

# Tarzan of the Apes

by Edgar Rice Burroughs

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## CHAPTER II. The White Ape.

TENDERLY Kala nursed her little waif, wondering silently why it did not gain strength and agility as did the little apes of other mothers. It was nearly a year from the time the little fellow came into her possession before he would walk alone, and as for climbing—my, but how stupid he was!

Kala sometimes talked with the older females about her young hopeful, but none of them could understand how a child could be so slow and backward in learning to care for itself. Why, it could not even find food alone, and more than twelve moons had passed since Kala had come upon it.

Had they known that the child had seen thirteen moons before it had come into Kala's possession they would have considered its case as absolutely hopeless.

Tublak, Kala's husband, was sorely vexed and but for the female's careful watching would have put the child out of the way.

"He will never be a great ape," he argued. "Always will you have to carry him and protect him. What good will he be to the tribe? None. Only a burden."

"Let us leave him quietly sleeping among the tall grasses, that you may hear other and stronger apes to guard us in our old age."

"Never, Broken Nose," replied Kala. "If I must carry him forever, so be it."

Tublak went to Kerchak to urge him to use his authority with Kala and force her to give up little Tarzan, which was the name they had given to the tiny Lord Grey-stroke and which meant "white skin."

But when Kerchak spoke to her about it Kala threatened to run away from the tribe if they did not leave her in peace with the child, and as this is one of the unalienable rights of the jungle folk, if they be dissatisfied among their own people, they bothered her no more, for Kala was a fine, clean limbed young female, and they did not wish to lose her.

As Tarzan grew he made more rapid strides, so that by the time he was ten years old he was an excellent climber and on the ground could do many wonderful things which were beyond the powers of his little brothers and sisters.

In many ways did he differ from them, and they often marveled at his superior cunning, but in strength and size he was deficient, for at ten the great anthropoids were fully grown, some of them towering over six feet in height, while little Tarzan was still but a half grown boy.

Yet such a boy!

From early infancy he had used his hands to swing from branch to branch after the manner of his giant mother, and as he grew older he spent hour upon hour daily speeding through the treetops with his brothers and sisters. He could spring twenty feet across space at the dizzy heights of the forest top and grasp with unerring precision and without apparent jar a limb waving wildly in the path of an approaching tornado.

He could drop twenty feet at a stretch from limb to limb in rapid descent to the ground, or he could gain the utmost pinnacle of the loftiest tropical giant with the ease and swiftness of a squirrel. Though but ten years old, he was fully as strong as the average man of thirty and far more agile than the most practiced athlete ever becomes. And day by day his strength was increasing.

His life among the fierce apes had been happy, for his recollection held no other life, nor did he know of any that existed within the universe except that which his little forest and the wild jungle animals with which he was familiar.

He was nearly ten before he commenced to realize that a great difference existed between himself and his fellows. His little body, burned almost black by exposure, suddenly caused him feelings of intense shame, for he realized that it was entirely hairless, like some low snake or reptile.

In the higher land which his tribe frequented was a little lake, and it was here that Tarzan first saw his face in the clear, still waters of his bosom.

It was on a sultry day of the dry season that he and one of his cousins had gone down to the bank to drink. As they leaned over both little faces were mirrored on the placid pool, the fierce and terrible features of the ape beside those of the aristocratic scion of an old English house.

Tarzan was appalled. It had been bad enough to be hairless, but to own such a countenance! He wondered that the other apes could look at him at all,

So intent was he upon his personal appraisal of his features that he did not hear the parting of the tall grass behind him as a great body pushed itself stealthily through the jungle, nor did his companion, the ape, hear either, for he was drinking, and the noise of his sucking lips drowned the quiet approach of the intruder.

Not thirty paces behind the two he crouched—Sabor, the tiger—lashing his tail. Cautiously he moved a great padded paw forward, noiselessly placing it before he lifted the next. Thus he advanced, his belly low, almost touching the surface of the ground—a great cat preparing to spring upon its prey.

Now he was within ten feet of the two unsuspecting little playfellows. Carefully he drew his hind feet well up beneath his body, the great muscles rolling under the beautiful skin of black and yellow. So low he was crouching that he seemed flattened to the earth except for the upward bend of the glossy back as it gathered for the spring.

