

The RETURN of TARZAN



By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Copyright, 1913, by W. G. Chapman

PROLOGUE.

Readers of "Tarzan of the Apes"—there were millions of them—have been awaiting with eagerness "The Return of Tarzan." They need no introduction to the ape-man, who was an English lord by ancestry and an inhabitant of the treestops by fate until the same fate brought him out and made him a civilized man after twenty years of life among the great apes of Africa. His adventures, as wonderful and interesting as any set forth in words, have been the center of interest in a story that is unique in its originality.

Now we have "The Return of Tarzan," as thrilling as its forerunner. In it are told the further adventures of the splendid ape-man, who at last wins his way to the side of his true love after facing countless perils by land and sea.

Whoever read "Tarzan of the Apes" needs no invitation to peruse this story. Others are warned that after they read this sequel to "Tarzan of the Apes" they won't be satisfied until they have read that story also.

CHAPTER I.

On the liner, "MAGNIFIQUE" ejaculated the Countess de Coude beneath her breath.

"Rah?" questioned the count, turning toward his young wife.

"What is it that is magnificent?" And the count bent his eyes in various directions in quest of the object of her admiration.

"Oh, nothing at all, my dear," replied the countess, a slight flush momentarily coloring her already pink cheek. "I was but recalling with admiration those stupendous skyscrapers, as they call them, of New York." And the fair countess settled herself more comfortably in her stateroom chair and resumed the magazine which "nothing at all" had caused her to let fall upon her lap.

Her husband again buried himself in his book, but not without a mild wonderment that three days out from New York his countess should suddenly



other swartly plotters had entered and was standing behind the count's chair. Tarzan saw him turn and glance furtively about the room, but his eyes did not rest for a sufficient time upon the mirror to note the reflection of Tarzan's watchful eyes. Stealthily the man withdrew something from his pocket. Tarzan could not discern what the object was, for the man's hand covered it.

Slowly the band approached the count, and then, very deftly, the thing that was in it was transferred to the count's pocket.

The play went on for some ten minutes after this until the count won a considerable wager from him who had just joined the game, and then Tarzan saw the fellow back of the count's chair nod his head to his confederate. Instantly the player arose and pointed a finger at the count.

"Had I known that monsieur was a professional card sharp I had not been so ready to be drawn into the game," he said.

Instantly the count and the two other players were upon their feet. Coude's face went white.

"What do you mean, sir?" he cried. "Do you know to whom you speak?"

"I know that I speak for the last time to one who cheats at cards," replied the fellow.

The count leaned across the table and struck the man full in the mouth with his open palm, and then the others closed in between them.

"There is some mistake, sir," cried one of the other players. "Why, this is Count de Coude of France."

"If I am mistaken," said the accuser, "I shall gladly apologize, but before I do so first let monsieur le comte explain the extra cards which I saw him drop into his side pocket."

And then the man whom Tarzan had seen drop them there turned to sneak from the room, but found the exit barred by a tall, gray-eyed stranger.

With a low oath he seized Tarzan to push him to one side. The ape-man but smiled as he grasped the big fellow about the waist, and, twisting him by the collar of his coat, escorted him back to the table, straggling, cursing and striking in futile remonstrance.

It was Nicholas Rokoff's first experience with the muscles that had brought the savage owner victorious through encounters with Sabor, the tiger; Numa, the lion, and Tarkoz, the great bull ape.

The man who had accused De Coude and the two others who had been playing stood looking expectantly at the count.

"You have but to slip your hand in the count's coat pocket," said the accuser. And then as the others hesitated to do so, "Come, I shall do it myself if no other will," and he stepped forward toward the count.

"But, monsieur," said De Coude, "I will submit to a search only at the hands of a gentleman."

"It is unnecessary to search the count. The cards are in his pocket. I myself saw them placed there."

All turned in surprise toward this new speaker to behold a very well built young man urging a restraining captive toward them by the scruff of his neck.

