

# TARZAN OF THE APES

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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## CHAPTER XIV.

### The Call of the Primitive.

"Where's Miss Porter? What happened?" questioned Clayton.

"Ain't Miss Jane here?" cried Esmeralda, sitting up with wonderful celerity for one of her bulk. "O Lawd, now Ah 'members! It done must have tooked her away." The negro commenced to sob and wall her lamentations.

"What took her away?" cried Professor Porter.

"A great big giant all covered with hair."

"A gorilla, Esmeralda?" questioned Mr. Philander, and the three men scarily breathed as he voiced the horrible thought.

Clayton immediately began to look about for tracks, but he could find nothing save a confusion of trampled grasses in the close vicinity, and his woodcraft was too meager for the translation of what he did see.

All the balance of the day they sought through the jungle, but as night drew on they were forced to give up in despair and hopelessness, for they did not even know in what direction the thing had borne Jane Porter.

It was long after dark ere they reached the cabin, and a grief-stricken party it was that sat silently within the little structure.

Professor Porter finally broke the silence, his tones were no longer those of the erudite pedant theorizing upon the abstract and the unknowable, but those of a man of action, determined, and tinged by a note of indescribable hopelessness and grief which wrung an answering pang from Clayton's heart.

"I shall lie down now," said the old man, "and try to sleep. Early tomorrow, so soon as it is light, I shall take what food I can carry and continue the search until I have found Jane. I will not return without her."

Clayton rose and laid his hand gently upon Professor Porter's bent-old shoulder.

"I shall go with you, of course," he said. "Do not tell me that I need even have said so."

"I know that you would offer that you would wish to go, Mr. Clayton, but you must not. Jane is beyond human assistance now. I simply go that I may face my Maker with her and know, too, that what was once my dear girl does not lie all alone and friendless in the jungle."

"I shall go with you," said Clayton simply.

The old man looked up, regarding the strong, handsome face of William Cecil Clayton intently. Perhaps he read there the love that lay in the heart beneath—the love for his daughter.

"As you wish," he said.

"You may count on me also," said Mr. Philander.

"No my dear old friend," said Professor Porter. "We may not all go. It would be cruelly wicked to leave poor Esmeralda here alone. Come—let us try to sleep a little."

From the time Tarzan left the tribe of great anthropoids in which he had been raised it was torn by continual strife and discord. Terkoz proved a cruel and capricious king, so that, one by one, many of the older and weaker apes, upon whom he was particularly prone to vent his brutish nature took their families and sought the quiet and safety of the far interior.

But at last those who remained were driven to destruction by the continued trucelessness of Terkoz, and it so happened that one of them recalled the parting admonition of Tarzan:

"If you have a chief who is cruel, do not as the other apes do and attempt, any one of you, to pit yourself against him alone. But, instead, let two or three or four of you attack him together. Then no chief will dare to be other than he should be, for four of you can kill any chief."

And the ape who recalled this wise counsel repeated it to several of his fellows, so that when Terkoz returned to the tribe that day he found a warm reception awaiting him.

There were no formalities. As Terkoz reached the group, five huge, hairy apes sprang upon him.

At heart he was an ardent coward, which is the way with all among apes as well as among men, so he did not remain to fight and die, but tore himself away from them as quickly as he could and fled into the sheltering boughs of the forest.

Two more attempts he made to rejoin the tribe, but on each occasion he was set upon and driven away. At last he gave up and turned, foaming with rage and hatred, into the jungle.

It was in this state of mind that the horrible manlike beast, swinging from tree to tree, came suddenly upon two women in the jungle.

He was right above them when he discovered them. The first intimation Jane Porter had of his presence was when the great hairy body dropped to the earth beside her and she saw the awful face and the snarling, hideous mouth thrust within a foot of her.

One piercing scream escaped her lips as the brute's hand clutched her arm. Then she was dragged toward the tree, and she saw the hairy hand of the monster as it gripped her throat. But ere they touched that fair skin another mood claimed the anthropoid.

The tribe had kept his women. He must find others to replace them. This hairless white ape would be the first of his new household.

He threw her roughly across his broad shoulders and leaped back into the trees, bearing Jane Porter away toward a fate a thousand times worse than death.

Esmeralda's scream had mingled with that of Jane Porter; then, as was Esmeralda's manner under stress of

emergency which required presence of mind, she swooned.

The scream that brought Clayton and the two older men stumbling through the undergrowth led Tarzan of the apes straight to where Esmeralda lay, but it was not Esmeralda in whom his interest centered.

For a moment he scrutinized the ground below and the trees above until the ape that was in him by virtue of training and environment, combined with the intelligence that was his by right of birth, told his woodcraft the whole story as plainly as though he had seen the thing happen with his own eyes.

Instantly he was gone again into the swaying trees, following the high flung spoor which no other human eye could have detected, much less translated.

Almost silently the ape man sped on in the track of Terkoz and his prey, but the sound of his approach reached the ears of the feeling beast and spurred it on to greater speed.

Three miles were covered before Tarzan overtook them, and then Terkoz, seeing that further flight was futile, dropped to the ground in a small open glade that he might turn and fight for his prize or be free to escape unhampered if he saw that the pursuer was more than a match for him.

He still grasped Jane Porter in one great arm as Tarzan bounded like a leopard into the arena which nature had provided for this primeval-like battle.

