

# Tarzan of the Apes

by Edgar Rice Burroughs

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CHAPTER VI.  
King of the Apes.

TARZAN dropped to the ground beside the cauldron of poison and stood motionless, his quick eyes scanning the interior of the palisade.

No one was in sight. His eyes rested upon the open doorway of a nearby hut. He would take a look within, thought Tarzan, and so cautiously he approached the low thatched building. For a moment he hesitated without listening intently. There was no sound, and he glided into the semi-darkness of the interior.

Weapons hung against the walls—long spears, strangely shaped knives, a couple of narrow shields. In the center of the room was a cooking pot and at the far end a litter of dry grasses covered by woven mats, which evidently served the owners as beds and bedding. Several human skulls lay upon the floor.

Tarzan of the apes felt of each article, hefted the spears, smelled of them, for he "saw" largely through his sensitive and highly trained nostrils. He determined to own one of those long pointed sticks, but he could not take one on this trip because of the arrows he meant to carry.

One by one as he took each article from the walls he placed them in a pile in the center of the room, and on top of all he placed the cooking pot, inverted, and on top of this he laid one of the grinning skulls, upon which he fastened the headress of the dead Kulonga.

Then he stood back and surveyed his work and grinned. Tarzan of the apes was a joker.

But now he heard without the sounds of many voices and long, mournful howls and mighty wailing. He was startled. Had he remained too long? Quickly he reached the doorway and peered down the village street toward the village gate.

The natives were not yet in sight, though he could plainly hear them approaching across the plantation. They must be very near.

Like a flash he sprang across the opening to the pile of arrows. Gathering up all he could carry under one arm, with a kick he overturned the seething cauldron and disappeared into the foliage, just as the first of the returning natives entered the gate at the far end of the village. He turned to watch the proceedings below, poised like some wild bird ready to take swift wing at the first sign of danger.

The natives filed up the street, four of them bearing the body of Kulonga. Behind trailed the women, uttering strange cries and weird lamentation. On they came to the portals of the very hut in which Tarzan had wrought his deprecations.

Scarcely had half a dozen entered the building ere they came rushing out in wild, jabbering confusion. The others hastened to gather about. There was much excited gesticulating, pointing and chattering. Several of the warriors approached and peered within.

Finally an old fellow with many ornaments of metal about his arms and legs and a necklace of dried human hands depending upon his chest, entered the hut.

It was Mbonga, the king, father of Kulonga.

For a few moments all were silent. Then Mbonga emerged, a look of mingled wrath and fear writ upon his hideous countenance. He spoke a few words to the assembled warriors, and in an instant the men were flying through the little village searching minutely every hut and corner within the palisade.

Scarcely had the search commenced than the overturned cauldron was discovered and with it the theft of the poisoned arrows. Nothing more they found, and it was a thoroughly awe, and frightened group of savages which huddled around their king a few moments later.

They stood in little groups, talking in low tones and casting affrighted glances behind them from their great rolling eyes.

Tarzan of the apes watched them for a while from his lofty perch in the great tree. The sun was high in the heavens. Tarzan had not broken fast this day, and it was many miles to where lay the toothsome remains of Horta, the boar. So he turned his back upon the village of Mbonga.

It was not yet dark when he reached his tribe, though he stopped to examine and devour the remains of the wild boar he had cached the preceding day and again to get Kulonga's bow and arrows from the tree top in which he had hidden them.

It was a well laden Tarzan who dropped from the branches into the



It Was a Thoroughly Aweed and Frightened Group of Savages.

midst of the tribe of Kerchak. With swelling chest he narrated the glories of his adventure and exhibited the spoils of conquest.

Kerchak grunted and turned away, for he was jealous of this strange member of his band. In his little evil brain he sought for some excuse to wreak his hatred upon Tarzan.

The next day Tarzan was practicing with his bow and arrows at the first gleam of dawn. At first he lost nearly every bolt he shot, but finally he learned to guide the little shafts with fair accuracy, and ere a month had passed he was no mean shot, but his proficiency had cost nearly his entire supply of arrows.

It was during this period that the young English lord found hidden in the back of one of the cupboards in the cabin a little metal box. The key was in the lock, and a few moments' investigation and experimentation were rewarded with the successful opening of the receptacle.

