

TARZAN OF THE APES

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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Again and again the tiger repeated these tactics until finally the horrified prisoner within saw a portion of the lattice give way, and in an instant one great paw and the head of the animal were thrust within the room.

Slowly the powerful neck and shoulders were spreading the bars apart, and the lithe body came farther and farther into the room.

As in a trance the girl rose, her hand upon her breast, wide eyes staring horror-stricken into the snarling face of the beast scarce ten feet from her. At her feet lay the prostrate form of the negro.

The girl, standing pale and rigid against the farther wall, sought with increasing terror for some loophole of escape. Suddenly her hand, tight pressed against her bosom, felt the hard outlines of the revolver that Clayton had left with her earlier in the day.

Quickly she snatched it from its hiding place and, leveling it full at the tiger's face, pulled the trigger.

There was a flash of flame, the roar of the discharge and an answering roar of pain and anger from the beast. Jane Porter saw the great form disappear from the window, and then she, too, fainted.

But the tiger was not killed. The bullet had but inflicted a painful wound in one of the great shoulders. In another instant he was back at the lattice and with renewed fury was clawing at the aperture, but with lessened effect, since the wounded member was almost useless.

He saw his prey—two women—lying senseless upon the floor. There was no longer any resistance to be overcome. Sabor had only to worm his way through the lattice to claim it.

Slowly he forced his great bulk, inch by inch, through the opening. Now his head was through, now one great fore leg and shoulder.

Carefully he drew up the wounded member to insinuate it gently beyond the tight pressing bars.

A moment more and both shoulders through, the long, sinuous body and the narrow hips would glide quickly after.

It was on this sight that Jane Porter again opened her eyes.

When Clayton heard the report of the firearm he fell into an agony of fear and apprehension. What were the thoughts of his strange captor or guide Clayton could only vaguely conjecture, but that he had heard the shot and was in some manner affected by it was quite evident, for he quickened his pace so appreciably that Clayton, stumbling blindly in his wake, went down.

For a moment Tarzan looked at the young man closely, as though undecided as to just what was best to do; then, stooping before Clayton, he motioned him to grasp him about the neck, and with the white man upon his back Tarzan took to the trees.

The next few minutes were such as the young Englishman never forgot. High in bending and swaying branches he was borne with what seemed to him incredible swiftness, while Tarzan chafed at the slowness of his progress.

From the first sensation of chilling fear Clayton passed to one of admiration and envy of those giant muscles and that wondrous instinct or knowledge which guided this forest god through the inky blackness of the night.

Presently they came to the clearing before the beach. Tarzan's quick ears had heard the strange sounds of Sabor's efforts to force his way through the lattice, and it seemed to Clayton that he dropped a straight hundred feet to earth so quickly did Tarzan descend. Yet when they struck the ground it was with scarce a jar, and as Clayton released his hold on the ape man he saw him dart like a squirrel for the opposite side of the cabin.

The Englishman sprang quickly after him just in time to see the hind weapon that she might mete to herself a merciful death before the cruel fangs tore at her flesh.

The tiger was almost through the window before she found the weapon, and she raised it quickly to her temple to shut out forever the hideous jaws gaping for their prey.

An instant she hesitated to breathe a short and silent prayer to her Maker, and as she did so her eyes fell upon the poor Esmeralda lying inert, but alive, beside the cupboard.

How could she leave the poor, faithful thing to those merciless yellow fangs? No, she must use one cartridge on the senseless woman ere she turned the cold muzzle toward herself again.

She shrank from the ordeal. But it would have been cruelty a thousand times less justifiable to have left the loving black woman who had reared her from infancy to regain consciousness beneath the reading claws of the tiger.

Quickly the girl sprang to her feet and ran to the side of the negro. She snatched the muzzle of the revolver

against Sabor that covered her eyes, and—
The tiger emitted a frightful shriek. Jane Porter, startled, pulled the trigger and turned to face the beast, and with the same movement raised the weapon against her own temple.



Jane Porter Raised the Weapon Against Her Own Temple.

ers or some huge animal about to appear within the cabin.

As Jane Porter opened her eyes to a realization of the again imminent peril which threatened her brave heart gave up its final vestige of hope, and she turned to grope for the fallen ape.

She did not tire a second time. Astonished, she saw the huge beast being slowly drawn back through the window, and in the moonlight beyond she saw the heads and shoulders of two men.

Clayton rounded the corner of the cabin to behold the animal disappearing within it. He was also to see the ape man seize the long black and yellow tail in both hands, and bracing himself with his feet against the side of the cabin, throw all his mighty strength into the effort to draw the beast out of the interior.

Clayton was quick to lend a hand, but the ape man jabbered to him in a commanding and peremptory tone—orders, Clayton knew, though he could not understand them.

