Tarzan of the Apes

by Edgar Rice Burroughs

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besides his title they say he has inherited a very considerable estate from his father. It might not be strange if he finally won for unless"—

Canler paused.

"Tut, tut, Mr Canler. Unless—what?"

"Unless you see fit to request that Jane and I be married at once," said Canler slowly and distinctly.

"I have already suggested to Jane that it would be desirable," said Professor Porter sadly, "for we can no longer afford to keep up this house and live as her associations demand."

"What was her reply?"

"She said she was not ready to marry any one yet," replied Professor Porter; "that we could go and live upon the farm in northern Wisconsin which her mother left her. It is a little more than self supporting. The tenants have always made a living from it and have been able to send Jane a trifle each year.

"She is planning our going up there the first of the week. Philander and Mr. Clayton have already gone to get things in readiness for us."

"Clayton has gone there?" exclaimed Canler, visibly chagrined. "Why was not I told? I would gladly have gone and seen that every comfort was provided."

"Jane feels that we are already too much in your debt, Mr. Canler," said Professor Porter.

Canler was about to reply when the sound of footsteps came from the hall without, and Jane Porter entered the room.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" she exclaimed, pausing on the threshold. "I thought you were alone, papa."

"It is only I, Jane," said Canler, who had risen. "Won't you come in and join the group? We were just speaking of you."

"Thank you," said Jane, entering and taking the chair Canler placed for her. "I only wanted to tell papa that Tobey has come down from the college to pack his books."

"I must see him at once," cried the professor. "Excuse me just a moment."

And the old man hastened from the room.

As soon as he was out of earshot Canler turned to Jane Porter.

"See here, Jane," he said bluntly, "how long is this thing to go on like this? You haven't refused to marry me, but you haven't promised either.

"I want to get the license tomorrow so that we can be married quietly before you leave for Wisconsin. I don't care for any fuss or feathers, and I'm sure you don't either."

The girl turned cold, but she held her head bravely.

"Your father wishes it, you know," added Canler.

"Yes; I know."

She spoke scarcely above a whisper.

"Do you realize that you are buying me, Mr. Canler," she asked finally and in a cold, level voice—"buying me for a few paltry dollars? Of course you do. And the hope of just such a contingency was in your mind when you loaned papa the money for that harebrained escapade, which but for a most mysterious circumstance would have been successful.

"But you, Mr. Canler, would have been the most surprised. You had no idea that the venture would succeed. You knew that without security you had a greater hold on the honor of the Porters than with it. You knew the one best way to force me to marry you without seeming to force me.

"You have never mentioned the loan. In any other man I should have thought that the prompting of a magnanimous and noble character. But you are deep.

"I know you better than you think I know you. I shall certainly marry you if there is no other way, but let us understand each other once and for all."

"You surprise me, Jane," said Canler. "I thought you had more self control, more pride. Of course you are right. I am buying you, and I knew that you knew it. But I thought you would prefer to pretend that it was otherwise. But have it your own way," he added lightly. "I am going to have you, and that is all that interests me."

Without a word the girl turned and left the room.

But Jane Porter was not married before she left with her father and Esmeralda for her little Wisconsin farm. As she coldly bade Robert Canler goodby while the train pulled out he called to her that he would join them in a week or two.

At their destination they were met by Clayton and Mr. Philander in a huge touring car belonging to the former and quickly whirled away through the dense northern woods toward the little farm which the girl had not visited before since childhood.

The farmhouse, which stood on a little elevation some hundred yards from the tenants' house, had undergone a complete transformation during the three weeks that Clayton and Mr. Philander had been there.

The former had imported a small army of carpenters and plasterers, plumbers and painters from a distant city, and what had been but a dilapidated shell was now a cozy little two story house filled with every modern convenience procurable in so short a time.

"I couldn't think of your living in the hole we found here," said Clayton to Jane when they were alone.

"Oh, Cecil, I wish I might repay you as you deserve—as you would wish."

"Which way did she go?" cried the black haired giant to Esmeralda.

"Down dat road," cried the frightened black, pointing toward the south, where a mighty wall of roaring flames shut out the view.

"Put these people in the other car!" shouted the stranger to Clayton. "I saw one as I drove up. Get them out of here by the north road.

"Leave my car here. If I find Miss Porter we shall need it. If I don't no one will need it. Do as I say," as Clayton hesitated.

They saw the lithe figure bound away across the clearing toward the northwest, where the forest still stood, untouched by flame.

