



Tarzan, Lord of the Jungle

Edgar Rice Burroughs

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1. TANTOR THE ELEPHANT

HIS great bulk swaying to and fro as he threw his weight first upon one side and then upon the other, Tantor the elephant lolled in the shade of the father of forests. Almost omnipotent, he, in the realm of his people. Dango, Sheeta, even Numa the mighty were as naught to the pachyderm. For a hundred years he had come and gone up and down the land that had trembled to the comings and the goings of his forebears for countless ages.

In peace he had lived with Dango the hyena, Sheeta the leopard and Numa the lion. Man alone had made war upon him. Man, who holds the unique distinction among created things of making war on all living creatures, even to his own kind. Man, the ruthless; man, the pitiless; man, the most hated living organism that Nature has evolved.

Always during the long hundred years of his life, Tantor had known man. There had been black men, always. Big black warriors with spears and arrows, little black warriors, swart Arabs with crude muskets and white men with powerful express rifles and elephant guns. The white men had been the last to come and were the worst. Yet Tantor did not hate men—not even white men. Hate, vengeance, envy, avarice, lust are a few of the delightful emotions reserved exclusively for Nature's noblest work—the *lower* animals do not know them. Neither do they know fear as man knows it, but rather a certain bold caution that sends the antelope and the zebra, watchful and wary, to the water hole with the lion.

Tantor shared this caution with his fellows and avoided men— especially white men; and so had there been other eyes there that day to see, their possessor might almost have questioned their veracity, or attributed their error to the half-light of the forest as they scanned the figure sprawling prone upon the rough back of the elephant, half dozing in the heat to the swaying of the great body; for, despite the sun-bronzed hide, the figure was quite evidently that of a white man. But there were no other eyes to see and Tantor drowsed in the heat of midday and Tarzan, Lord of the Jungle, dozed upon the back of his mighty friend. A sultry air current moved sluggishly from the north, bringing to the keen nostrils of the ape-man no disquieting perception. Peace lay upon the jungle and the two beasts were content.

In the forest Fahd and Motlog, of the tribe el-Harb, hunted north from the *menzil* of Sheikh Ibn Jad of the Beny Salem *fendy* el-Guad. With them were black slaves. They advanced warily and in silence upon the fresh spoor of *el-fil* the elephant, the thoughts of the swart Arabs dwelling upon ivory, those of the black slaves upon fresh meat. The 'abd Fejjuan,

black Galla slave, sleek, ebon warrior, eater of raw meat, famed hunter, led the others.

Fejjuan, as his comrades, thought of fresh meat, but also he thought of el-Habash, the land from which he had been stolen as a boy. He thought of coming again to the lonely Galla hut of his parents. Perhaps el-Habash was not far off now. For months Ibn Jad had been traveling south and now he had come east for a long distance. El-Habash must be near. When he was sure of that his days of slavery would be over and Ibn Jad would have lost his best Galla slave.

Two marches to the north, in the southern extremity of Abyssinia, stood the round dwelling of the father of Fejjuan, almost on the roughly mapped route that Ibn Jad had planned nearly a year since when he had undertaken this mad adventure upon the advice of a learned *sahar*, a magician of repute. But of either the exact location of his father's house or the exact plans of Ibn Jad, Fejjuan was equally ignorant. He but dreamed, and his dreams were flavored with raw meat.

The leaves of the forest drowsed in the heat above the heads of the hunters. Beneath the drowsing leaves of other trees a stone's throw ahead of them Tarzan and Tantor slept, their perceptive faculties momentarily dulled by the soothing influence of fancied security and the somnolence that is a corollary of equatorial midday.

Fejjuan, the Galla slave, halted in his tracks, stopping those behind him by the silent mandate of an upraised hand. Directly before him, seen dimly between the boles and through the foliage, swayed the giant bulk of *el-fil*. Fejjuan motioned to Fahd, who moved stealthily to the side of the black. The Galla slave pointed through the foliage toward a patch of gray hide. Fahd raised el-Lazzary, his ancient matchlock, to his shoulder. There was a flash of flame, a burst of smoke, a roar and *el-fil*, unhit, was bolting through the forest.

