

TARZAN OF THE APES

The Thrilling Adventures of a Primeval Man and an American Girl

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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CHAPTER XX—(Continued)
Tarzan shook his head and an expression of wild and pathetic longing

Then Jane Porter tried speaking to him in French and then in German; but she had to laugh at her own blundering attempt at the latter tongue.

"Any way," she said to him in English, "you understand my German as well as you did in Berlin."

Tarzan had long since reached a decision as to what his future procedure should be. He had had time to recollect all that he had read of the ways of men and women in the books at the cabin.

Then he went back again into the jungle and in a few minutes returned with a quantity of soft grasses and ferns.

Then he spread the ferns and grasses upon the ground and a soft flat bed, and above it he heaped many branches together, so that they met a few feet over their centers.

Then they lay together again upon the edge of the drum and tried to talk by signs.

The magnificent diamond locket which hung about Tarzan's neck had been a source of much wonderment to Jane Porter.

She saw that it was the work of a skilled artisan and that the diamonds were of great brilliancy and superbly set.

and taking her in one strong arm swung to the branches above.
The girl knew that he was taking her back to her people, and she could not understand the sudden feeling of loneliness and sorrow which crept over her.

THE GIRL WHO HAD NO GOD
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CHAPTER XXI
THE VILLAGE OF TORTURE
As the little expedition of sailors toiled through the dense jungle searching for signs of Jane Porter, the futility of their venture became more and more apparent.

It was a sad and hungry party that lay through the jungle night praying for dawn. The blacks who had seized D'Arnot had not waited to participate in the fight which followed, but instead had dragged their prisoner a little way through the jungle and then struck the trail further on beyond the scene of the fighting in which their fellows were engaged.

It was slow work. Noon found them but a few miles inland. They halted for a brief rest then, and after pushing on for a short distance further one of the men discovered a well-marked trail.

It was an old elephant track, and D'Arnot, after consulting with Professor Porter and Mr. Clayton, decided to follow it. The path wound through the jungle in a northeasterly direction, and along it the column moved in single file.

They had rushed past the spot where D'Arnot had been seized when a spear hurled from a quick pace, for the trail was comparatively open, immediately behind him came Professor Porter, but as he could not keep pace with the younger man D'Arnot was a hundred yards in advance when suddenly a half dozen black warriors arose about him.

D'Arnot gave a warning shout to his column as the blacks closed on him, but before he could draw his revolver he had been pincioned and dragged into the jungle. His cry had alarmed the sailors and a dozen of them sprang forward past Professor Porter, running up the trail to the officer's aid.

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POLICE COURT CHRONICLES

Rather than give his wife money, Frank Straub decided he would spend two years in jail. He seemed especially proud of his hatred for the woman whom he once professed to love, and although there was forgiveness in her eyes when she looked at him, he ignored her.

It seems to give Joe Lamb much consolation if he can chew something when he is mad. When in this condition he is especially partial to straw hats, in which the police of the Front and Master streets police station can testify.

Policeman Frank heard Mrs. Straub scream and arrived at her home in time to prevent Straub from attacking her. The man "cowed" immediately at sight of the cop and went meekly to the Front and Master streets station.

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