

TARZAN OF THE APES

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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The trip to the beach was uneventful and the morning after they dropped anchor before the cabin Tarzan garbed once more in his jungle regalia and carrying a spade, set out alone for the amphitheater of the apes where lay the treasure.

Late the next day he returned, bearing the great chest upon his shoulders, and at sunrise the little vessel was worked through the harbor's mouth and took up her northward journey.

Three weeks later Tarzan and D'Arnot were passengers on board a French steamer bound for Lyons, and after a few days in that city D'Arnot took Tarzan to Paris.

The ape man was anxious to proceed to America, but D'Arnot insisted that he must accompany him to Paris first, not would he divulge the nature of the urgent necessity upon which he based his demand.

CHAPTER XX.

The Light of Civilization.

ONE of the first things which D'Arnot accomplished after their arrival was to arrange to visit a high official of the police department, an old friend of D'Arnot's. He took Tarzan with him. Adroitly D'Arnot led the conversation from point to point until the policeman had explained to the interested Tarzan many of the methods in vogue for apprehending and identifying criminals.

Not the least interesting to Tarzan was the part played by finger prints in this fascinating science. "But of what value are these imprints," asked Tarzan, "when after a few years the lines upon the fingers are entirely changed by the wearing out of the old tissue and the growth of new?"

"The lines never change," replied the official. "From infancy to senility the finger prints of an individual change only in size, except as injuries alter the loops and whorls. If imprints have been taken of the thumb and four



"Do finger prints show racial characteristics?"

fingers of both hands one must needs lose all entirely to escape identification.

"It is marvelous," exclaimed D'Arnot. "I wonder what the lines upon my fingers resemble."

"We can soon see," replied the police officer, and, ringing a bell, he summoned an assistant, to whom he issued a few directions.

The man left the room to return presently with a little hardwood box, which he placed on his superior's desk.

"Now," said the officer, "you shall have your finger prints in a second."

He drew from the little case a square of plate glass, a little tube of thick ink, a rubber roller and a few snowy white cards.

Squeezing a drop of ink on to the glass, he spread it back and forth with the rubber roller until the entire surface of the glass was covered with a very thin and uniform layer of ink.

"Place the four fingers of your right hand upon the glass thus," he said to D'Arnot, "now the thumb. That's right. Now place them in just the same position upon this card here; no, a little to the right. We must leave room for the thumb and the fingers of the left hand. There, that's it. Now the same with the left."

"Come, Tarzan," cried D'Arnot, "let's see what your whorls look like."

Tarzan complied readily, asking many questions of the officer during the operation.

"Do finger prints show racial characteristics?" he asked. "Could you determine, for example, solely from finger prints whether the subject was negro or Caucasian?"

"Could the finger prints of an ape be detected from those of a man?" "Probably, because the ape's would be far simpler than those of the higher organism."

"But a cross between an ape and a man might show the characteristics of either progenitor," continued Tarzan. "I should think likely," responded the official. "But the science has not progressed sufficiently to render it exact enough in such matters. I should hate to trust its findings further than to differentiate between individuals."

"There it is absolutely definite. No two people born into the world probably have ever had identical lines upon all their digits."

"Does the comparison require much time or labor?" asked D'Arnot. "Ordinarily but a few moments, if the impressions are distinct."

D'Arnot drew a little black book from his pocket and commenced turning the pages.

Tarzan looked at the book in surprise. How did D'Arnot come to have his book?

Presently D'Arnot stopped at a page on which were five tiny little smudges. He handed the open book to the policeman.

"Are these imprints similar to mine or M. Tarzan's? Can you say that they are identical with either?"

The officer drew a powerful glass from his desk and examined all three specimens carefully, making notations meanwhile upon a pad of paper.

Tarzan realized now what was the meaning of their visit to the police officer.

The answer to his life's riddle lay in these tiny marks.

With tense nerves he sat leaning forward in his chair.

"Presently the police officer spoke. 'Gentlemen,' he said. 'Both turned toward him. 'There is evidently a great deal at stake which must hinge to a greater or lesser extent upon the absolute correctness of this comparison. I therefore ask that you leave the entire matter in my hands until our expert returns.'"

