By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

ight, 1912, by the Prank A. Mussey Company

any respects she had never felt more ocure in her whole life than now as he lay in the arms of this wild crea-

When with closed eyes she comand terrifying fears were conjured by



ood Terzan, His Arms Filled With Luscious Fruit.

vivid imagination she had but to raise her lids and look upon that face were of great brilliancy and so close to hers to dissipate the last On and on they went through what

emed a solid mass of verdure, yet or there appeared to open before this

As Tarzan moved steadily onward his mind was occupied with many strange and new thoughts. Here was a problem the like of which be had never encountered, and he felt rather than reasoned that he must meet it as a man and not as an ape. It was the order of the jungle for the male to the man who sat beside her except for a difference of expression that was scarcely definable. She looked up at Tarzan to find him leaning toward her, gazing on the minimum to the man who sat beside her except for a difference of expression that was scarcely definable. She looked up at Tarzan to find him leaning toward her, gazing on the minimum toward her was the same toward her was the same toward he Tarzan be guided by the laws of the beasts? Was not Tarzan a man? But w did men do? He was pu

girl, and then it came to him that she had already answered him in the futile struggle she had made to escape and

But now they had come to their des-tination, and Tarzan of the apes, with Jane Porter in his strong arms, sightly to the turf of the arena with great ages held their councils danced the wild orgy of the dumi ter was bathed in the half

green turf looked cool and in-. The myriad noises of the jun-eemed distant and hushed to a

down upon the grass where Tarzan had placed her. She looked up at his

tense nerves waiting.

She heard a sudden, slight sound behind her. With a shriek she sprang his lips.

Once he pressed his lips lightly upon her forehead, and she did not move,

out closed her eyes and sighed.
She could not analyze her feelings, nor did she wish to attempt it. She was satisfied to feel the safety of those

As she thought of the str re commenced to dawn upon her realization that she had possibly ed something she had never nown before—love. She wondered an

Still smiling, she pushed Tarzan gently away, and, looking at him with a half quizzical expression that made her face whoily entrancing, she pointed to the fruit upon the ground and seated herself upon the edge of the earthen drum of the anthropoids.

Tarzan quickly gathered up the fruit and, bringing it, laid it at her feet, and then he, too, sat upon the drum beside her and with his knife proceeded to open and prepare the various viands for her meal. Together and in silence they ate, oc

casionally stealing sly glances at one another, until finally Jane Porter broke into a merry laugh in which Tarzan

"I wish you spoke English," said the

n of wistful and pathetic long Tarzan had long since reached a de

on as to what his future pr should be. He had had time to lect all that he had read of the of men and women in the books at the cabin. He would act as he imagined the men in the books would have acted were they in his place.

Again he rose and went into the rees, but first he tried to explain by eans of signs that he would return hortly, and he did so well that Jane Porter understood and was not afraid when he had gone. Soon he returned with a great armful of branches.

Then he went back again into the rle and in a few mi jungle and in a few minutes reappeared with a quantity of soft grasses and ferns. Two more trips he made until he had quite a pile of material at hand.

Then he spread the ferns and grasses upon the ground in a soft, flat bed, and above it he leaned many branches to-

her so that they met a few feet over ts center. Upon these he spread lay

Then they sat down together again edge of the drum and tried to alk by signs.

The magnificent diamond locket which hung about Tarzan's neck had been a source of much wonderment to Jane Porter. She pointed to it now,

She saw that it was the work of a skilled artisan and that the diamonds set, but the cutting of them de

that they were of a former day. She noticed that the locket of ind, pressing the hidden clasp, she say the two halves spring apart to reveal in either section an ivory m

As Tarzan moved steadily onward of the man who sat beside her except of the man who s

amining the likenesses within with mistakable signs of surprise and new

had never before seen them nor imag-ined that the locket opened.

