affront his hated

chieftain.

Tarzan did not repeat his warning signal, but instead rushed bodily

upon the waiting Terkoz.

Never had the ape-man fought so terrible a battle since that long-gone

day when Bolgani, the great king gorilla had so horribly manhandled him

ere the new-found knife had, by accident, pricked the savage heart.

Tarzan’s knife on the present occasion but barely offset the gleaming

fangs of Terkoz, and what little advantage the ape had over the man in

brute strength was almost balanced by the latter’s wonderful quickness

and agility.

In the sum total of their points, however, the anthropoid had a shade

the better of the battle, and had there been no other personal

attribute to influence the final outcome, Tarzan of the Apes, the young

Lord Greystoke, would have died as he had lived—an unknown savage beast

in equatorial Africa.

But there was that which had raised him far above his fellows of the

jungle—that little spark which spells the whole vast difference between

man and brute—Reason. This it was which saved him from death beneath

the iron muscles and tearing fangs of Terkoz.

Scarcely had they fought a dozen seconds ere they were rolling upon the

ground, striking, tearing and rending—two great savage beasts battling

to the death.

Terkoz had a dozen knife wounds on head and breast, and Tarzan was torn

and bleeding—his scalp in one place half torn from his head so that a

great piece hung down over one eye, obstructing his vision.

But so far the young Englishman had been able to keep those horrible

fangs from his jugular and now, as they fought less fiercely for a

moment, to regain their breath, Tarzan formed a cunning plan. He would

work his way to the other’s back and, clinging there with tooth and

nail, drive his knife home until Terkoz was no more.

The maneuver was accomplished more easily than he had hoped, for the

stupid beast, not knowing what Tarzan was attempting, made no

particular effort to prevent the accomplishment of the design.

But when, finally, he realized that his antagonist was fastened to him

where his teeth and fists alike were useless against him, Terkoz hurled

himself about upon the ground so violently that Tarzan could but cling

desperately to the leaping, turning, twisting body, and ere he had

struck a blow the knife was hurled from his hand by a heavy impact

against the earth, and Tarzan found himself defenseless.

During the rollings and squirmings of the next few minutes, Tarzan’s

hold was loosened a dozen times until finally an accidental

circumstance of those swift and everchanging evolutions gave him a new

hold with his right hand, which he realized was absolutely

unassailable.

His arm was passed beneath Terkoz’s arm from behind and his hand and

forearm encircled the back of Terkoz’s neck. It was the half-Nelson of

modern wrestling which the untaught ape-man had stumbled upon, but

superior reason showed him in an instant the value of the thing he had

discovered. It was the difference to him between life and death.

And so he struggled to encompass a similar hold with the left hand, and

in a few moments Terkoz’s bull neck was creaking beneath a full-Nelson.

There was no more lunging about now. The two lay perfectly still upon

the ground, Tarzan upon Terkoz’s back. Slowly the bullet head of the

ape was being forced lower and lower upon his chest.

Tarzan knew what the result would be. In an instant the neck would

break. Then there came to Terkoz’s rescue the same thing that had put

him in these sore straits—a man’s reasoning power.

“If I kill him,” thought Tarzan, “what advantage will it be to me? Will

it not rob the tribe of a great fighter? And if Terkoz be dead, he will

know nothing of my supremacy, while alive he will ever be an example to

the other apes.”

“\_Ka-goda?\_” hissed Tarzan in Terkoz’s ear, which, in ape tongue,

means, freely translated: “Do you surrender?”

For a moment there was no reply, and Tarzan added a few more ounces of

pressure, which elicited a horrified shriek of pain from the great

beast.

“\_Ka-goda?\_” repeated Tarzan.

“\_Ka-goda!\_” cried Terkoz.

“Listen,” said Tarzan, easing up a trifle, but not releasing his hold.

“I am Tarzan, King of the Apes, mighty hunter, mighty fighter. In all

the jungle there is none so great.

“You have said: ‘\_Ka-goda\_’ to me. All the tribe have heard. Quarrel no

more with your king or your people, for next time I shall kill you. Do

you understand?”

“\_Huh\_,” assented Terkoz.

“And you are satisfied?”

“\_Huh\_,” said the ape.

Tarzan let him up, and in a few minutes all were back at their

vocations, as though naught had occurred to mar the tranquility of

their primeval forest haunts.

But deep in the minds of the apes was rooted the conviction that Tarzan

was a mighty fighter and a strange creature. Strange because he had had

it in his power to kill his enemy, but had allowed him to

live—unharmed.

That afternoon as the tribe came together, as was their wont before

darkness settled on the jungle, Tarzan, his wounds washed in the waters

of the stream, called the old males about him.

“You have seen again to-day that Tarzan of the Apes is the greatest

among you,” he said.

“\_Huh\_,” they replied with one voice, “Tarzan is great.”

“Tarzan,” he continued, “is not an ape. He is not like his people. His

ways are not their ways, and so Tarzan is going back to the lair of his

own kind by the waters of the great lake which has no farther shore.

You must choose another to rule you, for Tarzan will not return.”

And thus young Lord Greystoke took the first step toward the goal which

he had set—the finding of other white men like himself.

CHAPTER XIII.

His Own Kind

The following morning, Tarzan, lame and sore from the wounds of his

battle with Terkoz, set out toward the west and the seacoast.

He traveled very slowly, sleeping in the jungle at night, and reaching

his cabin late the following morning.

For several days he moved about but little, only enough to gather what

fruits and nuts he required to satisfy the demands of hunger.

In ten days he was quite sound again, except for a terrible,

half-healed scar, which, starting above his left eye ran across the top

of his head, ending at the right ear. It was the mark left by Terkoz

when he had torn the scalp away.

During his convalescence Tarzan tried to fashion a mantle from the skin

of Sabor, which had lain all this time in the cabin. But he found the

hide had dried as stiff as a board, and as he knew naught of tanning,

he was forced to abandon his cherished plan.

Then he determined to filch what few garments he could from one of the

black men of Mbonga’s village, for Tarzan of the Apes had decided to

mark his evolution from the lower orders in every possible manner, and

nothing seemed to him a more distinguishing badge of manhood than

ornaments and clothing.

To this end, therefore, he collected the various arm and leg ornaments

he had taken from the black warriors who had succumbed to his swift and

silent noose, and donned them all after the way he had seen them worn.

About his neck hung the golden chain from which depended the diamond

encrusted locket of his mother, the Lady Alice. At his back was a

quiver of arrows slung from a leathern shoulder belt, another piece of

loot from some vanquished black.

About his waist was a belt of tiny strips of rawhide fashioned by

himself as a support for the home-made scabbard in which hung his

father’s hunting knife. The long bow which had been Kulonga’s hung over

his left shoulder.

The young Lord Greystoke was indeed a strange and war-like figure, his

mass of black hair falling to his shoulders behind and cut with his

hunting knife to a rude bang upon his forehead, that it might not fall

before his eyes.

His straight and perfect figure, muscled as the best of the ancient

Roman gladiators must have been muscled, and yet with the soft and

sinuous curves of a Greek god, told at a glance the wondrous

combination of enormous strength with suppleness and speed.

A personification, was Tarzan of the Apes, of the primitive man, the

hunter, the warrior.

With the noble poise of his handsome head upon those broad shoulders,

and the fire of life and intelligence in those fine, clear eyes, he

might readily have typified some demigod of a wild and warlike bygone

people of his ancient forest.

But of these things Tarzan did not think. He was worried because he had

not clothing to indicate to all the jungle folks that he was a man and

not an ape, and grave doubt often entered his mind as to whether he

might not yet become an ape.

Was not hair commencing to grow upon his face? All the apes had hair

upon theirs but the black men were entirely hairless, with very few

exceptions.

True, he had seen pictures in his books of men with great masses of

hair upon lip and cheek and chin, but, nevertheless, Tarzan was afraid.

Almost daily he whetted his keen knife and scraped and whittled at his

young beard to eradicate this degrading emblem of apehood.

And so he learned to shave—rudely and painfully, it is true—but,

nevertheless, effectively.

When he felt quite strong again, after his bloody battle with Terkoz,

Tarzan set off one morning towards Mbonga’s village. He was moving

carelessly along a winding jungle trail, instead of making his progress

through the trees, when suddenly he came face to face with a black

warrior.

The look of surprise on the savage face was almost comical, and before

Tarzan could unsling his bow the fellow had turned and fled down the

path crying out in alarm as though to others before him.

Tarzan took to the trees in pursuit, and in a few moments came in view

of the men desperately striving to escape.

There were three of them, and they were racing madly in single file

through the dense undergrowth.

Tarzan easily distanced them, nor did they see his silent passage above

their heads, nor note the crouching figure squatted upon a low branch

ahead of them beneath which the trail led them.

Tarzan let the first two pass beneath him, but as the third came

swiftly on, the quiet noose dropped about the black throat. A quick

jerk drew it taut.

There was an agonized scream from the victim, and his fellows turned to

see his struggling body rise as by magic slowly into the dense foliage

of the trees above.

With frightened shrieks they wheeled once more and plunged on in their

efforts to escape.

Tarzan dispatched his prisoner quickly and silently; removed the

weapons and ornaments, and—oh, the greatest joy of all—a handsome

deerskin breechcloth, which he quickly transferred to his own person.

Now indeed was he dressed as a man should be. None there was who could

now doubt his high origin. How he should have liked to have returned to

the tribe to parade before their envious gaze this wondrous finery.

Taking the body across his shoulder, he moved more slowly through the

trees toward the little palisaded village, for he again needed arrows.

As he approached quite close to the enclosure he saw an excited group

surrounding the two fugitives, who, trembling with fright and

exhaustion, were scarce able to recount the uncanny details of their

adventure.

Mirando, they said, who had been ahead of them a short distance, had

suddenly come screaming toward them, crying that a terrible white and

naked warrior was pursuing him. The three of them had hurried toward

the village as rapidly as their legs would carry them.

Again Mirando’s shrill cry of mortal terror had caused them to look

back, and there they had seen the most horrible sight—their companion’s

body flying upwards into the trees, his arms and legs beating the air

and his tongue protruding from his open mouth. No other sound did he

utter nor was there any creature in sight about him.

The villagers were worked up into a state of fear bordering on panic,

but wise old Mbonga affected to feel considerable skepticism regarding

the tale, and attributed the whole fabrication to their fright in the

face of some real danger.

“You tell us this great story,” he said, “because you do not dare to

speak the truth. You do not dare admit that when the lion sprang upon

Mirando you ran away and left him. You are cowards.”

Scarcely had Mbonga ceased speaking when a great crashing of branches

in the trees above them caused the blacks to look up in renewed terror.

The sight that met their eyes made even wise old Mbonga shudder, for

there, turning and twisting in the air, came the dead body of Mirando,

to sprawl with a sickening reverberation upon the ground at their feet.

With one accord the blacks took to their heels; nor did they stop until

the last of them was lost in the dense shadows of the surrounding

jungle.

Again Tarzan came down into the village and renewed his supply of

arrows and ate of the offering of food which the blacks had made to

appease his wrath.

Before he left he carried the body of Mirando to the gate of the

village, and propped it up against the palisade in such a way that the

dead face seemed to be peering around the edge of the gatepost down the

path which led to the jungle.

Then Tarzan returned, hunting, always hunting, to the cabin by the

beach.

It took a dozen attempts on the part of the thoroughly frightened

blacks to reenter their village, past the horrible, grinning face of

their dead fellow, and when they found the food and arrows gone they

knew, what they had only too well feared, that Mirando had seen the

evil spirit of the jungle.

That now seemed to them the logical explanation. Only those who saw

this terrible god of the jungle died; for was it not true that none

left alive in the village had ever seen him? Therefore, those who had

died at his hands must have seen him and paid the penalty with their

lives.

As long as they supplied him with arrows and food he would not harm

them unless they looked upon him, so it was ordered by Mbonga that in

addition to the food offering there should also be laid out an offering

of arrows for this Munan-go-Keewati, and this was done from then on.

If you ever chance to pass that far off African village you will still

see before a tiny thatched hut, built just without the village, a

little iron pot in which is a quantity of food, and beside it a quiver

of well-daubed arrows.

When Tarzan came in sight of the beach where stood his cabin, a strange

and unusual spectacle met his vision.

On the placid waters of the landlocked harbor floated a great ship, and

on the beach a small boat was drawn up.

But, most wonderful of all, a number of white men like himself were

moving about between the beach and his cabin.

Tarzan saw that in many ways they were like the men of his picture

books. He crept closer through the trees until he was quite close above

them.

There were ten men, swarthy, sun-tanned, villainous looking fellows.

Now they had congregated by the boat and were talking in loud, angry

tones, with much gesticulating and shaking of fists.

Presently one of them, a little, mean-faced, black-bearded fellow with

a countenance which reminded Tarzan of Pamba, the rat, laid his hand

upon the shoulder of a giant who stood next him, and with whom all the

others had been arguing and quarreling.

The little man pointed inland, so that the giant was forced to turn

away from the others to look in the direction indicated. As he turned,

the little, mean-faced man drew a revolver from his belt and shot the

giant in the back.

The big fellow threw his hands above his head, his knees bent beneath

him, and without a sound he tumbled forward upon the beach, dead.

The report of the weapon, the first that Tarzan had ever heard, filled

him with wonderment, but even this unaccustomed sound could not startle

his healthy nerves into even a semblance of panic.

The conduct of the white strangers it was that caused him the greatest

perturbation. He puckered his brows into a frown of deep thought. It

was well, thought he, that he had not given way to his first impulse to

rush forward and greet these white men as brothers.

They were evidently no different from the black men—no more civilized

than the apes—no less cruel than Sabor.

For a moment the others stood looking at the little, mean-faced man and

the giant lying dead upon the beach.

Then one of them laughed and slapped the little man upon the back.

There was much more talk and gesticulating, but less quarreling.

Presently they launched the boat and all jumped into it and rowed away

toward the great ship, where Tarzan could see other figures moving

about upon the deck.

When they had clambered aboard, Tarzan dropped to earth behind a great

tree and crept to his cabin, keeping it always between himself and the

ship.

Slipping in at the door he found that everything had been ransacked.

His books and pencils strewed the floor. His weapons and shields and

other little store of treasures were littered about.

As he saw what had been done a great wave of anger surged through him,

and the new made scar upon his forehead stood suddenly out, a bar of

inflamed crimson against his tawny hide.

Quickly he ran to the cupboard and searched in the far recess of the

lower shelf. Ah! He breathed a sigh of relief as he drew out the little

tin box, and, opening it, found his greatest treasures undisturbed.

The photograph of the smiling, strong-faced young man, and the little

black puzzle book were safe.

What was that?

His quick ear had caught a faint but unfamiliar sound.

Running to the window Tarzan looked toward the harbor, and there he saw

that a boat was being lowered from the great ship beside the one

already in the water. Soon he saw many people clambering over the sides

of the larger vessel and dropping into the boats. They were coming back

in full force.

For a moment longer Tarzan watched while a number of boxes and bundles

were lowered into the waiting boats, then, as they shoved off from the

ship’s side, the ape-man snatched up a piece of paper, and with a

pencil printed on it for a few moments until it bore several lines of

strong, well-made, almost letter-perfect characters.

This notice he stuck upon the door with a small sharp splinter of wood.

Then gathering up his precious tin box, his arrows, and as many bows

and spears as he could carry, he hastened through the door and

disappeared into the forest.

When the two boats were beached upon the silvery sand it was a strange

assortment of humanity that clambered ashore.

Some twenty souls in all there were, fifteen of them rough and

villainous appearing seamen.

The others of the party were of different stamp.

One was an elderly man, with white hair and large rimmed spectacles.

His slightly stooped shoulders were draped in an ill-fitting, though

immaculate, frock coat, and a shiny silk hat added to the incongruity

of his garb in an African jungle.

The second member of the party to land was a tall young man in white

ducks, while directly behind came another elderly man with a very high

forehead and a fussy, excitable manner.

After these came a huge Negress clothed like Solomon as to colors. Her

great eyes rolled in evident terror, first toward the jungle and then

toward the cursing band of sailors who were removing the bales and

boxes from the boats.

The last member of the party to disembark was a girl of about nineteen,

and it was the young man who stood at the boat’s prow to lift her high

and dry upon land. She gave him a brave and pretty smile of thanks, but

no words passed between them.

In silence the party advanced toward the cabin. It was evident that

whatever their intentions, all had been decided upon before they left

the ship; and so they came to the door, the sailors carrying the boxes

and bales, followed by the five who were of so different a class. The

men put down their burdens, and then one caught sight of the notice

which Tarzan had posted.

“Ho, mates!” he cried. “What’s here? This sign was not posted an hour

ago or I’ll eat the cook.”

The others gathered about, craning their necks over the shoulders of

those before them, but as few of them could read at all, and then only

after the most laborious fashion, one finally turned to the little old

man of the top hat and frock coat.

“Hi, perfesser,” he called, “step for’rd and read the bloomin’ notis.”

Thus addressed, the old man came slowly to where the sailors stood,

followed by the other members of his party. Adjusting his spectacles he

looked for a moment at the placard and then, turning away, strolled off

muttering to himself: “Most remarkable—most remarkable!”

“Hi, old fossil,” cried the man who had first called on him for

assistance, “did je think we wanted of you to read the bloomin’ notis

to yourself? Come back here and read it out loud, you old barnacle.”

The old man stopped and, turning back, said: “Oh, yes, my dear sir, a

thousand pardons. It was quite thoughtless of me, yes—very thoughtless.

Most remarkable—most remarkable!”

Again he faced the notice and read it through, and doubtless would have

turned off again to ruminate upon it had not the sailor grasped him

roughly by the collar and howled into his ear.

“Read it out loud, you blithering old idiot.”

“Ah, yes indeed, yes indeed,” replied the professor softly, and

adjusting his spectacles once more he read aloud:

THIS IS THE HOUSE OF TARZAN, THE

KILLER OF BEASTS AND MANY BLACK

MEN. DO NOT HARM THE THINGS WHICH

ARE TARZAN’S. TARZAN WATCHES.

TARZAN OF THE APES.

“Who the devil is Tarzan?” cried the sailor who had before spoken.

“He evidently speaks English,” said the young man.

“But what does ‘Tarzan of the Apes’ mean?” cried the girl.

“I do not know, Miss Porter,” replied the young man, “unless we have

discovered a runaway simian from the London Zoo who has brought back a

European education to his jungle home. What do you make of it,

Professor Porter?” he added, turning to the old man.

Professor Archimedes Q. Porter adjusted his spectacles.

“Ah, yes, indeed; yes indeed—most remarkable, most remarkable!” said

the professor; “but I can add nothing further to what I have already

remarked in elucidation of this truly momentous occurrence,” and the

professor turned slowly in the direction of the jungle.

“But, papa,” cried the girl, “you haven’t said anything about it yet.”

“Tut, tut, child; tut, tut,” responded Professor Porter, in a kindly

and indulgent tone, “do not trouble your pretty head with such weighty

and abstruse problems,” and again he wandered slowly off in still

another direction, his eyes bent upon the ground at his feet, his hands

clasped behind him beneath the flowing tails of his coat.

“I reckon the daffy old bounder don’t know no more’n we do about it,”

growled the rat-faced sailor.

“Keep a civil tongue in your head,” cried the young man, his face

paling in anger, at the insulting tone of the sailor. “You’ve murdered

our officers and robbed us. We are absolutely in your power, but you’ll

treat Professor Porter and Miss Porter with respect or I’ll break that

vile neck of yours with my bare hands—guns or no guns,” and the young

fellow stepped so close to the rat-faced sailor that the latter, though

he bore two revolvers and a villainous looking knife in his belt, slunk

back abashed.

“You damned coward,” cried the young man. “You’d never dare shoot a man

until his back was turned. You don’t dare shoot me even then,” and he

deliberately turned his back full upon the sailor and walked

nonchalantly away as if to put him to the test.

The sailor’s hand crept slyly to the butt of one of his revolvers; his

wicked eyes glared vengefully at the retreating form of the young

Englishman. The gaze of his fellows was upon him, but still he

hesitated. At heart he was even a greater coward than Mr. William Cecil

Clayton had imagined.

Two keen eyes had watched every move of the party from the foliage of a

nearby tree. Tarzan had seen the surprise caused by his notice, and

while he could understand nothing of the spoken language of these

strange people their gestures and facial expressions told him much.

The act of the little rat-faced sailor in killing one of his comrades

had aroused a strong dislike in Tarzan, and now that he saw him

quarreling with the fine-looking young man his animosity was still

further stirred.

Tarzan had never seen the effects of a firearm before, though his books

had taught him something of them, but when he saw the rat-faced one

fingering the butt of his revolver he thought of the scene he had

witnessed so short a time before, and naturally expected to see the

young man murdered as had been the huge sailor earlier in the day.

So Tarzan fitted a poisoned arrow to his bow and drew a bead upon the

rat-faced sailor, but the foliage was so thick that he soon saw the

arrow would be deflected by the leaves or some small branch, and

instead he launched a heavy spear from his lofty perch.

Clayton had taken but a dozen steps. The rat-faced sailor had half

drawn his revolver; the other sailors stood watching the scene

intently.

Professor Porter had already disappeared into the jungle, whither he

was being followed by the fussy Samuel T. Philander, his secretary and

assistant.

Esmeralda, the Negress, was busy sorting her mistress’ baggage from the

pile of bales and boxes beside the cabin, and Miss Porter had turned

away to follow Clayton, when something caused her to turn again toward

the sailor.

And then three things happened almost simultaneously. The sailor jerked

out his weapon and leveled it at Clayton’s back, Miss Porter screamed a

warning, and a long, metal-shod spear shot like a bolt from above and

passed entirely through the right shoulder of the rat-faced man.

The revolver exploded harmlessly in the air, and the seaman crumpled up

with a scream of pain and terror.

Clayton turned and rushed back toward the scene. The sailors stood in a

frightened group, with drawn weapons, peering into the jungle. The

wounded man writhed and shrieked upon the ground.

Clayton, unseen by any, picked up the fallen revolver and slipped it

inside his shirt, then he joined the sailors in gazing, mystified, into

the jungle.

“Who could it have been?” whispered Jane Porter, and the young man

turned to see her standing, wide-eyed and wondering, close beside him.

“I dare say Tarzan of the Apes is watching us all right,” he answered,

in a dubious tone. “I wonder, now, who that spear was intended for. If

for Snipes, then our ape friend is a friend indeed.

“By jove, where are your father and Mr. Philander? There’s someone or

something in that jungle, and it’s armed, whatever it is. Ho!

Professor! Mr. Philander!” young Clayton shouted. There was no

response.

“What’s to be done, Miss Porter?” continued the young man, his face

clouded by a frown of worry and indecision.

“I can’t leave you here alone with these cutthroats, and you certainly

can’t venture into the jungle with me; yet someone must go in search of

your father. He is more than apt to wandering off aimlessly, regardless

of danger or direction, and Mr. Philander is only a trifle less

impractical than he. You will pardon my bluntness, but our lives are

all in jeopardy here, and when we get your father back something must

be done to impress upon him the dangers to which he exposes you as well

as himself by his absent-mindedness.”

“I quite agree with you,” replied the girl, “and I am not offended at

all. Dear old papa would sacrifice his life for me without an instant’s

hesitation, provided one could keep his mind on so frivolous a matter

for an entire instant. There is only one way to keep him in safety, and

that is to chain him to a tree. The poor dear is SO impractical.”

“I have it!” suddenly exclaimed Clayton. “You can use a revolver, can’t

you?”

“Yes. Why?”

“I have one. With it you and Esmeralda will be comparatively safe in

this cabin while I am searching for your father and Mr. Philander.

Come, call the woman and I will hurry on. They can’t have gone far.”

Jane did as he suggested and when he saw the door close safely behind

them Clayton turned toward the jungle.

Some of the sailors were drawing the spear from their wounded comrade

and, as Clayton approached, he asked if he could borrow a revolver from

one of them while he searched the jungle for the professor.

The rat-faced one, finding he was not dead, had regained his composure,

and with a volley of oaths directed at Clayton refused in the name of

his fellows to allow the young man any firearms.

This man, Snipes, had assumed the role of chief since he had killed

their former leader, and so little time had elapsed that none of his

companions had as yet questioned his authority.

Clayton’s only response was a shrug of the shoulders, but as he left

them he picked up the spear which had transfixed Snipes, and thus

primitively armed, the son of the then Lord Greystoke strode into the

dense jungle.

Every few moments he called aloud the names of the wanderers. The

watchers in the cabin by the beach heard the sound of his voice growing

ever fainter and fainter, until at last it was swallowed up by the

myriad noises of the primeval wood.

When Professor Archimedes Q. Porter and his assistant, Samuel T.

Philander, after much insistence on the part of the latter, had finally

turned their steps toward camp, they were as completely lost in the

wild and tangled labyrinth of the matted jungle as two human beings

well could be, though they did not know it.

It was by the merest caprice of fortune that they headed toward the

west coast of Africa, instead of toward Zanzibar on the opposite side

of the dark continent.

When in a short time they reached the beach, only to find no camp in

sight, Philander was positive that they were north of their proper

destination, while, as a matter of fact they were about two hundred

yards south of it.

It never occurred to either of these impractical theorists to call

aloud on the chance of attracting their friends’ attention. Instead,

with all the assurance that deductive reasoning from a wrong premise

induces in one, Mr. Samuel T. Philander grasped Professor Archimedes Q.

Porter firmly by the arm and hurried the weakly protesting old

gentleman off in the direction of Cape Town, fifteen hundred miles to

the south.

When Jane and Esmeralda found themselves safely behind the cabin door

the Negress’s first thought was to barricade the portal from the

inside. With this idea in mind she turned to search for some means of

putting it into execution; but her first view of the interior of the

cabin brought a shriek of terror to her lips, and like a frightened

child the huge woman ran to bury her face on her mistress’ shoulder.

Jane, turning at the cry, saw the cause of it lying prone upon the

floor before them—the whitened skeleton of a man. A further glance

revealed a second skeleton upon the bed.

“What horrible place are we in?” murmured the awe-struck girl. But

there was no panic in her fright.

At last, disengaging herself from the frantic clutch of the still

shrieking Esmeralda, Jane crossed the room to look into the little

cradle, knowing what she should see there even before the tiny skeleton

disclosed itself in all its pitiful and pathetic frailty.

What an awful tragedy these poor mute bones proclaimed! The girl

shuddered at thought of the eventualities which might lie before

herself and her friends in this ill-fated cabin, the haunt of

mysterious, perhaps hostile, beings.

Quickly, with an impatient stamp of her little foot, she endeavored to

shake off the gloomy forebodings, and turning to Esmeralda bade her

cease her wailing.

“Stop, Esmeralda, stop it this minute!” she cried. “You are only making

it worse.”

She ended lamely, a little quiver in her own voice as she thought of

the three men, upon whom she depended for protection, wandering in the

depth of that awful forest.

Soon the girl found that the door was equipped with a heavy wooden bar

upon the inside, and after several efforts the combined strength of the

two enabled them to slip it into place, the first time in twenty years.

Then they sat down upon a bench with their arms about one another, and

waited.

CHAPTER XIV.

At the Mercy of the Jungle

After Clayton had plunged into the jungle, the sailors—mutineers of the

\_Arrow\_—fell into a discussion of their next step; but on one point all

were agreed—that they should hasten to put off to the anchored \_Arrow\_,

where they could at least be safe from the spears of their unseen foe.

And so, while Jane Porter and Esmeralda were barricading themselves

within the cabin, the cowardly crew of cutthroats were pulling rapidly

for their ship in the two boats that had brought them ashore.

So much had Tarzan seen that day that his head was in a whirl of

wonder. But the most wonderful sight of all, to him, was the face of

the beautiful white girl.

Here at last was one of his own kind; of that he was positive. And the

young man and the two old men; they, too, were much as he had pictured

his own people to be.

But doubtless they were as ferocious and cruel as other men he had

seen. The fact that they alone of all the party were unarmed might

account for the fact that they had killed no one. They might be very

different if provided with weapons.

Tarzan had seen the young man pick up the fallen revolver of the

wounded Snipes and hide it away in his breast; and he had also seen him

slip it cautiously to the girl as she entered the cabin door.

He did not understand anything of the motives behind all that he had

seen; but, somehow, intuitively he liked the young man and the two old

men, and for the girl he had a strange longing which he scarcely

understood. As for the big black woman, she was evidently connected in

some way to the girl, and so he liked her, also.

For the sailors, and especially Snipes, he had developed a great

hatred. He knew by their threatening gestures and by the expression

upon their evil faces that they were enemies of the others of the

party, and so he decided to watch closely.

Tarzan wondered why the men had gone into the jungle, nor did it ever

occur to him that one could become lost in that maze of undergrowth

which to him was as simple as is the main street of your own home town

to you.

When he saw the sailors row away toward the ship, and knew that the

girl and her companion were safe in his cabin, Tarzan decided to follow

the young man into the jungle and learn what his errand might be. He

swung off rapidly in the direction taken by Clayton, and in a short

time heard faintly in the distance the now only occasional calls of the

Englishman to his friends.

Presently Tarzan came up with the white man, who, almost fagged, was

leaning against a tree wiping the perspiration from his forehead. The

ape-man, hiding safe behind a screen of foliage, sat watching this new

specimen of his own race intently.

At intervals Clayton called aloud and finally it came to Tarzan that he

was searching for the old man.

Tarzan was on the point of going off to look for them himself, when he

caught the yellow glint of a sleek hide moving cautiously through the

jungle toward Clayton.

It was Sheeta, the leopard. Now, Tarzan heard the soft bending of

grasses and wondered why the young white man was not warned. Could it

be he had failed to note the loud warning? Never before had Tarzan

known Sheeta to be so clumsy.

No, the white man did not hear. Sheeta was crouching for the spring,

and then, shrill and horrible, there rose from the stillness of the

jungle the awful cry of the challenging ape, and Sheeta turned,

crashing into the underbrush.

Clayton came to his feet with a start. His blood ran cold. Never in all

his life had so fearful a sound smote upon his ears. He was no coward;

but if ever man felt the icy fingers of fear upon his heart, William

Cecil Clayton, eldest son of Lord Greystoke of England, did that day in

the fastness of the African jungle.

The noise of some great body crashing through the underbrush so close

beside him, and the sound of that bloodcurdling shriek from above,

tested Clayton’s courage to the limit; but he could not know that it

was to that very voice he owed his life, nor that the creature who

hurled it forth was his own cousin—the real Lord Greystoke.

The afternoon was drawing to a close, and Clayton, disheartened and

discouraged, was in a terrible quandary as to the proper course to

pursue; whether to keep on in search of Professor Porter, at the almost

certain risk of his own death in the jungle by night, or to return to

the cabin where he might at least serve to protect Jane from the perils

which confronted her on all sides.

He did not wish to return to camp without her father; still more, he

shrank from the thought of leaving her alone and unprotected in the

hands of the mutineers of the \_Arrow\_, or to the hundred unknown

dangers of the jungle.

Possibly, too, he thought, the professor and Philander might have

returned to camp. Yes, that was more than likely. At least he would

return and see, before he continued what seemed to be a most fruitless

quest. And so he started, stumbling back through the thick and matted

underbrush in the direction that he thought the cabin lay.