D'Arnot had hoped to know at once," said D'Arnot. "M. Tarzan sails for America tomorrow."

"I will promise that you can enable him a report within two weeks," replied the officer. "What it will be I dare not say. There are resemblances, yet—well, we had better leave it for M. Leblanc to solve."

A taxicab drew up before an old-fashioned residence upon the outskirts of Baltimore.

A man of about forty, well built and with strong, regular features, stepped out and paying the chauffeur dismissed him.

A moment later the passenger was entering the library of the old home.

"Ah, Mr. Canler," exclaimed an old man, rising to greet him.

"Good evening, my dear professor," cried the man, extending a cordial hand.

"I have come this evening to speak with you about Jane. You know my aspirations, and you have been generous enough to approve my suit."

Professor Archimedes Q. Porter, dignified in his armchair. The subject always made him uncomfortable. He could not understand why, Canler, was a splendid match.

"But Jane," continued Canler, "I cannot understand her. She puts me off first on one ground and then another. I always have the feeling that she breathes a sigh of relief every time I bid her good-by."

"Tut, tut," said Professor Porter. "Tut, tut, Mr. Canler. Jane is a most obedient daughter. She will do precisely as I tell her."

"Then I can still count on your support?" asked Canler, a tone of relief marking his voice.

"Certainly, sir, certainly," exclaimed Professor Porter. "How could you doubt it?"

"There is young Clayton, you know," suggested Canler. "He has been hanging about for months. I don't know that Jane cares for him. But besides his title they say he has inherited a very considerable estate from his father. It might not be strange if he finally won her unless—"

Canler paused.

"Tut, tut, Mr. Canler. Unless—what?" "Unless you see fit to request that Jane and I be married at once," said Canler slowly and distinctly.

"I have already suggested to Jane that it would be desirable," said Professor Porter sadly, "for we can no longer afford to keep up this house and live as her associations demand."

"What was her reply?" "She said she was not ready to marry any one yet," replied Professor Porter. "that we could go and live upon the farm in northern Wisconsin which her mother left her. It is a little more than self supporting. The tenants have always made a living from it and he has been able to send Jane a trifle each year."

had risen. "You? You come in and join the group? We were just speaking of you."

"Thank you," said Jane, entering and taking the chair Canler placed for her. "I only wanted to tell papa that Tohey has come down from the college to pack his books."

"I must see him at once," cried the professor. "Excuse me just a moment!" And the old man hastened from the room.

As soon as he was out of earshot Canler turned to Jane Porter.

"See here, Jane," he said bluntly. "How long is this thing to go on like this? You haven't refused to marry me, but you haven't promised either."

"I want to get the license tomorrow so that we can be married quietly before you leave for Wisconsin. I don't care for any fuss or feathers, and I'm sure you don't either."

The girl turned cold, but she held her head bravely.

"Your father wishes it, you know," added Canler.

"Yes; I know."

"Do you realize that you are buying me, Mr. Canler," she asked faintly and in a cold, level voice—"buying me for a few paltry dollars? Of course you do. And the hope of just such a contingency was in your mind when you loaned papa the money for that hare-brained escapade, which but for a most mysterious circumstance would have been successful."

"But you, Mr. Canler, would have been the most surprised. You had no idea that the venture would succeed. You knew that without security you had a greater hold on the honor of the Porters than with it. You knew the one best way to force me to marry you without seeming to force me."

"You have never mentioned the loan. In any other man I should have thought that the prospecting of a man's nomenclature and noble character. But you are deep."

"I know you better than you think I know you. I shall certainly marry you if there is no other way, but let us understand each other once and for all."

"You surprise me, Jane," said Canler. "I thought you had more self-control, more pride. Of course you are right. I am buying you, and I knew that you knew it. But I thought you would prefer to pretend that it was otherwise. But have it your own way," he added lightly. "I am going to have you, and that is all that interests me."

Without a word the girl turned and left the room.

But Jane Porter was not married before she left with her father and Esmeralda for her little Wisconsin farm. As she coldly bade Robert Canler good-by while the train pulled out he called to her that he would join them in a week or two.

