

Tarzan of the Apes

by Edgar Rice Burroughs

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CHAPTER V.

The Death of Kala.

THREE miles west of Kulonga, son of Mbonga, the negro king, slept the tribe of Kerchak.

Early the next morning the apes were astir, moving through the jungle in search of food. Tarzan, as was his custom, prosecuted his search in the direction of the cabin, so that by leisurely hunting on the way his hunger was appeased by the time he reached the beach.

The apes scattered by ones and twos and threes in all directions, but always within sound of a signal of alarm.

Kala had moved slowly along an elephant track toward the east and was busily engaged in turning over rotted limbs and logs in search of esculent bugs and fungi when the faintest shadow of a strange noise brought her to startled attention.

For fifty yards before her the trail was straight, and down this leafy tunnel she looked straight at the stealthily advancing figure of a strange and fearful creature.

It was Kulonga.

Kala did not wait to see more, but turning, moved rapidly back along the trail. She did not run, but after the manner of her kind when not roused, sought rather to avoid than to escape.

Close after her came Kulonga. Here was meat. He could make a killing and feast well this day. On he hurried, his spear poised for the throw.

At a turning of the trail he came in sight of her again upon another straight stretch. His spear hand went far back; the muscles rolled, lightning-like, beneath the sleek hide. Out shot the arm, and the spear sped toward Kala.

A poor cast. It but grazed her side. With a cry of rage and pain Kala turned upon her tormentor. In an instant the trees were crashing beneath the weight of hurrying apes, swinging rapidly toward the scene of trouble in answer to Kala's scream.

As Kala charged, Kulonga unslinging his bow and fitted an arrow with almost unthinkable quickness. Drawing the shaft far back, he drove the poisoned missile straight into the heart of the great she ape.

With a horrid scream Kala plunged forward upon her face before the astonished members of her tribe.

Roaring and shrieking, the apes dashed toward Kulonga, but that wary savage was feeling down the trail like a frightened antelope. They followed him, racing through the trees for a long distance, but finally one by one they abandoned the chase and returned to the scene of the tragedy.

On the far beach by the little cabin Tarzan heard the faint echoes of the conflict, and knowing that something was seriously amiss among the tribe, he hastened rapidly toward the direction of the sound.

When he arrived he found the entire tribe gathered jabbering about the dead body of his slain mother.

Tarzan's grief and anger were unbounded. He roared out his hideous challenge time and again. He beat upon his chest with his fists, and then he fell upon the body of Kala and sobbed out the pitiful sorrowing of his lonely heart.

But after the first outburst of grief Tarzan controlled himself and, questioning the members of the tribe who had witnessed the killing of Kala, he learned all that their meager vocabulary could voice for him.

It was enough, however, for his needs. It told him of a strange, hairless, black ape with feathers growing upon its head, who launched death from a slender branch and then ran with the fleetness of Bara, the deer, toward the rising sun.

Tarzan waited no longer; but, leaping into the branches of the trees, sped rapidly through the forest. He knew the windings of the elephant trail along which Kala's murderer had fled, and he cut straight through the jungle to intercept the black warrior, who was evidently following the tortuous detours of the trail.

At his side was the hunting knife of his unknown sire, and across his shoulders the coils of his own long rope. In an hour he struck the trail again and, coming to earth, examined the soil minutely.

In the soft mud on the bank of a tiny rivulet he found footprints such as the alone in all the jungle had ever made, but much larger than his. His heart beat fast. Could it be that he was trailing a man—one of his own race?

earth toppled from the outer edge of one of the footprints to the bottom of its shallow depression—ah, the trail was very fresh, his prey must have but scarcely passed.

Tarzan had covered barely a mile more when he came upon the black warrior standing in a little open space. In his hand was his slender bow, to which he had fitted one of his death dealing arrows.

Opposite him across the little clearing stood Horta, the boar, with lowered head and foam flecked tusks, ready to charge.

The black released the poisoned arrow, and Tarzan saw it fly with the quickness of thought and lodge in the bristling neck of the boar.

Scarcely had the shaft left his bow ere Kulonga had fitted another to it, but Horta, the boar, was upon him so quickly that he had no time to discharge it. With a bound the black leaped entirely over the rushing beast and, turning with incredible swiftness, planted a second arrow in Horta's back.

Then Kulonga sprang into a nearby tree.