To Tarzan’s surprise the young man was heading further into the jungle

in the general direction of Mbonga’s village, and the shrewd young

ape-man was convinced that he was lost.

To Tarzan this was scarcely comprehensible; his judgment told him that

no man would venture toward the village of the cruel blacks armed only

with a spear which, from the awkward way in which he carried it, was

evidently an unaccustomed weapon to this white man. Nor was he

following the trail of the old men. That, they had crossed and left

long since, though it had been fresh and plain before Tarzan’s eyes.

Tarzan was perplexed. The fierce jungle would make easy prey of this

unprotected stranger in a very short time if he were not guided quickly

to the beach.

Yes, there was Numa, the lion, even now, stalking the white man a dozen

paces to the right.

Clayton heard the great body paralleling his course, and now there rose

upon the evening air the beast’s thunderous roar. The man stopped with

upraised spear and faced the brush from which issued the awful sound.

The shadows were deepening, darkness was settling in.

God! To die here alone, beneath the fangs of wild beasts; to be torn

and rended; to feel the hot breath of the brute on his face as the

great paw crushed down upon his breast!

For a moment all was still. Clayton stood rigid, with raised spear.

Presently a faint rustling of the bush apprised him of the stealthy

creeping of the thing behind. It was gathering for the spring. At last

he saw it, not twenty feet away—the long, lithe, muscular body and

tawny head of a huge black-maned lion.

The beast was upon its belly, moving forward very slowly. As its eyes

met Clayton’s it stopped, and deliberately, cautiously gathered its

hind quarters behind it.

In agony the man watched, fearful to launch his spear, powerless to

fly.

He heard a noise in the tree above him. Some new danger, he thought,

but he dared not take his eyes from the yellow green orbs before him.

There was a sharp twang as of a broken banjo-string, and at the same

instant an arrow appeared in the yellow hide of the crouching lion.

With a roar of pain and anger the beast sprang; but, somehow, Clayton

stumbled to one side, and as he turned again to face the infuriated

king of beasts, he was appalled at the sight which confronted him.

Almost simultaneously with the lion’s turning to renew the attack a

half-naked giant dropped from the tree above squarely on the brute’s

back.

With lightning speed an arm that was banded layers of iron muscle

encircled the huge neck, and the great beast was raised from behind,

roaring and pawing the air—raised as easily as Clayton would have

lifted a pet dog.

The scene he witnessed there in the twilight depths of the African

jungle was burned forever into the Englishman’s brain.

The man before him was the embodiment of physical perfection and giant

strength; yet it was not upon these he depended in his battle with the

great cat, for mighty as were his muscles, they were as nothing by

comparison with Numa’s. To his agility, to his brain and to his long

keen knife he owed his supremacy.

His right arm encircled the lion’s neck, while the left hand plunged

the knife time and again into the unprotected side behind the left

shoulder. The infuriated beast, pulled up and backwards until he stood

upon his hind legs, struggled impotently in this unnatural position.

Had the battle been of a few seconds’ longer duration the outcome might

have been different, but it was all accomplished so quickly that the

lion had scarce time to recover from the confusion of its surprise ere

it sank lifeless to the ground.

Then the strange figure which had vanquished it stood erect upon the

carcass, and throwing back the wild and handsome head, gave out the

fearsome cry which a few moments earlier had so startled Clayton.

Before him he saw the figure of a young man, naked except for a loin

cloth and a few barbaric ornaments about arms and legs; on the breast a

priceless diamond locket gleaming against a smooth brown skin.

The hunting knife had been returned to its homely sheath, and the man

was gathering up his bow and quiver from where he had tossed them when

he leaped to attack the lion.

Clayton spoke to the stranger in English, thanking him for his brave

rescue and complimenting him on the wondrous strength and dexterity he

had displayed, but the only answer was a steady stare and a faint shrug

of the mighty shoulders, which might betoken either disparagement of

the service rendered, or ignorance of Clayton’s language.

When the bow and quiver had been slung to his back the wild man, for

such Clayton now thought him, once more drew his knife and deftly

carved a dozen large strips of meat from the lion’s carcass. Then,

squatting upon his haunches, he proceeded to eat, first motioning

Clayton to join him.

The strong white teeth sank into the raw and dripping flesh in apparent

relish of the meal, but Clayton could not bring himself to share the

uncooked meat with his strange host; instead he watched him, and

presently there dawned upon him the conviction that this was Tarzan of

the Apes, whose notice he had seen posted upon the cabin door that

morning.

If so he must speak English.

Again Clayton attempted speech with the ape-man; but the replies, now

vocal, were in a strange tongue, which resembled the chattering of

monkeys mingled with the growling of some wild beast.

No, this could not be Tarzan of the Apes, for it was very evident that

he was an utter stranger to English.

When Tarzan had completed his repast he rose and, pointing a very

different direction from that which Clayton had been pursuing, started

off through the jungle toward the point he had indicated.

Clayton, bewildered and confused, hesitated to follow him, for he

thought he was but being led more deeply into the mazes of the forest;

but the ape-man, seeing him disinclined to follow, returned, and,

grasping him by the coat, dragged him along until he was convinced that

Clayton understood what was required of him. Then he left him to follow

voluntarily.

The Englishman, finally concluding that he was a prisoner, saw no

alternative open but to accompany his captor, and thus they traveled

slowly through the jungle while the sable mantle of the impenetrable

forest night fell about them, and the stealthy footfalls of padded paws

mingled with the breaking of twigs and the wild calls of the savage

life that Clayton felt closing in upon him.

Suddenly Clayton heard the faint report of a firearm—a single shot, and

then silence.

In the cabin by the beach two thoroughly terrified women clung to each

other as they crouched upon the low bench in the gathering darkness.

The Negress sobbed hysterically, bemoaning the evil day that had

witnessed her departure from her dear Maryland, while the white girl,

dry eyed and outwardly calm, was torn by inward fears and forebodings.

She feared not more for herself than for the three men whom she knew to

be wandering in the abysmal depths of the savage jungle, from which she

now heard issuing the almost incessant shrieks and roars, barkings and

growlings of its terrifying and fearsome denizens as they sought their

prey.

And now there came the sound of a heavy body brushing against the side

of the cabin. She could hear the great padded paws upon the ground

outside. For an instant, all was silence; even the bedlam of the forest

died to a faint murmur. Then she distinctly heard the beast outside

sniffing at the door, not two feet from where she crouched.

Instinctively the girl shuddered, and shrank closer to the black woman.

“Hush!” she whispered. “Hush, Esmeralda,” for the woman’s sobs and

groans seemed to have attracted the thing that stalked there just

beyond the thin wall.

A gentle scratching sound was heard on the door. The brute tried to

force an entrance; but presently this ceased, and again she heard the

great pads creeping stealthily around the cabin. Again they

stopped—beneath the window on which the terrified eyes of the girl now

glued themselves.

“God!” she murmured, for now, silhouetted against the moonlit sky

beyond, she saw framed in the tiny square of the latticed window the

head of a huge lioness. The gleaming eyes were fixed upon her in intent

ferocity.

“Look, Esmeralda!” she whispered. “For God’s sake, what shall we do?

Look! Quick! The window!”

Esmeralda, cowering still closer to her mistress, took one frightened

glance toward the little square of moonlight, just as the lioness

emitted a low, savage snarl.

The sight that met the poor woman’s eyes was too much for the already

overstrung nerves.

“Oh, Gaberelle!” she shrieked, and slid to the floor an inert and

senseless mass.

For what seemed an eternity the great brute stood with its forepaws

upon the sill, glaring into the little room. Presently it tried the

strength of the lattice with its great talons.

The girl had almost ceased to breathe, when, to her relief, the head

disappeared and she heard the brute’s footsteps leaving the window. But

now they came to the door again, and once more the scratching

commenced; this time with increasing force until the great beast was

tearing at the massive panels in a perfect frenzy of eagerness to seize

its defenseless victims.

Could Jane have known the immense strength of that door, built piece by

piece, she would have felt less fear of the lioness reaching her by

this avenue.

Little did John Clayton imagine when he fashioned that crude but mighty

portal that one day, twenty years later, it would shield a fair

American girl, then unborn, from the teeth and talons of a man-eater.

For fully twenty minutes the brute alternately sniffed and tore at the

door, occasionally giving voice to a wild, savage cry of baffled rage.

At length, however, she gave up the attempt, and Jane heard her

returning toward the window, beneath which she paused for an instant,

and then launched her great weight against the timeworn lattice.

The girl heard the wooden rods groan beneath the impact; but they held,

and the huge body dropped back to the ground below.

Again and again the lioness repeated these tactics, until finally the

horrified prisoner within saw a portion of the lattice give way, and in

an instant one great paw and the head of the animal were thrust within

the room.

Slowly the powerful neck and shoulders spread the bars apart, and the

lithe body protruded farther and farther into the room.

As in a trance, the girl rose, her hand upon her breast, wide eyes

staring horror-stricken into the snarling face of the beast scarce ten

feet from her. At her feet lay the prostrate form of the Negress. If

she could but arouse her, their combined efforts might possibly avail

to beat back the fierce and bloodthirsty intruder.

Jane stooped to grasp the black woman by the shoulder. Roughly she

shook her.

“Esmeralda! Esmeralda!” she cried. “Help me, or we are lost.”

Esmeralda opened her eyes. The first object they encountered was the

dripping fangs of the hungry lioness.

With a horrified scream the poor woman rose to her hands and knees, and

in this position scurried across the room, shrieking: “O Gaberelle! O

Gaberelle!” at the top of her lungs.

Esmeralda weighed some two hundred and eighty pounds, and her extreme

haste, added to her extreme corpulency, produced a most amazing result

when Esmeralda elected to travel on all fours.

For a moment the lioness remained quiet with intense gaze directed upon

the flitting Esmeralda, whose goal appeared to be the cupboard, into

which she attempted to propel her huge bulk; but as the shelves were

but nine or ten inches apart, she only succeeded in getting her head

in; whereupon, with a final screech, which paled the jungle noises into

insignificance, she fainted once again.

With the subsidence of Esmeralda the lioness renewed her efforts to

wriggle her huge bulk through the weakening lattice.

The girl, standing pale and rigid against the farther wall, sought with

ever-increasing terror for some loophole of escape. Suddenly her hand,

tight-pressed against her bosom, felt the hard outline of the revolver

that Clayton had left with her earlier in the day.

Quickly she snatched it from its hiding-place, and, leveling it full at

the lioness’s face, pulled the trigger.

There was a flash of flame, the roar of the discharge, and an answering

roar of pain and anger from the beast.

Jane Porter saw the great form disappear from the window, and then she,

too, fainted, the revolver falling at her side.

But Sabor was not killed. The bullet had but inflicted a painful wound

in one of the great shoulders. It was the surprise at the blinding

flash and the deafening roar that had caused her hasty but temporary

retreat.

In another instant she was back at the lattice, and with renewed fury

was clawing at the aperture, but with lessened effect, since the

wounded member was almost useless.

She saw her prey—the two women—lying senseless upon the floor. There

was no longer any resistance to be overcome. Her meat lay before her,

and Sabor had only to worm her way through the lattice to claim it.

Slowly she forced her great bulk, inch by inch, through the opening.

Now her head was through, now one great forearm and shoulder.

Carefully she drew up the wounded member to insinuate it gently beyond

the tight pressing bars.

A moment more and both shoulders through, the long, sinuous body and

the narrow hips would glide quickly after.

It was on this sight that Jane Porter again opened her eyes.

CHAPTER XV.

The Forest God

When Clayton heard the report of the firearm he fell into an agony of

fear and apprehension. He knew that one of the sailors might be the

author of it; but the fact that he had left the revolver with Jane,

together with the overwrought condition of his nerves, made him

morbidly positive that she was threatened with some great danger.

Perhaps even now she was attempting to defend herself against some

savage man or beast.

What were the thoughts of his strange captor or guide Clayton could

only vaguely conjecture; but that he had heard the shot, and was in

some manner affected by it was quite evident, for he quickened his pace

so appreciably that Clayton, stumbling blindly in his wake, was down a

dozen times in as many minutes in a vain effort to keep pace with him,

and soon was left hopelessly behind.

Fearing that he would again be irretrievably lost, he called aloud to

the wild man ahead of him, and in a moment had the satisfaction of

seeing him drop lightly to his side from the branches above.

For a moment Tarzan looked at the young man closely, as though

undecided as to just what was best to do; then, stooping down before

Clayton, he motioned him to grasp him about the neck, and, with the

white man upon his back, Tarzan took to the trees.

The next few minutes the young Englishman never forgot. High into

bending and swaying branches he was borne with what seemed to him

incredible swiftness, while Tarzan chafed at the slowness of his

progress.

From one lofty branch the agile creature swung with Clayton through a

dizzy arc to a neighboring tree; then for a hundred yards maybe the

sure feet threaded a maze of interwoven limbs, balancing like a

tightrope walker high above the black depths of verdure beneath.

From the first sensation of chilling fear Clayton passed to one of keen

admiration and envy of those giant muscles and that wondrous instinct

or knowledge which guided this forest god through the inky blackness of

the night as easily and safely as Clayton would have strolled a London

street at high noon.

Occasionally they would enter a spot where the foliage above was less

dense, and the bright rays of the moon lit up before Clayton’s

wondering eyes the strange path they were traversing.

At such times the man fairly caught his breath at sight of the horrid

depths below them, for Tarzan took the easiest way, which often led

over a hundred feet above the earth.

And yet with all his seeming speed, Tarzan was in reality feeling his

way with comparative slowness, searching constantly for limbs of

adequate strength for the maintenance of this double weight.

Presently they came to the clearing before the beach. Tarzan’s quick

ears had heard the strange sounds of Sabor’s efforts to force her way

through the lattice, and it seemed to Clayton that they dropped a

straight hundred feet to earth, so quickly did Tarzan descend. Yet when

they struck the ground it was with scarce a jar; and as Clayton

released his hold on the ape-man he saw him dart like a squirrel for

the opposite side of the cabin.

The Englishman sprang quickly after him just in time to see the hind

quarters of some huge animal about to disappear through the window of

the cabin.

As Jane Porter opened her eyes to a realization of the again imminent

peril which threatened her, her brave young heart gave up at last its

final vestige of hope, and she turned to grope for the fallen weapon

that she might mete to herself a merciful death ere the cruel fangs

tore into her fair flesh.

The lioness was almost through the opening before Jane found the

weapon, and she raised it quickly to her temple to shut out forever the

hideous jaws gaping for their prey.

An instant she hesitated, to breathe a short and silent prayer to her

Maker, and as she did so her eyes fell upon her poor Esmeralda lying

inert, but alive, beside the cupboard.

How could she leave the poor, faithful thing to those merciless, yellow

fangs? No, she must use one cartridge on the senseless woman ere she

turned the cold muzzle toward herself again.

How she shrank from the ordeal! But it had been cruelty a thousand

times less justifiable to have left the loving black woman who had

reared her from infancy with all a mother’s care and solicitude, to

regain consciousness beneath the rending claws of the great cat.

Quickly Jane Porter sprang to her feet and ran to the side of the

black. She pressed the muzzle of the revolver tight against that

devoted heart, closed her eyes, and—

Sabor emitted a frightful shriek.

The girl, startled, pulled the trigger and turned to face the beast,

and with the same movement raised the weapon against her own temple.

She did not fire a second time, for to her surprise she saw the huge

animal being slowly drawn back through the window, and in the moonlight

beyond she saw the heads and shoulders of two men.

As Clayton rounded the corner of the cabin to behold the animal

disappearing within, it was also to see the ape-man seize the long tail

in both hands, and, bracing himself with his feet against the side of

the cabin, throw all his mighty strength into the effort to draw the

beast out of the interior.

Clayton was quick to lend a hand, but the ape-man jabbered to him in a

commanding and peremptory tone something which Clayton knew to be

orders, though he could not understand them.

At last, under their combined efforts, the great body was slowly

dragged farther and farther outside the window, and then there came to

Clayton’s mind a dawning conception of the rash bravery of his

companion’s act.

For a naked man to drag a shrieking, clawing man-eater forth from a

window by the tail to save a strange white girl, was indeed the last

word in heroism.

Insofar as Clayton was concerned it was a very different matter, since

the girl was not only of his own kind and race, but was the one woman

in all the world whom he loved.

Though he knew that the lioness would make short work of both of them,

he pulled with a will to keep it from Jane Porter. And then he recalled

the battle between this man and the great, black-maned lion which he

had witnessed a short time before, and he commenced to feel more

assurance.

Tarzan was still issuing orders which Clayton could not understand.

He was trying to tell the stupid white man to plunge his poisoned

arrows into Sabor’s back and sides, and to reach the savage heart with

the long, thin hunting knife that hung at Tarzan’s hip; but the man

would not understand, and Tarzan did not dare release his hold to do

the things himself, for he knew that the puny white man never could

hold mighty Sabor alone, for an instant.

Slowly the lioness was emerging from the window. At last her shoulders

were out.

And then Clayton saw an incredible thing. Tarzan, racking his brains

for some means to cope single-handed with the infuriated beast, had

suddenly recalled his battle with Terkoz; and as the great shoulders

came clear of the window, so that the lioness hung upon the sill only

by her forepaws, Tarzan suddenly released his hold upon the brute.

With the quickness of a striking rattler he launched himself full upon

Sabor’s back, his strong young arms seeking and gaining a full-Nelson

upon the beast, as he had learned it that other day during his bloody,

wrestling victory over Terkoz.

With a roar the lioness turned completely over upon her back, falling

full upon her enemy; but the black-haired giant only closed tighter his

hold.

Pawing and tearing at earth and air, Sabor rolled and threw herself

this way and that in an effort to dislodge this strange antagonist; but

ever tighter and tighter drew the iron bands that were forcing her head

lower and lower upon her tawny breast.

Higher crept the steel forearms of the ape-man about the back of

Sabor’s neck. Weaker and weaker became the lioness’s efforts.

At last Clayton saw the immense muscles of Tarzan’s shoulders and

biceps leap into corded knots beneath the silver moonlight. There was a

long sustained and supreme effort on the ape-man’s part—and the

vertebrae of Sabor’s neck parted with a sharp snap.

In an instant Tarzan was upon his feet, and for the second time that

day Clayton heard the bull ape’s savage roar of victory. Then he heard

Jane’s agonized cry:

“Cecil—Mr. Clayton! Oh, what is it? What is it?”

Running quickly to the cabin door, Clayton called out that all was

right, and shouted to her to open the door. As quickly as she could she

raised the great bar and fairly dragged Clayton within.

“What was that awful noise?” she whispered, shrinking close to him.

“It was the cry of the kill from the throat of the man who has just

saved your life, Miss Porter. Wait, I will fetch him so you may thank

him.”

The frightened girl would not be left alone, so she accompanied Clayton

to the side of the cabin where lay the dead body of the lioness.

Tarzan of the Apes was gone.

Clayton called several times, but there was no reply, and so the two

returned to the greater safety of the interior.

“What a frightful sound!” cried Jane, “I shudder at the mere thought of

it. Do not tell me that a human throat voiced that hideous and fearsome

shriek.”

“But it did, Miss Porter,” replied Clayton; “or at least if not a human

throat that of a forest god.”

And then he told her of his experiences with this strange creature—of

how twice the wild man had saved his life—of the wondrous strength, and

agility, and bravery—of the brown skin and the handsome face.

“I cannot make it out at all,” he concluded. “At first I thought he

might be Tarzan of the Apes; but he neither speaks nor understands

English, so that theory is untenable.”

“Well, whatever he may be,” cried the girl, “we owe him our lives, and

may God bless him and keep him in safety in his wild and savage

jungle!”

“Amen,” said Clayton, fervently.

“For the good Lord’s sake, ain’t I dead?”

The two turned to see Esmeralda sitting upright upon the floor, her

great eyes rolling from side to side as though she could not believe

their testimony as to her whereabouts.

And now, for Jane Porter, the reaction came, and she threw herself upon

the bench, sobbing with hysterical laughter.

CHAPTER XVI.

“Most Remarkable”

Several miles south of the cabin, upon a strip of sandy beach, stood

two old men, arguing.

Before them stretched the broad Atlantic. At their backs was the Dark

Continent. Close around them loomed the impenetrable blackness of the

jungle.

Savage beasts roared and growled; noises, hideous and weird, assailed

their ears. They had wandered for miles in search of their camp, but

always in the wrong direction. They were as hopelessly lost as though

they suddenly had been transported to another world.

At such a time, indeed, every fiber of their combined intellects must

have been concentrated upon the vital question of the minute—the

life-and-death question to them of retracing their steps to camp.

Samuel T. Philander was speaking.

“But, my dear professor,” he was saying, “I still maintain that but for

the victories of Ferdinand and Isabella over the fifteenth-century

Moors in Spain the world would be today a thousand years in advance of

where we now find ourselves. The Moors were essentially a tolerant,

broad-minded, liberal race of agriculturists, artisans and

merchants—the very type of people that has made possible such

civilization as we find today in America and Europe—while the

Spaniards—”

“Tut, tut, dear Mr. Philander,” interrupted Professor Porter; “their

religion positively precluded the possibilities you suggest. Moslemism

was, is, and always will be, a blight on that scientific progress which

has marked—”

“Bless me! Professor,” interjected Mr. Philander, who had turned his

gaze toward the jungle, “there seems to be someone approaching.”

Professor Archimedes Q. Porter turned in the direction indicated by the

nearsighted Mr. Philander.

“Tut, tut, Mr. Philander,” he chided. “How often must I urge you to

seek that absolute concentration of your mental faculties which alone

may permit you to bring to bear the highest powers of intellectuality

upon the momentous problems which naturally fall to the lot of great

minds? And now I find you guilty of a most flagrant breach of courtesy

in interrupting my learned discourse to call attention to a mere

quadruped of the genus \_Felis\_. As I was saying, Mr.—”

“Heavens, Professor, a lion?” cried Mr. Philander, straining his weak

eyes toward the dim figure outlined against the dark tropical

underbrush.

“Yes, yes, Mr. Philander, if you insist upon employing slang in your

discourse, a ‘lion.’ But as I was saying—”

“Bless me, Professor,” again interrupted Mr. Philander; “permit me to

suggest that doubtless the Moors who were conquered in the fifteenth

century will continue in that most regrettable condition for the time

being at least, even though we postpone discussion of that world

calamity until we may attain the enchanting view of yon \_Felis

carnivora\_ which distance proverbially is credited with lending.”

In the meantime the lion had approached with quiet dignity to within

ten paces of the two men, where he stood curiously watching them.

The moonlight flooded the beach, and the strange group stood out in

bold relief against the yellow sand.

“Most reprehensible, most reprehensible,” exclaimed Professor Porter,

with a faint trace of irritation in his voice. “Never, Mr. Philander,

never before in my life have I known one of these animals to be

permitted to roam at large from its cage. I shall most certainly report

this outrageous breach of ethics to the directors of the adjacent

zoological garden.”

“Quite right, Professor,” agreed Mr. Philander, “and the sooner it is

done the better. Let us start now.”

Seizing the professor by the arm, Mr. Philander set off in the

direction that would put the greatest distance between themselves and

the lion.

They had proceeded but a short distance when a backward glance revealed

to the horrified gaze of Mr. Philander that the lion was following

them. He tightened his grip upon the protesting professor and increased

his speed.

“As I was saying, Mr. Philander,” repeated Professor Porter.

Mr. Philander took another hasty glance rearward. The lion also had

quickened his gait, and was doggedly maintaining an unvarying distance

behind them.

“He is following us!” gasped Mr. Philander, breaking into a run.

“Tut, tut, Mr. Philander,” remonstrated the professor, “this unseemly

haste is most unbecoming to men of letters. What will our friends think

of us, who may chance to be upon the street and witness our frivolous

antics? Pray let us proceed with more decorum.”

Mr. Philander stole another observation astern.

The lion was bounding along in easy leaps scarce five paces behind.

Mr. Philander dropped the professor’s arm, and broke into a mad orgy of

speed that would have done credit to any varsity track team.

“As I was saying, Mr. Philander—” screamed Professor Porter, as,

metaphorically speaking, he himself “threw her into high.” He, too, had

caught a fleeting backward glimpse of cruel yellow eyes and half open

mouth within startling proximity of his person.

With streaming coat tails and shiny silk hat Professor Archimedes Q.

Porter fled through the moonlight close upon the heels of Mr. Samuel T.

Philander.

Before them a point of the jungle ran out toward a narrow promontory,

and it was for the haven of the trees he saw there that Mr. Samuel T.

Philander directed his prodigious leaps and bounds; while from the

shadows of this same spot peered two keen eyes in interested

appreciation of the race.

It was Tarzan of the Apes who watched, with face a-grin, this odd game

of follow-the-leader.

He knew the two men were safe enough from attack in so far as the lion

was concerned. The very fact that Numa had foregone such easy prey at

all convinced the wise forest craft of Tarzan that Numa’s belly already

was full.

The lion might stalk them until hungry again; but the chances were that

if not angered he would soon tire of the sport, and slink away to his

jungle lair.

Really, the one great danger was that one of the men might stumble and

fall, and then the yellow devil would be upon him in a moment and the

joy of the kill would be too great a temptation to withstand.

So Tarzan swung quickly to a lower limb in line with the approaching

fugitives; and as Mr. Samuel T. Philander came panting and blowing

beneath him, already too spent to struggle up to the safety of the

limb, Tarzan reached down and, grasping him by the collar of his coat,

yanked him to the limb by his side.

Another moment brought the professor within the sphere of the friendly

grip, and he, too, was drawn upward to safety just as the baffled Numa,

with a roar, leaped to recover his vanishing quarry.

For a moment the two men clung panting to the great branch, while

Tarzan squatted with his back to the stem of the tree, watching them

with mingled curiosity and amusement.

It was the professor who first broke the silence.

“I am deeply pained, Mr. Philander, that you should have evinced such a

paucity of manly courage in the presence of one of the lower orders,

and by your crass timidity have caused me to exert myself to such an

unaccustomed degree in order that I might resume my discourse. As I was

saying, Mr. Philander, when you interrupted me, the Moors—”

“Professor Archimedes Q. Porter,” broke in Mr. Philander, in icy tones,

“the time has arrived when patience becomes a crime and mayhem appears

garbed in the mantle of virtue. You have accused me of cowardice. You

have insinuated that you ran only to overtake me, not to escape the

clutches of the lion. Have a care, Professor Archimedes Q. Porter! I am

a desperate man. Goaded by long-suffering patience the worm will turn.”

“Tut, tut, Mr. Philander, tut, tut!” cautioned Professor Porter; “you

forget yourself.”

“I forget nothing as yet, Professor Archimedes Q. Porter; but, believe

me, sir, I am tottering on the verge of forgetfulness as to your

exalted position in the world of science, and your gray hairs.”

The professor sat in silence for a few minutes, and the darkness hid

the grim smile that wreathed his wrinkled countenance. Presently he

spoke.

“Look here, Skinny Philander,” he said, in belligerent tones, “if you

are lookin’ for a scrap, peel off your coat and come on down on the

ground, and I’ll punch your head just as I did sixty years ago in the

alley back of Porky Evans’ barn.”

“Ark!” gasped the astonished Mr. Philander. “Lordy, how good that

sounds! When you’re human, Ark, I love you; but somehow it seems as

though you had forgotten how to be human for the last twenty years.”

The professor reached out a thin, trembling old hand through the

darkness until it found his old friend’s shoulder.

“Forgive me, Skinny,” he said, softly. “It hasn’t been quite twenty

years, and God alone knows how hard I have tried to be ‘human’ for

Jane’s sake, and yours, too, since He took my other Jane away.”

Another old hand stole up from Mr. Philander’s side to clasp the one

that lay upon his shoulder, and no other message could better have

translated the one heart to the other.

They did not speak for some minutes. The lion below them paced

nervously back and forth. The third figure in the tree was hidden by

the dense shadows near the stem. He, too, was silent—motionless as a

graven image.

“You certainly pulled me up into this tree just in time,” said the

professor at last. “I want to thank you. You saved my life.”

“But I didn’t pull you up here, Professor,” said Mr. Philander. “Bless

me! The excitement of the moment quite caused me to forget that I

myself was drawn up here by some outside agency—there must be someone

or something in this tree with us.”

“Eh?” ejaculated Professor Porter. “Are you quite positive, Mr.

Philander?”

“Most positive, Professor,” replied Mr. Philander, “and,” he added, “I

think we should thank the party. He may be sitting right next to you

now, Professor.”

“Eh? What’s that? Tut, tut, Mr. Philander, tut, tut!” said Professor

Porter, edging cautiously nearer to Mr. Philander.

Just then it occurred to Tarzan of the Apes that Numa had loitered

beneath the tree for a sufficient length of time, so he raised his

young head toward the heavens, and there rang out upon the terrified

ears of the two old men the awful warning challenge of the anthropoid.

The two friends, huddled trembling in their precarious position on the

limb, saw the great lion halt in his restless pacing as the

blood-curdling cry smote his ears, and then slink quickly into the

jungle, to be instantly lost to view.

“Even the lion trembles in fear,” whispered Mr. Philander.

“Most remarkable, most remarkable,” murmured Professor Porter,

clutching frantically at Mr. Philander to regain the balance which the

sudden fright had so perilously endangered. Unfortunately for them

both, Mr. Philander’s center of equilibrium was at that very moment

hanging upon the ragged edge of nothing, so that it needed but the

gentle impetus supplied by the additional weight of Professor Porter’s

body to topple the devoted secretary from the limb.

For a moment they swayed uncertainly, and then, with mingled and most

unscholarly shrieks, they pitched headlong from the tree, locked in

frenzied embrace.

It was quite some moments ere either moved, for both were positive that

any such attempt would reveal so many breaks and fractures as to make

further progress impossible.

At length Professor Porter made an attempt to move one leg. To his

surprise, it responded to his will as in days gone by. He now drew up

its mate and stretched it forth again.

“Most remarkable, most remarkable,” he murmured.

“Thank God, Professor,” whispered Mr. Philander, fervently, “you are

not dead, then?”

“Tut, tut, Mr. Philander, tut, tut,” cautioned Professor Porter, “I do

not know with accuracy as yet.”

With infinite solicitude Professor Porter wiggled his right arm—joy! It

was intact. Breathlessly he waved his left arm above his prostrate

body—it waved!

“Most remarkable, most remarkable,” he said.

“To whom are you signaling, Professor?” asked Mr. Philander, in an

excited tone.

Professor Porter deigned to make no response to this puerile inquiry.

Instead he raised his head gently from the ground, nodding it back and

forth a half dozen times.

“Most remarkable,” he breathed. “It remains intact.”

Mr. Philander had not moved from where he had fallen; he had not dared

the attempt. How indeed could one move when one’s arms and legs and

back were broken?

One eye was buried in the soft loam; the other, rolling sidewise, was

fixed in awe upon the strange gyrations of Professor Porter.

“How sad!” exclaimed Mr. Philander, half aloud. “Concussion of the

brain, superinducing total mental aberration. How very sad indeed! and

for one still so young!”