"It is a conspiracy," cried De Coude angrily. "The cards are no cards in his coat. And with that he ran his hand into his pocket. As he did so tense silence reigned in the little group. The count went dead white, and then very slowly he withdrew his hand, and in it were three cards.

He looked at them in mute and horrified surprise, and slowly the red of mortification suffused his face. Expressions of pity and contempt tinged the features of those who looked on at the death of a man's honor.

"It is a conspiracy, monsieur."

"Gentlemen," he continued, "monsieur le comte did not know that those cards were in his pocket. This person whom I just intercepted in an effort to escape placed the cards there."

De Coude had glanced from Tarzan to the man in his grasp.

"Mon Dieu, Nicholas Rokoff!" he cried. "You?"

Then he turned to his accuser and eyed him intently for a moment.

"And you, monsieur, I did not recognize you without your beard. It is quite disguised you, Paulvitch. I see it all now. It is quite clear, gentlemen." He turned to Tarzan.

"No, my friend," said the count hastily. "It is a personal matter, and I beg that you will let it drop. It is sufficient that I have been exonerated from the charge. The less we have to do with such fellows the better. But, monsieur, how can I thank you for the great kindness you have done me? Permit me to offer you my card."

Tarzan had released Rokoff, who, with his confederate, Paulvitch, had hastened from the smoking room. Just as he was leaving, Rokoff turned to Tarzan. "Monsieur will have ample opportunity to regret his interference in the affairs of others."

Tarzan smiled, and then, bowing to the count, handed him his own card.

The count read, "Jean C. Tarzan, l'Afrique."

"Monsieur Tarzan," he said, "may indeed wish that he had never befriended me, for I can assure him that he has won the enmity of two of the most unmitigated scoundrels in all Europe."

That night as Tarzan entered his cabin he found a folded note upon the floor that had evidently been pushed beneath the door. He opened it and read:

M. Tarzan—Doubtless you did not realize the gravity of your offense or you would not have done the thing you did today. I am willing to believe that you acted in ignorance and without any intention to offend a stranger. For this reason I shall gladly permit you to offer an apology, and your attention was riveted in the glass. The

ape-man had leaped from his hiding place. Rokoff started to run, but Tarzan grasped him by the collar and dragged him back. Neither spoke, for both felt instinctively that murder was being done in that room, and Tarzan was confident that Rokoff had had no intention that his confederate should go that far. He felt that the man's aims were deeper than that—deeper and even more sinister than brutal, cold blooded murder.

Without hesitating to question those within the ape-man threw his giant shoulder against the frail panel, and in a shower of splintered wood he entered the cabin, dragging Rokoff after him. Before him on a couch the woman lay. Paulvitch's fingers were gripping the fair throat, while his victim's hands beat futilely at his face.

The noise of his entrance brought Paulvitch to his feet, where he stood glowering menacingly at Tarzan. The girl rose feebly to a sitting posture upon the couch. One hand was at her throat, and her breath came in little gasps. Although disheveled and very pale, Tarzan recognized her as the young woman whom he had caught staring at him on deck earlier in the day.

"What is the meaning of this?" said Tarzan, turning to Rokoff, whom he intuitively singled out as the instigator of the outrage. "Touch the buttons, please," continued the ape-man. "We will have one of the ship's officers here. This affair has gone quite far enough."

"No, no," cried the girl, coming suddenly to her feet; "please do not do that! I am sure that there was no real intention to harm me. I am a poor person, and I am lost control of myself; that is all. I would not care to have the matter go further, please, monsieur."

The girl evidently was in fear of these two. She dared not express her real desires before them.

"Then," said Tarzan, "I shall certainly act on my own responsibility. To you," he continued, turning to Rokoff.

As he walked slowly toward the smoking room he came unexpectedly upon two men whispering excitedly just without. He would have vouchsafed them not even a passing thought but for the strangely guilty glance that one of them shot in his direction.

