



THE TARZAN TWINS

EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Global Grey ebooks

THE TARZAN TWINS

BY
EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

1927

The Tarzan Twins by Edgar Rice Burroughs.

This edition was created and published by Global Grey

©GlobalGrey 2018



globalgreyebooks.com

CONTENTS

Introducing The Tarzan Twins

Chapter 1

Chapter 2

Chapter 3

Chapter 4

Chapter 5

Chapter 6

Chapter 7

Chapter 8

Chapter 9

Chapter 10

Chapter 11

the filth, and their fellow prisoners. Bulala was evidently a densely ignorant, but happy-natured, West Coast black, while the other, whom Bulala referred to as Ukundo, was a pygmy and, though a full grown man, came barely to the shoulders of the twins.

When Ukundo discovered that Bulala was attempting to teach the boys his language, he developed a great interest in the experiment and as he was much brighter than Bulala, it was more often his own dialect that the boys learned than that of the tribe to which Bulala had belonged.

As for the furnishings of the hut, they consisted of several filthy sleeping mats that must have been discarded by their original owners as absolutely impossible for human use, and when anything becomes too filthy for a native African, its condition must be beyond words.

Ukundo generously dragged two of them into place for the boys, but when they examined them, they both drew away. "If it weren't for the guards outside, I'd lead mine out and tie it to a tree," said Doc.

"Afraid it would run away?" asked Dick.

"No; I'd be afraid it would crawl back in here with us."

At dusk some food was brought them—hideously repulsive, malodorous stuff that neither of the boys could touch to their lips, half-starved though they were.

But Bulala and Ukundo were not so particular, and gobbled down their own portions and the boys' as well to the accompaniment of sounds that reminded Doc of feeding time at the hog house on his grandfather's farm.

With the coming of night there came also the night noises of the village and the jungle.

Through the aperture in the base of the hut, that served both as door and window, the boys saw fires twinkling in the village; snatches of conversation came to them and the sound of laughter. They saw figures moving about the fires, and caught glimpses of savage dancers, and heard the sound of tom-toms; but the heat from the blazing fires did not enter the cold, damp hut, nor did the laughter warm their hearts.

They crept close together for warmth and at last fell asleep, hungry, cold and exhausted.

CHAPTER 6

WHEN they awoke, it was still dark and much colder. The village fires had died away, or had been banked for the night. All was silence. Yet the boys were conscious that they had been awakened by a noise, as though the echo still lingered in their ears. Presently they were sure of it—a thunderous sound that rolled in mighty volume out of the dark jungle and made the earth tremble.

"Are you awake?" whispered Doc.

"Yes."

"Did you hear that?"

"It's a lion."

"Do you suppose he's in the village?"

"He sounds awful close."

Numa was not in the village; he roared with his nose close to the palisade, voicing his anger at the stout barrier that kept him from the tender flesh within.

"Golly," said Dick; "it wouldn't do us much good if we did escape. It would be like jumping from the frying pan into the fire."

"Do you mean you'd rather stay here and be eaten by cannibals than try to escape?" demanded Doc.

"No, I don't mean anything of the kind—I just think we haven't much chance of getting out of this mess, one way or the other—but I sure would rather try to get out of it than just sit still and wait to be eaten, like Bulala and Ukundo are doing. Have you any scheme, Doc, for getting away?"

"Not yet. From what I could understand of Bulala's gibberish I guess they won't eat us for a while. He seems to think that they will wait until we are fattened up a bit; but from something else he said, it is just possible that they are saving us for a big feast that they have invited a lot of other

villages to attend. Anyway, if we can have a few days to get a line on the habits and customs of the village, we will be in a better position to pick out the best plan and the best time for making our getaway. Gee, but it's cold!"

"I didn't know anyone could be so cold and hungry, and live," said Dick.

"Neither did I. It's no use trying to get to sleep again. I'm going to get up and move around. Maybe that will make us warm."

But all it did was to awaken Bulala and Ukundo, who were not angry at all at being awakened and only laughed when the boys told them how cold they were. Bulala assured them that one was always cold at night and as he and Ukundo were practically naked the twins felt a bit ashamed of their grumbling.

