

The RETURN of TARZAN

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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Oiga was the first to see him. With a horrified shriek she tore herself from Tarzan's arms and the ape-man turned just in time to ward with his arm a terrible blow that De Coude had aimed at his head. Once, twice, three times the heavy stick fell with lightning rapidity and each blow aided in the transition of the ape-man back to the primordial.

With the low, guttural snarl of the bull ape he sprang for the Frenchman. The great stick was torn from his grasp and broken in two as though it had been mowed, and he lunged aside as the now infuriated beast charged for his adversary's throat.

Oiga de Coude stood a horrified spectator to the terrible scene which ensued during the next brief moment, then she sprang to where Tarzan was murdering her husband—choking the life from him—shaking him as a terrier might shake a rat.

Frantically she tore at his great hands. "Mother of God!" she cried. "You are killing him, you are killing him! Oh, Jean, you are killing my husband!"

Tarzan was deaf with rage. Suddenly he hurled the body to the floor, and placing his foot upon the upturned breast, raised his head. Then through the palace of the Count de Coude raged the awesome challenge of the bull ape that has made a kill. From cellar to attic the horrid sound searched out the servants and left them blanched and trembling. The woman in the room sank to her knees beside the body of her husband and prayed.

Slowly the red mist faded from before Tarzan's eyes. Things began to take form—he was regarding the perspective of civilized man. His eyes fell upon the figure of the kneeling woman. "Oiga," he whispered. She looked up,



She Tore Herself From Tarzan's Arms.

expecting to see the mantled light of murder in the eyes above her. Instead she saw horror and contrition.

"Oh, Jean!" she cried. "See what you have done. He was my husband. I loved him, and you have killed him."

Very gently Tarzan raised the limp form of the Count de Coude and bore it to a couch. Then he put his ear to the man's breast.

"Some brandy, Oiga," he said. She brought it, and together they forced it between his lips. Presently a faint gasp came from the white lips. The head turned, and De Coude groaned.

"He will not die," said Tarzan. "Thank God!"

"Why did you do it, Jean?" she asked.

"I do not know. He struck me, and I went mad. I have seen the ape of my tribe do the same thing. I have never told you my story, Oiga. It would have been better had you known it—this might not have happened. I never saw my father. The only mother I ever knew was a ferocious she ape. Until I was fifteen I had never seen a human being. I was twenty before I saw a white man. A little more than a year ago I was a naked beast of prey in an African jungle. Do not judge me too harshly. Two years is too short a time in which to attempt to work the change in an individual that it has taken countless ages to accomplish in the white race."

"I do not judge you at all, Jean. The fault is mine. You must go now. He cannot find you here when he returns consciousness. Good-by."

It was a sorrowful Tarzan who walked with bowed head from the palace of the Count de Coude.

"Do you love Oiga de Coude?" asked D'Arnot.

"Were I not positive that she does not love me I could not answer your question, Paul, but without dissimilarity I tell you that I do not love her, nor does she love me. For an instant we were the victims of a sudden madness—it was not love—and it would have left us unharmed as suddenly as it had come upon us even though De Coude had not returned. As you know, I have had little experience of women. Oiga de Coude is very beautiful, tall and the dim light, and the seductive surrounding and the appeal of the defenses for protection might have been resisted by a more civilized man, but my civilization is not even skin deep—it does not go deeper than my clothes."

"Paris is no place for me. I will but continue to stumble into more and more serious pitfalls. The man-made restrictions are irksome. I feel always that I am a prisoner. I cannot endure it, my friend, and so I think that I shall go back to my own jungle and lead the life that God intended that I should lead when he put me there."

"Do not take it so to heart, Jean," responded D'Arnot. "You have acquitted yourself much better than most 'civilized' men would have under similar circumstances. As to leaving Paris at this time, I rather think that Raoul de Coude may be expected to have something to say on that subject before long."

Nor was D'Arnot mistaken. A week later on M. Flaubert was announced about 11 in the morning as D'Arnot and Tarzan were breakfasting. M. Flaubert was an impressively polite gentleman. With many low bows he delivered M. le Comte de Coude's challenge to M. Tarzan. Would monsieur be so very kind as to arrange to have a friend meet M. Flaubert at an early hour as convenient that the details might be arranged to the mutual satisfaction of all concerned?

CHAPTER VI. A Duel.

