

TARZAN AND THE Jewels of Opar

EDGAR RICE
BURROUGHS

Author of
"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 overwhelming madness, Lieut. 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, wife of Tarzan (Lord Greystoke), and sell her into slavery. Werper accepts.

CHAPTER II.—Posing as Jules Preault, French traveler, Werper is hopefully received by the Belgian. 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 Worshippers. 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 Sun God, who do not know 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 again becomes Tarzan of the Apes. Feeling 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 received by La, the high priest, who has been known to Tarzan as his mother. He says 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 there a prisoner. Achmet discovers 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 goes to the hill of the wise man, La, and the priest 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. La offers him life in exchange for his love. He refuses, and is in the jungle language calls Tantor, the elephant, to his rescue. Tantor comes to him and rage masters all in his path to free Tarzan and he saves her from the elephant.

CHAPTER XI.—The priests who escaped from Tarzan's cage 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.—Lady Greystoke escapes from Achmet Zek and makes her way into the jungle. Werper, fleeing from the raiders, is made prisoner by Abdul Mourak, Abyssinian officer in command of soldiers sent to wipe out Achmet Zek's men. The men of Mugambi and Lord Greystoke are 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.—Werper pursuing Werper, Achmet Zek recaptures Lady Greystoke. Tarzan has taken command of a band of apes and with them attacks Achmet Zek's camp, saving Werper. Tarzan follows him but does not recognize her. The Arabs beat off the apes and carry away their prisoner. Tarzan, with Chulk and Tagat, two great apes, follows them and enters the village.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Deadly Peril of Jane Clayton. Lieutenant Albert Werper, terrified by contemplation of the fate which might await him at Adis Abeba, cast about for some scheme of escape, but after the black Mugambi had doubled their precautions to prevent Werper following the lead of the negro.

A day or so after Mugambi had disappeared, Werper asked for an audience with Abdul Mourak. Abdul eyed him, frowningly. "What do you want now?" he asked.

"My liberty," replied Werper.

The Abyssinian sneered. "And you disturbed me thus to tell me what any fool might know," he said.

"I can pay for it," said Werper.

Abdul Mourak laughed loudly. "Pay for it?" he cried. "What with the rage that you have upon your back? Or, perhaps you are concealing beneath your coat a thousand pounds of ivory. Get out! You are a fool. Do not bother me again or I shall have you whipped."

But Werper persisted. His liberty and perhaps his life depended upon his success.

"Listen to me," he pleaded. "If I can give you as much gold as ten men may carry will you promise that I shall be conducted in safety to the nearest English commissioner?"

"As much gold as ten men may carry?" repeated Abdul Mourak. "You are crazy."

"I know where it is hid," said Werper. "Promise, and I will lead you to it—if ten loads is enough!"

Abdul Mourak had ceased to laugh. He was eyeing the Belgian intently. The fellow seemed sane enough—yet ten loads of gold! It was preposterous.

"Well, and if I promise," he said.

"How far is this gold?"

"A long week's march to the south," replied Werper.

"And if we do not find it where you say it is, do you realize what your punishment will be?"

"If it is not there I will forfeit my life," replied the Belgian. "I know it is there, for I saw it buried with my own eyes. And more—there are not only ten loads, but as many as fifty men may carry. It is all yours if you will promise to see me safely delivered into the protection of the English."

"Very well," said the Abyssinian. "I promise, and even if there be but five loads you shall have your freedom; but until the gold is in my possession you remain a prisoner."

"I am satisfied," said Werper. "To-morrow we start."

Abdul Mourak nodded, and the Belgian returned to his guards. The following day the Abyssinian soldiers were surprised to receive an order which turned their faces from the northeast to the south.

While Werper dreamed of freedom and the unmolested enjoyment of the fortune in his stolen pouch, and Abdul Mourak lay awake in greedy contemplation of the fifty loads of gold which lay but a few days farther to the south of him, Achmet Zek gave orders to his lieutenants that they should prepare a force of fighting men and carriers to proceed to the ruins of the Englishman's dovar on the morrow and bring back the fabulous fortune which his renegade lieutenant had told him was buried there.