Daylight came at last and with the rising sun came warmth and renewed vitality. The boys felt almost cheerful and now they were so hungry that they knew they would eat whatever their captors set before them, however vile it might appear. But nothing was brought them. In fact it was almost noon before any attention was paid them and then a warrior came and ordered all four of them out of the hut. With their guards they were herded toward the chief's hut in the center of the village.

Here they found many warriors lined up before the bleary-eyed old cannibal. The chief looked them all over, then addressed the twins.

"He wants to know what you were doing in his country," interpreted Bulala.

"Tell him we were passing through on the train and that we wandered into the jungle and got lost," said Dick. "Tell him we want to go back to the railway and that if he will take us, our fathers will pay him a big reward."

Bulala explained all this to the chief and there followed a lengthy discussion between the chief and his warriors, at the end of which Bulala again interpreted.

"Chief Galla Galla says he will take you back after a while. He wants you to stay here a few days. Then he will take you back. Also he wants all your

clothes. He says you must take them off and give them to him as presents, if you want him to take you back to your people."

"But we'll freeze," expostulated Doc.

"You had better give them to him, for he will take them anyway," advised Bulala.

Doc turned and looked at Dick. "What are we going to do about it?" he asked.

"Tell him we'll freeze at night without our clothes, Bulala," cried Dick.

Bulala and Galla Galla held a lengthy discourse at the end of which the former announced that the chief insisted upon having their clothes, but would furnish them with other apparel to take its place.

"Well, tell him to trot it out," snapped Doc.

Again there was much haggling, but finally the chief sent one of his warriors to bring a handful of filthy calico rags, which he threw at the feet of the two boys. Doc started to argue the question, but Bulala's council, combined with the menacing attitude of Galla Galla, convinced the twins that they could do nothing but comply with the commands of their captor.

"I'm going to take the things out of my pockets," said Doc.

"They'll probably swipe everything we've got, but if possible we ought to try to save our knives," suggested Dick.

And sure enough, the first thing that came out of Dick's pocket, which happened to be a fountain pen, Galla Galla held out his hand to receive.

"A lot of good it'll do the old robber," growled Dick.

"He wants to know what it is," said Bulala.

"Tell him it's a bottle with something good to drink in it," snapped Doc.

"Here, I'll show him how to get it out—looky, old tar-baby," and Doc stepped forward and removed the cap from the pen point. "Tell him," he explained to Bulala, "to put the shiny end in his mouth and then pull this little lever here—that'll squirt the nice drink into his tummy."

Galla Galla did as Bulala directed. A peculiar expression overspread his evil face and then he commenced to spit, to the great astonishment not only of himself but of the assembled warriors, for Galla Galla was undeniably spitting blue. The effect upon him was astonishing and rather terrifying. He leaped about like a mad man, emitting strange noises which were interspersed with remarks that the boys were positive were not at all nice; but the remarkable part of the performance was that he vented all his rage upon Bulala, striking and kicking the poor fellow unmercifully.

"Tell him it won't hurt him," yelled Dick, fearful now of the results of Doc's joke. "Tell him white men drink it to make them strong," and when Bulala had succeeded in transmitting this information to Galla Galla the chief immediately calmed down but for a long time thereafter, he continued to spit blue.

The boys had now emptied their pockets, but each clung to his knife, attempting to hide it from the eyes of the greedy Galla Galla. The attempt was vain; a filthy, pinkish palm was extended toward Doc who needed no one to interpret the cannibal's demands into gimme, gimme, gimme! It was then that an idea came to Doc that was little short of inspiration. His eyes snapped and sparkled.

"Why not?" he demanded aloud.

"Why not what?" asked Dick.

"Watch me!" cried Doc.

Galla Galla was becoming insistent—he was demanding in peremptory tones that Doc deliver the knife forthwith. But Doc did nothing of the kind. Instead, he held up his left palm outstretched for silence, then he opened his right hand, exposing to the view of all the coveted knife.

"Tell them," he said to Bulala, "to watch me closely and I will show them a trick they never saw before."

"Big medicine?" asked Bulala.