In each rose the unaccountable feeling that a great responsibility had been raised from their shoulders, a kind of implicit confidence in the power of the stranger to save the girl if she could be saved.

"Who was that?" asked Professor Porter.

"I don't know," replied Clayton. "He called me by name, and he knew Jane, for he asked for her, and he called Esmeralda by name."

"There was something most startlingly familiar about him," exclaimed Mr. Philander. "Yet, bless me, I know I never saw him before."

"Tut, tut!" cried Professor Porter. "Most remarkable! Who could it have been, and why do I feel that Jane is safe now that he has set out in search of her?"

"I can't tell you, professor," said Clayton soberly, "but I know I have the same uncanny feeling."

"But come," he cried; "we must get out of here ourselves or we shall be shut off." And the party hastened toward Clayton's machine.

When Jane Porter turned to retrace her steps homeward she was alarmed to note how near the smoke of the forest fire seemed, and as she hastened onward her alarm became almost a panic when she perceived that the rushing flames were rapidly forcing their way between herself and the cottage.

At length she was compelled to turn into the dense thicket and attempt to force her way to the west in an effort to circle around the flames and regain her home.

In a short time the futility of her attempt became apparent, and then her one hope lay in retracing her steps to the road and flying for her life to the south toward the town.

The twenty minutes that it took her to regain the road was all that had been needed to cut off her retreat as effectually as her advance had been cut off before. Jane Porter knew that it was useless to attempt to force her way again through the undergrowth.

She had tried it once and failed. Now she realized that it would be but a matter of minutes ere the whole space between the enemy on the north and the enemy on the south would be a seething mass of flames.

Calmly the girl kneeled down in the dust of the roadway and prayed for strength to meet her fate bravely and to deliver her father and her friends from death. She did not think to pray for deliverance for herself: she knew there was no hope.

Suddenly she heard her name being called aloud through the forest:

"Jane! Jane Porter!" it rang strong and clear, but in a strange voice.

"Here!" she called in reply. "Here! In the roadway!"

Then through the branches of the trees she saw a figure swinging.

A veering of the wind blew a cloud of smoke about them, and she could no longer see the man who was speeding toward her, but suddenly she felt a great arm about her. Then she was

Suddenly She Felt a Great Arm About Her.

lifted up, and she felt the rushing of the wind and the occasional brush of a branch as she was borne along.

She opened her eyes.

Far below her lay the undergrowth and the hard earth.

About her was the waving foliage of the forest.

From tree to tree swung the giant figure which bore her, and it seemed to Jane Porter that she was living over in a dream the experience that had been hers in that far African jungle.

She stole a sudden glance at the face close to hers, and then she gave a little frightened gasp. It was he.

"My man!" she murmured. "No; it is the delirium which precedes death."

"Yes, your man, Jane Porter—your savage, primeval man come out of the jungle to claim his mate—the woman who ran away from him," he added almost fiercely.

"I did not run away," she whispered. "I would only consent to leave when they had waited a week for you to return."

They had come to a point beyond the fire now, and he had turned back to the clearing.

Side by side they were walking toward the cottage. The wind had changed once more, and the fire was burning back upon itself. Another hour like that and it would be burned out.

"Why did you not return?" she asked.

"I was nursing D'Arnot. He was badly wounded."

"Ah, I knew it!" she exclaimed.

"They said you had gone to join the blacks—that they were your people."

He laughed.

"But you did not believe them?"

"No—what shall I call you?" she asked. "What is your name?"

"I was Tarzan of the apes when you first knew me," he said.

"Tarzan of the apes!" she cried. "And that was your note I answered when I left?"

"Yes. Whose did you think it was?"

"I did not know, only that it could not be yours, for Tarzan of the apes had written in English, and you could not understand a word of any language."

Again he laughed.

"It is a long story, but it was I who wrote what I could not speak. And now D'Arnot has made matters worse by teaching me to speak French instead of English.

"Come," he added; "jump into my car. We must overtake your father. They are only a little way ahead."

As they drove along he said:

"Then when you said in your note to Tarzan of the apes that you loved another you might have meant me?"

"I might have," she said simply.

"But in Baltimore—oh, how I have searched for you—they told me you would possibly be married by now; that a man named Canler had come up here to wed you. Is that true?"

"Yes."

"Do you love him?"

"No."

"Do you love me?"

She buried her face in her hands.

"I am promised to another. I cannot answer you, Tarzan of the apes," she cried.

"You have answered. Now tell me why you would marry one you do not love."

"My father owes him money."

