

# TARZAN OF THE APES

THE THRILLING ADVENTURES OF A PRIMEVAL MAN AND AN AMERICAN GIRL

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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**SYNOPSIS.**  
John Clayton, Tarzan of the Apes, embarks on his second voyage to the tropics. He is accompanied by his bride, Jane, and a young girl, Lita. The ship is attacked by a band of pirates who capture the three. Clayton is thrown overboard and rescued by a native tribe. Jane and Lita are held captive by the same tribe. Clayton is taken to a cave where he is reunited with Jane and Lita. They are all rescued by a party of British explorers.

**CHAPTER II.**  
**THE SAVAGE HOME**  
John Clayton did not know what to expect when he stepped ashore. The beach was deserted, and he was alone. He walked toward the water and saw a small boat. It was the boat of a native tribe. Clayton was taken to a cave where he was reunited with Jane and Lita. They were all rescued by a party of British explorers.

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shop, and was the last to leave them when the small boats, having filled the ship's casks with fresh water, were pushed out toward the waiting Fuvwala. As the boats moved slowly over the smooth water of the bay, Clayton and his wife stood silently watching their departure—in the breasts of both a feeling of impending disaster and utter helplessness.

And behind them over the edge of a low ledge, other eyes watched—close set, wicked eyes, gleaming beneath shaggy brows.

As the Fuvwala passed through the narrow entrance to the harbor and out of sight behind a projecting point, Lady Alice threw her arms about Clayton's neck and burst into uncontrolled sobs.

Bravely had she faced the dangers of the mutiny; with heroic fortitude she had looked into the terrible future; but now that the horror of absolute solitude was upon them, her overwrought nerves gave way and the reaction came.

He did not attempt to check her tears. It was better that nature have her way in relieving these long pent up emotions, and it was many minutes before the girl—little more than a child she was—could again gain mastery of herself.

"Oh, John," she cried at last, "the horror of it. What are we to do? What are we to do?"

"There is but one thing to do, Alice," he spoke as quietly as though they were sitting in their snug living room at home, "and that is work. Work must give our salvation. We must not give ourselves time to think, for in that direction lies madness."

"We must work and wait. I am sure that relief will come, and come quickly, when once it is apparent that the Fuvwala has been lost, even though Black Michael does not keep his word to us."

The women shrank closer to the man in terror-stricken anticipation of the horrors lying in wait for them in the awful blackness of the night to come, when they two should be alone upon that wild and lonely shore.

Later in the evening Black Michael joined them long enough to instruct them to make their preparations for landing on the morrow. They tried to persuade him to take them to some more hospitable coast near enough to civilization so that they might hope to fall into friendly hands.

But no pleas, or threats, or promises of reward could move him. "I am the only man aboard who would not rather see you both safely dead, and while I know that that's the sensible way to make sure of our own necks, yet Black Michael's not the man to forget a favor. You saved my life once, and in return I'll spare yours, but that's all I can do."

"The men won't stand for any more, and if we don't get you landed pretty quick they may even change their minds about giving you that much show. I'll put all your stuff ashore with you as well as cooking utensils and some old sails for tents, an' enough grub to last you until you can find fruit and game."

"So that with your guns for protection, you ought to be able to live here easy enough until help comes. When I get safely hid away I'll see to it that the British government learns about where you are; for the life of me I couldn't tell 'em exactly where, for I don't know myself. But they'll find you all right."

his wife kept a sharp lookout, they saw nothing of larger animals, though on two occasions they had seen their little simian neighbors come screaming and chattering from the nearby ridge, casting frightful glances back over their little shoulders, and evincing as plainly as though by speech that they were feeling some terrible thing which lay concealed beneath their skins.

Just before dusk Clayton finished his ladder, and, filling a great basin with water from the nearby stream, the two mounted to the comparative safety of their aerial chamber.

As it was quite warm, Clayton had left the side curtains thrown back over the roof, and as they sat, like Turks, upon their blankets, Lady Alice, straining her eyes into the darkening shadows of the wood, suddenly reached out and grasped Clayton's arm.