No longer the tall lashed. Quiet and straight behind him it lay.

An instant he paused thus as though turned to stone, and then, with an awful scream, he sprang.

Sabor, the tiger, was a wise hunter. To one less wise the wild alarm of his fierce cry as he sprang would have seemed a foolish thing, for could he not more surely have fallen upon his victims had he but quietly leaped without that loud shriek?

But Sabor knew well the wondrous quickness of the jungle folk and their almost unbelievable powers of hearing. To them the sudden scraping of one blade of grass across another was as effectual a warning as his loudest cry, and Sabor knew that he could not make that leap without a little noise.

His wild scream was not a warning, but instead was meant to freeze his poor victims in a paralysis of terror for the tiny fraction of an instant, which would suffice for his mighty claws to sink into their soft flesh and hold them beyond peradventure of escape.

In so far as the ape was concerned, Sabor reasoned correctly. The little



And Then, With an Awful Scream, He Sprang.

fellow crouched trembling just an instant, but that instant was quite long enough to prove his undoing.

Not so, however, with Tarzan, the man-child. Before him lay the deep waters of the little lake, behind him certain death—a cruel death beneath tearing claws and rending fangs.

Tarzan had always hated water, except as a medium for quenching his thirst. He hated it because he connected it with the chill and discomfort of the torrential rains, and he feared it for the thunder and lightning and wind which accompanied it.

But of the two evils his quick mind chose the lesser, and before the great beast had covered half his leap Tarzan felt the chill waters close above his head.

He could not swim, and the water was very deep. But still he lost no particle of that self reliance and resourcefulness which were the badges of his superior being.

Rapidly he moved his hands and feet in an attempt to scramble upward, and, possibly more by chance than de-

sign, he fell into the stroke that a dog uses when swimming, so that within a few seconds his nose was above water, and he found that he could keep it there by continuing his strokes and also make progress through the water.

He was much surprised and pleased with this new acquirement which had been so suddenly thrust upon him, but he had no time for thinking much upon it.

He was now swimming parallel to the bank, and there he saw the cruel beast that would have seized him crouching upon the still form of his playmate.

The tiger was intently watching Tarzan, evidently expecting him to return to shore, but this the boy had no intention of doing.

Instead he raised his voice in the call of distress common to his tribe, adding to it the warning which would prevent would be rescuers from running into the clutches of Sabor.

Almost immediately there came an answer from the distance, and presently forty or fifty great apes swung rapidly and majestically through the trees toward the scene of tragedy.

In the van was Kala, for she had recognized the tones of her best beloved, and with her was the mother of the little ape who lay dead beneath cruel Sabor.

Though more powerful and better equipped for fighting than the apes, the tiger had no desire to meet these enraged adults, and with a snarl of hatred he sprang quickly into the brush and disappeared.

Tarzan now swam to shore and clambered quickly upon dry land. The feeling of freshness and exhilaration which the cool waters had imparted to him filled his being with grateful surprise, and ever after he lost no opportunity to take a daily plunge in lake or stream or ocean when it was possible to do so.

For a long time Kala could not accustom herself to the sight, for though her people could swim when forced to do, they did not like to enter water and never did so voluntarily.

That the huge fierce brute loved her child of another race is beyond question, and he, too, gave to the great, hairy beast all the affection that would have belonged to his fair young mother had she lived.

When he was disobedient she cuffed him, it is true, but she was never cruel to him and was more often caressing than chastising him.

Tublak, her husband, always hated Tarzan and on several occasions had come near ending his youthful career. Tarzan's superior intelligence and cunning permitted him to invent a thousand diabolical tricks to add to the burdens of Tublak's life.

Early in his boyhood he had learned to form ropes by twisting and tying long grasses together, and with these he was forever tripping Tublak or attempting to hang him from some overhanging branch.

By constant playing and experimenting with these he learned to tie the rude knots and make sliding nooses, and with these he and the younger apes amused themselves. What Tarzan did they tried to do also, but he alone originated and became proficient.

One day while playing thus Tarzan had thrown his rope at one of his fleeing companions, retaining the other end in his grasp. By accident the noose fell squarely about the running ape's neck, bringing him to a sudden and surprising halt.

