THE BEASTS OF TARZAN

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Nikolas Rokoff, for years a bitter enemy of John Clayton, Lord Greystoke, formerly "Tarzan of the Apes," escapes from prison and succeeds in luring Tarzan and Jane, his wife, aboard the tramp steamer Kincaid, where his infant son has already been secreted. Tarzan is stripped and landed on what is apparently an uncharted, and uninhabited island off the coast of Africa, and, having been informed of the awful fate that awaits his wife and child, is commanded to resume his savage life. Thereupon the Kincaid sails away. He battles with anthropoid apes whom he encounters there, finally becoming master of them, and especially friendly with their leader, Akut. He also makes a pet and servant of a panther, Sheeta, whom he has rescued from under a fallen tree.

While Tarzan is deeply engrossed in planning his campaign to find his family, he is suddenly attacked by a band of cannibals, led by their chief, Mugambi. He is about to succumb to their numbers when his faithful apes and Sheeta come to his rescue. Then Mugambi, whom he spares, Tarzan learns that the mainland is only a short distance away.

CHAPTER V—(Continued).

THE Wagambi chief was quite dubious as to the sail, for he had never seen such a contrivance used. His country lay far up the broad Ugambi River, and this was the first occasion that any of his people had found their way to the ocean.

Tarzan, however, was confident that with a good west wind he could navigate the little craft to the mainland. At any rate, he decided, it would be preferable to perish on the way than to remain indefinitely upon this evidently unchartered island to which no ships might ever be expected to come.

And so it was that when the first fair wind rose he embarked upon his cruise, and with him he took as strange and fierce a crew as ever sailed under a savage master.

Mugambi and Akut went with him, and Sheeta, the panther, and a dozen great males of the tribe of Akut.

CHAPTER VI.

THE war-canoe with its savage load moved slowly toward the break in the reef through which it must pass to gain the open sea. Tarzan, Mugambi, and that wielded the paddles, for the shore kept the west wind from the little sail.

Sheeta crouched in the bow at the ape-man's feet, for it had seemed best to Tarzan always to keep the wicked beast far from the other members of the party as possible, since it would require little or no provocation to send him at the throat of any than the white man, whom he evidently now looked upon as his master.

In the stern was Mugambi, and just in front of him squatted Akut, while between Akut and Tarzan the 12 hairy apes sat upon their haunches, blinking dubiously this way and that, and now and then turning their eyes longingly back toward shore.

All went well until the canoe had passed beyond the reef. Here the breeze struck the sail, sending the rude craft lunging along the waves that ran higher and higher as they drew away from the shore. With the tossing of the boat the apes became panic-stricken. They first moved uneasily about, and then commenced grumbling and whining. With difficulty Akut kept them in hand for a time; but when a particularly large wave struck the dugout simultaneously with a little squall of wind their terror broke all bounds, and leaping to their feet they all but overturned the boat before Akut and Tarzan together could quiet them. At last calm was restored, and eventually the apes became accustomed to the strange antics of their craft, after which no more trouble was experienced with them.

The trip was uneventful, the wind held, and after 10 hours steady sailing the black shadows of the coast loomed close before the straining eyes of the ape-man in the bow. It was far too dark to distinguish whether they had approached close to the mouth of the Ugambi or not, so Tarzan let in through the surf at the closest point to await the dawn.

The dugout turned broadside the instant that its nose touched the sand, and immediately it rolled over with all its crew scrambling madly for the shore. The next breaker rolled them over and over, but eventually they all succeeded in crawling to safety, and in a moment more their unlucky craft had been washed up beside them.

The remainder of the night the apes sat huddled close to one another for warmth; while Mugambi built a fire close to them upon which they crouched for warmth. Tarzan and Sheeta, however, were of a different mind, for neither of them feared the jungle night, and the insistent craving of their hunger sent them off into the Stygian blackness of the forest in search of prey.

Side by side they walked where there was room for two abreast. At other times in single file, first one and then the other in advance. It was Tarzan who first caught the scent of meat—a bull buffalo—and presently the two came stealthily upon the sleeping beast in the midst of a dense jungle of weeds close to a river. Closer and closer they crept toward the unsuspecting beast, Sheeta upon his right side and Tarzan upon his left nearest the great heart. They had hunted together for some time, so that they worked in unison, with only low, purring sounds as signals.

