

TARZAN OF THE APES

The Thrilling Adventures of a Primeval Man and an American Girl

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

CHAPTER XXIV. LOST TREASURE.

When the expedition returned, following their fruitless endeavor to discover the whereabouts of the lost treasure, Captain Dufranne was anxious to return as quickly as possible, and to leave Jane Porter had acquiesced.

"I shall," she said, determinedly, "I shall go with you, for there are two things in that jungle which will come out of me before you expect to find us awaiting you."

"You are the forest man who has saved the lives of every member of my party," said the captain, "and I have no doubt that you will be of great service to me in the jungle."

"I am not a forest man," said Jane Porter, "I am a woman, and I have no doubt that I will be of great service to you in the jungle."

"You are a woman," said the captain, "and I have no doubt that you will be of great service to me in the jungle."

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me scorn. "What would you think if I had lived all of your life in that jungle as our forest man has done?"

"I'm afraid I'd be a blooming bouncer as a wild man," laughed Clayton, ruefully. "Those noises at night make the hair on my head bristle. I suppose that I should be ashamed to admit it, but it's the truth."

"I don't know about that," said Lieutenant Charpentier. "I never thought much about fear and that sort of thing—never tried to determine whether I was a coward or a brave man; but the other night as we lay in the jungle there after poor D'Arnot was taken, and those jungle noises rose and fell around us, I began to think that I was a coward, indeed. It was not the roaring and growling of the big beasts that affected me so much as it was the stealthy noises—the ones that you heard suddenly close by and then listened vainly for a repetition of the unaccountable sounds as of a great body moving almost noiselessly, and the knowledge that you didn't know how close it was, or whether it were creeping closer after you ceased to hear it! It was those noises—and the eyes."

"Mon Dieu! I shall see them in the dark forever—the eyes that you see, and those that you don't see, but feel; ah, they are the worst."

"All were silent for a moment and then Jane Porter spoke.

"And he is out there," she said, in an awe-struck whisper. "Those eyes will be glaring at him tonight, and at your comrade, Lieutenant D'Arnot. Can you leave them, gentlemen, without at least rendering them the passive succor which remains here a few days longer might insure them?"

"Tut, tut, child," said Professor Porter. "Captain Dufranne is willing to remain, and for my part, I am perfectly willing, perfectly willing—as I always have been to humor your childish whims."

"We can utilize the morrow in recovering the chest, Professor," suggested Mr. Philander.

"Quite so, quite so, Mr. Philander; I had almost forgotten the treasure," exclaimed Professor Porter. "Possibly we can borrow some men from Captain Dufranne to assist us, and one of the prisoners to point out the location of the chest."

"Most assuredly, my dear Professor; we are all yours to command," said the captain.

"And so it was arranged that on the next day Lieutenant Charpentier was to take a detail of ten men, and one of the mutineers of the Arrow as a guide, and unearth the treasure; and that the cruiser would remain for a full week in the little harbor. At the end of that time it was to be assumed that D'Arnot was truly dead, and that the forest man would not return, while they remained. Then the two vessels were to leave with all the party.

Professor Porter did not accompany the treasure-seekers on the following day, but when he saw them returning empty-handed toward noon, he hastened forward to meet them—his usual preoccupied difference entirely vanished, and in its place a nervous and excited manner.

"You all don't mean to tell me that you lost the treasure?" he cried to Clayton, while yet a hundred feet separated them.

"Clayton shook his head.

"Gone," he said, as he neared the professor. "Gone! It cannot be. Who could have taken it?" cried Professor Porter.

"God only knows, Professor," replied Clayton. "We might have thought the fellow who guided us was lying about the location, but his surprise and consternation—"

"Why, Emeralda! You should be ashamed of yourself," cried Jane Porter. "Is this any way to show your gratitude to the man who saved your life twice?"

"Well, Miss Jane, das all jes' as yo' say; but dat dere forest' lawd never did save us to stay here. He done save us so we all could get away from yere. Ah, espec' he be mighty peevish when he find we ain't got no mo' sense 'n to stay right yere after he done give us de chance to get away."

"Ah, hoped Ah'd never have to sleep in his yere geological garden another night and listen to all dem lonesome noises dat come out of dat jungle after dark."

