

TARZAN AND THE Jewels of Opar

By
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BURROUGHS**

Author of
"Tarzan of the Apes"
"Son of Tarzan"

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Hiding in the jungle after killing his captives in a plot of broodiness, Lord Albert Werper, Belgian officer, is captured by Achmet Zek, Arab slave raider, who spares his life and proposes to him a scheme to kidnap Jane Clayton, the daughter of the millionaire, and sell her into slavery. Werper accepts.

CHAPTER II.—Posting as Jules Freccout, French traveler, Werper is hospitably received 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 lead his blacks with gold from the treasure chamber of the Sun Worahipera. 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 Greystoke home, burned it, and 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 scene of his misfortune he finds himself in the jewel room of Opar. He fills his pouch with the "pretty pebbles." Reaching the sacrificial chamber he is recognized by La, high priestess, 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 to the ruined Greystoke home and bury 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 then taken prisoner. Achmet Zek recognizes Werper as the redoubtable enemy of such as he, and he saw, too, in the circumstances an opportunity to rid himself forever of the menace of the ape-man's presence.

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 carried off. They capture Tarzan.

CHAPTER X.—The priests make ready to offer Tarzan as a sacrifice to the Flaming God. La offers him life in exchange for his love. He refuses, and in the jungle language calls for the ape-man, to his rescue. Tarzan comes, but as an insane rage destroys all in his path, La flees Tarzan and he saves her from the elephant.

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

CHAPTER XII.—Lady Greystoke escapes from Achmet Zek and makes her way into the jungle. Werper, fleeing from the raider, is made prisoner by Abdul Mourak, Abyssinian officer in command of soldiers sent to wipe out Achmet Zek's marauding band. Mugambi, seeking Lady Greystoke, is also captured by Mourak. He sees the jewels Werper has, and recognizing the pouch as the property of his master, steals the gems, replacing them with worthless pebbles, and escapes.

CHAPTER XIII.

Tarzan Again Leads the Mangani.

Achmet Zek with two of his followers had circled far to the south to intercept the flight of his deserting lieutenant, Werper. Others had spread out in various directions, so that a vast circle had been formed by them during the night, and now they were beating in toward the center.

A slight noise in the jungle upon the opposite side of the clearing brought Achmet Zek to immediate and alert attention. He gathered his rifle in readiness for instant use, at the same time motioning his followers to silence and concealment.

Presently the foliage parted and a woman's face appeared, glancing fearfully from side to side. A moment later, evidently satisfied that no immediate danger lurked before her, she stepped out into the clearing in full view of the Arab.

Achmet Zek caught his breath with a muttered exclamation of incredulity and an imprecation. The woman was the prisoner he had thought safely guarded at his camp!

Apparently she was alone, but Achmet Zek waited that he might make sure of it before seizing her. Slowly Jane Clayton started across the clearing. Though she was almost despairing of ever reaching safety she still was determined to fight on, until death or success terminated her endeavors.

As the Arabs watched her from the safety of their concealment and Achmet Zek noted with satisfaction that she was walking directly into his clutches, another pair of eyes looked down upon the entire scene from the foliage of an adjacent tree.

Fuzzled, troubled eyes were, for all their gray savage glint, for their owner was struggling with an intangible suggestion of the familiarity of the face and figure of the woman below him.

A sudden crashing of the bushes at the point from which Jane Clayton had emerged into the clearing brought her to a sudden stop and attracted the attention of the Arabs and the watcher

in the tree to the same point. The woman wheeled about to see what new danger menaced her from behind, and as she did so a great anthropoid ape waddled into view. Behind him came another and another; but Lady Greystoke did not wait to learn how many more of the hideous creatures were so close upon her trail. With a smothered scream she rushed toward the opposite jungle, and as she reached the bushes there, Achmet Zek and his two henchmen rose up and seized her. At the same instant a naked, brown giant dropped from the branches of a tree at the right of the clearing.

Turning toward the astonished apes he gave voice to a short volley of low gutturals, and without waiting to note the effect of his words upon them, wheeled and charged for the Arabs. Achmet Zek was dragging Jane Clayton toward his tethered horse. His two men were hastily unfastening all three mounts. The woman, struggling to escape the Arab, turned and saw the ape-man running toward her. A glad light of hope illumined her face.

"John!" she cried. "Thank God that you have come in time!"