HEAVY step sounded on the stairway. "Ah, but these newspaper men are prompt!" exclaimed Rokoif, and as a knock fell upon the door of their room. "Enter, monsieur!"

The smile of welcome froze upon the Russian's face as he looked into the hard, gray eyes of his visitor.

"Name of a name!" he shouted, springing to his feet. "What brings you here?"

"Sit down," said Tarzan so low that the men could barely catch the words, but in a tone that brought Rokoif to his chair and kept Paulvitch in his.

"You know what has brought me here," he continued in the same low tone. "It should be to kill you, but because you are Oiga de Coude's brother I shall not do that—now."

"I shall give you a chance for your lives. Paulvitch does not count much—he is merely a stupid, foolish little tool—and so I shall not kill him so long as I permit you to live. Before I leave you two alive in this room you will have done two things. The first will be to write a full confession of your connection with tonight's plot—and sign it."

"The second will be to promise me upon pain of death that you will permit no word of this affair to get into the newspapers. If you do not do both neither of you will be alive when I pass next through that door. Do you understand?" And, without waiting for a reply: "Make haste. There is ink before you and paper and a pen."

Rokoif assumed a truculent air, attempting by bravado to show how little he feared Tarzan's threats. An instant later he felt the ape-man's steel fingers at his throat, and Paulvitch, who attempted to dodge by them and reach the door, was lifted completely off the floor and hurled senseless into a corner. When Rokoif commenced to blacken about the face Tarzan released his hold and shoved the fellow back into his chair. After a moment of coughing Rokoif sat sullenly glaring at the man standing opposite him. Presently Paulvitch came to himself and limped painfully back to his chair at Tarzan's command.

"Now write," said the ape-man. "If it is necessary to handle you again I shall not be so lenient."

Rokoif picked up a pen and commenced to write.

"See that you omit no detail and that you mention every name," cautioned Tarzan.

Presently there was a knock at the door. "Enter," said Tarzan.

A dapper young man came in. "I am from the Matin," he announced. "I understand that M. Rokoif has a story for me."

"Then you are mistaken, monsieur," replied Tarzan. "You have no story for publication, have you, my dear Nikolai?"

Rokoif looked up from his writing with an ugly scowl upon his face.

"No," he growled. "I have no story for publication—now."

"Nor ever, my dear Nikolai," and the reporter did not see the nasty light in the ape-man's eye; but Nikolai Rokoif did.

"Nor ever," he repeated hastily. "It is too bad that monsieur has been troubled," said Tarzan, turning to the newspaper man. "I bid monsieur good evening," and he bowed the dapper young man out of the room and closed the door in his face.

An hour later Tarzan, with a rather bulky manuscript in his coat pocket, turned at the door leading from Rokoif's room.

"Were I you I should leave France," he said, "for sooner or later I shall find an excuse to kill you that will not in any way compromise my sister."

D'Arnot was asleep when Tarzan entered their apartments after leaving Rokoif's. Tarzan did not disturb him, but the following morning he narrated the happenings of the previous evening, omitting not a single detail.

"What a fool I have been," he concluded. "De Coude and his wife were both my friends. How have I returned their friendship? Barely did I escape murdering the count. I have cast a stigma on the name of a good woman. It is very probable that I have broken up a happy home."

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Certainly, M. Tarzan would be delighted to place his interests in jeopardy in the hands of his friend, Lieutenant D'Arnot. And so it was arranged that D'Arnot was to call on M. Flaubert at 2 that afternoon, and the polite M. Flaubert, with many bows, left them.

When they were again alone D'Arnot looked quizzically at Tarzan.

"Well?" he said.

"Now to my sins I must add murder, or else myself be killed," said Tarzan. "I am progressing rapidly in the ways of my civilized brothers."

"What weapons shall you select?" asked D'Arnot. "De Coude is a splendid shot."

"I might then choose poisoned arrows at twenty paces or spears at the same distance," laughed Tarzan. "Make it pistols, Paul."

"He will kill you, Jean."

"I have no doubt of it," replied Tarzan. "I must die some day."

"We had better make it swords," said D'Arnot. "He will be satisfied with wounding you, and there is less danger of a mortal wound."

"Pistols," said Tarzan, with finality. D'Arnot tried to argue him out of it, but without avail, so pistols it was.