In it he found a faded photograph of a smooth faced young man, a golden locket studded with diamonds linked to a small gold chain, a few letters and a small book.

Tarzan examined these all minutely. The photograph he liked best of all, for the eyes were smiling, and the face was open and frank. It was his father.

The locket, too, took his fancy, and he placed the chain about his neck in imitation of the ornamentation he had seen to be so common among the black men he had visited. The brilliant stones gleamed strangely against his smooth, brown hide.

The letters he could scarcely decipher, for he had learned little or nothing of script, so he put them back in the box with the photograph and turned his attention to the little book.

This was almost entirely filled with fine script; but, while the little bugs were all familiar to him, their arrangement and the combinations in which they occurred were strange and entirely incomprehensible.

Tarzan had long since learned the use of the dictionary; but, much to his sorrow and perplexity, it proved of no avail to him in this emergency. Not a word of all that was written in the little book could he find, and so he put it back in the little metal box, but with a determination to work out the mysteries of it later on.

It was the diary of John Clayton, Lord Greystoke, kept in French, as had always been his custom.

Tarzan replaced the box in the cupboard, but always thereafter he carried the features of the strong, smiling face of his father in his heart and in his head a fixed determination to solve the mystery of the strange words in the little black book.

At present he had more important business in hand, for his supply of arrows was exhausted, and he must needs journey to the black men's village and renew it.

Early the following morning he set out, and, traveling rapidly, he came before midday to the little clearing. Once more he took up his position in the great tree, and, as before, he saw the women in the fields and the village street and the little cauldron of bubbling poison directly beneath him.

For hours he lay awaiting his opportunity to drop down unseen and gather up the arrows for which he had come. But it was not until night fell that Tarzan saw his chance. This time he took all of the arrows, for he had brought a number of long fibers to bind them into a bundle.

When the savages discovered that once more their arrows had been pilfered it seemed to them that they had offended some great god who ruled this part of the jungle. From then on an offering of food was daily placed beneath the great tree from whence the arrows had disappeared, in an effort to conciliate the mighty one.

But the seed of fear was deep sown, and had he not known it Tarzan of the apes had laid the foundation for much future misery for himself and his tribe.

That night he slept in the forest not far from the village, and early the next morning set out slowly on his homeward march, hunting as he traveled. Only a few berries and an occasional grubworm rewarded his search, and he was half famished when, looking up from a log he had been rooting beneath, he saw Sabor, the tiger, standing in the center of the trail not twenty paces from him.

The great yellow eyes were fixed upon him with a wicked and baleful gleam, and the red tongue licked the longing lips as Sabor crouched, worming his stealthy way with belly flattened against the earth.

Tarzan did not attempt to escape. He welcomed the opportunity for which, in fact, he had been searching. Quickly he unsling his bow and fitted a well daubed arrow, and as Sabor sprang the tiny missile leaped to meet him in midair. At the same instant Tarzan of the apes jumped to one side, and as the tiger struck the ground beyond another death tipped arrow sank deep into his loin.

With a mighty roar the beast turned and charged once more, only to be met with a third arrow full in one eye, but this time he was too close upon the ape man for the latter to sidestep.

Tarzan of the apes went down beneath the body of his enemy, but with gleaming knife drawn and striking home. For a moment they lay there, and then Tarzan realized that the inert mass lying upon him was beyond power to injure.

With difficulty he wriggled from beneath the great weight, and as he stood erect and gazed down upon the trophy of his skill a mighty wave of exultation swept over him.

With swelling breast, he placed a foot upon the body of his powerful enemy and, throwing back his fine young head, roared out the awful challenge of the victorious bull ape.

The forest echoed with the savage and triumphant pean. Birds fell still, and the larger animals and beasts of prey slunk stealthily away, for few there were of all the jungle who sought for trouble with the great anthropoids.

And in London another Lord Greystoke was speaking to his kind in the house of lords, but none trembled at the sound of his soft voice.

Sabor proved a most unsavory eating even to Tarzan of the apes, but hunger served as a sauce, and ere long the well fed ape man was ready to sleep again. First, however, he must remove the hide, for it was as much for this as for any other purpose that he had desired to encompass the destruction of Sabor, the tiger.