Tarzan entered the smoking room and sought a chair a little apart from the others who were there. He felt in no mood for conversation, and as he slipped his ashtray he let his mind run rather sorrowfully over the past few weeks of his life. Time and again he had wondered if he had acted wisely in renouncing his birthright to marry to whom he owed nothing. It is true that he liked Clayton, but—ah, but that was not the question. It was not for William Cecil Clayton, Lord Grey-stoke, that he had denied his birth. It was for the woman whom both he and Clayton loved and whom a strange freak of fate had given to Clayton instead of to him.

That she loved him made the thing doubly difficult to bear, yet he knew that he could have done nothing less than he did do that night with the little railway station in the far West coast woods. To him her happiness was the first consideration of all, and his brief experience with civilization and civilized men had taught him that without money and position life to most of them was unendurable.

Jane Porter had been born to both, and had Tarzan taken them away from her future husband it would doubtless have plunged her into a life of misery and torture. That she would have spurned Clayton once he had been stripped of both his title and his estates never for once occurred to Tarzan, for he credited to others the same honest loyalty that was so inherent a quality in himself. Nor in this instance had he erred.

Tarzan's thoughts drifted from the past to the future. He tried to look forward with pleasurable sensations to his return to the jungle of his birth and boyhood, the cruel, fierce jungle in which he had spent twenty of his years. But who or what of all the myriad jungle life would there be to welcome his return? Not one. Only Tantor, the elephant, could he call friend. The others would hunt him or flee from him as had been their way in the past.

Not even the apes of his own tribe would extend the hand of fellowship to him.

If civilization had done nothing else for Tarzan of the Apes it had to some extent taught him to crave the society of his own kind and to feel with genuine pleasure the congenial warmth of companionship. And in the same ratio had it made any other life distasteful to him. It was difficult to imagine a world without a friend—without a living thing who spoke the new tongues which Tarzan had learned to love so

was that Tarzan looked upon the future he felt for himself.

Singling over his cigarette in a mirror before him he reflected a table at sat at cards. Presently he rose to leave and then, as he went, he offered to fill in that the game might be. He was the smallest whom Tarzan had seen outside the smoking

room the man who had but to game, Tarzan knew it of the other player who sat opposite the out Raoul de Coude, rattentive steward had one of the celebrities of describing him as a man of the family of the French

man who had but to game, Tarzan knew it of the other player who sat opposite the out Raoul de Coude, rattentive steward had one of the celebrities of describing him as a man of the family of the French

man who had but to game, Tarzan knew it of the other player who sat opposite the out Raoul de Coude, rattentive steward had one of the celebrities of describing him as a man of the family of the French

man who had but to game, Tarzan knew it of the other player who sat opposite the out Raoul de Coude, rattentive steward had one of the celebrities of describing him as a man of the family of the French

man who had but to game, Tarzan knew it of the other player who sat opposite the out Raoul de Coude, rattentive steward had one of the celebrities of describing him as a man of the family of the French

man who had but to game, Tarzan knew it of the other player who sat opposite the out Raoul de Coude, rattentive steward had one of the celebrities of describing him as a man of the family of the French

man who had but to game, Tarzan knew it of the other player who sat opposite the out Raoul de Coude, rattentive steward had one of the celebrities of describing him as a man of the family of the French

man who had but to game, Tarzan knew it of the other player who sat opposite the out Raoul de Coude, rattentive steward had one of the celebrities of describing him as a man of the family of the French

man who had but to game, Tarzan knew it of the other player who sat opposite the out Raoul de Coude, rattentive steward had one of the celebrities of describing him as a man of the family of the French

man who had but to game, Tarzan knew it of the other player who sat opposite the out Raoul de Coude, rattentive steward had one of the celebrities of describing him as a man of the family of the French

man who had but to game, Tarzan knew it of the other player who sat opposite the out Raoul de Coude, rattentive steward had one of the celebrities of describing him as a man of the family of the French

man who had but to game, Tarzan knew it of the other player who sat opposite the out Raoul de Coude, rattentive steward had one of the celebrities of describing him as a man of the family of the French

man who had but to game, Tarzan knew it of the other player who sat opposite the out Raoul de Coude, rattentive steward had one of the celebrities of describing him as a man of the family of the French