Professor Porter rolled over upon his stomach; gingerly he bowed his

back until he resembled a huge tom cat in proximity to a yelping dog.

Then he sat up and felt of various portions of his anatomy.

“They are all here,” he exclaimed. “Most remarkable!”

Whereupon he arose, and, bending a scathing glance upon the still

prostrate form of Mr. Samuel T. Philander, he said:

“Tut, tut, Mr. Philander; this is no time to indulge in slothful ease.

We must be up and doing.”

Mr. Philander lifted his other eye out of the mud and gazed in

speechless rage at Professor Porter. Then he attempted to rise; nor

could there have been any more surprised than he when his efforts were

immediately crowned with marked success.

He was still bursting with rage, however, at the cruel injustice of

Professor Porter’s insinuation, and was on the point of rendering a

tart rejoinder when his eyes fell upon a strange figure standing a few

paces away, scrutinizing them intently.

Professor Porter had recovered his shiny silk hat, which he had brushed

carefully upon the sleeve of his coat and replaced upon his head. When

he saw Mr. Philander pointing to something behind him he turned to

behold a giant, naked but for a loin cloth and a few metal ornaments,

standing motionless before him.

“Good evening, sir!” said the professor, lifting his hat.

For reply the giant motioned them to follow him, and set off up the

beach in the direction from which they had recently come.

“I think it the better part of discretion to follow him,” said Mr.

Philander.

“Tut, tut, Mr. Philander,” returned the professor. “A short time since

you were advancing a most logical argument in substantiation of your

theory that camp lay directly south of us. I was skeptical, but you

finally convinced me; so now I am positive that toward the south we

must travel to reach our friends. Therefore I shall continue south.”

“But, Professor Porter, this man may know better than either of us. He

seems to be indigenous to this part of the world. Let us at least

follow him for a short distance.”

“Tut, tut, Mr. Philander,” repeated the professor. “I am a difficult

man to convince, but when once convinced my decision is unalterable. I

shall continue in the proper direction, if I have to circumambulate the

continent of Africa to reach my destination.”

Further argument was interrupted by Tarzan, who, seeing that these

strange men were not following him, had returned to their side.

Again he beckoned to them; but still they stood in argument.

Presently the ape-man lost patience with their stupid ignorance. He

grasped the frightened Mr. Philander by the shoulder, and before that

worthy gentleman knew whether he was being killed or merely maimed for

life, Tarzan had tied one end of his rope securely about Mr.

Philander’s neck.

“Tut, tut, Mr. Philander,” remonstrated Professor Porter; “it is most

unbeseeming in you to submit to such indignities.”

But scarcely were the words out of his mouth ere he, too, had been

seized and securely bound by the neck with the same rope. Then Tarzan

set off toward the north, leading the now thoroughly frightened

professor and his secretary.

In deathly silence they proceeded for what seemed hours to the two

tired and hopeless old men; but presently as they topped a little rise

of ground they were overjoyed to see the cabin lying before them, not a

hundred yards distant.

Here Tarzan released them, and, pointing toward the little building,

vanished into the jungle beside them.

“Most remarkable, most remarkable!” gasped the professor. “But you see,

Mr. Philander, that I was quite right, as usual; and but for your

stubborn willfulness we should have escaped a series of most

humiliating, not to say dangerous accidents. Pray allow yourself to be

guided by a more mature and practical mind hereafter when in need of

wise counsel.”

Mr. Samuel T. Philander was too much relieved at the happy outcome to

their adventure to take umbrage at the professor’s cruel fling. Instead

he grasped his friend’s arm and hastened him forward in the direction

of the cabin.

It was a much-relieved party of castaways that found itself once more

united. Dawn discovered them still recounting their various adventures

and speculating upon the identity of the strange guardian and protector

they had found on this savage shore.

Esmeralda was positive that it was none other than an angel of the

Lord, sent down especially to watch over them.

“Had you seen him devour the raw meat of the lion, Esmeralda,” laughed

Clayton, “you would have thought him a very material angel.”

“There was nothing heavenly about his voice,” said Jane Porter, with a

little shudder at recollection of the awful roar which had followed the

killing of the lioness.

“Nor did it precisely comport with my preconceived ideas of the dignity

of divine messengers,” remarked Professor Porter, “when

the—ah—gentleman tied two highly respectable and erudite scholars neck

to neck and dragged them through the jungle as though they had been

cows.”

CHAPTER XVII.

Burials

As it was now quite light, the party, none of whom had eaten or slept

since the previous morning, began to bestir themselves to prepare food.

The mutineers of the \_Arrow\_ had landed a small supply of dried meats,

canned soups and vegetables, crackers, flour, tea, and coffee for the

five they had marooned, and these were hurriedly drawn upon to satisfy

the craving of long-famished appetites.

The next task was to make the cabin habitable, and to this end it was

decided to at once remove the gruesome relics of the tragedy which had

taken place there on some bygone day.

Professor Porter and Mr. Philander were deeply interested in examining

the skeletons. The two larger, they stated, had belonged to a male and

female of one of the higher white races.

The smallest skeleton was given but passing attention, as its location,

in the crib, left no doubt as to its having been the infant offspring

of this unhappy couple.

As they were preparing the skeleton of the man for burial, Clayton

discovered a massive ring which had evidently encircled the man’s

finger at the time of his death, for one of the slender bones of the

hand still lay within the golden bauble.

Picking it up to examine it, Clayton gave a cry of astonishment, for

the ring bore the crest of the house of Greystoke.

At the same time, Jane discovered the books in the cupboard, and on

opening the fly-leaf of one of them saw the name, \_John Clayton,

London\_. In a second book which she hurriedly examined was the single

name, \_Greystoke\_.

“Why, Mr. Clayton,” she cried, “what does this mean? Here are the names

of some of your own people in these books.”

“And here,” he replied gravely, “is the great ring of the house of

Greystoke which has been lost since my uncle, John Clayton, the former

Lord Greystoke, disappeared, presumably lost at sea.”

“But how do you account for these things being here, in this savage

African jungle?” exclaimed the girl.

“There is but one way to account for it, Miss Porter,” said Clayton.

“The late Lord Greystoke was not drowned. He died here in this cabin

and this poor thing upon the floor is all that is mortal of him.”

“Then this must have been Lady Greystoke,” said Jane reverently,

indicating the poor mass of bones upon the bed.

“The beautiful Lady Alice,” replied Clayton, “of whose many virtues and

remarkable personal charms I often have heard my mother and father

speak. Poor woman,” he murmured sadly.

With deep reverence and solemnity the bodies of the late Lord and Lady

Greystoke were buried beside their little African cabin, and between

them was placed the tiny skeleton of the baby of Kala, the ape.

As Mr. Philander was placing the frail bones of the infant in a bit of

sail cloth, he examined the skull minutely. Then he called Professor

Porter to his side, and the two argued in low tones for several

minutes.

“Most remarkable, most remarkable,” said Professor Porter.

“Bless me,” said Mr. Philander, “we must acquaint Mr. Clayton with our

discovery at once.”

“Tut, tut, Mr. Philander, tut, tut!” remonstrated Professor Archimedes

Q. Porter. “‘Let the dead past bury its dead.’”

And so the white-haired old man repeated the burial service over this

strange grave, while his four companions stood with bowed and uncovered

heads about him.

From the trees Tarzan of the Apes watched the solemn ceremony; but most

of all he watched the sweet face and graceful figure of Jane Porter.

In his savage, untutored breast new emotions were stirring. He could

not fathom them. He wondered why he felt so great an interest in these

people—why he had gone to such pains to save the three men. But he did

not wonder why he had torn Sabor from the tender flesh of the strange

girl.

Surely the men were stupid and ridiculous and cowardly. Even Manu, the

monkey, was more intelligent than they. If these were creatures of his

own kind he was doubtful if his past pride in blood was warranted.

But the girl, ah—that was a different matter. He did not reason here.

He knew that she was created to be protected, and that he was created

to protect her.

He wondered why they had dug a great hole in the ground merely to bury

dry bones. Surely there was no sense in that; no one wanted to steal

dry bones.

Had there been meat upon them he could have understood, for thus alone

might one keep his meat from Dango, the hyena, and the other robbers of

the jungle.

When the grave had been filled with earth the little party turned back

toward the cabin, and Esmeralda, still weeping copiously for the two

she had never heard of before today, and who had been dead twenty

years, chanced to glance toward the harbor. Instantly her tears ceased.

“Look at them low down white trash out there!” she shrilled, pointing

toward the \_Arrow\_. “They-all’s a desecrating us, right here on this

here perverted island.”

And, sure enough, the \_Arrow\_ was being worked toward the open sea,

slowly, through the harbor’s entrance.

“They promised to leave us firearms and ammunition,” said Clayton. “The

merciless beasts!”

“It is the work of that fellow they call Snipes, I am sure,” said Jane.

“King was a scoundrel, but he had a little sense of humanity. If they

had not killed him I know that he would have seen that we were properly

provided for before they left us to our fate.”

“I regret that they did not visit us before sailing,” said Professor

Porter. “I had proposed requesting them to leave the treasure with us,

as I shall be a ruined man if that is lost.”

Jane looked at her father sadly.

“Never mind, dear,” she said. “It wouldn’t have done any good, because

it is solely for the treasure that they killed their officers and

landed us upon this awful shore.”

“Tut, tut, child, tut, tut!” replied Professor Porter. “You are a good

child, but inexperienced in practical matters,” and Professor Porter

turned and walked slowly away toward the jungle, his hands clasped

beneath his long coat tails and his eyes bent upon the ground.

His daughter watched him with a pathetic smile upon her lips, and then

turning to Mr. Philander, she whispered:

“Please don’t let him wander off again as he did yesterday. We depend

upon you, you know, to keep a close watch upon him.”

“He becomes more difficult to handle each day,” replied Mr. Philander,

with a sigh and a shake of his head. “I presume he is now off to report

to the directors of the Zoo that one of their lions was at large last

night. Oh, Miss Jane, you don’t know what I have to contend with.”

“Yes, I do, Mr. Philander; but while we all love him, you alone are

best fitted to manage him; for, regardless of what he may say to you,

he respects your great learning, and, therefore, has immense confidence

in your judgment. The poor dear cannot differentiate between erudition

and wisdom.”

Mr. Philander, with a mildly puzzled expression on his face, turned to

pursue Professor Porter, and in his mind he was revolving the question

of whether he should feel complimented or aggrieved at Miss Porter’s

rather backhanded compliment.

Tarzan had seen the consternation depicted upon the faces of the little

group as they witnessed the departure of the \_Arrow;\_ so, as the ship

was a wonderful novelty to him in addition, he determined to hasten out

to the point of land at the north of the harbor’s mouth and obtain a

nearer view of the boat, as well as to learn, if possible, the

direction of its flight.

Swinging through the trees with great speed, he reached the point only

a moment after the ship had passed out of the harbor, so that he

obtained an excellent view of the wonders of this strange, floating

house.

There were some twenty men running hither and thither about the deck,

pulling and hauling on ropes.

A light land breeze was blowing, and the ship had been worked through

the harbor’s mouth under scant sail, but now that they had cleared the

point every available shred of canvas was being spread that she might

stand out to sea as handily as possible.

Tarzan watched the graceful movements of the ship in rapt admiration,

and longed to be aboard her. Presently his keen eyes caught the

faintest suspicion of smoke on the far northern horizon, and he

wondered over the cause of such a thing out on the great water.

About the same time the look-out on the \_Arrow\_ must have discerned it,

for in a few minutes Tarzan saw the sails being shifted and shortened.

The ship came about, and presently he knew that she was beating back

toward land.

A man at the bows was constantly heaving into the sea a rope to the end

of which a small object was fastened. Tarzan wondered what the purpose

of this action might be.

At last the ship came up directly into the wind; the anchor was

lowered; down came the sails. There was great scurrying about on deck.

A boat was lowered, and in it a great chest was placed. Then a dozen

sailors bent to the oars and pulled rapidly toward the point where

Tarzan crouched in the branches of a tree.

In the stern of the boat, as it drew nearer, Tarzan saw the rat-faced

man.

It was but a few minutes later that the boat touched the beach. The men

jumped out and lifted the great chest to the sand. They were on the

north side of the point so that their presence was concealed from those

at the cabin.

The men argued angrily for a moment. Then the rat-faced one, with

several companions, ascended the low bluff on which stood the tree that

concealed Tarzan. They looked about for several minutes.

“Here is a good place,” said the rat-faced sailor, indicating a spot

beneath Tarzan’s tree.

“It is as good as any,” replied one of his companions. “If they catch

us with the treasure aboard it will all be confiscated anyway. We might

as well bury it here on the chance that some of us will escape the

gallows to come back and enjoy it later.”

The rat-faced one now called to the men who had remained at the boat,

and they came slowly up the bank carrying picks and shovels.

“Hurry, you!” cried Snipes.

“Stow it!” retorted one of the men, in a surly tone. “You’re no

admiral, you damned shrimp.”

“I’m Cap’n here, though, I’ll have you to understand, you swab,”

shrieked Snipes, with a volley of frightful oaths.

“Steady, boys,” cautioned one of the men who had not spoken before. “It

ain’t goin’ to get us nothing by fightin’ amongst ourselves.”

“Right enough,” replied the sailor who had resented Snipes’ autocratic

tones; “but it ain’t a-goin’ to get nobody nothin’ to put on airs in

this bloomin’ company neither.”

“You fellows dig here,” said Snipes, indicating a spot beneath the

tree. “And while you’re diggin’, Peter kin be a-makin’ of a map of the

location so’s we kin find it again. You, Tom, and Bill, take a couple

more down and fetch up the chest.”

“Wot are you a-goin’ to do?” asked he of the previous altercation.

“Just boss?”

“Git busy there,” growled Snipes. “You didn’t think your Cap’n was

a-goin’ to dig with a shovel, did you?”

The men all looked up angrily. None of them liked Snipes, and this

disagreeable show of authority since he had murdered King, the real

head and ringleader of the mutineers, had only added fuel to the flames

of their hatred.

“Do you mean to say that you don’t intend to take a shovel, and lend a

hand with this work? Your shoulder’s not hurt so all-fired bad as

that,” said Tarrant, the sailor who had before spoken.

“Not by a damned sight,” replied Snipes, fingering the butt of his

revolver nervously.

“Then, by God,” replied Tarrant, “if you won’t take a shovel you’ll

take a pickax.”

With the words he raised his pick above his head, and, with a mighty

blow, he buried the point in Snipes’ brain.

For a moment the men stood silently looking at the result of their

fellow’s grim humor. Then one of them spoke.

“Served the skunk jolly well right,” he said.

One of the others commenced to ply his pick to the ground. The soil was

soft and he threw aside the pick and grasped a shovel; then the others

joined him. There was no further comment on the killing, but the men

worked in a better frame of mind than they had since Snipes had assumed

command.

When they had a trench of ample size to bury the chest, Tarrant

suggested that they enlarge it and inter Snipes’ body on top of the

chest.

“It might ’elp fool any as ’appened to be diggin’ ’ereabouts,” he

explained.

The others saw the cunning of the suggestion, and so the trench was

lengthened to accommodate the corpse, and in the center a deeper hole

was excavated for the box, which was first wrapped in sailcloth and

then lowered to its place, which brought its top about a foot below the

bottom of the grave. Earth was shovelled in and tramped down about the

chest until the bottom of the grave showed level and uniform.

Two of the men rolled the rat-faced corpse unceremoniously into the

grave, after first stripping it of its weapons and various other

articles which the several members of the party coveted for their own.

They then filled the grave with earth and tramped upon it until it

would hold no more.

The balance of the loose earth was thrown far and wide, and a mass of

dead undergrowth spread in as natural a manner as possible over the

new-made grave to obliterate all signs of the ground having been

disturbed.

Their work done the sailors returned to the small boat, and pulled off

rapidly toward the \_Arrow\_.

The breeze had increased considerably, and as the smoke upon the

horizon was now plainly discernible in considerable volume, the

mutineers lost no time in getting under full sail and bearing away

toward the southwest.

Tarzan, an interested spectator of all that had taken place, sat

speculating on the strange actions of these peculiar creatures.

Men were indeed more foolish and more cruel than the beasts of the

jungle! How fortunate was he who lived in the peace and security of the

great forest!

Tarzan wondered what the chest they had buried contained. If they did

not want it why did they not merely throw it into the water? That would

have been much easier.

Ah, he thought, but they do want it. They have hidden it here because

they intend returning for it later.

Tarzan dropped to the ground and commenced to examine the earth about

the excavation. He was looking to see if these creatures had dropped

anything which he might like to own. Soon he discovered a spade hidden

by the underbrush which they had laid upon the grave.

He seized it and attempted to use it as he had seen the sailors do. It

was awkward work and hurt his bare feet, but he persevered until he had

partially uncovered the body. This he dragged from the grave and laid

to one side.

Then he continued digging until he had unearthed the chest. This also

he dragged to the side of the corpse. Then he filled in the smaller

hole below the grave, replaced the body and the earth around and above

it, covered it over with underbrush, and returned to the chest.

Four sailors had sweated beneath the burden of its weight—Tarzan of the

Apes picked it up as though it had been an empty packing case, and with

the spade slung to his back by a piece of rope, carried it off into the

densest part of the jungle.

He could not well negotiate the trees with his awkward burden, but he

kept to the trails, and so made fairly good time.

For several hours he traveled a little north of east until he came to

an impenetrable wall of matted and tangled vegetation. Then he took to

the lower branches, and in another fifteen minutes he emerged into the

amphitheater of the apes, where they met in council, or to celebrate

the rites of the Dum-Dum.

Near the center of the clearing, and not far from the drum, or altar,

he commenced to dig. This was harder work than turning up the freshly

excavated earth at the grave, but Tarzan of the Apes was persevering

and so he kept at his labor until he was rewarded by seeing a hole

sufficiently deep to receive the chest and effectually hide it from

view.

Why had he gone to all this labor without knowing the value of the

contents of the chest?

Tarzan of the Apes had a man’s figure and a man’s brain, but he was an

ape by training and environment. His brain told him that the chest

contained something valuable, or the men would not have hidden it. His

training had taught him to imitate whatever was new and unusual, and

now the natural curiosity, which is as common to men as to apes,

prompted him to open the chest and examine its contents.

But the heavy lock and massive iron bands baffled both his cunning and

his immense strength, so that he was compelled to bury the chest

without having his curiosity satisfied.

By the time Tarzan had hunted his way back to the vicinity of the

cabin, feeding as he went, it was quite dark.

Within the little building a light was burning, for Clayton had found

an unopened tin of oil which had stood intact for twenty years, a part

of the supplies left with the Claytons by Black Michael. The lamps also

were still useable, and thus the interior of the cabin appeared as

bright as day to the astonished Tarzan.

He had often wondered at the exact purpose of the lamps. His reading

and the pictures had told him what they were, but he had no idea of how

they could be made to produce the wondrous sunlight that some of his

pictures had portrayed them as diffusing upon all surrounding objects.

As he approached the window nearest the door he saw that the cabin had

been divided into two rooms by a rough partition of boughs and

sailcloth.

In the front room were the three men; the two older deep in argument,

while the younger, tilted back against the wall on an improvised stool,

was deeply engrossed in reading one of Tarzan’s books.

Tarzan was not particularly interested in the men, however, so he

sought the other window. There was the girl. How beautiful her

features! How delicate her snowy skin!

She was writing at Tarzan’s own table beneath the window. Upon a pile

of grasses at the far side of the room lay the Negress asleep.

For an hour Tarzan feasted his eyes upon her while she wrote. How he

longed to speak to her, but he dared not attempt it, for he was

convinced that, like the young man, she would not understand him, and

he feared, too, that he might frighten her away.

At length she arose, leaving her manuscript upon the table. She went to

the bed upon which had been spread several layers of soft grasses.

These she rearranged.

Then she loosened the soft mass of golden hair which crowned her head.

Like a shimmering waterfall turned to burnished metal by a dying sun it

fell about her oval face; in waving lines, below her waist it tumbled.

Tarzan was spellbound. Then she extinguished the lamp and all within

the cabin was wrapped in Cimmerian darkness.

Still Tarzan watched. Creeping close beneath the window he waited,

listening, for half an hour. At last he was rewarded by the sounds of

the regular breathing within which denotes sleep.

Cautiously he intruded his hand between the meshes of the lattice until

his whole arm was within the cabin. Carefully he felt upon the desk. At

last he grasped the manuscript upon which Jane Porter had been writing,

and as cautiously withdrew his arm and hand, holding the precious

treasure.

Tarzan folded the sheets into a small parcel which he tucked into the

quiver with his arrows. Then he melted away into the jungle as softly

and as noiselessly as a shadow.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Jungle Toll

Early the following morning Tarzan awoke, and his first thought of the

new day, as the last of yesterday, was of the wonderful writing which

lay hidden in his quiver.

Hurriedly he brought it forth, hoping against hope that he could read

what the beautiful white girl had written there the preceding evening.

At the first glance he suffered a bitter disappointment; never before

had he so yearned for anything as now he did for the ability to

interpret a message from that golden-haired divinity who had come so

suddenly and so unexpectedly into his life.

What did it matter if the message were not intended for him? It was an

expression of her thoughts, and that was sufficient for Tarzan of the

Apes.

And now to be baffled by strange, uncouth characters the like of which

he had never seen before! Why, they even tipped in the opposite

direction from all that he had ever examined either in printed books or

the difficult script of the few letters he had found.

Even the little bugs of the black book were familiar friends, though

their arrangement meant nothing to him; but these bugs were new and

unheard of.

For twenty minutes he pored over them, when suddenly they commenced to

take familiar though distorted shapes. Ah, they were his old friends,

but badly crippled.

Then he began to make out a word here and a word there. His heart

leaped for joy. He could read it, and he would.

In another half hour he was progressing rapidly, and, but for an

exceptional word now and again, he found it very plain sailing.

Here is what he read:

WEST COAST OF AFRICA, ABOUT 10° SOUTH

LATITUDE. (So Mr. Clayton says.)

\_February 3 (?), 1909.\_

DEAREST HAZEL:

It seems foolish to write you a letter that you may never see, but I

simply must tell somebody of our awful experiences since we sailed from

Europe on the ill-fated \_Arrow\_.

If we never return to civilization, as now seems only too likely, this

will at least prove a brief record of the events which led up to our

final fate, whatever it may be.

As you know, we were supposed to have set out upon a scientific

expedition to the Congo. Papa was presumed to entertain some wondrous

theory of an unthinkably ancient civilization, the remains of which lay

buried somewhere in the Congo valley. But after we were well under sail

the truth came out.

It seems that an old bookworm who has a book and curio shop in

Baltimore discovered between the leaves of a very old Spanish

manuscript a letter written in 1550 detailing the adventures of a crew

of mutineers of a Spanish galleon bound from Spain to South America

with a vast treasure of “doubloons” and “pieces of eight,” I suppose,

for they certainly sound weird and piraty.

The writer had been one of the crew, and the letter was to his son, who

was, at the very time the letter was written, master of a Spanish

merchantman.

Many years had elapsed since the events the letter narrated had

transpired, and the old man had become a respected citizen of an

obscure Spanish town, but the love of gold was still so strong upon him

that he risked all to acquaint his son with the means of attaining

fabulous wealth for them both.

The writer told how when but a week out from Spain the crew had

mutinied and murdered every officer and man who opposed them; but they

defeated their own ends by this very act, for there was none left

competent to navigate a ship at sea.

They were blown hither and thither for two months, until sick and dying

of scurvy, starvation, and thirst, they had been wrecked on a small

islet.

The galleon was washed high upon the beach where she went to pieces;

but not before the survivors, who numbered but ten souls, had rescued

one of the great chests of treasure.

This they buried well up on the island, and for three years they lived

there in constant hope of being rescued.

One by one they sickened and died, until only one man was left, the

writer of the letter.

The men had built a boat from the wreckage of the galleon, but having

no idea where the island was located they had not dared to put to sea.

When all were dead except himself, however, the awful loneliness so

weighed upon the mind of the sole survivor that he could endure it no

longer, and choosing to risk death upon the open sea rather than

madness on the lonely isle, he set sail in his little boat after nearly

a year of solitude.

Fortunately he sailed due north, and within a week was in the track of

the Spanish merchantmen plying between the West Indies and Spain, and

was picked up by one of these vessels homeward bound.

The story he told was merely one of shipwreck in which all but a few

had perished, the balance, except himself, dying after they reached the

island. He did not mention the mutiny or the chest of buried treasure.

The master of the merchantman assured him that from the position at

which they had picked him up, and the prevailing winds for the past

week he could have been on no other island than one of the Cape Verde

group, which lie off the West Coast of Africa in about 16° or 17° north

latitude.

His letter described the island minutely, as well as the location of

the treasure, and was accompanied by the crudest, funniest little old

map you ever saw; with trees and rocks all marked by scrawly X’s to

show the exact spot where the treasure had been buried.

When papa explained the real nature of the expedition, my heart sank,

for I know so well how visionary and impractical the poor dear has

always been that I feared that he had again been duped; especially when

he told me he had paid a thousand dollars for the letter and map.

To add to my distress, I learned that he had borrowed ten thousand

dollars more from Robert Canler, and had given his notes for the

amount.

Mr. Canler had asked for no security, and you know, dearie, what that

will mean for me if papa cannot meet them. Oh, how I detest that man!

We all tried to look on the bright side of things, but Mr. Philander,

and Mr. Clayton—he joined us in London just for the adventure—both felt

as skeptical as I.

Well, to make a long story short, we found the island and the

treasure—a great iron-bound oak chest, wrapped in many layers of oiled

sailcloth, and as strong and firm as when it had been buried nearly two

hundred years ago.

It was \_simply filled\_ with gold coin, and was so heavy that four men

bent underneath its weight.

The horrid thing seems to bring nothing but murder and misfortune to

those who have anything to do with it, for three days after we sailed

from the Cape Verde Islands our own crew mutinied and killed every one

of their officers.

Oh, it was the most terrifying experience one could imagine—I cannot

even write of it.

They were going to kill us too, but one of them, the leader, named

King, would not let them, and so they sailed south along the coast to a

lonely spot where they found a good harbor, and here they landed and

have left us.

They sailed away with the treasure to-day, but Mr. Clayton says they

will meet with a fate similar to the mutineers of the ancient galleon,

because King, the only man aboard who knew aught of navigation, was

murdered on the beach by one of the men the day we landed.

I wish you could know Mr. Clayton; he is the dearest fellow imaginable,

and unless I am mistaken he has fallen very much in love with me.

He is the only son of Lord Greystoke, and some day will inherit the

title and estates. In addition, he is wealthy in his own right, but the

fact that he is going to be an English Lord makes me very sad—you know

what my sentiments have always been relative to American girls who

married titled foreigners. Oh, if he were only a plain American

gentleman!

But it isn’t his fault, poor fellow, and in everything except birth he

would do credit to my country, and that is the greatest compliment I

know how to pay any man.

We have had the most weird experiences since we were landed here. Papa

and Mr. Philander lost in the jungle, and chased by a real lion.

Mr. Clayton lost, and attacked twice by wild beasts. Esmeralda and I

cornered in an old cabin by a perfectly awful man-eating lioness. Oh,

it was simply “terrifical,” as Esmeralda would say.

But the strangest part of it all is the wonderful creature who rescued

us. I have not seen him, but Mr. Clayton and papa and Mr. Philander

have, and they say that he is a perfectly god-like white man tanned to

a dusky brown, with the strength of a wild elephant, the agility of a

monkey, and the bravery of a lion.

He speaks no English and vanishes as quickly and as mysteriously after

he has performed some valorous deed, as though he were a disembodied

spirit.

Then we have another weird neighbor, who printed a beautiful sign in

English and tacked it on the door of his cabin, which we have

preempted, warning us to destroy none of his belongings, and signing

himself “Tarzan of the Apes.”

We have never seen him, though we think he is about, for one of the

sailors, who was going to shoot Mr. Clayton in the back, received a

spear in his shoulder from some unseen hand in the jungle.

The sailors left us but a meager supply of food, so, as we have only a

single revolver with but three cartridges left in it, we do not know

how we can procure meat, though Mr. Philander says that we can exist

indefinitely on the wild fruit and nuts which abound in the jungle.

I am very tired now, so I shall go to my funny bed of grasses which Mr.

Clayton gathered for me, but will add to this from day to day as things

happen.

Lovingly,

JANE PORTER.

TO HAZEL STRONG, BALTIMORE, MD.

Tarzan sat in a brown study for a long time after he finished reading

the letter. It was filled with so many new and wonderful things that

his brain was in a whirl as he attempted to digest them all.

So they did not know that he was Tarzan of the Apes. He would tell

them.

In his tree he had constructed a rude shelter of leaves and boughs,

beneath which, protected from the rain, he had placed the few treasures

brought from the cabin. Among these were some pencils.

He took one, and beneath Jane Porter’s signature he wrote:

I am Tarzan of the Apes

He thought that would be sufficient. Later he would return the letter

to the cabin.

In the matter of food, thought Tarzan, they had no need to worry—he

would provide, and he did.

The next morning Jane found her missing letter in the exact spot from

which it had disappeared two nights before. She was mystified; but when

she saw the printed words beneath her signature, she felt a cold,

clammy chill run up her spine. She showed the letter, or rather the

last sheet with the signature, to Clayton.

“And to think,” she said, “that uncanny thing was probably watching me

all the time that I was writing—oo! It makes me shudder just to think

of it.”

“But he must be friendly,” reassured Clayton, “for he has returned your

letter, nor did he offer to harm you, and unless I am mistaken he left

a very substantial memento of his friendship outside the cabin door

last night, for I just found the carcass of a wild boar there as I came

out.”

From then on scarcely a day passed that did not bring its offering of

game or other food. Sometimes it was a young deer, again a quantity of

strange, cooked food—cassava cakes pilfered from the village of

Mbonga—or a boar, or leopard, and once a lion.

Tarzan derived the greatest pleasure of his life in hunting meat for

these strangers. It seemed to him that no pleasure on earth could

compare with laboring for the welfare and protection of the beautiful

white girl.

Some day he would venture into the camp in daylight and talk with these

people through the medium of the little bugs which were familiar to

them and to Tarzan.

But he found it difficult to overcome the timidity of the wild thing of

the forest, and so day followed day without seeing a fulfillment of his

good intentions.

The party in the camp, emboldened by familiarity, wandered farther and

yet farther into the jungle in search of nuts and fruit.

Scarcely a day passed that did not find Professor Porter straying in

his preoccupied indifference toward the jaws of death. Mr. Samuel T.

Philander, never what one might call robust, was worn to the shadow of

a shadow through the ceaseless worry and mental distraction resultant

from his Herculean efforts to safeguard the professor.

A month passed. Tarzan had finally determined to visit the camp by

daylight.

It was early afternoon. Clayton had wandered to the point at the

harbor’s mouth to look for passing vessels. Here he kept a great mass

of wood, high piled, ready to be ignited as a signal should a steamer

or a sail top the far horizon.

Professor Porter was wandering along the beach south of the camp with

Mr. Philander at his elbow, urging him to turn his steps back before

the two became again the sport of some savage beast.