And as he delivered his instructions to those within, a silent listener crouched without his tent, waiting for the time when he might enter in safety and prosecute his search for the missing pouch and the pretty pebbles that had caught his fancy.

At last the swarthy companions of Achmet Zek quitted his tent, and the leader went with them to smoke a pipe with one of their number, leaving his own silken habitation unguarded. Scarcely had they left the interior when a knife blade was thrust through the fabric of the rear wall, some six feet above the ground, and a swift downward stroke opened an entrance to those who waited beyond.

Through the opening stepped the ape-man, and close behind him came the huge Chulk; but Tagat did not follow them. Instead he turned and struck through the darkness toward the hut where the She who had arrested his brutal interest lay securely bound. Within, the young woman lay upon a filthy sleeping mat, resigned, through utter hopelessness, to whatever fate lay in store for her until the opportunity arrived which would permit her to free herself by the only means which now seemed even remotely possible—the hitherto detested act of self-destruction.

Creeping silently toward the sentries, a white-burnoosed figure approached the shadows at one end of the hut. It came to the corner of the hut and peered around. The sentries were but a few paces away; but the ape did not dare expose himself, even for an instant, to those feared and hated thundersticks which the Tarmangan knew so well how to use, if there were another and safer method of attack.

Tagat withdrew a few paces to the rear of the hut, gathered himself for the effort, ran quickly forward and leaped high into the air. He struck the roof directly above the rear wall of the hut, and the structure, reinforced by the wall beneath, held his enormous weight for an instant, then moved forward a step, the roof sagged, the thatching parted and the great anthropoid shot through into the interior.

The sentries, hearing the crashing of roof poles, leaped to their feet and rushed into the hut. Jane Clayton tried to roll aside as the great form lit upon the floor so close to her that one foot pinned her clothing to the ground.

The ape, feeling the movement beside him, reached down and gathered the girl in the hollow of one mighty arm. The burnoosed covered the hairy body so that Jane Clayton believed that a human arm supported her, and from the extremity of hopelessness a great hope sprang into her breast that at last she was in the keeping of a

The two sentries were now within the hut, but hesitating because of doubt as to the nature of the cause of the disturbance. Seeing that they stood without advancing, and realizing that, handicapped as he was by the weight of the She, he could put up but a poor battle, Tagat elected to risk a sudden break for liberty. Lowering his head, he charged straight for the two sentries who blocked the doorway. The impact of his mighty shoulders, bowled them over upon their backs, and before they could scramble to their feet, the ape was gone, darting in the shadows of the huts toward the palisade at the far end of the village.

The speed and strength of her rescuer filled Jane Clayton with wonder. Could it be that Tarzan had survived the bullet of the Arab? Who else in all the jungle could bear the weight of a grown woman as lightly as he who held her? She spoke his name; but there was no response. Still she did not give up hope.

At the palisade the beast did not even hesitate. A single mighty leap carried it to the top, where it poised but for an instant before dropping to the ground upon the opposite side. Now the girl was almost positive that she was safe in the arms of her husband, and when the ape took to the trees and bore her swiftly into the jungle, as Tarzan had done at other times in the past, belief became conviction.

In a little moonlit glade, a mile or so from the camp of the raiders, her

rescuer halted and dropped her to the ground. His roughness surprised her, but still she had no doubts. Again she called him by name, and at the same instant the ape, fretting under the restraints of the unaccustomed garments of the Tarmangan, tore the burnoose from him, revealing in the eyes of the horror-struck woman the hideous face and hairy form of a giant anthropoid.

With a piteous wail of terror, Jane Clayton swooned, while from the con-

charge; but Fate, already all too cruel, now outdid herself—the wind veered suddenly for a few moments, the scent spores that would have led the ape-man to the girl's side was wafted in the opposite direction; Tarzan passed within fifty yards of the tragedy that was being enacted in the glade, and the opportunity was gone beyond recall.