man who had but to game, Tarzan knew it of the other player who sat opposite the out Raoul de Coude, rattentive steward had one of the celebrities of describing him as a man of the family of the French

man who had but to game, Tarzan knew it of the other player who sat opposite the out Raoul de Coude, rattentive steward had one of the celebrities of describing him as a man of the family of the French

man who had but to game, Tarzan knew it of the other player who sat opposite the out Raoul de Coude, rattentive steward had one of the celebrities of describing him as a man of the family of the French

man who had but to game, Tarzan knew it of the other player who sat opposite the out Raoul de Coude, rattentive steward had one of the celebrities of describing him as a man of the family of the French

man who had but to game, Tarzan knew it of the other player who sat opposite the out Raoul de Coude, rattentive steward had one of the celebrities of describing him as a man of the family of the French

man who had but to game, Tarzan knew it of the other player who sat opposite the out Raoul de Coude, rattentive steward had one of the celebrities of describing him as a man of the family of the French

man who had but to game, Tarzan knew it of the other player who sat opposite the out Raoul de Coude, rattentive steward had one of the celebrities of describing him as a man of the family of the French

man who had but to game, Tarzan knew it of the other player who sat opposite the out Raoul de Coude, rattentive steward had one of the celebrities of describing him as a man of the family of the French

man who had but to game, Tarzan knew it of the other player who sat opposite the out Raoul de Coude, rattentive steward had one of the celebrities of describing him as a man of the family of the French

man who had but to game, Tarzan knew it of the other player who sat opposite the out Raoul de Coude, rattentive steward had one of the celebrities of describing him as a man of the family of the French

man who had but to game, Tarzan knew it of the other player who sat opposite the out Raoul de Coude, rattentive steward had one of the celebrities of describing him as a man of the family of the French

man who had but to game, Tarzan knew it of the other player who sat opposite the out Raoul de Coude, rattentive steward had one of the celebrities of describing him as a man of the family of the French

man who had but to game, Tarzan knew it of the other player who sat opposite the out Raoul de Coude, rattentive steward had one of the celebrities of describing him as a man of the family of the French

man who had but to game, Tarzan knew it of the other player who sat opposite the out Raoul de Coude, rattentive steward had one of the celebrities of describing him as a man of the family of the French

man who had but to game, Tarzan knew it of the other player who sat opposite the out Raoul de Coude, rattentive steward had one of the celebrities of describing him as a man of the family of the French

man who had but to game, Tarzan knew it of the other player who sat opposite the out Raoul de Coude, rattentive steward had one of the celebrities of describing him as a man of the family of the French

man who had but to game, Tarzan knew it of the other player who sat opposite the out Raoul de Coude, rattentive steward had one of the celebrities of describing him as a man of the family of the French

man who had but to game, Tarzan knew it of the other player who sat opposite the out Raoul de Coude, rattentive steward had one of the celebrities of describing him as a man of the family of the French

man who had but to game, Tarzan knew it of the other player who sat opposite the out Raoul de Coude, rattentive steward had one of the celebrities of describing him as a man of the family of the French

man who had but to game, Tarzan knew it of the other player who sat opposite the out Raoul de Coude, rattentive steward had one of the celebrities of describing him as a man of the family of the French

man who had but to game, Tarzan knew it of the other player who sat opposite the out Raoul de Coude, rattentive steward had one of the celebrities of describing him as a man of the family of the French

man who had but to game, Tarzan knew it of the other player who sat opposite the out Raoul de Coude, rattentive steward had one of the celebrities of describing him as a man of the family of the French

man who had but to game, Tarzan knew it of the other player who sat opposite the out Raoul de Coude, rattentive steward had one of the celebrities of describing him as a man of the family of the French

man who had but to game, Tarzan knew it of the other player who sat opposite the out Raoul de Coude, rattentive steward had one of the celebrities of describing him as a man of the family of the French

man who had but to game, Tarzan knew it of the other player who sat opposite the out Raoul de Coude, rattentive steward had one of the celebrities of describing him as a man of the family of the French