When Terkoz saw that it was Tarzan who pursued him he jumped to the conclusion that this was Tarzan's woman since they were of the same kind—white and hairless—and so he rejoiced at this opportunity for double revenge upon his hated enemy.

To Jane Porter the apparition of this godlike man was as wine to sick nerves.

From the description which Clayton and her father and Mr. Philander had given her she knew that it must be the same wonderful creature who had saved them, and she saw in him only a protector and a friend.

But as Terkoz pushed her roughly aside to meet Tarzan's charge and she saw the great proportions of the ape and the mighty muscles and the fierce fangs her heart quailed. How could any animal vanquish such a mighty antagonist?

Like two charging bulls they came together and like two wolves sought each other's throat. Against the long canines of the ape was pitted the thin blade of the man's hand.

Jane Porter—her lithe form fattened against the trunk of a great tree, her hands tight pressed against her rising and falling bosom and her eyes wide with mingled horror, fascination, fear and admiration, watched the primordial ape battle with the primeval man for possession of a woman—for her.

As the great muscles of the man's back and shoulders knotted beneath the tension of his efforts and his huge biceps strained to break the huge biceps of Terkoz, the veil of centuries of civilization and culture was swept from the blurred vision of the Baltimore girl. When the thin knife drank deep a dozen times of Terkoz's heart's blood and the great carcass rolled lifeless upon the ground it was a primeval woman who sprang forward with outstretched arms toward the primeval man who had fought for her and won her.

And Tarzan?

He did not know what red blooded man needs lessons in doing. He took his woman in his arms and smothered her with kisses.

For a moment Jane Porter lay there with half closed eyes, but as suddenly as the veil had been withdrawn it dropped again, and an outraged conscience suffused her face with its scarlet mantle, and a mortified woman thrust Tarzan of the apes from her and buried her face in her hands.

Tarzan had been surprised when he had found the girl he had learned to love after a vague and abstract manner willing prisoner in his arms. Now he was surprised that she repulsed him.

He came close to her once more and took hold of her arm. She turned upon him like a tigress, striking his great breast with her tiny hands.

Tarzan could not understand it.

A moment ago, and it had been his intention to hasten Jane Porter back to her people, but that moment was lost. Since then Tarzan had been hugging of a cannon. Clayton was the first to rush out, and there, beyond the harbor's mouth, he saw two vessels lying at anchor.

One was the Arrow and the other a small French cruiser. The sides of the latter were crowded with men gazing shoreward, and it was evident to Clayton, as to the others, who had now joined him, that the gun which they had heard had been fired to attract their attention if they still remained at the cabin.

By means of a bonfire the attention of the cruiser was gained, and a boat was lowered and dispatched toward the beach.

As it was drawn up a young officer stepped out. He was met by Clayton.

"M. Clayton, I presume," he asked. "Thank heaven, you have come!"

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Yet we forget him. Many of us forget to go to him in prayer when we get up or go to bed. He is faithful to us but we are faithless. The dog does not forget the hand that is kind; but we do.

"But, if you don't want to thank him for his many blessings, don't you want to thank him for giving his only begotten Son to save you?" queried the speaker. "They struck you and he spit upon him and crucified him, and he suffered all for you and me. Don't you feel sometimes like you want to do something? I am sure you do. Just give him your souls and bodies."

Sometimes, little children, you are sad and miserable when other little children treat you bad and don't want to play with you. But don't worry about that. Remember God wants you, not only your souls but your bodies also. He wants your body pure and unspiced. You can do many things for him with your body. You can attend church and prayer meetings and otherwise work for him. So many people think he wants only souls. His people bodies because they are useful. Of course souls are useful, too, but we know little about souls.

Little folks, continued Dr. Black, sometimes say, "I will give my soul and my body to God some day." Some will be too late. Isn't it a shame to keep our bodies until they are worn out and then give them to him? He says the only sacrifice which is acceptable to him is a living sacrifice.

Do you ask why it is reasonable that God wants your bodies as a living sacrifice, interrogated the speaker. It is so because God asks it, because we can make such sacrifice and because he has promised to give us his love if we do so. He would melt us down to love if our hearts were not as hard and cold as steel.

The preacher concluded his sermon with an appeal to old and young to accept Jesus and consecrate themselves to him before God might compel such consecration by punishment. "He may take away father or mother or dear brother or sister as a punishment for our hard headedness, but he will not take away our bodies. The story of an engineer who had a sweet Christian wife and a dear little gold-haired, blue-eyed daughter. The wife often plead with her husband to accept Christ, but he had turned a deaf ear to her entreaties. The husband was wrapped up in his family and each morning as he started on his run his little daughter would follow him to the gate and wave him good-bye and in the evening again she would be awaiting his return. One morning the little girl was sick and couldn't see him off as usual. When he came home in the evening she was not swinging on the gate and as he approached his door he saw a piece of crepe hanging there. The child of his heart was dead. Going in he gazed upon his daughter's dead body, and he said to his wife, 'The child's last words were: "Tell daddy I got so tired I couldn't wait at the gate for him but I will wait at the gate of heaven."'"

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Is that what you, my friends, are waiting for? asked the evangelist. Some dear heart to be taken away in punishment. It may come if you continue in your unbelief. Now is the time to present your souls and bodies to him as a living sacrifice.

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## TOLD BY LOCAL EXCHANGES

### News Happenings in Neighboring Communities.

#### CONDENSED FOR QUICK READING

##### Dealing Mainly With Local Affairs of Cherokee, Cleveland, Gaston, Lancaster and Chester.