

Tarzan of the Apes



by Edgar Rice Burroughs

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CHAPTER IV.

Tarzan Mightiest of the Apes.

THE tribe of apes had grown larger since Tarzan had come among them.

Under the leadership of Kerchak they had been able to frighten the other tribes from their part of the jungle, so that they had plenty to eat and little or no loss from predatory incursions of neighbors.

The younger males as they became adult found it more comfortable to take wives from their own tribe or, if they captured one of another tribe, to bring her back to Kerchak's band and live in amity rather than attempt to set up new establishments of their own or make war upon the redoubtable Kerchak.

Occasionally one more ferocious than his fellows would attempt this latter alternative, but none had come yet who could wrest the palm of victory from the fierce and brutal ape.

Tarzan held a peculiar position in the tribe.

They seemed to consider him one of them and yet in some way different. The older males either ignored him entirely or else hated him so vindictively that but for his wondrous agility and speed and the fierce protection of the huge Kala he would have been dispatched at an early age.

Tublait was his most consistent enemy, but it was through Tublait that when he was about thirteen, the persecution of his enemies suddenly ceased, and he was left severely alone, except on the occasions when one of them ran amuck in the throes of one of those strange fits of insane rage which attack the males of many of the fiercer animals of the jungle. Then none was safe.

On the day that Tarzan established his right to respect the tribe was gathered about a small natural amphitheater which the jungle had left free from its entangling vines and creepers.

Here the tribe often gathered. In the center of the amphitheater was one of those strange earthen drums which the anthropoids build for the dumdam, the queer rites the sound of which men have heard in the fastnesses of the jungle, but which none has ever witnessed.

On the day that Tarzan won his emancipation from the persecution that had followed him remorselessly for twelve of his thirteen years of life the tribe, now a full 100 strong, trooped silently through the lower terrace of the jungle trees and dropped noiselessly upon the floor of the amphitheater.

The rites of the dumdam marked important events in the life of the tribe—a victory, the capture of a prisoner, the killing of some large, fierce denizen of the jungle, the death or accession of a king.

Today it was the killing of a giant ape, a member of another tribe, and as the people of Kerchak entered the arena two mighty bulls might have been seen bearing the body of the vanquished before them. They laid their burden before the earthen drum and then squatted beside it as guards, while the other members of the community curled themselves in grassy nooks to sleep until the rising moon should give the signal for the commencement of the orgy.

A darkness settled upon the jungle, the apes commenced to bestir themselves, and soon they formed a great circle about the earthen drum.

The females and young squatted in a thin line at the outer periphery of the circle, while just in front of them ranged the adult males. Before the drum sat three old females, each armed with a knotted branch fifteen or eighteen inches in length.

Slowly and softly they began tapping upon the resounding surface of the drum as the first faint rays of the ascending moon silvered the treetops.

As the light increased the females augmented the frequency and force of their blows until presently a rhythmic din pervaded the jungle for miles in every direction. Huge brutes stopped in their hunting, with uppricked ears and raised heads, to listen to the dull booming that betokened the dumdam of the great apes.

As the din of the drum rose to almost deafening volume Kerchak sprang into the open space between the squatting males and the drummers. Standing erect, he threw his head far back, and, looking full into the eye of the rising moon, he beat upon his breast with his great hairy paws and emitted his fearful roaring shriek.

Once—twice—thrice that terrifying cry rang out across the teeming solitude of that unpeopled quick, yet unthinkably dead, world. Then, crouching, Kerchak slunk noiselessly around the open circle, veering far away from the dead body lying before the altar drum, but as he

passed keeping his little, fierce, wicked red eyes upon the corpse.

Another male then sprang into the arena and, repeating the horrid cries of his king, followed stealthily in his wake. Another and another followed in quick succession until the jungle reverberated with the now almost ceaseless notes of their bloodthirsty screams.

It was the challenge and the hunt. When all the adult males had joined in the thin line of circling dancers the attack commenced.

