

TARZAN OF THE APES

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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His right arm encircled the lion's neck, while the left hand plunged the knife time and time again into the unprotected side behind the left shoulder, while the infuriated beast, drawn toward and backward until he stood on his hind legs, struggled impotently in this unnatural position.

Had the battle continued a few seconds longer the outcome might have been different, but all was accomplished so quickly that the lion had scarce time to recover from its surprise before it sank lifeless to the ground.

Then the strange figure which had vanished it stood erect upon the carcass and, throwing back the wild, handsome head, gave the fearsome cry which a few moments earlier had so startled Clayton.

Before him he saw the figure of a young man naked except for a loin cloth and a few barbaric ornaments on arms and legs and on the breast a priceless diamond locket gleaming against a smooth brown skin.

The hunting knife had been returned to its homely sheath, and the man was uttering up his bow and quiver from where he had tossed them when he leaped to attack the lion.

Clayton spoke to the man in English, thanking him for his brave rescue and complimenting him on his wondrous strength and dexterity.

The only answer was a steady stare and a faint shrug of the mighty shoulders, which may have betokened either disarrangement of the service rendered or ignorance of the language.

The bow and quiver slung on his back, the wild man once more drew his knife and deftly carved a dozen large strips of meat from the lion's carcass. Then, squatting upon his haunches, he proceeded to eat, motioning Clayton to join him.

The strong white teeth sank into the raw and dripping flesh in apparent relish, but Clayton could not bring himself to share the uncooked meat with his strange host. Instead he watched him, and presently there dawned upon him the conviction that this was Tarzan of the apes, whose notice he had seen posted upon the cabin door that morning.

If so he must speak English. Again Clayton essayed speech with the ape man, but the replies were in a strange tongue, which resembled the chattering of monkeys mingled with the growling of some wild beast.

CHAPTER X. The Forest God.

WHEN Tarzan had finished his repast he rose and, pointing in a very different direction from that which Clayton had been pursuing, started through the jungle toward the point he had indicated.

Clayton, bewildered and confused, hesitated to follow him, for he thought he was but being led more deeply into the mazes of the forest, but the ape man returned and, grasping him by the coat, dragged him along until he was convinced that Clayton understood what was required of him and then left him to follow voluntarily.

The Englishman finally concluded that he was a prisoner and saw no alternative but to accompany his captor, and thus they traveled slowly through the jungle while the sable mantle of the impenetrable night of the forest fell about them.

Suddenly Clayton heard the faint report of a firearm—a single shot and then silence.

In the cabin by the beach two thoroughly terrified women clung to each other as they crouched upon the low bench in the gathering darkness.

The negro, sobbing hysterically, bemoaned the evil day that had witnessed her departure from her dear Maryland, while the white girl, dry eyed and outwardly calm, was tortured by inward forebodings. She feared

not more for herself than for the three men whom she knew to be wandering in the abysmal depths of the jungle, from which now issued the incessant shrieks and roars, barkings and growlings of its terrifying and fearsome inmates.

Now came the sound of a heavy body brushing against the side of the cabin. She could hear the great padded paws upon the ground without. Then for an instant all was silence. "Hush!" the girl whispered. "Hush, Esmeralda!" for the woman's sobs and groans seemed to have attracted the thing that stalked there just beyond the thin wall.

A gentle scratching sound was heard on the door. The brute tried to force an entrance, but presently this ceased, and again she heard the great padded paws creep stealthily around the cabin. Again they stopped—beneath the window, on which the terrified eyes of the girl now gazed themselves.

"Heaven!" she murmured, for, silhouetted against the moonlit sky beyond, she saw framed in the tiny square of the latticed window the head of a huge tiger. The gleaming eyes were fixed upon her in tense ferocity. "Look, Esmeralda!" she whispered. "What shall we do? Look! Quick!"

The little... of moonlight just as the tiger emitted a low, savage snarl. The sight that met the poor black's eyes was too much for the already overstrung nerves.

