# THE BEASTS OF TARZAN

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS



village.

WHEN the gates more secured celf-confidence of the savages returned and as Tarzan walked up the village street to-ward the chief's but he was surrounded by a host of curious

women and men, women and children. From the chief he learned that Rokoff had passed up the fiver a week previous, and that he had borns growing from his forehead and was accompanied by a thousand devils. Later the chief said that the very bad white man had remained a menth in his village.

with Kaviria, that the Russian was but three days gone from that chieftain's vil-lage and that his following was much smaller than now stated. Targan was it no manner surprised at the discrepancies, for he was quite familiar with the sav-age mind's strange manner of functioning. What he was most interested in know-

ing was that he was upon the right trail, and that it led toward the interior. In this circumstance he knew that Rokoff could never escape him. After several hours of questioning and cross-questioning the ape-man learned that another party had preceded the Rus-

sian by several days-three white-a man, a woman and a little man-child, with several Mosulus. Tarzan explained to the chief that his people would follow him in a canoe, probably the next day, and that though he might go on shead of them the chief was

to receive them kindly and have no feat of them, for Mugambi would see that they did not harm the chief's people, if they were accorded a friendly reception. "And now," he concluded, "I shall lie down beneath this tree and sleep. I am very tired."

The chief offered him a hut, but Tarzan, from past experience of native dwellings, preferred the open air, and, further, he had plans of his own that could be better carried out if he remained beneath the tree. He gave as his reason a desire to be close at hand should Sheet.

Peter was run down physically, while return, and after this explanation the Miss Stanwood was financially em-

s. He might easily have entered village without recourse to the gates, but he believed that a sudden and unaccountable disappearance when he was ready to leave them would result in a more lasting impression upon their childlike minds, and so as soon as the village was quiet in sleep be rose, and, leaping into the branches of the tree above him, faded cliently into the black mystery of the jungle night.

All the balance of that night the apeswung rapidly through the upper middle terraces of the forest. When going was good there he preferred upper branches of the giant trees, then his way was better lighted by moon; but so accustomed were all senses to the grim world of his birth

that it was possible for him, even in the dense, black shadows near the ground, to move with ease and rapidity. You or I walking beneath the arcs of our own main street, or Broadway, or State could not have moved more surely or with a tenth the speed of the agile aneman through the gloomy mazes that would have baffled us entirely,

At dawn he stopped to feed, and then he slept for several hours, taking up the pursuit again toward noon.

Twice he came upon natives, and, though he had considerable difficulty in approaching them, he succeeded in both tunces in quieting both their fears and silicose intentions toward him, and learned from them that he was upon the trail of the Russian. Two days later, still following up the

Ugambi, he came upon a large village. The chief, a wicked-looking fellow with the sharp-filed teeth that often denote the cannibal, received him with apparent friendliness.

The apenian was now thoroughly fatigued, and had determined to rest for eight or ten hours that he might be fresh and strong when he caught up with Rokoff, as he was sure he must do within a very short time.

The chief told him that the bearded white man had left his village only the morning before, and that doubtless he would be able to overtake him in a short time. The other party the chief had not

seen or heard of, so he said.

Targan did not like the appearance or manner of the fellow, who seemed, though friendly enough, to harbor a certain contempt for this half-naked white man who came with no followers and offered no presents; but he needed the rest and food that the village would afford him with less effort than the jungle, and so, as he knew no fear of man, beast or devil, he curled himself up in the shadow of a hut and was soon

Scarcely had he left the chief than the latter called two of his warriors, to whom he whispered a few instructions. A mo-ment after the sleek, black bodies were racing along the river path, upstream, toward the east.

In the village the chief maintained perfect quiet. He would permit no one to approach the sleeping visitor, nor any singing, nor loud talking. He was remarkably solicitous lest his guest be dis-

Three hours later several cances came Three hours later several cances came, ently into view from up the Ugambi. They were being punhed ahead rapidly by the brawny muscles of their black rews. Upon the bank before the river stood the chief, his spear raised in a parisontal position above his head, as agush in some manner of predetermined uma; to those within the boats.

And such indeed was the purpose of

and to those within the honts.

And such indeed was the purpose of attitude—which meant that the white singer within his viliage still slept

in the nows of two of the cances were he runners that the chief had sent forth free hours earlier. It was evident that her had been dispatched to follow and ring back this party, and that the signal rom the bank was one that had been disrained upon before they left the viluity.

fn a few moments the dugouts drew in to the verdure-clad bank. The native warriers piled out, and with them a half dezen white men. Sullen, ugly-looking qualenters they were, and none more so than the evil-faced, black-bearded man

Where is the white man your messen-

gers report to be with you?" he saked of the chief.