The others gone, Jane and Esmeralda had wandered into the jungle to

gather fruit, and in their search were led farther and farther from the

cabin.

Tarzan waited in silence before the door of the little house until they

should return. His thoughts were of the beautiful white girl. They were

always of her now. He wondered if she would fear him, and the thought

all but caused him to relinquish his plan.

He was rapidly becoming impatient for her return, that he might feast

his eyes upon her and be near her, perhaps touch her. The ape-man knew

no god, but he was as near to worshipping his divinity as mortal man

ever comes to worship. While he waited he passed the time printing a

message to her; whether he intended giving it to her he himself could

not have told, but he took infinite pleasure in seeing his thoughts

expressed in print—in which he was not so uncivilized after all. He

wrote:

I am Tarzan of the Apes. I want you. I am yours. You are mine. We live

here together always in my house. I will bring you the best of fruits,

the tenderest deer, the finest meats that roam the jungle. I will hunt

for you. I am the greatest of the jungle fighters. I will fight for

you. I am the mightiest of the jungle fighters. You are Jane Porter, I

saw it in your letter. When you see this you will know that it is for

you and that Tarzan of the Apes loves you.

As he stood, straight as a young Indian, by the door, waiting after he

had finished the message, there came to his keen ears a familiar sound.

It was the passing of a great ape through the lower branches of the

forest.

For an instant he listened intently, and then from the jungle came the

agonized scream of a woman, and Tarzan of the Apes, dropping his first

love letter upon the ground, shot like a panther into the forest.

Clayton, also, heard the scream, and Professor Porter and Mr.

Philander, and in a few minutes they came panting to the cabin, calling

out to each other a volley of excited questions as they approached. A

glance within confirmed their worst fears.

Jane and Esmeralda were not there.

Instantly, Clayton, followed by the two old men, plunged into the

jungle, calling the girl’s name aloud. For half an hour they stumbled

on, until Clayton, by merest chance, came upon the prostrate form of

Esmeralda.

He stopped beside her, feeling for her pulse and then listening for her

heartbeats. She lived. He shook her.

“Esmeralda!” he shrieked in her ear. “Esmeralda! For God’s sake, where

is Miss Porter? What has happened? Esmeralda!”

Slowly Esmeralda opened her eyes. She saw Clayton. She saw the jungle

about her.

“Oh, Gaberelle!” she screamed, and fainted again.

By this time Professor Porter and Mr. Philander had come up.

“What shall we do, Mr. Clayton?” asked the old professor. “Where shall

we look? God could not have been so cruel as to take my little girl

away from me now.”

“We must arouse Esmeralda first,” replied Clayton. “She can tell us

what has happened. Esmeralda!” he cried again, shaking the black woman

roughly by the shoulder.

“O Gaberelle, I want to die!” cried the poor woman, but with eyes fast

closed. “Let me die, dear Lord, don’t let me see that awful face

again.”

“Come, come, Esmeralda,” cried Clayton.

“The Lord isn’t here; it’s Mr. Clayton. Open your eyes.”

Esmeralda did as she was bade.

“O Gaberelle! Thank the Lord,” she said.

“Where’s Miss Porter? What happened?” questioned Clayton.

“Ain’t Miss Jane here?” cried Esmeralda, sitting up with wonderful

celerity for one of her bulk. “Oh, Lord, now I remember! It must have

took her away,” and the Negress commenced to sob, and wail her

lamentations.

“What took her away?” cried Professor Porter.

“A great big giant all covered with hair.”

“A gorilla, Esmeralda?” questioned Mr. Philander, and the three men

scarcely breathed as he voiced the horrible thought.

“I thought it was the devil; but I guess it must have been one of them

gorilephants. Oh, my poor baby, my poor little honey,” and again

Esmeralda broke into uncontrollable sobbing.

Clayton immediately began to look about for tracks, but he could find

nothing save a confusion of trampled grasses in the close vicinity, and

his woodcraft was too meager for the translation of what he did see.

All the balance of the day they sought through the jungle; but as night

drew on they were forced to give up in despair and hopelessness, for

they did not even know in what direction the thing had borne Jane.

It was long after dark ere they reached the cabin, and a sad and

grief-stricken party it was that sat silently within the little

structure.

Professor Porter finally broke the silence. His tones were no longer

those of the erudite pedant theorizing upon the abstract and the

unknowable; but those of the man of action—determined, but tinged also

by a note of indescribable hopelessness and grief which wrung an

answering pang from Clayton’s heart.

“I shall lie down now,” said the old man, “and try to sleep. Early

to-morrow, as soon as it is light, I shall take what food I can carry

and continue the search until I have found Jane. I will not return

without her.”

His companions did not reply at once. Each was immersed in his own

sorrowful thoughts, and each knew, as did the old professor, what the

last words meant—Professor Porter would never return from the jungle.

At length Clayton arose and laid his hand gently upon Professor

Porter’s bent old shoulder.

“I shall go with you, of course,” he said.

“I knew that you would offer—that you would wish to go, Mr. Clayton;

but you must not. Jane is beyond human assistance now. What was once my

dear little girl shall not lie alone and friendless in the awful

jungle.

“The same vines and leaves will cover us, the same rains beat upon us;

and when the spirit of her mother is abroad, it will find us together

in death, as it has always found us in life.

“No; it is I alone who may go, for she was my daughter—all that was

left on earth for me to love.”

“I shall go with you,” said Clayton simply.

The old man looked up, regarding the strong, handsome face of William

Cecil Clayton intently. Perhaps he read there the love that lay in the

heart beneath—the love for his daughter.

He had been too preoccupied with his own scholarly thoughts in the past

to consider the little occurrences, the chance words, which would have

indicated to a more practical man that these young people were being

drawn more and more closely to one another. Now they came back to him,

one by one.

“As you wish,” he said.

“You may count on me, also,” said Mr. Philander.

“No, my dear old friend,” said Professor Porter. “We may not all go. It

would be cruelly wicked to leave poor Esmeralda here alone, and three

of us would be no more successful than one.

“There be enough dead things in the cruel forest as it is. Come—let us

try to sleep a little.”

CHAPTER XIX.

The Call of the Primitive

From the time Tarzan left the tribe of great anthropoids in which he

had been raised, it was torn by continual strife and discord. Terkoz

proved a cruel and capricious king, so that, one by one, many of the

older and weaker apes, upon whom he was particularly prone to vent his

brutish nature, took their families and sought the quiet and safety of

the far interior.

But at last those who remained were driven to desperation by the

continued truculence of Terkoz, and it so happened that one of them

recalled the parting admonition of Tarzan:

“If you have a chief who is cruel, do not do as the other apes do, and

attempt, any one of you, to pit yourself against him alone. But,

instead, let two or three or four of you attack him together. Then, if

you will do this, no chief will dare to be other than he should be, for

four of you can kill any chief who may ever be over you.”

And the ape who recalled this wise counsel repeated it to several of

his fellows, so that when Terkoz returned to the tribe that day he

found a warm reception awaiting him.

There were no formalities. As Terkoz reached the group, five huge,

hairy beasts sprang upon him.

At heart he was an arrant coward, which is the way with bullies among

apes as well as among men; so he did not remain to fight and die, but

tore himself away from them as quickly as he could and fled into the

sheltering boughs of the forest.

Two more attempts he made to rejoin the tribe, but on each occasion he

was set upon and driven away. At last he gave it up, and turned,

foaming with rage and hatred, into the jungle.

For several days he wandered aimlessly, nursing his spite and looking

for some weak thing on which to vent his pent anger.

It was in this state of mind that the horrible, man-like beast,

swinging from tree to tree, came suddenly upon two women in the jungle.

He was right above them when he discovered them. The first intimation

Jane Porter had of his presence was when the great hairy body dropped

to the earth beside her, and she saw the awful face and the snarling,

hideous mouth thrust within a foot of her.

One piercing scream escaped her lips as the brute hand clutched her

arm. Then she was dragged toward those awful fangs which yawned at her

throat. But ere they touched that fair skin another mood claimed the

anthropoid.

The tribe had kept his women. He must find others to replace them. This

hairless white ape would be the first of his new household, and so he

threw her roughly across his broad, hairy shoulders and leaped back

into the trees, bearing Jane away.

Esmeralda’s scream of terror had mingled once with that of Jane, and

then, as was Esmeralda’s manner under stress of emergency which

required presence of mind, she swooned.

But Jane did not once lose consciousness. It is true that that awful

face, pressing close to hers, and the stench of the foul breath beating

upon her nostrils, paralyzed her with terror; but her brain was clear,

and she comprehended all that transpired.

With what seemed to her marvelous rapidity the brute bore her through

the forest, but still she did not cry out or struggle. The sudden

advent of the ape had confused her to such an extent that she thought

now that he was bearing her toward the beach.

For this reason she conserved her energies and her voice until she

could see that they had approached near enough to the camp to attract

the succor she craved.

She could not have known it, but she was being borne farther and

farther into the impenetrable jungle.

The scream that had brought Clayton and the two older men stumbling

through the undergrowth had led Tarzan of the Apes straight to where

Esmeralda lay, but it was not Esmeralda in whom his interest centered,

though pausing over her he saw that she was unhurt.

For a moment he scrutinized the ground below and the trees above, until

the ape that was in him by virtue of training and environment, combined

with the intelligence that was his by right of birth, told his wondrous

woodcraft the whole story as plainly as though he had seen the thing

happen with his own eyes.

And then he was gone again into the swaying trees, following the

high-flung spoor which no other human eye could have detected, much

less translated.

At boughs’ ends, where the anthropoid swings from one tree to another,

there is most to mark the trail, but least to point the direction of

the quarry; for there the pressure is downward always, toward the small

end of the branch, whether the ape be leaving or entering a tree.

Nearer the center of the tree, where the signs of passage are fainter,

the direction is plainly marked.

Here, on this branch, a caterpillar has been crushed by the fugitive’s

great foot, and Tarzan knows instinctively where that same foot would

touch in the next stride. Here he looks to find a tiny particle of the

demolished larva, ofttimes not more than a speck of moisture.

Again, a minute bit of bark has been upturned by the scraping hand, and

the direction of the break indicates the direction of the passage. Or

some great limb, or the stem of the tree itself has been brushed by the

hairy body, and a tiny shred of hair tells him by the direction from

which it is wedged beneath the bark that he is on the right trail.

Nor does he need to check his speed to catch these seemingly faint

records of the fleeing beast.

To Tarzan they stand out boldly against all the myriad other scars and

bruises and signs upon the leafy way. But strongest of all is the

scent, for Tarzan is pursuing up the wind, and his trained nostrils are

as sensitive as a hound’s.

There are those who believe that the lower orders are specially endowed

by nature with better olfactory nerves than man, but it is merely a

matter of development.

Man’s survival does not hinge so greatly upon the perfection of his

senses. His power to reason has relieved them of many of their duties,

and so they have, to some extent, atrophied, as have the muscles which

move the ears and scalp, merely from disuse.

The muscles are there, about the ears and beneath the scalp, and so are

the nerves which transmit sensations to the brain, but they are

under-developed because they are not needed.

Not so with Tarzan of the Apes. From early infancy his survival had

depended upon acuteness of eyesight, hearing, smell, touch, and taste

far more than upon the more slowly developed organ of reason.

The least developed of all in Tarzan was the sense of taste, for he

could eat luscious fruits, or raw flesh, long buried with almost equal

appreciation; but in that he differed but slightly from more civilized

epicures.

Almost silently the ape-man sped on in the track of Terkoz and his

prey, but the sound of his approach reached the ears of the fleeing

beast and spurred it on to greater speed.

Three miles were covered before Tarzan overtook them, and then Terkoz,

seeing that further flight was futile, dropped to the ground in a small

open glade, that he might turn and fight for his prize or be free to

escape unhampered if he saw that the pursuer was more than a match for

him.

He still grasped Jane in one great arm as Tarzan bounded like a leopard

into the arena which nature had provided for this primeval-like battle.

When Terkoz saw that it was Tarzan who pursued him, he jumped to the

conclusion that this was Tarzan’s woman, since they were of the same

kind—white and hairless—and so he rejoiced at this opportunity for

double revenge upon his hated enemy.

To Jane the strange apparition of this god-like man was as wine to sick

nerves.

From the description which Clayton and her father and Mr. Philander had

given her, she knew that it must be the same wonderful creature who had

saved them, and she saw in him only a protector and a friend.

But as Terkoz pushed her roughly aside to meet Tarzan’s charge, and she

saw the great proportions of the ape and the mighty muscles and the

fierce fangs, her heart quailed. How could any vanquish such a mighty

antagonist?

Like two charging bulls they came together, and like two wolves sought

each other’s throat. Against the long canines of the ape was pitted the

thin blade of the man’s knife.

Jane—her lithe, young form flattened against the trunk of a great tree,

her hands tight pressed against her rising and falling bosom, and her

eyes wide with mingled horror, fascination, fear, and

admiration—watched the primordial ape battle with the primeval man for

possession of a woman—for her.

As the great muscles of the man’s back and shoulders knotted beneath

the tension of his efforts, and the huge biceps and forearm held at bay

those mighty tusks, the veil of centuries of civilization and culture

was swept from the blurred vision of the Baltimore girl.

When the long knife drank deep a dozen times of Terkoz’ heart’s blood,

and the great carcass rolled lifeless upon the ground, it was a

primeval woman who sprang forward with outstretched arms toward the

primeval man who had fought for her and won her.

And Tarzan?

He did what no red-blooded man needs lessons in doing. He took his

woman in his arms and smothered her upturned, panting lips with kisses.

For a moment Jane lay there with half-closed eyes. For a moment—the

first in her young life—she knew the meaning of love.

But as suddenly as the veil had been withdrawn it dropped again, and an

outraged conscience suffused her face with its scarlet mantle, and a

mortified woman thrust Tarzan of the Apes from her and buried her face

in her hands.

Tarzan had been surprised when he had found the girl he had learned to

love after a vague and abstract manner a willing prisoner in his arms.

Now he was surprised that she repulsed him.

He came close to her once more and took hold of her arm. She turned

upon him like a tigress, striking his great breast with her tiny hands.

Tarzan could not understand it.

A moment ago and it had been his intention to hasten Jane back to her

people, but that little moment was lost now in the dim and distant past

of things which were but can never be again, and with it the good

intentions had gone to join the impossible.

Since then Tarzan of the Apes had felt a warm, lithe form close pressed

to his. Hot, sweet breath against his cheek and mouth had fanned a new

flame to life within his breast, and perfect lips had clung to his in

burning kisses that had seared a deep brand into his soul—a brand which

marked a new Tarzan.

Again he laid his hand upon her arm. Again she repulsed him. And then

Tarzan of the Apes did just what his first ancestor would have done.

He took his woman in his arms and carried her into the jungle.

Early the following morning the four within the little cabin by the

beach were awakened by the booming of a cannon. Clayton was the first

to rush out, and there, beyond the harbor’s mouth, he saw two vessels

lying at anchor.

One was the \_Arrow\_ and the other a small French cruiser. The sides of

the latter were crowded with men gazing shoreward, and it was evident

to Clayton, as to the others who had now joined him, that the gun which

they had heard had been fired to attract their attention if they still

remained at the cabin.

Both vessels lay at a considerable distance from shore, and it was

doubtful if their glasses would locate the waving hats of the little

party far in between the harbor’s points.

Esmeralda had removed her red apron and was waving it frantically above

her head; but Clayton, still fearing that even this might not be seen,

hurried off toward the northern point where lay his signal pyre ready

for the match.

It seemed an age to him, as to those who waited breathlessly behind,

ere he reached the great pile of dry branches and underbrush.

As he broke from the dense wood and came in sight of the vessels again,

he was filled with consternation to see that the \_Arrow\_ was making

sail and that the cruiser was already under way.

Quickly lighting the pyre in a dozen places, he hurried to the extreme

point of the promontory, where he stripped off his shirt, and, tying it

to a fallen branch, stood waving it back and forth above him.

But still the vessels continued to stand out; and he had given up all

hope, when the great column of smoke, rising above the forest in one

dense vertical shaft, attracted the attention of a lookout aboard the

cruiser, and instantly a dozen glasses were leveled on the beach.

Presently Clayton saw the two ships come about again; and while the

\_Arrow\_ lay drifting quietly on the ocean, the cruiser steamed slowly

back toward shore.

At some distance away she stopped, and a boat was lowered and

dispatched toward the beach.

As it was drawn up a young officer stepped out.

“Monsieur Clayton, I presume?” he asked.

“Thank God, you have come!” was Clayton’s reply. “And it may be that it

is not too late even now.”

“What do you mean, Monsieur?” asked the officer.

Clayton told of the abduction of Jane Porter and the need of armed men

to aid in the search for her.

“\_Mon Dieu!\_” exclaimed the officer, sadly. “Yesterday and it would not

have been too late. Today and it may be better that the poor lady were

never found. It is horrible, Monsieur. It is too horrible.”

Other boats had now put off from the cruiser, and Clayton, having

pointed out the harbor’s entrance to the officer, entered the boat with

him and its nose was turned toward the little landlocked bay, into

which the other craft followed.

Soon the entire party had landed where stood Professor Porter, Mr.

Philander and the weeping Esmeralda.

Among the officers in the last boats to put off from the cruiser was

the commander of the vessel; and when he had heard the story of Jane’s

abduction, he generously called for volunteers to accompany Professor

Porter and Clayton in their search.

Not an officer or a man was there of those brave and sympathetic

Frenchmen who did not quickly beg leave to be one of the expedition.

The commander selected twenty men and two officers, Lieutenant D’Arnot

and Lieutenant Charpentier. A boat was dispatched to the cruiser for

provisions, ammunition, and carbines; the men were already armed with

revolvers.

Then, to Clayton’s inquiries as to how they had happened to anchor off

shore and fire a signal gun, the commander, Captain Dufranne, explained

that a month before they had sighted the \_Arrow\_ bearing southwest

under considerable canvas, and that when they had signaled her to come

about she had but crowded on more sail.

They had kept her hull-up until sunset, firing several shots after her,

but the next morning she was nowhere to be seen. They had then

continued to cruise up and down the coast for several weeks, and had

about forgotten the incident of the recent chase, when, early one

morning a few days before the lookout had described a vessel laboring

in the trough of a heavy sea and evidently entirely out of control.

As they steamed nearer to the derelict they were surprised to note that

it was the same vessel that had run from them a few weeks earlier. Her

forestaysail and mizzen spanker were set as though an effort had been

made to hold her head up into the wind, but the sheets had parted, and

the sails were tearing to ribbons in the half gale of wind.

In the high sea that was running it was a difficult and dangerous task

to attempt to put a prize crew aboard her; and as no signs of life had

been seen above deck, it was decided to stand by until the wind and sea

abated; but just then a figure was seen clinging to the rail and feebly

waving a mute signal of despair toward them.

Immediately a boat’s crew was ordered out and an attempt was

successfully made to board the \_Arrow\_. The sight that met the

Frenchmen’s eyes as they clambered over the ship’s side was appalling.

A dozen dead and dying men rolled hither and thither upon the pitching

deck, the living intermingled with the dead. Two of the corpses

appeared to have been partially devoured as though by wolves.

The prize crew soon had the vessel under proper sail once more and the

living members of the ill-starred company carried below to their

hammocks.

The dead were wrapped in tarpaulins and lashed on deck to be identified

by their comrades before being consigned to the deep.

None of the living was conscious when the Frenchmen reached the

\_Arrow’s\_ deck. Even the poor devil who had waved the single despairing

signal of distress had lapsed into unconsciousness before he had

learned whether it had availed or not.

It did not take the French officer long to learn what had caused the

terrible condition aboard; for when water and brandy were sought to

restore the men, it was found that there was none, nor even food of any

description.

He immediately signalled to the cruiser to send water, medicine, and

provisions, and another boat made the perilous trip to the \_Arrow\_.

When restoratives had been applied several of the men regained

consciousness, and then the whole story was told. That part of it we

know up to the sailing of the \_Arrow\_ after the murder of Snipes, and

the burial of his body above the treasure chest.

It seems that the pursuit by the cruiser had so terrorized the

mutineers that they had continued out across the Atlantic for several

days after losing her; but on discovering the meager supply of water

and provisions aboard, they had turned back toward the east.

With no one on board who understood navigation, discussions soon arose

as to their whereabouts; and as three days’ sailing to the east did not

raise land, they bore off to the north, fearing that the high north

winds that had prevailed had driven them south of the southern

extremity of Africa.

They kept on a north-northeasterly course for two days, when they were

overtaken by a calm which lasted for nearly a week. Their water was

gone, and in another day they would be without food.

Conditions changed rapidly from bad to worse. One man went mad and

leaped overboard. Soon another opened his veins and drank his own

blood.

When he died they threw him overboard also, though there were those

among them who wanted to keep the corpse on board. Hunger was changing

them from human beasts to wild beasts.

Two days before they had been picked up by the cruiser they had become

too weak to handle the vessel, and that same day three men died. On the

following morning it was seen that one of the corpses had been

partially devoured.

All that day the men lay glaring at each other like beasts of prey, and

the following morning two of the corpses lay almost entirely stripped

of flesh.

The men were but little stronger for their ghoulish repast, for the

want of water was by far the greatest agony with which they had to

contend. And then the cruiser had come.

When those who could had recovered, the entire story had been told to

the French commander; but the men were too ignorant to be able to tell

him at just what point on the coast the professor and his party had

been marooned, so the cruiser had steamed slowly along within sight of

land, firing occasional signal guns and scanning every inch of the

beach with glasses.

They had anchored by night so as not to neglect a particle of the shore

line, and it had happened that the preceding night had brought them off

the very beach where lay the little camp they sought.

The signal guns of the afternoon before had not been heard by those on

shore, it was presumed, because they had doubtless been in the thick of

the jungle searching for Jane Porter, where the noise of their own

crashing through the underbrush would have drowned the report of a far

distant gun.

By the time the two parties had narrated their several adventures, the

cruiser’s boat had returned with supplies and arms for the expedition.

Within a few minutes the little body of sailors and the two French

officers, together with Professor Porter and Clayton, set off upon

their hopeless and ill-fated quest into the untracked jungle.

CHAPTER XX.

Heredity

When Jane realized that she was being borne away a captive by the

strange forest creature who had rescued her from the clutches of the

ape she struggled desperately to escape, but the strong arms that held

her as easily as though she had been but a day-old babe only pressed a

little more tightly.

So presently she gave up the futile effort and lay quietly, looking

through half-closed lids at the face of the man who strode easily

through the tangled undergrowth with her.

The face above her was one of extraordinary beauty.

A perfect type of the strongly masculine, unmarred by dissipation, or

brutal or degrading passions. For, though Tarzan of the Apes was a

killer of men and of beasts, he killed as the hunter kills,

dispassionately, except on those rare occasions when he had killed for

hate—though not the brooding, malevolent hate which marks the features

of its own with hideous lines.

When Tarzan killed he more often smiled than scowled, and smiles are

the foundation of beauty.

One thing the girl had noticed particularly when she had seen Tarzan

rushing upon Terkoz—the vivid scarlet band upon his forehead, from

above the left eye to the scalp; but now as she scanned his features

she noticed that it was gone, and only a thin white line marked the

spot where it had been.

As she lay more quietly in his arms Tarzan slightly relaxed his grip

upon her.

Once he looked down into her eyes and smiled, and the girl had to close

her own to shut out the vision of that handsome, winning face.

Presently Tarzan took to the trees, and Jane, wondering that she felt

no fear, began to realize that in many respects she had never felt more

secure in her whole life than now as she lay in the arms of this

strong, wild creature, being borne, God alone knew where or to what

fate, deeper and deeper into the savage fastness of the untamed forest.

When, with closed eyes, she commenced to speculate upon the future, and

terrifying fears were conjured by a vivid imagination, she had but to

raise her lids and look upon that noble face so close to hers to

dissipate the last remnant of apprehension.

No, he could never harm her; of that she was convinced when she

translated the fine features and the frank, brave eyes above her into

the chivalry which they proclaimed.

On and on they went through what seemed to Jane a solid mass of

verdure, yet ever there appeared to open before this forest god a

passage, as by magic, which closed behind them as they passed.

Scarce a branch scraped against her, yet above and below, before and

behind, the view presented naught but a solid mass of inextricably

interwoven branches and creepers.

As Tarzan moved steadily onward his mind was occupied with many strange

and new thoughts. Here was a problem the like of which he had never

encountered, and he felt rather than reasoned that he must meet it as a

man and not as an ape.

The free movement through the middle terrace, which was the route he

had followed for the most part, had helped to cool the ardor of the

first fierce passion of his new found love.

Now he discovered himself speculating upon the fate which would have

fallen to the girl had he not rescued her from Terkoz.

He knew why the ape had not killed her, and he commenced to compare his

intentions with those of Terkoz.

True, it was the order of the jungle for the male to take his mate by

force; but could Tarzan be guided by the laws of the beasts? Was not

Tarzan a Man? But what did men do? He was puzzled; for he did not know.

He wished that he might ask the girl, and then it came to him that she

had already answered him in the futile struggle she had made to escape

and to repulse him.

But now they had come to their destination, and Tarzan of the Apes with

Jane in his strong arms, swung lightly to the turf of the arena where

the great apes held their councils and danced the wild orgy of the

Dum-Dum.

Though they had come many miles, it was still but midafternoon, and the

amphitheater was bathed in the half light which filtered through the

maze of encircling foliage.

The green turf looked soft and cool and inviting. The myriad noises of

the jungle seemed far distant and hushed to a mere echo of blurred

sounds, rising and falling like the surf upon a remote shore.

A feeling of dreamy peacefulness stole over Jane as she sank down upon

the grass where Tarzan had placed her, and as she looked up at his

great figure towering above her, there was added a strange sense of

perfect security.

As she watched him from beneath half-closed lids, Tarzan crossed the

little circular clearing toward the trees upon the further side. She

noted the graceful majesty of his carriage, the perfect symmetry of his

magnificent figure and the poise of his well-shaped head upon his broad

shoulders.

What a perfect creature! There could be naught of cruelty or baseness

beneath that godlike exterior. Never, she thought had such a man strode

the earth since God created the first in his own image.

With a bound Tarzan sprang into the trees and disappeared. Jane

wondered where he had gone. Had he left her there to her fate in the

lonely jungle?

She glanced nervously about. Every vine and bush seemed but the

lurking-place of some huge and horrible beast waiting to bury gleaming

fangs into her soft flesh. Every sound she magnified into the stealthy

creeping of a sinuous and malignant body.

How different now that he had left her!

For a few minutes that seemed hours to the frightened girl, she sat

with tense nerves waiting for the spring of the crouching thing that

was to end her misery of apprehension.

She almost prayed for the cruel teeth that would give her

unconsciousness and surcease from the agony of fear.

She heard a sudden, slight sound behind her. With a cry she sprang to

her feet and turned to face her end.

There stood Tarzan, his arms filled with ripe and luscious fruit.

Jane reeled and would have fallen, had not Tarzan, dropping his burden,

caught her in his arms. She did not lose consciousness, but she clung

tightly to him, shuddering and trembling like a frightened deer.

Tarzan of the Apes stroked her soft hair and tried to comfort and quiet

her as Kala had him, when, as a little ape, he had been frightened by

Sabor, the lioness, or Histah, the snake.

Once he pressed his lips lightly upon her forehead, and she did not

move, but closed her eyes and sighed.

She could not analyze her feelings, nor did she wish to attempt it. She

was satisfied to feel the safety of those strong arms, and to leave her

future to fate; for the last few hours had taught her to trust this

strange wild creature of the forest as she would have trusted but few

of the men of her acquaintance.

As she thought of the strangeness of it, there commenced to dawn upon

her the realization that she had, possibly, learned something else

which she had never really known before—love. She wondered and then she

smiled.

And still smiling, she pushed Tarzan gently away; and looking at him

with a half-smiling, half-quizzical expression that made her face

wholly entrancing, she pointed to the fruit upon the ground, and seated

herself upon the edge of the earthen drum of the anthropoids, for

hunger was asserting itself.

Tarzan quickly gathered up the fruit, and, bringing it, laid it at her

feet; and then he, too, sat upon the drum beside her, and with his

knife opened and prepared the various fruits for her meal.

Together and in silence they ate, occasionally stealing sly glances at

one another, until finally Jane broke into a merry laugh in which

Tarzan joined.

“I wish you spoke English,” said the girl.

Tarzan shook his head, and an expression of wistful and pathetic

longing sobered his laughing eyes.

Then Jane tried speaking to him in French, and then in German; but she

had to laugh at her own blundering attempt at the latter tongue.

“Anyway,” she said to him in English, “you understand my German as well

as they did in Berlin.”

Tarzan had long since reached a decision as to what his future

procedure should be. He had had time to recollect all that he had read

of the ways of men and women in the books at the cabin. He would act as

he imagined the men in the books would have acted were they in his

place.

Again he rose and went into the trees, but first he tried to explain by

means of signs that he would return shortly, and he did so well that

Jane understood and was not afraid when he had gone.

Only a feeling of loneliness came over her and she watched the point

where he had disappeared, with longing eyes, awaiting his return. As

before, she was appraised of his presence by a soft sound behind her,

and turned to see him coming across the turf with a great armful of

branches.

Then he went back again into the jungle and in a few minutes reappeared

with a quantity of soft grasses and ferns.

Two more trips he made until he had quite a pile of material at hand.

Then he spread the ferns and grasses upon the ground in a soft flat

bed, and above it leaned many branches together so that they met a few

feet over its center. Upon these he spread layers of huge leaves of the

great elephant’s ear, and with more branches and more leaves he closed

one end of the little shelter he had built.

Then they sat down together again upon the edge of the drum and tried

to talk by signs.

The magnificent diamond locket which hung about Tarzan’s neck, had been

a source of much wonderment to Jane. She pointed to it now, and Tarzan

removed it and handed the pretty bauble to her.

She saw that it was the work of a skilled artisan and that the diamonds

were of great brilliancy and superbly set, but the cutting of them

denoted that they were of a former day. She noticed too that the locket

opened, and, pressing the hidden clasp, she saw the two halves spring

apart to reveal in either section an ivory miniature.

One was of a beautiful woman and the other might have been a likeness

of the man who sat beside her, except for a subtle difference of

expression that was scarcely definable.

She looked up at Tarzan to find him leaning toward her gazing on the

miniatures with an expression of astonishment. He reached out his hand

for the locket and took it away from her, examining the likenesses

within with unmistakable signs of surprise and new interest. His manner

clearly denoted that he had never before seen them, nor imagined that

the locket opened.

This fact caused Jane to indulge in further speculation, and it taxed

her imagination to picture how this beautiful ornament came into the

possession of a wild and savage creature of the unexplored jungles of

Africa.

Still more wonderful was how it contained the likeness of one who might

be a brother, or, more likely, the father of this woodland demi-god who

was even ignorant of the fact that the locket opened.

Tarzan was still gazing with fixity at the two faces. Presently he

removed the quiver from his shoulder, and emptying the arrows upon the

ground reached into the bottom of the bag-like receptacle and drew

forth a flat object wrapped in many soft leaves and tied with bits of

long grass.