At their destination they were met by Clayton and Mr. Philander in a huge touring car belonging to the former and quietly whirled away through the dense northern woods toward the little farm since the girl had not visited before since childhood.

The farmhouse, which stood on a little elevation some hundred yards from the tenant's house, had undergone a complete transformation during the three weeks that Clayton and Mr. Philander had been there.

The former had imported a small army of carpenters and plasterers, plumbers and painters from a distant city, and what had been but a dilapidated shanty was now a cosy little two-story house filled with every modern convenience procurable in so short a time.

"I couldn't think of your living in the hole we found here," said Clayton to Jane when they were alone.

"Oh, Cecil, I wish I might repay you as you deserve—as you would wish," said Jane.

"Why can't you, Jane?" "Because I love some one else," Canler said.

"Who?" "No one."

"But you are going to marry him. He told me as much before I left Baltimore."

The girl winced.

"It is because of the money, Jane?" "Then am I so much less desirable than Canler? I have money enough," he said bitterly.

"I don't love you, Cecil," she said, "but I respect you. If I must disgrace myself by such a bargain with any man I prefer that it be one I already despise. I should loathe the man to whom I sold myself without love, who soever he might be."

"You will be happier," she concluded, "alone, with my respect and friendship, than with me and my contempt."

He did not press the matter further, but if ever a man had murder in his heart it was William Cecil Clayton. Lord Greytoke, when, a week later, Robert Canler drew up before the farmhouse in his purring six cylinder.

A week passed—a tense though uneventful week for all.

Canler was insistent that Jane marry him at once.

In the east smoke could be seen lying low over the forest, for a fire had been raging for a week not far from them, but the wind still lay in the west and no danger threatened them.

About noon Jane Porter started off for a walk. She would not let Clayton accompany her. She wanted to be alone, she said, and he respected her wishes.

In the house Professor Porter and Mr. Philander were immersed in an absorbing discussion of some weighty scientific problem. Esmeralda dozed in the kitchen, and Clayton, heavy-eyed after a sleepless night, threw himself down upon the couch in the living room and soon dropped into a fitful slumber.

To the east the black smoke clouds rose higher into the heaven. Suddenly they eddied and then commenced to drift rapidly toward the west.

On and on they came. The inmates of the tenant house were gone, for it was market day, and none there was to see the rapid approach of the fire.

Soon the flames had spanned the road to the south and cut off Canler's return. A little fluctuation of the wind now carried the path of the forest fire slightly to the north, then blew back, and the flames nearly stood still as though held in leash by some master hand.

CHAPTER XXI.

Out of the Fire.

SUDDENLY out of the northeast a great black car came careening down the road.

With a jolt it stopped before the cottage, and a black haired giant leaped out and ran up on to the porch. Without a pause he rushed into the house. On the couch lay Clayton. The man started in surprise, but with a bound was at the side of the sleeping man.

Shaking him roughly by the shoulder, he cried:

"Are you all mad here? Don't you know you are nearly surrounded by fire? Where is Miss Porter?" Clayton sprang to his feet. He did not recognize the man, but he understood the words and was upon the veranda in a bound.

He cried out in consternation, then, dashing back into the house, called:

"Jane! Jane! Where are you?" In an instant Esmeralda, Professor Porter and Mr. Philander had joined the two men.

"Where is Miss Jane?" demanded Clayton, setting Esmeralda by the shoulders and shaking her roughly.

"Oh, Marise Clayton, she done gone for a walk."

"Hasn't she come back yet?" And without waiting for a reply Clayton dashed out into the yard, followed by the others.

"Which way did she go?" cried the black haired giant to Esmeralda.

"Down that road," cried the frightened black, pointing toward the south, where a mighty wall of searing flames shot out the view.

"Put these people in the other car!" shouted the stranger to Clayton. "I saw one as I drove up. Get them out of here by the north road."

"Leave my car here. If I find Miss Porter we shall need it. If I don't do one will need it. Do as I say," as Clayton hesitated.

