

# TARZAN AND THE Jewels of Opar

By  
**EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS**

"Tales of the Apes"  
"Son of Tarzan"

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## SYNOPSIS.

**CHAPTER I.**—Hiding in the jungle after killing his captain in a fit of brooding madness, Lieut. Albert Werper, Belgian officer, is captured by Achmet Zek, Arab slave trader, who shares his life and proposes to him a scheme to kidnap Jane, wife of Tarzan (Lord Greystoke), and sell her into slavery. Werper accepts.

**CHAPTER II.**—Poisoned by a feline French traveler, Werper is rescued by the Greystokes. He learns his host is in financial straits and plans an expedition to the treasure vaults of Opar to procure gold. Werper informs Achmet Zek of the opportunity to seize Lady Greystoke, and follows Tarzan to learn the secret of Opar.

**CHAPTER III.**—Spying on Tarzan, Werper sees him load his blacks with gold from the treasure chamber of the Sun Worshipers. A convulsion of Nature causes the collapse of the vault imprisoning both men.

**CHAPTER IV.**—Werper recovers from the shock and finding Tarzan apparently dead he leaves him, seeking a way to safety. Werper is seized by priests of the flaming God, a degenerate race. He is about to be offered up as a sacrifice when the ceremonies are interrupted by the appearance of a hunger-maddened lion.

**CHAPTER V.**—Believing Tarzan dead, his black followers return home with the gold. Achmet Zek, acting on Werper's information, has attacked the Greystokes home, burned it, and carried off Lady Greystoke. Muggabi, Tarzan's lieutenant, is severely wounded but recovers and follows the raiders.

**CHAPTER VI.**—Lord Greystoke recovers consciousness, but the accident has destroyed his memory and he is again Tarzan of the Apes. Finding himself alone in the jungle, he searches for his wife. He kills his pouch with the "pretty pebbles," rescues the sacrificial chamber he was rescued by, and high priestesses whom he had known in previous years. He slays the lion and releases Werper. The latter sees the jewels and covets them.

**CHAPTER VII.**—Tarzan and Werper watch the former's party return. Werper is seized by the Greystokes and the gold. Tarzan has no memory of the place. He buries the jewels, which Werper digs up, and escapes while Tarzan sleeps.

**CHAPTER VIII.**—Reaching Achmet Zek's stronghold, Werper tells him of the gold but not of the jewels. Achmet discovers Werper has the jewels, and the Belgian, tearing for his life, escapes with the gems.

## CHAPTER IX.

Tarzan becomes a Beast Again. For a moment Werper had stood above the sleeping ape-man his murderous knife poised for the fatal thrust; but fear stayed his hand. What if the first blow should fail to drive the point to his victim's heart? Werper shuddered in contemplation of the disastrous consequences to himself.

Again came the soft sound of padded footsteps in the reeds—closer this time. He abandoned his design. Before him stretched the wide plain and escape. The jewels were in his possession. To remain longer was to risk death at the hands of Tarzan, or the jaws of the hunter creeping ever nearer. Turning, he slunk away through the night, toward the distant forest.

Tarzan slept on. Where were these uncanny guardian powers that had formerly rendered him immune from the dangers of surprise? Could this dull sleeper be the alert, sensitive Tarzan of old?

Perhaps the blow upon his head had numbed his senses temporarily—who may say? Closer crept the stealthy creature through the reeds. The rustling curtain of vegetation parted a few paces from where the sleeper lay, and the massive head of a lion appeared.

It was the beating of the beast's tail against the reeds which awakened Tarzan. Jungle folk do not awaken slowly—instinct, full consciousness and full command of their every faculty returns to them from the depth of profound slumber.

Even as Tarzan opened his eyes he was upon his feet, his spear grasped firmly in his hand and ready for attack. Again was he Tarzan of the Apes, sentient, vigilant, ready.

Whether it was surprise, fear or caution which prompted the lion crouching ready to spring upon the man, is immaterial—the fact remains that he did not carry out his original design, he did not spring at the man at all, but, instead, wheeled and sprang back into the reeds as Tarzan arose and confronted him.

The ape-man shrugged his broad shoulders and looked about for his companion. Werper was nowhere to be seen. At first Tarzan was puzzled, but presently came to the conclusion that Werper had been frightened by the approach of the lion and had sneaked off in terror. A sneer touched Tarzan's lips as he pondered the man's act—the desertion of a comrade in time of danger, and without warning. Well, if that was the sort of creature Werper was, Tarzan wished nothing more of him. He had gone, and for all the ape-man cared, he might remain away—Tarzan would not search for him.