Doc seized upon the words. "Big medicine!" he cried. "That's the idea, Bulala! Tell 'em I'm going to make some big medicine with a capital B."

Even Galla Galla seemed impressed as the white boy covered the knife with his left palm. Doc clasped his hands and blew upon them. Then he raised them above his head. "Abracadabra!" he shouted. "Allo, presto, change cars and begone! Now you see it, now you don't." He opened his hands and held them palms up. The knife had vanished! The chief was greatly puzzled. He looked all about for the knife and when he came close to Doc the latter reached suddenly toward him and apparently extracted the missing article from Galla Galla's left ear. This was evidently too much for the savage old cannibal. He leaped backward so quickly that he stumbled and fell sprawling over the stool upon which he had been sitting. The blow to his dignity had a bad effect upon his temper,—none too good, at best. He came to his feet fairly bubbling with rage and angrily demanded that the boys remove their clothing and don the rags that had been brought them.

"Hang on to your knife as long as you can," admonished Doc. "I think I can save 'em both when I get my new minus-fours wrapped around me. How do you put this stuff on, anyway?"

"Ask Bulala," advised Dick. And that worthy showed the boys how to wrap the cloth about their hips and carry the end between their legs so that a little apron fell down in front and another behind.

All this time the two boys had managed to conceal their knives, but, at last, Galla Calla again demanded them. Doc was desperate. "We mustn't give them up, Dick," he said, "they're the only useful things we have. By Jiminy crickets! I won't give 'em up!" He turned to Bulala. "Tell that fat boy that if anyone takes this medicine away from us, it will kill him; but that if he doesn't want us to keep them, we will send them away. Watch!" He exposed his own knife and repeated the mystic signs and words that he had used before—and the knife was gone. Then he took Dick's knife and did the same things. Galla Galla shook his head.

"He wants to know where they are," said Bulala.

Doc looked about in an effort to gain time, while he conjured some reply that would put an end to Galla Galla's search for the knives. His eyes fell upon the same youth who had attempted to brain him the previous day, while Zopinga had been escorting them into the village. Doc never could account for the idea that popped into his head as he beheld again the

hideous features of the young imp who had come so near killing him, but he always admitted that it was a good idea—for him and Dick, if not for the black youth. He stepped suddenly close to the youth and pointed into his ear.

"Tell Galla Galla," he said to Bulala, "that our big medicine has hidden itself inside this fellow's head and that it won't come out until we are with our own people."

CHAPTER 7

THE hot days and the cold nights dragged on. The food, poor and distasteful as it was, the boys learned to eat; they could not understand why it did not kill them, for they were sure that it contained all the germs that had ever been discovered with several millions that had not. The hideous nights, made unbearable by cold and vermin, seemed eternities of suffering. Yet the boys lived on—lived and learned. They learned the language of Ukundo; learned to speak in a dialect that all could understand; learned to understand that of their captors, the Bagalla.

Many other things they came to understand during the days of their captivity, not the least of which was a new conception of the Negro. To Doc, whose experience with colored people had been limited to a few worthless specimens of the Northern States, it came as a revelation. Even among the warriors of the cannibal Bagalla, he encountered individuals who possessed great natural dignity, poise and evident strength of character.

Bulala, a West Coast black, densely ignorant and superstitious, had, nevertheless, a heart of gold, that revealed itself in his loyalty and generosity; while little Ukundo, the pygmy, perhaps among the lowest in the social scale of all African peoples, proved a staunch friend and a good comrade. To his natural shrewdness was added an almost uncanny knowledge of the jungle and the jungle people, both beast and human; the tales he told the boys shortened many a weary hour.

After the first week of their captivity, the boys had managed to get a message to chief Galla Galla through Bulala and Zopinga, explaining to him that being unaccustomed to breathing the close air of a hut and living always without sunshine, they would surely die. They asked to be given more freedom and exercise, pointing out that there was little likelihood of their being able to escape, since they were unfamiliar with the jungle and would not know in what direction to go should they be able to leave the village. But upon one point they were very careful not to commit themselves—they did not promise not to try to escape.