D'Arnot returned from his conference with M. Flaubert shortly after 4. "It is all arranged," he said. "Everything is satisfactory. Tomorrow morning at daylight—there is a secluded spot on the road not far from Etampes. For some personal reason M. Flaubert preferred it. I did not demur."

"Good!" was Tarzan's only comment. He did not refer to the matter again even indirectly. That night he wrote several letters before he retired. After sealing and addressing them he placed them all in an envelope addressed to D'Arnot. As he undressed D'Arnot heard him humming a music hall ditty.

"This is a most uncivilized hour for people to kill each other," remarked the ape-man when he had been routed out of a comfortable bed in the blackness of the early morning hours. He had slept well, and so it seemed that his head had scarcely touched the pillow ere his man deferentially aroused him. His remark was addressed to D'Arnot.

In silence they entered D'Arnot's great car, and in similar silence they sped over the dim road that leads to Etampes. Each man was occupied with his own thoughts. D'Arnot's were very mournful, for he was genuinely fond of Tarzan.

Tarzan of the Apes was wrapped in thoughts of the past, pleasant memories of the happier occasions of his lost boyhood hours that he had spent cross-legged upon the table in his dead father's cabin, his little brown body bent over one of the fascinating picture books from which unaided he had gleaned the secret of the printed language long before the sounds of his human speech fell upon his ears. A smile of contentment softened his strong face as he thought of that day of days that he had had alone with Jane Porter in the heart of his primal forest.

Presently his reminiscences were broken in upon by the stopping of the car. They were at their destination. Tarzan's mind returned to the affairs of the moment. He knew that he was about to die, but there was no fear of death in him. To a denizen of the cruel jungle death is a commonplace. The first law of nature compels them to cling tenaciously to life to fight for it—but it does not teach them to fear death.

D'Arnot and Tarzan were first upon the field of honor. A moment later De Coude, M. Flaubert and a third gentleman arrived. The last was introduced to D'Arnot and Tarzan. He was a physician.

D'Arnot and M. Flaubert spoke together in whispers for a brief time. The Count de Coude and Tarzan stood apart at opposite sides of the field.

D'Arnot and M. Flaubert had grasped two pistols. The two men who were to face each other a moment later stood silently with M. Flaubert recited the conditions that they were to observe.

They were to stand back to back. At a signal from M. Flaubert they were to walk in opposite directions, their pistols banging by their sides. When each had proceeded ten paces D'Arnot was to give the final signal—then they were to turn and fire at will until one fell or each had expended the three shots allowed.

While M. Flaubert spoke Tarzan selected a cigarette from his case and lit it. De Coude was the personification of coolness; was not he the best shot in France?

Presently M. Flaubert nodded to D'Arnot and each man placed his principal in position.

"Are you quite ready, gentlemen?" asked M. Flaubert.

"Quite," replied De Coude.

Tarzan nodded. M. Flaubert gave the signal. He and D'Arnot stepped back a few paces to be out of the line of fire as the men paced slowly apart. Six! Seven! Eight! There were tears in D'Arnot's eyes. He loved Tarzan very much. Nine! Another pace and the poor lieutenant gave the signal by the nonchalant ease of his distant figure and the doom of his best friend.

Quickly De Coude wheeled and fired. Tarzan gave a little start. His pistol still dangled at his side. De Coude hesitated, as though waiting to see his antagonist crumple to the ground. The Frenchman was too experienced a marksman not to know that he had scored a hit. Still Tarzan made no move to raise his pistol. De Coude fired once more, but the attitude of the ape-man—the utter indifference that was so apparent in every line of the unblinking eye, the untrifling puffing of his cigarette—had disconcerted the best marksman in France. This time Tarzan did not start, but again De Coude knew that he had hit.

Suddenly the explanation leaped to his mind—his antagonist was coolly taking these fatal chances in the hope that he would receive no staggering wound from any of De Coude's three shots. Then he would take his own time about shooting De Coude down deliberately, coolly and in cold blood. A little shiver ran up the Frenchman's spine. It was fiendish—diabolical. What manner of creature was this that could stand complacently with two bullets in him, waiting for the third?

And so De Coude took careful aim this time, but his nerve was gone, and he made a costly mistake. Not once had Tarzan raised his pistol hand from where it hung beside his leg.

For a moment the two stood looking straight into each other's eyes. On Tarzan's face was a pathetic expression of disappointment. On De Coude's a rapidly growing expression of horror—yes, of terror.

He could endure it no longer. "Shoot, monsieur!" he screamed.