For a moment they lay quite silent near their prey, and then at a sign from the ape-man Sheeta sprang upon the great back, burying his strong teeth in the bull's neck. Instantly the brute sprang to his feet with a bellow of pain and rage, and at the same instant Tarzan rushed upon his left side with the stone knife, striking repeatedly behind the shoulder. One of the ape-man's hands clutched the thick mane, and as the bull raced madly through the reeds the thing striking at his life was dragged beside him. Sheeta hung tenaciously to his hold upon the back and back, biting deep in an effort to reach the spine.

For several hundred yards the bellowing bull carried his two savage antagonists, until at last the blade found his heart, and with a final bellow that was half a groan he plunged headlong to the earth. Then Tarzan and Sheeta feasted to repletion.

After the meal the two curled up together in a thicket, the man's black head pillowed upon the tawny side of the panther. Shortly after dawn they awoke and ate again, and then returned to the beach that Tarzan might lead the balance of the pack to the kill.

When the meal was done the brutes were curling up to sleep, so Tarzan and Mugambi set off in search of the Ugambi River. They had proceeded scarce 100 yards when they came suddenly upon a broad stream, which the negro instantly recognized as that down which he and his warriors had paddled to the sea upon their ill-starred expedition.

The two now followed the stream down to the ocean, finding that it emptied into a bay not over a mile from the point on the beach at which the canoe had been thrown the night before.

Tarzan was much elated by the discovery, as he knew that in the vicinity of a large watercourse he should find game, and from some of these he had little doubt but that he should obtain the skins of Rokoff and the child, for he felt reasonably certain that the Russian would rid himself of the baby as quickly as possible after having disposed of Tarzan.

He and Mugambi now righted and launched the dugout, though it was a most difficult feat in the face of the surf which rolled continuously in upon the beach, but at last they were successful, and soon after were paddling up the coast toward the mouth of the Ugambi. Here they experienced considerable difficulty in making an entrance against the outgoing current and ebb tide, but by taking advantage of eddies close in to shore they came about dusk to a point nearly opposite the spot where they had left the pack asleep.

Making the craft fast to an overhanging bough the two made their way into the jungle, presently coming upon some of the apes feeding upon fruit a little beyond the reeds where the buffalo had fallen. Sheeta was not anywhere to be seen, nor did he return that night, so that Tarzan came to believe that he had wandered away in search of his own kind.

Early the next morning the ape-man led his band down to the river, and as he walked he gave vent to a series of shrill cries. Presently from a great distance and faintly there came an answering scream, and a half hour later the lithe form of Sheeta bounded into view where the others of the pack were clambering gingerly into the canoe.

The great beast, with arched back and purring like a contented tabby, rubbed his sides against the ape-man, and then at a word from the latter sprang to his place in the bow of the dugout.

When all were in place it was discovered that two of the apes of Akut were missing, and though both the king ape and Tarzan called to them for the better part of an hour there was no response, and finally the boat put off without them. As it happened that the two missing ones were the very same who had evinced the least desire to accompany the expedition from the island, and had suffered the most from fright during the voyage, Tarzan was quite sure that they had absented themselves purposely rather than again enter the canoe.

As the party were putting in for the shore shortly after noon to search for food, a slender, naked savage watched them for a moment from behind the dense screen of verdure which lined the river's bank, then he melted away upstream before any of those in the canoe discovered him.

Like a deer he bounded along the narrow trail until, filled with the excitement of his news, he burst into a native village several miles above the point at which Tarzan and his pack had stopped to hunt.

"Another white man is coming!" he cried to the chief, who squatted before the entrance to his circular hut. "Another white man, and with him are many warriors. They come in a great war canoe to kill and rob as did the black-bearded one who has just left us."

Kaviri leaped to his feet. He had but recently had a taste of the white man's medicine, and his savage heart was filled with bitterness and hate. In another moment the rumble of the war-drums rose from the village, calling in the hunters from the forest and the tillers from the fields.

Seven war canoes were launched and manned by paint-daubed, befeathered warriors. Long spears bristled from the rude battleships, as they slid noiselessly over the bosom of the water, propelled by giant muscles rolling beneath glistening, ebony hides.

There was no beating of tom-toms now, nor blare of native horn, for Kaviri was a crafty warrior, and it was in his mind to take no chances, if they could be avoided. He would swoop noiselessly down with his seven canoes upon the single one of the white man, and before the guns of the latter could inflict much damage upon his people he would have overwhelmed the enemy by force of numbers.

