

TARZAN AND THE Jewels of Opar

By
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"Tarzan 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. Adis Abeba, is captured by Achmet Zek, Arab slave raider, who spares 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.—Posing as Jules Freecout, French traveler, Werper is hospitably received by the Greystokes. He learns his host is in financial straits and plans an expedition to the treasure room of Opar to procure gold. Werper informs himself 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, leaves him. Seeking a way to safety, Werper is seized by agents 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, carried off Lady Greystoke, Mugambi, 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. Fleeing from the jungle, he reaches the jungle chamber in the jewel room of Opar. He fills his pouch with "pretty pebbles." Reaching the sacrificial chamber he is recognized by La, high priestess, whom he had known in previous years. He slays the priestess and releases Tarzan. The latter sees the jewels and covets them.

CHAPTER VII.—Tarzan and Werper watch the formation of a retinue of Le and Greystoke's home and carry 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. Lady Greystoke is there, prepared to sacrifice herself. Werper has the jewels, and the Belgian, fearing for his life, escapes with the gems.

CHAPTER IX.—Tarzan misses Werper but does not discover the theft of the jewels. He resumes the life of a wild man. La and the priests of the Flaming God seek Tarzan and Werper to recover the sacrificial knife, which the latter had married off. They capture Tarzan.

CHAPTER X.—The priests make ready to offer Tarzan as a sacrifice to the Flaming God. He offers his life in exchange for his love. He refuses, and is captured. The priestess calls Tantor, the elephant, to his rescue. Tantor comes, but in an insane rage destroys all in his path. La frees Tarzan and he saves her from the elephant.

CHAPTER XI.—The priests who escaped Tantor's rage return to the temple with La. Tarzan remembers the jewels and finding them gone realizes Werper has stolen them. He follows the scent of the Belgian, determined on revenge.

CHAPTER XII.

The Flight of Werper.

After Werper had arranged the dummy in his bed and sneaked out into the darkness of the village beneath the rear wall of his tent he had gone directly to the hut in which Jane Clayton was held captive.

The Belgian, being one of Achmet Zek's principal lieutenants, might naturally go where he wished within or without the village, and so the sentry did not question his right to enter the hut with the white woman prisoner.

Within, Werper called in French and in a low whisper: "Lady Greystoke! It is I, M. Freecout. Where are you?" But there was no response. Hastily the man felt around the interior, groping blindly through the darkness with outstretched hands. There was no one within!

Werper's astonishment surpassed words. He was on the point of stepping without to question the sentry, when his eyes, becoming accustomed to the dark, discovered a blotch of lesser blackness near the base of the rear wall of the hut. Examination revealed the fact that the blotch was an opening cut in the wall. It was large enough to permit the passage of his body, and, assured as he was that Lady Greystoke had passed out through the aperture in an attempt to escape the village, he lost no time in availing himself of the same avenue; but neither did he lose time in a fruitless search for Jane Clayton.

His own life depended upon the chance of his eluding or outdistancing Achmet Zek, when that worthy should have discovered that he had escaped. His original plan had contemplated his connivance in the escape of Lady Greystoke for good and sufficient reasons. Accompanied by a titled Englishwoman whom he had rescued from a frightening fate, and his identity vouched for by her as that of a Frenchman by the name of Freecout, he had looked forward, and not without reason, to the active assistance of the British from the moment that he came in contact with their first outpost.

But now that Lady Greystoke had disappeared, though he still looked toward the east for hope his chances

were lessened, and another, subsidiary design, completely dashed. From the moment that he had first laid eyes upon Jane Clayton he had nursed within his breast a secret passion for the beautiful American wife of the English lord and when Achmet Zek's discovery of the jewels had necessitated flight, the Belgian had dreamed, in his planning, of a future in which he might convince Lady Greystoke that her husband was dead, and by playing upon her gratitude win her for himself.

At that part of the village farthest from the gates Werper discovered that two or three long poles, taken from a near-by pile which had been collected for the construction of huts, had been leaned against the top of the palisade, forming a precarious, though not impossible, avenue of escape.

Rightly, he inferred that thus had Lady Greystoke found the means to scale the wall, nor did he lose even a moment in following her lead. Once in the jungle he struck out directly eastward.

A few miles south of him, Jane Clayton lay panting among the branches of a tree in which she had taken refuge from a prowling and hungry lioness.

Her escape from the village had been much easier than she had anticipated. The knife which she had used to cut her way through the brush wall of the hut to freedom, she had found sticking in the wall of her prison, doubtless left there by accident when a former tenant had vacated the premises.

For an hour she had followed the old game trail toward the south, until there fell upon her trained hearing the stealthy padding of a stalking beast behind her. The nearest tree gave her instant sanctuary, for she was too wise in the ways of the jungle to chance her safety for a moment after discovering that she was being hunted.

