

The RETURN of TARZAN



By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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PROLOGUE.

Readers of "Tarzan of the Apes"—there were millions of them—have been awaiting with eagerness "The Return of Tarzan." They need no introduction to the ape-man, who was an English lord by ancestry; and an inhabitant of the treetops by fate until the same fate brought him out and made him a civilized man after twenty years of life among the great apes of Africa. His adventures, as wonderful and interesting as any set forth in words, have been the center of interest in a story that is unique in its originality.

Now we have "The Return of Tarzan," as thrilling as its forerunner. In it are told the further adventures of the splendid ape-man, who at last wins his way to the side of his true love after facing countless perils by land and sea.

Whoever reads "Tarzan of the Apes" need no invitation to peruse this story. Others are warned that after they read this sequel to "Tarzan of the Apes" they won't be satisfied until they have read that story also.

CHAPTER XXVII.

How Tarzan Came Again to Opar.

HOW long Jane Porter lay in the darkness of the vault beneath the temple in the ancient city of Opar she did not know. For a time she was delirious with fever, but after this passed she commenced slowly to regain her strength. Every day the woman who brought her food beckoned to her to arise, but for many days the girl could only shake her head to indicate that she was too weak.

But eventually she was able to gain her feet and then to stagger a few steps by supporting herself with one



Hope Left Her Entirely, and She Trembled in an Agony of Fright.

hand upon the wall. Her captors now watched her with increasing interest. The day was approaching, and the victim was gaining in strength.

Presently the day came when she could walk, and a young woman whom Jane Porter had not seen before came with several others to her dungeon. Here some sort of ceremony was performed. That it was of a religious nature the girl was sure, and so she took new heart and rejoiced that she had fallen among people upon whom the refining and softening influence of religion evidently had fallen. They would treat her humanely, of that she was now quite sure.

And so, when they led her from her dungeon through long, dark corridors and up a flight of concrete steps to a brilliant courtyard, she went willingly—even gladly—for was she not among the servants of God? It might be, of course, that their interpretation of the supreme being differed from her own, but that they owned a god was sufficient evidence to her that they were kind and good.

But when she saw a stone altar in the center of the courtyard and dark brown stains upon it, and the nearby corners of the floor she began to wonder and to doubt. And as they stopped and bound her ankles and secured

her wrists behind her her doubts were turned to fear. A moment later as she was lifted and placed across the altar's top hope left her entirely, and she trembled in an agony of fright.

During the grotesque dance of the votaries which followed she lay frozen in horror, nor did she require the sight of the thin blade in the hand of the high priestess as it rose slowly above her to enlighten her further as to her doom.

As the hand began its descent Jane Porter closed her eyes and sent up a silent prayer to the Maker she was so soon to face. Then she succumbed to the strain upon her tired nerves and swooned.

Day and night Tarzan of the Apes raced through the primeval forest toward the ruined city in which he was positive the woman he loved lay either a prisoner or dead.

In a day and a night he covered the same distance that the fifty frightful men had taken the better part of a week to traverse. For Tarzan of the Apes traveled along the middle terrace high above the tangled obstacles that impeded progress upon the ground.

The story the young bull ape had told made it clear to him that the girl captive had been Jane Porter, for there was not another small, white "she" in all the jungle. The "bulls" he had recognized from the ape's crude description as the grotesque parodies upon humanity who inhabit the ruins of Opar. And the girl's fate he could picture as plainly as though he were an eyewitness to it. When they would lay her across that grim altar he could not guess, but that her dear, frail body would eventually find its way there he was confident.

But finally, after what seemed long ages to the impatient ape-man, he topped the barrier cliffs that hemmed the desolate valley, and below him lay the grim and awful ruins of the now hideous city of Opar. At a rapid trot he started across the dry and dusty, boulder strewn ground toward the goal of his desires.

Would he be in time to rescue? He hoped against hope. At least he could be revenged, and in his wrath it seemed to him that he was equal to the task of wiping out the entire population of that terrible city. It was nearly noon when he reached the great boulder at the top of which terminated the secret passage to the pits beneath the city. Like a cat he scaled the precipitous sides of the frowning granite ledge. A moment later he was running through the darkness of the long, straight tunnel that led to the treasure vault. Through this he passed, then on and on until at last he came to the well-like shaft upon the opposite side of which lay the dungeon with the false wall.

As he paused a moment upon the brink of the well a faint sound came to him through the opening above. His quick ears caught and translated it. It was the dance of death that preceded a sacrifice, and the singsong ritual of the high priestesses. He could even recognize the girl's voice.