"Oh, Gabriel!" she shrieked and slid to the floor, an inert and senseless mass.

For what seemed an eternity the great brute stood with its fore paws upon the sill, glaring into the little room. Presently it tried the strength of the lattice with its great talons.

The girl had almost ceased to breathe when to her relief the head disappeared and she heard the brute's footsteps leaving the window. But now they came to the door again, and once more the scratching commenced, but this time with increasing force until the great beast was tearing at the massive panels in a perfect frenzy of fury.

Could Jane Porter have known the immense strength of that door, bulged piece by piece, she would have felt less fear of the tiger reaching her by this avenue.

For fully twenty minutes the brute alternately sniffed and tore at the door, occasionally giving voice to a cry of baffled rage. At length, however, he gave up the attempt, and Jane Porter heard him retreating toward the window, beneath which he paused for an instant and then launched his great weight against the time worn lattice.

The girl heard the wooden rods groan beneath the impact, but they held, and the huge body dropped back to the ground below.

Again and again the tiger repeated these tactics until finally the horrified prisoner within saw a portion of the lattice give way, and in an instant one great paw and the head of the animal were thrust within the room.

Slowly the powerful neck and shoulders were spreading the bars apart, and the lithe body came farther and farther into the room.

As in a trance the girl rose, her hand upon her breast, wide eyes staring horror stricken into the snarling face of the beast scarce ten feet from her. At her feet lay the prostrate form of the negro.

The girl, standing pale and rigid against the farther wall, sought with increasing terror for some loophole of escape. Suddenly her hand, tight pressed against her bosom, felt the hard outlines of the revolver that Clayton had left with her earlier in the day.

Quickly she snatched it from its hiding place and, leveling it full at the tiger's face, pulled the trigger.

There was a flash of flame, the roar of the discharge and an answering roar of pain and anger from the beast. Jane Porter saw the great form disappear from the window, and then she, too, fainted.

But the tiger was not killed. The bullet had but inflicted a painful wound in one of the great shoulders. In another instant he was back at the lattice and with renewed fury was clanging at the aperture, but with lessened effect, since the wounded member was almost useless.

He saw his prey—two women—lying senseless upon the floor. There was no longer any resistance to be overcome. Sabre had only to worm his way through the lattice to claim it.

Slowly he forced his great bulk, inch by inch, through the opening. Now his head was through, now one great fore leg and shoulder.

Carefully he drew up the wounded member to insinuate it gently beyond the tight pressing bars.

A moment more and both shoulders through, the long, sinuous body and the narrow hips would glide quickly after.

It was on this slight that Jane Porter again opened her eyes.

When Clayton heard the report of the firearm he fell into an agony of fear and apprehension. What were the thoughts of his strange captor or guide Clayton could only vaguely conjecture, but that he had heard the shot and was in some manner affected by it was quite evident, for he quickened his pace so appreciably that Clayton, stumbling blindly in his wake, went down.

For a moment Tarzan looked at the young man closely, as though undecided as to just what was best to do; then, stooping before Clayton, he motioned him to grasp him about the neck, and with the white man upon his back Tarzan took to the trees.

The next few minutes were such as the young Englishman never forgot. High into bending and swaying branches he was borne with what seemed to him incredible swiftness, while Tarzan chafed at the slowness of his progress.

From the first sensation of chilling fear Clayton passed to one of admiration and envy of those giant muscles and that wondrous instinct or knowledge which guided this forest god through the inky blackness of the night.

Presently they came to the clearing before the beach. Tarzan's quick ears had heard the strange sounds of Sabre's efforts to force his way through the lattice, and it seemed to Clayton that they dropped a straight hundred feet to earth so quickly did Tarzan descend. Yet when they struck the ground it was with scarce a jar, and as Clayton released his hold on the ape man he saw him dart like a squirrel for the opposite side of the cabin.

The Englishman sprang quickly after him just in time to see the hind quarters of some huge animal about to disappear within the cabin.