Kerchak, seizing a huge club from the pile which lay at hand for the purpose, rushed furiously upon the dead ape, dealing the corpse a terrific blow, at the same time emitting the growls and snarls of combat.

The din of the drum was now increased, as well as the frequency of the blows, and the warriors, as each approached the victim of the hunt and delivered his bludgeon blow, joined in the mad whirl of the death dance. Tarzan was one of the wild, leaping horde. His brown, sweat streaked, muscular body glistening in the moonlight, shone supple and graceful among the uncouth, awkward, hairy brutes about him.

For half an hour the weird dance went on, until, at a sign from Kerchak, the noise of the drums ceased, the female drummers scampering hurriedly through the line of dancers toward the outer rim of squatting spectators. Then, as one man, the males rushed headlong upon the thing which their terrific blows had reduced to a mass of hairy pulp.

Flesh seldom came to their jaws in satisfying quantities, so a fit finale to their wild revel was a taste of fresh killed meat, and it was to the purpose of devouring their late enemy that they now turned their attention.

Tarzan more than the apes craved and needed flesh. Descended from a race of meat eaters, never in his life, he thought, had he once satisfied his appetite for animal food, and so now his agile little body wormed its way far into the mass of struggling apes in an endeavor to obtain a share which his strength would have been unequal to the task of winning for him.

At his side hung the hunting knife of his unknown father in a sheath fast fashioned in copy of one he had seen among the pictures of his treasure books.

At last he reached the fast disappearing feast and with his sharp knife slashed off a more generous portion than he had hoped for.

Then he wriggled out from beneath the struggling mass, clutching his prize close.

Among those circling futilely the outskirts of the banqueters was old Tublait. He had been among the first at the feast, but had retreated with a goodly share to eat in quiet and was now forcing his way back for more.

So it was that he spied Tarzan emerging from the clawing throng. Tublait's bloodshot, pig eyes sent out wicked gleams of hate as they fell upon the object of his loathing. In them, too, was greed for the meat he carried.

But Tarzan saw his arch enemy as quickly and, divining what the beast would do, leaped nimbly away toward the women and children, hoping to hide himself among them. Tublait, however, was close upon him, so that

he had no opportunity to seek a place of concealment, but saw that he would be put to it to escape at all.

Swiftly he sped toward the trees and with a bound gained a lower limb with one hand, and then, transferring his burden to his teeth, he climbed rapidly upward, closely followed by Tublait.

Up, up he went to the waving pinnacle of a lofty monarch of the forest where his heavy pursuer dare not follow him. Perched there, he hurled taunts and insults at the raging beast fifty feet below him.

And then Tublait went mad. With horrifying screams and roars he rushed to the ground and among the females and young, sinking his great fangs into them. But it was not until he attacked Kala that Tarzan dropped to offer battle to him. The infuriated bull found himself facing the man-child who stood between him and Kala.

Nothing could have suited the fierce beast better, and with a roar of triumph he leaped upon the little Lord Greystoke. But his fangs never closed in that nut brown flesh.

A muscular hand shot out and grasped the hairy throat, and another plunged a keen hunting knife a dozen times into the broad breast. Like lightning the blows fell and only ceased when Tarzan felt the limp form crumple beneath him.

As the body rolled to the ground Tarzan of the apes placed his foot upon the neck of his lifelong enemy and, raising his eyes to the full moon, threw back his fierce young head and voiced the wild cry of his people.

One by one the tribe swung down from their arboreal retreats and formed a circle about Tarzan and his vanquished foe. When they had all come Tarzan turned toward them. "I am Tarzan!" he cried. "I am a great killer! Let all respect Tarzan of the apes and Kala, his mother! There be none among you as mighty as Tarzan. Let his enemies beware!"

Looking full into the wicked red eyes of Kerchak, the young Lord Greystoke beat upon his mighty breast and screamed out once more his shrill cry of defiance.

