

# Tarzan of the Apes



by  
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Burroughs**

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As Mr. Philander was placing the frail bones of the infant in a bit of sail cloth he examined the skull minutely. Then he called Professor Porter to his side, and the two argued in low tones for several minutes.

"Most remarkable, most remarkable," said Professor Porter.

"Bliss me!" said Mr. Philander. "We must acquaint Mr. Clayton with our discovery at once."

"Tut, tut, Mr. Philander, tut, tut," remonstrated Professor Archimedes Q. Porter. "Let the dead rest in peace."

And so the white-haired old man repeated the burial service over this strange grave, while his four companions stood with bowed and uncovered heads about him.

From the trees Tarzan of the apes watched this strange ceremony, but most of all he watched the sweet face and graceful figure of Jane Porter.

In his savage, untutored breast new emotions were stirring. He could not fathom them. He wondered why he felt so great an interest in these people—why he had come to such pains to save the three men. But he did not wonder why he had torn Sabor from the tender flesh of the strange girl. He knew that she was created to be protected and that he was created to protect her.

When the grave had been filled with earth the little party turned back toward the cabin, and Esmeralda, still weeping copiously for the two she had never known of before and who had been dead twenty years, glanced to glance toward the harbor. Instantly her tears ceased.

"Look at dem low down white trash out dere," she shrieked, pointing toward the Arrow. "They all's a-desecrate'n us right yere on dis yere perverted islan'."

Surely enough, the Arrow was being worked toward the open sea slowly through the harbor's entrance.

"They promised to leave us firearms and ammunition," said Clayton. "The merciless beasts!"

"It is the work of that fellow they call Snipes, I am sure," said Jane Porter. "King was a scoundrel, but he had a little sense of humanity. If they had not killed him I know that he would have seen that we were properly provided for before they left us to our fate."

"I regret that they did not visit us before sailing," said Professor Porter. "I had purposed requesting them to leave the treasure with us, as I shall be a ruined man if that is lost."

Jane looked at her father sadly. "Never mind, dear," she said. "It wouldn't have done any good, because it is solely for the treasure that they killed their officers and landed us upon this awful shore."

Tarzan had seen the consternation depicted upon the faces of the little group as they witnessed the departure of the Arrow, so as the ship was a wonderful novelty to him in addition he determined to hasten out to the point of land at the north of the harbor's mouth and obtain a nearer view of the great boat, as well as to learn if possible the direction of its flight.

A very light land breeze was blowing, and the ship had been worked through the harbor's mouth under flying jib, fore and main royals and mizen spanker, but now that they had cleared the point every available shred of canvas was being spread that she might stand out to sea as handily as possible.

Tarzan watched the graceful movements of the ship in great admiration and longed to be aboard her. Presently his keen eyes caught the faintest suspicion of smoke on the far northern horizon, and he wondered what the cause of it might be.

At about the same time the lookout on the Arrow must have discerned it, for in a few minutes Tarzan saw the sails being shifted. The ship came about, and presently he knew that she was coming back toward land.

At last the ship came up directly into the wind. The anchor was lowered; down came the sails. There was great scurrying about on deck.

A boat was lowered, and into the boat a great chest was placed. Then a dozen sailors bent to the oars and pulled rapidly toward the point where Tarzan crouched in the branches of a great tree.

In the stern of the boat, as it drew nearer, Tarzan saw the rat-faced man. It was but a few minutes later that the boat touched the beach. The men jumped out and lifted the great chest to the sand. They were on the north side of the point, so that their presence was concealed from those at the cabin.

The men argued angrily for a moment. Then the rat-faced one, with several companions, ascended the low bluff on which stood the tree that concealed Tarzan. They looked about for several minutes.

"Here is a good place," said the rat-faced sailor, indicating a spot beneath Tarzan's tree.

"It is as good as any," replied one of his companions. "If they catch us with the treasure aboard it will be confiscated anyway. We might as well bury it here on the chance that some of us will escape the gallows to enjoy it later."

The rat-faced one now called to the men who had remained at the boat, and they came slowly up the bank carrying picks and shovels.

"Hurry—yoo!" cried Snipes. "Stow it!" roared one of the men in a surly tone. "You're no admiral, you shrimpy!"

"I'm cap'n here, though, I'll have

you to understand, you swab!" shrieked Snipes with a volley of oaths.

"Steady, boys," cautioned one of the men who had not spoken before. "It ain't goin' to get us nothin' by fightin' among ourselves."

"Right enough," replied the sailor who had resented Snipes' autocratic tones. "But by the same token it ain't a-goin' to get nobody nothin' to put on airs in this blomin' company neither."

"You fellows dig here," said Snipes, indicating a spot beneath the tree. "And while you're diggin' Peter kin be a-makin' of a map of the location so's we kin find it again. You, Tom and Bill, take a couple more down and fetch up the chest."

"Wat are you a-goin' to do?" asked he of the previous altercation. "Just boss!"

"Git busy there!" growled Snipes. "You didn't think your cap'n was a-goin' to dig with a shovel, did you?"