As Tantor surged forward at the sound of the report Tarzan started to spring to an upright position, and at the same instant the pachyderm passed beneath a low-hanging limb which struck the ape-man's head, sweeping him to the ground, where he lay stunned and unconscious. Terrified, Tantor thought only of escape as he ran north through the forest, leaving in his wake felled trees, trampled or up-torn bushes. Perhaps he did not know that his friend lay helpless and injured, at the mercy of the common enemy, man. Tantor never thought of Tarzan as one of the Tarmangani, for the white man was synonymous with discomfort, pain, annoyance, whereas Tarzan of the Apes meant to him restful companionship, peace, happiness. Of all the jungle beasts, except his own kind, he fraternized with Tarzan only.

"*Billah!* Thou missed," exclaimed Fejjuan.

"*Gluck!*" ejaculated Fahd. "*Sheytan* guided the bullet. But let us see—perhaps *el-fil* is hit."

"Nay, thou missed."

The two men pushed forward, followed by their fellows, looking for the hoped-for carmine spoor. Fahd suddenly stopped.

"W'Allah! What have we here?" he cried. "I fired at *el-fil* and killed a *Nasrany*."

The others crowded about. "It is indeed a Christian dog, and naked, too," said Motlog.

"Or some wild man of the forest," suggested another. "Where did thy bullet strike him, Fahd?"

They stooped and rolled Tarzan over. "There is no mark of bullet upon him."

"Is he dead? Perhaps he, too, hunted *el-fil* and was slain by the great beast."

"He is not dead," announced Fejjuan, who had kneeled and placed an ear above the ape-man's heart. "He lives and from the mark upon his head I think but temporarily out of his wits from a blow. See, he lies in the path that *el-fil* made when he ran away—he was struck down in the brute's flight."

"I will finish him," said Fahd, drawing his *khusa*.

"By Allah, no! Put back thy knife, Fahd," said Motlog. "Let the sheikh say if he shall be killed. Thou art always too eager for blood."

"It is but a *Nasrany*," insisted Fahd, "Thinkest thou to carry him back to the *menzil*?"

"He moves," said Fejjuan. "Presently he will be able to walk there without help. But perhaps he will not come with us, and look, he hath the size and muscles of a giant. W'Allah! What a man!"

"Bind him," commanded Fahd. So with thongs of camel hide they made the ape-man's two wrists secure together across his belly, nor was the work completed any too soon. They had scarce done when Tarzan opened his eyes and looked them slowly over. He shook his head, like some great lion, and presently his senses cleared. He recognized the Arabs instantly for what they were.

"Why are my wrists bound?" he asked them in their own tongue.

"Remove the thongs!"

Fahd laughed. "Thinkest thou, *Nasrany*, that thou art some great sheikh that thou canst order about the *Beduw* as they were dogs?"

"I am Tarzan," replied the ape-man, as one might say, "I am the sheikh of sheikhs."

"Tarzan!" exclaimed Motlog. He drew Fahd aside. "Of all men," he said, lowering his voice, "that it should be our ill fortune to offend this one! In every village that we have entered in the past two weeks we have heard his name. 'Wait,' they have said, until Tarzan, Lord of the Jungle, returns. He will slay you when he learns that you have taken slaves in his country."

"When I drew my *khusa* thou shouldst not have stopped my hand, Motlog," complained Fahd; "but it is not too late yet." He placed his

hand upon the hilt of his knife.

"*Billah!*, nay!" cried Motlog. "We have taken slaves in this country. They are with us now and some of them will escape. Suppose they carry word to the *fendy* of this great sheikh that we have slain him? Not one of us will live to return to Beled el-Guad."

"Let us then take him before Ibn Jad that the responsibility may be his," said Fahd.

"*W'Allah*, you speak wisely," replied Motlog. "What the sheikh doeth with this man is the sheikh's business. Come!"