This fact caused Jane Porter to duige in still more speculation, and it taxed her imagination to picture how this beautiful ornament came into the possession of a wild and savage creations. ure of the unexplored jungles of Af-

Still more wonderful, how did it con-tain the likeness of one who might be a brother or, more likely, the father of this woodland demigod, who was even ignorant of the fact that the

Tarzan was still gazing with fixing at the two faces. Presently he removed the quiver from his shoulder and ed the quiver from his shoulder and emptying the arrows upon the ground, reached into the bottom of the bagobject wrapped in many soft leaves and tied with bits of long grass,

Carefully he unwrapped it, removing layer after layer of leaves until at length he held a photograph in his hand.

Pointing to the miniature of the man within the locket, he handed the photograph to Jane Porter, holding the open locket beside it.

"What a perfect creature! There could be naught of cruelty or baseness beneath the godlike exterior.

With a bound Tarzan sprang into the trees and disappeared. Jane Porter wondered where he had gone. Had he left her there to her fate in the locket beside that of the beautiful young woman.

Tarzan was looking at her with an expression of puzzled bewilderment in his eyes as she glanced up at him. He seemed to be framing a question with

to her feet and turned to face her end.

There stood Tarzan, his arms filled and then to the miniature and then to with ripe and luscious fruit.

The girl pointed to the photograph and then to the miniature and then to him, as though to indicate that she him, as though to indicate that she thought the likenesses were of him fallen, but Tarzan, dropping his burden, caught her in his arms. She did not lose consciousness, but clung to him, shuddering and trembling.

Tarzan of the apes stroked her soft hair and tried to comfort and quiet her as Kala had him when as a little ape he had been frightened by Sabor, the liger, or Histah, the snake.

The property of the likenesses were of him, but he only shook his head, and then, shrugging his great shoulders, he took the photograph from her and, having carefully rewrapped it, placed it again in the bottom of his quiver.

For a few moments he sat in silence, his eyes bent upon the ground, while Jane Porter held the little locket in her hand, turning it over and over in an endeavor to find some further design.

Jane Porter held the little locket in her hand, turning it over and over in an endeavor to find some further clew that might lead to the identity of its riginal owner.

of him and Lady Alice. This wild creature had simply found it in the cabin by the beach. But to account Greystoke and this forest god-that was quite beyond her, and it is not strange that she did not imagine that this savage was ludeed an English no-

At length Turzan looked up to watch he girl as she exumined the locket. She noticed that he was watching er, and, thinking that he wished his rnament again; she held it out to him. He took it from her, and, taking the chain in his two hands, he placed it about her neck, smiling at her expres-

don of surprise.

Jane Porter shook her head vehemently and would have removed the iden links from about her throat, but Tarzan would not let her. Taking her ds in his, he held them tightly to At last she desisted and with a little

augh raised the locket to her lips and. ng, dropped him a little cour Tarzan did not know precisely what ant, but he guessed correctly hat it was her way of acknowledge the gift, and so he rose, too, and, tak ing the locket in his hand, stooped gravely like some courtier of old and

pliment, performed with the grace dignity of utter unconsciousness of self. It was the hall mark of his

It was growing dark now, and so they are again of the fruit which was both food and drink for them, and then arzan rose and, leading Jane Porter to the little bower he had erected, mooned her to go within.

For the first time in hours a fee of fear swept over her, and Tarzan w away as though shrink-

sure her Tarzan did the onl thing he knew. He removed his hunt-ing knife from its sheath and handed it to her hilt first, again motioning he

the soft grasses, while Targan of d across the entrance And thus the rising sun found them

tances of her position crept one into her mind. Then s nderment rose in her heart, a ghty wave of thanktuness attitude that, though she had been in the terrible danger, yet she was unwave of thankfule

She moved to the entrance of the helter to look for Tarzan. He was ne. But this time no fear assailed er for she knew that he would re

In the grass at the entrance to he ower she saw the imprint of his body where he had lain all night to guard ier. She knew that the fact that he en there was all that had per ted her to sleep in such per

op softly from a nearby tree. As he ught her eyes upon him his face ighted with that frank and radiant

As he approached her Jane Porter's heart beat faster and her eyes bright ned as they had never done before at ne approach of any man,

He had again been gathering fruit, which he laid at the entrance of her wer. Once more they sat down to her to eat

her back to the beach, or would be keep her here? Suddenly she realized that the matter did not seem to give her much concern. Could it be that she did not care!