Behind Tarzan came the great apes,



"John!" She Cried.

wondering, but obedient to his summons. The Arabs saw that they would not have time to mount and make their escape before the beasts and the man were upon them. Achmet Zek recognized the latter as the redoubtable enemy of such as he, and he saw, too, in the circumstances an opportunity to rid himself forever of the menace of the ape-man's presence.

Calling on his men to follow his example he raised his rifle and leveled it upon the charging giant. His followers, acting with no less alacrity than himself, fired almost simultaneously, and with the reports of the rifles, Tarzan of the Apes and two of his hairy henchmen pitched forward among the jungle grasses.

The noise of the rifle shots brought the balance of the apes to a wondering pause, and, taking advantage of their momentary distraction, Achmet Zek and his followers leaped to their horses' backs and galloped away with the now hopeless and grief-stricken woman.

Back to the village they rode, and once again Lady Greystoke found herself incarcerated in the filthy little hut from which she had thought to have escaped for good.

Singly and in twos the searchers who had ridden out with Achmet Zek upon the trail of the Belgian returned empty handed. With the report of each raider's rifle and the report of the rifle, Achmet Zek and his followers leaped to their horses' backs and galloped away with the now hopeless and grief-stricken woman.

With the escape of the Arabs the great apes had turned their attention to their fallen comrades. Tarzan was the first to regain consciousness. Sitting up he looked about him. Blood was flowing from a wound in his shoulder.

The shock had thrown him down and dazed him; but he was far from dead. Rising slowly to his feet he let his eyes wander toward the spot where last he had seen the She who had aroused within his savage breast such strange emotions.

"Where is she?" he asked. "The Tarmangani took her away," replied one of the apes. "Where are you who speak the language of the Mangani?"

"I am Tarzan," replied the ape-man; "mighty hunter, greatest of fighters. When I roar the jungle is silent and trembles with terror. I am Tarzan of the Apes. I have been away; but now I have come back to my people."

"Yes," spoke up an old ape, "he is Tarzan. I know him. It is well that he has come back. Now we shall have good hunting."

The apes told Tarzan that they had been traveling toward the east when the scent spoor of the she had attracted them and they had stalked her. Now they wished to continue upon their interrupted march; but Tarzan preferred to follow the Arabs and take the woman from them.

And so, as Jane Clayton was pushed into her prison hut and her hands and feet securely bound, her natural protector roamed off toward the east in company with a score of hairy monsters, with whom he rubbed shoulders as familiarly as a few months before he had mingled with his immaculate fellow members of one of London's most select and exclusive clubs.

But all the time there lurked in the back of his injured brain a troublesome conviction that he had no business

where he was—that he should be, for some unaccountable reason, elsewhere and among another sort of creatures. Also, there was the compelling urge to be upon the scent of the Arabs, undertaking the rescue of the woman who had appealed so strongly to his savage sentiments; though the thought-word which naturally occurred to him in the contemplation of the venture, was "capture," rather than "rescue."

He spoke to his fellow-apes upon the matter, in an attempt to persuade them to accompany him; but all except Taglat and Chulk refused. The latter was young and strong, endowed with a greater intelligence than his fellows, and therefore the possessor of better developed powers of imagination. To him the expedition savored of adventure, and so he appealed strongly. With Taglat there was another incentive—a secret and sinister incentive, which had Tarzan of the Apes had knowledge of it, would have sent him at the other's throat in jealous rage.

Taglat was no longer young; but he was still a formidable beast, mightily muscled, cruel, and, because of his greater experience, crafty and cunning.

These two, then, were to be Tarzan's companions upon his return to the village of Achmet Zek. As they set off the balance of the tribe vouchsafed them but a parting stare and then resumed the serious business of feeding.

It was mid-afternoon of a sultry, tropical day when the keen sense of the three warned them of the proximity of the Arab camp. Stealthily



Stealthily They Approached.

they approached, keeping to the dense tangle of growing things which made concealment easy to their uncanny jungle craft.

Silently they made their way to the edge of the clearing which surrounded the palisade, and here they clambered into the lower branches of a large tree overlooking the village occupied by the enemy, the better to spy upon his goings and comings.

A horseman, white burnoosed, rode out through the gateway of the village. Tarzan, whispering to Chulk and Taglat to remain where they were, swung, monkey-like, through the trees in the direction of the trail the Arab was riding. From one jungle giant to the next he sped with the rapidity of a squirrel and the silence of a ghost.