Deftly he removed the great pelt, for he had practiced often on smaller animals, and when the task was finished he carried his trophy to the fork of a high tree. There, curling himself securely in a crotch, he fell into deep slumber.

What with loss of sleep, arduous exercise and a hearty meal Tarzan of the apes slept the sun round, awakening about noon of the following day. He straightway repaired to the carcass of Sabor, but was angered to find the bones picked clean by other hungry denizens of the jungle.

He hastened on toward the point where he had left the tribe and, when he had found them, proudly exhibited the skin of Sabor, the tiger.

"Look," he cried, "apes of Kerchak! See what Tarzan, the killer, has done. Who else among you has ever killed one of Sabor's people? Tarzan is mightiest among you, for Tarzan is no ape. Tarzan is!" But here he stopped, for in the language of the anthropoids there was no word for man, and Tarzan could only write the word in English. He could not pronounce it.

The tribe had gathered about to look upon the proof of his wondrous prowess and to listen to his words.

Only Kerchak hung back, nursing his hatred and his rage. Suddenly something snapped in the

brain of the anthropoid. With a frightful roar the great beast sprang among the assemblage. Frothing and shrieking in the insanity of his fury, Kerchak looked about for the object of his greatest hatred, and there, upon a nearby limb, he saw him sitting.

"Come down, Tarzan, great killer!" cried Kerchak, ready for battle. "Come down and feel the fangs of a greater! Do mighty fighters fly to the tress of danger?"

And he emitted the volleying challenge of his kind. Quietly Tarzan dropped to the ground. Breathlessly the tribe watched Kerchak, still roaring, charge the relatively puny figure.

Nearly seven feet stood Kerchak on his short legs. His enormous shoulders were bunched and rounded with huge muscles. The back of his short neck was as a single lump of iron shewn which bulged beyond the base of his skull, so that his head seemed like a small ball protruding from a huge mountain of flesh.

His back drawn, snarling lips exposed, his great fighting fangs, and his bloodshot eyes gleamed in horrid reflection of his madness.

Awaiting him stood Tarzan, himself a mighty muscled animal, but his six feet of height and his great rolling sinews seemed pitifully inadequate to the ordeal which awaited them in their struggle with Kerchak.

His bow and arrows lay some distance away, where he had dropped them when showing Sabor's hide to his fellow apes, and he confronted Kerchak with only his knife and his superior intellect to offset the ferocious strength of his enemy.

As his antagonist came roaring toward him Lord Greystoke tore his long knife from the sheath and, with an answering challenge as horrid and blood-curdling as that of the beast he faced, rushed swiftly to meet the attack. He was too shrewd to allow those long, hairy arms to encircle him, and just as their bodies were about to crash together Tarzan of the apes grasped one of the huge wrists of his assailant and, springing lightly to one side, drove his knife to the hilt into Kerchak's body below the heart.

Before he could wrench the blade free again Kerchak's quick lunge to grasp him in those awful arms had torn the hilt from Tarzan's hand.

Kerchak aimed a terrific blow at the ape man's head with the flat of his



Loud Through the Forest Rang the Fierce Wild Cry.

hand, a blow which had it landed might easily have crushed in the side of Tarzan's skull.

The man was too quick and, ducking the blow, himself delivered a mighty one with clinched fist in the pit of Kerchak's stomach.

The ape was staggered by the blow and, what with the mortal wound in his side, had almost collapsed, when with one mighty effort he rallied for an instant, just long enough to enable him to wrest his arm free from Tarzan's grasp and close in a terrific clinch with his wiry opponent.

Straining the ape man close to him, his great jaws sought Tarzan's throat, but the young lord's sinewy fingers were at Kerchak's own before the cruel fangs could close on the sleek brown skin.

The greater strength of the ape was slowly prevailing and the teeth of the straining beast were scarce an inch from Tarzan's throat when, with a shuddering tremor, the great body stiffened for an instant and then sank limply to the ground.

Kerchak was dead and Tarzan of the apes the victor.

Withdrawing the knife that had so often rendered him master of far mightier muscles than his own, Tarzan of the apes placed his foot upon the neck of his vanquished enemy, and once again loud through the forest rang the fierce, wild cry of the conqueror.

And thus came the young Lord Greystoke into the kingship of the apes.

(To Be Continued.)

