

The RETURN of TARZAN



By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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SYNOPSIS

Tarzan, ape-man, who lived in the African jungle twenty years, is returning to Europe after rescuing his bright and beautiful girl, Jane, from the clutches of Lord D'Armet. He is accompanied by his cousin, William Clayton, who is engaged to Jane, and the countess against their enemy, Nicolas Rokoff.

In Paris D'Armet, Tarzan's friend, reproves him for giving up his position in the world. Tarzan asserts his preference for jungle life.

Rokoff tries to have Tarzan assassinated, but the ape-man's enormous strength and agility save him. D'Armet receives a letter from Clayton. The latter and Jane are to be married.

Rokoff plots against the Countess de Coude and Tarzan. He deceives the latter as the countess' rooms at night by a false message and then notifies the countess. Rokoff is the countess' brother.

De Coude, infuriated when he finds Tarzan and the countess together, challenges Tarzan to a duel. Tarzan forces Rokoff to sign a confession of his plot.

In the duel Tarzan refuses to fire. He tells De Coude of the plot and is reconciled to him. Tarzan is employed by the French ministry to watch Lieutenant Gerolis, suspected of being a spy, in Algeria.

At Sidi Alesia Tarzan makes friends with Sheikh Kadour ben Saden. A dancing girl shows him a way of escape when he and about his servant, are attacked in a dance hall by natives, who are instigated by two foreigners.

The girl is the stolen daughter of Saden and is named Jane. Tarzan and Abdul fight off a horde of natives. As Bou Sadea Tarzan learns in a letter from D'Armet of Jane's postponement of her marriage. Rokoff, said by the countess, has left France.

Gerolis, suspecting Tarzan, abandons him in a desert, and Tarzan, after killing a lion, is captured by nomad Arabs.

Rokoff appears and taunts Tarzan. The latter is freed by the dancing girl. The two leave for Saden's camp. Tarzan kills a lion, at Saden's camp, with a spear.

In Bou Sadea Tarzan finds Rokoff black-smuggling Gerolis and forces Rokoff to give him the incriminating papers extorted from the French officer.

Gerolis kills himself. Jane and her father and Clayton accept Lord Tennyson's offer to take him to his yacht down the east African coast. Tarzan is ordered to Cape Town. On board ship he is known as John Caldwell and meets Hazel Strong, Jane's friend, and a man traveling as M. Thurau.

Thurau, who is Rokoff, throws Tarzan overboard at night. Thurau pays homage to Hazel. In Cape Town Jane and Hazel meet, and Hazel's party, with Thurau, is asked by Tennyson to sail with him and Jane's party to England.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

Quietly Tarzan went to the tree at the end of the village street. He climbed softly to his place and fitted an arrow to his bow. For several minutes he tried to sight fairly upon the sentry, but the waving branches and flickering firelight convinced him that the danger of a miss was too great. He must touch the heart full in the center to bring the quiet and sudden death his plan required.

He had brought beside his bow, arrows and rope the gun he had taken the previous day from the other sentry he had killed. Caching all these in a convenient crotch of the tree, he dropped lightly to the ground within the palisade, armed only with his long knife. The sentry's back was toward him. Like a cat Tarzan crept upon the dozing man.

Tarzan crouched for a spring, for that is ever the quickest and surest attack of the jungle beast, when the man, warned by some subtle sense, sprang to his feet and faced the ape-man.

CHAPTER XIX. Victory For the Waziri.

WHEN the eyes of the black Manyuema savage fell upon the strange apparition that confronted him with menacing knife they went wide in horror. He forgot the gun within his hands. He even forgot to cry out. His one thought was to escape this fearsome looking white savage, this giant of a man upon whose massive rolling muscles and mighty chest the flickering firelight played.

But before he could turn Tarzan was upon him, and then the sentry thought to scream for aid, but it was too late. A great hand was upon his windpipe, and he was being borne to the earth. He battled furiously, but futilely. With the grim tenacity of a bulldog those awful fingers were clinging to his throat. Swiftly and surely life was being choked from him. His eyes bulged, his tongue protruded, his face turned to a ghastly, purplish hue. There was a convulsive tremor of the stifling muscles, and the Manyuema sentry lay quiet still.

The ape-man threw the body across one of his broad shoulders and, gathering up the fellow's gun, trotted silently toward the sleeping village street toward the tree that gave him such easy ingress to the palisaded village. He bore the dead sentry into the midst of the leafy mass above.

