

# Tarzan of the Apes

by Edgar Rice Burroughs

## CHAPTER XII.

**Burials.**  
As it was now quite light the party, none of whom had eaten or slept since the previous morning, began to bestir themselves to prepare food.

The mutineers of the Arrow had landed a small supply of dried meats, canned soups, and vegetables, crackers, flour, tea and coffee for the five they had marooned, and these were hurriedly drawn upon to satisfy the cravings of long fasted appetites.

The next task was to make the cabin habitable, and to this end it was first decided to remove the greswome relics of the tragedy which had taken place there on some bygone day.

Professor Porter and Mr. Philander were deeply interested in examining the skeletons. The larger two they stated to have belonged to a male and female of one of the higher white races.

The smallest skeleton was given but passing attention, as its location in the crib left no doubt as to its having been the infant offspring of this unhappy couple.

As they were preparing the skeleton of the man for burial Clayton discovered a massive ring which had evidently encircled the man's finger at the time of his death, for one of the slender bones of the hand still lay within the golden bauble.

Picking it up to examine it, Clayton gave a cry of astonishment, for the ring bore the crest of the house of Greystoke.

At the same time Jane Porter discovered the books in the cupboard, and on opening to the fly leaf of one of them saw the name "John Clayton, London." In a second book, which she hurriedly examined, was the single name "Greystoke."

"Why, Mr. Clayton," she cried, "what does this mean? Here are the names of some of your own people in these books."

"And here," he replied gravely, "is the great ring of the house of Greystoke which has been lost since my uncle, John Clayton, the former Lord Greystoke, disappeared, presumably lost at sea."

"But how do you account for these things being here in this savage African jungle?" exclaimed the girl.

"There is but one way to account for it, Miss Porter," said Clayton. "The late Lord Greystoke was not drowned. He died here in this cabin, and this poor thing upon the floor is all that is mortal of him."

"Then this must have been Lady Greystoke," said Jane Porter reverently, indicating the mass of bones upon the bed.

"The beautiful Lady Alice," replied Clayton, "of whose many virtues and charms I often have heard my mother and father speak."

With reverence and solemnity the bodies of the late Lord and Lady Greystoke were buried beside their little African cabin, and between them was placed the tiny skeleton of the baby of Kala, the ape.

As Mr. Philander was placing the frail bones of the infant in a bit of sailcloth 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.

"Bless 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 past bury its dead."

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 gone 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 heard 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-dese-cratin' 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 mizzen 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 rapt 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—you!" cried Snipes. "Stow it!" retorted one of the men in a surly tone. "You're no admiral, you shrimp!"

"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' outcast tones. "But by the same token it ain't a-goin' to get nobody nothin' to put on airs in this bloomin' 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 agin. You, Tom and Bill, take a couple more down and fetch up the chest."

"Wot are you a-goin' to do?" asked he of the previous altercation. "Just beate the rites of the dum-dum."

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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, feeding as he went, 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 cloth.

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 white skin, her raven tresses, 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. These she rearranged. Then she extinguished the lamp, and all within the cabin was wrapped in Chimerian 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



She Was Writing at Tarzan's Own Table Beneath the Window.

Jane Porter had been writing and withdrew his hand, holding the precious treasure.

Tarzan folded the sheets into a small parcel, which he tucked into the quiver with his arrows. Then he sped away into the jungle as softly and as noiselessly as a shadow.

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 dum-dum.