Werper, with better success, traveled slowly onward until dawn, when, to his chagrin, he discovered a mounted Arab upon his trail. It was one of Achmet Zek's minions, many of whom were scattered in all directions through the forest, searching for the fugitive Belgian.

Jane Clayton's escape had not yet been discovered when Achmet Zek and his searchers set forth to overhaul Werper.

With the discovery of the Arab close behind him, the Belgian hid in the foliage of a leafy bush. Here the trail ran straight for a considerable distance, and down the shady forest aisle, beneath the overarching branches of the trees, rode the white-robed figure of the pursuer.

Nearer and nearer he came. Werper crouched closer to the ground behind the leaves of his hiding place. Across the trail a vine moved. Werper's eyes instantly centered upon the spot. There was no wind to stir the foliage in the depths of the jungle. Again the vine moved. In the mind of the Belgian only the presence of a sinister and malevolent force could account for the phenomenon.

The man's eyes bored steadily into the screen of leaves upon the opposite side of the trail. Gradually a form took shape beyond them—a tawny form, grim and terrible, with yellow-green eyes glaring fearlessly across the narrow trail straight into his.

Werper could have screamed in fright, but up the trail was coming the messenger of another death, equally sure and no less terrible. He remained silent, almost paralyzed by fear. The Arab approached. Across the trail from Werper the lion crouched for the spring, when suddenly his attention was attracted toward the horseman.

The black looked furtively about him. The body was still warm, and from this fact he reasoned that the killer was close at hand, yet no sign of living man appeared. Mugambi shook his head, and continued along the trail, but with redoubled caution.

All day he traveled, stopping occasionally to call aloud the single word, "Lady," in the hope that at last she might hear and respond; but in the end his loyal devotion brought him to disaster.

From the northeast, for several months, Abdul Mourak, in command of a detachment of Abyssinian soldiers, had been assiduously searching for the Arab raider, Achmet Zek, who, six months previously, had affronted the majesty of Abdul Mourak's emperor by conducting a slave raid within the boundaries of Menelek's domain.

And now it happened that Abdul Mourak had halted for a short rest at noon upon this very day and along the same trail that Werper and Mugambi were following toward the east.

It was shortly after the soldiers had dismounted that the Belgian, unaware of their presence, rode his tired mount almost into their midst, before he had discovered them. Instantly he was surrounded, and a volley of questions hurled at him, as he was pulled from his horse and led toward the presence of the commander.

Falling back upon his European nationality Werper assured Abdul Mourak that he was a Frenchman, hunting in Africa, and that he had been attacked by strangers, his safari killed or scattered, and himself escaping only by a miracle.

From a chance remark of the Abyssinian, Werper discovered the purpose of the expedition. Lest he might again fall into the hands of the raider he discouraged Abdul Mourak in the further prosecution of his pursuit, assuring the Abyssinian that Achmet Zek commanded a large and dangerous force, and also that he was marching rapidly toward the south.

But he did not flee alone. As the frightened beast had pressed in upon him, Werper had not been slow to note the quickly emptied saddle and the opportunity it presented. Scarce had the lion dragged the Arab from one side, than the Belgian, seizing the pom-

mel of the saddle and the horse's mane, leaped upon the horse's back from the other.

A half hour later a naked giant, swinging easily through the lower branches of the trees, paused, and with raised head, and dilating nostrils sniffed the morning air. The smell of blood fell strong upon his nose, and mingled with it was the scent of Numa, the lion. The giant cocked his head upon one side and listened.

From a short distance up the trail came the unmistakable noises of the greedy feeding of a lion. Tarzan approached the spot, still keeping to the branches of the trees. He made no effort to conceal his approach, and presently he had evidence that Numa had heard him, from the ominous, rumbling warning that broke from a thicket beside the trail.

Haiting upon a low branch just above the lion Tarzan looked down upon the grisly scene. Could this unrecognizable thing be the man he had been trailing?

He scolded Numa and tried to drive the great beast away; but only angry growls rewarded his efforts. He tore small branches from a near-by limb and hurled them at his ancient enemy. Numa looked up with bared fangs, grinning hideously, but he did not rise from his kill.

Pleading that he was but a harmless hunter from a tribe farther south, Mugambi begged to be allowed to go upon his way; but Abdul Mourak, admiring the warrior's splendid physique, decided to take him back to Adis Abeba and present him to Menelek.

Mugambi had not the slightest doubt but that during the course of the journey he would find ample opportunity to elude the vigilance of his guards and make good his escape.

Then there came a time when he learned a very surprising thing, by accident.