man who had but to game, Tarzan knew it of the other player who sat opposite the out Raoul de Coude, rattentive steward had one of the celebrities of describing him as a man of the family of the French

man who had but to game, Tarzan knew it of the other player who sat opposite the out Raoul de Coude, rattentive steward had one of the celebrities of describing him as a man of the family of the French

man who had but to game, Tarzan knew it of the other player who sat opposite the out Raoul de Coude, rattentive steward had one of the celebrities of describing him as a man of the family of the French

man who had but to game, Tarzan knew it of the other player who sat opposite the out Raoul de Coude, rattentive steward had one of the celebrities of describing him as a man of the family of the French

man who had but to game, Tarzan knew it of the other player who sat opposite the out Raoul de Coude, rattentive steward had one of the celebrities of describing him as a man of the family of the French

man who had but to game, Tarzan knew it of the other player who sat opposite the out Raoul de Coude, rattentive steward had one of the celebrities of describing him as a man of the family of the French

man who had but to game, Tarzan knew it of the other player who sat opposite the out Raoul de Coude, rattentive steward had one of the celebrities of describing him as a man of the family of the French

man who had but to game, Tarzan knew it of the other player who sat opposite the out Raoul de Coude, rattentive steward had one of the celebrities of describing him as a man of the family of the French

man who had but to game, Tarzan knew it of the other player who sat opposite the out Raoul de Coude, rattentive steward had one of the celebrities of describing him as a man of the family of the French

man who had but to game, Tarzan knew it of the other player who sat opposite the out Raoul de Coude, rattentive steward had one of the celebrities of describing him as a man of the family of the French

man who had but to game, Tarzan knew it of the other player who sat opposite the out Raoul de Coude, rattentive steward had one of the celebrities of describing him as a man of the family of the French

speaking almost immediately of the affair he had witnessed in her cabin two nights before.

"My husband feels that he owes you an immense debt of gratitude," she said.

"Your husband?" repeated Tarzan questioningly.

"Yes, I am the Countess de Coude."

"I am already amply repaid, madame, in knowing that I have rendered a service to the wife of the Count de Coude."

On his arrival in Paris Tarzan went directly to the apartments of his old friend D'Arnot, where the naval lieutenant scored him roundly for his decision to renounce the title and estates that were rightly his from his father, John Clayton, the late Lord Grey-stoke.

"You must be mad, my friend," said D'Arnot, "thus lightly to give up not alone wealth and position, but an opportunity to prove beyond doubt to all the world that in your veins flows the noble blood of two of England's most honored houses—instead of the blood of a savage ape. It is incredible that they could have believed you—Miss Porter least of all."

"Why, I never did believe it, even back in the wilds of your African jungle, when you tore the raw meat of your kills with mighty jaws, like some wild beast, and wiped your greasy hands upon your thighs. Even then, before there was the slightest proof to the contrary, I knew that you were mistaken in the belief that Kala was your mother."

"And now, with your father's diary of the terrible life led by him and your mother on that wild African shore; with the account of your birth and final and most convincing proof of all, your own baby finger prints upon the pages of it, it seems incredible to me that you are willing to remain a nameless, penniless vagabond."

"I do not need any better name than Tarzan," replied the ape-man. "And as for remaining a penniless vagabond, I have no intention of so doing. In fact, the next, and let us hope the last, burden that I shall be forced to put upon your unselfish friendship will be the finding of employment for me."

"Foolish, foolish," scoffed D'Arnot. "You know that I did not mean that. Have I not told you a dozen times that I have enough for twenty men and that half of what I have is yours? And if I gave it all to you would it represent even the tenth part of the value I place upon your friendship, my Tarzan? Would it repay the services you did me in Africa? I do not forget, my friend, that but for you and your wondrous bravery I would have died at the stake in the village of Mbonga's cannibals. Nor do I forget that to your self-sacrificing devotion I owe the fact that I recovered from the terrible wounds I received at their hands. I discovered later something of what it meant to you to remain with me in the amphitheater of the apes while your heart was urging you on to the coast."

