

THE BEASTS OF TARZAN

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Nicholas Rokoff, for years a bitter enemy of John Clayton, Lord Graydon, formerly Tarzan of the Apes, was a man of many...

WHEN the gates had been once more secured the self-confidence of the savages returned and as Tarzan walked up the village street...

Though none of these statements agreed with Kavar's, that the Russian was but three days gone from that chieftain's village...

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 ahead of them...

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...

All the balance of that night the ape-man swung rapidly through the upper middle terraces of the forest. When morning was good there he preferred to upper branches of the giant trees...

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 instances in outwitting them...

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.

Tarzan did not like the appearance or manner of the fellow, who seemed, though friendly enough, to have 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 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 asleep.

Three hours later several canoes came into view from the Ugambi. They were being pushed ahead rapidly by the brawny muscles of their black crews. Upon the bank before the river stood the chief, his spear raised in a confrontal position above his head, as though in some manner of predetermined signal to those within the boats.

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 little 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.

As they turned the corner of the hut, cautiously and upon tiptoes, an ugly smile touched the lips of the white as his eyes fell upon the faint figure of the sleeping ape-man.

The chief looked at the other inquiringly. 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 white man, motioned for them to seize and bind him.

The Stanwood property was sadly dilapidated. The gardens, both vegetable and floral, were all but wrecked; the lone cow was a pitiful sight to a lover of animals, while the few hens and rabbits were forlorn creatures. The orchard, once so choice and temperate, required pruning, topping 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.

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, sent Peter out with his hoe and spade and an augmenting sense of zeal. Having come originally from the West, Peter was at heart adapted for outdoor life. Farming and the chores and temperance went strangely hand in hand in Peter's mentality. It was not difficult then, during the fall of the artist's brain, for the farmer to come readily into his mind.

"No social intercourse and no putting 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 Doris Brown, the girl whom he had 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 Gregory.

"Don't give it to me—even if I fire you for not doing so," he commanded Gregory, and the old man kept the key. Before the cold weather came the cowshed was built, the chickens cooped 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.

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Occasionally the beast would stop with high-held nose sniffing suspiciously. At other times a quick, brief incursion into the branches above delayed it momentarily in its steady journey toward the east.

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

That he kicked the prostrate man full in the face.

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"You say your father is popular?" "I should say he is! I betcha there ain't a cop in town what ain't lookin' for him!"

Leading Lady—Remember, please, that I am the star. Chorus Girl—Yes, but you'd look better if you were a little meatier.

"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 morning."

"It's a chance in an artist's life," he stormed at the imperturbable servant. "These 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.

SCRAPPLE



Old Sport (nationalistic)—Managed to hit one, have you? Our Amateur (sarcastically)—Oh, no, not a bit of it! I caught him in a barn, and beat him to death.



Nicks—Old Baldspot's hairs are numbered. 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.

