#### TARZAN OF THE APES

The Thrilling Adventures of a Primeval Man and an American Girl

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

no child.

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In eventually killed by the
Infest the pisce, and his
aby a sheare whose own
sen killed. In the ape tribe
for called Tarann, meaning
the is brought up in the

as for the first time. Fifty black come into the neighborhood of ribe.

Come into the neighborhood of ribe.

Tarsan's protector, is killed by a member of the cannibal tribe, iteals its how and arrows, and clear, hin. Alls him by means of the treatment of arrow. Sayloring the the camp, becames proficient in the time of arrow. Sayloring the transpose adars and other fiftee the property of the tribe, sealing arrows and the treatment of the tribe, sealing arrows and help and the members arrows and help and the sealing arrows and amounting the tribe are tribe and amounting the tribe are tribe and amounting the tribe are the tribe away from help the tribe and the tribe away from help, but continues to terrorize the kinks down dead.

Ing Kerchak Targan becomes king the He leads his tribe away from help, but continues to terrorize the kinks down dead.

Ing Kerchak Targan unconspicually the full-Nelson hold on Terkoz, and of killing the ape, demands his spares his life, but forces uni-

instead of killing the ape, demands his ender, instead of killing the ape, demands his ender.

In the feels that he was supremacy, we longings for another life beest Tarille feels that he must leave as a sea of the control of the c

can follows Clayton and sees him there a lion. As the lion crouches for a rather an end of the lion with his knife. Then he kniis the lion with his knife. On realizes the he identity of Tarzan as of the Apes and thanks him in Eng-Clayton follows. Tarzan's guidance the forest. Buddenly he hears a dishot. In the hut the two women in fearfully, hearing a heavy body against the side of the cabin.

CHAPTER XVI-(Continued). "Hushi" she whispered. "Hush, Esmeralda," for the woman's sobs and groans seemed to have attracted the thing that stalked there just beyond the thin

A gentle scratching sound was heard en the door. The brute tried to force an entrance; but presently this ceased, and again she heard the great pads creeping stealthily around the cabin. Again they stopped-beneath the window on which the terrified eyes of the girl now glued

"God!" she murmured, for now, silhouettd against the moonlit sky beyond she saw framed in the tiny square of the latticed window the head of a huge lioness. The gleaming eyes were fixed mon her in intent ferocity. "Look, Esmeralda!" she whispered. "For God's sake, what shall we do?

Look! Quick! The window!"
Esmeralda, cowering still closer to her mistress, took one affrighted glance toward the little square of moonlight, just as the lioness emitted a low, savage snarl. The sight that met the poor black's eyes was too much for the already overstrung

Gaberelle!" she shricked, and slid to the floor an inert and senseless mass. For what seemed an eternity the great brute stood with its fore paws upon the elli, glaring into the little room. Presently It tried the strength of the lattice with

The girl had almost ceased to breaths, when, to her relief, the head disappeared and she heard the brute's footsteps leaving the window. But now they came to the door again, and once more the scratching commenced; this time with acreasing force until the great beast was maring at the mussive panels in a perfect frenzy of engerness to seize its defense-

Could Jane Porter have known the immense strength of that door, builded place plece, she would have felt less fear of the lioness reaching her by this avenue. Little did John Clayton imagine when he fashioned that crude but mighty portal that one day, 20 years later, it would sheld a fair American girl, then unborn, from the teeth and talons of a man-eater. For fully 20 minutes the brute alter-For fully 20 minutes the brute alter-mately smifled and tore at the door, pe-tasiunally giving voice to a wild, savege cry of baffled rage. At length, however, the gave up the attempt, and Jane Porter hard her returning toward the window, beneath which she paused for an instant, and then launched her great weight against the time-worn lattice.

The girl hand the words words

The girl heard the wooden rods groan separath the impact; but they held, and the huge body dropped back to the ground

Again and again the Honess repeated flaze faction, until finally the horrified stisoner within saw a portion of the lattice give way, and in an instant one were thrust within the room.

flowly the powerful neck and shoulders arread the bars apart, and the lithe body subruded further and further into the

As in a trance, the girl rose, her hand you her breast, wide eyes staring horm-stricken into the smarling face of the least scarce 10 feet from her. At her feet lay the prostrate form of the negress. If she could but arouse her, their combined efforts might possibly avail to beat heck the furce and blood-thirsty intruder. Jaco Forter stooped to masn the black Jane Forter stooped to grasp the black suman by the shoulder. Roughly she

staidal Esmeraldal" she cried. stalds slowly opened her eyes. The as object they encountered was the drip-

with a horrised egream the poor weman to her hands and knees, and in this tion sourced agrees the room, shrick-Gaberelle! O Gaberelle!" at the

maralda weighed some 280 popuds, thanced nothing the gazelle-like the same movement raised the weapon

With the subsidence of Esmeralda the With the subsidence of Esmeralda the Honess renewed her efforts to wriggle her high bulk through the weakening lattice. The girl, standing pale and right against the further wall, sought with ever-increasing terror for some loop-hole of escape. Suddenly her hand, tight-pressed against her hosom, felt the hard outline of the revolver that Clayton had left with her earlier in the day.