Could it be that the ceremony marked the very thing he had so hastened to prevent? A wave of horror swept over him. Was he, after all, to be just a moment too late? Like a frightened deer he leaped across the narrow chasm to the continuation of the passage beyond. At the false wall he tore like one possessed to demolish the barrier that confronted him. With giant muscles he forced the opening, thrusting his head and shoulders through the first small hole he made and carrying the balance of the wall with him to clatter resoundingly upon the cement floor of the dungeon.

With a single leap he cleared the length of the chamber and threw himself against the ancient door. But here he stopped. The mighty bars upon the other side were proof even against such muscles as his. It needed but a moment's effort to convince him of the futility of endeavoring to force that impregnable barrier. There was but one other way, and that led back through the long tunnels to the boulder a mile beyond the city's walls and then back across the open as he had come to the city first with his Waziri.

He realized that to retrace his steps and enter the city from above ground would mean that he would be too late to save the girl if it were indeed she who lay upon the sacrificial altar above him. But there seemed no other way, and so he turned and ran swiftly back into the passageway beyond the broken wall. At the well he heard again the monotonous voice of the high priestess, and as she glanced aloft the opening, twenty feet above, seemed so near that he was tempted to leap for it in a mad endeavor to reach the inner courtyard that lay so near.

If he could but get one end of his grass rope caught upon some projection at the top of that tantalizing aperture! In the instant's pause and

thought an idea occurred to him. He would attempt it. Turning back to the tumbled wall, he seized one of the large, flat slabs that had composed it. Hastily making one end of his rope fast to the shaft, and, coiling the ballance of the rope on the floor beside him, the ape-man took the heavy slab in both hands, and, swinging it several times to get the distance and the direction fixed, he let the weight fly up at a slight angle, so that instead of falling straight back into the shaft again it grazed the far edge, tumbling over into the court beyond.

Tarzan dragged for a moment upon the slack end of the rope until he felt that the stone was lodged with fair security at the shaft's top, then he swung over the black depths beneath. The moment his full weight came upon the rope he felt it slip from above. He waited there in awful suspense as it dropped in little jerks, inch by inch. The stone was being dragged up the outside of the masonry surrounding the top of the shaft—would it catch at the very edge or would his weight drag it over to fall upon him as he hurtled into the unknown depths below?

For a brief, sickening moment Tarzan felt the slipping of the rope to which he clung and heard the scraping of the block of stone against the masonry above.

Then, of a sudden, the rope was still. The stone had caught at the very edge. Giering the ape-man clambered up the frail rope. In a moment his head was above the edge of the shaft. The court was empty. The inhabitants of Opar were viewing the sacrifice. Tarzan could hear the voice of La from the nearby sacrificial court. The dance had ceased. It must be almost time for the knife to fall, but even as he thought these things he was running rapidly toward the sound of the high priestess's voice.

Fate guided him to the very doorway of the great roofless chamber. Between him and the altar was the long row of priests and priestesses awaiting with their golden cups the spilling of the warm blood of their victim.

La's hand was descending slowly toward the bosom of the frail, quiet figure that lay stretched upon the hard stone. Tarzan gave a gasp that was almost a sob as he recognized the features of the girl he loved. And then the scar upon his forehead turned to a flaming band of scarlet, a red mist floated before his eyes, and with the awful roar of the bull ape gone mad he sprang like a huge lion into the midst of the votaries.

Seizing a cudgel from the nearest priest, he hid about him like a veritable demon as he forced his rapid way toward the altar. The hand of La had paused at the first noise of interruption. When she saw who the author of it was she went white. She had never been able to fathom the secret of the strange white man's escape from the dungeon in which she had locked him. She had not intended that he should ever leave Opar, for she had looked upon his giant frame and handsome face with the eyes of a woman and not those of a priestess.

In her clever mind she had concocted a story of wonderful revelation from the lips of the flaming god himself, in which she had been ordered to receive this white stranger as a messenger from him to his people on earth. That would satisfy the people of Opar, she knew. The man would be satisfied, she felt quite sure, to remain and be her husband rather than to return to the sacrificial altar.

But when she had gone to explain her plan to him he had disappeared, though the door had been tight locked as she had left it, and now he had returned—materialized from thin air—and was killing her priests as though they had been sheep. For the moment she forgot her victim, and before she could gather her wits together again the huge white man was standing before her, the woman who had lain upon the altar in his arms.

"One side, La!" he cried. "You saved me once, and so I would not harm you, but do not interfere or attempt to follow, or I shall have to kill you also."

As he spoke he stepped past her toward the entrance to the subterranean vaults.

"Who is she?" asked the high priestess, pointing at the unconscious woman.