"This way, bwans," replied the native. "Carefully have I kept silence in the village that he might be still asleep when you returned. I do not know that he is one who seeks you to do you harm, but he guestioned me closely about your remmine and his mean. coming and your going, and his appearance is as that of the one you described, but whom you believed safe in the country which you called Jungle Island.
"Had you not told me this tale I should

not have recognized him, and then he might have gone after and slain you. If he is a friend and no enemy, then no harm has been done, bwans; but if he proves to be an enemy, I should like very much to have a rifle and some am-

"You have done well," replied the white man, "and you shall have the rifle and ammunition whether he be a friend or enemy, provided that you stand, with

I shall stand with you, bwana," said the chief, "and now come and look upon the stranger."

So saying, he turned and led the way toward the hut, in the shadow of which the unconscious Tarzan slept peacefully. Behind the two men came the remain-ing whites and a score of warriors; but the raised foreingers of the chief and his companion held them all to perfect

As they turned the corner of the hut. cautiously and upon tiploe, an ugly smile touched the lips of the white as his eyes fell upon the giant figure of the sleep-

ingly. The latter nodded his head, to signify that the chief had made no mistake in his suspicions. Then he turned to those behind him and, pointing to the sleeping man, motioned for them to seize and bind him.

A moment later a dozen brutes had leaned upon the surprised Tarzan, and so quickly did they work that he was securely bound before he could make half

"That for your welcome," he said.
"Tonight, before my Ethiop friends eat you. I shall tell you what has already befallen your wife and child, and what further plans I have for their futures."

THROUGH the luxuriant, tangled vegetation of the Stygian jungle night a great lithe body made its way sinuously and in utter silence upon its soft padded feet.

Only two blazing points of yellow-green flame shone occasionally with the reflected light of the equatorial moon that

now and again pierced the softly sighing roof rustling in the night wind.
Occasionally the beast would stop with high-held nose eniffing searchingly. At other times a quick, brief incursion into the branches above delayed it momentarily in the steady former toward the engineering the search of t ly in its steady journey toward the east To its sensitive nostrils came the subtle unseen spoor of many a tender four-footed creature, bringing the saliva of hunger

at some soft throat.

All that night the creature pursued its lenely way, and the next day it halted only to make a single kill, which it tore to fragments and devoured with sullen, grumbling rumbles as though half familished for lack of food.

It was dusk when it approached the

It was dusk when it approached the rallende that surrounded a large native vilinge. Like the shadow of a swift and silent death it circled the village, nose to the ground, halling at last close to the pallsade, where it almost touched the backs of several huts. Here the beast sniffed for a moment, and then turning its head upon one side listened with uppricked ears.

What it heard was no sound by the standards of human cars, yet to the highly attuned and delicate organs of the securely bound before he could make half an effort to escape.

Then they threw him down upon his back, and as his eyes turned toward the

Then they threw him down upon his back, and as his eyes turned toward the crowd that stood near, they fell upon the malks face of Nikolas Rokoff.

A sneer curled the Russian's lips. He stepped quite close to Tarzan.

"Pig!" he cried. "Have you not yet learned sufficient wisdom to keep away from Nikolas Rokoff?"

Then he kicked the prostrate man full in the face.

"Right and as his eyes turned toward the mass of statuesque bone and muscle that mass of statuesque bone and muscle that had an instant before stood as though carved out of living bronze.

As if it had been poised upon steel springs, suddenly released, it rose quickly and silently to the top of the padisade, disappearing, stealthly and catlike, into the dark space between the wall and the back of an adjacent but.

(CONTINUED MONDAY.)

## THE DAILY SHORT STORY

interested in making the girl's acquaintance so long as he had obtained a three years! lease on her property.

Peter was run down physically, while chief was very glad to permit him to sleep beneath the tree.

Taraan had always found that it stood barrassed. The transfer of property was a step in the right direction for both him in good stead to leave with natives parties concerned. It left Madge free to the impression that he was to some extent possessed of more or less miraculous bor, while Peter Perkins could seek the bor, while Peter Perkins could seek the tobust health he had lost in his effort to find that vague pedestal called fame. His had succeeded to a flattering degree before his health-or the lack of it-had

mals, while the few hens and rabbits were forlorn creatures. The orchard, once

Peter had worked with feverish inspiration on his art, and by so doing had arrived on the precipice of a nervous breakdown. The Stanwood place came as a blessing to him. Since he might not wake further use of his brain during its process of rebuilding, he rejoiced in the physical activity that would be demandof him during his three years in the

