

THE ADVENTURE OF TARZAN

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS
AUTHOR OF "TARZAN OF THE APES"

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued).

ON THE morning of the fourth day his nostrils were suddenly surprised by a faint new scent. It was the scent of man, but not a long way off. The ape-man thrilled with pleasure. Every sense was on the alert as with crafty stealth he moved quickly through the trees, upwind, in the direction of his prey. Presently he came upon it—a lone warrior standing softly through the jungle.

Tarzan followed close above his quarry, waiting for a clearer space in which to hurl his rope. As he stalked the unconscious man, new thoughts presented themselves to the ape-man—thoughts born of the refining influences of civilization, and of its cruelty. It came to him that a fellow being without some pretext, however slight, it was true that Tarzan wished this man's weapons and ornaments, but was it necessary to take his life to obtain them?

The loner he thought about it, the more repugnant became the thought of taking human life needlessly, and thus it happened that while he was trying to decide just what to do, they had come clear, at the far side of which lay a palisaded village of beehive huts.

As the warrior emerged from the forest, Tarzan caught a fleeting glimpse of a man in a white tunic, walking through the matted jungle grasses in his wake—it was Numa, the lion. He, too, was stalking the black man. With the black man Tarzan realized the danger which awaited him should he be seen. He slipped completely—now he was a fellow man threatened by a common enemy.

Numa was about to charge—there was little time in which to compare various methods or weigh the number of things almost simultaneously—the lion sprang from his ambush toward the retreating black—Tarzan cried out in warning—and the black turned, and in a flash he was upon the man. Tarzan saw the man's hand fall, and he saw the man's head fall. The man was dead.

The ape-man had acted so quickly that he had been unable to prepare himself to withstand the strain and strain of Numa's great weight. Numa's weight, which he thought the rope stopped the beast before his mighty talons could fasten themselves in the flesh of the black, came strain overbalance, and Tarzan felt the man's head fall, and he saw the man's head fall. The man was dead.

In all the village he could not have had for the asking. How much easier this was, thought Tarzan, than murder and robbery to supply his wants. How close he had been to killing this man whom he never had seen before, and who now was manifesting by every primitive muscle at his command friendship and affection for his would-be slayer. Tarzan of the Apes was ashamed. Hereafter he would at least wait until he knew man deserved it before he thought of killing them.

The idea recalled Rokoff to his mind. He wished that he might have the Russian to himself in the dark jungle for a few minutes. There was a man who deserved killing if ever any one did. And if he could have seen Rokoff at that moment as he assiduously bent every nerve to the pleasure of the moment, he would have longed for more than ever to mete out to the man the fate he deserved.

Tarzan's first night with the savages was devoted to a wild orgy in his honor. There was feasting, for the hunters had brought in an antelope and a zebra as trophies of their skill, and gallons of the thick native beer were consumed. The warriors danced in the firelight, Tarzan was again impressed by the symmetry of their figures and the regularity of their features—their noses and thick lips of the typical West Coast savage were entirely missing. In repose the faces of the men were intelligent and dignified, those of the women oftentimes prepossessing.

It was during this dance that the ape-man first noticed that some of the men and many of the women wore ornaments of gold—principally anklets and armbands of great weight, apparently beaten out of the solid metal. When he expressed a wish to examine one of these, the owner removed it from her person and insisted through the medium of signs, that Tarzan accept it as a gift. A close scrutiny of the bauble convinced the ape-man that the article was of virgin gold, and he was surprised, for it was the first time that he had ever seen golden ornaments among the savages of Africa, other than the trifling bangles worn near the coast had purchased or stolen from Europeans. He tried to ask them from whence the metal came, but he could not make them understand.

When the dance was done Tarzan signified his intention to leave them, but they almost implored him to accept the hospitality of a great hut which the chief said was his. Tarzan accepted it as a gift, and he would return in the morning, but they could not understand. When he finally walked away from them toward the side of the village opposite the gate, the natives still further mystified as to his intentions.

