

# Tarzan of the Apes



by Edgar Rice Burroughs

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### SYNOPSIS

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

The boy, called Tarzan by the apes, finds the skeletons of his parents in their 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 slays Kulonga in revenge for Kala's death and secures a bow and poisoned arrows from the native village.

Tarzan kills his enemy, Ubuki, Kulonga, a savage, shoots Kala and is pursued by the infuriated apes.

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.

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, Ismeralda, 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 Ureen, he watches Jane Porter and falls in love with her.

Tarzan rescues the ship, carries Jane Porter away into the wilderness. Tarzan kills Terkoz and takes possession of the girl.

She repulses him, but he treats her kindly. She shows him his parents' pictures in a locket he is wearing.

Tarzan takes Jane back to the cabin. She has fallen in love with him. Lieutenant D'Arnot is captured by savages.

Tarzan rescues him. Clayton is jealous of Tarzan. French sailors raid Mbonga's village but fail to find D'Arnot.

D'Arnot wrote: She is not dead, then? Where was she? What happened to her?

Tarzan answered: She is not dead. She was taken by Terkoz to be his wife. 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 awhile.

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.

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 thought of that the first day. I dared not. The great apes come often to this spot. 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 after they sat beneath the shade of a great tree, and Tarzan found some smooth bark that they might converse.

D'Arnot wrote: What can I do to repay you for all that you have done for me?

Tarzan wrote 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 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.

### CHAPTER XVIII. Lost Treasure.

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 Porter again.

It had been hard for him to remain with the Frenchman all these days. That he had done so spoke more glowingly for his nobility of character than even did his rescuing of the French officer from Mbonga's clutches.

D'Arnot was only too willing to attempt the journey.

"But you cannot carry me all the distance through this tangled forest," he wrote.

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 Porter, at the wondrous strength and agility of the ape man.

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 Porter so soon again.

No one was in sight without the cage. 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.

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.

And the Frenchman, D'Arnot, what of him? He could get along as Tarzan



"No, I shall not go, nor should you."

had. Tarzan did not want to see him more. He wanted to get away from everything that might remind him of Jane Porter.

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 carbine 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 to his jungle and left me here alone."

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 passed above the sinuous, striped body of Sabor, the tiger, 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—were sometimes frightened by solitude.

He loaded one of the carbines 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 inclosure 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.

You know the strange white men who

in 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 carbine and placed it to his shoulder, ready for any emergency that might arise.

Gently the door opened until a thin crack showed something standing just without.

D'Arnot sighted along the blue barrel at the crack of the door and then pulled the trigger.

When the expedition returned, following their fruitless endeavor to succor D'Arnot. Captain Dufrance was anxious to steam away as quickly as possible, and all save Jane Porter 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."

"But poor D'Arnot's uniform and all his belongings were found in that village. Miss Porter," argued the captain. "The natives showed great excitement when questioned as to the white man's fate."

"But they did not admit that he was dead. As for his clothes and accoutrements being in their possession, more civilized peoples than these poor savage negroes strip their prisoners of every article of value whether they intend killing them or not."

"Possibly your forest man was captured or killed by the savages," suggested Captain Dufrance.

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. The cruiser shall wait a few days longer."

"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 to assist us and some 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.

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; also 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.

"Heaven 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 Snipes were too real to be feigned."

(To Be Continued.)

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