

THE BEASTS OF TARZAN

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Nipobias Rokoff, for years a bitter enemy of John Clayton, Lord Greystoke, formerly "Tarzan of the Apes," escaped from prison and succeeded in luring Tarzan and Jane...

I know not, unless it be that they are devouring your people who ran away. Kavarit shuddered and rolled his eyes...

The ape-man was at a loss as to how he might enter into communication with these people without either frightening them or arousing their savage love of battle...

CHAPTER VI—(Continued). Kavarit's head began to whirl—objects became confused and dim before his eyes—there was a great pain in his chest...

When he opened his eyes once more he found, much to his surprise, that he was not dead. He lay, securely bound, in the bottom of his own canoe.

Kavarit shuddered and closed his eyes again, waiting for the ferocious creature to spring upon him and put him out of his misery.

Tarzan, seeing that the chief had regained consciousness, addressed him. "Your warriors tell me that you are the chief of a numerous people and that your name is Kavarit," he said.

"I am not as this other white man," replied Tarzan, "it would be a waste of breath to tell you what was the face of this bad white man like? I am searching for one who has wronged me. Possibly this may be the very one."

"It was a man with a bad face, covered with a great black beard, and he was very, very wicked—yes, very wicked indeed."

"Was there a little white child with him?" asked Tarzan, his heart almost stopping as he awaited the black's answer.

"No, bwana," replied Kavarit, "the white child was not with this man's party—it was with the other party."

"With the party that the very bad white man was pursuing. There was a white man, woman and the child, with six Mosula porters. They passed upon the river three days ahead of the very bad white man. I think that they were running away from him."

CHAPTER VII. THE two savages, Kavarit and Muzambi, snatching before the entrance of Kavarit's hut, looked at one another—Kavarit with ill-concealed alarm.

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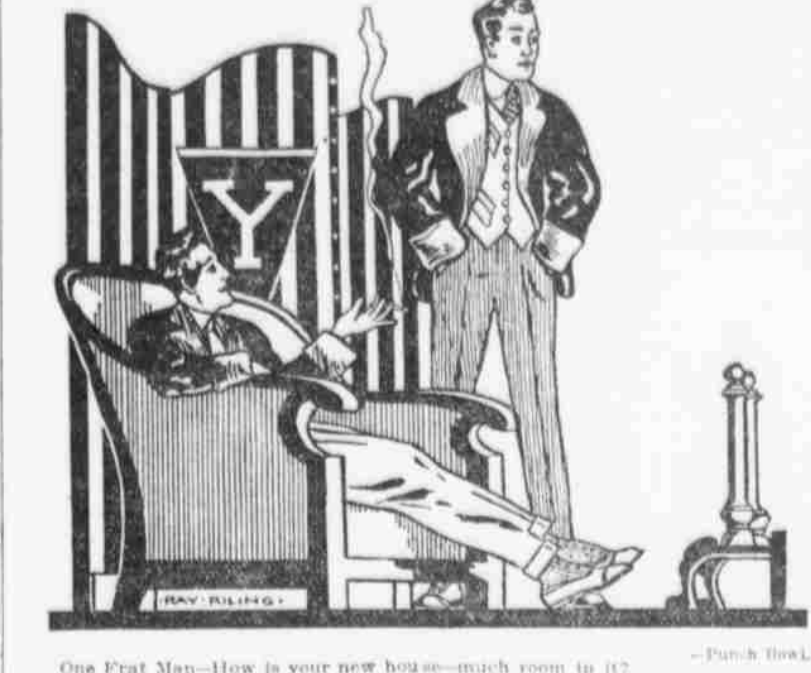
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WHAT THEY LAUGH AT IN COLLEGE



One Frat Man—How is your new house—much room in it? Another Frat Man—I should say not. The kitchen and dining room are so small we have to use condensed milk.

Helpful



London Edition. "Yes, Jimmy, you're right—there are times in one's life when one feels fortunate in having been born a dog."

Cause for Worry



"What are you so worried about?" "My rich uncle wants to see me about his will. If I tell him I married well, he will leave his money to his poor relation, and if I say I don't marry well, he'll leave it to someone worthier than myself."

On the Outside



"Gracious, Dick, I see you're shoving outside." "And so I am, my dear! Did you think I was fur-loused?"

AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME



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THE PADDED CELL



THATS RIGHT DING IT! WALK ALL OVER ME!

Modern Terminology



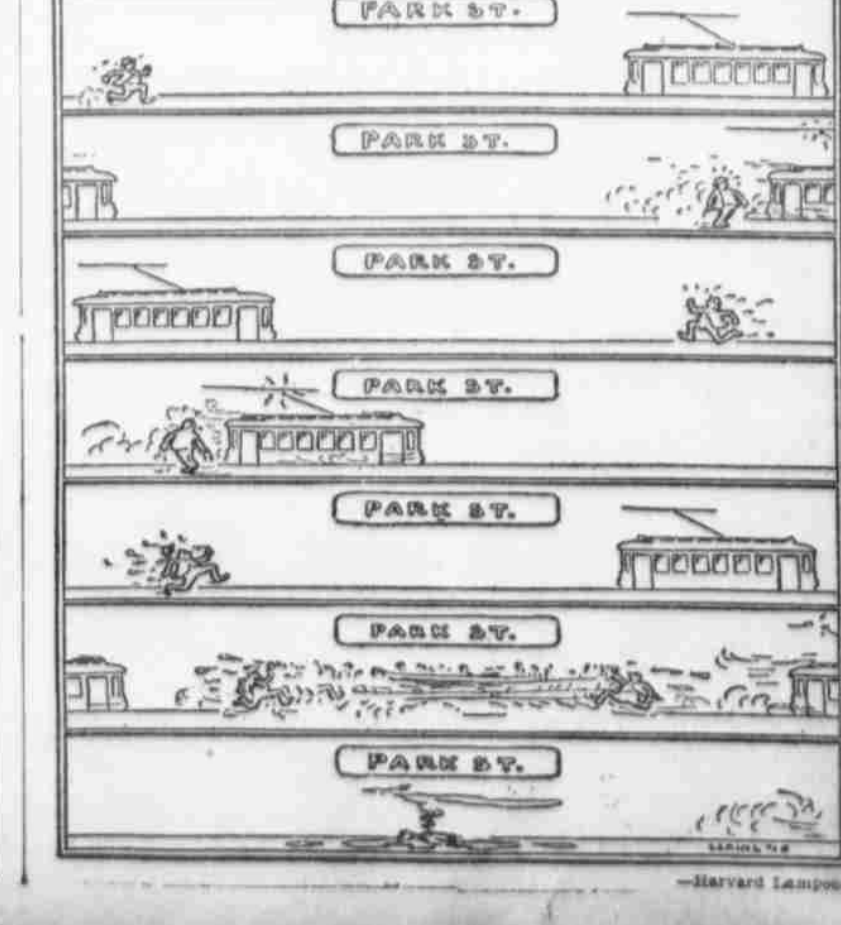
Sympathetic Recruit (whose pat has had his ears boxed by exasperated sergeants)—It didn't ought to do that, did 'e? The Injured One—It don't matter if 'e did ought or if 'e didn't ought, 'e dun it, didn't 'e?

DID IT EVER HAPPEN TO YOU?



Hanger—She appears to have changed her clothes. Fangee—Most people disappear to do that.—Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern. "Always thought you were too lazy to run like this for a car, old man." "It's all right, old top. Lateness runs in our family!"—Browning's Magazine.

This Is From Boston, but How About Juniper Street?



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