She could not understand it. Her reason told her that she should be torn by wild anxieties. Instead, her heart

When they had finished their break-fast Tarzan went to her hower and recovered his knife. Motioning her to low, Tarzan walked toward the t

The girl knew that he was taking her back to her people, and she could not understand the sudden feeling of sor-

w which crept over her. For hours they swung slowly along Tarzan of the apes did not hurry He tried to draw out the sweet pleas ure of that journey with those dea arms about his neck as long as possi ble, and so he went far south of the

Several times they halted for brief rests, which Tarzan did not need, and at noon they stopped for an hour at a little brook, where they quenched their

thirst and ate. to the clearing, and Tarzan, dropping to the ground beside a great tree, parted the tall jungle grass and pointed out the little cabin to her.

She took him by the hand to lead im to it, that she might tell her fathe that this man had saved her from worse than death; that he had watched over her as carefully as a mother.

But again the timidity of the wild thing in the face of human habitation.

swept over Tarzan of the apes. He drew back, shaking his head.

The girl came close to him, looking up with pleading eyes. Somehow she could not bear the thought of his going back into the jungle alone.

Still he shook his head, and finally

the drew her to him very gently and thooped to kiss her, but first he looked into her eyes and walted to learn if the were pleased or if she would re-

drew his face to hers and kissed him-

"I love you-I love you." she mu From far in the distance came the

faint sound of many guns. Tarzan and Jane Porter raised their heads. From the cabin came Mr. Phi lander and Rameralda From where Tarzan and the girl stood they could not see the two vessels lying in the harbor

Tarzan pointed toward the sour touched his breast and pointed again. She understood. He was going, and nething told her that it was because he thought her people were in danger Again he kissed her.

"Come back to me," she whispered "I shall wait for you-always." as gone, and Jane Porter turn-

ed to walk across the clearing to the Mr. Philander was the first to see

Bless me!" He scrambled to his feet and rushed ward her. He could not believe that it was she and alive.

"Jane!" he cried. "Jane Porter

"Bless me! Where did you com rom? Where in the world have you een? How"-"Mercy, Mr. Philander," interrupt ed the girl, "I never can remember so

"Well, well," said Mr. Philander Bless me! I am so filled with surrise and exuberant delight at seeing on safe and well again that I scarcely know what I am saying, really. But, come, tell me all that has happened to

The Village of Torture.

S the little expedition of sailors toiled through the dense jun-gle searching for signs of Jane Porter the futility of their venture became more and more pparent, but the grief of the old man and the hopeless eyes of the young Englishman prevented the kind heart-ed D'Arnot from turning back.

He thought that there might be a bare possibility of finding her body or the remains of it, for he was positive that she had been devoured by son east of prey.

It was slow work. Noon found the out a few miles inland. They halted for a brief rest then, and after pushing on for a short distance further one of

It was an old elephant track, and D'Arnot, after consulting with Profes-sor Porter and Clayton, decided to fol-

The path wound through the jungle in a northeasterly direction, and along it the column moved in single file. Lieutenant d'Arnot was in the lead nd moving at a quick pace, for the trail was comparatively open. Immediately behind him came Professor orter, but as he could not keep pace with the younger man D'Arnot was a hundred yards in advance when sudenly a half dozen black warriors rose

D'Arnot gave a warning shout to his column as the blacks closed on him, out before he could draw his revolver tion. D'Arnot w

His cry had alarmed the sallors, and en of them sprang forward past ssor Porter, running up the trail

They did not know the cause of his outcry, only that it was a warning of langer ahead.

He was not interested in the location of the encounter, for he judged that that would soon be over. Those who were killed he could not ald; those

who escaped would not need his as-It was to those who had neither been killed nor escaped that he hastened and he knew that he could find them

Many times had Tarzan seen Mbon ga's black raiding parties return from the northward with prisoners, and always were the same scenes enacted

race, might be even now suffering the conles of torture.

On he sped. In a few minutes he ever repay you?"

Swung into the trees above Mbonga's Clayton noticed that she did not re village. Ah, he was not quite too late! turn his familiar salutation, but he felt The figure at the stake was very still.

