

THE RETURN OF TARZAN

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

AUTHOR OF "TARZAN OF THE APES"

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CHAPTER XVIII—(Continued).

"AM coming, Monsieur Thurau," he hastened to reply.

Thurau attempted to turn himself upon his hands and knees, that he might crawl back to his death, but in the few hours that he had lain there he had become too weak to return to Thurau's side.

"You will have to come to me, monsieur," he called weakly. "I have not sufficient strength to gain my hands and knees."

"Sufficit!" muttered Monsieur Thurau. "You are attempting to cheat me out of my winnings."

Clayton heard the man shuffling about in the bottom of the boat. Finally there came a despairing groan.

"It is too late. You have tricked me, you dirty English dog."

"I have not tricked you, monsieur," replied Clayton. "I have done my best to rise, but I shall try again, and if you will try possibly each of us can crawl halfway, and then you shall have your winnings."

Again Clayton exerted his remaining strength to the utmost, and he heard Thurau apparently doing the same. Nearly an hour later the Englishman succeeded in raising himself to his hands and knees, and at the first forward movement he pitched upon his face.

A moment later he heard an exclamation of relief from Monsieur Thurau. "I am coming," whispered the Russian.

Again Clayton essayed to stagger on to meet his fate, but once more he pitched headlong to the boat's bottom, nor, try as he would, could he again rise. His last effort caused him to roll over on his back, and there he lay looking up at the stars, while behind him, coming ever nearer and nearer, he could hear the laborious shuffling, and the stertorous breathing of the Russian.

It seemed that he must have lain thus an hour, waiting for the thing to crawl to the stars, and end his misery. It was quite close now, but there were longer and longer pauses between its efforts to advance, and each forward movement seemed to the waiting Englishman to be almost imperceptible.

Finally he knew that Thurau was quite close beside him. He heard a cackling laugh, something touched his face, and he lost consciousness.

CHAPTER XIX. THE CITY OF GOLD.

THE very night that Tarzan of the Apes became chief of the Waziri the woman he loved lay dying in a tiny boat 500 miles west of him upon the Atlantic.

As he danced among his naked fellow savages, the freight gleaming against his great, rolling muscles, the personification of physical perfection and strength, the woman who loved him lay thin and emaciated in the last coma that precedes death by thirst and starvation.

The week following the induction of Tarzan into the kingship of the Waziri was occupied in escorting the Manymama of the Arab raiders to the northern boundary of Waziri, in accordance with the promise which Tarzan had made them.

Before he left he exacted a pledge from them that they would lead any expeditions against the Waziri in the future, nor was it a difficult promise to obtain. They had had sufficient experience with the fighting tactics of the new Waziri chief not to have the slightest desire to accompany another predatory force within the boundaries of his dominion.

Almost immediately upon his return to the village of Savage Africa he commenced preparations for leading an expedition in search of the ruined city of gold which Old Waziri had described to him. He selected 50 of the sturdiest warriors of his tribe, choosing only men who seemed anxious to accompany him on the arduous march and share the dangers of a new and hostile country.

The fabulous wealth of the fabled city had been almost imperceptible in the preparations for leading an expedition in search of the ruined city of gold which Old Waziri had described to him. He selected 50 of the sturdiest warriors of his tribe, choosing only men who seemed anxious to accompany him on the arduous march and share the dangers of a new and hostile country.

So one glorious tropical morning Waziri, chief of the Waziri, set out at the head of 50 clean-limbed aboriginal warriors in quest of adventure and of riches. They followed the course which Old Waziri had described to Tarzan. For days they marched up one river, across a low divide, down another river; up a third, until at the end of the twenty-fifth day they camped upon a mountain side, from the summit of which they hoped to catch their first view of the marvelous city of treasure.

Early the next morning they were climbing the almost perpendicular crags which formed the last, but greatest, natural barrier between them and their destination. It was nearly noon before Tarzan, who headed the thin line of climbing warriors, scrambled over the top of the last cliff and stood upon the little flat tableland of the mountain-top.

On either hand towered mighty peaks thousands of feet higher than the pass through which they were entering the forbidden valley. Behind him stretched the wooded valley across which they had marched for many days, and at the oppo-

site side the low range which marked the boundary of their own country.