Quickly she snatched it from its hiding.

Quickly she snatched it from its hiding-place, and, leveling it full at the lioness' face, pulled the trigger.

There was a flash of flame, the roar of the discharge, and an answering roar of pain and anger from the benst. Jane Porter saw the great form disap-pear from the window, and then she, too.

fainted, the revolver falling at her side.

But Sabor was not killed. The bullet had but inflicted a painful wound in one of the great shoulders. It was the surprise at the blinding flash and the deafening roar that had caused her hasty, though but temperary, retreat.
In another instant she was back at the

lattice, and with renewed fury was clawing at the aperture, but with lessened effect, since the wounded member was almost useless.

almost useless.

She saw her prey—the two women—lying senseless upon the floor; there was no longer any resistance to be overcome. Her meat lay before her, and Sabor had only to worm her way through the lattice to claim it.

only to worm her way through the lattice to claim it.

Slowly she forced her great bulk, inch by inch, through the opening. Now her head was through, now one great forearm and shoulder.

arm and shoulder.

Carefully she drew up the wounded member to insinuate it gently beyond the tight pressing bars.

A moment more and both shoulders through, the long, sinuous body and the narrow hips silde quickly after.

It was on this sight that Jane Porter again opened her eyes.

CHAPTER XV.

THE FOREST GOD When Clayton heard the report of the firearm he fell into an agony of fear and apprehension. He knew that one of the Jane Porter, together with the overwrought condition of his nerves, made him morbidly positive that she was threatened with some great danger; per-haps even now attempting to defend her-

self against some savage man or beast.

What were the thoughts of his strange captor or guide Clayton could only vaguely conjecture; but that he had heard the shot, and was in some manner effected by it was quite evident, for he quickened his pace so appreciably that Clayton, stumbling blindly in his wake, was down a dozen times in as many minutes in a vain effort to keep pace with him, and

soon was left hopelessly behind.
Fearing that he would again be irretrievably lost, he called aloud to the wild man ahead of him, and in a moment had the satisfaction of seeing him drop lightly to his side from the branche

For a moment Tarzan looked at the young man closely, as though undecided as to just what was best to do; then, stooping down before Clayton, he motioned him to grasp him about the neck, and, with the white man upon his

back, Tarzan took to the trees.

The next few minutes were such as the young Englishman never forgot. High into bending and swaying branches he was borne with what seemed to him in-

credibule swiftness, while Tarsan chafed at the slowness of his progress. From one lofty branch the agile creature swung with Clayton through a dizay arc to a neighboring tree; then for a hun-dred yards maybe the sure feet threaded a maze of interwoven limbs, balancing like a tightrope walker high above the

black depths of verdure beneath.

From the first sensation of chilling fear
Clayton passed to one of keen admiration knowledge which guided this forest god through the inky blackness of the night as easily and safely as Clayton could have strolled a

London street at high noon.

Occasionally they would enter a spot where the foliage above was less dense, and the bright rays of the moon lit up before Clayton's wondering eyes the

strange path they were traverging.

At such times the man fairly caught his breath at sight of the horrid depths below them, for Targan took the englest way, which often led over a hundred feet above the earth.

And yet, with all his seeming speed, Tarzan was in reality feeling his way with comparative slowness, searching con-stantly for limbs of adequate strength for the maintenance of this double weight. Presently they came to the clearing be-fore the beach. Tarzan's quick ears had heard the strange sounds of Sabor's ef-forts to force her way through the lat-tice, and it seemed to Clayton that they dropped a straight hundred feet to earth, so quickly did Tarzan descend. Yet when they struck the ground it was with scarce a jar; and as Clayton released his hold on the ape-man he saw him dart like a squirrel for the opposite side of the cabin. The Englishman sprang quickly after him just in time to see the hind quarters of some huge animal about to disappear through the window of the cabin.

As Jane Porter opened her eyes to a realisation of the again imminent peril which threatened her, her brave young heart gave up at last its final vestige of hope, and she turned to grope for the fallen weapon that she might mete to herself a merciful death ere the cruel

fangs tore into her fair flesh. The Honess was almost through the opening before Jane found the wespon, and she raised it quickly to her temple to shut out forever the hideous jaws gaping for their prey.

An instant she hesitated, to breathe a short and slient prayer to her Maker, and as she did so her eyes fell upon her poor Esmeralda lying inert, but alive, beside the cupboard. How could she leave the peor, faithful thing to those merciless, yellow fanga? No. she must use one cartridge on the

senseless woman ere she turned the cold mursle toward herself again. How she shrank from the ordeal! But it had been cruelty a thousand times less justifiable to have left the leving black woman who had reared her from infancy

woman who had reared her from infancy with all a mother's care and solicitude, to regain consciousness beneath the rend-ing claws of the great cat. Quickly Jane Porter sprang to her fest and ran to the side of the black. Sha pressed the musals of the revolver tight against that devoted heart, closed her

syes, and—
Sabor emitted a frightful shrick.
The gift startled pulled the trigger
and turned to face the beast, and with

The extreme haste, aided to her like extreme haste, aided to fire a second time, for to her surprise she saw the huge animal heing slowly drawn back through the window, and in the moonlight beyond ghe asy the heads and shoulders of two inen.