Tarzan of the apes lived on in his wild, jungle existence with little change for several years, only that he grew stronger and wiser and learned from his books more and more of the strange worlds which lay somewhere outside his primeval forest.

Many days during these years he spent in the cabin of his father, where still lay untouched the bones of his parents and the little skeleton of Kala's baby. At eighteen he read fluently and understood nearly all he read.

Also could he write with printed letters rapidly and plainly, but script he had not mastered, for, though there were several copybooks among his treasures, there was so little written English in the cabin that he saw no use of bothering with this other form of writing, though he could read it laboriously.

Thus, at eighteen, we find him an English lordling who could speak no English, yet who could read and write his native language. Never had he seen a human being other than himself, for the little area traversed by his tribe was watered by no great river to bring down the savage natives of the interior.

High hills shut it off on three sides, the ocean on the fourth. It was alive with lions and tigers and leopards and poisonous snakes. Its untouched mazes of matted jungle had as yet invited no hardy pioneer from among the humans beyond its frontier.

But as Tarzan of the apes sat one day in the cabin of his father, delving into the mysteries of a new book, the ancient security of his jungle was broken forever.

At the far eastern confine a strange cavalcade strung in single file over the brow of a low hill.

An advance were fifty black warriors armed with slender wooden spears, with ends hard baked over slow fires, and long bows and poisoned arrows. On their backs were oval shields, in their noses hung rings, while from the kinky wavy of their heads protruded tufts of gay feathers.

Following them were several hundred women and children, the former bearing upon their heads great burdens of cooking pots, household utensils and ivory. In the rear were a hundred warriors, similar in all respects to the advance guard.

That they more greatly feared an attack from the rear than whatever unknown enemies might lurk ahead was evidenced by the formation of the column, and such was the fact, for they were seeing from the white man's soldiers who had harassed them for

rubber and ivory.

For three days the little cavalcade marched slowly through the heart of this unknown and untracked forest, until finally, early in the fourth day, they came upon a little spot near the banks of a small river which seemed less thickly overgrown than any ground they had encountered before.

Here they set to work to build a new village, and in a month a great clearing had been made, huts and palisades erected, plantains, yams and maize planted, and they had taken up their old life in their new home. Here there were no white men, no soldiers nor any rubber or ivory to be gathered for thankless taskmasters.

Several moons passed ere the blacks ventured far into the territory surrounding their new village. Several had already fallen prey to old Sabor, the tiger, and because the jungle was so infested with these fierce and bloodthirsty cats and with lions and leopards the ebony warriors hesitated to trust themselves far from the safety of their palisades.

But one day Kulonga, a son of the old king, Mbonga, wandered far into the dense mazes to the west. Warily he stepped, his slender lance ever ready, his long oval shield grasped in his left hand close to his body—at his back his bow, and in the quiver upon his shield many slim, straight arrows, well smeared with the thick, dark, tarry substance that rendered deadly their finest needle prick.

Night found Kulonga far from the palisades of his father's village, but still headed westward, and, climbing into the fork of a great tree, he fashioned a rude platform and curled himself for sleep.

(To Be Continued.)

MYNARD.

(Special Correspondent.)

Favorable weather prevails and farmers are getting busy about their farming. A large number of acres have been prepared for the seeding of oats broadcast.

And cultivating the ground afterward is beginning to be a thing of the past; plowing the ground and drilling in the seed seems to be the better day.

Fred Kaufman visited with his brother, Henry, for several days last week.

Miss Eva Porter is home from Omaha visiting with her parents for a few days.

Ival Hunt, the blacksmith, spent Easter in Glenwood with his parents.

Mrs. Brown is not as well this week as her many friends wish she might be.

The Bengen Brothers shipped a number of thoroughbred Herford cattle to the South Omaha sale barn, where a sale of thoroughbred stock is being conducted this week. They are among the successful ones in their line of business. Several animals weighed in the neighborhood of 2,500 pounds.