Horta wheeled to charge his enemy once more. A dozen steps he took; then



With a Bound the Black Leaped Entirely Over the Rushing Boar.

he staggered and fell upon his side. For a moment his muscles stiffened and relaxed convulsively; then he lay still.

Kulonga came down from his tree. With the knife that hung at his side he cut several large pieces from the boar's body, and in the center of the trail he built a fire, cooking and eating as much as he wanted. The rest he left where it had fallen.

Tarzan was an interested spectator. His desire to kill burned fiercely in his wild breast, but his desire to learn was even greater. He would follow this savage creature for awhile and know whence he came. He could kill him at his leisure later, when the bow and deadly arrows were laid aside.

When Kulonga had finished his repast and disappeared beyond a near turning of the path Tarzan dropped quietly to the ground. With his knife he severed many strips of meat from Horta's carcass, but he did not cook them.

He had seen fire, but only when the lightning had destroyed some great tree. That any creature of the jungle could produce the red and yellow fangs but fine dust, surprised Tarzan greatly. Also, why the black warrior had ruined his delicious repast by plunging it into the blighting heat, was quite beyond him. Possibly the fire was a friend with whom the archer was sharing his food.

Tarzan would not ruin good meat in any such foolish manner, so he gobbled down a great quantity of the raw flesh, burying the balance of the carcass beside the trail where he could find it upon his return.

And then Lord Greystoke wiped his greasy fingers upon his naked thighs and took up the trail of Kulonga, the son of Mbonga, the king; while in far-off London another Lord Greystoke, the younger brother of the real Lord Greystoke's father, sent back his chops to the club's chef because they were underdone, and when he had finished his repast he dipped his finger ends into a silver bowl of scented water and

dried them upon a piece of snowy damask.

All day Tarzan followed Kulonga, hovering above him in the trees like some malign spirit. Twice more he saw him hurl his arrows of destruction—once at Dango, the hyena, and again at Manu, the monkey. In each instance the animal died almost instantly, for Kulonga's poison was very fresh and very deadly. There was something mysterious connected with these tiny silvers of wood which could bring death by a mere scratch, thought Tarzan. He must look into the matter.

That night Kulonga slept in the crotch of a mighty tree and far above him crouched Tarzan of the apes.

When Kulonga awoke he found that his bow and arrows had disappeared. The black warrior was furious and frightened, but more frightened than furious. His spear he had hurled at Kala and had not recovered, and now that his bow and arrows were gone, he was defenseless except for a single knife. His only hope lay in reaching the village of Mbonga as quickly as his legs would carry him.

That he was not far from home he was certain, so he took to the trail at a rapid trot. From a great mass of impenetrable foliage a few yards away emerged Tarzan of the apes to swing quietly in his wake.

Kulonga's bow and arrows were securely tied high in the top of a giant tree, from which a patch of bark had been removed by a sharp knife near to the ground and a branch half cut through and left hanging about fifty feet higher up. Thus Tarzan blazed the forest trails and marked his caches.

As Kulonga continued his journey Tarzan closed up on him until he traveled almost over the black's head. His rope he now held coiled in his right hand. He was almost ready for the kill.

The moment was delayed only because Tarzan was anxious to ascertain the black warrior's destination, and presently he was rewarded, for they came suddenly in view of a great clearing, at one end of which lay many strange lairs.

Tarzan was directly over Kulonga as he made the discovery. The forest ended abruptly, and beyond lay 200 yards of planted fields between the jungle and the village.

As Kulonga emerged from the shadow of the jungle the quick noose tightened about his neck.

So rapidly did Tarzan of the apes drag back his prey that Kulonga's cry of alarm was throttled in his windpipe. Hand over hand Tarzan drew the struggling black until he had him hanging by his neck in midair. Then Tarzan, climbing to a larger branch, pulled the still thrashing victim well up into the sheltering verdure of the tree.

He fastened the rope securely to a stout branch and then, descending, plunged his hunting knife into Kulonga's heart. Kala was avenged.

Tarzan examined the black minutely. Never had he seen any other human being. The knife, with its sheath and belt, caught his fancy. He appropriated them. A copper anklet also took his fancy, and this he put on his own leg. Then quickly he lowered Kulonga's body to the ground, removed the noose and took to the trees again.

From a lofty perch Tarzan viewed the village of thatched huts across the intervening plantation.

He saw that at one point the forest touched the village, and to this spot he made his way, lured by a fever of curiosity to behold animals of his own kind and to learn more of their ways and view the strange lairs in which they lived.