Tarzan, however, knew just what he was about. In the past he had had experience with the rodents and vermin that infest every native village, and while he was not overcrispulous about such matters, he much preferred the fresh air of the swaying trees to the fetid atmosphere of a hut. The natives followed him to where a great tree overhung the pallade, and as Tarzan leaped for a lower branch and disappeared into the foliage above, precisely after the fashion of a monkey, there were loud exclamations of surprise and astonishment. For half an hour they called to him to return, but as he did not answer them they at last desisted, and sought the sleeping mats within their huts.

Tarzan went back into the forest a short distance until he had found a tree suited to his primitive requirements, and then, curling himself in a great crotch, he fell immediately into a deep sleep. The following morning he dropped into the village street as suddenly as he had disappeared the preceding night. For a moment the natives were startled and afraid, but when they recognized their guest of the night before they welcomed him with shouts and laughter. That day he accompanied a party of warriors to the nearby plains on a great hunt, and so dexterous did they find this white man with their own crude weapons that they were not cannibals—that they looked with loathing and contempt upon men who ate men.

The warrior whom he had stalked to the village, told him many of the tribal legends—how many years before, his people had come many long marches from the north; how once they had had a great and powerful tribe; and how the slave raiders had wrought such havoc among them with their death-dealing guns that they had been reduced to the number of their former numbers and power.

a better location, none has ever been found. "And the raiders have never found you here?" asked Tarzan. "About a year ago a small party of Arabs and Manyema stumbled upon us, and we drove them off, killing many. For days we followed them, attacking them for the wild beasts they are, picking them off one by one, until but a handful remained, but these escaped us."

As Buell talked he fingered a heavy gold armband that encircled the glossy side of his left arm. Tarzan's eyes had been upon the ornament, but his thoughts were elsewhere. Presently he recalled the question he had tried to ask when he first came to the tribe—the question he could not ask for he had forgotten so trivial a thing as gold, for he had been for some time a truly primitive man with nothing but the light of gold awakened the sleeping lion that was in him, and with it came the lust for wealth. That lesson Tarzan had learned well in his brief sojourn in the city of the civilized man. He perceived of the slow of gold meant power and pleasure. He pointed to the bauble.

"From whence came that yellow metal, Buell?" he asked. "A month's march away—maybe more," he replied. "Have you been there?" asked Tarzan. "No, but some of our people were there years ago, when my father and I searched farther for a location for our tribe when first they settled here came upon a strange people who wore ornaments of gold—principally anklets and armbands of great weight, apparently beaten out of the solid metal. When he expressed a wish to examine one of these, the owner removed it from her person and insisted through the medium of signs, that Tarzan accept it as a gift. A close scrutiny of the bauble convinced the ape-man that the article was of virgin gold, and he was surprised, for it was the first time that he had ever seen golden ornaments among the savages of Africa, other than the trifling bangles worn near the coast had purchased or stolen from Europeans. He tried to ask them from whence the metal came, but he could not make them understand."

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"You're no 'cop, 'Beat it," said the youth. A resident of the township happened along then, and when Grobbers could not show a badge took him before Magistrate Mallin, of Drexel Hill. He was held in \$50 bail for court on a charge of impersonating an officer.

UPPER DARBY ABUSES CUPID
No Place for Lovers When Constables Are Around.
A new enemy of Dan Cupid has made his appearance in Upper Darby Township. The despicable work of this new foe in thwarting the little god's designs has been revealed through the disclosure of a would-be constable who, in the township this summer, and this was greatly deplored by Upper Darby policemen. A source of income opened, however—arresting "loopholes." This proved to take a hand in it himself. This youth clambered aboard an automobile, which was standing in a dark roadway, and inquired of the passengers—a man and a girl—that they were under arrest.

to bring him good fortune in the morning hunt. The hunters were off. There were 50 sleek, black warriors, and in their midst, lithe and active as a young lion, strode Tarzan of the Apes, his skin contrasting vividly with the color of his companions. His ornaments and weapons were the same as theirs—he spoke their language—he laughed and joked with them, and leaped and shouted in the brief wild dance that preceded their departure from the village, to all intent and purpose, a savage. No one had been questioned himself, it is to be doubted, that he would have admitted that he was far more closely allied to these people and their life than any of them. He had mimicked for a few short months.