Suddenly there came back to Tarzan the memory of the letter he had read—and the name of Robert Canler and the hinted trouble which he had been unable to understand then.

He smiled.

"If your father had not lost the treasure you would not feel forced to keep your promise to this man Canler?"

"I could ask him to release me."

"And if he refused?"

"I have given my promise."

"Suppose I should ask him?" ventured Tarzan. "Jane Porter, if you were free would you marry me?"

She did not reply at once, but he waited patiently. The girl was trying to collect her thoughts.

What did she know of this strange creature at her side? What did he know of himself? Who was he? Who were his parents?

Why, his very name echoed his mysterious origin and his savage life.

He had no name. Could she be happy with this jungle waif? Could she find anything in common with a husband whose life had been spent in the treetops of an African wilderness? Could he ever rise to her social sphere? Could she bear to think of sinking to his? Would either of them be happy?"

"You do not answer," he said. "Do you shrink from wounding me?"

"I do not know what answer to make," said Jane Porter sadly. "I do not know my own mind."

"You do not love me, then?" he asked in a level tone.

"Do not ask me. You will be happier without me. You were never meant for the restrictions and conventionalities of civilization. It would become irksome to you. In a little while you would long for the freedom of your old life, to which I am as totally unfitted as you to mine."

"I think I understand you," he replied quietly. "I shall not urge you, for I would rather see you happy than to be happy myself. And I see now that you could not be happy with—an ape."

There was the faintest tinge of bitterness in his voice.

"Don't," she remonstrated—"don't say that. You don't understand."

But ere she could go on a sudden turn in the road brought them into the midst of a little hamlet.

Before them stood Clayton's car, surrounded by the party he had brought from the cottage.

At the sight of Jane cries of relief and delight broke from every lip, and as Tarzan's car stopped beside the other Professor Porter caught his daughter in his arms.

For a moment no one noticed Tarzan sitting silently in his seat.

Clayton was the first to remember and, turning, held out his hand.

"How can we ever thank you?" he exclaimed. "You have saved us all. You called me by name at the cottage, but I do not seem to recall yours, though there is something very familiar about you.

"It is as though I had known you well under very different conditions a long time ago."

(Continued in next week's issue)

CHAPTER XXI.

Out of the Fire.

SUDDENLY out of the northeast a great black car came careening down the road.

With a jolt it stopped before the cottage, and a black haired giant leaped out and ran up on to the porch. Without a pause he rushed into the house. On the couch lay Clayton. The man started in surprise, but with a bound was at the side of the sleeping man.

Shaking him roughly by the shoulder, he cried:

"Are you all mad here? Don't you know you are nearly surrounded by fire? Where is Miss Porter?"

Clayton sprang to his feet. He did not recognize the man, but he understood the words and was upon the veranda in a bound.

He cried out in consternation, then, dashing back into the house, called:

"Jane! Jane! Where are you?"

In an instant Esmeralda, Professor Porter and Mr. Philander had joined the two men.

"Where is Miss Jane?" demanded Clayton, seizing Esmeralda by the shoulders and shaking her roughly.

"Oh, Marse Clayton, she done gone for a walk."

"Hasn't she come back yet?"

And without waiting for a reply Clayton dashed out into the yard, followed by the others.

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Notice is hereby given, That that certain mortgage executed and delivered by Clarence E. Burgess and Ella A. Burgess his wife, mortgagors, to Jacob R. Koller, mortgagee, dated the 15th day of December, 1911, and filed for record in the office of the register of deeds of the county of Ramsey and State of North Dakota, on the 6th day of August, 1912, and recorded in book 58 of mortgages on page 220 thereof, will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises in such mortgage and herein after described at the front door of the court house in the city of Devils Lake, county of Ramsey and state of North Dakota, at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon of Saturday, the 13th day of March, 1915, to satisfy the amount due upon such mortgage on the day of sale. The premises described in such mortgage and which will be sold to satisfy the same are described as follows: The northeast quarter (N. E. 1-4) and the southeast quarter (S. E. 1-4) of Section Thirty five (35) in Township One Hundred Fifty-seven (157) North of Range Sixty-one (61) West, Fifth P. M. There will be due on such mortgage on the day of sale the sum of Two Thousand One Hundred Nine and 19-100 ($2,109.19) Dollars, together with costs of sale and statutory attorney fee.

Jacob R. Koller,
Mortgagee.

Cowan & Adamson,
Wineman Bock, Devils Lake, N. D.
Attorneys for Mortgagee,
Dated February 4th, 1915.

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