And as a result of their plea, Galla Galla gave all the prisoners the freedom of the village during the day time, placing the guards at the village gates instead of at the doorway of the hut in which they had been confined. And at night there were no guards at all, since the village gates were then closed and locked and the dangers of the jungle were sufficient to keep any one from attempting to escape. The boys had really had little hope that their request would be granted, and there is little likelihood that it would have been, but for the shrewdness of Ukundo, who had accurately gauged the impression Doc's wizardry had made upon Galla Galla, measuring it, doubtless, by the awe that it had created in his own superstitious mind. It was due to Ukundo, therefore, that Bulala did not transmit the message in the form of a request. Instead, Zopinga had carried a demand to his chief, backed by a threat that the white boy witch-doctor would loose some very much more terrible medicine upon him, if he refused to permit them the freedom of the village; and Ukundo had been careful to insure that the demand included both Bulala and himself.

Influenced by their fear of Doc's magic, the villagers treated the boys with more respect than they would ordinarily have been accorded and there was one youth in particular who gave them a very wide berth, keeping as far from them as possible. This was Paabu, the youth within whose thick skull it was popularly believed reposed the big medicine of the white boy witch-doctor.

Since the moment that Doc had made the two knives disappear within Paabu's left ear that unhappy individual had been the object of much suspicious observation upon the part of all the villagers. At first he had enjoyed this unusual celebrity and had strutted about with great pompousness, but when it had been whispered that Galla Galla was becoming consumed with curiosity to learn if the big medicine was indeed inside Paabu's head, the youth had filled with a great terror that kept him almost continuously in the seclusion and dirt of his father's hut; for he knew of but one way in which Galla Galla could definitely learn if the big medicine was actually within his skull, and Paabu knew Galla Galla well enough to know that, whenever the spirit chanced to move him, he would not hesitate to make a thorough investigation, no matter how painful, or how fatal to Paabu.

One day, as the boys were lying in the shade beside their hut, Galla Galla approached them. With him was an evil-faced individual whom the boys recognized as Intamo, the witch-doctor of the Bagalla, a Mugalla of great power whose influence over Galla Galla made him in many ways virtually chief of the Bagalla. His wrinkled face was seamed and lined by age and vicious thoughts, and clouded by a perpetual scowl—a fit setting for his blood-shot eyes and his sharp, filed, cannibal teeth. As the two approached the boys, Intamo excitedly urged something upon the chief, but he ceased speaking as they came within earshot of Dick and Doc, as though fearful that they might overhear and understand.

However, Galla Galla, stopping in front of his two young captives, let the cat out of the bag. "Intamo say your medicine no good," he announced.

"Let him make better medicine," retorted Doc in halting and faulty Bagalla.

"Intamo say your medicine not in Paabu's head," continued Galla Galla.

"I say it is. Didn't you see me put it there?"

"We find out," announced the chief.

"How you find out?" demanded Dick, and then, as a sudden thought popped into his mind: "Golly! You don't mean—"

"How you find out what's in a nut?" retorted Galla Galla. "You crack it!"

"But you'd kill him," cried Doc, horror stricken.

"And if we do not find the big medicine there, we kill you," said Intamo, who would have liked nothing better than to get rid of the white boy whose big medicine had had a bad effect upon Intamo's reputation as a witch-doctor, since he had been unable to duplicate Doc's exhibition of wizardry.

"You come now," he continued. "We find out!"

And accompanied by Galla Galla and the boys, Intamo led the way toward the center of the village where, in an open space before the chief's hut, all the ceremonies of the tribe were conducted.

While Paabu was being searched out and dragged, resisting and screaming, to be sacrificed upon the altar of ignorance and superstition, word ran rapidly through the village that a bit of delicious entertainment was about to be staged, and there resulted a rush for grandstand seats. A ring of savage warriors kept a circular place cleared; in the center of this clearing stood Galla Galla and Intamo. To them Paabu was dragged.

Dick and Doc stood shoulder to shoulder in the front rank of spectators, their tanned faces blanched with horror. Two warriors held the half-fainting Paabu while Intamo, armed with a knobkerrie, made mystical passes in the air and mumbled a weird incantation that was supposed to weaken the strength of the white boy's big medicine, in the event that it should actually be found within the unfortunate Paabu's head.