As Clayton rounded the corner of the window, and in the moonlight beyond ghe asy the heads and shoulders of two inen.

As Clayton rounded the corner of the appropriate to behold the animal disappearing with the propel her huge brike, but, as the long tall in both hands, and shoulders were had nine or ten inches the long tall in both hands, and brasing himself with his feet against the brasing himself with his feet ag

the aps-man jabbered to him in a com manding and peremptory tone something which Clayton knew to be orders, though

he could not understand them. At last, under their combined efforts, the great body commenced to appear farther and farther without the window, and then there came to Clayton's mind a dawning conception of the rash bravery

a dawning conception of the rash oravery of his companion's act.

For a naked man to drag a shricking, clawing man-eater forth from a window by the tail to save a strange white girl, was indeed the last word in heroism.

In so far as Clayton was concerned it was a very different matter, since the girl was not only of his own kind and race, but was the one woman in all the

world whom he loved.

Though he knew that the lieness would make short work of both of them, he pulled with a will to keep it from Jane Porter. And then he recalled the battle between this man and the great, black-maned lion which he had witnessed a short time before, and he commenced to

feel more assurance.
Tarnan was still issuing orders which Mayton could not understand. He was trying to tell the stupid white man to plunge his poisoned arrows into Sabor's back and sides, and to reach the savage heart with the long, thin hunting knife that hung at Tarzan's hip; but the man would not understand, and Tarzan did not dare release his hold to do the things himself, for he knew that the nuny white man never could hold mighty

nuny white man never could hold mighty Sabor alone, for an instant. Slowly the lioness was emerging from the window. At last her shoulders were

And then Clayton saw a thing dens which not even the eternal heavens had ever seen before. Tarzan, racking his brains for some means to cope singlehanded with the infurlated beast, had suddenly recalled his battle with Terkon; and as the great shoulders came clear of the window, so that the lioness hung upon the sill only by her forepaws, Tarzan suddenly released his hold upon the

With the quickness of a striking rattler he launched himself full upon Sabor's back, his strong young arms seeking and gaining a full-Nelson upon the beast, as he had learned it that other day during his bloody, wrestling victory over Terkon. With a shrick the lioness turned com-pletely over upon her back, falling full upon her enemy; but the black-haired giant only closed tighter his hold. Pawing and tearing at earth and air.

Sabor rolled and threw herself this way and that in an effort to dislodge this strange antagonist; but ever tighter and sallors might be the author of it; but the tighter drew the iron bands that were fact that he had left the revolver with forcing her head lower and lower upon her tawny breast. Higher crept the steel forearms of the ape-man about the back of Sabor's neck.

Weaker and weaker became the lioness At last Clayton saw the immense mus cles of Tarzan's shoulders and biceps leap into corded knots beneath the silver moonlight. There was a long sustained and supreme effort on the ape-man's part-and the vertebrae of Sabor's neck

parted with a sharp snap.

In an instant Targan was upon his feet, and for the second time that day Clayton heard the bull ape's savage roar of vic-tory. Then he heard Jane Porter's

agonized cry:
"Cecil-Mr. Clayton! Oh, what is it? What is it?" Running quickly to the cabin door,

Clayton called out that all was right, and bade her open. As quickly as she could she raised the great bar and fairly dragged Clayton within "What was that awful noise?" whispered, shrinking close to him.

"It was the cry of the kill from the throat of the man who has just saved you life, Miss Porter. Wait, I will fetch him that you may thank him."

The frightened girl would not be left alone, so she accompanied Clayton to the side of the cabin where may the dead body

of the Honess Tarzan of the Apes was gone Clayton called several times, but there was no reply, and so the two returned to the greater safety of the interior.

"What a frightful sound!" cried Jane Porter. "I shudder at the mere thought of it. Do not tell me that human throat voiced that hideous and fearsome shrick."
"But it did, Miss Porter," replied Clayton; "or at least if not a human throat

that of a forest god."

And then he told her of his experiences with this strange creature—of how twice the wild man had saved his life— of the wondrous strength, and agility, and bravery-of the brown skin and the handsome face.

"I cannot make it out at all," he concluded. "At first I thought he might be Tarzan of the Apes; but he neither speaks nor understands English, so that theory is untenable." "Well, whatever he may be," cried the

girl, "we owe him our lives, and may God bless him and keep him in safety in his wild and savage jungle!"
"Amen," said Clayton, fervently. "Fo' de good Lawd's sake, ain' Ah

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

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