But he did think of D'Arnot, and a grin of amusement showed his strong white teeth as he pictured the immaculate man as he was that minute. Poor Paul, who had prided himself on having eradicated from his friend the last traces of wild savagery, how quickly he had about it! Tarzan, in his heart he did not consider it a fall—rather, he pitied the poor creature of Paris, penned up like prisoners in their silly clothes, and watched by policemen nothing that was not entirely artificial and tiresome.

A two hours' march brought them close to the vicinity in which the elephants had been seen the previous day. From there they moved very quietly indeed, searching for the spoor of the great beasts. At length they found the well-marked trail along which the herd had passed not many hours before. In single file they followed it for about an hour. It was then that the first raised his hand in signal that the quarry was at hand—his sensitive nose had warned him that the elephants were not far ahead of them.

The blacks were skeptical when he told them that he had seen the elephants. "Come with me," said Tarzan, "and we shall see." With the agility of a squirrel he sprang into a tree and ran nimbly to the top. Carefully and cautiously. When he had reached a lofty limb beside the ape-man the latter pointed to the south, and there, some few hundred yards away, the black saw a herd of huge black creatures, swaying back and forth above the top of the lofty jungle grasses. He pointed the direction to the watchers below, indicating with his fingers the number of beasts he could count.

Immediately the hunters started toward the elephants. The black in the tree hunched down, but Tarzan stalked, after the spoor, along the leafy way of the middle track, and the fact of the matter was, that he was not a child's play to wild elephants with the crude weapons of primitive man. Tarzan knew that few native hunters would have dared to follow him, but he did so with a little pride—truly he was commencing to think of himself as a member of the little community.

As Tarzan moved silently through the trees he saw the warriors below creeping in a half circle upon the still unsuspecting elephants. Finally they were within sight of the great beasts. Now they slung their bows and arrows, and at a signal the 50 men rose from the ground where they had lain concealed and hurled their heavy spears at the two elephants. The spears were not a single miss; 50 spears were impeded in the sides of each of the giant animals. One never moved from the spot where it stood when the avalanche of spears struck it. The other, however, reared up, and with its heart and it lunged forward upon its knees, rolling to the ground without a struggle.

The other, standing nearly head-on toward the hunters, had not proved so good a mark, and though every spear struck not one entered the great heart. For a moment the huge bull stood trumpeting in rage, and then, with a number of huge black creatures, he charged into the jungle before the weak eyes of the monster had fallen upon any of them, but now he caught the sound of their retreat, and amid a terrific crashing of underbrush and branches, he charged in the direction of the noise.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

DEATHS
MAGDALENE—On August 1, 1915, MAGDALENE, widow of Joseph Magdalen, died at her residence, 1215 North 22nd St., at 10 o'clock. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral, on Wednesday, August 4, at 10 o'clock, from her late residence, 1215 North 22nd St., at 10 o'clock. Interment at Holy Cross cemetery.

FLORINE—On August 1, 1915, FLORINE, widow of Joseph Florine, died at her residence, 1215 North 22nd St., at 10 o'clock. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral, on Wednesday, August 4, at 10 o'clock, from her late residence, 1215 North 22nd St., at 10 o'clock. Interment at Holy Cross cemetery.

JOHN S. GREEN—On August 1, 1915, JOHN S. GREEN, aged 52 years, died at his residence, 1215 North 22nd St., at 10 o'clock. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral, on Wednesday, August 4, at 10 o'clock, from his late residence, 1215 North 22nd St., at 10 o'clock. Interment at Holy Cross cemetery.