"Golly!" whispered Dick, "can't we do something to stop them before Intamo breaks that boy's head open with his club?"

"Makes me feel like a murderer," groaned Doc.

"You will be a murderer—almost—if they go through with this thing," said Dick. "But if you tell 'em the truth, they'll kill us."

"When they don't find the knives inside his coco, they'll kill us anyway," replied Doc.

"Then you better tell 'em," advised Dick. "There's no use lettin' 'em kill that poor kid."

"I've got it!" cried Doc. "For the love of Mike! Quick! Slip me your knife! Don't let anyone see it. Here! That's it! Now watch my smoke!"

Slipping Dick's knife inside his loin cloth beside his own, Doc stepped forward into the circle. "Wait!" he commanded, advancing toward Intamo, but addressing Galla Galla. "You need not kill Paabu. I can prove that the big medicine that belongs to my friend and the big medicine that belongs to me are both inside Paabu's head. I am great witch-doctor and do not have to crack Paabu's skull open to get the medicine out, the way Intamo does. See!"

And before Intamo could prevent, Doc stepped close to the unfortunate victim of Intamo's jealousy and Galla Galla's curiosity, and with two swift movements of his right hand appeared to withdraw the knives from

Paabu's ear. Turning, he exhibited them upon the palm of his open hand to Galla Galla and the assembled Bagalla.

Perhaps Doc's Bagalla had been lame and halting, but there was no one there who did not perfectly understand the wondrous powers of his great magic, nor fail to see that his medicine was much stronger than that of Intamo, for it is very true that we are all convinced by what we think we see, quite as surely as by what we actually do see.

Galla Galla was nonplussed. Intamo was furious. Being an unscrupulous old fakir, himself, he was convinced that Doc had done no more than play a clever trick upon them all—a trick by which he, for one, did not intend to be fooled. But now he knew that Doc had beaten him at his own game and perhaps in the bottom of his ignorant, savage brain there was enough natural superstition to half-convince him that perhaps, after all, here was a real, genuine witch-doctor who commanded demons and controlled their supernatural powers. His fear and hatred of Doc were increased a hundredfold by the happenings of the past few minutes and within his evil heart there crystallized the determination to rid himself as quickly as possible of this dangerous competitor.

Had he known what was coming, he would have used his knobkerrie to that end upon the instant, for Doc had been smitten by another of those brilliant ideas that had made him famous and feared at school as a practical joker—though it is only fair to record that his jokes had always been harmless and good-natured ones until he had met Intamo. He wheeled suddenly toward that portion of the ring where the greatest throng was gathering, and held the two knives out upon his open palm.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" he cried. "We have here two ordinary pocket knives." The fact that he spoke English and that none of his auditors understood him, but added to the impressiveness of his words, since all the tribe was quite convinced that he was about to make big medicine.

"Step right up and examine them! Feel them! Bite them!"

Some of his hearers began to show evidences of growing nervousness.

"You see that they are gen-u-ine. You will note that I have no accomplices. Now, ladies and gentlemen, watch me closely!"

As upon the other occasions, he placed his left palm over the knives, clasped his hands, blew upon them, raised them above his head.

"Abracadabra!" he screamed with such sudden shrillness that his audience fell back in terror. "Allo, presto, change cars and be gone!" He turned slowly about until he had located the exact position of Intamo and then before the unsuspecting witch-doctor could guess his purpose Doc sprang quickly to his side and placed both palms over the old villain's ear. "Now you see 'em! Now you don't!" he concluded, and turned with outspread, empty palms toward Galla Galla.

He stood thus in impressive silence for several seconds, while the true meaning of what he had done sank into the muddy brains of his audience.

Then he addressed Galla Galla.

"You saw me take the big medicine from the head of Paabu and place it in the head of Intamo," he said in the language of the chief. "If you want to make sure that it is in Intamo's head, it may be that he will loan you his war club."

CHAPTER 8

LATER that same afternoon, while Dick and Doc were chatting beside their hut with Bulala and Ukundo, they heard a great racket at the village gates. Thither from all directions were running men, women and children and presently the prisoners saw a great company of strange natives surging into the compound. They were greeted with laughter and shouting that proclaimed them to be friends of the villagers.

