

Tarzan of the Apes

by Edgar Rice Burroughs

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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 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 Yooat. 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 Kerkach 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, 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 mulchmen bury a treasure chest.

Tarzan carries the chest away and hides it. Then, he watches Jane Porter and falls in love with her.

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

She repeats 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, and they communicate with each other in writing. The French sailors and Jane's party sail away.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

"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 Sublieutenant Janvier 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."

"It would never have occurred to me to suspect the men to whom we owe so much," replied Professor Porter. "I would as soon suspect my dear Clayton here or Mr. Philander."

"There must have been several in the party," said Jane Porter, 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 more nor the treasure that was in it."

Only Jane Porter knew what the loss meant to her father, and none there knew what it meant to her.

Six days later Captain Dufrane announced that they would sail early on the morrow.

Jane Porter 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.

It was she 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.

And at the last minute she left a message for him, to be transmitted by Tarzan of the apes.

CHAPTER XIX.

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 on to the cabin floor. It was Tarzan.

With a cry of anguish D'Arnot sprang to the ape man's side and, kneeling, lifted the black head in his arms, calling Tarzan's name aloud.

There was no response, and then D'Arnot placed his ear above the man's head. To his joy he heard its steady beating beneath.

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 beneath.

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 rose and, going to the table, wrote a message, which he handed to the ape man, explaining the terrible mistake he had made and how thank-

ful he was that the wound was not more serious. Then he 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 latter 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 see and thank 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 chief 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 I know that I am always your friend.
JANE PORTER.

Tarzan sat with gaze 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.

For a week they did little but rest. Meanwhile D'Arnot coached Tarzan in French. At the end of that time the two men could converse quite easily.

One night as they were sitting with- in the cabin before retiring Tarzan turned to D'Arnot.

"Where is America?" he said.

D'Arnot pointed toward the north- west.

"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 thought for a long time.

"Do any white men live in Africa?" he asked.

"Yes," said D'Arnot.

"We shall go there tomorrow," 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 tomorrow. 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

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 carried a carbine and ammunition, besides 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 man 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 days they traveled north, some- times 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 some- times 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."

On the journey he told D'Arnot about the great chest he had seen the sailors bury and 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 Porter 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 Porter.

"Tomorrow we shall go back after it," he announced to D'Arnot. "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. 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."

In one of his talks with D'Arnot Tarzan mentioned Kala, his ape "mother."

"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 you also knew 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. You are pure man and, I should say, the offspring of highly bred and intelligent parents. Have you not the slightest clew to your past?"

"Not the slightest," replied Tarzan.

"No writing 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 Grey-stoke, an English nobleman, and it is written in French," he said.

D'Arnot read it aloud. Occasionally his voice broke, and he was forced to stop reading for the hopelessness that spoke between the lines.

Often 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:

Today our little boy is six months old. He has grabbed my pen in his chubby fist and with his ink begrimed little fingers has signed the seal of his tiny finger prints upon the page.

Upon 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? You are Lord Grey-stoke."

Tarzan shook his head.

"The book speaks of but one child," he replied. "Its 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."

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 inclosure stretched a cultivated field in which a number of negroes were working.

Tarzan 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 striding toward him, turned, shrieking, and made for 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 inclosure, rifle in hand, to discover the cause of the commotion.

D'Arnot cried loudly to him: "Do not fire! We are friends!"

"Halt, then!" cried D'Arnot, halting the ape man in his tracks.

"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."

"I am, Father Constantin of the French mission here," said the other. "I am glad to welcome you."

"This is M. Tarzan, Father Constantin," 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 Constantin 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.

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, while black women sewed upon white duck garments for himself and D'Arnot that they might continue their journey properly clothed.

(To Be Continued.)

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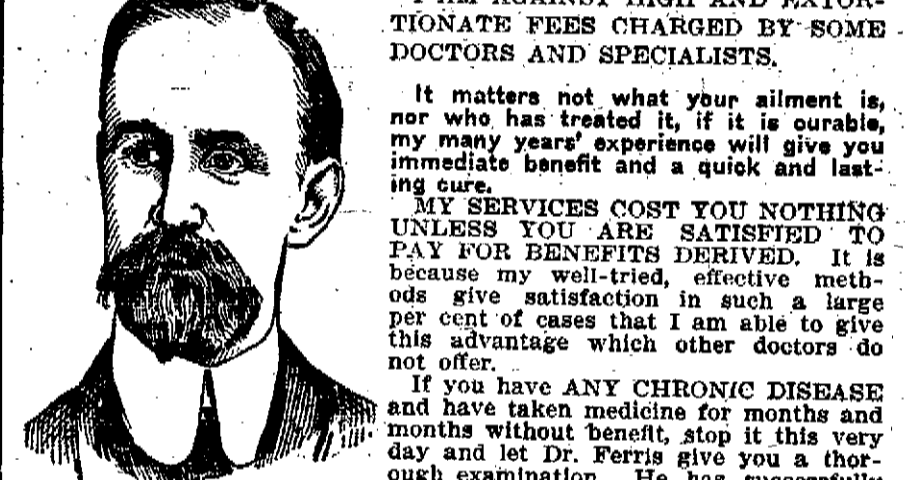
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