Kaviri's own canoe went in advance of the others a short distance, and as it rounded a sharp bend in the river where the swift current bore it rapidly on its way it came suddenly upon the thing that Kaviri sought.

So close were the two canoes to one another that the black had only an opportunity to note the white face in the bow of the oncoming craft before the two touched and his own men were upon their feet, yelling like mad devils and thrusting their long spears at the occupants of the other canoe.

But a moment later, when Kaviri was able to realize the nature of the crew that manned the white man's dugout, he would have given all the beads and iron wire that he possessed to have been safely within his distant village. Scarcely had the two craft come together than the frightful apes of Akut rose, growling and barking, from the bottom of the canoe, and, with long, hairy arms far outstretched, grasped the menacing spears from the hands of Kaviri's warriors.

The blacks were overcome with terror, but there was nothing to do other than to fight. Now came the other war canoes rapidly down upon the two crafts. Their occupants were eager to join the battle, for they thought that their foes were white men and their native porters.

They swarmed about Tarzan's craft; but when they saw the nature of the enemy all but one turned and paddled swiftly up river. That one came too close to the ape-man's craft before its occupants realized that their fellows were pitted against demons instead of men. As it touched Tarzan spoke a few low words to Sheeta and Akut, so that before the attacking warriors could draw away there sprang upon them with a blood-freezing scream a huge panther, and into the other end of their canoe clambered a great ape.

At one end the panther wrought fearful havoc with his mighty talons and long, sharp fangs, while Akut at the other buried is yellow canines in the necks of those that came within his reach, hurling the terror-stricken blacks overboard.

Kaviri was so busily engaged with the demons that had entered his own craft that he could offer no assistance to his warriors in the other. A giant of a white devil had wrested his spear from him as though he, the mighty Kaviri, had been but a new-born babe. Hairy monsters were overcoming his fighting men, and a black chieftain like himself was fighting shoulder to shoulder with the hideous pack that opposed him.

Kaviri battled bravely against his antagonist, for he felt that death had already claimed him, and so the least that he could do would be to sell his life as dearly as possible; but it was soon evident that his best was quite futile when pitted against the superhuman brawn and agility of the creature that at last found his throat and bent him back into the bottom of the canoe.

CONTINUED TOMORROW.

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

A Native Type

WINIFRED, rising from the depths of the capacious trunk she was unpacking, shook out a dainty blue bathing suit.

"How does this strike you, Aunt Priscilla?" she asked, holding the garment against her slim figure and looking across the room with prim lips but eyes dancing with mischief.

The elderly woman in a rocking chair by the window stared critically. "If some pieces were sewed on top and bottom it'd look tolerably like a dress, she commented.

"Why, there's more to it than to most of the bathing suits worn on the beach this summer," laughed Winifred.

"Do you mean to tell me you've been wearing that thing, every day, right afore all those folks? Winifred Bowers I'm ashamed of you!"

"But you won't mind if I put it on again today, where there's nobody to see? I'll even sneak out by way of the back door, Aunt Priscilla, so as not to shock you—and Napoleon." She pointed to the large, dignified cat on the window sill and smoothed the silky folds of the garment she held. "I must have one more dip before I return to town. The water is warm yet, and the air is splendid today."

Half an hour later Winifred was making her way across the fields that separated her aunt's garden from the sea. This was quite different from her usual manner of taking a briny bath. At Narragansett Pier she had dressed herself in her room at the hotel, and, enfolded in a long cape, had stepped from the plank walk into the water. Now she must travel a quarter of a mile to reach the little old bathing house which was one of a few that dotted the lonely shore.

Stepping from the doorway after having attired herself for her swim, Winifred paused to look over the autumnal scene. There were no hotels or cottages in sight, no crowded boardwalk, no fashionable onlookers; but, as she paused, the girl was conscious of a rare exhilaration.

The heaving sea rolled in on the sparkling sands in wild yet sportive freedom; beyond the scrubby trees on the other side of the beach stretched green marshes; in the distance, a picturesque lighthouse crowned a rocky cliff. Winifred outflung her arms and drew a long breath.

"Isn't it good to be really alone! After the way I've been besieged all summer—oh, I could shout for joy at the very bigness of it all."

