

THE BEASTS OF JAR by Edgar Rice Burroughs

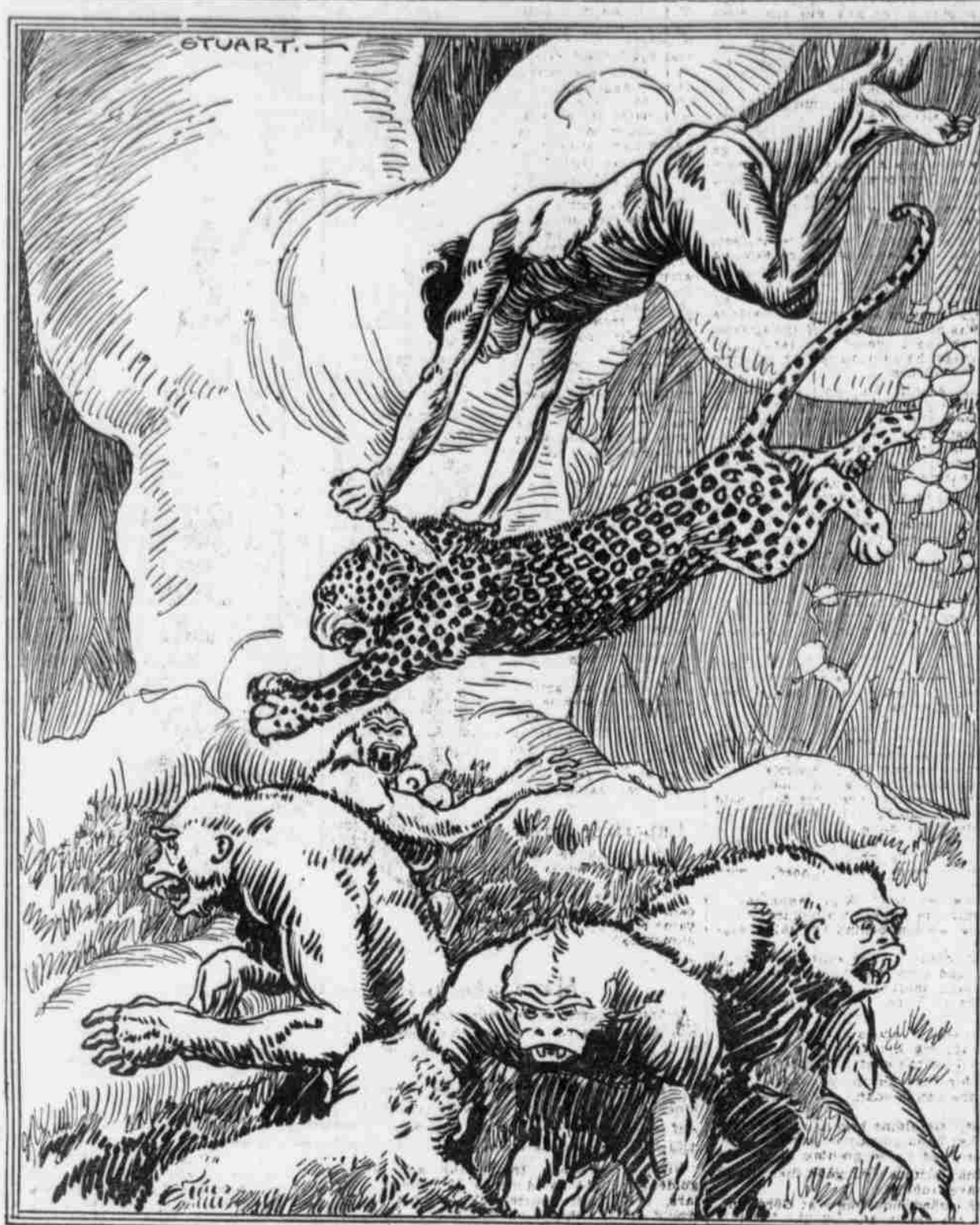
THE APE-MAN IS ONCE AGAIN AMONG THE BEASTS OF THE JUNGLE, YET, THOUGH HE IS STILL ABLE TO LIVE THE PHYSICAL LIFE OF A PRIMEVAL ANIMAL, HIS HEART NOW BEATS WITH HUMAN EMOTIONS

CHAPTER I

Kidnaped

The entire affair is shrouded in mystery. "I have it on the best of authority that neither the police nor the general staff have the faintest conception of how it was accomplished. All they know is that Nikolai Rokoff has been kidnapped."

under way; nor was it until the machine had passed the Greystone residence at good speed that Carl, with a heavy blow to her face, had succeeded in knocking her to the pavement. Her screams had attracted servants and members of the families from residences nearby...



The barest fraction of a second before his spring, another beast of prey above him leapt, its weird and savage cry mingling with his.

her deck was deserted, though she had steam up, and from the volume of smoke pouring from her funnel was all ready to get under way made no impression upon him. With the thought that in another instant he would find that precious little bundle of humanity in his arms, the ape-man swung down into the darkness below...

listen to the conversation vouchsafed the information that moment before as he had been about to enter the cabin he had seen two men leaning into the boat toward the wharf. "Show me the direction they went," cried the woman, slipping a coin into the man's hand.

face so close to hers. The man relaxed the pressure of his fingers upon her lips and with a little moan of terror the girl shrank away from her captor. "Nikolai Rokoff! M. Thurau!" she exclaimed. "Your devoted admirer," replied the Russian, with a low bow.