As Jane Porter opened her eyes to a realization of the again imminent peril which threatened her brave heart gave up its final vestige of hope, and she turned to grope for the fallen weapon that she might mete to herself a merciful death before the cruel fangs tore at her flesh.



Jane Porter Raised the Weapon Against Her Own Temple.

How could she leave the poor, faithful thing to those merciless yellow fangs? No, she must use one cartridge on the senseless woman ere she turned the cold muzzle toward herself again.

She shrank from the ordeal. But it would have been cruelty a thousand times less justifiable to have left the loving black woman who had reared her from infancy to regain consciousness beneath the rending claws of the tiger.

Quickly the girl sprang to her feet and ran to the side of the negro. She pressed the muzzle of the revolver tight against that devoted heart, closed her eyes, and—

The tiger emitted a frightful shriek. Jane Porter, startled, pulled the trigger and turned to face the beast, and with the same movement raised the weapon against her own temple.

She did not fire a second time. Astounded, she saw the huge beast being slowly drawn back through the window, and in the moonlight beyond she saw the heads and shoulders of two men.

(Continued tomorrow.)



GOES TO S. C. William Coleman left yesterday morning for South Carolina where he will spend several days on business.

SECOND RANK.

The second rank will be conferred at tonight's meeting of Pisgah lodge, No. 32, Knights of Pythias, which will be held at the castle hall at the corner of South Main street and South Park square. A full attendance of the membership is desired and visiting Pythians and members of other local lodges are invited to be present.

MRS. PIERCY DIES.

Mrs. Margaret Piercy, aged 61, died at the home of her son-in-law, G. D. Carter, at West Asheville Sunday morning at 10 o'clock following an illness of several weeks. The body was prepared for burial at the undertaking parlors of Hare and company and shipped to Yancey county yesterday morning for interment.

ANOTHER DAY ADDED.

Another day has been added to the Forestry convention that is to meet in this city April 8. This has been done to enable the delegates to visit many places of interest besides the trips to Mount Mitchell and the Vanderbilt estate as originally planned.

It is stated that the plant of the Champion Fibre company at Canton will be visited and that the lumber camps of the Carr Lumber company will be visited.

BASEBALL AT OATES PARK.

The Asheville high school baseball team will play the squad from Farm school this afternoon at Oates park. The game will be called at 3:30 o'clock and it is expected that a close and exciting contest will be played. The local lads defeated the Biltmore high school team last week by the close margin of 3 to 2 and are also expecting to get the decision over the Farm school boys. This game will be open to the public.

MRS. HARRIS DEAD.

Mrs. Mary A. Harris, a well known resident of this city for the past three years, died yesterday morning at an early hour at her home at 82 Woodland street. She was the widow of the late Captain B. H. Harris and is survived by a daughter, Dr. Harriette E. Davis, a grand daughter, Mrs. Douglas Clark, and two great-grand sons.

The funeral service will be held at the home of the deceased this afternoon at 2 o'clock.

RETURN HOME.

Captain W. R. Gowan, of Knoxville, Tenn., left yesterday, after an extended visit to his daughter, Mrs. Eugene Curtis, on Flint street.

MR. FREEMAN HERE.

A. R. Freeman, of Roanoke, Va., is an Asheville visitor for a few days, spending some time in Western North Carolina on business. Mr. Freeman formerly was a member of the staff of Internal Revenue Agent R. B. Sams with headquarters at this city. When Mr. Sams was transferred to Roanoke, Mr. Freeman remained here in the employment of Agent Thomas H. Vanderford. Mr. Vanderford recently moved his office to Greensboro and in ordering the change, the department ordered the transfer of Mr. Freeman to Roanoke where he is again in the office of Mr. Sams.

ONE MILLION FIRE DESTROYS BLOCK OF DURHAM PROPERTY

(Continued from Page One.)

tail. The Duke building, less than five years old, was built at a cost of over \$200,000 and the owner built it with the end in view of erecting a structure which would be practical fire-proof. It was one of the city's handsomest business buildings and contained the offices of many of Durham's professional men.