First he stripped the body of cartridge belt and such ornaments as he craved, wedging it into a convenient crotch while his nimble fingers ran over it in search of the loot he could not plainly see in the dark. When he had finished he took the gun that had belonged to the man and walked far out upon a limb, from the end of which he could obtain a better view of the street. Drawing a careful head on the bowstring, he waited for the first glimpse of the sentry.

With at least fifty of their number dying through the black jungle, and without the slightest knowledge of when their uncanny foe might renege the gold blooded slaughter they had commenced, it was a desperate band of cutthroats that waited sleeplessly for the dawn. Only on the promise of the Arabs that they would leave the village at daybreak, and hasten onward toward their own land, would the remaining Manyuema consent to stay at the village a moment longer. Not even fear of their cruel masters was sufficient to overcome this new terror.

And so it was that when Tarzan and his warriors returned to the attack the next morning they found the raiders prepared to march out of the village. The Manyuema were laden with stolen ivory. As Tarzan saw it he groined, for he knew that they would not carry it far. Then he saw something which caused him anxiety—a number of the Manyuema were fighting torches as in the remnant of the camp fire. They were about to fire the village.

Tarzan was perched in a tall tree some hundred yards from the palisade, making a trumpet of his hands, he called loudly to the Arab camp: "Do not fire the huts or we shall kill you all!"

A dozen times he repeated it. The Manyuema hesitated; then one of them flung his torch into the camp fire. The others were about to do the same when an Arab sprang upon them with a stick, beating them toward the huts. Tarzan could see that he was commanding them to fire the little thatched dwellings. Then he stood erect upon the swaying branch a hundred feet above the ground, and raising one of the Arab guns to his shoulder, took careful aim and fired. With the report the Arab who was urging on his men to burn the village fell in his tracks, and the Manyuema threw away their torches and fled from the village. The last Tarzan saw of them they were racing toward the jungle, while their former masters knelt upon the ground and fired at them.

But, however angry the Arabs might have been at the insubordination of their slaves, they were at least convinced that it would be the better part of wisdom to forego the pleasure of firing the village that had given them two such nasty receptions. In their hearts, however, they swore to return again with such a force as would enable them to sweep the entire country for miles around until no vestige of human life remained.

They had looked in vain for the owner of the voice which had frightened off the men who had been detailed to put the torch to the huts, but not even the keenest eye among them had been able to locate him. They had seen the puff of smoke from the tree following the shot that brought down the Arab, but, though a volley had immediately been loosed into its foliage, there had been no indication that it had been effective.

Tarzan was too intelligent to be caught in any such trap, and so the report of his shot had scarcely died away before the ape-man was on the ground and racing for another tree a hundred yards away. Here he again found a suitable perch from which he could watch the preparations of the raiders. It occurred to him that he might have considerable more fun with them, so again he called to them through his improvised trumpet.

"Leave the ivory!" he cried. "Leave the ivory! Dead men have no use for ivory!"

Some of the Manyuema started to lay down their loads, but this was altogether too much for the avaricious Arabs. With loud shouts and curses they aimed their guns full upon the bearers, threatening instant death to any who might lay down his load. They could give up firing the village, but the thought of abandoning their enormous fortune in ivory was quite beyond their conception. Better death than that.

And so they marched out of the village of the Waziri, and on the shoulders of their slaves was the ivory ransom of a score of kings. Toward the north they marched, back toward their savage settlement.

Under Tarzan's guidance the black Waziri warriors stationed themselves along the trail on either side in the densest underbrush. They stood at far intervals, and as the column passed a single arrow or a heavy spear, well aimed, would place a Manyuema or an Arab. Then the Waziri would melt into the distance and run ahead to take his stand farther on. They did not strike unless success was sure and the danger of detection almost nothing, and so the arrows and spears were few and far between, but so persistent and inevitable that the slow moving column of heavy laden raiders was in a constant state of panic—the one placed body of the comrade who had just fallen, panic at the uncertainty of who the next would be to fall and when.

It was with the greatest difficulty that the Arabs prevented their men a dozen times from throwing away their burdens and fleeing like frightened rabbits up the trail toward the north. And so the day wore on—a frightful nightmare of a day for the raiders—a day of weary but well repaid work for the Waziri. At night the Arabs constructed a rude boma in a little clearing by a river and went into camp.

At intervals during the night a rifle would bark close above their heads, and one of the dozen sentries which they now had posted would tumble to the ground. Such a condition was insupportable, for they saw that by means of these hideous tactics they would be completely wiped out, one by one, without inflicting a single death upon their enemy. But yet, with the persistent avariciousness of the white man, the Arabs clung to their loot and when morning came forced the demoralized Manyuema to take up their burdens of death and stagger on into the jungle.