"There should be both profit and pleasure as well as other good things to reward our efforts, my dear Alexs. Thanks to the stupidity of the French, they have gone to such lengths to conceal the fact that I have had ample opportunity to work out every detail of our little adventure so carefully that there is little chance of the slightest hitch occurring to mar our prospects."

"You must needs shave off that beard of yours, Alexs," he said to his companion. "With it he would recognize you on the instant. We must separate here in the hour, and when we meet again upon the deck of the Kincaid, let us hope that we shall have with us two honored guests who little anticipate the pleasant voyage we have arranged for themselves."

CHAPTER II

Marooned

TARZAN and his guide had disappeared into the shadows upon the dark wharf the figure of a heavily veiled woman hurried down the narrow alleyway to the drinking place the two men had just quitted.

Quickly she hurried to the cabin which was half above and half below the deck. As she descended the stony companion ladder into the main cabin on either side of which were the smaller rooms occupied by the officers, she failed to note the quick closing of one of the doors before her. She passed the full length of the main room and then, tracing her steps, stopped before each door to listen, futilely trying each latch.

During the days of anguish that followed Jane Clayton's imprisonment but few questions were asked in her mind. Rapidly she approached the slowly moving steamer, who stared half in envy, half in hate at her more fortunate sister. "Have you seen a tall, well-dressed man here, but a minute since," she asked, "who might know where my son is?"

"I am not that I fear for myself, Paul," he said at last. "Many times in the past have I watched Rokoff's designs upon my life; but now there are others to consider. Unless I misjudge the man, he would more quickly strike at me through my wife or son than directly at me, for he doubtless realizes that in no other way could he inflict greater anguish upon me. I must go back to them at once and remain with them until Rokoff is recaptured or dead."

"I should any other accompany you, or should I see suspicious characters who might be agents of the police, I shall not meet you, and your last chance of recovering your son will be gone." Without more words the man rang off. Greystone repeated the gist of the conversation to his wife. She begged to be allowed to accompany him, but he insisted that it might result in the man's carrying off his throat of refusing to aid them if Tarzan did not come alone, and so they parted, he to hasten to Dover and she, ostensibly to wait at home until he should notify her of the outcome of his mission.

to draw the man into conversation, he had been unsuccessful. He had hoped to learn through this fellow whether his little son was aboard the Kincaid, but to every question upon this or kindred subjects the fellow returned but one reply. "Ay tank it blow purty soon purty hard." So after several attempts Tarzan gave it up.

"I would not trust you," she replied. "What guarantee have I that you would not take my money and then do as you please with me and mine regardless of your promise?" "I think you will do as I bid," he said, turning to leave the cabin. "Remember that I have your son-if you chance to hear the agonized wail of a tortured child, that means consent to reflect that it is because of your stubbornness that the baby suffers-and that it is your baby."

LOWLY Tarzan unfolded the note the sailor had thrust into his hand and read it. At first it made a little impression on his sorrow-numbed sense, but finally the full purport of the words flashed upon his mind of revenge afforded itself before his imagination. This will explain to you (the note said) the exact nature of my intentions relative to your offspring and to the woman you love. You were born an ape. You lived naked in the jungles-to your own way, you have returned you; but your son shall rise a step above his father. It is the immutable law of evolution. The father may be a bear, but the son shall be a man-he shall take the next ascending step in the scale of progress. He shall be no naked beast of the jungle, but shall wear a loin cloth and wear a hat, and he shall be trained in his nose, for he is to be reared by men-a tribe of savage cannibals. I might have killed you, but that would have curtailed the full measure of the punishment you have earned at my hands. Dead, you could not have suffered in the knowledge of your son's plights; but living, and in a place from which you may not escape, he will be a pain to your child, you shall suffer worse than death for all the years of your life in contemplation of the horrors of your son's existence. You are to live by a part of your punishment for having dared to pit your own against mine. F. S. The balance of your punishment has to do with what shall presently befall your wife. I shall leave to your imagination. Instantly his senses awoke, and he was again Tarzan of the Apes. As he wheeled about, it was a beast at bay, vibrant with the instinct of revenge. He was already charging down upon him.

CHAPTER III

Beasts at Bay

LOWLY Tarzan unfolded the note the sailor had thrust into his hand and read it. At first it made a little impression on his sorrow-numbed sense, but finally the full purport of the words flashed upon his mind of revenge afforded itself before his imagination. This will explain to you (the note said) the exact nature of my intentions relative to your offspring and to the woman you love. You were born an ape. You lived naked in the jungles-to your own way, you have returned you; but your son shall rise a step above his father. It is the immutable law of evolution. The father may be a bear, but the son shall be a man-he shall take the next ascending step in the scale of progress. He shall be no naked beast of the jungle, but shall wear a loin cloth and wear a hat, and he shall be trained in his nose, for he is to be reared by men-a tribe of savage cannibals. I might have killed you, but that would have curtailed the full measure of the punishment you have earned at my hands. Dead, you could not have suffered in the knowledge of your son's plights; but living, and in a place from which you may not escape, he will be a pain to your child, you shall suffer worse than death for all the years of your life in contemplation of the horrors of your son's existence. You are to live by a part of your punishment for having dared to pit your own against mine. F. S. The balance of your punishment has to do with what shall presently befall your wife. I shall leave to your imagination. Instantly his senses awoke, and he was again Tarzan of the Apes. As he wheeled about, it was a beast at bay, vibrant with the instinct of revenge. He was already charging down upon him.

(CONTINUED IN MONDAY'S EVENING LEDGER)