Ah, here was a new game, a fine game, thought Tarzan, and immediately he attempted to repeat the trick. And thus, by painstaking and continued practice, he learned the art of roping.

Now, indeed, was the life of Tublak a living nightmare. In sleep, upon the march, night or day, he never knew when that quiet noose would slip about his neck and nearly choke the life out of him. Kala punished, Tublak swore dire vengeance, and old Kerchak took notice and warned and threatened, but all to no avail.

In Tarzan's clever little mind many thoughts revolved, and back of these was his divine power of reason.

If he could catch his fellow apes with his long arm of many grasses, why not Sabor, the tiger?

Sabor that as he approached the cabin Tarzan noticed that from a distance the door appeared as though an independent part of the wall in which it was set, and for the first time it occurred to him that this might prove the means of entrance which had so long eluded him.

He was alone, as was often the case when he visited the cabin. The apes had no love for it. The story of the thunder stick, having lost nothing in the telling during these ten years, had quite surrounded the white man's deserted cabin with an atmosphere of weirdness and terror for the simians. The story of his own connection with the cabin had never been told him. In a dim, vague way had Kala explained



In the Middle of the Floor Lay a Skeleton.

to him that his father had been a strange white ape, but he did not know that Kala was not his own mother.

On this day he went directly to the door and spent hours examining it and fussing with the hinges, the knob and the latch. Finally he stumbled upon the right combination, and the door swung creakingly open before his astonished eyes.

For some minutes he did not dare venture within, but finally, as his eyes became accustomed to the dim light of the interior, he slowly and cautiously entered.

In the middle of the floor lay a skeleton, every vestige of flesh gone from the bones, to which still clung the matted remnants of what had once been clothing; upon the bed lay a similar gruesome thing, but smaller, while in a tiny cradle near by was a third, a wee mite of a skeleton.

To none of these evidences of an old tragedy did little Tarzan give but passing heed. His wild jungle life had injured him to the sight of dead and dying animals, and had he known that he was looking upon the remains of his own father and mother he would have been no more greatly moved.

The furnishings and other contents of the room it was which riveted his attention. He examined many things minutely—strange tools and weapons, books, papers, clothing—what little had withstood the ravages of time in the humid atmosphere of the jungle coast.

He opened chests and cupboards, such as did not baffle his small experience, and in these he found the contents much better preserved.

Among other things he found a sharp hunting knife, on the keen blade of which he immediately proceeded to cut his finger. Nothing daunted, he continued his experiments, finding that he could hack and hew splinters of wood from the table and chairs with this new toy.

For a long time this amused him; but, finally tiring, he continued his explorations. In a cupboard filled with books he came across one with brightly colored pictures. It was a child's illustrated alphabet:

A is for archer,  
Who shoots with a bow.  
B is for boy.  
His first name is Joe.

(To Be Continued.)

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for sale at all times, for the next 100 years, unless I die in the meantime. I have now an extra fine stallion, the best in the state, for sale. Well broke for both harness and saddle.

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## Local News

From Friday's Daily.  
Miss Eleanor Todd came in this afternoon to visit over Sunday at the home of her parents, west of this city.

Jacob J. Meisinger of the vicinity of Cedar Creek was a business visitor in this city today and made this office a pleasant call.

Mrs. J. E. Wiles departed this morning on No. 15 for Omaha, where she will visit for the day looking after some matters of business.

County Commissioner Julius Pitz departed this morning for Cedar Creek to look after some business matters for a short time.

George P. Meisinger of Cedar Creek was in the city today for a few hours between trains looking after some trading with the merchants.

Mrs. S. Swingholm was among the visitors in the metropolis this afternoon to look after business matters.

J. D. Shrader was a passenger this morning for Omaha, where he was called to attend to some matters of business for the day.

F. H. McCarthy of Union was in the city today for a few hours looking after some matters at the court house, as well as visiting with his many friends.

Miss Grace Haskins returned this afternoon to her home at South Omaha, after a short visit here at the home of her grandmother, Mrs. M. McCool.

Hon. W. B. Banning of Union was in the city today in attendance at the case of McCarthy & Sturm vs. the Missouri Pacific Railway company in the county court.