It was morning before Tarzan could bring himself to a realization of the possibility of failure in his quest, and even then he would only admit that success was but delayed. He would eat and sleep, and then set forth again. Tagat might travel far; but Tarzan would find him in the end, though he had to search every tree in the mighty forest.

Solloquizing thus, the ape-man followed the spoor of Bara, the deer, the unfortunate upon which he had decided to satisfy his hunger. For half an hour the trail led the ape-man toward the east along a well-marked game path, when suddenly, to the stalker's astonishment, the quarry broke into sight, racing madly back along the narrow way straight toward the hunter.

Tarzan, who had been following along the trail, leaped so quickly to the concealing veranda at the side that the deer was still unaware of the presence of an enemy in this direction, and while the animal was still some distance away, the ape-man swung into the lower branches of a tree which overhung the trail. There he crouched, a savage beast of prey, awaiting the coming of its victim.

In a moment the victim flashed beneath the limb and at the same instant the ape-man above sprang out and down upon its back. The weight of the man's body carried the deer to the ground. It stumbled forward once in a futile effort to rise and then mighty muscles dragged its head far back, gave the neck a vicious wrench and Bara was dead.

Quick had been the killing, and equally quick were the ape-man's subsequent actions, for who might know what manner of killer pursued Bara, and how close at hand he might be? Scarce had the neck of the victim snapped than the carcass was hanging over one of Tarzan's broad shoulders, and an instant later the ape-man was perched once more among the lower branches of a tree above the trail, his keen, gray eyes scanning the pathway through which the deer had fled.

His sharp eyes saw the muzzle of the leading horse as it came into view around a bend in the tortuous trail, and one by one they scrutinized the riders as they passed beneath him in single file.

Beneath him, as unconscious of his presence as were the Abyssinians before and behind him, rode Albert Werper, while the ape-man scrutinized the Belgian for some sign of the pouch which he had stolen.

As the Abyssinians rode toward the sun, a giant figure hovered ever upon their trail—a huge, almost naked white man, who carried the bloody carcass of a deer upon his shoulders, for Tarzan knew that he might not have another opportunity to hunt for some time if he were to follow the Belgian.

A two days' march brought them to a level plain beyond which lay mountains—a plain which Tarzan remembered and which aroused within him vague half memories and strange longings. Beside a charred pile of timbers the Abyssinians halted, and Tarzan, sneaking close and concealing himself in nearby shrubbery, watched them in wonderment. He saw them digging up the earth and he wondered if they had hidden meat there in the past and now had come for it. Then he recalled how he had buried his pretty pebbles and the suggestion that had caused him to do it. They were digging for the things the blacks had buried here!

Presently he saw them uncover a dirty yellow object, and he witnessed the joy of Werper and of Abdul Mourak as the grimy object was exposed to view. One by one they unearthed many similar pieces, all of the same uniform dirty yellow, until a pile of them lay upon the ground, a pile which Abdul Mourak fondled and petted in an ecstasy of greed. Something stirred in the ape-man's mind as he looked long upon the golden ingots. Where had he seen such before? What were they? He recalled the black men who had buried them. The things must be theirs. Werper was stealing them as he had stolen Tarzan's pouch of pebbles. The ape-man's eyes blazed in anger. He would like to find the black men and lead them against these thieves.

As all these things ran through the active mind a party of men moved out of the forest at the edge of the plain and advanced toward the ruins of the burned bungalow. Abdul Mourak, always watchful, was the first to see them, but already they were halfway across the open. Werper, swinging into his saddle, fastened his eyes upon the newcomers, then, white and trembling, he turned toward Abdul Mourak.

"It is Achmet Zek and his raiders," he whispered. "They are come for the gold."

It must have been at the same instant that Achmet Zek discovered the pile of yellow ingots and realized the import of what he had already feared since first his eyes had alighted upon the party beside the ruins of the Englishman's bungalow. Some one had foreshadowed him—another had come for the treasure ahead of him.

The Arab cared not whom the thieves might be. They would not give up the gold without a battle. Of that he was certain, and with a wild whoop and a command to his followers, Achmet Zek put spurs to his horse and dashed down upon the Abyssinians, and after him, waving their long guns above their heads, yelling and cursing.

came his motley horde of cut-throat followers.