But Winifred was not alone even there. Coming down the winding path that led from the lighthouse, a man stopped as he caught sight of the solitary figure on the beach beyond. "There's one of the natives in bathing," he reflected, shifting the small camera he was carrying. "I wonder if I could get her for a type. She'd be shy, of course, if I were to ask her. Probably she'd run away if she saw me."

He hesitated, then made his way cautiously behind the scrubby growth until he reached a point of vantage. The girl on the sands was blissfully unconscious. She took a few lively steps; then shook back her loosened hair, uplifted her face, and stretched out her lithe arms. One moment she held the charming pose; then turned and plunged into the inviting waves that foamed above the darting, blue-clad form.

When Winifred reappeared after her swim, there was no one else on the beach, and the girl went toward her aunt's cottage, singing gayly as she went.

Rested and rejuvenated by her brief sojourn in the little old-fashioned village, Winifred Bowers appeared among her town friends. Wondering comments and compliments greeted her from all sides.

"How did you manage it—after such a strenuous season?" asked one of her intimate friends. "You're looking as fresh as the proverbial daisy, while the rest of us are positively jaded and will have to rest up before the winter festivities begin."

"I feel equal to anything," laughed Winifred. "And, by the way, here are tickets for a photographic exhibit. A friend of Jack's—a Mr. Caird, from Philadelphia, is the star artist. You know Jack's a camera fiend, and he's also a member of the society; so I'll have to take this in."

"You mean at the Institute gallery? Why, everybody's going. Let's drop in this afternoon."

The two young women appeared at the photographic exhibit together. From the first, Winifred was uneasily conscious of something strange in the attitude of her friends. They would greet her; look at her with varying degrees of suspicion or amusement, and express themselves in mystifying terms.

"Never thought of you as a rustic type," remarked one.

"Why is Dunstan Caird the only favored one?" inquired a youth, smiling reprovingly.

"What does he mean?" demanded Winifred, with displeased bewilderment written on her piquant face. "I don't even know Dunstan Caird."

They passed into the alcove where there was a neatly arranged collection of snapshot pictures. A group of acquaintances were halted before the gem of the collection and each one eyed Winifred curiously as she approached. The young woman followed the trail of their shifting glances; and, as her eyes fell upon a picture that was stamped with a disturbing familiarity, the hot blushes dyed her cheeks. There was a young girl with outstretched arms and hair tossed to the breeze. Her supple form showed gracefully against the background of sea and sky, and her features were radiantly distinct in the morning sunshine. A title was given—"A Water Witch of Cohasset," and beneath, in smaller letters, was a further explanation, "A Native Type."

For a moment Winifred stood transfixed; then she wheeled about on determined heels. Her cheeks were flaming and her dark eyes snapping with anger. "Where is Mr. Dunstan Caird?" she demanded.

The next instant the artist was arrested at the head of the stairway by a whirlwind vision. A feminine voice was challenging him. Even in that moment, Winifred saw that the man had the appearance of a gentleman and was, in fact, puzzled at her attack.

"I am Miss Bowers. You have my picture on exhibition. How dare you make a laughing stock of me?"

"Why, I—I never—" began the artist, but Winifred flashed out anew.

"It is my picture. I remember that day well. You must have been spying somewhere around. It must be removed at once, Mr. Caird."

"Oh, my Cohasset picture," said Dunstan Caird, thoughtfully. "I beg your pardon, Miss Bowers. I recognize you now. But I thought I was snapping—er, well—"

"A native type!" reminded Winifred. Her vexation was subsiding beneath the courtesy and the evident chagrin of the good-looking offender. He, in turn, gazed long at her and a slow smile broke over his countenance. This handsome, stylish young woman could never be mistaken for a rural belle.

"The picture shall come down at once," he declared. "I cannot tell you how sorry I am for my blunder. But don't think me impertinent, Miss Bowers. An artist of the camera is apt to make permanent any scene that pleases him. I shall give that picture and the plate as well into your hands."

It was an appeased and demure young woman who received her cousin Jack and his friend, Mr. Caird, of Philadelphia, that evening. The artist had brought with him a small, square package, which he placed in Winifred's hands with a low, humble bow. "The Water Witch of Cohasset," he explained, meekly. "Am I forgiven?"

Three months later a brunette young woman smartly dressed in broadcloth and furs posed before the camera of an artist from Philadelphia.

"This is for my private collection," remarked Dunstan Caird. "Can you suggest a fitting title, Winifred?"