A hundred yards from where he stood grew a large tree. Above the edge of the reedy jungle, Tarzan made his way to it, clambered into it, and finding a comfortable crotch among its branches, opened himself for uninterrupted sleep until morn-

ing. And when morning came Tarzan opened his eyes, stretched his giant thighs, yawned, rose and gazed about him through the leafy foliage of his retreat. Across the wasted meadow-lands and fields of John Clayton, Lord Greystoke, Tarzan of the Apes looked, as a stranger, upon the moving figures of Basuli and his braves as they prepared their morning meal and made ready to set out upon the expedition which Basuli had planned after discovering the havoc and disaster which had befallen the estate of his dead master.

The ape-man eyed the blacks with curiosity. In the back of his brain loitered a fleeting sense of familiarity with all that he saw, yet he could not connect any of the various forms of life, animate and inanimate, which had fallen within the range of his vision since he had emerged from the darkness of the pits of Opar, with any particular event of the past.

He watched the blacks scatter their cook fire and depart; but though the face of each of them had but recently been as familiar to him as his own they awakened within him no recollections whatsoever.

When they had gone, he descended from the tree and sought food. A plump young zebra mare and a stallion grazed nearest to him as he neared the herd. It was instinct which selected the former for his meat. A low bush grew but a few yards from the unsuspecting two. The ape-man reached its shelter. He gathered his spear firmly in his grasp. Cautiously he drew his feet beneath him. In a single swift move he rose and cast his heavy weapon at the mare's side. Nor did he wait to note the effect of his assault, but leaped catlike after his spear his hunting knife in his hand.

For an instant the two animals stood motionless. The tearing of the cruel barb into her side brought a sudden scream of pain and fright from the mare, and then they both wheeled and broke for safety; but Tarzan of the Apes, for a distance of a few yards, could equal the speed of even these, and the first stride of the mare found he overhauled, with a savage beast at her shoulder. She turned, biting and kicking at her foe. Her mate hesitated for an instant, as though about to rush to her assistance; but a backward glance revealed to him the flying heels of the balance of the herd, and with a snort and a shake of his head he wheeled and dashed away.

Clinging with one hand to the short mane of his quarry, Tarzan struck again and again with his knife at the unprotected heart. The result had, from the first, been inevitable. The mare fought bravely, but hopelessly, and presently sank to the earth, her heart pierced. The ape-man placed a foot upon her carcass and raised his voice in the victory call of the Mangani.

Tarzan grasped his kill and dragged it to the partial seclusion of the bush which had hidden his own near approach, and there he squatted upon it, cut a huge hunk of flesh from the loin and proceeded to satisfy his hunger with the warm and dripping meat.

Attracted by the shrill screams of the mare a pair of hyenas slunk presently into view. They trotted to a point a few yards from the gorging ape-man and halted. Tarzan looked up, bared his fighting fangs and growled. The hyenas returned the compliment, and withdrew a couple of paces. They made no move to attack; but continued to sit at a respectful distance until Tarzan had concluded his meal. After the ape-man had cut a few strips from the carcass to carry with him, he walked slowly off in the direction of the river to quench his thirst. His way lay directly toward the hyenas, nor did he alter his course because of them.

With all the lordly majesty of Numa, the lion, he strode straight toward the growling beasts. For a moment they held their ground, bristling and defiant; but only for a moment, and then slunk away to one side while the indifferent ape-man passed them on his lordly way. A moment later they were tearing at the remains of the zebra.

At the river, Tarzan drank his fill and bathed. During the heat of the day he lay up under the shade of a tree near the ruins of his burned barns. His eyes wandered out across the plain toward the forest, and a longing for the pleasures of its mysterious depths possessed his thoughts for a considerable time. With the next sun he would cross the open and enter the forest! There was no hurry—there lay before him an endless vista of tomorrows with naught to fill them but the satisfying of the appetites and caprices of the moment. Recalling only dimly any other existence, the ape-man was happy. Lord Greystoke had ceased to exist.

For several hours Tarzan lolled upon his swaying leafy couch until once again hunger and thirst suggested an excursion. Stretching lazily he dropped to the ground and moved slowly toward the river. Tarzan had almost reached the point where the trail debouched upon the open river bottom when he saw a family of lions approaching along the path from the direction of the river. The ape-man counted seven—a male and two lionesses, full grown, and four young lions as large and quite as formidable as their parents. Tarzan halted, growling, and the lions passed the great male in the lead baring his fangs and rumbling forth a warning roar. In his hand the ape-man held his heavy spear; but he had no intention of putting his puny weapon against seven lions; yet he stood there growling and roaring and the lions did like wise. It was purely an exhibition of jungle bluff. Each was trying to frighten off the other. Neither wished

to turn back and give way, nor did either at first desire to precipitate an encounter. The lions were fed up sufficiently so as not to be goaded by pangs of hunger and as for Tarzan he seldom ate the meat of the carnivores; but a point of ethics was at stake and neither side wished to "back down." So they stood there facing one another, making all sorts of hideous noises the while they hurled jungle invective back and forth.