For three days the withering column kept up its frightful march. Each hour was marked by its deadly arrow or cruel spear. The nights were made hideous by the barking of the invisible gun that made sentry duty equivalent to a death sentence.

On the morning of the fourth day the Arabs were compelled to about two of their blacks before they could compel the balance to take up the hated ivory, and as they did so a voice rang out clear and strong from the jungle: "Today you die, oh, Manyuema, unless you lay down the ivory. Fall upon your cruel masters and kill them! You have guns, why do you not use them? Kill the Arabs, and we will not harm you. We will take you back to our village and feed you and lead you out of our country in safety and in peace. Lay down the ivory and fall upon your masters. We will help you. Else you die!"

As the voice died down the raiders stood as though turned to stone. The Arabs eyed their Manyuema slaves. The slaves looked first at one of their fellows and then at another. They were not waiting for some one to take the initiative. There were some thirty Arabs left and about 150 blacks. All were armed—some with rifles, some with spears and some with bows.

The Arabs were surprised. The chief called the Manyuema to come to the

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search, and as he spoke he cocked his rifle and raised it. But at the same instant one of the blacks threw down his load, and, snatching his rifle from his back, fired point blank at the group of whites. In an instant the camp was a cursing, howling mass of de-



The Camp Was a Cursing, Howling Mass of Demons.

mons, fighting with guns and knives and pistols. The Arabs stood together and defended their lives valiantly, but with the rain of lead that poured upon them from their own slaves and the shower of arrows and spears which now leaped from the surrounding jungle aimed solely at them, there was little question from the first what the outcome would be. In ten minutes from the time the first porter had thrown down his load the last of the Arabs lay dead.

When the firing had ceased Tarzan spoke again to the Manyuema: "Take up our ivory and return it to our village, from whence you stole it. We shall not harm you."

CHAPTER XX. In Search of Gold.

FOR a moment the Manyuema hesitated. They had no stomach for a day's travel that difficult three days' trail. They talked together in low whispers, and one turned toward the jungle, calling aloud to the voice that had spoken to them from out of the foliage.

"How do we know that when you have us in your village you will not kill us all?" he asked.

"You do not know," replied Tarzan, "other than that we have promised not to harm you if you will return our ivory to us. But this you do know, that it lies within our power to kill you all if you do not return as we direct, and are we not more likely to do so if you anger us than if you do as we bid?"

"Who are you that speaks the tongue of our Arab masters?" cried the Manyuema spokesman. "Let us see you and then we shall give you our answer."

Tarzan stepped out of the jungle a dozen paces from them.

"Look!" he said. "When they saw that he was white they were filled with awe, for never had they seen a white savage before, and at his great muscles and giant frame they were struck with wonder and admiration.

"You may trust me," said Tarzan. "So long as you do as I tell you and harm none of my people, we shall do you no hurt. Will you take up our ivory and return in peace to our village or shall we follow along your trail toward the north as we have followed for the past three days?"

The recollection of the horrid days that had just passed was the thing that finally decided the Manyuema, and so, after a short conference, they took up their burdens and set off to retrace their steps toward the village of the Waziri.

At the end of the third day they marched into the village gate and were greeted by the survivors of the recent massacre, to whom Tarzan had sent a messenger in their temporary camp to the south on the day that the raiders had quitted the village, telling them that they might return in safety.

It took all the mastery and persuasion that Tarzan possessed to prevent the Waziri falling on the Manyuema tooth and nail and tearing them to pieces, but when he had explained that he had given his word that they would not be molested if they carried the ivory back to the spot from which they had stolen it and had further impressed upon his people that they owed their entire victory to him they finally acceded to his demands and allowed the cannibals to rest in peace within their palisade.

That night the village warriors held a big palaver to celebrate their victories and to choose a new chief. Since old Waziri's death Tarzan had been directing the warriors in battle, and the temporary command had been tacitly conceded to him. There had been no time to choose a new chief from among their own number, and in fact so remarkably successful had they been under the ape-man's generalship that they had had no wish to delegate the supreme authority to another for fear that what they already had gained might be lost. They had so recently seen the results of ransoming counter to this savage white man's advice in the disastrous charge ordered by Waziri, in which he himself had died, that it had not been difficult for them to accept Tarzan's authority as final.

(To Be Continued.)

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