As they returned to where Tarzan stood he eyed them questioningly.

"What have you decided to do with me?" he demanded. "If you are wise you will cut these bonds and lead me to your sheikh. I wish a word with him."

"We are only poor men," said Motlog. "It is not for us to say what shall be done, and so we shall take you to our sheikh who will decide."

The Sheikh Ibn Jad of the *fendy* el-Guad squatted in the open men's compartment of his *beyt es-sh'ar*, and beside him in the *mukaad* of his house of hair sat Tollog, his brother, and a young Beduin, Zeyd, who, doubtless, found less attraction in the company of the sheikh than in the proximity of the sheikh's harem whose quarters were separated from the *mukaad* only by a breast-high curtain suspended between the waist poles of the *beyt*, affording thus an occasional glimpse of Ateja, the daughter of Ibn Jad. That it also afforded an occasional glimpse of Hirfa, his wife, raised not the temperature of Zeyd an iota.

As the men talked the two women were busy within their apartment at their housewifely duties. In a great brazen *jidda* Hirfa was placing mutton to be boiled for the next meal while Ateja fashioned sandals from an old bag of camel leather impregnated with the juice of the dates that it had borne upon many a *rahla*, and meanwhile they missed naught of the conversation that passed in the *mukaad*.

"We have come a long way without mishap from our own *beled*," Ibn Jad was remarking, "and the way has been longer because I wished not to pass through el-Habash lest we be set upon or followed by the people of that country. Now may we turn north again and enter el-Habash close to the spot where the magician foretold we should find the treasure city of Nimmr."

"And thinkest thou to find this fabled city easily, once we are within the boundaries of el-Habash?" asked Tollog, his brother.

"*W'Allah*, yes. It is known to the people of this far south Habash. Fejjuan, himself an Habashy, though he has never been there, heard of it as a boy. We shall take prisoners among them and, by the grace of Allah, we shall find the means to loose their tongues and have the truth from them."

"By Allah, I hope it does not prove like the treasure that lies upon the great rock el-Howwara in the plain of Medain Salih," said Zeyd.

"An *afrit* guards it where it lay sealed in a stone tower and they say that should it be removed disaster would befall mankind; for men would turn upon their friends, and even upon their brothers, the sons of their fathers and mothers, and the kings of the world would give battle, one against another."

"Yea," testified Tollog, "I had it from one of the *fendy* Hazim that a wise Moghreby came by there in his travels and consulting the cabalistic signs in his book of magic discovered that indeed the treasure lay there."

"But none dared take it up," said Zeyd.

"*Billah!*" exclaimed Ibn Jad. "There be no *afrit* guarding the treasures of Nimmr. Naught but flesh and blood Habush that may be laid low with ball and powder. The treasure is ours for the taking."

"Allah grant that it may be as easily found as the treasure of Geryeh," said Zeyd, "which lays a journey north of Tebuk in the ancient ruins of a walled city. There, each Friday, the pieces of money roll out of the ground and run about over the desert until sunset."

"Once we are come to Nimmr there will be no difficulty finding the treasure," Ibn Jad assured them. "The difficulty will lie in getting out of el-Habash with the treasure and the woman; and if she is as beautiful as the *sahar* said, the men of Nimmr may protect her even more savagely than they would the treasure."

"Often do magicians lie," said Tollog.

"Who comes?" exclaimed Ibn Jad, looking toward the jungle that hemmed the *menzil* upon all sides.

"*Billah!* It is Fahd and Motlog returning from the hunt," said Tollog.

"Allah grant that they bring ivory and meat."

"They return too soon," said Zeyd.

"But they do not come empty handed," and Ibn Jad pointed toward the naked giant that accompanied the returning hunters.

The group surrounding Tarzan approached the sheikh's *beyt* and halted. Wrapped in his soiled calico *thobe*, his headkerchief drawn across the lower part of his face, Ibn Jad exposed but two villainous eyes to the intent scrutiny of the ape-man which simultaneously included the pock-marked, shifty-eyed visage of Tollog, the sheikh's brother, and the not ill-favored countenance of the youthful Zeyd.