"John," she whispered, "look! What is it, a man?"

Clayton turned his eyes in the direction she indicated, his jaw slackened dimly against the shadows beyond a great figure standing upright upon the ridge.

For a moment it stood as though listening, then turned slowly and melted into the shadows of the jungle.

"What is it, John?" "He is not known, Alice," he answered gravely, "it is too dark to see so far, and it may have been but a shadow cast by the rising moon."

"No, John, if it was not a man, it was something and something mockery of a man. Oh, I am afraid."

He gathered her in his arms, whispering words of courage and love into her ears, for the greatest pain of their misfortune, to Clayton and her Graystone respected, was yet so he able to appreciate the awful suffering which fear entails—a rare gift, though but one of many which had made young Lady Graystone respected and loved by all who knew him.

Soon after, he lowered the curtain walls, tying them securely to the trees, so that except for a little opening toward the beach they were unbreachable.

As it was now pitch dark within their tiny aerie, they lay down upon their blankets to try to wrest, through sleep, a brief respite of forgetfulness.

Clayton lay facing the opening at the front, a rifle and a brace of revolvers at his hand.

Scarcely had they closed their eyes than the terrifying cry of a panther rang out. Clayton held them tight, closed and closer it came, until they could hear the great beast directly beneath them.

## SHE JES' WILL STAY IN DETENTION HOUSE

She Ran Away, But Returned. "Pore Li' Brack Girl" Was Happy Only There.

The machinery of the Juvenile Court has proved inadequate to prevent a small 9-year-old negro girl named Geneva Julianna Ford from taking up her residence in the House of Detention. The court has exhausted its resources in trying to keep her away. But Geneva just won't be kept, with the result that she is happy today, playing about the building.

Two years ago her parents died and she lived with her aunt, Jennie Jackson, of 418 West Venango street. She seemed contented in her new home until about a week ago, when the wanderlust got in her blood. She felt as if she just had to go somewhere, so she started on an expedition that landed her at the home of a friend, Mrs. Nash, a Negro, of 2022 Nice street.

Her aunt did not approve Geneva's wanderings and so she petitioned the Juvenile Court to take charge of her as an incorrigible and truant child. Geneva couldn't understand these high-sounding words, and felt that something awful was coming when she was taken before Judge Gorman in the Juvenile Court. But anxiety was turned to pleasure when she was taken to the girls' room, received a nice little bed of her own and the freedom of the quarters.

She was perfectly contented in her new surroundings, and didn't even mind attending school.

But her happiness was rudely interrupted last Wednesday. Her aunt asked the court to put her on probation and Judge Gorman assented. Geneva was taken back home, it is true, but she didn't stay there long. She ran away the same day, bound for the House of Detention as fast as her legs could carry her.

She got as far as Hunting Park when a guard saw her in the shrubbery and asked her where she was going. "De house ob detenshun," she declared.

bodily. The guard took her there. Geneva appeared before Judge Gorman in court, dressed in a long gingham garment that reached to her feet. She looked at the court with a dignified manner, and plainly showed that any change of residence would be distasteful to her.

"Do you like it here?" inquired the Judge. Geneva nodded assent vigorously.