"When we finally came there and found that Miss Porter and her party had left I commenced to realize something of what you had done for an utter stranger. Nor am I trying to repay you with money, Tarzan. It is that just at present you need money. Were it sacrifice that I might offer you it were the same—my friendship must always be yours, because our tastes are similar, and I admire you. That I cannot command, but the money I can and shall."

CHAPTER III.

What Happened in the Rue Maule.

"WELL," laughed Tarzan, "we shall not quarrel over the money. I must live, and so I must have it, but I shall be more contented with something to do. You cannot show me your friendship in a more convincing manner than to find employment for me. I shall die of inactivity in a short while. As for my birthright, it is in good hands. Clayton is not guilty of robbing me of it. He truly believes that he is the real Lord Grey-stoke, and the chances are that he will make a better English lord than a man who was born and raised in an African jungle. You know that I am but half civilized even now. Let me see red in anger but for a moment, and all the instincts of the savage beast that I really am submerge what little I possess of the milder ways of culture and refinement."

"And then again had I declared myself I should have robbed the woman I love of the wealth and position that her marriage to Clayton will now insure to her. I could not have done that—could I, Paul?"

"Nor is the matter of birth of great importance to me," he went on without waiting for a reply. "Raised as I have been, I see no worth in man or beast that is not theirs by virtue of their own mental or physical prowess, and so I am as happy to think of Kala as my mother as I would be to try and picture the poor, unhappy little English girl who passed away a year after she bore me. Kala was always kind to me in her fierce and savage way. I must have nursed at her hairy breast from the time that my own mother died. She fought for me against wild denizens of the forest and against the ferocity of real mother love."

"And I on my part loved her, Paul. I did not realize how much until after the cruel spear and the poisoned arrow of Mbonga's black warrior had stolen her away from me. I was still a child when that occurred, and I threw myself upon her dead body and wept out my anguish as a child might for his own mother. To you, my friend, she would have appeared a hideous and ugly creature, but to me she was beautiful, so gloriously does love transfigure."

(To Be Continued)

CHAPTER III.

What Happened in the Rue Maule.

"WELL," laughed Tarzan, "we shall not quarrel over the money. I must live, and so I must have it, but I shall be more contented with something to do. You cannot show me your friendship in a more convincing manner than to find employment for me. I shall die of inactivity in a short while. As for my birthright, it is in good hands. Clayton is not guilty of robbing me of it. He truly believes that he is the real Lord Grey-stoke, and the chances are that he will make a better English lord than a man who was born and raised in an African jungle. You know that I am but half civilized even now. Let me see red in anger but for a moment, and all the instincts of the savage beast that I really am submerge what little I possess of the milder ways of culture and refinement."

"And then again had I declared myself I should have robbed the woman I love of the wealth and position that her marriage to Clayton will now insure to her. I could not have done that—could I, Paul?"

"Nor is the matter of birth of great importance to me," he went on without waiting for a reply. "Raised as I have been, I see no worth in man or beast that is not theirs by virtue of their own mental or physical prowess, and so I am as happy to think of Kala as my mother as I would be to try and picture the poor, unhappy little English girl who passed away a year after she bore me. Kala was always kind to me in her fierce and savage way. I must have nursed at her hairy breast from the time that my own mother died. She fought for me against wild denizens of the forest and against the ferocity of real mother love."

"And I on my part loved her, Paul. I did not realize how much until after the cruel spear and the poisoned arrow of Mbonga's black warrior had stolen her away from me. I was still a child when that occurred, and I threw myself upon her dead body and wept out my anguish as a child might for his own mother. To you, my friend, she would have appeared a hideous and ugly creature, but to me she was beautiful, so gloriously does love transfigure."

(To Be Continued)

CHAPTER III.

What Happened in the Rue Maule.