"Who is sheikh here?" demanded Tarzan in tones of authority that belied the camel leather thongs about his wrists.

Ibn Jad permitted his *thorrib* to fall from before his face. "W'*Allah*, I am sheikh," he said, "and by what name art thou known, *Nasrany*?"

"They call me Tarzan of the Apes, Moslem."

"Tarzan of the Apes," mused Ibn Jad. "I have heard the name."

"Doubtless. It is not unknown to Arab slave raiders. Why, then, came you to my country, knowing I do not permit my people to be taken into slavery?"

"We do not come for slaves," Ibn Jad assured him. "We do but trade in peace for ivory."

"Thou liest in thy beard, Moslem," returned Tarzan, quietly. "I recognize both Manyuema and Galla slaves in thy *menzil*, and I know that they are not here of their own choosing. Then, too, was I not present when your henchmen fired a shot at *el-fil*? Is that peaceful trading for ivory? No! it is poaching, and that Tarzan of the Apes does not permit in his country. You are raiders and poachers."

"By Allah! we are honest men," cried Ibn Jad. "Fahd and Motlog did but hunt for meat. If they shot *el-fil* it must be that they mistook him for another beast."

"Enough!" cried Tarzan. "Remove the thongs that bind me and prepare to return north from whence thou camest. Thou shalt have an escort and bearers to the Sudan. That will I arrange for."

"We have come a long way and wish only to trade in peace," insisted Ibn Jad. "We shall pay our bearers for their labor and take no slaves, nor shall we again fire upon *el-fil*. Let us go our way and when we return we will pay you well for permission to pass through your country."

Tarzan shook his head. "No! you shall go at once. Come, cut these bonds!"

Ibn Jad's eyes narrowed. "We have offered thee peace and profits, *Nasrany*," he said, "but if thou wouldst have war let it be war. Thou art in our power and remember that dead enemies are harmless. Think it over." And to Fahd: "Take him away and bind his feet."

"Be careful, Moslem," warned Tarzan, "the arms of the ape-man are long—they may reach out even in death and their fingers encircle your throat."

"Thou shalt have until dark to decide, *Nasrany*, and thou mayst know that Ibn Jad will not turn back until he hath that for which he came." They took Tarzan then and at a distance from the *beyt* of Ibn Jad they pushed him into a small *hejra*; but once within this tent it required three men to throw him to the ground and bind his ankles, even though his wrists were already bound.

In the *beyt* of the sheikh the Beduins sipped their coffee, sickish with clove, cinnamon and other spice, the while they discussed the ill fortune that had befallen them; for, regardless of his bravado, Ibn Jad knew full well that only speed and most propitious circumstances could now place the seal of success upon his venture.

"But for Motlog," said Fahd, "we would now have no cause for worry concerning the *Nasrany*, for I had my knife ready to slit the dog's throat when Motlog interfered."

"And had word of his slaying spread broadcast over his country before another sunset and all his people at our heels," countered Motlog.

"W'Allah," said Tollog, the sheikh's brother. "I wish Fahd had done the thing he wished. After all how much better off are we if we permit

the *Nasrany* to live? Should we free him we know that he will gather his people and drive us from the country. If we keep him prisoner and an escaped slave carries word of it to his people will they not be upon us even more surely than as though we had slain him?"

"Tollog, thou speakest words of wisdom," said Ibn Jad, nodding appreciatively.

"But wait," said Tollog, "I have within me, unspoken, words of even greater worth." He leaned forward motioning the others closer and lowered his voice. "Should this one whom they call Tarzan escape during the night, or should we set him free, there would be no bad word for an escaped slave to bear to his people."

"*Billah!*" exclaimed Fahd disgustedly. "There would be no need for an escaped slave to bring word to his people—the *Nasrany* himself would do that and lead them upon us in person. Bah! the brains of Tollog are as camel's dung."