Tarzan knew their customs. The deathblow had been struck. He could time to force his love upon her, he tell almost to a minute how far the quickly realized.

dance had gone.

In another instant Mbonga's knife would sever one of the victim's ears.

That would mark the beginning of the end, for very shortly after only a several conditions the work of the condition of the end. There was a condition the work of the condition of the condition of the work of the condition of the condi

had come up, and volley after volley the awful challenge of the ape man.

The dancers halted as though turned to stone. The rope sped with a singing whir high above the heads of the blacks. It was quite invisible in the flaring lights of the campures.

D'Arnot opened his eyes.

Saved me from the gorilla."

"Oh!" cried Clayton in surprise. "It was he who rescued you? You have not told me anything of your adventure, don't you know. Tell me; do."

"But the woodman," she urged. "Have you not seen him? When we

In an instant they were in a hand to hand fight with some fifty black fore him, lunged backward as though rriors of Mbonga's village. Arrows felled by an invisible hand. Struggling and shricking, his bo

Queer African knives and French gun burts mingled for a moment in savage and bloody duels, but soon the rolling from side to side, moved quickly toward the shadows beneath the trees. The blacks, their eyes protrudnatives fied into the jungle, leaving ing in horror, watched spel the Frenchmen to count their losses.
Four of the twenty were dead, a doz Once beneath the trees the body rose

straight into the air, and as it disappeared into the foliage above the terant d'Arnot was missing. Night was rified negroes, screaming with fright, broke into a mad race for the village D'Arnot was left alone. He was a

prave man, but he had felt the short hairs bristle upon the nape of his neck when that uncanny cry rose upon As he watched the spot where the

When all was as safe as could be nade from the attack of wild beasts body had entered the tree he heard and savage men Lieutenant Charpen the sounds of movement there. The tler placed sentries about the little branches swayed as though under the camp, and the tired and hungry men weight of a man's body. There was a threw themselves upon the ground to crash, and the black came sprawling to earth again, to lie very quietly where The groans of the wounded, minhe had fallen. gled with the roaring and growling of

Immediately after him came a white pedy, but this one alighted erect. D'Arnot saw a clean limbed young giant emerge from the shadows into the firelight and come quickly toward

What could it mean? Who could it be? Some new creature of torture and destruction doubtless.

D'Arnot waited. His eyes never left the face of the advancing man. The frank, clear eyes did not waver beneath his fixed gaze.

D'Arnot was reassured, but still without much hope, though he felt that that face could not mask a cruel

cut the bonds which held the Frenchman Weak from suffering and loss of blood, he would have fallen but for the strong arm that caught him. He felt himself lifted from the

There was a sensation as of flying and then he lost consciousness.

. . . . . . . . . . . . . When dawn broke upon the little camp of Frenchmen in the heart of the jungle it found a sad and disheart ened group.

As soon as it was light enough to see their surroundings Lieutenant Char-pentier sent men in groups of three in several directions to locate the trail, and in ten minutes it was found; and the expedition was hurrying back to ward the beach.

It was slow work, for they bore the bodies of six dead men, two more hav-ing succumbed during the night, and veral of those who were wounded nuired support to move even very slowly.

Charpentier had decided to return to

camp for re-enforcements and then make an attempt to track down the natives and rescue D'Arnot. It was late in the afternoon when the exhausted men reached the clearing by the beach, but for two of them

he return brought so great a happi-less that all their suffering and hearteaking grief were forgotten on the As the little party emerged from the jungle the first person that Professor Porter and Cacil Clayton saw was

Jane Porter standing by the cabin With a little cry of joy and relied the ran forward to greet them, throwing her arms about her father's neck and bursting into tears for the first

time since they had been cast upon this hideous and adventurous shore. Professor Porter, burying his old face in the girl's shoulder, sobbed like a tired child.

Jane Porter led him toward the cab-in, and the Frenchmen turned toward the beach from which several of their fellows were advancing to meet them. Clayton, wishing to leave father and daughter alone, joined the sailors and remained talking with the officers unfil their boat pulled away toward the cruiser, whither Lieutenant Charpentier was bound to report the unhappy

outcome of his adventure.