The Ladies' Missionary society met at the home of Mrs. W. T. Richardson Friday afternoon. A very interesting account of foreign missions was read by the president, giving in detail the work done in foreign fields.

Martin Thacker, in the employ of R. L. Propst, visited friends and transacted business in the metropolis several days last week.

William LaRue is again foreman of the section of the M. P., after a vacation of several months. Glad to see you back, Bill.

Professor Jean, one of the faculty of the Peru Normal school, is visiting for a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Jean.

George Snyder is making his rounds assessing. Make an inventory of your belongings before he comes, and you can rest assured that he will not take up much of your time.

Silas Long of Lincoln spent several days in this vicinity looking after his farms and making the necessary improvements.

UNION.

Ledger.

Mrs. J. R. Pierson departed last Friday morning for Tecumseh to make a visit with her sister.

Harry Thomas and family were down from Plattsmouth to make a Sunday visit with Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Garrison.

Wayne Dickson and wife were here for a Sunday visit with Mrs. Dickson's mother, Mrs. Ida Applegate, and other Union relatives.

Walter Mead departed Wednesday morning for Idaho to spend some time looking over the country with a view to locating in that state in case he finds a land

proposition that suits him.

W. T. Wilson and son, Paul, went to Omaha on the Monday morning train and had a specialist perform an operation upon Paul's mouth and throat. They returned home on No. 108 Tuesday.

E. J. Mougey and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Bird, departed last Friday morning for Kearney, where Mrs. Bird will spend several weeks making a visit at the home of her daughter, Mrs. C. L. Mougey. Edward visited there a few days with his brother, returning home Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mueller went to Omaha on the Wednesday evening train, in response to a message informing them that their son, Clarence, was seriously ill with an attack of typhoid fever and was in one of the hospitals in that city.

Mrs. Edward Young, who spent five weeks visiting her parents at Tonkawa, Oklahoma, arrived home Saturday evening, and wore a smile like one of the "yellow kids" in the pictorial papers. Mrs. Young's mother, Mrs. B. S. Bain, came with her to make a visit at the Young home.

Frank Lynn and wife of Hudson, Wyo., arrived last Friday and made a few days' visit with relatives and friends in this town and vicinity, where Frank was born and grew to manhood. They departed Sunday evening for Wisconsin to make a visit with Mrs. Lynn's parents before returning home.

NEHAWKA.

Mrs. Nelse Anderson went to Louisville on the early train Wednesday, where she will visit a few days and look after her interests there.

L. W. Ingwerson and Otto Carroll have both been building cyclone cellars the past week, in anticipation of what the spring may bring forth.

Mrs. George Holmes and the children left last Saturday for Rawlins, Wyoming, where they will join Mr. Holmes, who has been there for some time.

Mrs. Hilda Scharp returned to her home at Nebraska City Wednesday, after visiting her mother, Mrs. Jacob Gruber, and other relatives in and around Nehawka.

George Ingwerson returned Saturday from a trip to South Dakota. He visited Aberdeen and other points in the state and was very much impressed with the outlook up there.

Geraldine Holmes departed last Thursday for Rawlins, Wyoming, where she will make her future home. We were all sorry to have her leave, but wish her happiness in her new home.

Misses Keifer, Sisly, Baldwin and O'Donnell were hired as the teachers for the coming year. The board met Wednesday night and re-elected all of them, but Miss Wunderlich and Prof. Craig have decided not to teach.

The new restaurant recently opened by Mrs. H. T. Wood in the J. M. Palmer building on the north side of Main street, is an institution that the town ought to be proud of. The place is neat and clean as a pin and one can get an appetizing meal there at a reasonable price.

Mrs. H. Betts left Friday for Stuart, Neb., where she and her husband will make their future home. Mr. Betts owns a fine ranch up there and has been there for some time getting everything in readiness for the reception of his wife. They have a host of friends in this vicinity who will miss them, and who wish them the best of success in their new home.