"Thou hast not heard all that I would say, brother," continued Tollog, ignoring Fahd. "It would only *seem* to the slaves that this man had escaped, for in the morning he would be gone and we would make great lamentation over the matter, or we would say: '*W'Allah*, it is true that Ibn Jad made peace with the stranger, who departed into the jungle, blessing him.'"

"I do not follow thee, brother," said Ibn Jad.

"The *Nasrany* lies bound in yonder *hejra*. The night will be dark. A slim knife between his ribs were enough. There be faithful Habush among us who will do our bidding, nor speak of the matter after. They can prepare a trench from the bottom of which a dead Tarzan may not reach out to harm us."

"By Allah, it is plain that thou art of sheikhly blood, Tollog," exclaimed Ibn Jad. "The wisdom of thy words proclaims it. Thou shalt attend to the whole matter. Then will it be done secretly and well. The blessings of Allah be upon thee!" and Ibn Jad arose and entered the quarters of his harem.

2. COMRADES OF THE WILD

DARKNESS fell upon the *menzil* of Ibn Jad the sheikh. Beneath the small flitting tent where his captors had left him, Tarzan still struggled with the bonds that secured his wrists, but the tough camel leather withstood even the might of his giant thews. At times he lay listening to the night noises of the jungle, many of them noises that no other human ear could have heard, and always he interpreted each correctly. He knew when Numa passed and Sheeta the leopard; and then from afar and so faintly that it was but the shadow of a whisper, there came down the wind the trumpeting of a bull elephant.

Without the *beyt* of Ibn Jad Ateja, the sheikh's daughter, loitered, and with her was Zeyd. They stood very close to one another and the man held the maiden's hands in his.

"Tell me, Ateja," he said, "that you love no other than Zeyd."

"How many times must I tell you that?" whispered the girl.

"And you do not love Fahd?" insisted the man.

"*Billah*, no!" she ejaculated.

"Yet your father gives the impression that one day you will be Fahd's."

"My father wishes me to be of the harem of Fahd, but I mistrust the man, and I could not belong to one whom I neither loved nor trusted."

"I, too, mistrust Fahd," said Zeyd. "Listen Ateja! I doubt his loyalty to thy father, and not his alone, but another whose name I dare not even whisper. Upon occasions I have seen them muttering together when they thought that there were no others about."

The girl nodded her head. "I know. It is not necessary even to whisper the name to me—and I hate him even as I hate Fahd."

"But he is of thine own kin," the youth reminded her.

"What of that? Is he not also my father's brother? If that bond does not hold him loyal to Ibn Jad, who hath treated him well, why should I pretend loyalty for him? Nay, I think him a traitor to my father, but Ibn Jad seems blind to the fact. We are a long way from our own country and if aught should befall the sheikh, Tollog, being next of blood, would assume the sheikhly duties and honors. I think he hath won Fahd's support by a promise to further his suit for me with Ibn Jad, for I have noticed that Tollog exerts himself to praise Fahd in the hearing of my father."

"And perhaps a division of the spoils of the *ghrazzu* upon the treasure city," suggested Zeyd.

"It is not unlikely," replied the girl, "and—Allah! what was that?"

The Beduins seated about the coffee fire leaped to their feet. The black slaves, startled, peered out into the darkness from their rude shelters.

Muskets were seized. Silence fell again upon the tense, listening *menzil*. The weird, uncanny cry that had unnerved them was not repeated.

"*Billah!*" ejaculated Ibn Jad. "It came from the midst of the *menzil*, and it was the voice of a beast, where there are only men and a few domestic animals."

"Could it have been—?" The speaker stopped as though fearful that the thing he would suggest might indeed be true.

"But he is a man and that was the voice of a beast," insisted Ibn Jad. "It could not have been he."

"But he is a *Nasrany*," reminded Fahd. "Perhaps he has league with *Sheytan*."

"And the sound came from the direction where he lies bound in a *hejra*," observed another.

"Come!" said Ibn Jad. "Let us investigate."