The men all looked up angrily. None of them liked Snipes, and his disagreeable show of authority since he had murdered King, the real head and ringleader of the mutineers, had only added fuel to the flames of their hatred.

"Do you mean to say that you don't intend to take a shovel and lend a hand with this work?" asked Tarrant, the sailor who had before spoken.

"No," replied Snipes simply, fingering the butt of his revolver.

"Then," shouted Tarrant. "If you won't take a shovel you'll take a pick-ax!"

With the words he raised his pick above his head and with a mighty blow buried the point in Snipes' brain. For a moment the men stood silently looking at the result of their fellow's grim humor. Then one of them spoke.

"Served the rat jolly well right," he said.

One of the others commenced to ply his pick to the ground. The soil was soft, and he threw aside the pick and grasped a shovel; then the others joined on the killing, but the men worked in a better frame of mind than they had since Snipes had assumed command.

When they had a trench of ample size to bury the chest Tarrant suggested that they enlarge it and inter Snipes' body on top of the chest.

"It might 'elp fool any as 'appened to be diggin' 'erabouts," he explained. "The others saw the cunning of the suggestion, and so the trench was lengthened to accommodate the corpse, and in the center a deeper hole was excavated for the box, which was first wrapped in sailcloth and then lowered to its place, which brought its top about a foot below the bottom of the grave. Earth was shoveled in and tamped down about the chest until the bottom of the grave showed level and uniform.

Two of the men then rolled the rat-faced corpse unceremoniously into the grave after first stripping it of its weapons and various other articles which the general members of the party coveted.

They then filled the grave with earth and tramped upon it until it would hold no more.

The balance of the loose earth was thrown far and wide and a mass of dead undergrowth spread in as natural a manner as possible over the new made grave to obliterate all signs of the ground having been disturbed.

Their work done, the sailors returned to the small boat and pulled off rapidly toward the Arrow.

The breeze had increased considerably, and as the smoke upon the horizon was now plainly discernible in considerable volume the mutineers lost no time in getting under full sail and bearing away toward the southwest.

Tarzan wondered what the chest they had buried contained. If they did not wish it why did they not merely throw it into the water? That would have been much easier.

Ah, he thought, but they do wish it. They have hidden it here because they intend returning for it later.

He dropped to the ground and commenced to examine the earth about the excavation. He was looking to see if these creatures had dropped anything which he might like to own. Soon he discovered a spade hidden by the underbrush which they had laid upon the grave.

He seized it and attempted to use it as he had seen the sailors do. It was awkward work, and hurt his bare feet, but he persevered until he had partially uncovered the body. This he dragged from the grave and laid to one side.

Then he continued digging until he had unearthed the chest. This also he dragged to the side of the corpse. Then he filled in the smaller hole below the grave, replaced the body and

the earth around and above it, covered it over with underbrush and returned to the chest.

Four sailors had sweated beneath the burden of its weight. Tarzan of the apes picked it up as though it had been empty and, with the spade slung to his back by a piece of rope, carried it off into the densest part of the jungle.

He could not well negotiate the trees with his awkward burden, but he kept to the trails and so made fairly good time.

For several hours he traveled until he came to an impenetrable wall of matted and tangled vegetation. Then he took to the lower branches, and in another fifteen minutes he emerged into the amphitheater of the apes, where they met in council or to celebrate the rites of the dumdum.

Near the center of the clearing and not far from the drum, or altar, he commenced to dig. This was harder work than turning up the freshly excavated earth at the grave, but Tarzan of the apes was persevering, and so he kept at his labor until he was rewarded by seeing a hole sufficiently deep to receive the chest and effectually hide it from view.

Now the natural curiosity, which is as common to men as to apes, prompted Tarzan to open the chest and examine its contents, but the heavy lock and massive iron bands baffled both his cunning and his immense strength, so that he was compelled to bury the chest without having his curiosity satisfied.

By the time Tarzan had hunted his way back to the vicinity of the cabin, the sun was low and it was quite dark. Within the little building a light was burning, for Clayton had found an unopened tin of oil which had stood intact for twenty years. The lamps also were still usable.

As Tarzan approached the window nearest the door he saw that the cabin had been divided into two rooms by a rough partition of boughs and sailcloth.

In the front room were the three men, the two older deep in argument, while the younger, tilted back against the wall on an improvised stool, was deeply engrossed in reading one of Tarzan's books.

Tarzan was not particularly interested in the men, however, so he sought the other window. There was the girl. How beautiful her features! How delicate her snowy skin!

She was writing at Tarzan's own table beneath the window. Upon a pile of grasses at the far side of the room lay the negress, asleep.

For an hour Tarzan feasted his eyes upon her while she wrote. He longed to speak to her, but dared not attempt, for he was convinced that she would not understand him, and he feared, too, that he might frighten her away.

At length she arose, leaving her manuscript upon the table. She went to the bed upon which had been spread several layers of soft grasses. There she rearranged. Then she extinguished the lamp, and all within the cabin was wrapped in Cimmerian darkness.

Cautiously Tarzan intruded his hand between the meshes of the lattice until his whole arm was within the cabin. Carefully he felt upon the desk. At last he grasped the paper upon which

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