Carefully he unwrapped it, removing layer after layer of leaves until

at length he held a photograph in his hand.

Pointing to the miniature of the man within the locket he handed the

photograph to Jane, holding the open locket beside it.

The photograph only served to puzzle the girl still more, for it was

evidently another likeness of the same man whose picture rested in the

locket beside that of the beautiful young woman.

Tarzan was looking at her with an expression of puzzled bewilderment in

his eyes as she glanced up at him. He seemed to be framing a question

with his lips.

The girl pointed to the photograph and then to the miniature and then

to him, as though to indicate that she thought the likenesses were of

him, but he only shook his head, and then shrugging his great

shoulders, he took the photograph from her and having carefully

rewrapped it, placed it again in the bottom of his quiver.

For a few moments he sat in silence, his eyes bent upon the ground,

while Jane held the little locket in her hand, turning it over and over

in an endeavor to find some further clue that might lead to the

identity of its original owner.

At length a simple explanation occurred to her.

The locket had belonged to Lord Greystoke, and the likenesses were of

himself and Lady Alice.

This wild creature had simply found it in the cabin by the beach. How

stupid of her not to have thought of that solution before.

But to account for the strange likeness between Lord Greystoke and this

forest god—that was quite beyond her, and it is not strange that she

could not imagine that this naked savage was indeed an English

nobleman.

At length Tarzan looked up to watch the girl as she examined the

locket. He could not fathom the meaning of the faces within, but he

could read the interest and fascination upon the face of the live young

creature by his side.

She noticed that he was watching her and thinking that he wished his

ornament again she held it out to him. He took it from her and taking

the chain in his two hands he placed it about her neck, smiling at her

expression of surprise at his unexpected gift.

Jane shook her head vehemently and would have removed the golden links

from about her throat, but Tarzan would not let her. Taking her hands

in his, when she insisted upon it, he held them tightly to prevent her.

At last she desisted and with a little laugh raised the locket to her

lips.

Tarzan did not know precisely what she meant, but he guessed correctly

that it was her way of acknowledging the gift, and so he rose, and

taking the locket in his hand, stooped gravely like some courtier of

old, and pressed his lips upon it where hers had rested.

It was a stately and gallant little compliment performed with the grace

and dignity of utter unconsciousness of self. It was the hall-mark of

his aristocratic birth, the natural outcropping of many generations of

fine breeding, an hereditary instinct of graciousness which a lifetime

of uncouth and savage training and environment could not eradicate.

It was growing dark now, and so they ate again of the fruit which was

both food and drink for them; then Tarzan rose, and leading Jane to the

little bower he had erected, motioned her to go within.

For the first time in hours a feeling of fear swept over her, and

Tarzan felt her draw away as though shrinking from him.

Contact with this girl for half a day had left a very diferent Tarzan

from the one on whom the morning’s sun had risen.

Now, in every fiber of his being, heredity spoke louder than training.

He had not in one swift transition become a polished gentleman from a

savage ape-man, but at last the instincts of the former predominated,

and over all was the desire to please the woman he loved, and to appear

well in her eyes.

So Tarzan of the Apes did the only thing he knew to assure Jane of her

safety. He removed his hunting knife from its sheath and handed it to

her hilt first, again motioning her into the bower.

The girl understood, and taking the long knife she entered and lay down

upon the soft grasses while Tarzan of the Apes stretched himself upon

the ground across the entrance.

And thus the rising sun found them in the morning.

When Jane awoke, she did not at first recall the strange events of the

preceding day, and so she wondered at her odd surroundings—the little

leafy bower, the soft grasses of her bed, the unfamiliar prospect from

the opening at her feet.

Slowly the circumstances of her position crept one by one into her

mind. And then a great wonderment arose in her heart—a mighty wave of

thankfulness and gratitude that though she had been in such terrible

danger, yet she was unharmed.

She moved to the entrance of the shelter to look for Tarzan. He was

gone; but this time no fear assailed her for she knew that he would

return.

In the grass at the entrance to her bower she saw the imprint of his

body where he had lain all night to guard her. She knew that the fact

that he had been there was all that had permitted her to sleep in such

peaceful security.

With him near, who could entertain fear? She wondered if there was

another man on earth with whom a girl could feel so safe in the heart

of this savage African jungle. Even the lions and panthers had no fears

for her now.

She looked up to see his lithe form drop softly from a near-by tree. As

he caught her eyes upon him his face lighted with that frank and

radiant smile that had won her confidence the day before.

As he approached her Jane’s heart beat faster and her eyes brightened

as they had never done before at the approach of any man.

He had again been gathering fruit and this he laid at the entrance of

her bower. Once more they sat down together to eat.

Jane commenced to wonder what his plans were. Would he take her back to

the beach or would he keep her here? Suddenly she realized that the

matter did not seem to give her much concern. Could it be that she did

not care!

She began to comprehend, also, that she was entirely contented sitting

here by the side of this smiling giant eating delicious fruit in a

sylvan paradise far within the remote depths of an African jungle—that

she was contented and very happy.

She could not understand it. Her reason told her that she should be

torn by wild anxieties, weighted by dread fears, cast down by gloomy

forebodings; but instead, her heart was singing and she was smiling

into the answering face of the man beside her.

When they had finished their breakfast Tarzan went to her bower and

recovered his knife. The girl had entirely forgotten it. She realized

that it was because she had forgotten the fear that prompted her to

accept it.

Motioning her to follow, Tarzan walked toward the trees at the edge of

the arena, and taking her in one strong arm swung to the branches

above.

The girl knew that he was taking her back to her people, and she could

not understand the sudden feeling of loneliness and sorrow which crept

over her.

For hours they swung slowly along.

Tarzan of the Apes did not hurry. He tried to draw out the sweet

pleasure of that journey with those dear arms about his neck as long as

possible, and so he went far south of the direct route to the beach.

Several times they halted for brief rests, which Tarzan did not need,

and at noon they stopped for an hour at a little brook, where they

quenched their thirst, and ate.

So it was nearly sunset when they came to the clearing, and Tarzan,

dropping to the ground beside a great tree, parted the tall jungle

grass and pointed out the little cabin to her.

She took him by the hand to lead him to it, that she might tell her

father that this man had saved her from death and worse than death,

that he had watched over her as carefully as a mother might have done.

But again the timidity of the wild thing in the face of human

habitation swept over Tarzan of the Apes. He drew back, shaking his

head.

The girl came close to him, looking up with pleading eyes. Somehow she

could not bear the thought of his going back into the terrible jungle

alone.

Still he shook his head, and finally he drew her to him very gently and

stooped to kiss her, but first he looked into her eyes and waited to

learn if she were pleased, or if she would repulse him.

Just an instant the girl hesitated, and then she realized the truth,

and throwing her arms about his neck she drew his face to hers and

kissed him—unashamed.

“I love you—I love you,” she murmured.

From far in the distance came the faint sound of many guns. Tarzan and

Jane raised their heads.

From the cabin came Mr. Philander and Esmeralda.

From where Tarzan and the girl stood they could not see the two vessels

lying at anchor in the harbor.

Tarzan pointed toward the sounds, touched his breast and pointed again.

She understood. He was going, and something told her that it was

because he thought her people were in danger.

Again he kissed her.

“Come back to me,” she whispered. “I shall wait for you—always.”

He was gone—and Jane turned to walk across the clearing to the cabin.

Mr. Philander was the first to see her. It was dusk and Mr. Philander

was very near sighted.

“Quickly, Esmeralda!” he cried. “Let us seek safety within; it is a

lioness. Bless me!”

Esmeralda did not bother to verify Mr. Philander’s vision. His tone was

enough. She was within the cabin and had slammed and bolted the door

before he had finished pronouncing her name. The “Bless me” was

startled out of Mr. Philander by the discovery that Esmeralda, in the

exuberance of her haste, had fastened him upon the same side of the

door as was the close-approaching lioness.

He beat furiously upon the heavy portal.

“Esmeralda! Esmeralda!” he shrieked. “Let me in. I am being devoured by

a lion.”

Esmeralda thought that the noise upon the door was made by the lioness

in her attempts to pursue her, so, after her custom, she fainted.

Mr. Philander cast a frightened glance behind him.

Horrors! The thing was quite close now. He tried to scramble up the

side of the cabin, and succeeded in catching a fleeting hold upon the

thatched roof.

For a moment he hung there, clawing with his feet like a cat on a

clothesline, but presently a piece of the thatch came away, and Mr.

Philander, preceding it, was precipitated upon his back.

At the instant he fell a remarkable item of natural history leaped to

his mind. If one feigns death lions and lionesses are supposed to

ignore one, according to Mr. Philander’s faulty memory.

So Mr. Philander lay as he had fallen, frozen into the horrid semblance

of death. As his arms and legs had been extended stiffly upward as he

came to earth upon his back the attitude of death was anything but

impressive.

Jane had been watching his antics in mild-eyed surprise. Now she

laughed—a little choking gurgle of a laugh; but it was enough. Mr.

Philander rolled over upon his side and peered about. At length he

discovered her.

“Jane!” he cried. “Jane Porter. Bless me!”

He scrambled to his feet and rushed toward her. He could not believe

that it was she, and alive.

“Bless me!” Where did you come from? Where in the world have you been?

How—”

“Mercy, Mr. Philander,” interrupted the girl, “I can never remember so

many questions.”

“Well, well,” said Mr. Philander. “Bless me! I am so filled with

surprise and exuberant delight at seeing you safe and well again that I

scarcely know what I am saying, really. But come, tell me all that has

happened to you.”

CHAPTER XXI.

The Village of Torture

As the little expedition of sailors toiled through the dense jungle

searching for signs of Jane Porter, the futility of their venture

became more and more apparent, but the grief of the old man and the

hopeless eyes of the young Englishman prevented the kind hearted

D’Arnot from turning back.

He thought that there might be a bare possibility of finding her body,

or the remains of it, for he was positive that she had been devoured by

some beast of prey. He deployed his men into a skirmish line from the

point where Esmeralda had been found, and in this extended formation

they pushed their way, sweating and panting, through the tangled vines

and creepers. It was slow work. Noon found them but a few miles inland.

They halted for a brief rest then, and after pushing on for a short

distance further one of the men discovered a well-marked trail.

It was an old elephant track, and D’Arnot after consulting with

Professor Porter and Clayton decided to follow it.

The path wound through the jungle in a northeasterly direction, and

along it the column moved in single file.

Lieutenant D’Arnot was in the lead and moving at a quick pace, for the

trail was comparatively open. Immediately behind him came Professor

Porter, but as he could not keep pace with the younger man D’Arnot was

a hundred yards in advance when suddenly a half dozen black warriors

arose about him.

D’Arnot gave a warning shout to his column as the blacks closed on him,

but before he could draw his revolver he had been pinioned and dragged

into the jungle.

His cry had alarmed the sailors and a dozen of them sprang forward past

Professor Porter, running up the trail to their officer’s aid.

They did not know the cause of his outcry, only that it was a warning

of danger ahead. They had rushed past the spot where D’Arnot had been

seized when a spear hurled from the jungle transfixed one of the men,

and then a volley of arrows fell among them.

Raising their rifles they fired into the underbrush in the direction

from which the missiles had come.

By this time the balance of the party had come up, and volley after

volley was fired toward the concealed foe. It was these shots that

Tarzan and Jane Porter had heard.

Lieutenant Charpentier, who had been bringing up the rear of the

column, now came running to the scene, and on hearing the details of

the ambush ordered the men to follow him, and plunged into the tangled

vegetation.

In an instant they were in a hand-to-hand fight with some fifty black

warriors of Mbonga’s village. Arrows and bullets flew thick and fast.

Queer African knives and French gun butts mingled for a moment in

savage and bloody duels, but soon the natives fled into the jungle,

leaving the Frenchmen to count their losses.

Four of the twenty were dead, a dozen others were wounded, and

Lieutenant D’Arnot was missing. Night was falling rapidly, and their

predicament was rendered doubly worse when they could not even find the

elephant trail which they had been following.

There was but one thing to do, make camp where they were until

daylight. Lieutenant Charpentier ordered a clearing made and a circular

abatis of underbrush constructed about the camp.

This work was not completed until long after dark, the men building a

huge fire in the center of the clearing to give them light to work by.

When all was safe as possible against attack of wild beasts and savage

men, Lieutenant Charpentier placed sentries about the little camp and

the tired and hungry men threw themselves upon the ground to sleep.

The groans of the wounded, mingled with the roaring and growling of the

great beasts which the noise and firelight had attracted, kept sleep,

except in its most fitful form, from the tired eyes. It was a sad and

hungry party that lay through the long night praying for dawn.

The blacks who had seized D’Arnot had not waited to participate in the

fight which followed, but instead had dragged their prisoner a little

way through the jungle and then struck the trail further on beyond the

scene of the fighting in which their fellows were engaged.

They hurried him along, the sounds of battle growing fainter and

fainter as they drew away from the contestants until there suddenly

broke upon D’Arnot’s vision a good-sized clearing at one end of which

stood a thatched and palisaded village.

It was now dusk, but the watchers at the gate saw the approaching trio

and distinguished one as a prisoner ere they reached the portals.

A cry went up within the palisade. A great throng of women and children

rushed out to meet the party.

And then began for the French officer the most terrifying experience

which man can encounter upon earth—the reception of a white prisoner

into a village of African cannibals.

To add to the fiendishness of their cruel savagery was the poignant

memory of still crueler barbarities practiced upon them and theirs by

the white officers of that arch hypocrite, Leopold II of Belgium,

because of whose atrocities they had fled the Congo Free State—a

pitiful remnant of what once had been a mighty tribe.

They fell upon D’Arnot tooth and nail, beating him with sticks and

stones and tearing at him with claw-like hands. Every vestige of

clothing was torn from him, and the merciless blows fell upon his bare

and quivering flesh. But not once did the Frenchman cry out in pain. He

breathed a silent prayer that he be quickly delivered from his torture.

But the death he prayed for was not to be so easily had. Soon the

warriors beat the women away from their prisoner. He was to be saved

for nobler sport than this, and the first wave of their passion having

subsided they contented themselves with crying out taunts and insults

and spitting upon him.

Presently they reached the center of the village. There D’Arnot was

bound securely to the great post from which no live man had ever been

released.

A number of the women scattered to their several huts to fetch pots and

water, while others built a row of fires on which portions of the feast

were to be boiled while the balance would be slowly dried in strips for

future use, as they expected the other warriors to return with many

prisoners. The festivities were delayed awaiting the return of the

warriors who had remained to engage in the skirmish with the white men,

so that it was quite late when all were in the village, and the dance

of death commenced to circle around the doomed officer.

Half fainting from pain and exhaustion, D’Arnot watched from beneath

half-closed lids what seemed but the vagary of delirium, or some horrid

nightmare from which he must soon awake.

The bestial faces, daubed with color—the huge mouths and flabby hanging

lips—the yellow teeth, sharp filed—the rolling, demon eyes—the shining

naked bodies—the cruel spears. Surely no such creatures really existed

upon earth—he must indeed be dreaming.

The savage, whirling bodies circled nearer. Now a spear sprang forth

and touched his arm. The sharp pain and the feel of hot, trickling

blood assured him of the awful reality of his hopeless position.

Another spear and then another touched him. He closed his eyes and held

his teeth firm set—he would not cry out.

He was a soldier of France, and he would teach these beasts how an

officer and a gentleman died.

Tarzan of the Apes needed no interpreter to translate the story of

those distant shots. With Jane Porter’s kisses still warm upon his lips

he was swinging with incredible rapidity through the forest trees

straight toward the village of Mbonga.

He was not interested in the location of the encounter, for he judged

that that would soon be over. Those who were killed he could not aid,

those who escaped would not need his assistance.

It was to those who had neither been killed or escaped that he

hastened. And he knew that he would find them by the great post in the

center of Mbonga village.

Many times had Tarzan seen Mbonga’s black raiding parties return from

the northward with prisoners, and always were the same scenes enacted

about that grim stake, beneath the flaring light of many fires.

He knew, too, that they seldom lost much time before consummating the

fiendish purpose of their captures. He doubted that he would arrive in

time to do more than avenge.

On he sped. Night had fallen and he traveled high along the upper

terrace where the gorgeous tropic moon lighted the dizzy pathway

through the gently undulating branches of the tree tops.

Presently he caught the reflection of a distant blaze. It lay to the

right of his path. It must be the light from the camp fire the two men

had built before they were attacked—Tarzan knew nothing of the presence

of the sailors.

So sure was Tarzan of his jungle knowledge that he did not turn from

his course, but passed the glare at a distance of a half mile. It was

the camp fire of the Frenchmen.

In a few minutes more Tarzan swung into the trees above Mbonga’s

village. Ah, he was not quite too late! Or, was he? He could not tell.

The figure at the stake was very still, yet the black warriors were but

pricking it.

Tarzan knew their customs. The death blow had not been struck. He could

tell almost to a minute how far the dance had gone.

In another instant Mbonga’s knife would sever one of the victim’s

ears—that would mark the beginning of the end, for very shortly after

only a writhing mass of mutilated flesh would remain.

There would still be life in it, but death then would be the only

charity it craved.

The stake stood forty feet from the nearest tree. Tarzan coiled his

rope. Then there rose suddenly above the fiendish cries of the dancing

demons the awful challenge of the ape-man.

The dancers halted as though turned to stone.

The rope sped with singing whir high above the heads of the blacks. It

was quite invisible in the flaring lights of the camp fires.

D’Arnot opened his eyes. A huge black, standing directly before him,

lunged backward as though felled by an invisible hand.

Struggling and shrieking, his body, rolling from side to side, moved

quickly toward the shadows beneath the trees.

The blacks, their eyes protruding in horror, watched spellbound.

Once beneath the trees, the body rose straight into the air, and as it

disappeared into the foliage above, the terrified negroes, screaming

with fright, broke into a mad race for the village gate.

D’Arnot was left alone.

He was a brave man, but he had felt the short hairs bristle upon the

nape of his neck when that uncanny cry rose upon the air.

As the writhing body of the black soared, as though by unearthly power,

into the dense foliage of the forest, D’Arnot felt an icy shiver run

along his spine, as though death had risen from a dark grave and laid a

cold and clammy finger on his flesh.

As D’Arnot watched the spot where the body had entered the tree he

heard the sounds of movement there.

The branches swayed as though under the weight of a man’s body—there

was a crash and the black came sprawling to earth again,—to lie very

quietly where he had fallen.

Immediately after him came a white body, but this one alighted erect.

D’Arnot saw a clean-limbed young giant emerge from the shadows into the

firelight and come quickly toward him.

What could it mean? Who could it be? Some new creature of torture and

destruction, doubtless.

D’Arnot waited. His eyes never left the face of the advancing man. Nor

did the other’s frank, clear eyes waver beneath D’Arnot’s fixed gaze.

D’Arnot was reassured, but still without much hope, though he felt that

that face could not mask a cruel heart.

Without a word Tarzan of the Apes cut the bonds which held the

Frenchman. Weak from suffering and loss of blood, he would have fallen

but for the strong arm that caught him.

He felt himself lifted from the ground. There was a sensation as of

flying, and then he lost consciousness.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Search Party

When dawn broke upon the little camp of Frenchmen in the heart of the

jungle it found a sad and disheartened group.

As soon as it was light enough to see their surroundings Lieutenant

Charpentier sent men in groups of three in several directions to locate

the trail, and in ten minutes it was found and the expedition was

hurrying back toward the beach.

It was slow work, for they bore the bodies of six dead men, two more

having succumbed during the night, and several of those who were

wounded required support to move even very slowly.

Charpentier had decided to return to camp for reinforcements, and then

make an attempt to track down the natives and rescue D’Arnot.

It was late in the afternoon when the exhausted men reached the

clearing by the beach, but for two of them the return brought so great

a happiness that all their suffering and heartbreaking grief was

forgotten on the instant.

As the little party emerged from the jungle the first person that

Professor Porter and Cecil Clayton saw was Jane, standing by the cabin

door.

With a little cry of joy and relief she ran forward to greet them,

throwing her arms about her father’s neck and bursting into tears for

the first time since they had been cast upon this hideous and

adventurous shore.

Professor Porter strove manfully to suppress his own emotions, but the

strain upon his nerves and weakened vitality were too much for him, and

at length, burying his old face in the girl’s shoulder, he sobbed

quietly like a tired child.

Jane led him toward the cabin, and the Frenchmen turned toward the

beach from which several of their fellows were advancing to meet them.

Clayton, wishing to leave father and daughter alone, joined the sailors

and remained talking with the officers until their boat pulled away

toward the cruiser whither Lieutenant Charpentier was bound to report

the unhappy outcome of his adventure.

Then Clayton turned back slowly toward the cabin. His heart was filled

with happiness. The woman he loved was safe.

He wondered by what manner of miracle she had been spared. To see her

alive seemed almost unbelievable.

As he approached the cabin he saw Jane coming out. When she saw him she

hurried forward to meet him.

“Jane!” he cried, “God has been good to us, indeed. Tell me how you

escaped—what form Providence took to save you for—us.”

He had never before called her by her given name. Forty-eight hours

before it would have suffused Jane with a soft glow of pleasure to have

heard that name from Clayton’s lips—now it frightened her.

“Mr. Clayton,” she said quietly, extending her hand, “first let me

thank you for your chivalrous loyalty to my dear father. He has told me

how noble and self-sacrificing you have been. How can we repay you!”

Clayton noticed that she did not return his familiar salutation, but he

felt no misgivings on that score. She had been through so much. This

was no time to force his love upon her, he quickly realized.

“I am already repaid,” he said. “Just to see you and Professor Porter

both safe, well, and together again. I do not think that I could much

longer have endured the pathos of his quiet and uncomplaining grief.

“It was the saddest experience of my life, Miss Porter; and then, added

to it, there was my own grief—the greatest I have ever known. But his

was so hopeless—his was pitiful. It taught me that no love, not even

that of a man for his wife may be so deep and terrible and

self-sacrificing as the love of a father for his daughter.”

The girl bowed her head. There was a question she wanted to ask, but it

seemed almost sacrilegious in the face of the love of these two men and

the terrible suffering they had endured while she sat laughing and

happy beside a godlike creature of the forest, eating delicious fruits

and looking with eyes of love into answering eyes.

But love is a strange master, and human nature is still stranger, so

she asked her question.

“Where is the forest man who went to rescue you? Why did he not

return?”

“I do not understand,” said Clayton. “Whom do you mean?”

“He who has saved each of us—who saved me from the gorilla.”

“Oh,” cried Clayton, in surprise. “It was he who rescued you? You have

not told me anything of your adventure, you know.”

“But the wood man,” she urged. “Have you not seen him? When we heard

the shots in the jungle, very faint and far away, he left me. We had

just reached the clearing, and he hurried off in the direction of the

fighting. I know he went to aid you.”

Her tone was almost pleading—her manner tense with suppressed emotion.

Clayton could not but notice it, and he wondered, vaguely, why she was

so deeply moved—so anxious to know the whereabouts of this strange

creature.

Yet a feeling of apprehension of some impending sorrow haunted him, and

in his breast, unknown to himself, was implanted the first germ of

jealousy and suspicion of the ape-man, to whom he owed his life.

“We did not see him,” he replied quietly. “He did not join us.” And

then after a moment of thoughtful pause: “Possibly he joined his own

tribe—the men who attacked us.” He did not know why he had said it, for

he did not believe it.

The girl looked at him wide eyed for a moment.

“No!” she exclaimed vehemently, much too vehemently he thought. “It

could not be. They were savages.”

Clayton looked puzzled.

“He is a strange, half-savage creature of the jungle, Miss Porter. We

know nothing of him. He neither speaks nor understands any European

tongue—and his ornaments and weapons are those of the West Coast

savages.”

Clayton was speaking rapidly.

“There are no other human beings than savages within hundreds of miles,

Miss Porter. He must belong to the tribes which attacked us, or to some

other equally savage—he may even be a cannibal.”

Jane blanched.

“I will not believe it,” she half whispered. “It is not true. You shall

see,” she said, addressing Clayton, “that he will come back and that he

will prove that you are wrong. You do not know him as I do. I tell you

that he is a gentleman.”

Clayton was a generous and chivalrous man, but something in the girl’s

breathless defense of the forest man stirred him to unreasoning

jealousy, so that for the instant he forgot all that they owed to this

wild demi-god, and he answered her with a half sneer upon his lip.

“Possibly you are right, Miss Porter,” he said, “but I do not think

that any of us need worry about our carrion-eating acquaintance. The

chances are that he is some half-demented castaway who will forget us

more quickly, but no more surely, than we shall forget him. He is only

a beast of the jungle, Miss Porter.”

The girl did not answer, but she felt her heart shrivel within her.

She knew that Clayton spoke merely what he thought, and for the first

time she began to analyze the structure which supported her newfound

love, and to subject its object to a critical examination.

Slowly she turned and walked back to the cabin. She tried to imagine

her wood-god by her side in the saloon of an ocean liner. She saw him

eating with his hands, tearing his food like a beast of prey, and

wiping his greasy fingers upon his thighs. She shuddered.

She saw him as she introduced him to her friends—uncouth, illiterate—a

boor; and the girl winced.

She had reached her room now, and as she sat upon the edge of her bed

of ferns and grasses, with one hand resting upon her rising and falling

bosom, she felt the hard outlines of the man’s locket.

She drew it out, holding it in the palm of her hand for a moment with

tear-blurred eyes bent upon it. Then she raised it to her lips, and

crushing it there buried her face in the soft ferns, sobbing.

“Beast?” she murmured. “Then God make me a beast; for, man or beast, I

am yours.”

She did not see Clayton again that day. Esmeralda brought her supper to

her, and she sent word to her father that she was suffering from the

reaction following her adventure.

The next morning Clayton left early with the relief expedition in

search of Lieutenant D’Arnot. There were two hundred armed men this

time, with ten officers and two surgeons, and provisions for a week.

They carried bedding and hammocks, the latter for transporting their

sick and wounded.

It was a determined and angry company—a punitive expedition as well as

one of relief. They reached the site of the skirmish of the previous

expedition shortly after noon, for they were now traveling a known

trail and no time was lost in exploring.

From there on the elephant-track led straight to Mbonga’s village. It

was but two o’clock when the head of the column halted upon the edge of

the clearing.

Lieutenant Charpentier, who was in command, immediately sent a portion

of his force through the jungle to the opposite side of the village.

Another detachment was dispatched to a point before the village gate,

while he remained with the balance upon the south side of the clearing.

It was arranged that the party which was to take its position to the

north, and which would be the last to gain its station should commence

the assault, and that their opening volley should be the signal for a

concerted rush from all sides in an attempt to carry the village by

storm at the first charge.

For half an hour the men with Lieutenant Charpentier crouched in the

dense foliage of the jungle, waiting the signal. To them it seemed like

hours. They could see natives in the fields, and others moving in and

out of the village gate.

At length the signal came—a sharp rattle of musketry, and like one man,

an answering volley tore from the jungle to the west and to the south.

The natives in the field dropped their implements and broke madly for

the palisade. The French bullets mowed them down, and the French

sailors bounded over their prostrate bodies straight for the village

gate.

So sudden and unexpected the assault had been that the whites reached

the gates before the frightened natives could bar them, and in another

minute the village street was filled with armed men fighting hand to

hand in an inextricable tangle.

For a few moments the blacks held their ground within the entrance to

the street, but the revolvers, rifles and cutlasses of the Frenchmen

crumpled the native spearmen and struck down the black archers with

their bows halfdrawn.

Soon the battle turned to a wild rout, and then to a grim massacre; for

the French sailors had seen bits of D’Arnot’s uniform upon several of

the black warriors who opposed them.

They spared the children and those of the women whom they were not

forced to kill in self-defense, but when at length they stopped,

parting, blood covered and sweating, it was because there lived to

oppose them no single warrior of all the savage village of Mbonga.

Carefully they ransacked every hut and corner of the village, but no

sign of D’Arnot could they find. They questioned the prisoners by

signs, and finally one of the sailors who had served in the French

Congo found that he could make them understand the bastard tongue that

passes for language between the whites and the more degraded tribes of

the coast, but even then they could learn nothing definite regarding

the fate of D’Arnot.

Only excited gestures and expressions of fear could they obtain in

response to their inquiries concerning their fellow; and at last they

became convinced that these were but evidences of the guilt of these

demons who had slaughtered and eaten their comrade two nights before.

At length all hope left them, and they prepared to camp for the night

within the village. The prisoners were herded into three huts where

they were heavily guarded. Sentries were posted at the barred gates,

and finally the village was wrapped in the silence of slumber, except

for the wailing of the native women for their dead.

The next morning they set out upon the return march. Their original

intention had been to burn the village, but this idea was abandoned and

the prisoners were left behind, weeping and moaning, but with roofs to

cover them and a palisade for refuge from the beasts of the jungle.

Slowly the expedition retraced its steps of the preceding day. Ten

loaded hammocks retarded its pace. In eight of them lay the more

seriously wounded, while two swung beneath the weight of the dead.

Clayton and Lieutenant Charpentier brought up the rear of the column;

the Englishman silent in respect for the other’s grief, for D’Arnot and

Charpentier had been inseparable friends since boyhood.

Clayton could not but realize that the Frenchman felt his grief the

more keenly because D’Arnot’s sacrifice had been so futile, since Jane

had been rescued before D’Arnot had fallen into the hands of the

savages, and again because the service in which he had lost his life

had been outside his duty and for strangers and aliens; but when he

spoke of it to Lieutenant Charpentier, the latter shook his head.

“No, Monsieur,” he said, “D’Arnot would have chosen to die thus. I only

grieve that I could not have died for him, or at least with him. I wish

that you could have known him better, Monsieur. He was indeed an

officer and a gentleman—a title conferred on many, but deserved by so

few.

“He did not die futilely, for his death in the cause of a strange

American girl will make us, his comrades, face our ends the more

bravely, however they may come to us.”

Clayton did not reply, but within him rose a new respect for Frenchmen

which remained undimmed ever after.

It was quite late when they reached the cabin by the beach. A single

shot before they emerged from the jungle had announced to those in camp

as well as on the ship that the expedition had been too late—for it had

been prearranged that when they came within a mile or two of camp one

shot was to be fired to denote failure, or three for success, while two

would have indicated that they had found no sign of either D’Arnot or

his black captors.

So it was a solemn party that awaited their coming, and few words were

spoken as the dead and wounded men were tenderly placed in boats and

rowed silently toward the cruiser.

Clayton, exhausted from his five days of laborious marching through the

jungle and from the effects of his two battles with the blacks, turned

toward the cabin to seek a mouthful of food and then the comparative

ease of his bed of grasses after two nights in the jungle.

By the cabin door stood Jane.

“The poor lieutenant?” she asked. “Did you find no trace of him?”

“We were too late, Miss Porter,” he replied sadly.

“Tell me. What had happened?” she asked.

“I cannot, Miss Porter, it is too horrible.”

“You do not mean that they had tortured him?” she whispered.

“We do not know what they did to him \_before\_ they killed him,” he

answered, his face drawn with fatigue and the sorrow he felt for poor

D’Arnot and he emphasized the word before.