They saw the little figure bound away across the clearing toward the northwest, where the forest still stood, unharmed by flames.

As each was the unaccountable feeling that a great responsibility had been raised from their shoulders, a kind of implicit confidence in the power of the stranger to save the girl if she could be saved.

"Who was that?" asked Professor Porter.

"I don't know," replied Clayton. "He called me by name, and he knew Jane, for he asked for her, and he called Esmeralda by name."

"There was something most strikingly familiar about him," exclaimed Mr. Philander. "Yet, bless me, I know I never saw him before."

"Tut, tut!" cried Professor Porter. "Most remarkable! Who could it have been, and why do I feel that Jane is safe now that he has set out in search of her?"

"I can't tell you, professor," said Clayton soberly, "but I know I have the same uncanny feeling."

"But come," he cried; "we must get out of here ourselves or we shall be shut off." And the party hastened toward Clayton's machine.

When Jane Porter turned to retrace her steps homeward she was alarmed to note how near the smoke of the forest fire seemed, and as she hastened onward her alarm became almost a panic when she perceived that the rushing flames were rapidly forcing their way between herself and the cottage.

At length she was compelled to turn into the dense thicket and attempt to force her way to the west in an effort to circle around the flames and regain her home.

In a short time the utility of her attempt became apparent, and then her one hope lay in retracing her steps to the road and flying for her life to the south toward the town.

from death. She did not think to pray for deliverance for herself; she knew there was no hope.

Suddenly she heard her name being called aloud through the forest:

"Jane! Jane Porter!" it rang strong and clear, but in a strange voice.

"Here!" she called in reply. "Here! In the roadway!"

Then through the branches of the trees she saw a figure swinging.

A veering of the wind blew a cloud of smoke about them, and she could no longer see the man who was speeding toward her, but suddenly she felt a great arm about her. Then she was



Suddenly She Felt a Great Arm About Her.

lifted up, and she felt the rushing of the wind and the occasional brush of a branch as she was borne along.

She opened her eyes.

Far below her lay the undergrowth and the hard earth.

About her was the waving foliage of the forest.

From tree to tree swung the giant figure, which bore her, and it seemed to Jane Porter that she was living over in a dream the experience that had been hers in that far African jungle.

She stole a sudden glance at the face close to hers, and then she gave a little frightened gasp. It was he.

"My man!" she murmured. "No! It is the delirium which precedes death."

"Yes, your man, Jane Porter—your savage, primitive man come out of the jungle to claim his mate—the woman who ran away from him," he addressed most fiercely.

"I did not run away," she whispered. "I would only consent to leave when they had waited a week for you to return."

They had come to a point beyond the fire now, and he had turned back to the clearing.

Side by side they were walking toward the cottage. The wind had changed once more, and the fire was burning back upon itself. Another hour like that and it would be burned out.

"Was it you not return?" she asked.

"I was nursing D'Arnot. He was badly wounded."

"Ah, I knew it!" she exclaimed. "They said you had gone to join the blacks; that they were your people."

He laughed.

"But you did not love them?" "No—what shall I call you?" she asked. "What is your name?"

"I was Tarzan of the apes when you first knew me," he said.

"Tarzan of the apes!" she cried. "And that was your note I answered when I left?"

"Yes. Whose did you think it was?" "I did not know, only that it could not be yours, for Tarzan of the apes had written in English, and you could not understand a word of any language."

Again he laughed.

"It is a long story, but it was I who wrote what I could not speak. And now D'Arnot has made matters worse by teaching me to speak French instead of English."

"I could ask him to release me."

"And if he refused?" "I have given my promise."

"Suppose I should ask him?" ventured Tarzan. "Jane Porter, if you were free would you marry me?"

She did not reply at once, but he waited patiently. The girl was trying to collect her thoughts.

What did she know of this strange creature at her side? What did he know of himself? Who was he? Who were his parents?

Why, his very name echoed his mysterious origin and his strange life.

He had no name. Could she be happy with this jungle wail? Could she find anything in common with a husband whose life had been spent in the freetops of an African wilderness? Could he ever rise to her social sphere? Could she bear to think of smiling to him? Would either of them be happy?