With muskets ready the Arabs, lighting the way with paper lanterns, approached the *hejra* where Tarzan lay. Fearfully the foremost looked within.

"He is here," he reported.

Tarzan, who was sitting in the center of the tent, surveyed the Arabs somewhat contemptuously. Ibn Jad pressed forward.

"You heard a cry?" he demanded of the ape-man.

"Yes, I heard it. Camest thou, Sheikh Ibn Jad, to disturb my rest upon so trivial an errand, or yearnest thou to release me?"

"What manner of cry was it? What did it signify?" asked Ibn Jad.

Tarzan of the Apes smiled grimly. "It was but the call of a beast to one of his kind," he replied. "Does the noble *Beduw* tremble thus always when he hears the voices of the jungle people?"

"*Gluck!*" growled Ibn Jad, "the *Beduw* fear naught. We thought the sound came from this *hejra* and we hastened hither believing some jungle beast had crept within the *menzil* and attacked thee. Tomorrow it is the thought of Ibn Jad to release thee."

"Why not tonight?"

"My people fear thee. They would that when you are released you depart hence immediately."

"I shall. I have no desire to remain in thy lice infested *menzil*."

"We could not send thee alone into the jungle at night where *el-adrea* is abroad hunting," protested the sheikh.

Tarzan of the Apes smiled again, one of his rare smiles. "Tarzan is more secure in his teeming jungle than are the *Beduw* in their desert," he replied. "The jungle night has no terrors for Tarzan."

"Tomorrow," snapped the sheikh and then, motioning to his followers, he departed.

Tarzan watched their paper lanterns bobbing across the camp to the sheikh's *beyt* and then he stretched himself at full length and pressed an ear to the ground.

When the inhabitants of the Arab *menzil* heard the cry of the beast shatter the quiet of the new night it aroused within their breasts a certain vague unrest, but otherwise it was meaningless to them. Yet there was one far off in the jungle who caught the call faintly and understood—a huge beast, the great, gray dreadnought of the jungle, Tantor the elephant. Again he raised his trunk aloft and trumpeted loudly. His little eyes gleamed redly wicked as, a moment later, he swung off through the forest at a rapid trot.

Slowly silence fell upon the *menzil* of Sheikh Ibn Jad as the Arabs and their slaves sought their sleeping mats. Only the sheikh and his brother sat smoking in the sheikh's *beyt*—smoking and whispering in low tones.

"Do not let the slaves see you slay the *Nasrany*, Tollog," cautioned Ibn Jad. "Attend to that yourself first in secrecy and in silence, then quietly arouse two of the slaves. Fejjuan would be as good as another, as he has been among us since childhood and is loyal. He will do well for one."

"Abbas is loyal, too, and strong," suggested Tollog.

"Yea, let him be the second," agreed Ibn Jad. "But it is well that they do not know how the *Nasrany* came to die. Tell them that you heard a noise in the direction of his *hejra* and that when you had come to learn the nature of it you found him thus dead."

"You may trust to my discretion, brother," Tollog assured.

"And warn them to secrecy," continued the sheikh. "No man but we four must ever know of the death of the *Nasrany*, nor of his place of burial. In the morning we shall tell the others that he escaped during the night. Leave his cut bonds within the *hejra* as proof. You understand?"

"By Allah, fully."

"Good! Now go. The people sleep." The sheikh rose and Tollog, also. The former entered the apartment of his harem and the latter moved silently through the darkness of the night in the direction of the *hejra* where his victim lay.

Through the jungle came Tantor the elephant and from his path fled gentle beasts and fierce. Even Numa the lion slunk growling to one side as the mighty pachyderm passed.

Into the darkness of the *hejra* crept Tollog, the sheikh's brother; but Tarzan, lying with an ear to the ground, had heard him approaching from the moment that he had left the *beyt* of Ibn Jad. Tarzan heard other sounds as well and, as he interpreted these others, he interpreted the stealthy approach of Tollog and was convinced when the footsteps turned into the tent where he lay—convinced of the purpose of his visitor. For what purpose but the taking of his life would a Beduin visit Tarzan at this hour of the night?