LOUISVILLE.

Mrs. B. G. Hoover has returned from California, where she spent the winter because of her ill-health.

Mrs. P. C. Stander visited her sister-in-law, Mrs. Celia Shroyck and family, in Omaha two days of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Wood and children went to Brownville Thursday for a short visit with Mrs. Wood's parents.

Mrs. A. A. Jackman of Greenwood is visiting in Louisville this week with her son, J. M. Jackman and family.

John Lohnes has sold his residence property on South Main street to Jacob Keiser, who expects to move in the near future. Miss Hazel Williams of Van Tassall, Wyoming, who is study-

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Weyrich & Hadraba DRUGGISTS

ing music in Lincoln, was an over Sunday guest at the C. G. Clifford home.

Miss Katherine Follmer of Lincoln visited her old school friend, Mrs. E. H. Worthman, over Sunday. Miss Follmer is a teacher in the public schools of Lincoln.

Mike Tritsch, deputy county treasurer, came up from the county seat Monday and visited until Wednesday with Louisville friends, and while here assisted the Odd Fellows' team in exemplifying the second degree.

Andrew Landergreen, a 15-year-old boy employed at the National stone quarries, met with a painful accident last Friday afternoon which caused him the loss of one finger and possibly two. His work is to drive a horse pulling a string of small cars loaded with stone for the crusher. In making a coupling the boy got his hand caught and the second finger on his right hand was badly crushed and may have to be amputated.

Our democratic friend, Dick Koester, south of town, was a busy man the first of the week. Monday he shipped 500 head of sheep he had fed this winter, to Omaha, and Tuesday he was at the county seat and helped lay the corner stone for the new jail. As he was the only delegate there from Weeping Water or Weeping Water precinct he became interested in the county affairs and went and filed as a candidate for county commissioner in the Third district.

When run down with kidney trouble, backache, rheumatism or bladder weakness, turn quickly for help to Foley Kidney Pills. You cannot take them into your system without having good results. Chas. N. Fox, Himrod, N. Y., says: "Foley Kidney Pills have done me more good than \$150.00 worth of medicine." They give you good results. For sale by all druggists.

WEeping WATER.

Republican.

Mrs. J. W. Rugh and son, John, went to York Saturday to visit her daughter.

Creda Hammer and daughter, Miss Edna, departed Monday afternoon for New Meadows, Idaho, where Miss Edna has a position in a store.

J. W. Station has been unloading two cars of fixtures for his ice cream and bottling plant this week. Our new enterprise for the town is no longer coming—it is here and may it live long.

Mrs. J. B. Hungate went to David City the first of the week to attend the meeting of the Fourth District of the Federation of Women's clubs. Mrs. Hungate is vice president of the first district.

S. W. Orton received the announcement today of the marriage of Myrtle Lanham on April 14, at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Mat Lanham, of Loveland, Colo. The family were formerly citizens of this community.

Osie Robbins of Webster, Kas., is in town Monday and Tuesday. He reports his parents well in Kansas. Osie has the appearance of a man now and not the boy that left here only a few years ago. He went from here to Iowa to look after some business matters.

Mrs. John Fitzpatrick, jr., went to Lincoln Saturday with one of her twin babies and left it at the hospital for treatment. The little fellow is 2 years old and has never been able to sit up yet as his spine is affected. Mrs. Fitzpatrick was accompanied by her daughter, Miss Ethel, and they returned Sunday morning.

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You may include the Adirondacks, the White Mountains, the St. Lawrence River region, Lake George, Saratoga, Montreal, Quebec, Boston, New York, the Hudson River, the ocean trip to Newport News, the Jersey coast, the Virginias, Washington, D. C.

Leave your name with me and let me secure for you some railroad and hotel literature that will describe the summer journey you have in mind.

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With a Roar He Leaped Upon the Little Lord Greystoke.