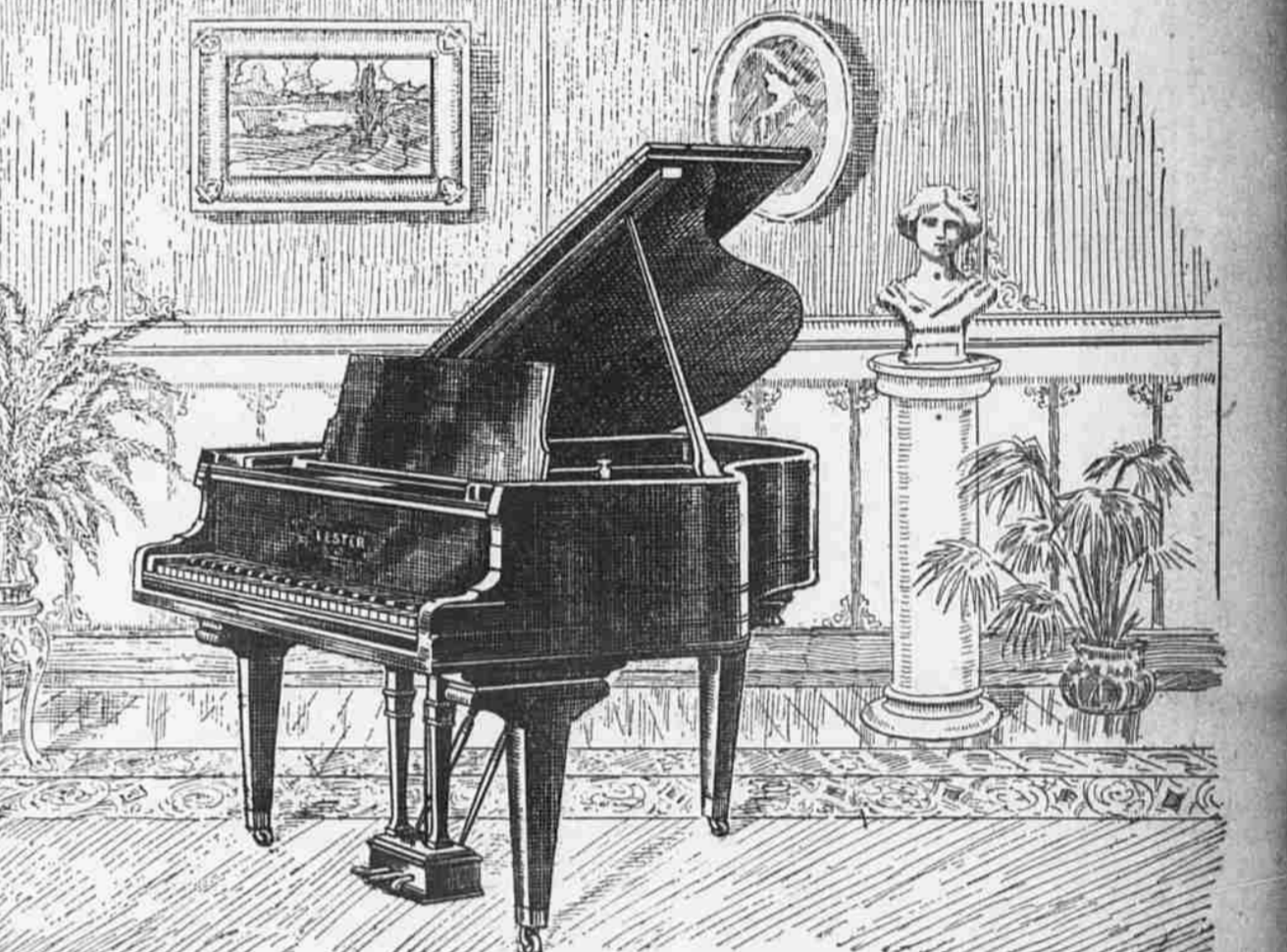
"Then you can remain here for some time." A wide grin overspread Geneva's face as she was led from the courtroom.

**Walks 28 Miles to Hospital; May Live**  
Hopes for the recovery of Harry E. Ball, 37 years old, who reached Cooper Hospital, Camden, yesterday in a state of collapse after walking 28 miles while suffering from pneumonia, were held out by hospital physicians today. Ball, a widower, once a prosperous jeweler, but now out of employment, said he had become ill at Penningsgrove several days ago. He was unable to get carriage to Camden, he said, so, accompanied by his 14-year-old son, set out to walk.

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**Mumps at Elkins Orphanage**  
Ten cases of mumps yesterday prevented the holding of the usual religious services at the William L. Elkins Masonic Orphanage for Girls at Broad and Cayuga streets. The epidemic broke out about three weeks ago. It is believed the first case of the ailment was contracted at the Edward T. Steel Public School, which is attended by the girls connected with the home.

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