At 2 o'clock several of the members of the fire department had been overcome with smoke although none of them was reported as being seriously hurt. No one was injured in the fire the members of the police department driving the crowd from the blazing buildings and falling walls.

Spectacular Blaze.

The fire was the most disastrous and the most spectacular in the history of the city. Its brilliant reflection brought to the heart of the city hundreds of Durham residents and 500 students of Trinity college and Trinity Park school watched the flames battle the firemen. Automobile parties brought scores of the students of the University of North Carolina to Durham for the blaze. Many of the students volunteered their help.

The news was telephoned and telegraphed to Raleigh and many people from the state capital moved to Durham in the hope that they would be able to give aid in the fight against the flames. However, their services were of little benefit, the flames having gained such great headway that at 2 o'clock this morning it appeared that only the cessation of the wind could save entire business section of the city. Drug stores within close proximity to the burned buildings opened to serve hot drinks to the firemen, and hotels served coffee and hot lunches to those who fought the flames.

The flames driven by the northwest wind, crossed Parish street, and entered the second block of buildings. One building in this block had been completely destroyed at 2 o'clock this morning. All buildings except three in the block in which the fire originated were destroyed.

The whole of the business section was made dark, except for a few gas lights, by the burning of the electric feed cables. The telephone feed cables also were destroyed by the fire flames.

No persons have been reported injured, as yet, on account of the conflagration.

Big Warehouse Threatened. The immense tobacco warehouse opposite the First Baptist church, it was feared at 3 o'clock this morning, was doomed. This structure covers about two acres of ground and should it catch fire, it probably will carry the flames to other blocks as the warehouse extends the entire length of one block and is surrounded on every side by business houses. It is an immense frame building and several times during the night has smoked and caught fire. However, in each instance, it had been saved.

The advisability of dynamiting buildings was considered shortly after midnight but the nature of the fire was such that it would have been necessary to destroy handsome buildings on four sides of the flames. It was decided not to take this action.

The buildings which have gone down to ashes are believed in the most cases to be partially covered by insurance.

AMERICANS FIRE ON MEXICAN FEDERALS

(Continued From Page One.)

were being made targets. Without specific information on this point, it is assumed that at McKee's Crossing the Mexican federal fire was directed at the troops of the American patrol.

DOCUMENT MAILED.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 23.—The documents necessary to obtain credit for two world's records made last year by California athletes were mailed today by the records committee of the Pacific Athletic association to the similar committee of the amateur Athletic union.

FE, FIE, FOE, FUM.

Nearly every one has read "Jack the Giant Killer" and is familiar with those choice lines.

Fe, fie, foe, fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman. This was when the giant had returned home in the evening, his sense of smell and his appetite sharpened by outdoor exercise. We do not know how certain it is whether this entertaining legend is older than Shakespeare or not, but recently having heard the tragedy of "King Lear" one may be tempted to attach to the immortal bard or to the putative author of "Jack the Giant Killer," the charge of plagiarism. If the reader will but turn to "Lear," Act III, Scene 4, he will find Edgar saying:

Child Roland to the dark tower came, His word was still fe, fie and fum, I smell the blood of a British man. The similarity of these lines to those we learned in our infancy is too near to be of accident. Did Shakespeare in his childhood have an early edition of Jack and was his speech set in Lear an unconscious or wifal appropriation—or did the story of the giant killer come later and was the author of that admirable work a shameless plagiarist?

Here is matter for deep literary research. Certainly the Baconians should be interested in this.

Thirteen was the sacred number of the Mexicans and ancient people of Yucatan. Their week had thirteen days and they had thirteen snake gods.

McGraw Dry Goods Co. ONE MARKED PRICE THE STORE POPULAR Rubens Infant Shirt We're Rubens Infant Shirt Interested in The Babies and Show a Complete Line of RUBENS INFANT SHIRTS From the Cotton Garment at 25c To the Pure Silk at \$1.50 McGraw Dry Goods Co. ONE MARKED PRICE

DRAWING MADE IN GOLF TOURNAMENT

In the drawing for the golf tournament, the following were selected to play in the first flight: Leslie against Beebe, Stikeleather against Jones, Chesborough against Marring, Devenish against Brown. In the second flight the following play: Firestone against McCurdy, Harris against Rich, Hall against Frost, Hallbrook against Barnard.

