

Tarzan of the Apes



by Edgar Rice Burroughs

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SYNOPSIS

The infant son of Lord and Lady Greyholme 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 their cave, 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 Uroakt, Kulonga, 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 Abonga.

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

Tarzan kills a lion and saves Clayton's life. Jane Porter and her maid, Esmeralda, 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 uncle and aunt in the cabin. Tarzan sees the mutineers bury a treasure chest.

Tarzan carries the chest away and meets Unsen, he watches Jane Porter and falls in love with her.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

gathered for me, but will add to this from day to day as things happen. Lovingly,
JANE PORTER.
To Hazel Strong, Baltimore, Maryland.

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 Porter 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 chill run up her spine. She showed the letter, or rather the last sheet with the signature, to Clayton.

"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 bear 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 Abonga, 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 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 Porter 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.

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 am yours. You are mine. We will live here together always in my house. I will bring you the best fruits, the tenderest deer, the finest meats that roam the jungle.

I will hunt for you. I am the greatest of the jungle hunters.

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.

Professor Porter faintly broke the silence. His tones were no longer those of the erudite pedant theorizing upon the abstract and the unobtainable, but those of the man of action, despatching

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 as they approached a volley of excited questions. A glance within confirmed their worst fears.

Jane Porter 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 stooped beside her, feeling for her pulse and then listening for her heart beats. She lived. He shook her. "Esmeralda!" he shrieked in her ear. "Esmeralda! Where is Miss Porter? What has happened? Esmeralda!"

Slowly the black opened her eyes. She saw Clayton. She saw the jungle about her.

"Oh, Gabriel!" 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? Heaven could not have been so cruel as to take my little girl away from me now."

"We must rouse Esmeralda first," replied Clayton. "She can tell us what has happened. Esmeralda!" he cried again, shaking the black woman roughly by the shoulder.

"Oh, Gabriel. Ah wants to die!" cried the poor woman, but with eyes fast closed. "Lemme die, but don't lemme see dat awful face again. Whanfer de devil round after po ole Esmeralda? She ain't done nuffin' to nobody."

CHAPTER XIV.

The Call of the Primitive.

"HERE'S Miss Porter? What happened?" questioned Clayton.

"Ain't Miss Jane here?" cried Esmeralda, sitting up with wonderful celerity for one of her bulk. "O Lawd, now Ah 'members! It dem must have tooked her away." The negroes commenced to sob and wail her lamentations.

"What took her away?" cried Professor Porter.

"A great big g'nt all covered with hair."

"A gorilla, Esmeralda?" questioned Mr. Philander, and the three men scarcely breathed as he voiced the horrible thought.

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



One Piercing Scream Escaped Her Lips.

drawn 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 Porter.

It was long after dark ere they reached the cabin, and a grief stricken party it was that sat silently within the little structure.

Professor Porter faintly broke the silence. His tones were no longer those of the erudite pedant theorizing upon the abstract and the unobtainable, but those of the man of action, despatching

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ed, but tinged 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 tomorrow, so 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."

Clayton rose and laid his hand gently upon Professor Porter's bent old shoulder.

"I shall go with you, of course," he said. "Do not tell me that I need even have said so."

"I knew that you would offer—that you would wish to go, Mr. Clayton, but you must not. Jane is beyond human assistance now. I simply go that I may face my Maker with her and know, too, that what was once my dear girl does not lie all alone and friendless in the jungle."

"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.

"If you wish," he said.

"You may count on me also," said Clayton.

"No, my dear old friend," said Professor Porter. "We may not all go. It would be cruelly wicked to leave poor Esmeralda here alone. Come—let us try to sleep a little."

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 treachery 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 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 no chief will dare to be other than he should be, for four of you can kill any chief."

(To Be Continued.)

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