"She is mine," said Tarzan of the Apes.

For a moment the girl of Opar stood wide eyed and staring. Then a look of hopeless misery suffused her eyes. Tears welled into them, and, with a little cry, she sank to the cold floor just as a swart of frightful mendaciously past her to leap upon the ape-man.

But Tarzan of the Apes was not there when they reached out to seize him. With a light bound he had disappeared into the passage leading to the pits below, and when his pursuers came more cautiously after they found the chamber empty, but they laughed and jabbered to one another, for they knew that there was no exit from the pits other than the one through which he had entered. If he came out at all he must come this way, and they would wait and watch for him above.

After Tarzan reached the shaft beyond the broken wall he felt so positive of the successful issue of his flight that he stopped to replace the tumbled stones, for he was not anxious that any of the inmates should discover this forgotten passage and through it come upon the treasure chamber. It was in his mind to return again to Opar and bear away a still greater fortune than he had already buried in the amphitheater of the apes.

(To Be Continued.)

Infection and Insect Bites Dangerous.

Mosquitoes, flies and other insects, which breed quickly in garbage pails, ponds of stagnant water, barns, musty places, etc., are carriers of disease. Every time they bite you they inject poison into your system from which "some" dread disease may result. Get a bottle of Sloan's Liniment. It is antiseptic and a few drops will neutralize the infection caused by insect bites or rusty nails. Sloan's Liniment disinfects Cuts, Bruises and sores. You cannot afford to be without it in your home. Money back if not satisfied. Only 25c at your druggist.

VANDERBILT AND FINLEY.

Americans Abroad Who Are Aiding All Tourists Stranded on the Continent.



Photo by American Press Association. Cornelius Vanderbilt at top and John H. Finley below.

Summer Constipation Dangerous.

Constipation in summer time is more dangerous than in the fall, winter or spring. The food you eat is often contaminated and is more likely to ferment in your stomach. Then you are apt to drink much cold water during the hot weather, thus injuring your stomach. Colic, Fever, Pto-maine Poisoning and other ills are natural results. Po-Do-Lax will keep you well, as it increases the Bile, the natural laxative, which rids the bowels of the congested poisonous waste. Po-Do-Lax will make you feel better. Pleasant and effective. Take a dose tonight. 50c at your druggist.

Gurnie Thomas and wife came down Saturday evening from Omaha, being called here by the illness of their uncle G. M. Patton, whose death is expected at any time.

Cut the Weeds.

Now is the proper time for all farmers to mow the weeds along their farms. The law provides for a penalty for failure so to do between the 15th of July and the 15th of August. While the law has set the above date, now is the time to mow them, as the greatest good can be accomplished at this time. I would advise all the farmers along the highways of our district to get after them just as soon as possible, while they can be cut much easier. A. F. Seybert, Road Overseer Dist. No. 2.

Evening Journal, 10c per week.

HELP THE KIDNEYS

Plattsmouth Readers Are Learning the Way.

It's the little kidney ills—The lame, weak or aching back—The unnoticed urinary disorders—That may lead to dropsy and Bright's disease. When the kidneys are weak, Help them with Doan's Kidney Pills. A remedy especially for weak kidneys.

Doan's have been used in kidney troubles for 50 years. Endorsed by 30,000 people—endorsed by citizens of this locality.

William Gilmour, farmer, four miles south of Plattsmouth, says: "One of my family had been suffering intensely from lameness in the back. She got no relief until she began using Doan's Kidney Pills. They did more to relieve these troubles than anything else that had previously been taken."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Gilmour recommends. Foster-Milburn Co., Props, Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. J. M. Young III.

The many friends of Mrs. J. M. Young will be greatly gratified to learn that this lady is quite ill at her home in this city and that it has become necessary to summon her daughter, Mrs. Ralph Godwin, from Omaha to assist in her care. Mrs. Young has been in poor health for some time, but seemed to be improving, but a few days ago suffered a relapse and has not been in the best condition since that time.

Thanks to Patrons.

I desire to thank the many patrons for whom I did thrashing this season. I has always been my earnest desire to give the very best of satisfaction in my work, and I desire by this method to extend my sincere thanks to all my friends and patrons for the work during the past season.

Henry Thieroff.

J. S. Hall departed this morning on the early Burlington train for Anselma, Neb., to look after the sale of some furnaces in that locality. Mrs. Hall accompanied him as far as Omaha on his journey.

Make Your Wants Known

Advertisements under this heading five cents per line each insertion. Six words will be counted as a line and no advertisement taken for less than ten cents.