But Tarzan did not raise his pistol. Instead, he advanced toward De Coude, and when D'Arnot and M. Flaubert, misinterpreting his intention, would have rushed between them he raised his left hand in a sign of remonstrance.

"Do not fear," he said to them. "I shall not harm him."

It was most unusual, but they halted. Tarzan advanced until he was quite close to De Coude.

"There must have been something wrong with monsieur's pistol," he said. "Or monsieur is unstrung. Take mine, monsieur, and try again," and Tarzan offered his pistol, but foremost, to the astonished De Coude.

"Mon Dieu, monsieur!" cried the latter. "Are you mad?"

"No, my friend," replied the ape-man, "but I deserve to die. It is the only way in which I may atone for the wrong I have done a very good woman. Take my pistol and do as I bid."

"It would be murder," replied De Coude. "But what wrong did you do my wife? She swore to me that—"

"I do not mean that," said Tarzan quickly. "You saw all the wrong that passed between us. But that was enough to cast a shadow upon her name and to ruin the happiness of a man against whom I had no enmity. The fault was all mine, and so I hoped to die for it this morning. I am disappointed that monsieur is not so wonderful a marksman as I had been led to believe."

"You say that the fault was all yours?" asked De Coude eagerly.

"All mine, monsieur. Your wife is a very pure woman. She loves only you. The fault that you saw was all mine. The thing that brought me there was no fault of either the Countess de Coude or myself. Here is a paper which will quite positively demonstrate that."

And Tarzan drew from his pocket the statement Rokoif had written and signed.

De Coude took it and read. D'Arnot and M. Flaubert had drawn near. They were interested spectators of this strange ending of a strange duel. None spoke until De Coude had quite finished; then he looked up at Tarzan.

"You are a very brave and chivalrous gentleman," he said. "I thank God that I did not kill you."

De Coude was a Frenchman. Frenchmen are impulsive. He threw his arms about Tarzan and embraced him. M. Flaubert embraced D'Arnot. There was no one to embrace the doctor. So possibly it was plique which prompted him to interpose and demand that he be permitted to dress Tarzan's wounds.

"This gentleman was hit once at least," he said, "possibly three."

"Twice," said Tarzan, "once in the left shoulder and again in the left side—both flesh wounds, I think. But the doctor insisted upon stretching him to the ground and tinkering with him until the wounds were cleaned."

and the flow of blood checked. One result of the duel was that they all rode back to Paris together in D'Arnot's car, the best of friends. De Coude was so relieved to have had this double assurance of his wife's loyalty that he felt no rancor at all toward Tarzan. It is true that the latter had assumed much more of the fault than was rightly his, but if he lied a little he may be excused, for he lied in the service of a woman, and he lied like a gentleman.

The ape-man was confined to his bed for several days. He felt that it was foolish and unnecessary, but the doctor and D'Arnot took the matter so to heart that he gave in to please them, though it made him laugh to think of it.

"It is droll," he said to D'Arnot, "to lie abed because of a pinprick! Why, when Bolgani, the king gorilla, tore me almost to pieces while I was still but a little boy, did I have a nice soft bed to lie on? No, only the damp, rotting vegetation of the jungle. Hidden beneath some friendly bush I lay for days and weeks with only Kala to nurse me—poor, faithful Kala, who kept the insects from my wounds and warned off the beasts of prey."

"When I called for water she brought it to me in her own mouth—the only way she knew to carry it. There was no sterilized gauze, there was no antiseptic bandage—there was nothing that would not have driven our dear doctor mad to have seen. Yet I recovered—recovered to lie in bed because of a tiny scratch that one of the jungle folk would scarce realize unless it were upon the end of his nose."

But the time was soon over and before he realized it Tarzan found himself abroad again. Several times De Coude had called and when he found that Tarzan was anxious for employment of some nature he promised to see what could be done to find a berth for him.

It was the first day that Tarzan was permitted to go out and he received a message from De Coude requesting him to call at the count's office that afternoon.

He found De Coude awaiting him with a very pleasant welcome and a sincere congratulation that he was once more upon his feet. Neither had ever mentioned the duel or the cause of it since that morning upon the field of honor.

"I think that I have found just the thing for you, M. Tarzan," said the count. "It is a position of much trust and responsibility, which also requires considerable physical courage and progress. I cannot imagine a man better fitted than you, my dear M. Tarzan, for this very position. It will necessitate travel and later it may lead to a very much better post—possibly in the diplomatic service."