As Tollog, groping in the dark, entered the tent Tarzan sat erect and again there smote upon the ears of the Beduin the horrid cry that had disturbed the *menzil* earlier in the evening, but this time it arose in the very *hejra* in which Tollog stood.

The Beduin halted, aghast. "Allah!" he cried, stepping back. "What beast is there? *Nasrany!* Art thou being attacked?"

Others in the camp were awakened, but none ventured forth to investigate. Tarzan smiled and remained silent.

"*Nasrany!*" repeated Tollog, but there was no reply.

Cautiously, his knife ready in his hand, the Beduin backed from the *hejra*. He listened but heard no sound from within. Running quickly to his own *beyt* he made a light in a paper lantern and hastened back to the *hejra*, and this time he carried his musket and it was at full cock. Peering within, the lantern held above his head, Tollog saw the ape-man sitting upon the ground looking at him. There was no wild beast! Then the Beduin understood.

"*Billah!* It was thou, *Nasrany*, who made the fearful cries."

"*Beduwy*, thou comest to kill the *Nasrany*, eh?" demanded Tarzan.

From the jungle came the roar of a lion and the trumpeting of a bull elephant, but the *boma* was high and sharp with thorns and there were guards and beast-fire, so Tollog gave no thought to these familiar noises of the night. He did not answer Tarzan's question but laid aside his musket and drew his *khusa*, which after all was answer enough.

In the dim light of the paper lantern Tarzan watched these preparations. He saw the cruel expression upon the malevolent face. He saw the man approaching slowly, the knife ready in his hand.

The man was almost upon him now, his eyes glittering in the faint light. To the ears of the ape-man came the sound of a commotion at the far edge of the *menzil*, followed by an Arab oath. Then Tollog launched a blow at Tarzan's breast. The prisoner swung his bound wrists upward and struck the Beduin's knife arm away, and simultaneously he struggled to his knees.

With an oath, Tollog struck again, and again Tarzan fended the blow, and this time he followed swiftly with a mighty sweep of his arms that struck the Beduin upon the side of the head and sent him sprawling across the *hejra*; but Tollog was instantly up and at him again, this time with the ferocity of a maddened bull, yet at the same time with far greater cunning, for instead of attempting a direct frontal attack Tollog leaped quickly around Tarzan to strike him from behind.

In his effort to turn upon his knees that he might face his antagonist the ape-man lost his balance, his feet being bound together, and fell prone at Tollog's mercy. A vicious smile bared the yellow teeth of the Beduin.

"Die, *Nasrany!*" he cried, and then: "*Billah!* What was that?" as, of a sudden, the entire tent was snatched from above his head and hurled off into the night. He turned quickly and a shriek of terror burst from his lips as he saw, red-eyed and angry, the giant form of *el-fil* towering above him; and in that very instant a supple trunk encircled his body and Tollog, the sheikh's brother, was raised high aloft and hurled off into the darkness as the tent had been.

For an instant Tantor stood looking about, angrily, defiantly, then he reached down and lifted Tarzan from the ground, raised him high above his head, wheeled about and trotted rapidly across the *menzil* toward the jungle. A frightened sentry fired once and fled. The other sentry lay crushed and dead where Tantor had hurled him when he entered the camp. An instant later Tarzan and Tantor were swallowed by the jungle and the darkness.

The *menzil* of Sheikh Ibn Jad was in an uproar. Armed men hastened hither and thither seeking the cause of the disturbance, looking for an attacking enemy. Some came to the spot where had stood the *hejra* where the *Nasrany* had been confined, but *hejra* and *Nasrany* both had disappeared. Nearby, the *beyt* of one of Ibn Jad's cronies lay flattened. Beneath it were screaming women and a cursing man. On top of it was Tollog, the sheikh's brother, his mouth filled with vile Beduin invective, whereas it should have contained only praises of Allah and thanksgiving, for Tollog was indeed a most fortunate man. Had he alighted elsewhere than upon the top of a sturdily pegged *beyt* he had doubtless been killed or badly injured when Tantor hurled him thus rudely aside.