"The guests are coming to the feast," said Ukundo, grimly, and thereafter the four sat in moody silence, each wrapped in his own thoughts. The actuality of their fate had never seemed more than a bad dream to the boys, but now, at last, it was borne in to them as something very real, and very terrible, and very close. They could see the hideous, painted faces of the newcomers and the grinning mouths that exposed the yellow teeth, filed to sharp points. They saw some of the villagers point them out and scores of greedy eyes directed upon them.

"I remember," said Dick, "how I used to stand outside the confectioner's shop looking at the goodies in the window. Those bounders reminded me of it."

"I suppose we look like the original candy kids," sighed Doc.

Presently four or five warriors came and seized Bulala. They dragged him to a small hut near the chief's and there they bound him hand and foot and threw him inside.

"Poor Bulala," whispered Doc.

"He was a good friend," said Dick. "Oh, isn't there anything we can do?"

Doc shook his head and looked inquiringly at Ukundo, but Ukundo only sat staring at the ground.

"Ukundo!" snapped Dick. The pygmy looked up.

"What?" he asked.

"Can't we escape, Ukundo?"

"He make big medicine," said Ukundo, jerking a thumb at Doc. "If he cannot escape, how can poor Ukundo, who cannot make any medicine?"

"My medicine is white man's medicine," said Doc. "It cannot show me my way through the jungle. If I got out of the village, I should be lost and the lions would get me."

"If you can get out of the village and take Ukundo with you, he will take you through the jungle to his own people. Ukundo knows the jungle, but he is afraid at night. At night the jungle is full of demons. If you can get out in the day-time, Ukundo will go with you and show you the way. But you can not get out while it is light, for the Bagalla will see you. At night we should be killed and eaten by the demons. It cannot be done." Thus spoke Ukundo, the pygmy, who knew the jungle better than any man.

It was several minutes before Doc replied, for he was thinking very hard, indeed. Presently he looked quickly up at Ukundo.

"Ukundo," he cried, "if it is only the demons you fear, there is nothing to prevent our trying to escape at night, for I can make medicine that will protect us from them."

Ukundo shook his head. "I do not know," he said, doubtingly.

"You have seen me make stronger medicine than Intamo can make," urged Doc. "Do you not believe me, when I say that I can make medicine that will keep every demon of the jungle from harming us?"

"Are you sure?" demanded Ukundo.

"Didn't we spend a night in the jungle before we reached this village?" asked Dick. "Not one single little bit of a demon bothered us. You ought to have seen 'em run, the minute they laid their eyes on Doc."

Ukundo's eyes grew very wide as he looked with awe at Doc. "The medicine of the white boy witch-doctor must be very strong," he said.

"It is," admitted Doc. "I'll give you my word that not a demon will hurt you while I am along; but if we stay here, Galla Galla will eat you. Will you come with us?"

Ukundo glanced at the hut in which lay the unhappy Bulala. "Yes," he said, "Ukundo will go with you."

"Good old Ukundo!" cried Dick, and then, in a whisper, "We'll have to go tonight because tomorrow it may be too late for poor Bulala."

"Bulala?" questioned Ukundo. "Bulala is already as good as dead."

"You think they will kill him tonight?" demanded Dick.

Ukundo shrugged his shoulders. "Perhaps."

"But we must save him if we can," insisted Dick.

"We cannot," said Ukundo.

"We can try," said Doc.

"Yes, we can try," agreed Ukundo, without enthusiasm, for Ukundo was a fatalist, believing, as many primitive people do, that whatever is about to happen must happen and that it is useless to struggle against it. Perhaps that is why neither he nor Bulala had given any serious thought to the matter of escape, being content to assume that if Fate had ordained that they were to be eaten by the Bagalla, they would be eaten by the Bagalla, and that was all that there was to it.

But Dick and Doc were not fatalists. They knew that their own wit and ability and courage had a great deal more to do with guiding their destinies than did any legendary lady called Fate. To them Fate was just a silly bogey, like the demons of Ukundo, and so they planned and schemed against the time when conditions might be right for them to attempt to make a break for liberty. Their difficulties were greatly increased because of Bulala, but not once did either of them think of abandoning this good friend without making an attempt to rescue him, even though failure to do so might almost certainly result in preventing their own escape.