MARY ELIZABETH—On August 1, 1915, MARY ELIZABETH, widow of William E. Hays, died at her residence, 1215 North 22nd St., at 10 o'clock. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral, on Wednesday, August 4, at 10 o'clock, from her late residence, 1215 North 22nd St., at 10 o'clock. Interment at Holy Cross cemetery.

THRESE—On August 1, 1915, THRESE, daughter of Joseph Threse, died at her residence, 1215 North 22nd St., at 10 o'clock. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral, on Wednesday, August 4, at 10 o'clock, from her late residence, 1215 North 22nd St., at 10 o'clock. Interment at Holy Cross cemetery.

CHARLES—On August 1, 1915, CHARLES, husband of Mrs. M. Haverly, died at his residence, 1215 North 22nd St., at 10 o'clock. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral, on Wednesday, August 4, at 10 o'clock, from his late residence, 1215 North 22nd St., at 10 o'clock. Interment at Holy Cross cemetery.

ELIZABETH—On August 1, 1915, ELIZABETH, widow of Edward C. Hay, died at her residence, 1215 North 22nd St., at 10 o'clock. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral, on Wednesday, August 4, at 10 o'clock, from her late residence, 1215 North 22nd St., at 10 o'clock. Interment at Holy Cross cemetery.

ALONZO—On August 1, 1915, ALONZO BOWEN, husband of Florence Bowen, died at his residence, 1215 North 22nd St., at 10 o'clock. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral, on Wednesday, August 4, at 10 o'clock, from his late residence, 1215 North 22nd St., at 10 o'clock. Interment at Holy Cross cemetery.

EMILIO—On August 1, 1915, EMILIO BUCKLEY, aged 74 years, died at his residence, 1215 North 22nd St., at 10 o'clock. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral, on Wednesday, August 4, at 10 o'clock, from his late residence, 1215 North 22nd St., at 10 o'clock. Interment at Holy Cross cemetery.

FRANK—On August 1, 1915, FRANK BENDICOTT, husband of Florence Bendicott, died at his residence, 1215 North 22nd St., at 10 o'clock. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral, on Wednesday, August 4, at 10 o'clock, from his late residence, 1215 North 22nd St., at 10 o'clock. Interment at Holy Cross cemetery.

JAMES—On August 1, 1915, JAMES CAHILL, aged 65 years, died at his residence, 1215 North 22nd St., at 10 o'clock. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral, on Wednesday, August 4, at 10 o'clock, from his late residence, 1215 North 22nd St., at 10 o'clock. Interment at Holy Cross cemetery.

MARY—On August 1, 1915, MARY CHALLENGER, aged 65 years, died at her residence, 1215 North 22nd St., at 10 o'clock. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral, on Wednesday, August 4, at 10 o'clock, from her late residence, 1215 North 22nd St., at 10 o'clock. Interment at Holy Cross cemetery.

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GET-RICH-QUICK-WALSINGFORD
LOOK HEAR BLACKIE WHARS DAT SEBEN BONES YOU WAS A FLASHIN ROUN YER. I DONE START A BANK DOES YOU WANT TER GIT NEXT?
YASSAH: AN WEN YOU DEE-POST ONE PLUNK YOU DRAW TEN POCENT INTRIST AT SIGHT, AN NOW AM DE AWSPICIOUS 'CA'SION TO SEE. GIMME DE SEBEN AN I'LL SHOW YOU HOW IT WORKS.
COLLY BUT DATS HOT STUFF HEAR AM DE SEBEN
YOU GOT DE DEE-POST NOW COME ACROSS WIF DE INTRIST
RIGHT HEAR YOU IS HONEY- DE INTRIST AM SBENTY CENTS. DE BANK AM NOW CLOSED FO DE DAY
HE STOPS A RUN ON THE BANK
SUIT YOUSEF BABY, EF DEY IS ANYFING YOU-ALL WANTS TO LEARN BOUT BANKIN. JES RINC ME UP COAL CELLAR, FO LEBEN FORTY FO YOU PO SHRIMP