At last, under their combined efforts, the great body commenced to appear farther and farther without the window, and then there came to Clayton's mind a dawning conception of the rash bravery of his companion's act.

For a naked man to drag a shrieking, clawing man enter forth from a window by the tail to save a strange white girl was indeed the last word in heroism.

In so far as Clayton was concerned it was a very different matter, since the girl was not only of his own kind, but was the woman whom he loved.

Tarzan was still issuing orders which Clayton could not understand.

He was trying to tell the stupid white man to plunge his poisoned arrows into Sabor's back and sides, and to reach the savage heart with the long, thin hunting knife that hung at Tarzan's hip, but the man would not understand, and Tarzan did not dare release his hold to do the things himself. He knew that the puny white man never could hold mighty Sabor alone for an instant.

Slowly the tiger was emerging from the window. At last his shoulders were out.

And then Clayton saw a thing done which not even the eternal heavens had ever seen before. Tarzan, racking his brains for some means to cope single handed with the infuriated beast, had suddenly recalled his battle with Terkoz, and as the great shoulders came clear of the window, so that the tiger hung upon the sill only by his fore paws, Tarzan suddenly released his hold upon the brute.

With incredible swiftness he launched himself full upon Sabor's back, his strong young arms seeking and gaining a full nelson upon the beast, as he had learned it that other day during his bloody victory over Terkoz.

With a shriek the tiger turned completely over upon his back, falling full upon his enemy. The black haired giant only closed tighter his hold.

Pawing and tearing at earth and air, Sabor rolled and threw himself this way and that in an effort to dislodge his antagonist. Always tighter and tighter drew the iron bands that were forcing his head lower and lower upon his white breast.

Elpher and higher crept the steel forearm of the ape man about the back of Sabor's neck. Weaker and weaker became the tiger's efforts.

As last Clayton, saw the immense muscles of Tarzan's shoulders andiceps leap into corded knots. There was a long sustained and supreme effort on the ape man's part—and the vertebrae of Sabor's neck parted with a sharp snap.

In an instant Tarzan was upon his feet, and for the second time that day Clayton heard the bull ape's savage roar of victory, and then he heard Jane Porter's agonized cry.

"Ocei—Mr. Clayton! Oh, what is it? What is it?"

Running quickly to the cabin door, Clayton called out that all was right and made her open. As quickly as she could she raised the great bar and fair-

ly dragged Clayton within.
"What was that awful noise?" she whispered, shrinking close to him.
"It was the cry of the lion from the throat of the man who has just saved your life, Miss Porter. What, I will fetch him that you may thank him."

The frightened girl would not be left alone, so she accompanied Clayton to the side of the cabin where lay the dead body of the tiger.

Tarzan of the apes was gone. Clayton called several times, but there was no reply, and so the two returned to the greater safety of the interior.

"What a frightful sound!" cried Jane Porter. "Don't tell me that a human being made it."
"But if did, Miss Porter," replied Clayton, "at least it is not a human throat that of a forest god."

And he told her of his experiences with this creature of how twice the wild man had saved his life, of his wondrous strength and agility and bravery, of the brown skin and the handsome face.

"I cannot make it out at all," he concluded. "At first I thought he might be Tarzan of the apes. But he neither speaks nor understands English, so that theory is untenable."
"Well, whatever he may be," cried the girl, "we owe him our lives. May heaven bless him and keep him in safety of his jungle."
"Amen," said Clayton fervently.

"Po de good Lawd's sake, ain' Ah daid?"
The two turned to see Esmeralda sitting upright upon the floor, her great eyes rolling from side to side, as though she could not believe her testimony as to her whereabouts.

CHAPTER XI.

"Most Remarkable."

SEVERAL miles south of the cabin, upon a strip of sandy beach, stood two old men arguing.

Before them stretched the broad Atlantic, at their backs the dark continent; close around them loomed the impenetrable blackness of the jungle.

Savage beasts roared and growled. Noises, hideous and weird, assailed their ears. They had wandered miles in search of their camp, but always in the wrong direction. They were hopelessly lost.

Samuel T. Philander was speaking. "But, my dear professor," he was saying, "I still maintain that but for the victories of Ferdinand and Isabella over the fifteenth-century Moors in Spain the world would be today a thousand years in advance of where we now find ourselves. But, bless me, professor, there seems to be some one approaching."

Professor Archimedes Q. Porter turned to the jungle in the direction indicated by the nearsighted Mr. Philander.