As night fell, the boys could see the villagers and their guests assembling for the evening meal. Pots were being brought forth and filled with water that was set to boil over numerous fires. There was a great deal of loud talk and laughter. The captives wondered if the pots of boiling water were waiting to receive Bulala and how soon it would be before their turn would come, and as they sat there, watching the fierce and terrible savages, their minds could not but be filled with gloomy thoughts and dire forebodings, try though they would to cast them out. For some time

they had sat in silence, when their attention was attracted by a rustling sound as of a body crushing against the side of their grass-walled hut. They were sitting just outside the entrance; someone, or some thing, was approaching from behind the hut, keeping close to the outside wall, which was in dense shadow. Dick and Doc drew their knives and waited. Who or what could it be? Whoever or whatever it was, it was quite evident that it did not wish anyone to know that it was there; the stealthiness of its approach made that quite plain.

Slowly Dick rose to his feet, his knife ready in his hand, and Doc placed himself at Dick's side. Ukundo, unarmed, stood at Dick's left. Thus the three waited in tense silence while the stealthy sounds approached along the side of the hut, through the inky darkness of the shadows cast by the glaring camp fires of the village.

"Demon!" whispered Ukundo.

"Leave him to me then," said Doc. "But if it's a lion you can have it."

"Not a lion," said Ukundo. "Demon—or man!"

Presently a low "S-s-t!" sounded from the shadows.

"Who are you?" demanded Dick.

"What do you want?" asked Doc.

"I am Paabu," whispered a voice, very low. "I come to warn you."

"Come closer," said Doc. "We are alone."

A part of the shadow resolved itself into the youth, as he came nearer and crouched low against the side of the hut.

"You saved my life today," he said, addressing Doc, "so I come to warn you. Intamo has put poison in food for you. I saw him. Paabu hates Intamo. That is all! I go!"

"Wait!" urged Doc. "What are they going to do with Bulala?"

Paabu grinned. "Eat him, of course," he said.

"When?"

"Tomorrow night. Next night they eat Ukundo. I think they are afraid of your medicine. They may not eat you, unless Intamo is able to kill you with poison."

"They couldn't eat us then," said Dick, "because the poison would kill them."

"No!" contradicted Paabu. "Intamo take care of that. Intamo make good poison, and as soon as you die, he cut out all your insides. There will be no poison in your flesh. If he thinks you eat the poison food, and then you do not die, he will be afraid. But he will find another way to kill you unless your medicine is very strong. That is why Paabu come to warn you—so that you may make strong medicine."

He started away.

"Wait!" said Dick again. "Have they killed Bulala yet?"

"No!"

"When will they kill him?"

"Tomorrow."

"Will you do something for me?" asked Doc.

"What?" demanded Paabu.

"Bring us some weapons—four knives, four spears, four bows and some arrows. Will you do that for me, Paabu?"

"I am afraid. Galla Calla would kill me. Intamo would kill me, if he knew I come here and speak with you."

"They will never know," insisted Doc.

"I am afraid," said Paabu. "Now I go."

"Look!" whispered Doc. He drew his pocket knife from his loin cloth.

"See this?" and he held the big medicine close to Paabu's face.

The youth drew back in terror. "Do not put it in my head!" he whimpered.

"I will not put it in your head, Paabu," Doc assured him, "because I am your friend, but I will give it to you, if you will bring us the weapons. How would you like to own this big medicine that is stronger than any medicine that Intamo can make? You could be a great witch-doctor if you owned this, Paabu. What do you say?"

"It will not hurt me?" asked Paabu, fearfully.

"It will not hurt you, if I tell it not to," replied Doc. "If I give it to you, then it will be yours and so cannot hurt you unless you make it."

"Very well," said Paabu. "I will bring you the weapons."

"When?" demanded Doc.

"Very soon."

"Good! If you are not back very soon the big medicine will be angry and then I don't know what it might do to you. Hurry!"