Ibn Jad, searching for information, arrived just as Tollog was extricating himself from the folds of the tent.

"*Billah!*" cried the sheikh. "What has come to pass? What, O brother, art thou doing upon the *beyt* of Abd el-Aziz?"

A slave came running to the sheikh. "The *Nasrany* is gone and he hath taken the *hejra* with him," he cried.

Ibn Jad turned to Tollog. "Canst thou not explain, brother?" he demanded. "Is the *Nasrany* truly departed?"

"The *Nasrany* is indeed gone," replied Tollog. "He is in league with *Sheytan*, who came in the guise of *el-fil* and carried the *Nasrany* into the jungle, after throwing me upon the top of the *beyt* of Abd el-Aziz whom I still hear squealing and cursing beneath as though it had been he who was attacked rather than I."

Ibn Jad shook his head. Of course he knew that Tollog was a liar— that he always had known—yet he could not understand how his brother had come to be upon the top of the *beyt* of Abd el-Aziz.

"What did the sentries see?" demanded the sheikh. "Where were they?"

"They were at their post," spoke up Motlog. "I was just there. One of them is dead, the other fired upon the intruder as it escaped."

"And what said he of it?" demanded Ibn Jad.

"*W'Allah*, he said that *el-fil* came and entered the *menzil*, killing Yemeny and rushing to the *hejra* where the *Nasrany* lay bound, ripping it aside, throwing Tollog high into the air. Then he seized the prisoner and bore him off into the jungle, and as he passed him Hasan fired."

"And missed," guessed Ibn Jad.

For several moments the sheikh stood in thought, then he turned slowly toward his own *beyt*. "Tomorrow, early, is the *rahla*," he said; and the word spread quickly that early upon the morrow they would break camp.

Far into the forest Tantor bore Tarzan until they had come to a small clearing well carpeted with grass, and here the elephant deposited his burden gently upon the ground and stood guard above.

"In the morning," said Tarzan, "when Kudu the Sun hunts again through the heavens and there is light by which to see, we shall discover what may be done about removing these bonds, Tantor; but for now let us sleep."

Numa the lion, Dango the hyena, Sheeta the leopard passed near that night, and the scent of the helpless man-thing was strong in their nostrils, but when they saw who stood guard above Tarzan and heard the mutterings of the big bull, they passed on about their business while Tarzan of the Apes slept.

With the coming of dawn all was quickly astir in the *menzil* of Ibn Jad. Scarce was the meager breakfast eaten ere the *beyt* of the sheikh was taken down by his women, and at this signal the other houses of hair came tumbling to the ground, and within the hour the Arabs were winding northward toward el-Habash.

The Beduins and their women were mounted upon the desert ponies that had survived the long journey from the north, while the slaves that they had brought with them from their own country marched afoot at the front and rear of the column in the capacity of *askari*, and these were armed with muskets. Their bearers were the natives that they had impressed into their service along the way. These carried the impedimenta of the camp and herded the goats and sheep along the trail.

Zeyd rode beside Ateja, the daughter of the sheikh, and more often were his eyes upon her profile than upon the trail ahead. Fahd, who rode near Ibn Jad, cast an occasional angry glance in the direction of the two.

Tollog, the sheikh's brother, saw and grinned.

"Zeyd is a bolder suitor than thou, Fahd," he whispered to the young man.

"He has whispered lies into her ears and she will have none of me," complained Fahd.

"If the sheikh favored thy suit though," suggested Tollog.

"But he does not," snapped Fahd. "A word from you might aid. You promised it."

"W'Allah, yes, but my brother is an over-indulgent sire," explained Tollog. "He doth not dislike you, Fahd, but rather he would have his *binth* happy, and so leaves the selection of her mate to her."

"What is there to do, then?" demanded Fahd.

"If I were sheikh, now," suggested Tollog, "but alas I am not."