

Tarzan of the Apes

by Edgar Rice Burroughs

SYNOPSIS

Infant son of Lord and Lady Greystoke is murdered by Kala, an ape, after trial of his own parents. His mother, called Tarzan by the apes, who take care of his parents in their pitiful state, thinks himself a white ape. He wins renown by killing a gorilla, learns to read from books found hidden in a cave, and is pursued by the infuriated ape.

Tarzan slays Kologas in revenge for Kala's death and secures a low and poisoned arrow from the native village. He meets a photograph of his father and his mother's looks. Wearing Kologas's hat, Tarzan becomes King of the apes.

After slaying Kologas, Tarzan leaves the tribe and terrorizes the savages in the village of Mtongo.

Clayton, Tarzan's cousin, John Porter and party arrive in a ship, the crew of which has mutinied.

Tarzan, a lion and saves Clayton's life. Clayton and his men, however, are attacked by a tiger.

Tarzan breaks the tiger's neck, then saves Professor Porter and his friend Philander from a lion.

Clayton discovers the skeletons of his mother and aunt in the cabin. Clayton sees the mutiny and the crew's capture. (Continued from Yesterday.)

"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 John Porter reverently, indicating the mass of bones upon the bed.

"The beautiful Lady Alice," replied Clayton, "of whose many virtues and charms I often have heard my mother and father speak."

"With 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 antelope cloth he examined the skull minutely. Then he called Professor Porter to his side, and the two argued in low tones for several minutes.

"How remarkable," said Clayton, "said Professor Porter."

"Bliss met!" 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 this strange 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. He knew that she was created to be protected and that he was created to protect her.

When the grave had been filled with the little party turned back toward the cabin, and the two men still weeping copiously for the two who had never heard of before and who had been dead twenty years, glanced to glance toward the harbor. Instantly her tears ceased.

"Look at that low down white trash out there!" she shrieked, pointing toward the Arrow. "They'll all be dead—dead in an hour!"

"Surely enough, the Arrow was being worked toward the open sea slowly through the harbor's entrance."

"They prepared to leave us screaming and commotion," said Clayton. "The wretched beast!"

"It is the work of that fellow they call Salpex, I am sure," said Jane Porter. "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 treasures with us, as I shall be a natural man if that is lost."

"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."

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 great boat, as well as to learn if possible the direction of its flight.

A very light breeze was blowing, and the ship had been worked through the harbor's mouth under flying jib, fore and main royals and sixteen spanker, but now that they had cleared the point every available shred of canvas was being spread so 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 what the cause of it might be.

At about the same time the lookout on the Arrow must have discerned it, for in a few minutes Tarzan saw the sails being shifted. The ship came about and presently he knew that she was coming back toward land.

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 into the boat 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 great tree.

In the afternoon of the boat, as it drew nearer, Tarzan saw the rat faced man. It was but a few minutes later that the boat landed on 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 hill 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 be confiscated anyway. We might as well bury it here on the chance that some of us will escape the gallows to 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—yuck!" cried Salpex. "Slow it!" roared one of the men in a surly tone. "You're no admiral, you shrimp!"

"I'm cap'n here, though, I'll have you to understand, you shrimp!" shrieked Salpex with a volley of oaths.

"Steady, boys," cautioned one of the men who had not spoken before. "We ain't goin' to get us nothin' by fightin' among ourselves."

"Right enough," replied the sailor who had roared Salpex's anticlimactic tones. "But by the same token it ain't nothin' to get nobody nothin' to put on us in this bloomin' company neither."

"You fellows dig here," said Salpex, indicating a spot beneath the tree.

"And while you're diggin' Peter kin be makin' of a nap at the location as we will find it again. You, Tom and Bill, take a couple more down and fetch up the chest."

"What are you a-poin' to do?" asked one of the previous attention. "Just boss!"

"Oh, hush there!" growled Salpex. "You didn't think your cap'n was a-poin' to dig with a shovel, did you?"