It was difficult at first to fling off the inertia that gripped him after leaving the steam-heated studio and his paints and models; but the trimming of shrubs that was necessary, since it was late autumn, was necessary, since it was late autimm, sent Peter out with hedge scissors and an augmenting sense of zeal. Having come originally from the West, Peter was at heart adapted for outdoor life. Farming and the artist's temperament went strangely hand in hand in Peter's mentality. It was not difficult them, during the full of the artist's brain, for the farmer to come readily into activity. When the shrubbery had been trimmed

When the shrubbery had been trimmed the trees in the orchard came next. Peter Perkins was companioned and served only by old Gregory, who was both an ineligent gardener and a handy man about

house. 'No social intercourse and no putter ing with paints. Remember that!" had been the doctor's parting words to Peter. "For one year at least." And so Peter had foregone the pleasure

of seeing even Dorls Brown, the girl whom he had almost definitely fallen in love with, and he had locked up his paints and brushes in the attic room and had bravely given the key to old

'Don't give it to me-even if I fire you "Don't give it to me-even if I are you for not doing so." he commanded Gregory, and the old man kept the key. Before the cold weather came the cowshed was mended, the chicken coeps whitewashed and a cockerel and some new hens added to the meager flock, and all other preparations for an excellent springtime were made. The poor little rabbit was given a mate, and that being the last of the domestic arrangements among the barnyard life, Peter and Gregory turned their attention to their own habitation. habitation.

During the winter months they painted every inch of the interior of the Stanwood house and mended roofs draughty doors and windows. Cree Creeping vines were trimmed so that the spring-time resebuds would seek admission to the old living room with its great stone

fireplace and lefty cellings.

It was not until the arrival of spring, the verdure was brilliant and the blossoms in full and odorous bloom. that Peter really threatened Gregory with

"It's a chance in an artist's life," be stormed at the imperturbable servant. "Those blossoms are perfect—there never was an orchard so beautiful. I could win a thousand-dollar prize with just a small sketch." His tone had become somewhat

wheedling ... The blosso "The blossoms'll be out again next year," was all Gregory said, and Peter raved in vain for the keys to his paints and brushes. He eyed Peter with a glow

of pride. Somehow he felt responsible for the glow of health that was slowly progressing in Peter's body. "What ever will we do with the fruit, chickens, eggs, milk and vegetables that we will be having before long?" questioned Peter as he realized the prolific tendencies that work at Stanwood farm was beginning to make evident "We will have a hundred fine little rabbits ir we don" watch out." He laughed. The question, however, was a serious one. "Old

CHAPTER VIII.

creature, bringing the saliva of hunger to the cruel, drooping jowl.

But steadfastly it kept on its way, strangely ignoring the cravings of appetite that at another time would have sent the rolling, fur-clad muscles flying at some soft threat.

## Fair Exchange

PETER PERKINS came into temporary | Nancy is a rest beauty now," he added as possession of the old Stanwood prop- they watched the sleek fattened cow erty through mutual friends of his own | chewing her spring cud with bovine conand the last remaining member of the tentment. "Think of the fine milk that Stanwood family. He did not know will be wasted. You and I can't get away Madge Stanwood, nor was he in any way | with it." Everything that Peter and Gregory

touched multiplied with astonishing rapidity. Each accused the other of possess ing a weird charm with growing things. With the development of vegetables and fruits, to say nothing of the barnyard of prolitic hens and Nancy's rich milk, the question of disposal of produce became an imperative one. Old Gregory, however, had a scheme

up his worn sleeve, but he kept it to him-self until he had made a round of all channel had been through art, and Peter had succeeded to a flattering degree before his health-or the lack of it—had married couples with small children. It The Stanwood property was sadly dilapidated. The gardens, both vegetable and floral, were all but wrecks; the lone cow was a pitiful sight to a lover of animals, while the few henr and rabbits were forlorn creatures. The orchard, once bearing choice and rare fruit, required pruning, lopping and care to an alarming extent, but with it all, Peter felt sanguine as to the results he would obtain from healthy labor on the property. munity, and one and all wanted Nancy'. rich milk.

"It means," laughed Peter, "that Nancy will have to occupy a smaller portion of the shed. We will have to get a couple more like her." He eyed Gregor, for a mometn very thoughtfully. "You know, of course, Gregory, that I am not going to take the profit from this busi-ness. No. I am not," he added swiftly, seeing the incredulity in Gregory's face. "You are going to take a certain per cent, but all the rest is going into that hole in the old chimney corner against the time Miss Stanwood returns. You see, it is really her farm and---

"A pretty farm it was," said the old gardener, disgustedly; but waffection in his eyes for Peter. with added Nevertheless, the cow, the chickens, the

rehard and all are really belonging to her. You see it—do you not, Gregory"
"Yes, I suppose so," grumbled the old man, and turned away lest Peter Perkins

see that which had risen in his eyes.