"Tut, tut, Mr. Philander!" he chided. "How often must I urge you to seek after absolute concentration of your mental faculties? And now I find you guilty of a most flagrant breach of courtesy in interrupting my discourse to call attention to a mere quadruped of the genus fella. As I was saying—"

"Heavens, professor, a lion!" cried Mr. Philander, straining his weak eyes toward the dim figure outlined against the dark tropical underbrush.

"Yes, yes, Mr. Philander, if you insist upon employing slang in your discourse, a 'lion.' But as I was saying—"

"Bless me, professor," again interrupted Mr. Philander, "permit me to suggest that we postpone discussion of Moors until we may attain the end of our journey, which distance proverbially is credited with tending."

In the meantime the lion had approached with quiet dignity to within ten paces of the two men, where he stood curiously watching them.

"Most reprehensible, most reprehensible!" exclaimed Professor Porter, with a faint trace of irritation in his voice.

"Never, Mr. Philander, never before to my life have I known one of these animals to be permitted to roam at large from its cage. I shall most certainly report this most outrageous breach of ethics to the directors of the zoological garden."

"Quite right, professor," agreed Mr. Philander, "and the sooner it is done the better. Let us start now."

Setting the professor by the arm, Mr. Philander set off in the direction that would put the greatest distance between themselves and the lion.

They had proceeded but a short distance when a backward glance revealed that the lion was following them. Mr. Philander tightened his grip upon the professor and increased his speed.

"As I was saying, Mr. Philander," repeated Professor Porter.

Mr. Philander took another basty glance rearward. The lion also had quickened his gait, and was doggedly maintaining an unvarying distance behind them.

"He is following us!" gasped Mr. Philander, breaking into a run.

"Tut, tut, Mr. Philander!" remonstrated the professor. "This unseemly haste is most unbecoming to men of letters."
Mr. Philander dropped the professor's arm and broke into a mad orgy of speed that would have done credit to any cavalry team.

Nama had foregone such easy prey at all continued the slow craft of Tarzan that Numa had already dined.

The lion might stalk them until hungry again, but the chances were that if not angered he would soon tire of the sport and slink away to his jungle lair.

So Tarzan swung quickly to a lower limb in line with the approaching tiger, and as Mr. Samuel T. Philander came panting and blowing beneath him, already too spent to struggle up to the safety of the limb, Tarzan reached down and grasping him by the collar of his coat, yanked him to the limb by his side.

Another woman brought the professor within the sphere of the friendly grip, and he, too, was drawn upward to safety just as the baffled Numa, with a roar, leaped to recover his vanishing quarry.

For a moment the two men clung, clinging to the great branch, while Tarzan squatted with his back to the stem of the tree, watching them with mingled enmity and amusement.

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One eye was buried in the soft loam; the other, rolling sidewise, was fixed in awe upon the strange grations of Professor Porter.

Professor Porter rolled over on his stomach. Then he sat up and felt of various portions of his anatomy.

"They are all here!" he ejaculated.

When upon his rise, and bending a searching glance upon the still prostrate form of Samuel T. Philander, he said: "Tut, tut, Mr. Philander, this is no time to indulge in substantial cases. We must be up and doing."

Mr. Philander lifted his other eye out of the mud and gazed in speechless rage at Professor Porter. Then he attempted to rise, but could have been seen by one more surprised than he when his efforts were immediately crowned with marked success.

He was still bursting with rage, however, at the cruel injustice of Professor Porter's insinuation and was on the point of replying a tart rejoinder when his eyes fell upon a strange figure standing a few paces away, scrutinizing them intently.

Professor Porter had recovered his shiny silk hat, which he had brushed carefully upon the sleeve of his coat and replaced upon his head. When he saw Mr. Philander pointing to something behind him he turned to behold a giant, naked but for a loin cloth and a few metal ornaments, standing motionless before him.

"Good evening, sir," said the professor, lifting his hat.

For reply the giant motioned them to follow him and set off up the beach in the direction from which they had recently come.

"I think it the part of discretion to follow him," said Mr. Philander.

"Tut, tut, Mr. Philander," returned the professor. "A short time since you were advancing most logical argument in substantiation of your theory that camp lay directly south of us. I was skeptical, but you finally convinced me, so now I am positive that toward the south we must travel to reach our friends. Therefore I shall continue south."

Further argument was interrupted by Tarzan, who, seeing that these strange men were not following him, had returned to their side.

Again he motioned them to follow him, but still they stood in argument.

Presently the ape man lost patience with their stupid ignorance. He grasped the frightened Mr. Philander by the shoulder, and before that worthy gentleman knew whether he was being killed or merely maimed for life Tarzan had tied one end of his rope securely about Mr. Philander's neck.

"Tut, tut, Mr. Philander," remonstrated Professor Porter. "It is most unbecoming in you to submit to such indignities."

But scarcely were the words out of his mouth ere he, too, had been seized and securely bound by the neck with the same rope.