“\_Before\_ they killed him! What do you mean? They are not—? They are

not—?”

She was thinking of what Clayton had said of the forest man’s probable

relationship to this tribe and she could not frame the awful word.

“Yes, Miss Porter, they were—cannibals,” he said, almost bitterly, for

to him too had suddenly come the thought of the forest man, and the

strange, unaccountable jealousy he had felt two days before swept over

him once more.

And then in sudden brutality that was as unlike Clayton as courteous

consideration is unlike an ape, he blurted out:

“When your forest god left you he was doubtless hurrying to the feast.”

He was sorry ere the words were spoken though he did not know how

cruelly they had cut the girl. His regret was for his baseless

disloyalty to one who had saved the lives of every member of his party,

and offered harm to none.

The girl’s head went high.

“There could be but one suitable reply to your assertion, Mr. Clayton,”

she said icily, “and I regret that I am not a man, that I might make

it.” She turned quickly and entered the cabin.

Clayton was an Englishman, so the girl had passed quite out of sight

before he deduced what reply a man would have made.

“Upon my word,” he said ruefully, “she called me a liar. And I fancy I

jolly well deserved it,” he added thoughtfully. “Clayton, my boy, I

know you are tired out and unstrung, but that’s no reason why you

should make an ass of yourself. You’d better go to bed.”

But before he did so he called gently to Jane upon the opposite side of

the sailcloth partition, for he wished to apologize, but he might as

well have addressed the Sphinx. Then he wrote upon a piece of paper and

shoved it beneath the partition.

Jane saw the little note and ignored it, for she was very angry and

hurt and mortified, but—she was a woman, and so eventually she picked

it up and read it.

MY DEAR MISS PORTER:

I had no reason to insinuate what I did. My only excuse is that my

nerves must be unstrung—which is no excuse at all.

Please try and think that I did not say it. I am very sorry. I would

not have hurt \_you\_, above all others in the world. Say that you

forgive me.

WM. CECIL CLAYTON.

“He did think it or he never would have said it,” reasoned the girl,

“but it cannot be true—oh, I know it is not true!”

One sentence in the letter frightened her: “I would not have hurt \_you\_

above all others in the world.”

A week ago that sentence would have filled her with delight, now it

depressed her.

She wished she had never met Clayton. She was sorry that she had ever

seen the forest god. No, she was glad. And there was that other note

she had found in the grass before the cabin the day after her return

from the jungle, the love note signed by Tarzan of the Apes.

Who could be this new suitor? If he were another of the wild denizens

of this terrible forest what might he not do to claim her?

“Esmeralda! Wake up,” she cried.

“You make me so irritable, sleeping there peacefully when you know

perfectly well that the world is filled with sorrow.”

“Gaberelle!” screamed Esmeralda, sitting up. “What is it now? A

hipponocerous? Where is he, Miss Jane?”

“Nonsense, Esmeralda, there is nothing. Go back to sleep. You are bad

enough asleep, but you are infinitely worse awake.”

“Yes honey, but what’s the matter with you, precious? You acts sort of

disgranulated this evening.”

“Oh, Esmeralda, I’m just plain ugly to-night,” said the girl. “Don’t

pay any attention to me—that’s a dear.”

“Yes, honey; now you go right to sleep. Your nerves are all on edge.

What with all these ripotamuses and man eating geniuses that Mister

Philander been telling about—Lord, it ain’t no wonder we all get

nervous prosecution.”

Jane crossed the little room, laughing, and kissing the faithful woman,

bid Esmeralda good night.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Brother Men.

When D’Arnot regained consciousness, he found himself lying upon a bed

of soft ferns and grasses beneath a little “A” shaped shelter of

boughs.

At his feet an opening looked out upon a green sward, and at a little

distance beyond was the dense wall of jungle and forest.

He was very lame and sore and weak, and as full consciousness returned

he felt the sharp torture of many cruel wounds and the dull aching of

every bone and muscle in his body as a result of the hideous beating he

had received.

Even the turning of his head caused him such excruciating agony that he

lay still with closed eyes for a long time.

He tried to piece out the details of his adventure prior to the time he

lost consciousness to see if they would explain his present

whereabouts—he wondered if he were among friends or foes.

At length he recollected the whole hideous scene at the stake, and

finally recalled the strange white figure in whose arms he had sunk

into oblivion.

D’Arnot wondered what fate lay in store for him now. He could neither

see nor hear any signs of life about him.

The incessant hum of the jungle—the rustling of millions of leaves—the

buzz of insects—the voices of the birds and monkeys seemed blended into

a strangely soothing purr, as though he lay apart, far from the myriad

life whose sounds came to him only as a blurred echo.

At length he fell into a quiet slumber, nor did he awake again until

afternoon.

Once more he experienced the strange sense of utter bewilderment that

had marked his earlier awakening, but soon he recalled the recent past,

and looking through the opening at his feet he saw the figure of a man

squatting on his haunches.

The broad, muscular back was turned toward him, but, tanned though it

was, D’Arnot saw that it was the back of a white man, and he thanked

God.

The Frenchman called faintly. The man turned, and rising, came toward

the shelter. His face was very handsome—the handsomest, thought

D’Arnot, that he had ever seen.

Stooping, he crawled into the shelter beside the wounded officer, and

placed a cool hand upon his forehead.

D’Arnot spoke to him in French, but the man only shook his head—sadly,

it seemed to the Frenchman.

Then D’Arnot tried English, but still the man shook his head. Italian,

Spanish and German brought similar discouragement.

D’Arnot knew a few words of Norwegian, Russian, Greek, and also had a

smattering of the language of one of the West Coast negro tribes—the

man denied them all.

After examining D’Arnot’s wounds the man left the shelter and

disappeared. In half an hour he was back with fruit and a hollow

gourd-like vegetable filled with water.

D’Arnot drank and ate a little. He was surprised that he had no fever.

Again he tried to converse with his strange nurse, but the attempt was

useless.

Suddenly the man hastened from the shelter only to return a few minutes

later with several pieces of bark and—wonder of wonders—a lead pencil.

Squatting beside D’Arnot he wrote for a minute on the smooth inner

surface of the bark; then he handed it to the Frenchman.

D’Arnot was astonished to see, in plain print-like characters, a

message in English:

I am Tarzan of the Apes. Who are you? Can you read this language?

D’Arnot seized the pencil—then he stopped. This strange man wrote

English—evidently he was an Englishman.

“Yes,” said D’Arnot, “I read English. I speak it also. Now we may talk.

First let me thank you for all that you have done for me.”

The man only shook his head and pointed to the pencil and the bark.

“\_Mon Dieu!\_” cried D’Arnot. “If you are English why is it then that

you cannot speak English?”

And then in a flash it came to him—the man was a mute, possibly a deaf

mute.

So D’Arnot wrote a message on the bark, in English.

I am Paul d’Arnot, Lieutenant in the navy of France. I thank you for

what you have done for me. You have saved my life, and all that I have

is yours. May I ask how it is that one who writes English does not

speak it?

Tarzan’s reply filled D’Arnot with still greater wonder:

I speak only the language of my tribe—the great apes who were

Kerchak’s; and a little of the languages of Tantor, the elephant, and

Numa, the lion, and of the other folks of the jungle I understand. With

a human being I have never spoken, except once with Jane Porter, by

signs. This is the first time I have spoken with another of my kind

through written words.

D’Arnot was mystified. It seemed incredible that there lived upon earth

a full-grown man who had never spoken with a fellow man, and still more

preposterous that such a one could read and write.

He looked again at Tarzan’s message—“except once, with Jane Porter.”

That was the American girl who had been carried into the jungle by a

gorilla.

A sudden light commenced to dawn on D’Arnot—this then was the

“gorilla.” He seized the pencil and wrote:

Where is Jane Porter?

And Tarzan replied, below:

Back with her people in the cabin of Tarzan of the Apes.

She is not dead then? Where was she? What happened to her?

She is not dead. She was taken by Terkoz to be his wife; but Tarzan

of the Apes took her away from Terkoz and killed him before he

could harm her.

None in all the jungle may face Tarzan of the Apes in battle, and

live. I am Tarzan of the Apes—mighty fighter.

D’Arnot wrote:

I am glad she is safe. It pains me to write, I will rest a while.

And then Tarzan:

Yes, rest. When you are well I shall take you back to your people.

For many days D’Arnot lay upon his bed of soft ferns. The second day a

fever had come and D’Arnot thought that it meant infection and he knew

that he would die.

An idea came to him. He wondered why he had not thought of it before.

He called Tarzan and indicated by signs that he would write, and when

Tarzan had fetched the bark and pencil, D’Arnot wrote:

Can you go to my people and lead them here? I will write a message that

you may take to them, and they will follow you.

Tarzan shook his head and taking the bark, wrote:

I had thought of that—the first day; but I dared not. The great apes

come often to this spot, and if they found you here, wounded and alone,

they would kill you.

D’Arnot turned on his side and closed his eyes. He did not wish to die;

but he felt that he was going, for the fever was mounting higher and

higher. That night he lost consciousness.

For three days he was in delirium, and Tarzan sat beside him and bathed

his head and hands and washed his wounds.

On the fourth day the fever broke as suddenly as it had come, but it

left D’Arnot a shadow of his former self, and very weak. Tarzan had to

lift him that he might drink from the gourd.

The fever had not been the result of infection, as D’Arnot had thought,

but one of those that commonly attack whites in the jungles of Africa,

and either kill or leave them as suddenly as D’Arnot’s had left him.

Two days later, D’Arnot was tottering about the amphitheater, Tarzan’s

strong arm about him to keep him from falling.

They sat beneath the shade of a great tree, and Tarzan found some

smooth bark that they might converse.

D’Arnot wrote the first message:

What can I do to repay you for all that you have done for me?

And Tarzan, in reply:

Teach me to speak the language of men.

And so D’Arnot commenced at once, pointing out familiar objects and

repeating their names in French, for he thought that it would be easier

to teach this man his own language, since he understood it himself best

of all.

It meant nothing to Tarzan, of course, for he could not tell one

language from another, so when he pointed to the word man which he had

printed upon a piece of bark he learned from D’Arnot that it was

pronounced \_homme\_, and in the same way he was taught to pronounce ape,

\_singe\_ and tree, \_arbre\_.

He was a most eager student, and in two more days had mastered so much

French that he could speak little sentences such as: “That is a tree,”

“this is grass,” “I am hungry,” and the like, but D’Arnot found that it

was difficult to teach him the French construction upon a foundation of

English.

The Frenchman wrote little lessons for him in English and had Tarzan

repeat them in French, but as a literal translation was usually very

poor French Tarzan was often confused.

D’Arnot realized now that he had made a mistake, but it seemed too late

to go back and do it all over again and force Tarzan to unlearn all

that he had learned, especially as they were rapidly approaching a

point where they would be able to converse.

On the third day after the fever broke Tarzan wrote a message asking

D’Arnot if he felt strong enough to be carried back to the cabin.

Tarzan was as anxious to go as D’Arnot, for he longed to see Jane

again.

It had been hard for him to remain with the Frenchman all these days

for that very reason, and that he had unselfishly done so spoke more

glowingly of his nobility of character than even did his rescuing the

French officer from Mbonga’s clutches.

D’Arnot, only too willing to attempt the journey, wrote:

But you cannot carry me all the distance through this tangled forest.

Tarzan laughed.

“\_Mais oui\_,” he said, and D’Arnot laughed aloud to hear the phrase

that he used so often glide from Tarzan’s tongue.

So they set out, D’Arnot marveling as had Clayton and Jane at the

wondrous strength and agility of the apeman.

Mid-afternoon brought them to the clearing, and as Tarzan dropped to

earth from the branches of the last tree his heart leaped and bounded

against his ribs in anticipation of seeing Jane so soon again.

No one was in sight outside the cabin, and D’Arnot was perplexed to

note that neither the cruiser nor the \_Arrow\_ was at anchor in the bay.

An atmosphere of loneliness pervaded the spot, which caught suddenly at

both men as they strode toward the cabin.

Neither spoke, yet both knew before they opened the closed door what

they would find beyond.

Tarzan lifted the latch and pushed the great door in upon its wooden

hinges. It was as they had feared. The cabin was deserted.

The men turned and looked at one another. D’Arnot knew that his people

thought him dead; but Tarzan thought only of the woman who had kissed

him in love and now had fled from him while he was serving one of her

people.

A great bitterness rose in his heart. He would go away, far into the

jungle and join his tribe. Never would he see one of his own kind

again, nor could he bear the thought of returning to the cabin. He

would leave that forever behind him with the great hopes he had nursed

there of finding his own race and becoming a man among men.

And the Frenchman? D’Arnot? What of him? He could get along as Tarzan

had. Tarzan did not want to see him more. He wanted to get away from

everything that might remind him of Jane.

As Tarzan stood upon the threshold brooding, D’Arnot had entered the

cabin. Many comforts he saw that had been left behind. He recognized

numerous articles from the cruiser—a camp oven, some kitchen utensils,

a rifle and many rounds of ammunition, canned foods, blankets, two

chairs and a cot—and several books and periodicals, mostly American.

“They must intend returning,” thought D’Arnot.

He walked over to the table that John Clayton had built so many years

before to serve as a desk, and on it he saw two notes addressed to

Tarzan of the Apes.

One was in a strong masculine hand and was unsealed. The other, in a

woman’s hand, was sealed.

“Here are two messages for you, Tarzan of the Apes,” cried D’Arnot,

turning toward the door; but his companion was not there.

D’Arnot walked to the door and looked out. Tarzan was nowhere in sight.

He called aloud but there was no response.

“\_Mon Dieu!\_” exclaimed D’Arnot, “he has left me. I feel it. He has

gone back into his jungle and left me here alone.”

And then he remembered the look on Tarzan’s face when they had

discovered that the cabin was empty—such a look as the hunter sees in

the eyes of the wounded deer he has wantonly brought down.

The man had been hard hit—D’Arnot realized it now—but why? He could not

understand.

The Frenchman looked about him. The loneliness and the horror of the

place commenced to get on his nerves—already weakened by the ordeal of

suffering and sickness he had passed through.

To be left here alone beside this awful jungle—never to hear a human

voice or see a human face—in constant dread of savage beasts and more

terribly savage men—a prey to solitude and hopelessness. It was awful.

And far to the east Tarzan of the Apes was speeding through the middle

terrace back to his tribe. Never had he traveled with such reckless

speed. He felt that he was running away from himself—that by hurtling

through the forest like a frightened squirrel he was escaping from his

own thoughts. But no matter how fast he went he found them always with

him.

He passed above the sinuous body of Sabor, the lioness, going in the

opposite direction—toward the cabin, thought Tarzan.

What could D’Arnot do against Sabor—or if Bolgani, the gorilla, should

come upon him—or Numa, the lion, or cruel Sheeta?

Tarzan paused in his flight.

“What are you, Tarzan?” he asked aloud. “An ape or a man?”

“If you are an ape you will do as the apes would do—leave one of your

kind to die in the jungle if it suited your whim to go elsewhere.

“If you are a man, you will return to protect your kind. You will not

run away from one of your own people, because one of them has run away

from you.”

D’Arnot closed the cabin door. He was very nervous. Even brave men, and

D’Arnot was a brave man, are sometimes frightened by solitude.

He loaded one of the rifles and placed it within easy reach. Then he

went to the desk and took up the unsealed letter addressed to Tarzan.

Possibly it contained word that his people had but left the beach

temporarily. He felt that it would be no breach of ethics to read this

letter, so he took the enclosure from the envelope and read:

TO TARZAN OF THE APES:

We thank you for the use of your cabin, and are sorry that you did not

permit us the pleasure of seeing and thanking you in person.

We have harmed nothing, but have left many things for you which may add

to your comfort and safety here in your lonely home.

If you know the strange white man who saved our lives so many times,

and brought us food, and if you can converse with him, thank him, also,

for his kindness.

We sail within the hour, never to return; but we wish you and that

other jungle friend to know that we shall always thank you for what you

did for strangers on your shore, and that we should have done

infinitely more to reward you both had you given us the opportunity.

Very respectfully,

WM. CECIL CLAYTON.

“‘Never to return,’” muttered D’Arnot, and threw himself face downward

upon the cot.

An hour later he started up listening. Something was at the door trying

to enter.

D’Arnot reached for the loaded rifle and placed it to his shoulder.

Dusk was falling, and the interior of the cabin was very dark; but the

man could see the latch moving from its place.

He felt his hair rising upon his scalp.

Gently the door opened until a thin crack showed something standing

just beyond.

D’Arnot sighted along the blue barrel at the crack of the door—and then

he pulled the trigger.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Lost Treasure

When the expedition returned, following their fruitless endeavor to

succor D’Arnot, Captain Dufranne was anxious to steam away as quickly

as possible, and all save Jane had acquiesced.

“No,” she said, determinedly, “I shall not go, nor should you, for

there are two friends in that jungle who will come out of it some day

expecting to find us awaiting them.

“Your officer, Captain Dufranne, is one of them, and the forest man who

has saved the lives of every member of my father’s party is the other.

“He left me at the edge of the jungle two days ago to hasten to the aid

of my father and Mr. Clayton, as he thought, and he has stayed to

rescue Lieutenant D’Arnot; of that you may be sure.

“Had he been too late to be of service to the lieutenant he would have

been back before now—the fact that he is not back is sufficient proof

to me that he is delayed because Lieutenant D’Arnot is wounded, or he

has had to follow his captors further than the village which your

sailors attacked.”

“But poor D’Arnot’s uniform and all his belongings were found in that

village, Miss Porter,” argued the captain, “and the natives showed

great excitement when questioned as to the white man’s fate.”

“Yes, Captain, but they did not admit that he was dead and as for his

clothes and accouterments being in their possession—why more civilized

peoples than these poor savage negroes strip their prisoners of every

article of value whether they intend killing them or not.

“Even the soldiers of my own dear South looted not only the living but

the dead. It is strong circumstantial evidence, I will admit, but it is

not positive proof.”

“Possibly your forest man, himself was captured or killed by the

savages,” suggested Captain Dufranne.

The girl laughed.

“You do not know him,” she replied, a little thrill of pride setting

her nerves a-tingle at the thought that she spoke of her own.

“I admit that he would be worth waiting for, this superman of yours,”

laughed the captain. “I most certainly should like to see him.”

“Then wait for him, my dear captain,” urged the girl, “for I intend

doing so.”

The Frenchman would have been a very much surprised man could he have

interpreted the true meaning of the girl’s words.

They had been walking from the beach toward the cabin as they talked,

and now they joined a little group sitting on camp stools in the shade

of a great tree beside the cabin.

Professor Porter was there, and Mr. Philander and Clayton, with

Lieutenant Charpentier and two of his brother officers, while Esmeralda

hovered in the background, ever and anon venturing opinions and

comments with the freedom of an old and much-indulged family servant.

The officers arose and saluted as their superior approached, and

Clayton surrendered his camp stool to Jane.

“We were just discussing poor Paul’s fate,” said Captain Dufranne.

“Miss Porter insists that we have no absolute proof of his death—nor

have we. And on the other hand she maintains that the continued absence

of your omnipotent jungle friend indicates that D’Arnot is still in

need of his services, either because he is wounded, or still is a

prisoner in a more distant native village.”

“It has been suggested,” ventured Lieutenant Charpentier, “that the

wild man may have been a member of the tribe of blacks who attacked our

party—that he was hastening to aid THEM—his own people.”

Jane shot a quick glance at Clayton.

“It seems vastly more reasonable,” said Professor Porter.

“I do not agree with you,” objected Mr. Philander. “He had ample

opportunity to harm us himself, or to lead his people against us.

Instead, during our long residence here, he has been uniformly

consistent in his role of protector and provider.”

“That is true,” interjected Clayton, “yet we must not overlook the fact

that except for himself the only human beings within hundreds of miles

are savage cannibals. He was armed precisely as are they, which

indicates that he has maintained relations of some nature with them,

and the fact that he is but one against possibly thousands suggests

that these relations could scarcely have been other than friendly.”

“It seems improbable then that he is not connected with them,” remarked

the captain; “possibly a member of this tribe.”

“Otherwise,” added another of the officers, “how could he have lived a

sufficient length of time among the savage denizens of the jungle,

brute and human, to have become proficient in woodcraft, or in the use

of African weapons.”

“You are judging him according to your own standards, gentlemen,” said

Jane. “An ordinary white man such as any of you—pardon me, I did not

mean just that—rather, a white man above the ordinary in physique and

intelligence could never, I grant you, have lived a year alone and

naked in this tropical jungle; but this man not only surpasses the

average white man in strength and agility, but as far transcends our

trained athletes and ‘strong men’ as they surpass a day-old babe; and

his courage and ferocity in battle are those of the wild beast.”

“He has certainly won a loyal champion, Miss Porter,” said Captain

Dufranne, laughing. “I am sure that there be none of us here but would

willingly face death a hundred times in its most terrifying forms to

deserve the tributes of one even half so loyal—or so beautiful.”

“You would not wonder that I defend him,” said the girl, “could you

have seen him as I saw him, battling in my behalf with that huge hairy

brute.

“Could you have seen him charge the monster as a bull might charge a

grizzly—absolutely without sign of fear or hesitation—you would have

believed him more than human.

“Could you have seen those mighty muscles knotting under the brown

skin—could you have seen them force back those awful fangs—you too

would have thought him invincible.

“And could you have seen the chivalrous treatment which he accorded a

strange girl of a strange race, you would feel the same absolute

confidence in him that I feel.”

“You have won your suit, my fair pleader,” cried the captain. “This

court finds the defendant not guilty, and the cruiser shall wait a few

days longer that he may have an opportunity to come and thank the

divine Portia.”

“For the Lord’s sake honey,” cried Esmeralda. “You all don’t mean to

tell ME that you’re going to stay right here in this here land of

carnivable animals when you all got the opportunity to escapade on that

boat? Don’t you tell me THAT, honey.”

“Why, Esmeralda! You should be ashamed of yourself,” cried Jane. “Is

this any way to show your gratitude to the man who saved your life

twice?”

“Well, Miss Jane, that’s all jest as you say; but that there forest man

never did save us to stay here. He done save us so we all could get

AWAY from here. I expect he be mighty peevish when he find we ain’t got

no more sense than to stay right here after he done give us the chance

to get away.

“I hoped I’d never have to sleep in this here geological garden another

night and listen to all them lonesome noises that come out of that

jumble after dark.”

“I don’t blame you a bit, Esmeralda,” said Clayton, “and you certainly

did hit it off right when you called them ‘lonesome’ noises. I never

have been able to find the right word for them but that’s it, don’t you

know, lonesome noises.”

“You and Esmeralda had better go and live on the cruiser,” said Jane,

in fine scorn. “What would you think if you HAD to live all of your

life in that jungle as our forest man has done?”

“I’m afraid I’d be a blooming bounder as a wild man,” laughed Clayton,

ruefully. “Those noises at night make the hair on my head bristle. I

suppose that I should be ashamed to admit it, but it’s the truth.”

“I don’t know about that,” said Lieutenant Charpentier. “I never

thought much about fear and that sort of thing—never tried to determine

whether I was a coward or brave man; but the other night as we lay in

the jungle there after poor D’Arnot was taken, and those jungle noises

rose and fell around us I began to think that I was a coward indeed. It

was not the roaring and growling of the big beasts that affected me so

much as it was the stealthy noises—the ones that you heard suddenly

close by and then listened vainly for a repetition of—the unaccountable

sounds as of a great body moving almost noiselessly, and the knowledge

that you didn’t KNOW how close it was, or whether it were creeping

closer after you ceased to hear it? It was those noises—and the eyes.

“\_Mon Dieu!\_ I shall see them in the dark forever—the eyes that you

see, and those that you don’t see, but feel—ah, they are the worst.”

All were silent for a moment, and then Jane spoke.

“And he is out there,” she said, in an awe-hushed whisper. “Those eyes

will be glaring at him to-night, and at your comrade Lieutenant

D’Arnot. Can you leave them, gentlemen, without at least rendering them

the passive succor which remaining here a few days longer might insure

them?”

“Tut, tut, child,” said Professor Porter. “Captain Dufranne is willing

to remain, and for my part I am perfectly willing, perfectly willing—as

I always have been to humor your childish whims.”

“We can utilize the morrow in recovering the chest, Professor,”

suggested Mr. Philander.

“Quite so, quite so, Mr. Philander, I had almost forgotten the

treasure,” exclaimed Professor Porter. “Possibly we can borrow some men

from Captain Dufranne to assist us, and one of the prisoners to point

out the location of the chest.”

“Most assuredly, my dear Professor, we are all yours to command,” said

the captain.

And so it was arranged that on the next day Lieutenant Charpentier was

to take a detail of ten men, and one of the mutineers of the \_Arrow\_ as

a guide, and unearth the treasure; and that the cruiser would remain

for a full week in the little harbor. At the end of that time it was to

be assumed that D’Arnot was truly dead, and that the forest man would

not return while they remained. Then the two vessels were to leave with

all the party.

Professor Porter did not accompany the treasure-seekers on the

following day, but when he saw them returning empty-handed toward noon,

he hastened forward to meet them—his usual preoccupied indifference

entirely vanished, and in its place a nervous and excited manner.

“Where is the treasure?” he cried to Clayton, while yet a hundred feet

separated them.

Clayton shook his head.

“Gone,” he said, as he neared the professor.

“Gone! It cannot be. Who could have taken it?” cried Professor Porter.

“God only knows, Professor,” replied Clayton. “We might have thought

the fellow who guided us was lying about the location, but his surprise

and consternation on finding no chest beneath the body of the murdered

Snipes were too real to be feigned. And then our spades showed us that

\_something\_ had been buried beneath the corpse, for a hole had been

there and it had been filled with loose earth.”

“But who could have taken it?” repeated Professor Porter.

“Suspicion might naturally fall on the men of the cruiser,” said

Lieutenant Charpentier, “but for the fact that sub-lieutenant Janviers

here assures me that no men have had shore leave—that none has been on

shore since we anchored here except under command of an officer. I do

not know that you would suspect our men, but I am glad that there is

now no chance for suspicion to fall on them,” he concluded.

“It would never have occurred to me to suspect the men to whom we owe

so much,” replied Professor Porter, graciously. “I would as soon

suspect my dear Clayton here, or Mr. Philander.”

The Frenchmen smiled, both officers and sailors. It was plain to see

that a burden had been lifted from their minds.

“The treasure has been gone for some time,” continued Clayton. “In fact

the body fell apart as we lifted it, which indicates that whoever

removed the treasure did so while the corpse was still fresh, for it

was intact when we first uncovered it.”

“There must have been several in the party,” said Jane, who had joined

them. “You remember that it took four men to carry it.”

“By jove!” cried Clayton. “That’s right. It must have been done by a

party of blacks. Probably one of them saw the men bury the chest and

then returned immediately after with a party of his friends, and

carried it off.”

“Speculation is futile,” said Professor Porter sadly. “The chest is

gone. We shall never see it again, nor the treasure that was in it.”

Only Jane knew what the loss meant to her father, and none there knew

what it meant to her.

Six days later Captain Dufranne announced that they would sail early on

the morrow.

Jane would have begged for a further reprieve, had it not been that she

too had begun to believe that her forest lover would return no more.

In spite of herself she began to entertain doubts and fears. The

reasonableness of the arguments of these disinterested French officers

commenced to convince her against her will.

That he was a cannibal she would not believe, but that he was an

adopted member of some savage tribe at length seemed possible to her.

She would not admit that he could be dead. It was impossible to believe

that that perfect body, so filled with triumphant life, could ever

cease to harbor the vital spark—as soon believe that immortality were

dust.

As Jane permitted herself to harbor these thoughts, others equally

unwelcome forced themselves upon her.

If he belonged to some savage tribe he had a savage wife—a dozen of

them perhaps—and wild, half-caste children. The girl shuddered, and

when they told her that the cruiser would sail on the morrow she was

almost glad.

It was she, though, who suggested that arms, ammunition, supplies and

comforts be left behind in the cabin, ostensibly for that intangible

personality who had signed himself Tarzan of the Apes, and for D’Arnot

should he still be living, but really, she hoped, for her forest

god—even though his feet should prove of clay.

And at the last minute she left a message for him, to be transmitted by

Tarzan of the Apes.

She was the last to leave the cabin, returning on some trivial pretext

after the others had started for the boat.

She kneeled down beside the bed in which she had spent so many nights,

and offered up a prayer for the safety of her primeval man, and

crushing his locket to her lips she murmured:

“I love you, and because I love you I believe in you. But if I did not

believe, still should I love. Had you come back for me, and had there

been no other way, I would have gone into the jungle with you—forever.”

CHAPTER XXV.

The Outpost of the World

With the report of his gun D’Arnot saw the door fly open and the figure

of a man pitch headlong within onto the cabin floor.

The Frenchman in his panic raised his gun to fire again into the

prostrate form, but suddenly in the half dusk of the open door he saw

that the man was white and in another instant realized that he had shot

his friend and protector, Tarzan of the Apes.

With a cry of anguish D’Arnot sprang to the ape-man’s side, and

kneeling, lifted the latter’s head in his arms—calling Tarzan’s name

aloud.

There was no response, and then D’Arnot placed his ear above the man’s

heart. To his joy he heard its steady beating beneath.

Carefully he lifted Tarzan to the cot, and then, after closing and

bolting the door, he lighted one of the lamps and examined the wound.

The bullet had struck a glancing blow upon the skull. There was an ugly

flesh wound, but no signs of a fracture of the skull.

D’Arnot breathed a sigh of relief, and went about bathing the blood

from Tarzan’s face.

Soon the cool water revived him, and presently he opened his eyes to

look in questioning surprise at D’Arnot.

The latter had bound the wound with pieces of cloth, and as he saw that

Tarzan had regained consciousness he arose and going to the table wrote

a message, which he handed to the ape-man, explaining the terrible

mistake he had made and how thankful he was that the wound was not more

serious.

Tarzan, after reading the message, sat on the edge of the couch and

laughed.

“It is nothing,” he said in French, and then, his vocabulary failing

him, he wrote:

You should have seen what Bolgani did to me, and Kerchak, and Terkoz,

before I killed them—then you would laugh at such a little scratch.

D’Arnot handed Tarzan the two messages that had been left for him.

Tarzan read the first one through with a look of sorrow on his face.

The second one he turned over and over, searching for an opening—he had

never seen a sealed envelope before. At length he handed it to D’Arnot.

The Frenchman had been watching him, and knew that Tarzan was puzzled

over the envelope. How strange it seemed that to a full-grown white man

an envelope was a mystery. D’Arnot opened it and handed the letter back

to Tarzan.

Sitting on a camp stool the ape-man spread the written sheet before him

and read:

TO TARZAN OF THE APES:

Before I leave let me add my thanks to those of Mr. Clayton for the

kindness you have shown in permitting us the use of your cabin.

That you never came to make friends with us has been a great regret to

us. We should have liked so much to have seen and thanked our host.

There is another I should like to thank also, but he did not come back,

though I cannot believe that he is dead.

I do not know his name. He is the great white giant who wore the

diamond locket upon his breast.

If you know him and can speak his language carry my thanks to him, and

tell him that I waited seven days for him to return.