There came an interruption which put an end to the deadlock and it came from Tarzan's rear. He and the lions had been making so much noise that neither could hear anything above their concerted bellowing, and so it was that Tarzan did not hear the great bulk bearing down from behind until an instant before it was upon him, and then he turned to see Buto, the rhinoceros, his little pig eyes blazing, charging madly toward him and already so close that escape seemed impossible; yet so perfectly were mind and muscles co-ordinated in this unspooled, primitive man that almost simultaneously with the sense-perception of the threatened danger he wheeled and hurled his spear at Buto's chest. It was a heavy spear, shod with iron, and behind it were the giant muscles of the ape-man, while coming to meet it was the enormous weight of Buto and the momentum of his rapid rush. All that happened in the instant that Tarzan turned to meet the charge of the irascible rhinoceros might take long to tell, and yet would have taxed the swiftest lens to record. As his spear left his hand the ape-man was looking down upon the mighty horn lowered to toss him, so close was Buto to him. The spear entered the rhinoceros' neck at its junction with the left shoulder and passed almost entirely through the beast's body, and at the instant that he



Tarzan Leaped Straight Into the Air. launched it, Tarzan leaped straight into the air, alighting upon Buto's back, but escaping the mighty horn.

Then Buto espied the lions and bore madly down upon them while Tarzan of the Apes leaped nimbly into the tangled creepers at one side of the trail. The first lion met Buto's charge and was tossed high over the back of the maddened brute, torn and dying, and then the six remaining lions were upon the rhinoceros, rending and tearing the while they were being gored or trampled. From the safety of his perch Tarzan watched the battle royal with the keenest interest. For a time it seemed that Buto, the rhinoceros, would prove victor in the gory battle. Already had he accounted for four of the seven lions and badly wounded the three remaining when, at a temporary lull in the encounter, he sank limply to his knees and rolled over upon his side. Tarzan's spear had pierced the great lungs and Buto, with victory almost in sight, succumbed to internal hemorrhage.

Then Tarzan came down from his sanctuary and as the wounded lions, growling, dragged themselves away, the ape-man cut his spear from the body of Buto, hacked off a steak and vanished into the jungle. The episode was over. It had been all in the day's work—something which you and I might talk about for a lifetime. Tarzan dismissed from his mind the moment that the scene passed from his sight.

Swinging back through the jungle in a wide circle the ape-man came to the river at another point, drank and took to the trees again and while he hunted, all oblivious of his past and careless of his future, there came through the dark jungles and the open, park-like places and across the wide meadows, where grazed the countless herds of the mysterious continent, a weird and terrible caravan in search of him. There were fifty, frightful men with hairy bodies and grizzled and crooked legs. They were armed with knives and great bludgeons and at their head marched an almost naked woman, beautiful beyond compare. It was La of Opar, High Priestess of the flaming God, and fifty of her horrid priests searching for the porter of the sacred sacrificial knife. Never before had La passed beyond the crumbling outer walls of Opar, but never before had need been so insistent. The sacred knife was gone. Handed down through countless ages it had come to her as a heritage and an insignia of her religious office and real authority from some long-dead progenitor of lost and forgotten Atlanteans. When that continent, with all its mighty cities and its cultivated fields and great commerce and culture and riches sank into the sea long ages since, it took with it all but a handful

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of colonists working the vast gold mines of central Africa. From these and their degraded slaves and a later intermixture of the blood of the anthropoids sprung the grizzled men of Opar; but by some queer freak of fate, aided by natural selection, the old Atlantean strain had remained pure and undegraded in the females descended from a single princess of the royal house of Atlantis who had been in Opar at the time of the great catastrophe. Such was La.

Burning with white-hot anger was the high priestess, her heart a seething, molten mass of hatred for Tarzan of the Apes. The zeal of the religious fanatic whose altar has been desecrated was triply enhanced by the rage of a woman scorned. Twice had she thrown her heart at the feet of the godlike ape-man and twice had she been repulsed. Before Tarzan came that first time to Opar, La had never seen a human male other than the grotesque and knotted men of her clan. With one of these she must mate sooner or later that the direct line of high priestesses might not be broken, unless fate should bring other men to Opar.