The men of Abdul Mourak met them with a volley which emptied a few saddles, and then the raiders were among them, and sword, pistol and musket, each was doing its most hideous and bloody work.

Achmet Zek, spying Werper at the first charge, bore down upon the Belgian, and the latter, terrified by contemplation of the fate he deserved, turned his horse's head and dashed madly away in an effort to escape. Shouting to a lieutenant to take command, and urging him upon palm of death to dispatch the Abyssinians and

trick that the Arab had played upon him the sight of the weapon was adroitly hooked into the rawhide thong which formed the carrying strap of the pouch, and the latter was drawn quickly from his view into the dense foliage at the trail's side.

There was another who had seen the pouch and recognized it, who advanced with Achmet Zek, hovering above him, as silent and as sure as death itself, and as the Arab, finding himself in a little spot less overgrown with bushes than he had yet encountered, prepared to gloat his eyes upon the contents of the pouch, Tarzan paused directly above him, intent upon the same object.

Wetting his thin lips with his tongue, Achmet Zek loosened the tie strings which closed the mouth of the pouch, and cupping one clawlike hand prepared forth a portion of the contents into his palm.

A single look he took at the stones lying in his hand. His eyes narrowed, a curse broke from his lips, and he hurled the small objects upon the ground disdainfully. Quickly he emptied the balance of the contents until he had scanned each separate stone, and as he dumped them all upon the ground and stamped upon them his rage grew until the muscles of his face worked in demonlike fury, and his fingers clenched until his nails bit into the flesh.

Above, Tarzan watched in wonderment. He had been curious to dis-

Achmet Zek Set Off Across the Plain in Pursuit.

bring the gold back to his camp, Achmet Zek set off across the plain in pursuit of the Belgian, his wicked nature unable to forego the pleasures of revenge, even at the risk of sacrificing the treasure.

Werper, going over his head rolled few yards farther on, scrambled to his feet and ran back. Seizing the reins he tugged to drag the beast to his feet; but the animal would not or could not rise, and as the Belgian cursed and struck him, Achmet Zek appeared in view.

Instantly the Belgian ceased his efforts with the dying animal at his feet, and seizing his rifle, dropped behind the horse and fired at the oncoming Arab.

His bullet, going low, struck Achmet Zek's horse in the breast, bringing him down a hundred yards from where Werper lay preparing to fire a second shot.

The Arab, who had gone down with his mount, was standing astride him, and seeing the Belgian's strategic position behind his fallen horse, lost no time in taking up a similar one behind his own.

And there the two lay, alternately firing at and cursing each other, while from behind the Arab, Tarzan of the Apes approached to the edge of the forest. Keeping to one side of the trail, the ape-man came presently to a point where he could look down in comparative safety upon the fighters. First one and then the other would partially raise himself above his breastwork of horseflesh, fire his weapon and immediately drop flat behind his shelter, where he would reload and repeat the act a moment later.

Werper had fired all but a single cartridge when, during a lull in the fighting, he called aloud to his opponent.

"Achmet Zek," he cried, "Allah alone knows which one of us may leave our bones to rot where he lies upon this trail today if we keep up our foolish battle. I wish the contents of the pouch I wear about my waist, and I wish my life and my liberty even more than I do the jewels. Let us each, then, take that which he most desires and go our separate ways in peace. I will lay the pouch upon the carcass of my horse, where you may see it, and you, in turn, will lay your gun upon your horse, with butt toward me. Then I will go away, leaving the pouch to you, and you will let me go in safety. I want only my life, and my freedom."

The Arab thought in silence for a moment. Then he spoke. His reply was influenced by the fact that he had expended his last shot.

"Go your way, then," he growled, "leaving the pouch in plain sight behind you. See, I lay my gun thus, with the butt toward you. Go."

Regretfully Werper laid the pouch, its contents undisturbed, upon the body of his horse, rose, and taking his rifle with him, backed slowly down the trail until a turn hid him from the view of the watchful Arab.