QUILL PENS



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



In Great Demand



Too Thin



—AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME



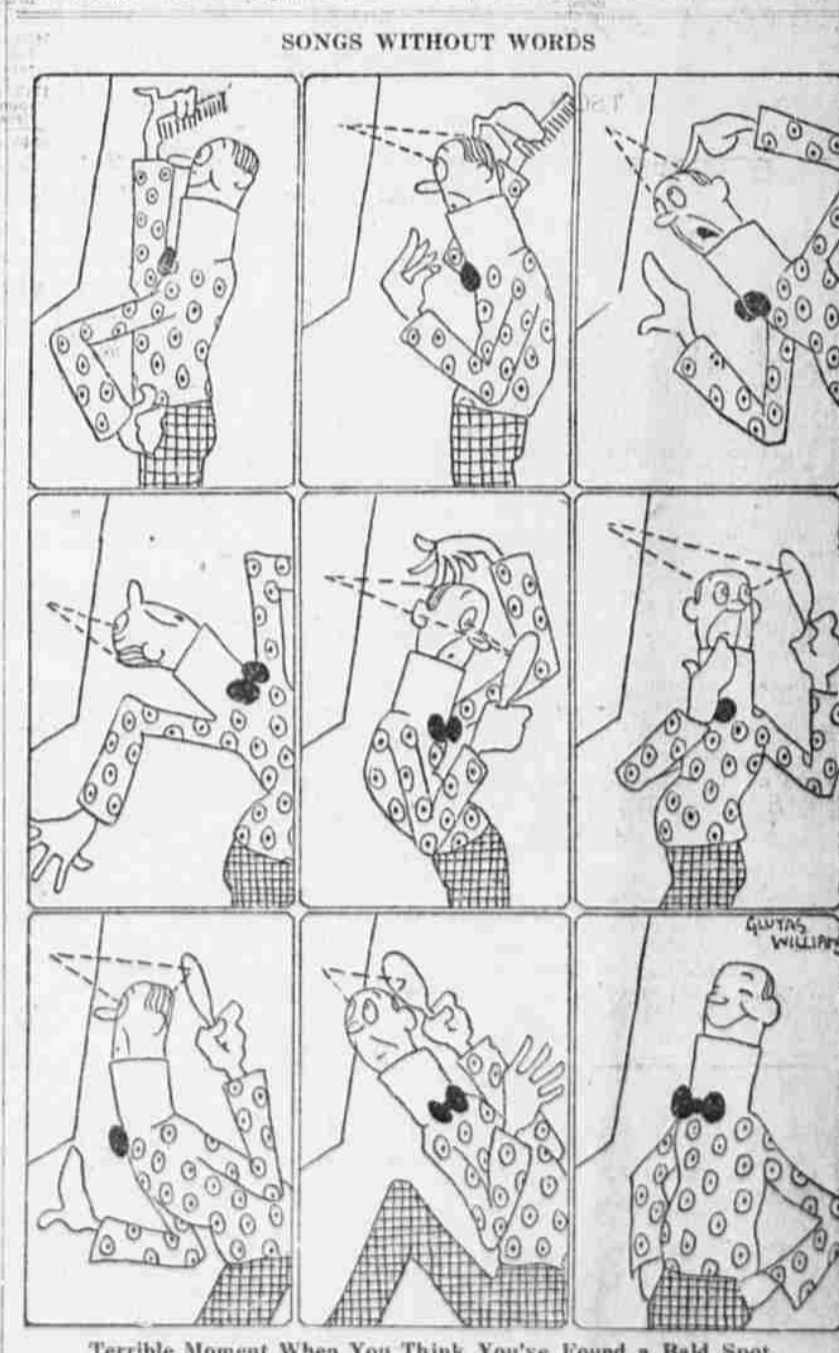
WHY DON'T YOU CUT THOSE THINGS OUT! OH, I WILL—EVENTUALLY!



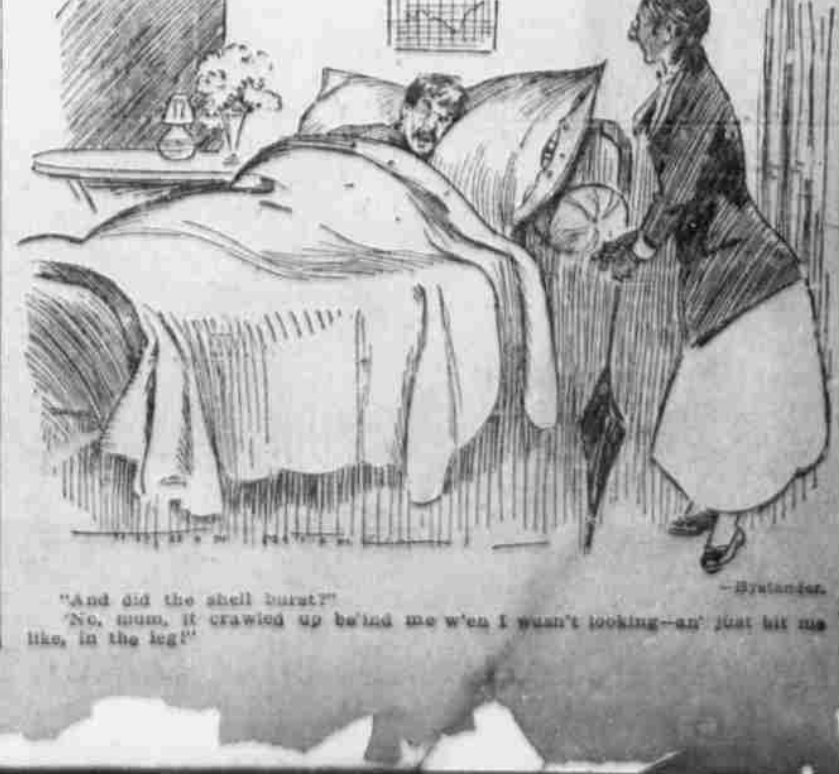
Too Bad



Not Found Wanting



SONGS WITHOUT WORDS



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