It was a much relieved party of captives that found itself once more united. Dawn discovered them still recumbent upon their various adventures and speculating upon the identity of the strange guardian and protector they had found on this savage shore.

Tarzan had seen the consternation depicted upon the faces of the little group as they witnessed the departure of the Arrow, so as the ship was a wonderful novelty to him in addition to the point of land at the north of the harbor's mouth and obtain a nearer view of the great boat, as well as to learn if possible the direction of its flight.

A very light land breeze was blowing, and the ship had been worked through the harbor's mouth under flying jib, fore and main royals and

The mutineers of the Arrow had landed a small supply of dried meats, canned soups, and vegetables, crackers, flour, tea and coffee for the five they had marooned, and these were hurriedly drawn upon to satisfy the cravings of long famished appetites.

The first task was to make the cabin habitable, and to this end it was first decided to remove the gruesome relics of the tragedy which had taken place there on some bygone day.

Professor Porter and Mr. Philander were deeply interested in examining the skeletons. The larger two they stated to have belonged to a male and female of one of the higher white races.

The smallest skeleton was given but passing attention, as its location in the crib left no doubt as to its having been the infant offspring of this unhappy couple.

As they were preparing the skeleton of the man for burial Clayton discovered a massive ring which had evidently encircled the man's finger at the time of his death, for one of the slender bones of the hand still lay within the golden band.

Picking it up to examine it, Clayton gave a cry of astonishment, for the ring bore the crest of the house of Greystoke.

At the same time Jane Porter discovered the books in the cupboard, and on opening to the fly leaf of one of them saw the name "John Clayton, London." In a second book, which she hurriedly examined, was the single name "Greystoke."

"Why, Mr. Clayton," she cried, "what does this mean? Here are the names of some of your own people in these books."
"And here," he replied gravely, "is the great ring of the house of Greystoke which has been lost since my uncle, John Clayton, the former Lord Greystoke, disappeared, presumably lost at sea."
"But how do you account for these things being here in this savage African jungle?" exclaimed the girl.
"There is but one way to account for it," Miss Porter said Clayton. "The late Lord Greystoke was not drowned. He died here in this cabin, and this poor thing upon the floor is all that is mortal of him."
"Then this must have been Lady Greystoke," said Jane Porter reverently, indicating the mass of bones upon the bed.
"The beautiful Lady Alice," replied Clayton, "of whose many virtues and charms I often have heard my mother and father speak."
With reverence and solemnity the bodies of the late Lord and Lady Greystoke were buried beside their little African cabin, and between them was placed the tiny skeleton of the baby of Kala, the ape.

As Mr. Philander was placing the frail bones of the infant in a bit of sailcloth he examined the skull minutely. Then he called Professor Porter to his side, and the two argued in low tones for several minutes.

"Most remarkable, most remarkable," said Professor Porter.

"Bless me!" said Mr. Philander. "We must acquaint Mr. Clayton with our discovery at once."

"Tut, tut, Mr. Philander, tut, tut!" remonstrated Professor Archimedes Q. Porter. "Let the dead past bury its dead."

And so the white haired old man requested the burial service, over this strange grave, while his four companions stood with bowed and uncovered heads about him.

From the trees Tarzan of the apes watched this strange ceremony, but most of all he watched the sweet face and graceful figure of Jane Porter.

In his savage, untutored breast new emotions were stirring. He could not fathom them. He wondered why he felt so great an interest in these people—why he had gone to such pains to save the three men. But he did not wonder why he had torn Sabor from the tender flesh of the strange girl. He knew that she was created to be protected and that he was created to protect her.

When the grave had been filled with earth the little party turned back toward the cabin, and Esmeralda, still somewhat nervous, for the two who had never heard of before and who had been dead twenty years, chanced to glance toward the harbor. Instantly their tears ceased.

"Look at dem low down white trash out dere!" she shrieked, pointing toward the Arrow. "They all's a-desecrate us right yere on dis yere perverted islan'!"

Surely enough, the Arrow was being worked toward the open sea slowly through the harbor's entrance.

"They promised to leave us firearms and ammunition," said Clayton. "The merciless beasts!"

"It is the work of that fellow they call Snipes, I am sure," said Jane Porter. "King was a scoundrel, but he had a little sense of humanity. If they had not killed him I know that he would have seen that we were properly provided for before they left us to our fate."

"I regret that they did not visit us before sailing," said Professor Porter. "I had purposed requesting them to leave the treasure with us, as I shall be a ruined man if that is lost."

Jane looked at her father sadly. "Never mind, dear," she said. "It wouldn't have done any good, because it is solely for the treasure that they killed their officers and landed us upon this awful shore."

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