His life among the brutes of the jungle left no opening for any thought that these could be other than enemies. Similarity of form led him to no erroneous conception of the welcome that would be accorded him should he be discovered.

His strange life had left him neither morose nor bloodthirsty. That he joyed in killing and that he killed with a laugh upon his handsome lips betokened no innate cruelty.

So it was that now, as he cautiously approached the village of Mbonga he was quite prepared either to kill or be killed should he be discovered. He proceeded with unwonted stealth, for Kulonga had taught him great respect for the little sharp splinters of wood which dealt death so swiftly and unerringly.

At length he came to a great tree, heavy with thick foliage and loaded with pendant loops of giant creepers. From this almost impenetrable bower above the village he crouched, looking down upon the scene below him.

There were naked children running

and playing in the street. There were women grinding dried plantain in crude stone mortars, while others were fashioning cakes from the powdered flour. Out in the fields he could see still other women hoeing, weeding or gathering. Dozing in the shade he saw several men, while at the extreme outskirts of the clearing he occasionally caught glimpses of armed warriors apparently on guard.

He noticed that the women alone worked. Finally his eyes rested upon a woman directly beneath him.

Before her was a small cauldron standing over a low fire, and in it bubbled a thick, reddish, larry mass. On one side of her lay a quantity of wooden arrows, which she dipped into the seething substance and then laid them on a narrow rack of bows which stood at her other side.

Tarzan of the apes was fascinated. Here was the secret of the destructiveness of "the archer's" tiny missiles. He noted the extreme care which the woman took that none of the matter should touch her hands.

How he should like to have more of those little death dealing silvers! If the woman would only leave her work for an instant he could drop down, gather up a handful and be back in the tree again before she drew three breaths.

As he was trying to think out some plan to distract her attention he heard a wild cry from across the clearing. He looked and saw a black warrior standing beneath the very tree in which he had killed the murderer of Kala an hour before.

The fellow was shouting and waving his spear above his head. Now and again he would point to something on the ground before him.

The village was in an uproar instantly. Armed men rushed from the interior of many a hut and raced madly across the clearing toward the excited sentry. After them trooped the old men and the women and children, until, in a moment, the village was deserted.

Tarzan of the apes knew that they had found the body of his victim, but that interested him far less than the fact that no one remained in the village to prevent his taking a supply of the arrows which lay below him.

(To Be Continued.)

"MUTT AND JEFF IN PANAMA" AT THE PARMELE TUESDAY NIGHT, 21

If favorable press criticism and large audiences are any criterion Manager Gus Hill evidently has cornered the entire laughter market in his latest offering, "Mutt and Jeff in Panama," and the second of the "Mutt and Jeff" stage series. The offering, which is in the nature of a melodrama, with musical comedy trimmings, will be seen at the Parmele theater on Tuesday night, April 21. In this particular production we can make the usual prediction that the rank and file of local theater-goers will be more than amused. It is an entertainment on new lines, with features and surprises not harbored in any other show. You are bound to laugh and hold high carnival over what "Mutt and Jeff" say and do. The cast is a large and competent one and the scenic investiture all that could be desired.

THE VARIETY STORE TO HOLD A BIG SALE

From Wednesday's Daily. Mr. Golding, recent owner of the Variety Store, wishing to retire from active business and get a good tenant for his property, has sacrificed his stock of merchandise to the Simons company at about 45c on the dollar, and leased his building to them for 10 years at a profitable rental. The new owners started to remodel the building into a modern trading place, but found themselves so crowded with merchandise that hinders them from going ahead with the improvements. The management of the company therefore decided to halt with the work and reduce the stock so much as possible, if not close out altogether, and will put the entire Golding stock on sale at the same rate they bought it. Watch this paper for particulars.

MRS. MARY PARSONS GRANTED DIVORCE FROM WILLIAM H. PARSONS

From Tuesday's Daily. Yesterday afternoon in the district court, at 4 o'clock, the divorce case of Mrs. Mary H. Parsons vs. William H. Parsons was called for trial and the plaintiff and daughter took the stand and testified as to their side of the case, and were followed by the defendant, who made a sworn statement on the witness stand as to his side of the case. The cross-petition of the defendant for a divorce was withdrawn a few days ago and the testimony lacked a great deal of what had been looked for by many. The court, after the consideration of the case, granted the prayer of the plaintiff, Mrs. Parsons, and granted her a divorce as prayed for, and the custody of the two minor children. This case has been one of those unfortunate ones where a great deal of publicity has been given to a purely private matter that should have been quietly settled without so much stir and fuss.