Farm for Sale.

90 1/2 acres, one-half miles north of M. P. depot. For particulars see J. W. Elliott.

4-16-14fwkly

Local News

From Friday's Daily.  
August Jochim of Louisville was attending to business matters in this city Wednesday and was a pleasant caller at this office.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Pittman of Union motored to this city Wednesday and spent the day attending to business matters and visiting friends. Mr. Pittman was a pleasant caller at this office.

Frank Laughlin of Greenwood, who has been here attending the district court as a member of the jury panel, returned this afternoon to his home.

John Hobscheidt of Murray was a visitor in this city yesterday and was a pleasant caller at this office.

Mrs. R. M. Amick of Mynard was a Plattsmouth visitor yesterday and a pleasant caller at this office.

P. E. Tritsch of Cedar Creek motored to this city Wednesday morning and was a passenger to Omaha. Before returning to his home Mr. Tritsch called at this office and renewed his subscription.

A. L. Jardine of the vicinity of Greenwood, who has been here attending the sessions of the district court, departed this afternoon for his home. While here Mr. Jardine called and subscribed for the Journal and will enjoy the family comfort for the ensuing year.

W. J. Burgess and daughter of DeWitt, Neb., who have been here for a short visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Bowdish, departed this morning on the early Burlington train for their home. Mr. Burgess and family lived here some thirty years ago, and the visit here was much enjoyed in looking over the changes made by time here.

From Saturday's Daily.  
I. M. Ward of Avoca returned home yesterday afternoon, after having been here attending the session of the district court, he having been a member of the jury panel.

Miss Angie McCarroll came up from Union last evening to take the county teacher's examination and for a visit with Miss Mattie Larson.

B. F. Hoback, one of the rock-ribbed democrats and whole-souled gentlemen of Nehawka, was in the city today for a few hours looking after some matters in the county court, and while in the city dropped in at the Journal office for a short social call.

Miss Lula Welsh, who is attending school in Omaha, came home last evening and will visit here over Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Welsh.

Mrs. Henry Ofe and son, Carl, accompanied Mrs. Krietman, a sister of Mrs. Ofe, who has been here visiting, as far as Omaha this morning on her return to her home at Madison.

Miss Henrietta Bowers of Tekamah, Neb., who has been here attending the Methodist conference and visiting at the home of Mrs. C. H. Cobb and family, departed yesterday afternoon for her home.

Glen Rhoden came in this morning from his home near Murray and was a passenger on No. 6 for Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, where he will spend a few days in that locality looking after some matters of business.

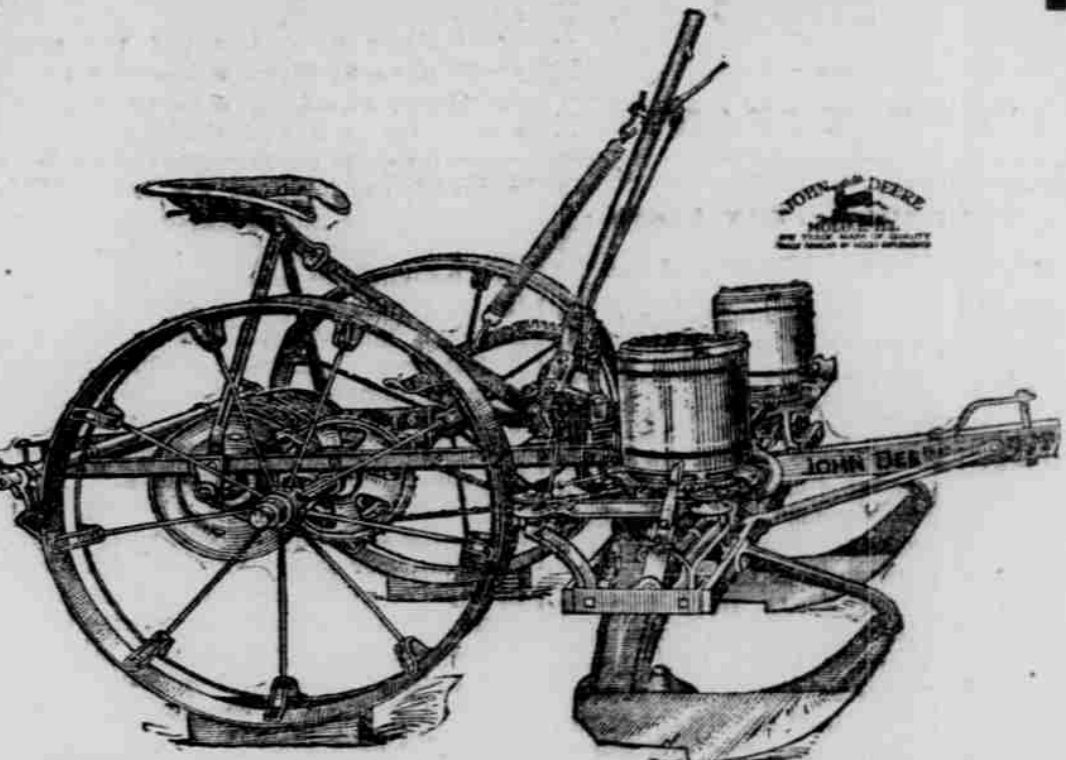
County attorney C. H. Taylor and Attorney Matthew Gering departed this morning via automobile for Weeping Water, where they will try a lawsuit there today. The party, in charge of H. Governor Dovey, had only gotten a good start when the rain began to descend and doubtless they got well sprinkled before they reached their destination.