The men all looked up angrily. None of them liked Salpex, and his disagreeable show of authority since he had roared (from the roof) and rung the heads 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?" asked Tarzan, the sailor who had before spoken.

"No," replied Salpex simply, angering the butt of his revolver.

"Then," shouted Tarzan, "if you won't take a shovel you'll take a pickaxe!"

With the words he raised his pick above his head and with a mighty blow he struck the point Salpex's 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 rat 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; they the others joined him. There was no further comment on the killing, but the men worked to a letter frame of mind than they had since Salpex had assumed command.

When they had a trench of simple earth to bury the chest Tarzan suggested that they enlarge it and inter Salpex's body on top of the chest.

"It might 'elp foot any as apponed to be diggin' 'er bones," 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 antelope and then buried in its place, which brought it

top about a foot below the bottom of the grave. Earth was shoveled in and tamped down about the chest until the bottom of the grave showed level and uniform.

Two of the men then rolled the rat faced corpse unconcernedly into the grave after first stripping it of its weapons and various other articles which the several members of the party carried.

They then filled the grave with earth and tamped 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 a natural manner as possible over the new-made grave to obliterate all signs of the ground having been disturbed.

While the work was 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 wondered what his chest they had buried contained. If they did not wish it to be found, why would they throw it into the water? That would have been much easier.

Ah, he thought, but they do wish it. They have hidden it here because they intend returning to it later.

He 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 would be of use to him. Soon he discovered a spade hidden by the undergrowth 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.

He continued digging until he had reached the chest. This also he dragged to the side of the corpse. Then he filled in the smaller hole he had dug, 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 empty 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 tree with his awkward burden, but he kept to the trails and so made fairly good time.

For several hours he traveled 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 rick 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.

Now the natural curiosity, which is as common to men as to apes, prompted Tarzan 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.

When they met in council or to celebrate the rick of the dum-dum, they were blown hither and thither for two months, sick and dying at intervals, and they, they had been wrecked on a small islet.

The galley was washed high upon the beach, where she was being hoisted up before the survivors, who were picked up in the sea, had reached one of the great chests of treasure.

One by one they died until only one man was left, the writer of the letter.

The men had built a boat from the logs of the mutineers, 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 not resist the temptation to venture 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 starvation.

Fortunately he sailed the north and within a week was in the track of the Spanish merchantman 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 the many which he had heard, and which, when they reached the island, he did not mention the mutiny or the chest of buried treasure.

(To Be Continued.)



She Was Writing at Tarzan's Own Table Beneath the Window.

John Porter had been writing and withdrew his hand, holding the precious treasure.

Tarzan folded the sheets into a small parcel, which he tucked into the quiver with his arrows. Then he sped away unperceived, as softly and as noiselessly as a shadow.

CHAPTER XIII. The Jungle Toil.

EARLY the following morning Tarzan awoke, and the first thought of the new day was 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 the bitter disappointment of his whole life. He was baffled by strange, unmeaning characters the like of which he had never seen before. Why, they even differed 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.

For twenty minutes he pored over them, when suddenly they commenced to vibrate. The flutter though distorted shapes. Albeit, 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 he writes to me: West coast of Africa, about 10 degrees north latitude. (So Mr. Clayton says.) February 27, 1892.

Dearest Ned!—It seems foolish to write you after this long time, but I simply must tell somebody of our awful experience since we sailed from Europe on the 1st of August, 1891.

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 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 wonderful theory of an unshakable ancient civilization, the remains of which lay buried somewhere in Africa, and he had hoped that he would find it.

It seems that an old bookworm who has been for many years in England discovered through the leaves of a very old Spanish manuscript a letter written in the old letters of the Phoenicians, and he had hoped that he would find it.

The story he told was merely one of the many which he had heard, and which, when they reached the island, he did not mention the mutiny or the chest of buried treasure.

(To Be Continued.)

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