Then Clayton turned back slowly toward the cabin. His heart was filled with happiness. The woman he loved was safe.

As he approached the cabin he saw her coming out. When she saw him she hurried forward to meet him. "Jane!" he cried. "Heaven has been good to us indeed. Tell me how you escaped—what form Providence took

to save you for-us." her given name. Forty-eight hours be-fore it would have suffused Jane Por-

has told me how noble and self sacrificing you have been. How can we of D'Arnot could they find. They

a question she wanted to ask.
"Where is the forest man who went
to rescue you? Why did he not return?"

"I do not understand," said Clayton. "Whom do you mean?"
"He who has saved each of us—who

ard the shots in the jungle, very faint and far away, he left me. We had just reached the clearing, and he hurried off in the direction of the fight.

ing. I know he went to aid you." Her tone was almost pleading, her manner tense with suppressed emotion. Clayton could not but notice it, and he wondered vaguely why she was so deeply moved, so anxious to know the whereabouts of this strange creature. He did not suspect the truth, for how could he?

In his breast, unknown to himself was implanted the first germ of jealousy and suspicion of the ape man to whom he owed his life.

"We did not see him." he replied quietly. "He did not join us. Poss bly he joined his own tribe, the men who attacked us"

He did not know why he had said it. for he did not believe it. But love is a strange master.

The girl looked at him wide eved for

"No!" she exclaimed vehemently much too vehemently, he thought. "It could not be. They were negroes. He is a white man-and a gentleman!"

M

Land

VE

· Cruz 1

forces

ships,

was n

Amer

marin

Mexic

ed.

but it

Hous

cludin

pied.
Ameri
rolled
section
The
Gusta
sistam
and fo
ing in
it was
of the
treat
Rea
mand
preface
by a c
Consur
render

the st front Others Consu deploy Centry had co The withou Maas of first a point and t plaza, ately,

W/Four

and t

The

For

Clayton was a generous and chivalrous man, but something in the girl's defense of the forest man stirred him to unreasoning jealousy, so that for the instant he forgot all that he owed to

this wild demigod, and he answered her with a half sneer upon his lip. "Possibly you are right, Miss Por ter." he said. "but I do not think that any of us need worry about our carrios eating acquaintance. The chances are that he is some half demented cast away who will forget us more quickly. but no more surely, than we shall for get him. He is only a beast of the

jungle. Miss Porter." The girl did not answer but she felt her heart shrivel within her. Angel and hate against one we love steel out hearts, but contempt or nity leaves no silent and ashamed.

CHAPTER XVII.

Left in the Jungle. LOWLY Jane turned and walk ed back to the cabin. She tried to imagine her wood god by her side in the saloon of an ocean liner. She saw him eating with his hands, tearing his food like a beast of prey and wiping his greasy fingers upon his thighs. She shuddered.

She saw him as she introduced him to her friends—uncouth, illiterate, s boor-and she winced. She had reached her room now, and as she sat upon the edge of her bed of

ferns and grasses, with one hand rest ing upon her rising and falling bosom, she felt the hard outlines of the man's locket beneath her waist, She drew it out, holding it in the palm of her hand for a moment with tear blurred eyes bent upon it. Then

she raised it to her lips and, crushing it there, buried her face in the soft ferns, sobbing. "Beast?" she murmured. "Ther heaven make me a beast, for, man or

beast, I am yours!" She did not see Clayton again that day. Esmeralda brought her supper to her and she sent word to her father that she was suffering from the reac-

tion following her adventure. The next morning Clayton left early with the relief expedition in search of Lieutenant d'Arnot. There were 200 armed men this time, with ten officers and two surgeons and provisions for

They carried bedding and hammocks,

It was a determined and angry com-pany—a punitive expedition as well as one of relief. They reached the scene of the skirmish of the previous expedition shortly after noon, for they were now traveling a known trail, and no time was lost in exploring

but 2 o'clock when the head of the column halted upon the edge of the clear-In a few minutes the village street was filled with armed men fighting in an inextricable tangle. The revolvers carbines and cutlasses of the French men crumpled the native spears

From there on the elephant trail led straight to Mbonga's village. It was

and struck down the black archers with their bolts half drawn. Soon the battle turned to a wild rout and then to grim massacre, for the French sailors had seen bits of D'AB not's uniform upon several of the black

warriors who opposed them. They spared the children and those of the women whom they were not forced to kill in self defense, but when ter with a soft glow of pleasure to hear that name from Clayton's lips.