EDWARDS' CONDITION REMAINS UNCHANGED

Practically no change has been noted in the condition of John W. Edwards who was shot by his wife Sunday night at their home, 250 Patton avenue. His attendants at the Mission hospital stated at a late hour last night that he was resting very well and that as far as can be ascertained he has a chance for recovery.

Get Rid of Piles at Home

Simple Home Remedy. Easily Applied. Given Quick Relief and Prevents All Danger from Operation. Send for Free Trial Package and Prove It in Your Case. Don't even think of an operation for piles. Remember what the old family doctor said: Any part of the body cut away is gone forever. One or two applications of Pyramid Pile Remedy and all the pain, fear and torture ceases. In a remarkably short time the congested veins are reduced to normal and you will soon be all right again. Try this remarkable remedy. Sold everywhere at drug stores. Send for a free trial package and prove beyond question it is the right remedy for your case, even though you may be wearing a pile truss.

FREE PACKAGE COUPON. Name, Street, City, State.

ADDITIONAL TRIPS FOR THE DELEGATES

Another day has been added to the forestry convention which meets in Asheville Wednesday morning, April 8. Besides the drive over the forest plantations of the Biltmore estate on Wednesday afternoon, and the trip into the spruce forests of Mt. Mitchell on Thursday, two most interesting trips have been arranged for Friday, April 10.

CURED HIS RUPTURE

I was badly ruptured while lifting a trunk several years ago. Doctors said my only hope of cure was an operation. Trusses did me no good. Finally I got hold of something that quickly and completely cured me. Years have passed and the rupture has never returned, although I am doing hard work as a carpenter. There was no operation, no loss of time, no trouble. I have nothing to sell, but will give full information about how you may find a complete cure without operation, if you write me. Eugene M. Pullen, Carpenter, 1035 Marcellus Avenue, Mansfield, N. J. Better cut out this notice and show it to any other who are ruptured—you may save a life or at least stop the misery of rupture and the worry and danger of an operation.

AUDITORIUM

SCHLOSS THEATRE CIRCUIT SATURDAY, MARCH 28th MATINEE AND NIGHT The One Big Record Breaking Success. AL. RICH, Presents "BREWSTER'S MILLIONS" MOST THRILLING YACHT SCENE EVER STAGED. Absolutely Continuous Laughter Matinee, 50c to \$1, children, 25c. Night, 50c to \$1.50. Tickets at Allison's.

JEWISH LADIES AID.

The Jewish ladies aid society will hold its regular monthly meeting at the home of Mrs. Selgfried Sternberg, Victoria drive, tomorrow afternoon at 3:30 o'clock. A full attendance is desired.

AUDITORIUM

SCHLOSS THEATRE CIRCUIT FRIDAY EVE, MARCH 27 OSCAR F. HODGE, presents America's leading minstrel comedian, NEIL O'BRIEN and his great American MINSTRELS The largest and highest salaried minstrel organization in existence. Everything new this season. Prices 50c to \$1.50. Tickets at Allison's.

STREET CAR SCHEDULE IN EFFECT NOV. 9, 1913

Table with columns for route (ZELICOA AND RETURN, RIVERSIDE PARK, DEPOT Via SOUTHSIDE AVENUE, DEPOT Via FRENCH BROAD AVENUE, MANOR, CHARLOTTE STREET TERMINUS, PATTON AVENUE, EAST STREET, GRACE Via MERRIMON AVENUE, DILLMORE, DEPOT AND WEST ASHEVILLE Via SOUTHSIDE AVE., SUNDAY SCHEDULE DIFFERS IN THE FOLLOWING PARTICULARS.) and times.