The party had camped early in the afternoon of a sultry day upon the banks of a clear and beautiful stream. The bottom of the river was gravelly, there was no indication of crocodile, those menaces to promiscuous bathing in the rivers of certain portions of the dark continent, and so the Abyssinians took advantage of the opportunity to perform long-deferred and much-needed ablutions.

As Werper, who, with Mugambi, had been given permission to enter the water, removed his clothing the black noted the care with which he unfastened something which circled his waist, and which he took off with his shirt, keeping the latter always around and concealing the object of his suspicious solitude.

It was this very carefulness which attracted the black's attention to the careful search for the pouch, but nowhere upon or about the corpse was any sign of the missing article or its contents. The ape-man was disappointed—possibly not so much because of the loss of the colored pebbles as with Numa for robbing him of the pleasures of revenge.

Wondering what could have become of his possessions, the ape-man turned slowly back along the trail in the direction from which he had come. Taking to the trees, he moved directly south in search of prey, that he might satisfy his hunger before midday, and then lie up for the afternoon.

Scarce had he quitted the trail when a tall, black warrior, moving at a dogged trot, passed toward the east. It was Mugambi, searching for his mistress. He continued along the trail, halting to examine the body of the dead lion.

The black looked furtively about him. The body was still warm, and from this fact he reasoned that the killer was close at hand, yet no sign of living man appeared. Mugambi shook his head, and continued along the trail, but with redoubled caution.

All day he traveled, stopping occasionally to call aloud the single word, "Lady," in the hope that at last she might hear and respond; but in the end his loyal devotion brought him to disaster.

The following morning Abdul Mourak was enraged and chagrined to discover that his huge black prisoner had escaped during the night, while Werper was terrified for the same reason, until his trembling fingers discovered the pouch still in its place beneath his shirt, and within it the hard outlines of its contents.

(To Be Continued).

for his command to pitch camp where they were, preparatory to taking up the return march toward Abyssinia the following morning.

It was late in the afternoon that the attention of the camp was attracted toward the west by the sound of a powerful voice calling a single word, repeated several times: "Lady! Lady!"

True to their instincts of precaution, a number of Abyssinians, acting under orders from Abdul Mourak, advanced stealthily through the jungle toward the author of the call.

A half hour later they returned, dragging Mugambi among them. The first person the big black's eyes fell upon as he was hustled into the presence of the Abyssinian officer was M. Jules Freecout, the Frenchman who had been the guest of his master and whom he last had seen entering the village of Achmet Zek under circumstances which pointed to his familiarity and friendship for the raiders.

Between the disasters that had befallen his master and his master's house and the Frenchman, Mugambi saw a sinister relationship, which kept him from recalling to Werper's attention the identity which the latter evidently failed to recognize.

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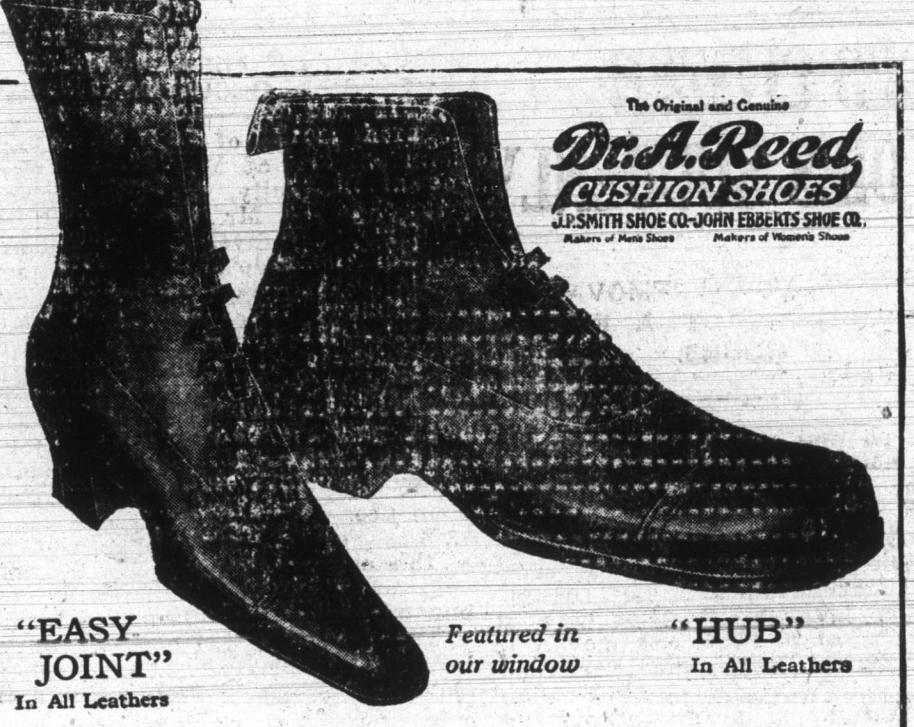
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