Now it frightened het.

"Mr. Clayton," she said quietly, extending her hand, "first let me thank you for your loyalty to my father. He has told me how puble and self sacri-

estioned the prisoners by signs. Only excited gestures and expressions of fear could they obtain in response to their inquiries concerning their fel-

At length all hope left them, and they prepared to camp for the night within the village.

The prisoners were berded into three huts, where they were heavily guarded. Sentries were posted at the barred gates, and finally the village was wrap-ped in the silence of slumber except for the wailing of the native women for their dead.

tion had been to burn the village, but this idea was abandoned, and the prisoners were left behind, weeping and moaning, but with roofs to cover them and a palisade for refuge from the beasts of the jungle.

(To be Continued.)



In an Instant They Were In a Hand Hand Fight. hurled from the jungle transfixed one

of the men, and then a volley of arrows fell among them.

Raising their carbines, they fired into the underbrush in the direction from which the missles had come. By this time the balance of the party

was fired toward the cor

It was these shots that Tarzan and Jane Porter had heard. Lieutenant Charpentier, who had been bringing up the rear of the column, now came running to the scene and on hearing the details of the ambuscade ordered the men to follow him and plunged into the tangled vege

good sized clearing, at one end of which stood a thatched and palisaded A cry went up within the palisade A great throng of women and children enshed out to meet the party. And then began for the French officer the most terrifying experience which man can encounter upon earththe reception of a white prisoner into a village of African cannibals. They fell upon D'Arnot tooth and nes and tearing at him with claw like hands. Every vestige of clothin was torn from him, and the merciles plows fell upon his bare and quivering But not once did the Fren

en others were wounded, and Lieuten-

amp where they were until daylight.

ong after dark, the men building a

ige fire in the center of the clearing

the great beasts, kept sleep except in

its most fitful form from the tired

eyes. It was a sad and hungry party

that lay through the long night pray

The blacks who had seized D'Arno

nad not waited to participate in the

fight. They hurried their prisoner

long, the sounds of battle growing

ainter and fainter as they drew away

rom the contestants until there sud

denly broke noon D'Arnot's vision a

work was not completed until

There was but one thing to do

to give them light to work by.

falling rapidly.

ing for dawn.

out in pain. A silent prayer rose that he be quickly delivered from his tor e so easily had. Soon the warriors eat the women away from their pris-

an this, and, the first wave of their themselves with crying out tau nd insults and spitting upon him, Presently they gained the center of he village. There D'Arnot was ho

urely to the great post from which o live man had ever been released. A number of the women scattered to heir several huts to fetch pots and water, while others built a row of fires on which portions of the feast were to

The festivities were delayed, await

ing the return of the warriors who had

ained to engage in the skirmi with the white men, so that it was quite late when all were in the village and the dance of death commer circle around the doomed officer. Half fainting from pain and exh

He was a soldier of Erance, and he would teach these beasts how an offi-cer and a gentleman died.

Targan of the ages needed no inter-preter to translate the story of those listant shots. With Jane Porter's risses still warm upon his lips he was swinging with incredible rapidity hrough the forest trees straight to-ward the village of Mbonga.

by the great post in the cen Mbonga's village.

upon their former orgies, only occasionally interfering for the pleasure of baiting the blacks. But heretofore their victims had been men of their own color. Tonight it was different. White men, men of Tarzan's own

The stake stood forty feet from the nearest tree. Tarzan colled his rope. Then there rose suddenly above the fiendish cries of the dancing demons

Unite
Rear
Vera
the cu
The
miral
landir
from
can fe
Add
guis
were
their
their
the hi
to pu
tablis
hold i
step a
prisal
dictate
to the
Wh
one oi
the cu
the sa
In t
Huert
be act
can fa
The
had la
Crus
there