AUTO FOR SALE—10 H. P. Velie Touring Car, fully equipped, splendid condition. Big bargain. T. H. Pollock, Plattsmouth. Tel. No. 215. 8-12-21d-21w

FARMS FOR SALE—6 acres improved, one mile from Plattsmouth; 80 acres improved, seven miles from Plattsmouth; 3 1/2 miles from Pacific Junction; also one team of black horses, 7 years old; one cow and calf and some implements. For particulars address the Plattsmouth Journal. 8-10-3wks-wkly

FOR SALE—The Mrs. McVicker residence on North Sixth street. For particulars call on Mrs. J. E. Leesley.

FOR SALE—Native lumber. Inquire of Mrs. Kate Bimner, two and a half miles northeast of Murray. 8-10-2wks-wkly

FARM FOR SALE—80-acre farm, well improved, 3 good wells and wind-mills, 3 miles east of Union. Address Wm. Rakes, Union, Neb.

HORSES—For sale or trade. Frank Valery, Plattsmouth. Phone 305 J

Wanted—Position as farm hand by the month or year around, or janitor work in the city. Address Box 519, Plattsmouth, Neb.

LOST—Between the Wm. Heil residence and John Urish residence, a ladies' gold watch, initials "A. B. G." in back of case. Finder please return to this office and receive reward. 8-14-14d

Some Rare Bargains!

- Separate Shirts and Drawers for men, each.....25c
- A small lot of Children's Dresses to close at.....50c
- A small lot of Children's Roupers to close at.....45c
- A few Gingham Skirts to close out at.....50c
- We have the Bungalow Aprons to close at.....50c
- A small lot of Misses' Hose to close at.....10c
- A small lot of Ladies' Hose to close at.....10c
- We still have the \$1.25 Princess Slips at.....98c
- An excellent line of Ribbon for girdles at.....25c

Some New Arrivals!

Our new Dress Goods is in for Fall. We have never shown such an extensive line as this. Remember that every yard of our Dress Goods (that sells at 60c and over) is full shrunk.

Our new Fall Silks are also in. You never saw a better selection in Plattsmouth.

The Ribbons that we show in our window are brand new.

Zuckweiler & Lutz

Summer Coughs Aer Dangerous. FOR SALE FINE CASS COUNTY FARM—1 1/2 MILE OF MURRAY, NEB.

Summer coughs are dangerous. They indicate low vitality and often lead to serious Throat and Lung Troubles, including consumption. Dr. King's New Discovery will relieve the cough or cold promptly and prevent complications. It is soothing and antiseptic and makes you feel better at once. Money back if not satisfied. 50c and \$1 bottles at your druggist.

Fine 360-acre farm, could be divided in one 200-acre and one 160-acre farm, all located one and one-half miles of Murray, splendid soil, fine improvements, house, barn, graneries, etc. Orchard of small fruit, springs and running water, 1,600 rods of hog-tight wire fencing. This is one of the best farms in Cass county. I am advertising this farm in several Nebraska and Iowa papers and anyone interested should see me at once for I will find a buyer soon. Price \$150 per acre. T. H. POLLOCK, Plattsmouth, Neb. Tel: Office, 215; Res., 1.

ACRE TRACTS FOR SALE—Several small improved acre tracts adjoining Plattsmouth. T. H. Pollock. Tel. 215. 8-17-21w

Tyewriter ribbons at the Journal office.

Blank books of all kinds at the Journal office.

Why Rent, and Work For Your Landlord?

when the reality of ownership is open to you? Take stock of yourself as a renter. Are you any better off than you were five years ago? Go West now, take a Mondell homestead in Wyoming or buy 160 acres of land in Western Nebraska or Eastern Colorado on easy terms, with financial aid, if you become a dairy farmer. See the West's heavy crops of 1914. Note the success of dairy farmers, made certain with feed crops and the silo. Ask Western bankers how cream checks in their locality establish a farmer's credit. Note what five years' industry has brought to the farmer adjoining the land offered you. Would you not give five years of your life if you could develop a dairy farm for yourself and create an heritage for your family?

Write me for Homestead folders or Deeded land matter and about personally condu ted excursions. I am in touch with the owners and with the Government. I am paid to locate you along the Burlington Railroad.



S. B. HOWARD, Ass't Immigration Agent, 1004 Farnam Street, Omaha, Neb.

Your Best Vacation!

TAKE IT THIS SUMMER

GO TO the beautiful White River Country, down in the Missouri Ozarks; a stream and mountain paradise. Fine fishing. Long, lazy floats. Ideal camping sites. Every out-door pleasure. Good hotels and boarding houses.

Reached directly, quickly

by the

Missouri Pacific Iron Mountain

Call or write for our White River Booklet.

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Agent.

