

TARZAN of THE APES

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

REIGN HERE
May 1888. John Clayton, Lord Greystoke, and Lady Alice Burroughs, his wife, sail from Dover for a hunting trip in Africa. A party of tiny alligators on the Fwala are killed and the Clays are landed on the island. Their son is born. Lady Alice dies. Clayton is born an ape. A mother squirrel has given birth to a tiny dead baby in the cradle. She nurses the white child and it is born. The squirrel, with its skin, climbs like an ape. He gains access to the cabin and finds a copy of a child's primer. He reads it and turns in a child's primer learns that he is a man. At 18 he understands people, but cannot speak English. He finds his father's photo, diary and books, but cannot learn the French of his mother's life. Savages attack the white officers and the party near Tarzan's home. He strangled Kolumbo, son of a Congolese. Tarzan keeps the savages alarmed with his secret pranks. He steals a ship anchor near Tarzan's home, a white sailor shot another. On his cabin Tarzan posted a notice forbidding destruction of his property.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

"Who the devil is Tarzan?" cried the sailor who had before spoken. "He evidently speaks English," said the young man.

"But what does Tarzan of the Apes mean?" cried the girl.

"I do not know, Miss Porter," replied the young man, "unless we have discovered a runaway simian from the London Zoo who has brought back a European education to his jungle home. What do you make of it, Professor Porter?" he added, turning to the old man.

Prof. Archimedes Q. Porter adjusted his spectacles.

"Ah, yes, indeed; yes, indeed—most remarkable, most remarkable!" said the professor; "but I can add nothing further to what I have already remarked in elucidation of this truly momentous occurrence," and the professor turned slowly in the direction of the jungle.

"But, papa," cried the girl, "you haven't said anything about it."

"Tut-tut, child; tut-tut," responded Professor Porter, in a kindly and indulgent tone, "do not trouble your pretty head with such weighty, and abstruse problems," and again he wandered slowly off in still another direction, his eyes bent upon the ground at his feet, his hands clasped behind him beneath the flowing tails of his coat.

"I reckon the daffy old bounder don't know no more we do about it," growled the rat-faced sailor.

"Keep a civil tongue in your head," cried the young man, his face paling in anger, at the insulting tone of the young Englishman. "You've murdered our officers, and robbed us. We are absolutely in your power, but you'll treat Professor Porter and Miss Porter with respect or I'll break that vile neck of yours wif' my bare hands—guns or no guns!" and the young fellow stepped so close to the rat-faced sailor that the latter, though he bore two revolvers and a villainous looking knife in his belt, slunk back abashed.

"You damned coward," cried the young man. "You'd never dare shoot a man until his back was turned. You don't dare shoot me even then," and he deliberately turned his back full upon the sailor and walked nonchalantly away as if to put him to the test.

The sailor's hand crept slyly to the butt of one of his revolvers; his wicked eyes glared vengeance at the retreating form of the young Englishman. The gaze of his fellows was upon him, but still he hesitated. At heart he was even a greater coward than Mr. William Cecil Clayton had imagined.

What he would have done will never be known, for there was another factor abroad which none of the party had yet guessed would enter so largely into the problems of their life on this inhospitable African shore.

Two keen eyes had watched every move of the party from the foliage of a nearby tree. Tarzan had seen the surprise caused by his notice, and while he could understand nothing of the spoken language of these strange people their gestures and facial expressions told him much.

The act of the little rat-faced sailor in killing one of his comrades had aroused a strong dislike in Tarzan, and now that he saw him quarreling with the fine-looking young man his animosity was still further stirred.

Tarzan had never seen the effects of a firearm before, though his books had taught him something of them, but when he saw the rat-faced one fingering the butt of his revolver he thought of the scene he had witnessed so short a time before, and naturally expected to see the young man murdered as had been the huge sailor earlier in the day.

So Tarzan fitted a poisoned arrow to his bow and drew a bead upon the rat-faced sailor, but the foliage was so thick that he soon saw the arrow would be deflected by the leaves or some small branch, and instead he launched a heavy spear from his lofty perch. Clayton had taken but a dozen steps. The rat-faced sailor had half drawn his revolver; the other sailors stood watching the scene intently.

Professor Porter had already disappeared into the jungle, whether he was being followed by the fussy Samuel T. Philander, his secretary and assistant.

Esmeralda, the negress, was busily sorting her mistress' baggage from

the pile of bales and boxes beside the cabin, and Miss Porter had turned away to follow Clayton, when something caused her to turn again toward the sailor.

And then three things happened almost simultaneously—the sailor jerked out his weapon and leveled it at Clayton's back, Miss Porter screamed a warning, and a long, metal-shod spear shot like a bolt from above and passed entirely through the right shoulder of the rat-faced man.

The revolver exploded harmlessly in the air, and the seaman crumpled up with a scream of pain and terror.

Clayton turned and rushed back toward the scene. The sailors stood in a frightened group with drawn weapons, peering into the jungle. The wounded man writhed and shrieked upon the ground.

Clayton, unseen by any, picked up the fallen revolver and slipped it inside his shirt, then he joined the sailors in gazing, mystified, into the jungle.

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OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY



they were about two hundred yards south of it.

It never occurred to either of these impractical theorists to call aloud on the chance of attracting their friends' attention. Instead, with all the assurance that deductive reasoning from a wrong premise induces in one, Mr. Samuel T. Philander grasped Prof. Archimedes Q. Porter firmly by the arm and hurried the weakly protesting old gentleman off in the direction of Cape Town, fifteen hundred miles to the south.

When Jane Porter and Esmeralda found themselves safely behind the cabin door the negress's first thought was to barricade the portal from the inside. With this idea in mind she turned to search for some means of putting it into execution; but her first view of the interior of the cabin brought a shiver of terror to her lips, and like a frightened child the huge black ran to bury her face on her mistress's shoulder.

Jane Porter, turning at the cry, saw the cause of it lying prone upon the floor before them—the whitened skeleton of a man. A further glance revealed a second skeleton upon the earth.

Soon the girl found that the door was equipped with a heavy wooden bar upon the inside, and after several efforts the combined strength of the two enabled them to slip it into place the first time in twenty years.

Then they sat down upon a bench with their arms about one another, and waited.

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What an awful tragedy these poor mute bones proclaimed! The girl shuddered at thought of the eventualities which might lie before herself and her friends in this ill-fated cabin the haunt of mysterious, perhaps hostile, beings.

Quickly, with an impatient stamp of her little foot, she endeavored to shoo off the gloomy forebodings, and turning to Esmeralda bade her cease her wailing.

"Stop, Esmeralda; stop it this minute!" she cried. "You are only making it worse. Why I never saw such a big baby."

She ended lamely, a little quiver in her own voice as she thought of the three men, upon whom she depended for protection, wandering in the depth of that awful forest.

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At last, disengaging herself from the frantic clutch of the still shrieking Esmeralda, Jane Porter crossed

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