But before him was the view that centered his attention. Here lay a desolate valley—a shallow, narrow valley dotted with stunted trees and covered with mossy great boulders. And on the far side of the valley lay what appeared to be a mighty city, its great walls, its lofty spires, its turrets, minarets and domes showing red and yellow in the sunlight.

Tarzan was yet too far away to note the marks of ruin to him it appeared a wonderful city of magnificent beauty, and in imagination he peopled its broad avenues and its huge temples with a throng of happy, active people.

For an hour the little expedition rested upon the mountain-top, and then Tarzan led them down into the valley below. There to be seen, but the water was so arid that the scent of the opposite face of the mountain had been. Once in the valley their progress was rapid, and that it was still light when they halted before the towering walls of the ancient city.

The outer wall was 50 feet in height where it had not fallen into ruin, but nowhere as far as they could see had more than 10 or 20 feet of the upper courses fallen down. It was still a formidable defense. On several occasions Tarzan had thought that he discerned things moving behind the ruined portions of the wall near to him, but the water was so arid that the scent of the opposite face of the mountain had been.

That night they camped outside the city. Once, at midnight, they were awakened by a shrill scream from beyond the great wall. It was very high at first, descending gradually until it ended in a series of dull moans. It had a strange effect upon the blacks, almost paralyzing them with terror while it lasted, and it was an hour before the camp settled down to sleep once more.

In the morning the camp was pitched on a steep, rocky slope. The side-long glances that the Waziri continually cast at the massive and forbidding structure which loomed before them.

It required considerable encouragement and urging on Tarzan's part to prevent the blacks from abandoning the venture on the spot and hastening back across the valley toward the cliffs they had scaled the day before. But at length, by dint of commands and threats that he would enter the city alone, they agreed to accompany him.

For 15 minutes they marched along the face of the wall before they discovered a means of ingress. Then they came to a narrow cleft about 20 inches wide. Within, a flight of concrete steps, worn hollow by centuries of use, rose before them, to disappear at a sharp turning of the passage a few yards ahead.

Into this narrow alley Tarzan made his way, turning his glass shoulders aside to the right, that they might enter at all. Behind him trailed his black warriors. At the turn in the cleft the stairs ended, and the path was level; but it wound and twisted like a serpent's path, until suddenly at a sharp angle it debouched upon a narrow court, across which loomed an inner wall equally as high as the outer. This inner wall was set with little round towers alternating along its entire summit with pointed minarets. In places these had fallen, and the wall was ruined, but it was in a much better state of preservation than the outer wall.

Another narrow passage led through this wall, and at its end Tarzan and his warriors found themselves in a broad avenue, on the opposite side of a crumbling edifice of hewn granite blocks and pillars. Upon the face of the buildings debris had grown, and vines wound in and out of the hollow, starting and ending in a semidarkness. Upon the other side of the wall, in a much better state of preservation. It was a massive pile, surmounted by an enormous dome. At the rear side of the great entrance stood rows of tall pillars, each capped by a huge, grotesque bird carved from the solid rock of the minarets.

As the ape-man and his companions were passing in varying degrees of wonderment at the sure of adventure may have been quite as powerful a factor in urging Tarzan of the Apes to undertake the journey as the lure of gold, but the lure of gold was there, too, for he had learned among civilized men something of the miracles that may be wrought by the possessor of the magic yellow metal. What he would do with a golden fortune in the heart of savage Africa it had not occurred to him to consider. It would be enough to possess the power to work wonders, even though he never had an opportunity to employ it.

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There was a rustling in the shadows of a nearby corridor, and he could have sworn that he saw a human hand withdrawn from an embrasure that opened into this chamber from the rotunda in which he found himself.

The floor of the chamber was of concrete, the walls of smooth granite, upon which strange figures of men and beasts were carved in places. Tablatured yellow metal had been set in the solid masonry of the walls.

When he approached closer to one of these tablets he saw that it was of gold, and bore many hieroglyphs. Beyond this first chamber there were others, and back of them the building branched out into enormous wings. Tarzan passed through several of these chambers, finding many evidences of the fabulous wealth of the original builders. In one room were seven pillars of solid gold, and in another the floor itself was of precious metal. And all the while he explored the black huddled close together at his back, and strange shapes hovered upon either hand and before them and behind, yet never close enough that any might say that they were not alone.