"Surely," smiled the girl, teasingly. "Why not 'A Native Type,' Dunstan?"

"That's it!" cried the artist, unabashed. 'A Native Type of Manhattan'—taken by Dunstan Caird."

"Taken by Dunstan Caird—surely!" Even as Winifred murmured the significant words she was caught in an eager, loving embrace, and their laughter mingled joyously. But then, already their engagement had been announced; and their plans for a honeymoon included a trip to Cohasset.

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SCRAPPLE

GRIT!

—Punch.

THE MORNING AFTER THE ZEPPELIN RAID IN OUR VILLAGE.

THE PADDED CELL

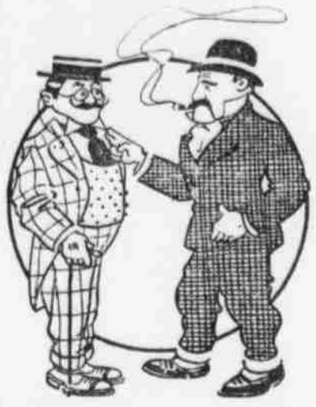
A One-Horse Show

Very Attractive

The Girl—But I never gave you any encouragement.

The Man—Yes, you did! You said your father was very rich and generous.

Spiteful Thing



"Lida says her mind is made up."

"I guess everybody'll find it out if it isn't made up better than her face."

Muggins—It makes me uneasy to owe a cent.

Juggins—I'm glad I don't feel that way.

Muggins—Why?

Juggins—I'd have St. Vitus dane.

Play Titles Travestied

"Tonight's the Night." "When London Sleeps."

—London Opinion.

How It Occurred

Magistrate—And what were you and your husband quarreling about last night?

Mrs. Brown—He said he was as good as me, and I said so was I. I told him he was no man, and he said neither was I.

ONCE IS ENUF

Didn't Look It

He—Physical culture is simply splendid. I'm taking beauty exercises!

She—You haven't been taking them long, have you?

Troubles of an English Wife

—Tatler.

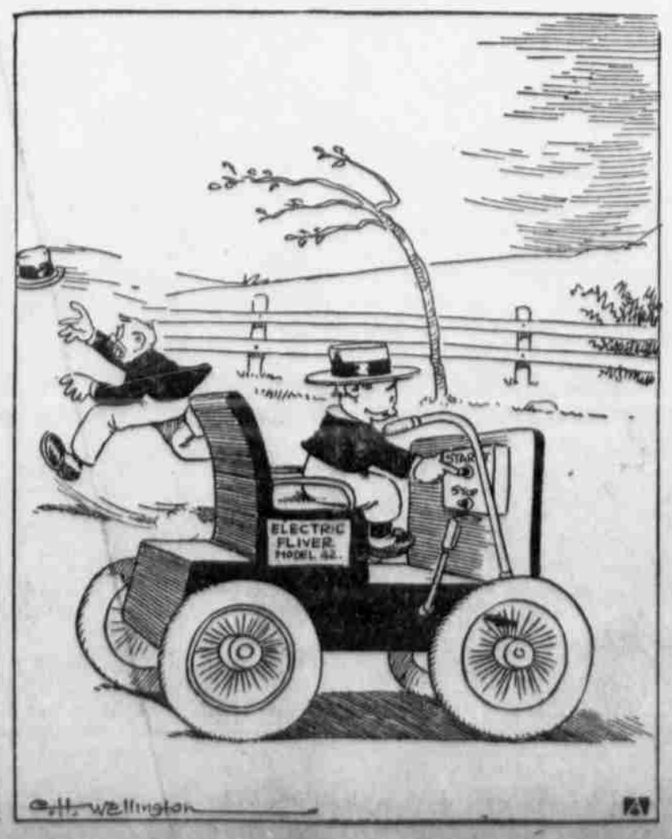
Cook, having taken "a sitivation under Govingment," departs to make sheils regardless of Eve's frantic appeals.

TRENCH TRIBULATIONS

—The Sketch.

Volunteer (to the other volunteer)—Perfectly absurd making these trenches so narrow—impossible for two men to pass.

——AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME



The Reason

Workman—Gracious! Do you know what happened when a man smoked near this dynamite shed some years ago? There was an explosion which blew up a dozen men.

Stranger—Well, that couldn't happen here now.

Workman—Why not?

Stranger—Because there's only me and you.

The Innocent Bystander