"WELL," laughed Tarzan, "we shall not quarrel over the money. I must live, and so I must have it, but I shall be more contented with something to do. You cannot show me your friendship in a more convincing manner than to find employment for me. I shall die of inactivity in a short while. As for my birthright, it is in good hands. Clayton is not guilty of robbing me of it. He truly believes that he is the real Lord Grey-stoke, and the chances are that he will make a better English lord than a man who was born and raised in an African jungle. You know that I am but half civilized even now. Let me see red in anger but for a moment, and all the instincts of the savage beast that I really am submerge what little I possess of the milder ways of culture and refinement."

"And then again had I declared myself I should have robbed the woman I love of the wealth and position that her marriage to Clayton will now insure to her. I could not have done that—could I, Paul?"

"Nor is the matter of birth of great importance to me," he went on without waiting for a reply. "Raised as I have been, I see no worth in man or beast that is not theirs by virtue of their own mental or physical prowess, and so I am as happy to think of Kala as my mother as I would be to try and picture the poor, unhappy little English girl who passed away a year after she bore me. Kala was always kind to me in her fierce and savage way. I must have nursed at her hairy breast from the time that my own mother died. She fought for me against wild denizens of the forest and against the ferocity of real mother love."

"And I on my part loved her, Paul. I did not realize how much until after the cruel spear and the poisoned arrow of Mbonga's black warrior had stolen her away from me. I was still a child when that occurred, and I threw myself upon her dead body and wept out my anguish as a child might for his own mother. To you, my friend, she would have appeared a hideous and ugly creature, but to me she was beautiful, so gloriously does love transfigure."

(To Be Continued)

CHAPTER III.

What Happened in the Rue Maule.

"WELL," laughed Tarzan, "we shall not quarrel over the money. I must live, and so I must have it, but I shall be more contented with something to do. You cannot show me your friendship in a more convincing manner than to find employment for me. I shall die of inactivity in a short while. As for my birthright, it is in good hands. Clayton is not guilty of robbing me of it. He truly believes that he is the real Lord Grey-stoke, and the chances are that he will make a better English lord than a man who was born and raised in an African jungle. You know that I am but half civilized even now. Let me see red in anger but for a moment, and all the instincts of the savage beast that I really am submerge what little I possess of the milder ways of culture and refinement."

"And then again had I declared myself I should have robbed the woman I love of the wealth and position that her marriage to Clayton will now insure to her. I could not have done that—could I, Paul?"

"Nor is the matter of birth of great importance to me," he went on without waiting for a reply. "Raised as I have been, I see no worth in man or beast that is not theirs by virtue of their own mental or physical prowess, and so I am as happy to think of Kala as my mother as I would be to try and picture the poor, unhappy little English girl who passed away a year after she bore me. Kala was always kind to me in her fierce and savage way. I must have nursed at her hairy breast from the time that my own mother died. She fought for me against wild denizens of the forest and against the ferocity of real mother love."

"And I on my part loved her, Paul. I did not realize how much until after the cruel spear and the poisoned arrow of Mbonga's black warrior had stolen her away from me. I was still a child when that occurred, and I threw myself upon her dead body and wept out my anguish as a child might for his own mother. To you, my friend, she would have appeared a hideous and ugly creature, but to me she was beautiful, so gloriously does love transfigure."

(To Be Continued)

CHAPTER III.

What Happened in the Rue Maule.

"WELL," laughed Tarzan, "we shall not quarrel over the money. I must live, and so I must have it, but I shall be more contented with something to do. You cannot show me your friendship in a more convincing manner than to find employment for me. I shall die of inactivity in a short while. As for my birthright, it is in good hands. Clayton is not guilty of robbing me of it. He truly believes that he is the real Lord Grey-stoke, and the chances are that he will make a better English lord than a man who was born and raised in an African jungle. You know that I am but half civilized even now. Let me see red in anger but for a moment, and all the instincts of the savage beast that I really am submerge what little I possess of the milder ways of culture and refinement."

"And then again had I declared myself I should have robbed the woman I love of the wealth and position that her marriage to Clayton will now insure to her. I could not have done that—could I, Paul?"