"I don't blame you a bit, Emeralda," said Clayton, "and you certainly did hit it off right when you called them 'lonesome' noises. I never have been able to find the right word for them, but that's it, don't you know, lonesome noises."

"You and Emeralda had better go and live on the cruiser," said Jane Porter, in a tone of finality.

"Jane Porter shot a quick glance at Clayton.

"It means vastly more reasonable," said Professor Porter.

"I do not agree with you," objected Mr. Philander. "He had ample opportunity to explain to himself, or to lead his people to safety. Instead, during our long residence here he has been uniformly insistent in his role of protector and defender."

"That is true," interjected Clayton,

tion on finding no chest beneath the body of the murdered Snipes were too real to be feigned.

"And then our apes showed us that something had been buried beneath that corpse, for a hole had been there and it had been filled with loose earth."

"But who would have taken it?" repeated Professor Porter.

"Suspicion might naturally fall on the men of the cruiser," said Lieutenant Charpentier. "but for the fact that Sub-lieutenant Janvier here assures me that no men have had shore leave—that none has been on shore since we anchored here except under command of an officer."

"I do not know that you would suspect our men, but I am glad that there is now no chance for suspicion to fall on them," he concluded.

"It would never have occurred to me to suspect the men to whom we owe so much," replied Professor Porter, gravely.

mean to her father, and none there knew what it meant to her.

Six days later Captain Dufranne announced that they would sail early on the morrow.

Jane Porter would have begged for a further reprieve had it not been that she, too, had begun to believe that her forest lover would return no more.

In spite of herself she began to entertain doubts and fears. The reasonableness of the arguments of these distinguished French officers commenced to convince her against her will.

That he was a cannibal she would not believe, but that he was an adopted member of some savage tribe at length seemed possible to her.

She would not admit that he could be dead. It was impossible to believe that that perfect body, so filled with triumphant life, could ever cease to harbor the

vital spark—as soon believe that immortality were dust.

As Jane Porter permitted herself to harbor these thoughts, others equally unwelcome forced themselves upon her.

If he belonged to some savage tribe he had a savage wife—a dozen of them, perhaps—and wild, half-caste children. The girl shuddered, and when they told her that the cruiser would sail on the morrow she was almost glad.

It was she, though, who suggested that arms, ammunition, supplies and comforts be left behind in the cabin, ostensibly for that intangible personality who had signed himself Tarzan of the Apes, and for D'Arnot should he still be living, but really, she hoped, for her forest god—even though his feet should prove of clay.

And at the last minute she left a message for him, to be transmitted by Tarzan of the Apes.

Jane Porter was the last to leave the cabin, returning on some trivial pretext, after the others had started for the boat. She knelt down beside the bed in which she had spent so many nights and

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offered up a prayer for the safety of her primal man, and crushing his locket to her lips, she murmured:

"I love you, and because I love you I believe in you. But if I did not believe still should I love. May God have pity on my soul that I should acknowledge it. Had you come back for me, and there had been no other way, I would have gone into the jungle with you—forever."

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

Seek to Obtain Dr. Richmond's Triers

An effort will be made to complete the list of triers of the Rev. George Chalmers Richmond, rector of St. John's Episcopal Church, at a meeting of Episcopal clergymen which will be held at 3 o'clock this afternoon at 727 Walnut street, the office of Henry Budd, chancellor of the diocese.

Three clergymen of the necessary five have been chosen, but they are open to challenge by either side. It is possible the panel will be exhausted before the trier list is complete.

Possible Mayorality Candidate Wants Republicans to Vote Solidly.

"Party harmony" was urged by Congressman William B. Vane and Senator McNichol at the banquet of the Young Men's Republican Club, of the 11th Ward, held in the Hotel Majestic last night. The two organization leaders made suggestions to "line up" the workers for the approaching mayoralty campaign, and they made a popular plea by saying that the 4000 Republican organization workers who were thrown out of their city hall jobs by Mayor Blankenburg, should be restored to their former places.

Congressman Vane, who, again would like to be the Republican candidate for Mayor, his friends believe, pointed out how Republican workers suffered through the split in the ranks in the 11th Ward, and urged that the organization should not be torn apart by internal discussion, if it is to be successful next fall.

THE GIRL WHO HAD NO GOD BY MARY ROBERTS RINEHART An Unusual Story of Unusual People Begins in the Evening Ledger Tomorrow

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