"At first, for a short time only, you will be a special agent in the service of the ministry of war. Come, I will take you to the gentleman who will be your chief."

A half hour later Tarzan walked out of the office the possessor of the first position he had ever held. On the morrow he was to return for further instructions, though his chief had made it quite plain that Tarzan might prepare to leave Paris for an almost indefinite period, possibly on the morrow. And so it came that on the following day Tarzan left Paris en route for Marseilles and Oran.

CHAPTER VII. The Dancing Girl of Sidi Aissa.

TARZAN'S first mission did not prove to be either exciting or vastly important. There was a certain lieutenant of spahis whom the government had reason to suspect of improper relations with a great European power. This lieutenant Gernois, who was at present stationed at Sidi Bel Abbas, had recently been attached to the general military staff, where certain information of great military value had come into his possession in the ordinary routine of his duties. It was this information which the government suspected the great power was bartering for with the officer. And so it was that Tarzan had come to Algeria in the guise of an American hunter and traveler to keep a close eye upon Lieutenant Gernois.

At Sidi Bel Abbas he presented his letters of introduction to both civil and military authorities—letters which gave

him power to feel the significance of his mission. Tarzan possessed a sufficient command of English to enable him to pass among Arabs and Frenchmen as an American, and that was all that was required of it. He met Gernois, whom he found to be a taciturn, dyspeptic looking man of about forty, having little or no social intercourse with his fellows.

For a month nothing of moment occurred. Tarzan was beginning to hope that, after all, the rumor about Gernois might have been false when suddenly the latter was ordered to Bon Saada, in the Petit Sahara, far to the south.

A company of spahis and three officers were to relieve another company already stationed there. Fortunately one of the officers, Captain Gerard, had become an excellent friend of Tarzan's, and so when the ape-man suggested that he should embrace the opportunity of accompanying him to Bon Saada, where he expected to find hunting, it caused not the slightest suspicion.

At Bouira the detachment detained, and the balance of the journey was made in the saddle. As Tarzan was discharging at Bouira for a moment he caught a brief glimpse of a man in European clothes eying him from the doorway of a native coffee house. There had been something familiar about the face or figure of the fellow. Tarzan gave the matter no further thought.

The march to Annale was fatiguing to Tarzan, whose equestrian experiences hitherto had been confined to a course of riding lessons in a Parisian academy, and so it was that he quickly sought the comforts of a bed in the Hotel Grossat, while the officers and the troops took up their quarters at the military post.

Although Tarzan was called early the following morning, the company of spahis was on the march before he had finished his breakfast. He was hurrying through his meal that the soldiers might not get too far in advance of him when he glanced through the door connecting the dining room with the bar.

To his surprise he saw Gernois standing there in conversation with the very stranger he had seen in the coffee house at Bouira the day previous. The man's back was toward him.

As his eyes lingered on the two Gernois looked up and caught the intent expression on Tarzan's face. The stranger was talking in a low whisper at the time, but the French officer immediately interrupted him, and the two at once turned away and passed out of the range of Tarzan's vision.

This was the first suspicious occurrence in connection with Gernois' actions, but he was positive that the man had left the barroom solely because Gernois had caught Tarzan's eyes upon them; then there was the persistent impression of familiarity about the stranger to further augment the ape-man's belief that here at length was something which would bear watching.

Tarzan did not overtake the column until he reached Sidi Aissa shortly after noon, where the soldiers had halted for an hour's rest. Here he found Gernois with the column, but there was no sign of the stranger.

It was market-day at Sidi Aissa, and the numberless caravans of camels coming in from the desert and the crowds of hickering Arabs in the market place filled Tarzan with a consuming desire to remain for a day that he might see more of the sons of the desert. Thus it was that the company of spahis marched out that afternoon toward Bou Saada without him. He spent the hours until dark wandering about the market in company with a youthful Arab, one Abdul, who had been recommended to him by the innkeeper as a trustworthy servant and interpreter.

Here Tarzan purchased a better mount than the one he had selected at Bouira, and, entering into conversation with the stately Arab to whom the animal had belonged, learned that the seller was Kadour ben Saden, sheik of a desert tribe far south of Djelfa. Through Abdul Tarzan invited his new acquaintance to dine with him. As the three were making their way through the crowds of marketers, camels, donkeys and horses that filled the market place with a confusing babel of sounds, Abdul plucked at Tarzan's sleeve.