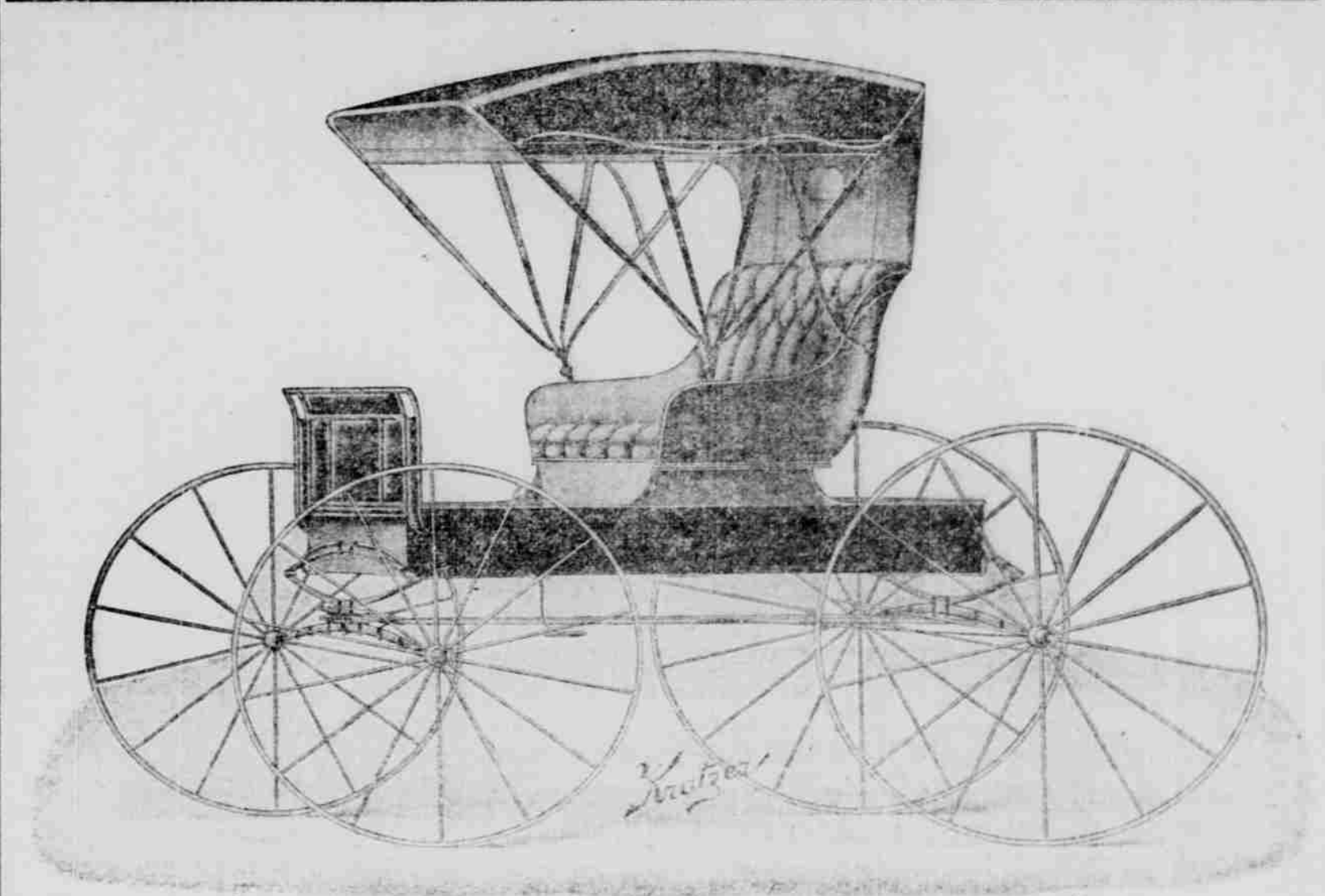
Miss Anna Bernstein of Kansas City, a sister of D. Bernstein, and a niece of Mrs. Simons of this city, is here making a short visit with her relatives.

Miss Agnes Plak arrived last evening from Alliance, Neb., where she has been teaching school, being called home by the death of her sister, Margaret.

Mrs. B. E. Lamphear and little daughter, of Chicago, arrived in this city this morning for a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Hyde and family, and other relatives.

Robert Sherwood departed this morning for Omaha, where he expects to meet his son, Victor, and accompany him to his home at Grand Island for a visit there over Sunday.

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## G. P. Eastwood

Rev. J. M. Tades of the Liberty church was a passenger this morning on the early Burlington train for Omaha, where he will spend a few hours with relatives and friends.

Harry Newman, departed this morning on No. 6 for Glenwood, where he will look after the interests of his bottling works and give the Iowa citizens the opportunity to secure some of the products of his factory.

Mrs. Luke L. Wiles and Mrs. S. A. Wiles and Misses Margaret Wiles, Margaret Spangler and Helen Wiles were passengers this morning for Omaha, where they will visit for the day taking in the sights of the metropolis.

Mrs. Isaac Kohler and Mrs. Alice Keyler of York, York county, Pennsylvania, arrived in this city yesterday for a visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Hartman. Mrs. Kohler is a sister and Mrs. Keyler a daughter of Mr. Hartman, and no doubt their visit will be a most enjoyable one.

Clarence V. Staats, who has been here for the past ten days visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George K. Staats, departed this morning for Lincoln, where he will resume his studies in music.

Mrs. P. A. Meisinger returned last evening from Omaha, where she has been for a short time visiting with friends. Mr. Meisinger came in from the farm to meet his wife and accompany her home.

George P. Barton and Reuben Stine of Union were in the city today for a few hours looking after matters of business, and while here called at the Journal office for a short visit.

Stephen Joachim and C. J. Gabel, two of the enterprising farmers of Louisville precinct, were in the city today looking after some business matters and visiting with their friends.

P. A. Hild of near Myriad was in the city Saturday afternoon for a few hours, looking after some matters of business.

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