Reliable—Foley's Honey and Tar Compound.

Just be sure that you buy Foley's Honey and Tar Compound—it is a reliable medicine for coughs, colds, croup, whooping coughs, bronchial and in gripe coughs, which are weakening to the system. It also gives prompt and definite results for hoarseness, tickling throat and stuffy wheezy breathing.

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THIS is the latest improved corn planter made by the JOHN DEERE PLOW CO. This planter has a variable drop, consisting of a train of gears constantly in mesh, and with this device two, three, or four kernels can be planted as desired by merely shifting the foot lever. These gears are enclosed in an oil tight case, and consequently will outwear the balance of the machine.

All corn plates on the No. 999 planter have 16 cells, therefore we get the same drilling distances with this plate as can be obtained on other planters with the 8, 12 and 16 cell plates, without a change of plates. This planter will positively drop all butt kernels with great accuracy, and with the new style cut-off will not break the kernels as in other planters.

The change to hilling or drilling or vice versa is instantly made. No extra attachments and no extra tools required.

A quick detachable runner, which may be taken off by loosening two nuts, is another improved feature.

The check heads are simplified and have a less number of parts than is generally used and are provided with reversible pulleys, which adds to the life of the working parts.

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This planter can be equipped with a fertilizer attachment at any time you should want one.

If you want a planter that you can absolutely depend upon, be sure and get the JOHN DEERE NO. 999.

G. P. EASTWOOD

From Monday's Daily.  
H. J. Meisinger was in the city Saturday for a few hours looking after some trading with the merchants.

Miss Josephine Ulrich returned this afternoon to Omaha, after an over Sunday visit here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ulrich.

Attorney C. E. Teft of Weeping Water came in this morning to spend the day looking after some matters in the county court.

Mrs. Louis Thomas was a passenger this morning for Omaha, where she will visit for the day looking after some matters of business.

Miss Florence Vallery was in attendance at the musical at the home of Miss Kittie Cummins last Sunday for a visit with friends.

Humphrey Murphy, Roy Hitchman and Elmont Preston motored over from Weeping Water last evening to visit with their friends for a few hours.

Henry C. Long, one of the prominent residents of Murray, was in the city today for a few hours looking after some matters of business.

Mrs. Jennie Ehlers returned to Omaha this morning after an over Sunday visit here at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Tuoy.

Mrs. John Dutton and children, who have been here visiting at the home of Mrs. S. E. McElwain, departed this afternoon for their home at Harlan, Iowa.

Glen Rhoden of Murray returned this morning on No. 15 from Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, where he had been for the past few days attending to some matters of importance.

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Eggs for hatching from S. C. Rhode Island Reds, \$1.00 per 15; \$5.00 per 100. Extra choice matings, \$2.00 and \$3.00 per 15. A. O. Range.

FOR SALE—100 bushels of cane seed, \$1.00 per bushel. Inquire of G. Rakes, 10 miles south of Plattsmouth. 4-20-21w

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