The Arab rode slowly onward, unconscious of the danger hovering in the trees behind him. The ape-man made a slight detour and increased his speed until he had reached a point upon the trail in advance of the horseman. Here he halted upon a leafy bough which overhung the narrow trail. On came the victim, humming a wild air of the great desert land of the North. Above him poised the savage brute that was today bent upon the destruction of a human life—the same creature who a few months before had occupied his seat in the house of lords at London, a respected and distinguished member of that august body.

The Arab passed beneath the overhanging bough, there was a slight rustling of the leaves above, the horse snorted and plunged as a brown-skinned creature dropped upon its rump. A pair of mighty arms encircled the Arab and he was dragged from his saddle to the trail.

Ten minutes later the ape-man, carrying the outer garments of an Arab bundled beneath an arm, rejoined his companions. He exhibited his trophies to them, explaining in low gutturals the details of his exploit.

Then Tarzan led them back through the jungle to the trail, where the three hid themselves and waited. Nor had they long to wait before two of Achmet Zek's blacks, clothed in habiliments similar to their master's, came down the trail on foot, returning to the camp.

One moment they were laughing and talking together—the next they lay stretched in death upon the trail, their mighty engines of destruction bending over them. Tarzan removed their outer garments as he had removed those of his first victim and again retired with Chulk and Taglat to the greater seclusion of the tree they had first selected.

Here the ape-man arranged the garments upon his shaggy fellows and himself, until, at a distance, it might have appeared that three white-robed Arabs squatted silently among the branches of the forest.

It was long after darkness had fallen that Tarzan led his companions from their hiding place in the tree to the ground and around the palisade to the

far side of the village.

Gathering the skirts of his burnoosed beneath one arm, that his legs might have free action, the ape-man took a short running start and scrambled to the top of the barrier. Fearing lest the apes should rend their garments to shreds in a similar attempt, he had directed them to wait below for him and, himself securely perched upon the summit of the palisade, he unsling his spear and lowered one end of it to Chulk.

The ape seized it and, while Tarzan held tightly to the upper end, the anthropoid climbed quickly up the shaft until with one paw he grasped the top of the wall. To scramble then to Tarzan's side was the work of but an instant. In like manner Taglat was conducted to their sides and a moment later the three dropped silently within the enclosure.

Tarzan led them first to the rear of the hut in which Jane Clayton was confined, where, through the roughly repaired aperture in the wall, he sought with his sensitive nostrils for proof that the She he had come for was within.

Chulk and Taglat, their hairy faces pressed close to that of the patrician, sniffed with him. Each caught the scent spoor of the woman within and each reacted according to his temperament and his habits of thought.

It left Chulk indifferent. The She was for Tarzan—all that he desired was to bury his snout in the foodstuffs of the Tarmangani. He had come to eat his fill without labor—Tarzan had told him that that should be his reward, and he was satisfied.

But Taglat's wicked, bloodshot eyes narrowed to the realization of the nearing fulfillment of his carefully nursed plan. It is true that sometimes during the several days that had elapsed since they had set out upon their expedition it had been difficult for Taglat to hold his idea uppermost in his mind, and on several occasions he had completely forgotten it until Tarzan, by a chance word, had recalled it to him, but, for an ape, Taglat had done well.

Now, he licked his chops and made a sickening, sucking noise with his flabby lips as he drew in his breath.

Satisfied that the She was where he had hoped to find her, Tarzan led his apes toward the tent of Achmet Zek. A passing Arab and two slaves saw them, but the night was dark and the white burnooses hid the hairy limbs of the apes and the giant figure of their leader so that the three, by squatting down as though in conversation, were passed by unsuspected. To the rear of the tent they made their way. Within, Achmet Zek conversed with several of his lieutenants. Without, Tarzan listened.

(To Be Continued.)

TRIAL CALENDAR April Term, 1929.