Suffice to say the Stanwood farm be Sumes to say the Stanwood farm be-came a paying proposition that quite exceeded the dreams of the temporary owner. The hole in the chimney corner was stuffed with bills and silver, and the day came when another brick had to be dislodged and another bank started.

The brushes and paint had been taken from the attic room, and Peter reveled anew in the blossoming orchard and his loved art. One or two marvelous sketches found their way into the New York shops Peter had regained health, both men-tally and physically, and it was a most attractive looking artist who looked up suddenly one sunny day in early spring to see a wood nymph standing gazing admiringly at his canvas.

His brushes were suspended in the clear air, so lovely was the girl. Her wide hat seemed made to shelter the beauty of her aval face, and her deep blue eyes held a hint of fear in them. She would have fled save that Peter slopped her.

"If I could put you in this picture," he suggested frankly, "I could most probably make several thousand dollars from the canvas."

The girl blusched abyly and drew a triffe nexter. There was awe in her slance. The orchard, as it appeared on the canyas, seemed to breathe of spring and to sway with the breeze. Certainly the petals were fluttering down.

"It would be a pity," she said softly "to hold myself responsible for so great a loss to you. Since I am boarding in the Rose cottage, it will give me pleasure to pose for you for a few moments each responsible." orning."
"Hours!" breathed Peter eagerly.

It so happened that old Gregory was left with more work on his hands than on the days before the nymph had arrived. One day he peered through the branches of the trees and gave vent to a low whistle when his eyes rested on Paler's model. Madge Stanwood, the last of the old family, was standing beneath a gnarled apple tree while Peter's brushes were rapidly sweeping her image onto the canvas. There was that in the eyes of Peter, and it reflected itself in the eyes of the girl, which made old Gregory laugh softly. Love in its most

Gregory laugh softly. Love in its most wonderful form was making the spring a At that very moment of old Gregory's musings Peter Perkins had said, "Won-derful girl" in an awed and breathless tone, and Madge had returned softly: "But you are a wonderful man, Peter-kins," and her tone had been more awed, more breathless, than Peter's own. Copyright, 1915.





Old Sport (patronisingly)—Managed to hit one, have you?

Our Amateur (enreastically)—Oh, no, not a bit of it; I caught him in a barn, and beat him to death.

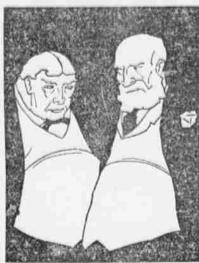


Knocks-Yes, but he don't need an adding machine to count them.

Craig Kennedy "Hush, I'm disguised."

"How so?"
"I changed my mind." - Cornell Widow.

### Why Friendship Grew Cold



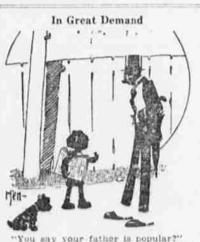
"I thought you were a friend of his?" "I used to be." "And now? "I had to give him up in self-de-

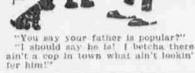
"Why?" "To every life insurance and book agent that asked him if he had any friends who might be interested in their propositions he insisted on giving

#### QUILL PENS



American Eagle-Say, Mr. Wilson, I hope you don't need any more of my quill feathers for pens.







-AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME



THE PADDED CELL



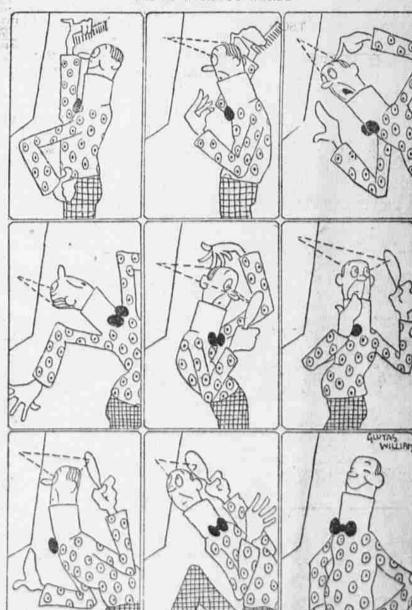


my pictures, sir; but I can only paint things as I see them. Critic - Then you Critic - Then you shouldn't paint while you're seeing things like that.



William So whoever else fails me, it will not be the British!"

# SONGS WITHOUT WORDS



Terrible Moment When You Think You've Found a Bald Spot



No, mum, it crawled up be ind me w'en I wunn't looking-an' just hit me in the leg!"