Tell him, also, that in my home in America, in the city of Baltimore,

there will always be a welcome for him if he cares to come.

I found a note you wrote me lying among the leaves beneath a tree near

the cabin. I do not know how you learned to love me, who have never

spoken to me, and I am very sorry if it is true, for I have already

given my heart to another.

But know that I am always your friend,

JANE PORTER.

Tarzan sat with gaze fixed upon the floor for nearly an hour. It was

evident to him from the notes that they did not know that he and Tarzan

of the Apes were one and the same.

“I have given my heart to another,” he repeated over and over again to

himself.

Then she did not love him! How could she have pretended love, and

raised him to such a pinnacle of hope only to cast him down to such

utter depths of despair!

Maybe her kisses were only signs of friendship. How did he know, who

knew nothing of the customs of human beings?

Suddenly he arose, and, bidding D’Arnot good night as he had learned to

do, threw himself upon the couch of ferns that had been Jane Porter’s.

D’Arnot extinguished the lamp, and lay down upon the cot.

For a week they did little but rest, D’Arnot coaching Tarzan in French.

At the end of that time the two men could converse quite easily.

One night, as they were sitting within the cabin before retiring,

Tarzan turned to D’Arnot.

“Where is America?” he said.

D’Arnot pointed toward the northwest.

“Many thousands of miles across the ocean,” he replied. “Why?”

“I am going there.”

D’Arnot shook his head.

“It is impossible, my friend,” he said.

Tarzan rose, and, going to one of the cupboards, returned with a

well-thumbed geography.

Turning to a map of the world, he said:

“I have never quite understood all this; explain it to me, please.”

When D’Arnot had done so, showing him that the blue represented all the

water on the earth, and the bits of other colors the continents and

islands, Tarzan asked him to point out the spot where they now were.

D’Arnot did so.

“Now point out America,” said Tarzan.

And as D’Arnot placed his finger upon North America, Tarzan smiled and

laid his palm upon the page, spanning the great ocean that lay between

the two continents.

“You see it is not so very far,” he said; “scarce the width of my

hand.”

D’Arnot laughed. How could he make the man understand?

Then he took a pencil and made a tiny point upon the shore of Africa.

“This little mark,” he said, “is many times larger upon this map than

your cabin is upon the earth. Do you see now how very far it is?”

Tarzan thought for a long time.

“Do any white men live in Africa?” he asked.

“Yes.”

“Where are the nearest?”

D’Arnot pointed out a spot on the shore just north of them.

“So close?” asked Tarzan, in surprise.

“Yes,” said D’Arnot; “but it is not close.”

“Have they big boats to cross the ocean?”

“Yes.”

“We shall go there to-morrow,” announced Tarzan.

Again D’Arnot smiled and shook his head.

“It is too far. We should die long before we reached them.”

“Do you wish to stay here then forever?” asked Tarzan.

“No,” said D’Arnot.

“Then we shall start to-morrow. I do not like it here longer. I should

rather die than remain here.”

“Well,” answered D’Arnot, with a shrug, “I do not know, my friend, but

that I also would rather die than remain here. If you go, I shall go

with you.”

“It is settled then,” said Tarzan. “I shall start for America

to-morrow.”

“How will you get to America without money?” asked D’Arnot.

“What is money?” inquired Tarzan.

It took a long time to make him understand even imperfectly.

“How do men get money?” he asked at last.

“They work for it.”

“Very well. I will work for it, then.”

“No, my friend,” returned D’Arnot, “you need not worry about money, nor

need you work for it. I have enough money for two—enough for twenty.

Much more than is good for one man and you shall have all you need if

ever we reach civilization.”

So on the following day they started north along the shore. Each man

carrying a rifle and ammunition, beside bedding and some food and

cooking utensils.

The latter seemed to Tarzan a most useless encumbrance, so he threw his

away.

“But you must learn to eat cooked food, my friend,” remonstrated

D’Arnot. “No civilized men eat raw flesh.”

“There will be time enough when I reach civilization,” said Tarzan. “I

do not like the things and they only spoil the taste of good meat.”

For a month they traveled north. Sometimes finding food in plenty and

again going hungry for days.

They saw no signs of natives nor were they molested by wild beasts.

Their journey was a miracle of ease.

Tarzan asked questions and learned rapidly. D’Arnot taught him many of

the refinements of civilization—even to the use of knife and fork; but

sometimes Tarzan would drop them in disgust and grasp his food in his

strong brown hands, tearing it with his molars like a wild beast.

Then D’Arnot would expostulate with him, saying:

“You must not eat like a brute, Tarzan, while I am trying to make a

gentleman of you. \_Mon Dieu!\_ Gentlemen do not thus—it is terrible.”

Tarzan would grin sheepishly and pick up his knife and fork again, but

at heart he hated them.

On the journey he told D’Arnot about the great chest he had seen the

sailors bury; of how he had dug it up and carried it to the gathering

place of the apes and buried it there.

“It must be the treasure chest of Professor Porter,” said D’Arnot. “It

is too bad, but of course you did not know.”

Then Tarzan recalled the letter written by Jane to her friend—the one

he had stolen when they first came to his cabin, and now he knew what

was in the chest and what it meant to Jane.

“To-morrow we shall go back after it,” he announced to D’Arnot.

“Go back?” exclaimed D’Arnot. “But, my dear fellow, we have now been

three weeks upon the march. It would require three more to return to

the treasure, and then, with that enormous weight which required, you

say, four sailors to carry, it would be months before we had again

reached this spot.”

“It must be done, my friend,” insisted Tarzan. “You may go on toward

civilization, and I will return for the treasure. I can go very much

faster alone.”

“I have a better plan, Tarzan,” exclaimed D’Arnot. “We shall go on

together to the nearest settlement, and there we will charter a boat

and sail back down the coast for the treasure and so transport it

easily. That will be safer and quicker and also not require us to be

separated. What do you think of that plan?”

“Very well,” said Tarzan. “The treasure will be there whenever we go

for it; and while I could fetch it now, and catch up with you in a moon

or two, I shall feel safer for you to know that you are not alone on

the trail. When I see how helpless you are, D’Arnot, I often wonder how

the human race has escaped annihilation all these ages which you tell

me about. Why, Sabor, single handed, could exterminate a thousand of

you.”

D’Arnot laughed.

“You will think more highly of your genus when you have seen its armies

and navies, its great cities, and its mighty engineering works. Then

you will realize that it is mind, and not muscle, that makes the human

animal greater than the mighty beasts of your jungle.

“Alone and unarmed, a single man is no match for any of the larger

beasts; but if ten men were together, they would combine their wits and

their muscles against their savage enemies, while the beasts, being

unable to reason, would never think of combining against the men.

Otherwise, Tarzan of the Apes, how long would you have lasted in the

savage wilderness?”

“You are right, D’Arnot,” replied Tarzan, “for if Kerchak had come to

Tublat’s aid that night at the Dum-Dum, there would have been an end of

me. But Kerchak could never think far enough ahead to take advantage of

any such opportunity. Even Kala, my mother, could never plan ahead. She

simply ate what she needed when she needed it, and if the supply was

very scarce, even though she found plenty for several meals, she would

never gather any ahead.

“I remember that she used to think it very silly of me to burden myself

with extra food upon the march, though she was quite glad to eat it

with me, if the way chanced to be barren of sustenance.”

“Then you knew your mother, Tarzan?” asked D’Arnot, in surprise.

“Yes. She was a great, fine ape, larger than I, and weighing twice as

much.”

“And your father?” asked D’Arnot.

“I did not know him. Kala told me he was a white ape, and hairless like

myself. I know now that he must have been a white man.”

D’Arnot looked long and earnestly at his companion.

“Tarzan,” he said at length, “it is impossible that the ape, Kala, was

your mother. If such a thing can be, which I doubt, you would have

inherited some of the characteristics of the ape, but you have not—you

are pure man, and, I should say, the offspring of highly bred and

intelligent parents. Have you not the slightest clue to your past?”

“Not the slightest,” replied Tarzan.

“No writings in the cabin that might have told something of the lives

of its original inmates?”

“I have read everything that was in the cabin with the exception of one

book which I know now to be written in a language other than English.

Possibly you can read it.”

Tarzan fished the little black diary from the bottom of his quiver, and

handed it to his companion.

D’Arnot glanced at the title page.

“It is the diary of John Clayton, Lord Greystoke, an English nobleman,

and it is written in French,” he said.

Then he proceeded to read the diary that had been written over twenty

years before, and which recorded the details of the story which we

already know—the story of adventure, hardships and sorrow of John

Clayton and his wife Alice, from the day they left England until an

hour before he was struck down by Kerchak.

D’Arnot read aloud. At times his voice broke, and he was forced to stop

reading for the pitiful hopelessness that spoke between the lines.

Occasionally he glanced at Tarzan; but the ape-man sat upon his

haunches, like a carven image, his eyes fixed upon the ground.

Only when the little babe was mentioned did the tone of the diary alter

from the habitual note of despair which had crept into it by degrees

after the first two months upon the shore.

Then the passages were tinged with a subdued happiness that was even

sadder than the rest.

One entry showed an almost hopeful spirit.

To-day our little boy is six months old. He is sitting in Alice’s lap

beside the table where I am writing—a happy, healthy, perfect child.

Somehow, even against all reason, I seem to see him a grown man,

taking his father’s place in the world—the second John Clayton—and

bringing added honors to the house of Greystoke.

There—as though to give my prophecy the weight of his

endorsement—he has grabbed my pen in his chubby fists and with his

inkbegrimed little fingers has placed the seal of his tiny finger

prints upon the page.

And there, on the margin of the page, were the partially blurred

imprints of four wee fingers and the outer half of the thumb.

When D’Arnot had finished the diary the two men sat in silence for some

minutes.

“Well! Tarzan of the Apes, what think you?” asked D’Arnot. “Does not

this little book clear up the mystery of your parentage?

“Why man, you are Lord Greystoke.”

“The book speaks of but one child,” he replied. “Its little skeleton

lay in the crib, where it died crying for nourishment, from the first

time I entered the cabin until Professor Porter’s party buried it, with

its father and mother, beside the cabin.

“No, that was the babe the book speaks of—and the mystery of my origin

is deeper than before, for I have thought much of late of the

possibility of that cabin having been my birthplace. I am afraid that

Kala spoke the truth,” he concluded sadly.

D’Arnot shook his head. He was unconvinced, and in his mind had sprung

the determination to prove the correctness of his theory, for he had

discovered the key which alone could unlock the mystery, or consign it

forever to the realms of the unfathomable.

A week later the two men came suddenly upon a clearing in the forest.

In the distance were several buildings surrounded by a strong palisade.

Between them and the enclosure stretched a cultivated field in which a

number of negroes were working.

The two halted at the edge of the jungle.

Tarzan fitted his bow with a poisoned arrow, but D’Arnot placed a hand

upon his arm.

“What would you do, Tarzan?” he asked.

“They will try to kill us if they see us,” replied Tarzan. “I prefer to

be the killer.”

“Maybe they are friends,” suggested D’Arnot.

“They are black,” was Tarzan’s only reply.

And again he drew back his shaft.

“You must not, Tarzan!” cried D’Arnot. “White men do not kill wantonly.

\_Mon Dieu!\_ but you have much to learn.

“I pity the ruffian who crosses you, my wild man, when I take you to

Paris. I will have my hands full keeping your neck from beneath the

guillotine.”

Tarzan lowered his bow and smiled.

“I do not know why I should kill the blacks back there in my jungle,

yet not kill them here. Suppose Numa, the lion, should spring out upon

us, I should say, then, I presume: Good morning, Monsieur Numa, how is

Madame Numa; eh?”

“Wait until the blacks spring upon you,” replied D’Arnot, “then you may

kill them. Do not assume that men are your enemies until they prove

it.”

“Come,” said Tarzan, “let us go and present ourselves to be killed,”

and he started straight across the field, his head high held and the

tropical sun beating upon his smooth, brown skin.

Behind him came D’Arnot, clothed in some garments which had been

discarded at the cabin by Clayton when the officers of the French

cruiser had fitted him out in more presentable fashion.

Presently one of the blacks looked up, and beholding Tarzan, turned,

shrieking, toward the palisade.

In an instant the air was filled with cries of terror from the fleeing

gardeners, but before any had reached the palisade a white man emerged

from the enclosure, rifle in hand, to discover the cause of the

commotion.

What he saw brought his rifle to his shoulder, and Tarzan of the Apes

would have felt cold lead once again had not D’Arnot cried loudly to

the man with the leveled gun:

“Do not fire! We are friends!”

“Halt, then!” was the reply.

“Stop, Tarzan!” cried D’Arnot. “He thinks we are enemies.”

Tarzan dropped into a walk, and together he and D’Arnot advanced toward

the white man by the gate.

The latter eyed them in puzzled bewilderment.

“What manner of men are you?” he asked, in French.

“White men,” replied D’Arnot. “We have been lost in the jungle for a

long time.”

The man had lowered his rifle and now advanced with outstretched hand.

“I am Father Constantine of the French Mission here,” he said, “and I

am glad to welcome you.”

“This is Monsieur Tarzan, Father Constantine,” replied D’Arnot,

indicating the ape-man; and as the priest extended his hand to Tarzan,

D’Arnot added: “and I am Paul D’Arnot, of the French Navy.”

Father Constantine took the hand which Tarzan extended in imitation of

the priest’s act, while the latter took in the superb physique and

handsome face in one quick, keen glance.

And thus came Tarzan of the Apes to the first outpost of civilization.

For a week they remained there, and the ape-man, keenly observant,

learned much of the ways of men; meanwhile black women sewed white duck

garments for himself and D’Arnot so that they might continue their

journey properly clothed.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Height of Civilization

Another month brought them to a little group of buildings at the mouth

of a wide river, and there Tarzan saw many boats, and was filled with

the timidity of the wild thing by the sight of many men.

Gradually he became accustomed to the strange noises and the odd ways

of civilization, so that presently none might know that two short

months before, this handsome Frenchman in immaculate white ducks, who

laughed and chatted with the gayest of them, had been swinging naked

through primeval forests to pounce upon some unwary victim, which, raw,

was to fill his savage belly.

The knife and fork, so contemptuously flung aside a month before,

Tarzan now manipulated as exquisitely as did the polished D’Arnot.

So apt a pupil had he been that the young Frenchman had labored

assiduously to make of Tarzan of the Apes a polished gentleman in so

far as nicety of manners and speech were concerned.

“God made you a gentleman at heart, my friend,” D’Arnot had said; “but

we want His works to show upon the exterior also.”

As soon as they had reached the little port, D’Arnot had cabled his

government of his safety, and requested a three-months’ leave, which

had been granted.

He had also cabled his bankers for funds, and the enforced wait of a

month, under which both chafed, was due to their inability to charter a

vessel for the return to Tarzan’s jungle after the treasure.

During their stay at the coast town “Monsieur Tarzan” became the wonder

of both whites and blacks because of several occurrences which to

Tarzan seemed the merest of nothings.

Once a huge black, crazed by drink, had run amuck and terrorized the

town, until his evil star had led him to where the black-haired French

giant lolled upon the veranda of the hotel.

Mounting the broad steps, with brandished knife, the Negro made

straight for a party of four men sitting at a table sipping the

inevitable absinthe.

Shouting in alarm, the four took to their heels, and then the black

spied Tarzan.

With a roar he charged the ape-man, while half a hundred heads peered

from sheltering windows and doorways to witness the butchering of the

poor Frenchman by the giant black.

Tarzan met the rush with the fighting smile that the joy of battle

always brought to his lips.

As the Negro closed upon him, steel muscles gripped the black wrist of

the uplifted knife-hand, and a single swift wrench left the hand

dangling below a broken bone.

With the pain and surprise, the madness left the black man, and as

Tarzan dropped back into his chair the fellow turned, crying with

agony, and dashed wildly toward the native village.

On another occasion as Tarzan and D’Arnot sat at dinner with a number

of other whites, the talk fell upon lions and lion hunting.

Opinion was divided as to the bravery of the king of beasts—some

maintaining that he was an arrant coward, but all agreeing that it was

with a feeling of greater security that they gripped their express

rifles when the monarch of the jungle roared about a camp at night.

D’Arnot and Tarzan had agreed that his past be kept secret, and so none

other than the French officer knew of the ape-man’s familiarity with

the beasts of the jungle.

“Monsieur Tarzan has not expressed himself,” said one of the party. “A

man of his prowess who has spent some time in Africa, as I understand

Monsieur Tarzan has, must have had experiences with lions—yes?”

“Some,” replied Tarzan, dryly. “Enough to know that each of you are

right in your judgment of the characteristics of the lions—you have

met. But one might as well judge all blacks by the fellow who ran amuck

last week, or decide that all whites are cowards because one has met a

cowardly white.

“There is as much individuality among the lower orders, gentlemen, as

there is among ourselves. Today we may go out and stumble upon a lion

which is over-timid—he runs away from us. To-morrow we may meet his

uncle or his twin brother, and our friends wonder why we do not return

from the jungle. For myself, I always assume that a lion is ferocious,

and so I am never caught off my guard.”

“There would be little pleasure in hunting,” retorted the first

speaker, “if one is afraid of the thing he hunts.”

D’Arnot smiled. Tarzan afraid!

“I do not exactly understand what you mean by fear,” said Tarzan. “Like

lions, fear is a different thing in different men, but to me the only

pleasure in the hunt is the knowledge that the hunted thing has power

to harm me as much as I have to harm him. If I went out with a couple

of rifles and a gun bearer, and twenty or thirty beaters, to hunt a

lion, I should not feel that the lion had much chance, and so the

pleasure of the hunt would be lessened in proportion to the increased

safety which I felt.”

“Then I am to take it that Monsieur Tarzan would prefer to go naked

into the jungle, armed only with a jackknife, to kill the king of

beasts,” laughed the other, good naturedly, but with the merest touch

of sarcasm in his tone.

“And a piece of rope,” added Tarzan.

Just then the deep roar of a lion sounded from the distant jungle, as

though to challenge whoever dared enter the lists with him.

“There is your opportunity, Monsieur Tarzan,” bantered the Frenchman.

“I am not hungry,” said Tarzan simply.

The men laughed, all but D’Arnot. He alone knew that a savage beast had

spoken its simple reason through the lips of the ape-man.

“But you are afraid, just as any of us would be, to go out there naked,

armed only with a knife and a piece of rope,” said the banterer. “Is it

not so?”

“No,” replied Tarzan. “Only a fool performs any act without reason.”

“Five thousand francs is a reason,” said the other. “I wager you that

amount you cannot bring back a lion from the jungle under the

conditions we have named—naked and armed only with a knife and a piece

of rope.”

Tarzan glanced toward D’Arnot and nodded his head.

“Make it ten thousand,” said D’Arnot.

“Done,” replied the other.

Tarzan arose.

“I shall have to leave my clothes at the edge of the settlement, so

that if I do not return before daylight I shall have something to wear

through the streets.”

“You are not going now,” exclaimed the wagerer—“at night?”

“Why not?” asked Tarzan. “Numa walks abroad at night—it will be easier

to find him.”

“No,” said the other, “I do not want your blood upon my hands. It will

be foolhardy enough if you go forth by day.”

“I shall go now,” replied Tarzan, and went to his room for his knife

and rope.

The men accompanied him to the edge of the jungle, where he left his

clothes in a small storehouse.

But when he would have entered the blackness of the undergrowth they

tried to dissuade him; and the wagerer was most insistent of all that

he abandon his foolhardy venture.

“I will accede that you have won,” he said, “and the ten thousand

francs are yours if you will but give up this foolish attempt, which

can only end in your death.”

Tarzan laughed, and in another moment the jungle had swallowed him.

The men stood silent for some moments and then slowly turned and walked

back to the hotel veranda.

Tarzan had no sooner entered the jungle than he took to the trees, and

it was with a feeling of exultant freedom that he swung once more

through the forest branches.

This was life! Ah, how he loved it! Civilization held nothing like this

in its narrow and circumscribed sphere, hemmed in by restrictions and

conventionalities. Even clothes were a hindrance and a nuisance.

At last he was free. He had not realized what a prisoner he had been.

How easy it would be to circle back to the coast, and then make toward

the south and his own jungle and cabin.

Now he caught the scent of Numa, for he was traveling up wind.

Presently his quick ears detected the familiar sound of padded feet and

the brushing of a huge, fur-clad body through the undergrowth.

Tarzan came quietly above the unsuspecting beast and silently stalked

him until he came into a little patch of moonlight.

Then the quick noose settled and tightened about the tawny throat, and,

as he had done it a hundred times in the past, Tarzan made fast the end

to a strong branch and, while the beast fought and clawed for freedom,

dropped to the ground behind him, and leaping upon the great back,

plunged his long thin blade a dozen times into the fierce heart.

Then with his foot upon the carcass of Numa, he raised his voice in the

awesome victory cry of his savage tribe.

For a moment Tarzan stood irresolute, swayed by conflicting emotions of

loyalty to D’Arnot and a mighty lust for the freedom of his own jungle.

At last the vision of a beautiful face, and the memory of warm lips

crushed to his dissolved the fascinating picture he had been drawing of

his old life.

The ape-man threw the warm carcass of Numa across his shoulders and

took to the trees once more.

The men upon the veranda had sat for an hour, almost in silence.

They had tried ineffectually to converse on various subjects, and

always the thing uppermost in the mind of each had caused the

conversation to lapse.

“\_Mon Dieu\_,” said the wagerer at length, “I can endure it no longer. I

am going into the jungle with my express and bring back that mad man.”

“I will go with you,” said one.

“And I”—“And I”—“And I,” chorused the others.

As though the suggestion had broken the spell of some horrid nightmare

they hastened to their various quarters, and presently were headed

toward the jungle—each one heavily armed.

“God! What was that?” suddenly cried one of the party, an Englishman,

as Tarzan’s savage cry came faintly to their ears.

“I heard the same thing once before,” said a Belgian, “when I was in

the gorilla country. My carriers said it was the cry of a great bull

ape who has made a kill.”

D’Arnot remembered Clayton’s description of the awful roar with which

Tarzan had announced his kills, and he half smiled in spite of the

horror which filled him to think that the uncanny sound could have

issued from a human throat—from the lips of his friend.

As the party stood finally near the edge of the jungle, debating as to

the best distribution of their forces, they were startled by a low

laugh near them, and turning, beheld advancing toward them a giant

figure bearing a dead lion upon its broad shoulders.

Even D’Arnot was thunderstruck, for it seemed impossible that the man

could have so quickly dispatched a lion with the pitiful weapons he had

taken, or that alone he could have borne the huge carcass through the

tangled jungle.

The men crowded about Tarzan with many questions, but his only answer

was a laughing depreciation of his feat.

To Tarzan it was as though one should eulogize a butcher for his

heroism in killing a cow, for Tarzan had killed so often for food and

for self-preservation that the act seemed anything but remarkable to

him. But he was indeed a hero in the eyes of these men—men accustomed

to hunting big game.

Incidentally, he had won ten thousand francs, for D’Arnot insisted that

he keep it all.

This was a very important item to Tarzan, who was just commencing to

realize the power which lay beyond the little pieces of metal and paper

which always changed hands when human beings rode, or ate, or slept, or

clothed themselves, or drank, or worked, or played, or sheltered

themselves from the rain or cold or sun.

It had become evident to Tarzan that without money one must die.

D’Arnot had told him not to worry, since he had more than enough for

both, but the ape-man was learning many things and one of them was that

people looked down upon one who accepted money from another without

giving something of equal value in exchange.

Shortly after the episode of the lion hunt, D’Arnot succeeded in

chartering an ancient tub for the coastwise trip to Tarzan’s

land-locked harbor.

It was a happy morning for them both when the little vessel weighed

anchor and made for the open sea.

The trip to the beach was uneventful, and the morning after they

dropped anchor before the cabin, Tarzan, garbed once more in his jungle

regalia and carrying a spade, set out alone for the amphitheater of the

apes where lay the treasure.

Late the next day he returned, bearing the great chest upon his

shoulder, and at sunrise the little vessel worked through the harbor’s

mouth and took up her northward journey.

Three weeks later Tarzan and D’Arnot were passengers on board a French

steamer bound for Lyons, and after a few days in that city D’Arnot took

Tarzan to Paris.

The ape-man was anxious to proceed to America, but D’Arnot insisted

that he must accompany him to Paris first, nor would he divulge the

nature of the urgent necessity upon which he based his demand.

One of the first things which D’Arnot accomplished after their arrival

was to arrange to visit a high official of the police department, an

old friend; and to take Tarzan with him.

Adroitly D’Arnot led the conversation from point to point until the

policeman had explained to the interested Tarzan many of the methods in

vogue for apprehending and identifying criminals.

Not the least interesting to Tarzan was the part played by finger

prints in this fascinating science.

“But of what value are these imprints,” asked Tarzan, “when, after a

few years the lines upon the fingers are entirely changed by the

wearing out of the old tissue and the growth of new?”

“The lines never change,” replied the official. “From infancy to

senility the fingerprints of an individual change only in size, except

as injuries alter the loops and whorls. But if imprints have been taken

of the thumb and four fingers of both hands one must needs lose all

entirely to escape identification.”

“It is marvelous,” exclaimed D’Arnot. “I wonder what the lines upon my

own fingers may resemble.”

“We can soon see,” replied the police officer, and ringing a bell he

summoned an assistant to whom he issued a few directions.

The man left the room, but presently returned with a little hardwood

box which he placed on his superior’s desk.

“Now,” said the officer, “you shall have your fingerprints in a

second.”

He drew from the little case a square of plate glass, a little tube of

thick ink, a rubber roller, and a few snowy white cards.

Squeezing a drop of ink onto the glass, he spread it back and forth

with the rubber roller until the entire surface of the glass was

covered to his satisfaction with a very thin and uniform layer of ink.

“Place the four fingers of your right hand upon the glass, thus,” he

said to D’Arnot. “Now the thumb. That is right. Now place them in just

the same position upon this card, here, no—a little to the right. We

must leave room for the thumb and the fingers of the left hand. There,

that’s it. Now the same with the left.”

“Come, Tarzan,” cried D’Arnot, “let’s see what your whorls look like.”

Tarzan complied readily, asking many questions of the officer during

the operation.

“Do fingerprints show racial characteristics?” he asked. “Could you

determine, for example, solely from fingerprints whether the subject

was Negro or Caucasian?”

“I think not,” replied the officer.

“Could the finger prints of an ape be detected from those of a man?”

“Probably, because the ape’s would be far simpler than those of the

higher organism.”

“But a cross between an ape and a man might show the characteristics of

either progenitor?” continued Tarzan.

“Yes, I should think likely,” responded the official; “but the science

has not progressed sufficiently to render it exact enough in such

matters. I should hate to trust its findings further than to

differentiate between individuals. There it is absolute. No two people

born into the world probably have ever had identical lines upon all

their digits. It is very doubtful if any single fingerprint will ever

be exactly duplicated by any finger other than the one which originally

made it.”

“Does the comparison require much time or labor?” asked D’Arnot.

“Ordinarily but a few moments, if the impressions are distinct.”

D’Arnot drew a little black book from his pocket and commenced turning

the pages.

Tarzan looked at the book in surprise. How did D’Arnot come to have his

book?

Presently D’Arnot stopped at a page on which were five tiny little

smudges.

He handed the open book to the policeman.

“Are these imprints similar to mine or Monsieur Tarzan’s or can you say

that they are identical with either?” The officer drew a powerful glass

from his desk and examined all three specimens carefully, making

notations meanwhile upon a pad of paper.

Tarzan realized now what was the meaning of their visit to the police

officer.

The answer to his life’s riddle lay in these tiny marks.

With tense nerves he sat leaning forward in his chair, but suddenly he

relaxed and dropped back, smiling.

D’Arnot looked at him in surprise.

“You forget that for twenty years the dead body of the child who made

those fingerprints lay in the cabin of his father, and that all my life

I have seen it lying there,” said Tarzan bitterly.

The policeman looked up in astonishment.

“Go ahead, captain, with your examination,” said D’Arnot, “we will tell

you the story later—provided Monsieur Tarzan is agreeable.”

Tarzan nodded his head.

“But you are mad, my dear D’Arnot,” he insisted. “Those little fingers

are buried on the west coast of Africa.”

“I do not know as to that, Tarzan,” replied D’Arnot. “It is possible,

but if you are not the son of John Clayton then how in heaven’s name

did you come into that God forsaken jungle where no white man other

than John Clayton had ever set foot?”

“You forget—Kala,” said Tarzan.

“I do not even consider her,” replied D’Arnot.

The friends had walked to the broad window overlooking the boulevard as

they talked. For some time they stood there gazing out upon the busy

throng beneath, each wrapped in his own thoughts.

“It takes some time to compare finger prints,” thought D’Arnot, turning

to look at the police officer.

To his astonishment he saw the official leaning back in his chair

hastily scanning the contents of the little black diary.

D’Arnot coughed. The policeman looked up, and, catching his eye, raised

his finger to admonish silence. D’Arnot turned back to the window, and

presently the police officer spoke.

“Gentlemen,” he said.

Both turned toward him.

“There is evidently a great deal at stake which must hinge to a greater

or lesser extent upon the absolute correctness of this comparison. I

therefore ask that you leave the entire matter in my hands until

Monsieur Desquerc, our expert returns. It will be but a matter of a few

days.”

“I had hoped to know at once,” said D’Arnot. “Monsieur Tarzan sails for

America tomorrow.”

“I will promise that you can cable him a report within two weeks,”

replied the officer; “but what it will be I dare not say. There are

resemblances, yet—well, we had better leave it for Monsieur Desquerc to

solve.”

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Giant Again

A taxicab drew up before an oldfashioned residence upon the outskirts

of Baltimore.

A man of about forty, well built and with strong, regular features,

stepped out, and paying the chauffeur dismissed him.

A moment later the passenger was entering the library of the old home.

“Ah, Mr. Canler!” exclaimed an old man, rising to greet him.

“Good evening, my dear Professor,” cried the man, extending a cordial

hand.

“Who admitted you?” asked the professor.

“Esmeralda.”

“Then she will acquaint Jane with the fact that you are here,” said the

old man.

“No, Professor,” replied Canler, “for I came primarily to see you.”

“Ah, I am honored,” said Professor Porter.

“Professor,” continued Robert Canler, with great deliberation, as

though carefully weighing his words, “I have come this evening to speak

with you about Jane.

“You know my aspirations, and you have been generous enough to approve

my suit.”

Professor Archimedes Q. Porter fidgeted in his armchair. The subject

always made him uncomfortable. He could not understand why. Canler was

a splendid match.

“But Jane,” continued Canler, “I cannot understand her. She puts me off

first on one ground and then another. I have always the feeling that

she breathes a sigh of relief every time I bid her good-by.”

“Tut, tut,” said Professor Porter. “Tut, tut, Mr. Canler. Jane is a

most obedient daughter. She will do precisely as I tell her.”

“Then I can still count on your support?” asked Canler, a tone of

relief marking his voice.

“Certainly, sir; certainly, sir,” exclaimed Professor Porter. “How

could you doubt it?”