Among the legends of Opar were tales of godlike men of the olden time and of black men who had come more recently; but these latter had been enemies who killed and robbed. And too, these legends always held forth the hope that some day that nameless continent from which their race had sprung would rise once more out of the sea and with slaves at the long sweeps would send her galleys, gold-packed galleys forth to succor the long-exiled colonists.

The coming of Tarzan had aroused within La's breast the wild hope that at last the fulfillment of this ancient prophecy was at hand; but more strongly still had it aroused the hot fires of love in a heart that never otherwise would have known the meaning of that all-consuming passion, for such a wondrous creature as La could never have felt love for any of the repulsive priests of Opar. Custom, duty and religious zeal might have commanded the union; but there could have been no love on La's part. She had grown to young womanhood a cold and heartless creature, daughter of a thousand other cold, heartless, beautiful women who had never known love. And so when love came to her it liberated all the pent passions of a thousand generations, transforming La into a pulsing, throbbing volcano of desire, and with desire heightened this great force of love and gentleness and sacrifice was transmuted by La's own fires into one of hatred and revenge.

It was in a state of mind superinduced by these conditions that La led forth her jabbering company to retrieve the sacred emblem of her high office and wreak vengeance upon the

murderer of her wrongs. He should be tortured. His should be a slow and frightful death. His punishment should be adequate to the immensity of his crime. He had wrested the sacred knife from La; he had slain sacrilegious hands upon the High Priestess of the flaming God; he had desecrated the altar and the temple. For these things he should die; but he had scorned the love of La, the woman, and for this he should die horribly with great anguish.

The march of La and her priests was not without its adventures. Unseen were these to the ways of the jungle, since seldom did any venture forth from behind Opar's crumbling walls; yet their very numbers protected them and so they came without fatalities far along the trail of Tarzan and Werper. Three great apes accompanied them and to these was delegated the business of tracking the quarry, a feat beyond the senses of the Oparians. La commanded. She was a hard taskmaster, too; for she looked down with loathing and contempt upon the misshapen creatures amongst which cruel fate had thrown her and to some extent vented upon them her dissatisfaction and her thwarted love. She made them build her a strong protection and shelter each night and keep a great fire burning before it from dusk to dawn. When she tired of walking they were forced to carry her upon an improvised litter, nor did one dare to question her authority or her right to such services.

For many days they marched, the apes following the trail easily and going a little distance ahead of the body of the caravan that they might warn the others of impending danger. It was during a noonday halt while all were lying resting after a tiresome march that one of the apes rose suddenly and sniffed the breeze. In a low guttural he cautioned the others to silence and a moment later was swinging quietly up wind into the jungle. La and the priests gathered silently together, the hideous little men finger their knives and bludgeons, and awaited the return of the shaggy anthropoid.

Nor had they long to wait before they saw him, emerge from a leafy thicket, and approach them. Straight to La he came, and in the language of the great apes, which was also the language of decadent Opar, he addressed her.

"The great Tarmangani lies asleep there," he said, pointing in the direction from which he had just come. "Come and we can kill him."

"Do not kill him," commanded La in cold tones. "Bring the great Tarmangani to me alive and unhurt. The vengeance is La's. Go; but make no sound!" and she waved her hands to include all her followers.

Cautionously the weird party crept W. A. McCurtain, Aust.

through the jungle in the wake of the great ape until at last he halted them with a raised hand and pointed upward. There they saw the ape-man stretched along a low bough, and even in sleep one hand grasped a stout limb and one strong, brown leg reached out and overlapped another. At ease lay Tarzan of the Apes, sleeping heavily upon a full stomach and dreaming of Numa, the lion, and Horta, the bear, and other creatures of the jungle. No intimation of danger assailed the dormant faculties of the ape-man—he saw no crouching hairy figures upon the ground beneath him nor the three apes that swung quietly into the tree beside him.

The first intimation of danger that came to Tarzan was the impact of three bodies as the three apes leaped upon him and hurled him to the ground, where he alighted half stunned beneath their combined weight, and was immediately set upon by the fifty hairy men or as many of them as could swarm upon his person. Instantly the ape-man became the center of a whirling, striking, biting maelstrom of horror. He fought nobly, but the odds against him were too great. Slowly they overcame him, though there was scarce one of them did not feel the weight of his mighty fist or the rending of his fangs.

AT 15 (TO BE CONTINUED.)

C. Arthur Tutour, of Indianapolis, came Thursday evening to attend the Van Rensselaer club dance.

Mrs. Grant Wnaga and baby returned Thursday from a visit with her husband at South Bend. She came home to pack her household goods and will move there soon.

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