Third Week.
April 26, Monday—1698—State vs. Bell.
April 26, Monday—9178—Premier Stock Farm Co. vs. Seidler.
April 26, Monday—9166—Citizens National Bank of Mulberry vs. Templeton.
April 27, Tuesday—9177—Wood vs. Buers et al.
April 28, Wednesday—9072—Jones vs. Oliver et al.
April 29, Thursday.
April 30, Friday.
Fourth Week.
May 3, Monday.
May 4, Tuesday.
May 5, Wednesday—8581—Lewis vs. Gifford Estate.
May 5, Wednesday—8582—Hobbs vs. Gifford Estate.
May 5, Wednesday—9168—Hudson vs. Hudson.
May 6, Thursday—9049—Argument: Disbarment of Saric & Crundwell.
May 6, Thursday—9124—Moran vs. N. Y. C. Ry. Co.
May 7, Friday—9151—Burns vs. Carpenter.
May 8, Saturday—9170—Premier Stock Farms Association vs. Nicholas et al.
May 8, Saturday—9195—Yeoman Ditch.

NOTICE.

All the suits contesting the will of the late Benjamin J. Gifford, are now disposed of and I am in a position to sell land. I have yet unsold several hundred acres of good land located in Jasper and Lake counties, which I will sell as executor on reasonable terms, but cannot take any trade.

Call at my office or at the office of T. M. Callahan, at Rensselaer, Indiana, for particulars.
GEO. H. GIFFORD,
Executor.

Sometimes it is hard for a Yankee to love a lord, when it happens to be a landlord.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Lane says Washington is "rich in brains." That gives a new meaning to the term "idle rich."—Louisville Post.

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WALKER TOWNSHIP.

Ask Orval Meyers how he felt Saturday night after riding the goat.

Mrs. J. J. Tomlinson and Mrs. Jennie Smith of Georgetown spent Thursday visiting at the home of Ernest Tomlinson at Kniman.

Mrs. O. M. Trefall was a visitor at the Victory club Wednesday at Miss Bertha Herschman's.

Mr. Wm. Stalbaum has purchased a new truck to use for his road work. Loretta Stalbaum is visiting her grandma at Medaryville.

Daniel Bartish will have a sale at his home Saturday and dispose of his household and farm implements and will go to Chicago to live.

The Victory club met at the home of Bertha Stalbaum Wednesday. A fine time was had and also a fine luncheon. Two new members were added. The next meeting will be with Mrs. Wm. Stalbaum Wednesday April 28th.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Bridgeman and son, Donald, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Lilly and Lester, Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Tufall and two sons and Mrs. Jennie Smith ate Sunday dinner with Mrs. J. J. Tomlinson and son, Will.

Mrs. Joe Salrin, Mrs. Deeburg, spent Saturday at H. H. Meyers'.

Henry Meyers was a caller at Will Tomlinson's Saturday evening.

A. P. Huntington spent Sunday with his wife in Wheatfield Sunday.

Miss Alice Meyers spent Wednesday at Joe Salrin's.

Mrs. Jennie Smith, of Georgetown, is spending the week visiting her mother, Mrs. J. J. Tomlinson.

Dr. Bucher announces a baby boy at the home of Mose Hancock on Wednesday.

Kathryn Dunn of McCoyburg is visiting her aunt, Mrs. C. Bridgeman.

Wes Williams moved to one of the Gifford houses Saturday.

Mr. Barrett visited his farm Saturday and returned to Chicago that evening.

Mrs. Scott called on Mrs. Garrett Sunday.

SHELBY.

Bill Odle and Lydia Cox went to Crown Point last Thursday and got the papers and were tied up in his usual way. The Review joins in congratulations.

Mrs. W. H. Belshaw went to Lowell Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Dickey visited friends at Schneider Thursday and Friday.

Ed Simms and Allen Gragg transacted business at Lowell Saturday. Bob Johnson of Chicago Heights visited friends in and around Shelby last week.

Charles Lindstrom of Hammond visited friends last week.

Isaac Hathaway was a Lowell visitor Friday.

Miss Lyah Clement visited the High School at Lowell Friday.

Al Bel and son, of DeMotte, were Shelby visitors Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Pinkerton went to Lowell Thursday to make a few repairs on one of their houses.

Mrs. H. Woodward visited her cousin, Mrs. Jacob Woerner Tuesday.

Walter Bunning, who is working for Sears Roebuck & Co., visited his sister, Mrs. Guy Dickey, Tuesday.

Miss Mabel Nelson spent Wednesday in Lowell with her aunt, Mrs. Henry Feddi.

Mrs. S. H. Speith went to Rensselaer Wednesday between trains, to see Mrs. Joe Parrish who is in the Hospital.

Cal Thurston made a business trip to Chicago Friday.

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Soft-coal prices will be soft for the operators.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

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