Mrs. Nellie McCune of Iowa City, Iowa, who has been here visiting at the home of her sister, Mrs. L. B. Egenberger, for a short time, departed this afternoon for her home.

Miss Madeline Green arrived this morning from her home at University Place and she will visit for a short time at the home of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Boeck.

Ray Weyth of Thurman, Iowa, who has been attending school at Des Moines, Iowa, for the past season, and who has been here visiting the B. J. Reynolds family in this city, departed this morning on No. 6 for his home at Thurman.

### From Saturday's Daily.

E. S. Tull and wife were up last evening from Murray to attend "The Shepherd of the Hills" at the Parmele theater.

P. A. Meisinger was in the city yesterday for a few hours looking after some matters of business with the merchants.

Glen Boedeker, cashier of the Murray State bank, and wife were among the visitors in the city last evening attending the play at the Parmele.

Dr. W. M. Barrett of Union was here for a few hours today looking after some professional matters.

Nicholas Halmes of Weeping Water was in the city today attending a short session of the district court.

George Nickels of Murray was in the city today for a few hours attending to some matters of business at the court house.

Adam Hild of the vicinity of Mynard was visiting relatives and friends in this city today and was a pleasant caller at this office.

Everett A. Ward came in last evening from Colner university to spend his spring vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ward.

Editor C. L. Graves of Union came up last evening to look after some matters of business at the court house today for a few hours.

George M. Hild of near Mynard came in this morning and was a passenger on the early Burlington train for Omaha to spend the day looking after some business items.

H. C. Long of Murray was in the city today for a few hours looking after some matters of business with the different merchants.

Judge Jesse L. Root of Omaha was in the city today for a few hours looking after some matters of importance and visiting with his friends.

William Puls and son, W. H. Puls, drove up this morning from their home near Murray to attend to some trading with the merchants in this city.

Mrs. A. D. Asch of Murray and her nephew, Rev. Van Buren, of Nehawka, were visitors in this city today. Mrs. Asch reports Mr. Asch as not improving as rapidly as they would like, which his large circle of friends will be sorry to learn.

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Rev. H. G. McCluskey, the new pastor of the Presbyterian church, and wife arrived in this city last evening and will soon be at home in the new manse, which was recently purchased.

Mrs. A. F. Seybert and daughter, Miss Ethel, were passengers this morning on the early Burlington train for Omaha, where they will visit Miss Mable Antrim at the hospital in that city.

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Young of Murray were visiting friends in this city today, and Mr. Young was a pleasant caller at this office. Mrs. Young came up for a few hours' visit with Mrs. Henry Boeck, who has been quite sick, but who is some better at this time.

### Wanted, Cattle to Pasture.

Engage your pasture early. 'Phone 2922 for particulars. Dan Kiser, 2 miles north of M. P. depot. 3-23-14w

### For Sale.

Assorted eggs for setting, \$2.00 per hundred. Also duck and geese eggs. Mrs. Fred Spangler, 'Phone 2104. 2-23-14d&w

Straight at it.  
There is no use of our "beating around the bush." We might as well out with it first as last. We want you to try Chamberlain's Cough Remedy the next time you have a cough or cold. There is no reason so far as we can see why you should not do so. This preparation by its remarkable cures has gained a world-wide reputation, and people everywhere speak of it in the highest terms of praise. It is for sale by all dealers.

### Eggs for Hatching.

White Plymouth Rock eggs for hatching; also baby chicks for sale. Mrs. Geo. A. Kaffenberger, Plattsburgh.

We are desirous of securing the name of every person now living who traded with "C. E. Wescott, The Boss Clothier," in the year 1879. Will you please call at the store or send us the name by mail?  
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# Easter

Easter is at hand, with its new fashions for spring and summer. Sombre colors and heavy weaves of winter must give away to the novel colorings and designs which will have full sway during the spring and summer.

Now is the time to plan for your spring apparel needs. And naturally the first thing that suggests itself is a visit to this store for an inspection of the varicous garments that go to make up the fashionable 1914 toilette.

Suits and Coats in the new cuts and shapes—new styles in Hats and in Neckwear—fabrics in the latest weaves and colors—all are here ready for your selection.

A few moments in our store will give you an accurate idea of the charming new modes for spring. Prices, as usual here, are pleasingly moderate.

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