"Nor is the matter of birth of great importance to me," he went on without waiting for a reply. "Raised as I have been, I see no worth in man or beast that is not theirs by virtue of their own mental or physical prowess, and so I am as happy to think of Kala as my mother as I would be to try and picture the poor, unhappy little English girl who passed away a year after she bore me. Kala was always kind to me in her fierce and savage way. I must have nursed at her hairy breast from the time that my own mother died. She fought for me against wild denizens of the forest and against the ferocity of real mother love."

"And I on my part loved her, Paul. I did not realize how much until after the cruel spear and the poisoned arrow of Mbonga's black warrior had stolen her away from me. I was still a child when that occurred, and I threw myself upon her dead body and wept out my anguish as a child might for his own mother. To you, my friend, she would have appeared a hideous and ugly creature, but to me she was beautiful, so gloriously does love transfigure."

(To Be Continued)

CHAPTER III.

What Happened in the Rue Maule.

"WELL," laughed Tarzan, "we shall not quarrel over the money. I must live, and so I must have it, but I shall be more contented with something to do. You cannot show me your friendship in a more convincing manner than to find employment for me. I shall die of inactivity in a short while. As for my birthright, it is in good hands. Clayton is not guilty of robbing me of it. He truly believes that he is the real Lord Grey-stoke, and the chances are that he will make a better English lord than a man who was born and raised in an African jungle. You know that I am but half civilized even now. Let me see red in anger but for a moment, and all the instincts of the savage beast that I really am submerge what little I possess of the milder ways of culture and refinement."

"And then again had I declared myself I should have robbed the woman I love of the wealth and position that her marriage to Clayton will now insure to her. I could not have done that—could I, Paul?"

"Nor is the matter of birth of great importance to me," he went on without waiting for a reply. "Raised as I have been, I see no worth in man or beast that is not theirs by virtue of their own mental or physical prowess, and so I am as happy to think of Kala as my mother as I would be to try and picture the poor, unhappy little English girl who passed away a year after she bore me. Kala was always kind to me in her fierce and savage way. I must have nursed at her hairy breast from the time that my own mother died. She fought for me against wild denizens of the forest and against the ferocity of real mother love."

"And I on my part loved her, Paul. I did not realize how much until after the cruel spear and the poisoned arrow of Mbonga's black warrior had stolen her away from me. I was still a child when that occurred, and I threw myself upon her dead body and wept out my anguish as a child might for his own mother. To you, my friend, she would have appeared a hideous and ugly creature, but to me she was beautiful, so gloriously does love transfigure."

(To Be Continued)

CHAPTER III.

What Happened in the Rue Maule.

"WELL," laughed Tarzan, "we shall not quarrel over the money. I must live, and so I must have it, but I shall be more contented with something to do. You cannot show me your friendship in a more convincing manner than to find employment for me. I shall die of inactivity in a short while. As for my birthright, it is in good hands. Clayton is not guilty of robbing me of it. He truly believes that he is the real Lord Grey-stoke, and the chances are that he will make a better English lord than a man who was born and raised in an African jungle. You know that I am but half civilized even now. Let me see red in anger but for a moment, and all the instincts of the savage beast that I really am submerge what little I possess of the milder ways of culture and refinement."

"And then again had I declared myself I should have robbed the woman I love of the wealth and position that her marriage to Clayton will now insure to her. I could not have done that—could I, Paul?"

"Nor is the matter of birth of great importance to me," he went on without waiting for a reply. "Raised as I have been, I see no worth in man or beast that is not theirs by virtue of their own mental or physical prowess, and so I am as happy to think of Kala as my mother as I would be to try and picture the poor, unhappy little English girl who passed away a year after she bore me. Kala was always kind to me in her fierce and savage way. I must have nursed at her hairy breast from the time that my own mother died. She fought for me against wild denizens of the forest and against the ferocity of real mother love."

"And I on my part loved her, Paul. I did not realize how much until after the cruel spear and the poisoned arrow of Mbonga's black warrior had stolen her away from me. I was still a child when that occurred, and I threw myself upon her dead body and we