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Tarzan of the Apes

by Edgar Rice Burroughs

SYNOPSIS

The infant son of Lord and Lady Grey-stoke is mothered by Kala, an ape, after the death of his own parents.

The boy, called Tarzan by the apes, finds the skeletons of his parents in the cabin, but still thinks himself a white ape. Tarzan wins renown by killing a gorilla. He learns to read from books found in the cabin. Tarzan kills his enemy Tumbaga, a savage, shoots Kala and is pursued by the infuriated apes.

Tarzan slays Kulonga in revenge for Kala's death and secures a bow and poisoned arrows from the native village. He finds a photograph of his father and his mother's locket. Worshipping Kerchak in battle, Tarzan becomes king of the apes.

After subduing Terkoz, Tarzan leaves the tribe and terrorizes the savages in the village of Mbonga.

(Continued From Saturday.)

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 Munango Keewati, and this was done from then on.

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 almost above them.

There were ten men, swarthy, sun tanned and 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 dwarfed, nean faced, black bearded fellow with a countenance which reminded Tarzan of Pumba, 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 man 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.

Tarzan 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, the tiger.

For a moment the others stood looking at the killer and the giant lying dead upon the beach.

Then one of them laughed and slapped the little man upon the back. There were 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, upon whose deck Tarzan could see other figures moving about.

When they had clambered aboard, Tarzan slipped to earth behind a great tree and crept to his cabin, keeping it always between himself and the ship.

Creeping in at the door he found that everything had been ransacked. His books and pencils strewn the floor. His weapons and shields and other little store of treasures were littered about.

As he saw what had been done a wave of anger surged through him. The new 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 he looked toward the harbor. Another boat was being lowered from the ship. 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 several lines of strong, well made, almost letter perfect characters.

CHAPTER IX.

At the Mercy of the Jungle. 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, unused by any, picked up the fallen revolver and slipped it inside his shirt; then he joined the sailors.

"Who could it have been?" whispered Jane Porter, and the young man turned to see her standing, wide eyed, beside him.

"I dare say Tarzan of the apes is watching us," he answered. "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 some one 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? I can't leave you here alone with these cutthroats. You certainly can't venture into the jungle with me, yet some one must go in search of your father. He is more than apt at wandering off aimlessly, regardless of danger or direction, and Mr. Philander is only a trifle less impractical. I have it! 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 Porter 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 refused.

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 Grey-stoke 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 jungle as two human beings could be, though they did not know it.

It was by the merest chance 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 200 yards south of it. 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, 1,500 miles to the south.

When Jane Porter and Esmeralda found themselves safely behind the cabin door the professor

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.

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was to barricade the portal from the inside. With this idea in view 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 black ran to bury her face in her mistress' shoulders.

Jane Porter, turning at the cry, saw



Her First View of the Interior Brought a Shriek of Terror.

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 stricken girl. But there was no panic in her fright.

At last, disengaging herself from the frantic clutch of the still shrieking Esmeralda, Jane Porter crossed the room to look into the little cradle, knowing what she should see there before ever the tiny skeleton disclosed itself in all its pitiful and pathetic frailty.

What an awful tragedy these mute bones proclaimed! The girl shuddered at thought of the possibilities that might be before herself and her friends in this ill fated cabin.

Quickly, with an impatient stamp of her 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. I never saw such a big baby."

Soon the girl found that the door was equipped with a heavy wooden bar upon the inside. After several efforts the combined strength of the two enabled them to slip it into place—the first time in twenty years.

After Clayton had plunged into the

jungle, the sailors—Matthew, 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.

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.

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 with the girl, and so he liked her also.

For the sailors, however, and especially Snipes, he had developed a great hatred. He knew by their threatening gestures and by the expressions upon their evil faces that they were enemies of the others, and so he decided to watch them very closely.

Tarzan wondered why the men had gone into the jungle. Never did it occur to him that one could become lost in that maze of undergrowth which to him was as simple as the main street of your own home town.

When he saw the sailors row away toward the ship and knew that the girl and her companion were safe in his cabin he 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 men.

Tarzan was on the point of going on to look for them himself when he caught the yellow glint of a sleek hide moving cautiously through the jungle toward Clayton.

It was Sheets, the leopard. He 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 Sheets to be so clumsy.

No, the white man did not bear. Sheets was crouching for the spring, and then, shrill and horrible, there rose upon the stillness of the jungle the awful cry of the challenging ape, and Sheets turned, crashing into the underbrush.

Clayton came to his feet with a start. His blood ran cold. Never 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 Cecil Clayton, eldest son of Lord Grey-stoke of England, did that day in the fastness of the African jungle.

(To Be Continued.)



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