

# TARZAN and the JEWELS OF OPAR

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

**THE STORY THUS FAR**  
Werner, a Belgian in the Congo, masquerading as an Arab, had been captured by Achmet Zek, an Arab marauder, and was being taken to the interior of the continent for ransom. Werner follows Tarzan to Opopona, where he is captured by the natives and taken to the interior of the continent. Werner, who is a skilled hunter, is taken to the interior of the continent. Werner, who is a skilled hunter, is taken to the interior of the continent.

### CHAPTER XIII (Continued)

Upon the second day out Mohammed Beyd reined his horse to the side of the animal on which the captive was mounted. It was apparently the first notice which the Arab had taken of the girl; but many times during these two days had his cunning eyes peered greedily from beneath the hood of his burruseo to gloat upon the beauties of the girl.

gate before her. And all this was of the past—gone forever, wiped out by the torches and bullets and hatred of these hideous and degenerate men.

With a stifled sob and a little shudder, Jane Clayton turned back into her tent and sought the pile of unclean blankets which were her bed. Throwing herself face downward upon them, she sobbed forth her misery until kindly sleep brought her at least temporary relief.

And while she slept a figure stole from the tent that stood to the right of hers. It approached the sentry before the doorway and whispered a few words in the man's ear. The latter nodded and strode off through the

ments of love for him, but that she had by various feminine methods acknowledged her new-born affection.

And then a sudden resolution possessed him. He threw the blankets from him and rose to his feet. Pulling on his boots and buckling his cartridge-belt and revolver about his hips, he stepped to the flap of his tent and looked out.

There was no sentry before the entrance to the prisoner's tent! What could it mean? Fate was indeed playing into his hands.

Stepping outside, he passed to the rear of the girl's tent. There was no sentry there, either! And now, boldly,

the Arab returned the blow. Striking at one another and ceaselessly attempting to clinch, the two battled about the small interior of the tent, while the girl, wide-eyed in terror and astonishment, watched the duel in frozen silence.

Again and again Werper struggled to draw his weapon, Mohammed Beyd, anticipating no such opposition to his base desires, had come to the tent unarmed, except for a long knife, which he now drew as a long panting during the first brief rest of the encounter.



"Mohammed Beyd will save you"

Yes, he would kill Werper, retain all the jewels, and keep the Englishwoman.

He turned his eyes upon her as she rode along at his side. How beautiful she was! His fingers opened and closed—skiny talons itching to feel the soft flesh of the victim in their remorseless clutch.

"Do you know," he asked, bending toward her, "where this man would take you?"

Jane Clayton nodded affirmatively. "And are you willing to become the plaything of a black sultan?"

darkness in the direction of his own blankets. The figure passed to the rear of Jane Clayton's tent and spoke again to the sentry there, and this man also left, following in the trail of the first.

Then he who had sent them away stole silently to the tent-flap, and untying the fastenings, entered with the noiselessness of a disembodied spirit.

CHAPTER XIV  
Into the Fire  
SLEEPLESS upon his blankets, Albert Werper let his evil mind dwell upon the charms of the woman in the nearby tent. He had noted Mohammed Beyd's sudden interest in the girl, and judging the man by his own standards, had guessed at the basis of the Arab's sudden change of attitude toward the prisoner.

he walked to the entrance and stepped within. The figure passed to the rear of Jane Clayton's tent and spoke again to the sentry there, and this man also left, following in the trail of the first.

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lever, for it is the last thing in life that you shall see or feel. With it Mohammed Beyd will cut out your black heart. If you have a God, pray to him now—in a minute more you will be dead! And with that he rushed viciously upon the Belgian, his knife raised high above his head.

The Arab dived head first to scuffle with him; there was a sharp report, a lurid gleam of flame in the darkness, and Mohammed Beyd rolled over and over on the floor to come to a final rest beside the bed of the woman he had sought to dishonor.

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and a gentleman could be nothing else than the protector of a woman of his own race amid the dangers of this savage land.

Werper's hands dropped limply at his sides. He stood looking at the girl; but he could find no words to reply to her. Her innocent arraignment of his true purposes was unanswerable.

Outside, the Arabs were searching for the author of the disturbing shot. The two sentries who had been relieved and sent to their blankets by Mohammed Beyd were the first to suggest going to the tent of the prisoner. It occurred to them that possibly the woman had successfully defended herself against their leader.

THE next complete novelette—"The Goose."

# DREAMLAND ADVENTURES—By Dadd

## "CIRCUS MIKE, THE BULL FIGHTER"

(Peggy and Billy Belgium, with Countess Alice and the circus animals, seek to save Red Spot from being slain in a bull-fight by putting on a show that attracts the attention of the Mexicans.)



CHAPTER VI  
The Mexicans See a Fairy  
THE governor was astonished when the matador came flying into his lap! Likewise he was angry, for he had come to see the matador kill the bull and not to be tossed about by the bull like a bundle of hay.

He raised his head proudly and trotted

applauding loudly. But they had come there to see a bull fight and when Countess Alice had done all the stunts she knew the Mexicans began to yell for their favorite sport.

Two new matadors rushed toward Red Spot. They waved red flags tantalizingly in his face. The red mad Red Spot mad. He charged at the matador so quickly they had to dodge without striking home with their swords. But the matadors were determined. They went after him again.

Peggy was prepared for just this moment. Suddenly there was a shriek from the castle and the next instant a little girl in a ragged shawl tumbled into the arena, right in front of the angry bull.

can I get in touch with such farms?"  
Write to the Agricultural Department of the State Board of Education. They will give you all the help you want.

# Business Career of Peter Flint

A Story of Salesmanship by Harold Whitehead

Suppose she had been taken worse. And I went cold at the thought.

Business Questions Answered  
Every man, woman and youth should read this book. It is the best business book ever written.

EVERYDAY STUFF  
Hard to Believe  
With fear and diffidence and doubt Of my reception—more's the pity!



MOVING PICTURE FUNNIES  
WHIZ  
ZING  
WHIZ

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SOMEBODY'S STENOGRAPHER—She Can't Wait That Long  
MOM IF I DON'T SOON GET A NEW HAT THE COP ON THE CORNER WILL BE ASKIN FOR MY LICENSE TO PEDdle ANTIQUES!



WELL YOU CAN'T HAVE ONE 'TIL WE PAY UP FOR OUR LIBERTY BONDS!

AS I LIVE MOM'S OLD VELVET SKIRT! SHE NEVER WEARS IT! MAYBE IT'S TOO SMALL—MOM'S GOING SO MUCH TO WAIT LATELY!

WELL OLD STRAW, YOU AND ME BATTLED MANY A RAY OF SUNSHINE AT THE BEACH LAST SUMMER! DEAR OLD PAL! REMEMBER WHEN YOU WAS RESCUED FROM THE COLD CRUEL WAVES BY THE SECOND LOUIE?

HELLO FOLKS!