“There is young Clayton, you know,” suggested Canler. “He has been

hanging about for months. I don’t know that Jane cares for him; but

beside his title they say he has inherited a very considerable estate

from his father, and it might not be strange,—if he finally won her,

unless—” and Canler paused.

“Tut—tut, Mr. Canler; unless—what?”

“Unless, you see fit to request that Jane and I be married at once,”

said Canler, slowly and distinctly.

“I have already suggested to Jane that it would be desirable,” said

Professor Porter sadly, “for we can no longer afford to keep up this

house, and live as her associations demand.”

“What was her reply?” asked Canler.

“She said she was not ready to marry anyone yet,” replied Professor

Porter, “and that we could go and live upon the farm in northern

Wisconsin which her mother left her.

“It is a little more than self-supporting. The tenants have always made

a living from it, and been able to send Jane a trifle beside, each

year. She is planning on our going up there the first of the week.

Philander and Mr. Clayton have already gone to get things in readiness

for us.”

“Clayton has gone there?” exclaimed Canler, visibly chagrined. “Why was

I not told? I would gladly have gone and seen that every comfort was

provided.”

“Jane feels that we are already too much in your debt, Mr. Canler,”

said Professor Porter.

Canler was about to reply, when the sound of footsteps came from the

hall without, and Jane entered the room.

“Oh, I beg your pardon!” she exclaimed, pausing on the threshold. “I

thought you were alone, papa.”

“It is only I, Jane,” said Canler, who had risen, “won’t you come in

and join the family group? We were just speaking of you.”

“Thank you,” said Jane, entering and taking the chair Canler placed for

her. “I only wanted to tell papa that Tobey is coming down from the

college tomorrow to pack his books. I want you to be sure, papa, to

indicate all that you can do without until fall. Please don’t carry

this entire library to Wisconsin, as you would have carried it to

Africa, if I had not put my foot down.”

“Was Tobey here?” asked Professor Porter.

“Yes, I just left him. He and Esmeralda are exchanging religious

experiences on the back porch now.”

“Tut, tut, I must see him at once!” cried the professor. “Excuse me

just a moment, children,” and the old man hastened from the room.

As soon as he was out of earshot Canler turned to Jane.

“See here, Jane,” he said bluntly. “How long is this thing going on

like this? You haven’t refused to marry me, but you haven’t promised

either. I want to get the license tomorrow, so that we can be married

quietly before you leave for Wisconsin. I don’t care for any fuss or

feathers, and I’m sure you don’t either.”

The girl turned cold, but she held her head bravely.

“Your father wishes it, you know,” added Canler.

“Yes, I know.”

She spoke scarcely above a whisper.

“Do you realize that you are buying me, Mr. Canler?” she said finally,

and in a cold, level voice. “Buying me for a few paltry dollars? Of

course you do, Robert Canler, and the hope of just such a contingency

was in your mind when you loaned papa the money for that hair-brained

escapade, which but for a most mysterious circumstance would have been

surprisingly successful.

“But you, Mr. Canler, would have been the most surprised. You had no

idea that the venture would succeed. You are too good a businessman for

that. And you are too good a businessman to loan money for buried

treasure seeking, or to loan money without security—unless you had some

special object in view.

“You knew that without security you had a greater hold on the honor of

the Porters than with it. You knew the one best way to force me to

marry you, without seeming to force me.

“You have never mentioned the loan. In any other man I should have

thought that the prompting of a magnanimous and noble character. But

you are deep, Mr. Robert Canler. I know you better than you think I

know you.

“I shall certainly marry you if there is no other way, but let us

understand each other once and for all.”

While she spoke Robert Canler had alternately flushed and paled, and

when she ceased speaking he arose, and with a cynical smile upon his

strong face, said:

“You surprise me, Jane. I thought you had more self-control—more pride.

Of course you are right. I am buying you, and I knew that you knew it,

but I thought you would prefer to pretend that it was otherwise. I

should have thought your self respect and your Porter pride would have

shrunk from admitting, even to yourself, that you were a bought woman.

But have it your own way, dear girl,” he added lightly. “I am going to

have you, and that is all that interests me.”

Without a word the girl turned and left the room.

Jane was not married before she left with her father and Esmeralda for

her little Wisconsin farm, and as she coldly bid Robert Canler goodby

as her train pulled out, he called to her that he would join them in a

week or two.

At their destination they were met by Clayton and Mr. Philander in a

huge touring car belonging to the former, and quickly whirled away

through the dense northern woods toward the little farm which the girl

had not visited before since childhood.

The farmhouse, which stood on a little elevation some hundred yards

from the tenant house, had undergone a complete transformation during

the three weeks that Clayton and Mr. Philander had been there.

The former had imported a small army of carpenters and plasterers,

plumbers and painters from a distant city, and what had been but a

dilapidated shell when they reached it was now a cosy little two-story

house filled with every modern convenience procurable in so short a

time.

“Why, Mr. Clayton, what have you done?” cried Jane Porter, her heart

sinking within her as she realized the probable size of the expenditure

that had been made.

“S-sh,” cautioned Clayton. “Don’t let your father guess. If you don’t

tell him he will never notice, and I simply couldn’t think of him

living in the terrible squalor and sordidness which Mr. Philander and I

found. It was so little when I would like to do so much, Jane. For his

sake, please, never mention it.”

“But you know that we can’t repay you,” cried the girl. “Why do you

want to put me under such terrible obligations?”

“Don’t, Jane,” said Clayton sadly. “If it had been just you, believe

me, I wouldn’t have done it, for I knew from the start that it would

only hurt me in your eyes, but I couldn’t think of that dear old man

living in the hole we found here. Won’t you please believe that I did

it just for him and give me that little crumb of pleasure at least?”

“I do believe you, Mr. Clayton,” said the girl, “because I know you are

big enough and generous enough to have done it just for him—and, oh

Cecil, I wish I might repay you as you deserve—as you would wish.”

“Why can’t you, Jane?”

“Because I love another.”

“Canler?”

“No.”

“But you are going to marry him. He told me as much before I left

Baltimore.”

The girl winced.

“I do not love him,” she said, almost proudly.

“Is it because of the money, Jane?”

She nodded.

“Then am I so much less desirable than Canler? I have money enough, and

far more, for every need,” he said bitterly.

“I do not love you, Cecil,” she said, “but I respect you. If I must

disgrace myself by such a bargain with any man, I prefer that it be one

I already despise. I should loathe the man to whom I sold myself

without love, whomsoever he might be. You will be happier,” she

concluded, “alone—with my respect and friendship, than with me and my

contempt.”

He did not press the matter further, but if ever a man had murder in

his heart it was William Cecil Clayton, Lord Greystoke, when, a week

later, Robert Canler drew up before the farmhouse in his purring six

cylinder.

A week passed; a tense, uneventful, but uncomfortable week for all the

inmates of the little Wisconsin farmhouse.

Canler was insistent that Jane marry him at once.

At length she gave in from sheer loathing of the continued and hateful

importuning.

It was agreed that on the morrow Canler was to drive to town and bring

back the license and a minister.

Clayton had wanted to leave as soon as the plan was announced, but the

girl’s tired, hopeless look kept him. He could not desert her.

Something might happen yet, he tried to console himself by thinking.

And in his heart, he knew that it would require but a tiny spark to

turn his hatred for Canler into the blood lust of the killer.

Early the next morning Canler set out for town.

In the east smoke could be seen lying low over the forest, for a fire

had been raging for a week not far from them, but the wind still lay in

the west and no danger threatened them.

About noon Jane started off for a walk. She would not let Clayton

accompany her. She wanted to be alone, she said, and he respected her

wishes.

In the house Professor Porter and Mr. Philander were immersed in an

absorbing discussion of some weighty scientific problem. Esmeralda

dozed in the kitchen, and Clayton, heavy-eyed after a sleepless night,

threw himself down upon the couch in the living room and soon dropped

into a fitful slumber.

To the east the black smoke clouds rose higher into the heavens,

suddenly they eddied, and then commenced to drift rapidly toward the

west.

On and on they came. The inmates of the tenant house were gone, for it

was market day, and none was there to see the rapid approach of the

fiery demon.

Soon the flames had spanned the road to the south and cut off Canler’s

return. A little fluctuation of the wind now carried the path of the

forest fire to the north, then blew back and the flames nearly stood

still as though held in leash by some master hand.

Suddenly, out of the northeast, a great black car came careening down

the road.

With a jolt it stopped before the cottage, and a black-haired giant

leaped out to run up onto the porch. Without a pause he rushed into the

house. On the couch lay Clayton. The man started in surprise, but with

a bound was at the side of the sleeping man.

Shaking him roughly by the shoulder, he cried:

“My God, Clayton, are you all mad here? Don’t you know you are nearly

surrounded by fire? Where is Miss Porter?”

Clayton sprang to his feet. He did not recognize the man, but he

understood the words and was upon the veranda in a bound.

“Scott!” he cried, and then, dashing back into the house, “Jane! Jane!

where are you?”

In an instant Esmeralda, Professor Porter and Mr. Philander had joined

the two men.

“Where is Miss Jane?” cried Clayton, seizing Esmeralda by the shoulders

and shaking her roughly.

“Oh, Gaberelle, Mister Clayton, she done gone for a walk.”

“Hasn’t she come back yet?” and, without waiting for a reply, Clayton

dashed out into the yard, followed by the others. “Which way did she

go?” cried the black-haired giant of Esmeralda.

“Down that road,” cried the frightened woman, pointing toward the south

where a mighty wall of roaring flames shut out the view.

“Put these people in the other car,” shouted the stranger to Clayton.

“I saw one as I drove up—and get them out of here by the north road.

“Leave my car here. If I find Miss Porter we shall need it. If I don’t,

no one will need it. Do as I say,” as Clayton hesitated, and then they

saw the lithe figure bound away cross the clearing toward the northwest

where the forest still stood, untouched by flame.

In each rose the unaccountable feeling that a great responsibility had

been raised from their shoulders; a kind of implicit confidence in the

power of the stranger to save Jane if she could be saved.

“Who was that?” asked Professor Porter.

“I do not know,” replied Clayton. “He called me by name and he knew

Jane, for he asked for her. And he called Esmeralda by name.”

“There was something most startlingly familiar about him,” exclaimed

Mr. Philander, “And yet, bless me, I know I never saw him before.”

“Tut, tut!” cried Professor Porter. “Most remarkable! Who could it have

been, and why do I feel that Jane is safe, now that he has set out in

search of her?”

“I can’t tell you, Professor,” said Clayton soberly, “but I know I have

the same uncanny feeling.”

“But come,” he cried, “we must get out of here ourselves, or we shall

be shut off,” and the party hastened toward Clayton’s car.

When Jane turned to retrace her steps homeward, she was alarmed to note

how near the smoke of the forest fire seemed, and as she hastened

onward her alarm became almost a panic when she perceived that the

rushing flames were rapidly forcing their way between herself and the

cottage.

At length she was compelled to turn into the dense thicket and attempt

to force her way to the west in an effort to circle around the flames

and reach the house.

In a short time the futility of her attempt became apparent and then

her one hope lay in retracing her steps to the road and flying for her

life to the south toward the town.

The twenty minutes that it took her to regain the road was all that had

been needed to cut off her retreat as effectually as her advance had

been cut off before.

A short run down the road brought her to a horrified stand, for there

before her was another wall of flame. An arm of the main conflagration

had shot out a half mile south of its parent to embrace this tiny strip

of road in its implacable clutches.

Jane knew that it was useless again to attempt to force her way through

the undergrowth.

She had tried it once, and failed. Now she realized that it would be

but a matter of minutes ere the whole space between the north and the

south would be a seething mass of billowing flames.

Calmly the girl kneeled down in the dust of the roadway and prayed for

strength to meet her fate bravely, and for the delivery of her father

and her friends from death.

Suddenly she heard her name being called aloud through the forest:

“Jane! Jane Porter!” It rang strong and clear, but in a strange voice.

“Here!” she called in reply. “Here! In the roadway!”

Then through the branches of the trees she saw a figure swinging with

the speed of a squirrel.

A veering of the wind blew a cloud of smoke about them and she could no

longer see the man who was speeding toward her, but suddenly she felt a

great arm about her. Then she was lifted up, and she felt the rushing

of the wind and the occasional brush of a branch as she was borne

along.

She opened her eyes.

Far below her lay the undergrowth and the hard earth.

About her was the waving foliage of the forest.

From tree to tree swung the giant figure which bore her, and it seemed

to Jane that she was living over in a dream the experience that had

been hers in that far African jungle.

Oh, if it were but the same man who had borne her so swiftly through

the tangled verdure on that other day! but that was impossible! Yet who

else in all the world was there with the strength and agility to do

what this man was now doing?

She stole a sudden glance at the face close to hers, and then she gave

a little frightened gasp. It was he!

“My forest man!” she murmured. “No, I must be delirious!”

“Yes, your man, Jane Porter. Your savage, primeval man come out of the

jungle to claim his mate—the woman who ran away from him,” he added

almost fiercely.

“I did not run away,” she whispered. “I would only consent to leave

when they had waited a week for you to return.”

They had come to a point beyond the fire now, and he had turned back to

the clearing.

Side by side they were walking toward the cottage. The wind had changed

once more and the fire was burning back upon itself—another hour like

that and it would be burned out.

“Why did you not return?” she asked.

“I was nursing D’Arnot. He was badly wounded.”

“Ah, I knew it!” she exclaimed.

“They said you had gone to join the blacks—that they were your people.”

He laughed.

“But you did not believe them, Jane?”

“No;—what shall I call you?” she asked. “What is your name?”

“I was Tarzan of the Apes when you first knew me,” he said.

“Tarzan of the Apes!” she cried—“and that was your note I answered when

I left?”

“Yes, whose did you think it was?”

“I did not know; only that it could not be yours, for Tarzan of the

Apes had written in English, and you could not understand a word of any

language.”

Again he laughed.

“It is a long story, but it was I who wrote what I could not speak—and

now D’Arnot has made matters worse by teaching me to speak French

instead of English.

“Come,” he added, “jump into my car, we must overtake your father, they

are only a little way ahead.”

As they drove along, he said:

“Then when you said in your note to Tarzan of the Apes that you loved

another—you might have meant me?”

“I might have,” she answered, simply.

“But in Baltimore—Oh, how I have searched for you—they told me you

would possibly be married by now. That a man named Canler had come up

here to wed you. Is that true?”

“Yes.”

“Do you love him?”

“No.”

“Do you love me?”

She buried her face in her hands.

“I am promised to another. I cannot answer you, Tarzan of the Apes,”

she cried.

“You have answered. Now, tell me why you would marry one you do not

love.”

“My father owes him money.”

Suddenly there came back to Tarzan the memory of the letter he had

read—and the name Robert Canler and the hinted trouble which he had

been unable to understand then.

He smiled.

“If your father had not lost the treasure you would not feel forced to

keep your promise to this man Canler?”

“I could ask him to release me.”

“And if he refused?”

“I have given my promise.”

He was silent for a moment. The car was plunging along the uneven road

at a reckless pace, for the fire showed threateningly at their right,

and another change of the wind might sweep it on with raging fury

across this one avenue of escape.

Finally they passed the danger point, and Tarzan reduced their speed.

“Suppose I should ask him?” ventured Tarzan.

“He would scarcely accede to the demand of a stranger,” said the girl.

“Especially one who wanted me himself.”

“Terkoz did,” said Tarzan, grimly.

Jane shuddered and looked fearfully up at the giant figure beside her,

for she knew that he meant the great anthropoid he had killed in her

defense.

“This is not the African jungle,” she said. “You are no longer a savage

beast. You are a gentleman, and gentlemen do not kill in cold blood.”

“I am still a wild beast at heart,” he said, in a low voice, as though

to himself.

Again they were silent for a time.

“Jane,” said the man, at length, “if you were free, would you marry

me?”

She did not reply at once, but he waited patiently.

The girl was trying to collect her thoughts.

What did she know of this strange creature at her side? What did he

know of himself? Who was he? Who, his parents?

Why, his very name echoed his mysterious origin and his savage life.

He had no name. Could she be happy with this jungle waif? Could she

find anything in common with a husband whose life had been spent in the

tree tops of an African wilderness, frolicking and fighting with fierce

anthropoids; tearing his food from the quivering flank of fresh-killed

prey, sinking his strong teeth into raw flesh, and tearing away his

portion while his mates growled and fought about him for their share?

Could he ever rise to her social sphere? Could she bear to think of

sinking to his? Would either be happy in such a horrible misalliance?

“You do not answer,” he said. “Do you shrink from wounding me?”

“I do not know what answer to make,” said Jane sadly. “I do not know my

own mind.”

“You do not love me, then?” he asked, in a level tone.

“Do not ask me. You will be happier without me. You were never meant

for the formal restrictions and conventionalities of

society—civilization would become irksome to you, and in a little while

you would long for the freedom of your old life—a life to which I am as

totally unfitted as you to mine.”

“I think I understand you,” he replied quietly. “I shall not urge you,

for I would rather see you happy than to be happy myself. I see now

that you could not be happy with—an ape.”

There was just the faintest tinge of bitterness in his voice.

“Don’t,” she remonstrated. “Don’t say that. You do not understand.”

But before she could go on a sudden turn in the road brought them into

the midst of a little hamlet.

Before them stood Clayton’s car surrounded by the party he had brought

from the cottage.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Conclusion

At the sight of Jane, cries of relief and delight broke from every lip,

and as Tarzan’s car stopped beside the other, Professor Porter caught

his daughter in his arms.

For a moment no one noticed Tarzan, sitting silently in his seat.

Clayton was the first to remember, and, turning, held out his hand.

“How can we ever thank you?” he exclaimed. “You have saved us all. You

called me by name at the cottage, but I do not seem to recall yours,

though there is something very familiar about you. It is as though I

had known you well under very different conditions a long time ago.”

Tarzan smiled as he took the proffered hand.

“You are quite right, Monsieur Clayton,” he said, in French. “You will

pardon me if I do not speak to you in English. I am just learning it,

and while I understand it fairly well I speak it very poorly.”

“But who are you?” insisted Clayton, speaking in French this time

himself.

“Tarzan of the Apes.”

Clayton started back in surprise.

“By Jove!” he exclaimed. “It is true.”

And Professor Porter and Mr. Philander pressed forward to add their

thanks to Clayton’s, and to voice their surprise and pleasure at seeing

their jungle friend so far from his savage home.

The party now entered the modest little hostelry, where Clayton soon

made arrangements for their entertainment.

They were sitting in the little, stuffy parlor when the distant

chugging of an approaching automobile caught their attention.

Mr. Philander, who was sitting near the window, looked out as the car

drew in sight, finally stopping beside the other automobiles.

“Bless me!” said Mr. Philander, a shade of annoyance in his tone. “It

is Mr. Canler. I had hoped, er—I had thought or—er—how very happy we

should be that he was not caught in the fire,” he ended lamely.

“Tut, tut! Mr. Philander,” said Professor Porter. “Tut, tut! I have

often admonished my pupils to count ten before speaking. Were I you,

Mr. Philander, I should count at least a thousand, and then maintain a

discreet silence.”

“Bless me, yes!” acquiesced Mr. Philander. “But who is the clerical

appearing gentleman with him?”

Jane blanched.

Clayton moved uneasily in his chair.

Professor Porter removed his spectacles nervously, and breathed upon

them, but replaced them on his nose without wiping.

The ubiquitous Esmeralda grunted.

Only Tarzan did not comprehend.

Presently Robert Canler burst into the room.

“Thank God!” he cried. “I feared the worst, until I saw your car,

Clayton. I was cut off on the south road and had to go away back to

town, and then strike east to this road. I thought we’d never reach the

cottage.”

No one seemed to enthuse much. Tarzan eyed Robert Canler as Sabor eyes

her prey.

Jane glanced at him and coughed nervously.

“Mr. Canler,” she said, “this is Monsieur Tarzan, an old friend.”

Canler turned and extended his hand. Tarzan rose and bowed as only

D’Arnot could have taught a gentleman to do it, but he did not seem to

see Canler’s hand.

Nor did Canler appear to notice the oversight.

“This is the Reverend Mr. Tousley, Jane,” said Canler, turning to the

clerical party behind him. “Mr. Tousley, Miss Porter.”

Mr. Tousley bowed and beamed.

Canler introduced him to the others.

“We can have the ceremony at once, Jane,” said Canler. “Then you and I

can catch the midnight train in town.”

Tarzan understood the plan instantly. He glanced out of half-closed

eyes at Jane, but he did not move.

The girl hesitated. The room was tense with the silence of taut nerves.

All eyes turned toward Jane, awaiting her reply.

“Can’t we wait a few days?” she asked. “I am all unstrung. I have been

through so much today.”

Canler felt the hostility that emanated from each member of the party.

It made him angry.

“We have waited as long as I intend to wait,” he said roughly. “You

have promised to marry me. I shall be played with no longer. I have the

license and here is the preacher. Come Mr. Tousley; come Jane. There

are plenty of witnesses—more than enough,” he added with a disagreeable

inflection; and taking Jane Porter by the arm, he started to lead her

toward the waiting minister.

But scarcely had he taken a single step ere a heavy hand closed upon

his arm with a grip of steel.

Another hand shot to his throat and in a moment he was being shaken

high above the floor, as a cat might shake a mouse.

Jane turned in horrified surprise toward Tarzan.

And, as she looked into his face, she saw the crimson band upon his

forehead that she had seen that other day in far distant Africa, when

Tarzan of the Apes had closed in mortal combat with the great

anthropoid—Terkoz.

She knew that murder lay in that savage heart, and with a little cry of

horror she sprang forward to plead with the ape-man. But her fears were

more for Tarzan than for Canler. She realized the stern retribution

which justice metes to the murderer.

Before she could reach them, however, Clayton had jumped to Tarzan’s

side and attempted to drag Canler from his grasp.

With a single sweep of one mighty arm the Englishman was hurled across

the room, and then Jane laid a firm white hand upon Tarzan’s wrist, and

looked up into his eyes.

“For my sake,” she said.

The grasp upon Canler’s throat relaxed.

Tarzan looked down into the beautiful face before him.

“Do you wish this to live?” he asked in surprise.

“I do not wish him to die at your hands, my friend,” she replied. “I do

not wish you to become a murderer.”

Tarzan removed his hand from Canler’s throat.

“Do you release her from her promise?” he asked. “It is the price of

your life.”

Canler, gasping for breath, nodded.

“Will you go away and never molest her further?”

Again the man nodded his head, his face distorted by fear of the death

that had been so close.

Tarzan released him, and Canler staggered toward the door. In another

moment he was gone, and the terror-stricken preacher with him.

Tarzan turned toward Jane.

“May I speak with you for a moment, alone,” he asked.

The girl nodded and started toward the door leading to the narrow

veranda of the little hotel. She passed out to await Tarzan and so did

not hear the conversation which followed.

“Wait,” cried Professor Porter, as Tarzan was about to follow.

The professor had been stricken dumb with surprise by the rapid

developments of the past few minutes.

“Before we go further, sir, I should like an explanation of the events

which have just transpired. By what right, sir, did you interfere

between my daughter and Mr. Canler? I had promised him her hand, sir,

and regardless of our personal likes or dislikes, sir, that promise

must be kept.”

“I interfered, Professor Porter,” replied Tarzan, “because your

daughter does not love Mr. Canler—she does not wish to marry him. That

is enough for me to know.”

“You do not know what you have done,” said Professor Porter. “Now he

will doubtless refuse to marry her.”

“He most certainly will,” said Tarzan, emphatically.

“And further,” added Tarzan, “you need not fear that your pride will

suffer, Professor Porter, for you will be able to pay the Canler person

what you owe him the moment you reach home.”

“Tut, tut, sir!” exclaimed Professor Porter. “What do you mean, sir?”

“Your treasure has been found,” said Tarzan.

“What—what is that you are saying?” cried the professor. “You are mad,

man. It cannot be.”

“It is, though. It was I who stole it, not knowing either its value or

to whom it belonged. I saw the sailors bury it, and, ape-like, I had to

dig it up and bury it again elsewhere. When D’Arnot told me what it was

and what it meant to you I returned to the jungle and recovered it. It

had caused so much crime and suffering and sorrow that D’Arnot thought

it best not to attempt to bring the treasure itself on here, as had

been my intention, so I have brought a letter of credit instead.

“Here it is, Professor Porter,” and Tarzan drew an envelope from his

pocket and handed it to the astonished professor, “two hundred and

forty-one thousand dollars. The treasure was most carefully appraised

by experts, but lest there should be any question in your mind, D’Arnot

himself bought it and is holding it for you, should you prefer the

treasure to the credit.”

“To the already great burden of the obligations we owe you, sir,” said

Professor Porter, with trembling voice, “is now added this greatest of

all services. You have given me the means to save my honor.”

Clayton, who had left the room a moment after Canler, now returned.

“Pardon me,” he said. “I think we had better try to reach town before

dark and take the first train out of this forest. A native just rode by

from the north, who reports that the fire is moving slowly in this

direction.”

This announcement broke up further conversation, and the entire party

went out to the waiting automobiles.

Clayton, with Jane, the professor and Esmeralda occupied Clayton’s car,

while Tarzan took Mr. Philander in with him.

“Bless me!” exclaimed Mr. Philander, as the car moved off after

Clayton. “Who would ever have thought it possible! The last time I saw

you you were a veritable wild man, skipping about among the branches of

a tropical African forest, and now you are driving me along a Wisconsin

road in a French automobile. Bless me! But it is most remarkable.”

“Yes,” assented Tarzan, and then, after a pause, “Mr. Philander, do you

recall any of the details of the finding and burying of three skeletons

found in my cabin beside that African jungle?”

“Very distinctly, sir, very distinctly,” replied Mr. Philander.

“Was there anything peculiar about any of those skeletons?”

Mr. Philander eyed Tarzan narrowly.

“Why do you ask?”

“It means a great deal to me to know,” replied Tarzan. “Your answer may

clear up a mystery. It can do no worse, at any rate, than to leave it

still a mystery. I have been entertaining a theory concerning those

skeletons for the past two months, and I want you to answer my question

to the best of your knowledge—were the three skeletons you buried all

human skeletons?”

“No,” said Mr. Philander, “the smallest one, the one found in the crib,

was the skeleton of an anthropoid ape.”

“Thank you,” said Tarzan.

In the car ahead, Jane was thinking fast and furiously. She had felt

the purpose for which Tarzan had asked a few words with her, and she

knew that she must be prepared to give him an answer in the very near

future.

He was not the sort of person one could put off, and somehow that very

thought made her wonder if she did not really fear him.

And could she love where she feared?

She realized the spell that had been upon her in the depths of that

far-off jungle, but there was no spell of enchantment now in prosaic

Wisconsin.

Nor did the immaculate young Frenchman appeal to the primal woman in

her, as had the stalwart forest god.

Did she love him? She did not know—now.

She glanced at Clayton out of the corner of her eye. Was not here a man

trained in the same school of environment in which she had been

trained—a man with social position and culture such as she had been

taught to consider as the prime essentials to congenial association?

Did not her best judgment point to this young English nobleman, whose

love she knew to be of the sort a civilized woman should crave, as the

logical mate for such as herself?

Could she love Clayton? She could see no reason why she could not. Jane

was not coldly calculating by nature, but training, environment and

heredity had all combined to teach her to reason even in matters of the

heart.

That she had been carried off her feet by the strength of the young

giant when his great arms were about her in the distant African forest,

and again today, in the Wisconsin woods, seemed to her only

attributable to a temporary mental reversion to type on her part—to the

psychological appeal of the primeval man to the primeval woman in her

nature.

If he should never touch her again, she reasoned, she would never feel

attracted toward him. She had not loved him, then. It had been nothing

more than a passing hallucination, super-induced by excitement and by

personal contact.

Excitement would not always mark their future relations, should she

marry him, and the power of personal contact eventually would be dulled

by familiarity.

Again she glanced at Clayton. He was very handsome and every inch a

gentleman. She should be very proud of such a husband.

And then he spoke—a minute sooner or a minute later might have made all

the difference in the world to three lives—but chance stepped in and

pointed out to Clayton the psychological moment.

“You are free now, Jane,” he said. “Won’t you say yes—I will devote my

life to making you very happy.”

“Yes,” she whispered.

That evening in the little waiting room at the station Tarzan caught

Jane alone for a moment.

“You are free now, Jane,” he said, “and I have come across the ages out

of the dim and distant past from the lair of the primeval man to claim

you—for your sake I have become a civilized man—for your sake I have

crossed oceans and continents—for your sake I will be whatever you will

me to be. I can make you happy, Jane, in the life you know and love

best. Will you marry me?”

For the first time she realized the depths of the man’s love—all that

he had accomplished in so short a time solely for love of her. Turning

her head she buried her face in her arms.

What had she done? Because she had been afraid she might succumb to the

pleas of this giant, she had burned her bridges behind her—in her

groundless apprehension that she might make a terrible mistake, she had

made a worse one.

And then she told him all—told him the truth word by word, without

attempting to shield herself or condone her error.

“What can we do?” he asked. “You have admitted that you love me. You

know that I love you; but I do not know the ethics of society by which

you are governed. I shall leave the decision to you, for you know best

what will be for your eventual welfare.”

“I cannot tell him, Tarzan,” she said. “He too, loves me, and he is a

good man. I could never face you nor any other honest person if I

repudiated my promise to Mr. Clayton. I shall have to keep it—and you

must help me bear the burden, though we may not see each other again

after tonight.”

The others were entering the room now and Tarzan turned toward the

little window.

But he saw nothing outside—within he saw a patch of greensward

surrounded by a matted mass of gorgeous tropical plants and flowers,

and, above, the waving foliage of mighty trees, and, over all, the blue

of an equatorial sky.

In the center of the greensward a young woman sat upon a little mound

of earth, and beside her sat a young giant. They ate pleasant fruit and

looked into each other’s eyes and smiled. They were very happy, and

they were all alone.

His thoughts were broken in upon by the station agent who entered

asking if there was a gentleman by the name of Tarzan in the party.

“I am Monsieur Tarzan,” said the ape-man.

“Here is a message for you, forwarded from Baltimore; it is a cablegram

from Paris.”

Tarzan took the envelope and tore it open. The message was from

D’Arnot.

It read:

Fingerprints prove you Greystoke. Congratulations.

D’ARNOT.

As Tarzan finished reading, Clayton entered and came toward him with

extended hand.

Here was the man who had Tarzan’s title, and Tarzan’s estates, and was

going to marry the woman whom Tarzan loved—the woman who loved Tarzan.

A single word from Tarzan would make a great difference in this man’s

life.

It would take away his title and his lands and his castles, and—it

would take them away from Jane Porter also. “I say, old man,” cried

Clayton, “I haven’t had a chance to thank you for all you’ve done for

us. It seems as though you had your hands full saving our lives in

Africa and here.

“I’m awfully glad you came on here. We must get better acquainted. I

often thought about you, you know, and the remarkable circumstances of

your environment.

“If it’s any of my business, how the devil did you ever get into that

bally jungle?”

“I was born there,” said Tarzan, quietly. “My mother was an Ape, and of

course she couldn’t tell me much about it. I never knew who my father

was.”

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