"Look, master, behind us!" And he turned, pointing at a figure in Arab garb which disappeared behind a camel as Tarzan turned. "He has been following us about all afternoon. He must be a bad man or he would have honest business of his own to occupy his time."

"He is on the wrong scent, then, Abdul," replied Tarzan, "for no one here can have any grievance against me. This is my first visit to your country, and none knows me. He will soon discover his error and cease to follow us."

Kadour ben Saden having dined well prepared to take leave of his host. With dignified protestations of friendship he invited Tarzan to visit him in his wild domain, where the antelope, the stag, the boar, the panther and the lion might still be found in sufficient numbers to tempt an ardent huntsman.

It was after 8, and the dancing was in full swing as Tarzan and Abdul entered a Moorish cafe. The room was filled to repletion with Arabs. All were smoking and drinking their thick, hot coffee.

Tarzan and Abdul found seats near the center of the room, though the terrific noise produced by the musicians upon their Arab drums and pipes would have rendered a seat farther from them more acceptable to the quiet loving ape-man. A rather good

looking girl was dancing, and, perceiving Tarzan's European clothes and seeing a generous gratuity, she threw her alken handkerchief upon his shoulder to be rewarded with a fringe.

When her place upon the floor had been taken by another the bright-eyed Abdul saw her in conversation with two Arabs at the far side of the room near a side door that led upon an inner court, around the gallery of which were the rooms occupied by the girls who danced in this cafe.

At first he thought nothing of the matter, but presently he noticed from the corner of his eye one of the men nod in their direction and the girl turn and shoot a furtive glance at Tarzan. Then the Arabs melted through the doorway into the darkness of the court.

When it came again the girl's turn to dance she hovered close to Tarzan, and for the ape-man alone were his sweetest smiles. Many an ugly scowl was cast upon the tall European by swarthy, dark-eyed sons of the desert, but neither smiles nor scowls produced any outwardly visible effect upon him. Again the girl cast her handkerchief upon his shoulder, and again was she rewarded with a fringe piece. As she was sticking it upon her forehead, after the custom of her kind, she bent low toward Tarzan, whispering a quick word in his ear.

"There are two without in the court," she said quickly, in broken French, "who would harm m'sieur. At first I promised to lure you to them, but you have been kind, and I cannot do it. Go quickly, before they find that I have failed them. I think that they are very bad men."

Tarzan thanked the girl, assuring her that he would be careful, and having finished her dance, she crossed to the little doorway and went out into the court. But Tarzan did not leave the cafe as she had urged.

Another half hour nothing unusual occurred, then a surly looking Arab entered the cafe from the street. He stood near Tarzan, where he deliberately made insulting remarks about the European, but as they were in his native tongue Tarzan was entirely innocent of their purport until Abdul took it upon himself to enlighten him.

"This fellow is looking for trouble," warned Abdul. "He is not alone. In fact, in case of a disturbance nearly every man here would be against you. It would be better to leave quietly, master."

"Ask the fellow what he wants," commanded Tarzan.

"He says that the dog of a Christian insulted the Ouled-Nail (dancing girl, who belongs to him). He means trouble, m'sieur."

"Tell him that I did not insult his or any other Ouled-Nail, that I wish him to go away and leave me alone; that I have no quarrel with him nor has he any with me."

"He says," replied Abdul, after delivering this message to the Arab, "that besides being a dog yourself that you are the son of one and that your grandmother was a hyena. Incidentally you are a liar."

The attention of those near by had now been attracted by the altercation, and the sneering laughs that followed this torrent of invective easily indicated the trend of the sympathies of the majority of the audience.

Tarzan did not like being laughed at, neither did he relish the terms applied to him by the Arab, but he showed no sign of anger as he arose from his seat upon the bench. A half smile played about his lips, but of a sudden a mighty fist shot into the face of the scowling Arab, and back of it were the terrible muscles of the ape-man.

At the instant that the man fell a

shot of light from the ceiling of the cafe struck the man who had just fallen, and he lay motionless on the floor. The crowd of spectators around the scene of the fight melted away, and Tarzan and Abdul were left alone in the cafe.

"We are lost now," said Abdul, looking at the man who had just fallen.

"Do not worry," replied Tarzan, "I will take care of the man who