The strain, however, was telling upon the nerves of the Waziri. They said that no good could come of such an expedition, for the ruins were haunted by the spirits of the dead who once inhabited them.

"They are watching us, O King," whispered Bueu. "They are waiting until they have led us into the innermost recesses of their stronghold, and then they will fall upon us and tear us to pieces with their teeth. They are backs with spirits. My mother's uncle, who is a great witch doctor, has told me all about it many times."

"Run back to the sunlight, my children," he said. "I will join you when I have searched this old ruin from top to bottom and found the gold which is hidden here. At least we may try the pillars are too heavy for us to handle; but there should be great storehouses filled with gold—gold that we can carry away upon our backs with ease. Run on now, into the fresh air where you may breathe easier."

Some of the warriors started to obey their chief, with alacrity, but Bueu and several of the rest hesitated. They hesitated between love and loyalty for their King, and superstitious fear of the unknown. And then, quite unexpectedly, that occurred which decided the question without the necessity for further discussion. Out of the silence of the ruined temple there came, close to their ears, the same hideous shriek they had heard the previous night, and with horrific cries the black warriors turned and fled through the empty halls of the age-old edifice.

Behind them stood Tarzan of the Apes where they had left him, a grim smile upon his lips—waiting for the enemy he fully expected was about to pounce upon him. But a shrill shriek, like that which he had heard before, came from the faint suggestion of the sound of naked feet moving stealthily in nearby places.

Tarzan wheeled and passed on into the depths of the temple. From room to room he went, until he came to one at which a rude, barred door stood closed. Feeling that he had before him a secret to the treasure stores!

At any rate, the very fact that the strange, invisible guardians of this weird place had permitted him to enter this room to enter this particular chamber was sufficient to treble Tarzan's desire to do so, and though the shrieking was repeated continually, he kept his shoulder to the door until he felt his giant strength to swing open upon creaking wooden hinges.

Within all was black as the tomb. There was no window to let in the faintest ray of light, and as the corridor which it opened was itself in semidarkness, even the open door shed no relieving rays of light. Feeling that he had before him a secret to the treasure stores!

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color nor feature was there a trace of the negro about them. Yet, when their eyes were turned to the concrete floor, they were far from prepossessing in appearance.

During the flight within the dark chamber, and while they had been dragging Tarzan to the inner court, no word had been spoken, but now several of them exchanged grunting, monosyllabic conversation in a language unfamiliar to the ape-man, and presently they left him lying upon the concrete floor while they trooped off on their short legs into another part of the temple beyond the court.

As Tarzan lay upon his back he saw that the temple entirely surrounded the little inclosure, and that on all sides its lofty walls rose high above him. At the top a little patch of blue sky was visible, and in one direction, through an embrasure, he could see foliage, but whether it was beyond or within the temple he did not know.

About the court, from the ground to the top of the temple, were seen the outlines of many things which he had never seen before, and then the captive caught glimpses of bright eyes gleaming from beneath masses of tumbling hair, peering down upon him from above.

The ape-man gently tested the strength of the temple, and when he found that he could not be sure, it seemed that they were of insufficient strength to withstand the strain of his mighty muscles when a moment later he saw a break for the crucial test until darkness had fallen, or he felt that no spying eyes were upon him.

He had lain within the court for several hours before the first rays of sunlight penetrated the vertical shaft; almost simultaneously he heard the pattering of bare feet in the corridors about him, and a moment later he saw a break for the crucial test until darkness had fallen, or he felt that no spying eyes were upon him.

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dropped off gravely, and despite prophecies to the contrary, nothing has been done, and the new State department believes it is up to it to make a move that will bring about the manufacture of potash entirely independent of outside sources. The project is to be put under way immediately.

George G. McMurtry, chairman of the American Sheet and Tubeplate Company, a subsidiary of the United States Steel Corporation, died at his home in Atlantic City yesterday after an illness of several months. Mr. McMurtry was also a director of the American Can Company, the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway Company, the Pittsburg Trust Company and several other large organizations.

In Memoriam. In loving remembrance of WILLIAM H. COLLINS, who died at his home in Philadelphia on August 5, 1915, at the age of 72 years. His life was an example and inspiration. MOTHER.

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