"You do not answer," he said. "Do you shrink from wounding me?"

"I do not know what answer to make," said Jane Porter sadly. "I do not know my own mind."

"You do not love me, then?" he asked in a level tone.

"Do not ask me. You will be happier without me. You were never meant for the restrictions and conventionalities of civilization. It would become irksome to you. In a little while you would long for the freedom of your old life, to which I am as totally unfitted as you to mine."

"I think I understand you," he replied quietly. "I shall not urge you, for I would rather see you happy than to be happy myself. And I see now that you could not be happy with an ape."

There was the faintest tinge of bitterness in his voice.

"Don't," she remonstrated—"don't say that. You don't understand."

But ere she could go on a sudden turn in the road brought them into the midst of a little hamlet.

Before them stood Clayton's car, surrounded by the party he had brought from the cottage.

At the sight of Jane cries of relief and delight broke from every lip, and as Tarzan's car stopped beside the other Professor Porter caught his daughter in his arms.

For a moment no one noticed Tarzan sitting silently in his seat.

Clayton was the first to remember and, turning, held out his hand.

"How can we ever thank you?" he exclaimed. "You have saved us all. You called me by name at the cottage, but I do not seem to recall yours, though there is something very familiar about you."

"It is as though I had known you well under very different conditions a long time ago."

Tarzan smiled as he took the proffered hand.

"You are quite right, M. Clayton," he said in French. "You will pardon me if I do not speak to you in English. I am just learning it, and while I understand it fairly well, I speak it very poorly."

"But who are you?" insisted Clayton, speaking in French this time himself.

"Tarzan of the apes."

Clayton started back in surprise.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed. "It is true."

Professor Porter and Mr. Philander pressed forward to add their thanks to Clayton's and to take their surprise and pleasure at seeing this jungle friend so far from his savage home.

The party now entered the modest little hamlet, where Clayton soon made arrangements for their entertainment.

They were sitting in the little stuffy parlor when the distant chugging of an approaching automobile caught their attention.

Mr. Philander, who was sitting near the window, looked out as the machine drew in sight, finally stopping beside the other car.

awaiting her reply.

"Can't we wait a few days?" she asked. "I am all astrung. I have been through so much today."

Canler felt the hostility that emanated from each member of the party. It made him angry.

"We have waited as long as I intend to wait," he said roughly. "You have promised to marry me. I shall be played with no longer. I have the license, and here is the clergyman."

"Come, Mr. Tousey; come, Jane. There are witnesses a-plenty—more than enough," he added with a disagreeable infection, and, taking Jane by the arm, he started to lead her toward the waiting minister.

But scarcely had he taken a single step ere a heavy hand closed upon his arm with a grip of steel.

Another hand shot to his throat, and in a moment he was being shaken high above the door as a cat might shake a mouse.

CHAPTER XXII. Lord Apeman.

JANE PORTER turned in horrified surprise toward Tarzan.

And as she looked into his face she saw the crimson band upon his forehead that she had seen that other day in far distant Africa when Tarzan of the apes had closed in mortal combat with the great anthropoid, Terkoz.

She knew that murder lay in that savage heart, and with a little cry of horror she sprang forward to plead with the ape man. But her fears were more for Tarzan than for Canler. She



She Sprang Forward to Plead With the Ape Man.

realized the stern retribution which justice metes to the murderer. She laid a firm white hand upon Tarzan's wrist and looked up into his eyes.

"For my sake," she said. "The grasp upon Canler's throat relaxed."

Tarzan looked into the face before him.

"Do you wish this to live?" he asked in surprise.

"I do not wish him to die at your hands, my friend," she replied. "I do not wish you to become a murderer."

Tarzan removed his hand from Canler's throat.

"Do you release her from her promise?" he asked. "It is the price of your life."

Canler, gasping for breath, nodded.

"Will you go away and never molest her further?"

Again the man nodded his head, his face distorted by fear of the death that had been so close.

Tarzan released him, and Canler staggered toward the door. In another moment he was gone and the terror-stricken preacher with him.

Tarzan turned toward Jane Porter.