Paabu vanished among the shadows and the three sat down to wait and plan. At least they had taken the first step, but they were still inside the village, surrounded by cruel and savage captors.

While they waited, a man came, bringing them food. He was not one who had brought them food before and they guessed that he had been sent by Intamo. As soon as he had gone, they dug a hole in the ground and buried all the food, then they relapsed into silent, anxious waiting.

CHAPTER 9

FAR away, at the edge of the jungle, fifty ebon warriors were camped in a grassy clearing. They were fine, stalwart men with regular features and strong, white teeth.

One of them was strumming upon a crude stringed instrument, while two of his fellows were dancing in the firelight that gleamed back from the glossy velvet of their skin. Their weapons, laid aside, were within easy reach and many of them still wore the plumed headdress of their tribe. Their stern faces were lighted by smiles, for this was their hour of relaxation, following a hard day of fruitless search.

A giant white man, swinging through the trees, approached the camp of the fifty warriors.

He was naked but for a leopard skin, and armed only with a long rope and a hunting knife. Through the darkness of the jungle, he moved with perfect sureness and in utter silence. Numa, the hunting lion, downwind from him, caught his scent and growled. It was a scent that Numa knew well, and feared. It was not alone the scent of man—it was the scent of The Man.

Presently he dropped lightly to the ground beside the camp. Instantly the warriors were upon their feet, their weapons ready in their hands.

"It is I, my children," said the man. "It is I, Tarzan of the Apes!"

The warriors tossed aside their weapons. "Welcome Big Bwana!"

"Welcome, Tarzan!" they called.

"What luck, Muviro?" demanded the ape man.

"None, master," replied a mighty black. "We have searched in all directions, but we have seen no spoor of the white boys."

"Nor I," said Tarzan. "I am half-convinced that the Mugalla whom we questioned a week ago lied to us, when he said that they had come to his village and that Galla Galla, their chief, had sent them on toward my

country with some friendly Karendo traders. Tomorrow we shall set out for the village of Galla Galla."

CHAPTER 10

THE twins and Ukundo had not long to wait before Paabu returned, as he had promised, bringing weapons to them. His terror was quite real when he received Doc's pocket knife in payment of his services, but his ambition to become a great witch-doctor overcame his fears and it was a proud, though frightened Paabu, who sneaked away in the darkness, clutching the big medicine tightly in one grimy paw.

About the village fires the boys could see the natives eating and drinking, while Intamo, clothed in all the hideous and grotesque finery of his profession, danced weirdly in the firelight, sprinkling powder into the various cooking pots and making strange passes above them with a stick to which was fastened the brush from the tail of a buffalo. Ukundo told them that Intamo was making medicine to frighten the demons away from the pots in which Bulala would be cooked on the morrow and that the real festivities would not commence until the following night. There was little dancing in the village, that night, and after Intamo had completed his ceremony, the blacks commenced to retire to their huts and soon the village street was deserted. All the fires were banked with the exception of one. The village was quite dark.

The moment was approaching when the boys could make their long-deferred attempt to escape. In low whispers they had been discussing their plans with Ukundo, all the evening. Now it was only a matter of waiting until they felt sure that the entire village was asleep.

They had distributed the weapons brought them by Paabu, and the feel of them in their hands seemed to impart a new courage and almost to insure the success of their venture.

"Golly!" said Dick, presently. "Don't you suppose they're asleep yet?"

"Better wait a little longer," counselled Doc. "This is our only chance and we just can't fail."

At that moment they saw a figure emerge from one of the huts and come toward them.

arrows and spears among them. As they disappeared from the clearing, Tarzan approached the boys.

"I thank God that I have found you," he said.

"I did not think you could survive the dangers of the jungle. But when I saw you make your stand against the Bagalla, I knew why you had survived. You are brave lads! In the jungle only the brave may live. I am very proud of you."

Ukundo and Bulala had gone down on their hands and knees before the Lord of the Jungle and now Tarzan noticed them. "Who are these?" he demanded.

"They are our very good friends," said Doc. "Without them we should never have escaped."

"They shall be rewarded," said Tarzan, "when we reach home tomorrow. And so shall you boys. What in all the world would you like most?"

"A whole apple pie," said Doc.