COMING SOON MUTT and JEFF in PANAMA

The Most Talked of Show of the Age!

Bucklen's Arnica Salve for All Sores.

Spring Laxative and Blood Cleanser.

Flush out the accumulated waste and poisons of the winter months; cleans your stomach, liver and kidneys of all impurities. Take Dr. King's New Life Pills; nothing better for purifying the blood. Mild, non-gripping laxative. Cures constipation; makes you feel fine. Take no other. 25c, at your Druggist.

ST. MARY'S GUILD ELECTS OFFICERS FOR THE YEAR

From Wednesday's Daily. Yesterday afternoon St. Mary's Guild enjoyed a most delightful meeting at the home of Miss Verna Leonard, who was assisted in entertaining the Guild by Mrs. Emily Dickson, and the most delightful hospitality was evidenced at the Leonard home and the ladies present felt that this meeting was one of the most pleasant they have had for some time. Among the matters to be taken up by the ladies at the meeting was the election of officers for the ensuing year, and the following were chosen for the different offices:

President—Miss Barbara Gerling.
Vice President—Miss Dora Fricke.
Secretary—Mrs. W. A. Robertson.
Treasurer—Mrs. Geo. Thomas.
Directresses—Mrs. J. E. McDaniel, Mrs. J. H. Kuhns and Mrs. R. A. Bates.

At an appropriate hour some very delicious refreshments were served, which added greatly to the pleasures of the afternoon. The ladies of the Guild are busy preparing for the selling of carnations on Saturday, May 9, for Mother's day, and will have a good supply on hand for those who desire to pay their tribute to their mother.

ANOTHER FORMER RESIDENT OF THIS CITY PASSES AWAY

From Wednesday's Daily. The following from the Glenwood (Iowa) Tribune gives the account of the death of a gentleman who for a short time several years ago was a resident of this city, and those who knew him then will be greatly surprised to learn of his passing away:

Jacob Sweetwood, a resident of Tabor, died Friday at the home of his eldest son, Harry Sweetwood. The deceased was 76 years old and was a veteran of the Civil war. He was reared in Pennsylvania. He worked at his trade of blacksmithing at Craig, Mo., Plattsburgh, Neb., and in Glenwood previous to going to Tabor. He was about the morning of the day of his death and assisted in work about the house. At noon he became ill from heart trouble and died at 2:30 o'clock.

The funeral was held on Saturday and the body brought to Glenwood for burial. He leaves a widow and four sons and three daughters to mourn his death.

THE CELEBRATED YOUNG JACK SANDORS

Sandors is an excellent young Jack, coming 3 years old, weighing 900 pounds, plenty of extra heavy bone, black with mealy points.

Sandors (5298) was foaled June 2, 1911; his sire was San Salvador, 2nd, by Salvador, imported from Spain. Sandors was bred and owned by Frank Busch of Villa Ridge, Mo. He has been inspected this spring by the State Inspector and is sound in every way. Sandors will make the season of 1914 at our home, six miles west of Murray, and six miles east of Manley, every day in the week.

TERMS

\$15 to insure colt to stand up and suck. Parties disposing of mares or removing from the locality, service fee becomes due and must be paid immediately. All care will be taken to prevent accidents, but owners will not be responsible should any occur.

SCHAFFER BROS.

TOGO MORG

will make the season or 1914 on the G. W. Rhoden farm, three miles west and two miles north of Murray. He is a black Percheron, nine years old, and weighs 1800 pounds—he was imported in 1907.

SERVICE FEE—\$12 to insure colt to stand and suck.

MORG Morg is an excellent grade stallion, Morgan stock, black and white spotted, seven years old, weighs 1050 pounds. He is a good foal getter, and has some fine colts. He will make the season at my home.

SERVICE FEE—\$10 to insure colt to stand and suck.

G. R. RHODEN, Owner

BYRON QUICK GETS INTO TROUBLE AND LEAVES THE CITY

From Wednesday's Daily. Yesterday Byron Quick, who has been in the city only a short time, got himself involved in the hands of the law, and as a result was taken to the Hotel de Manspacher to rest from the effects of his indulgence in the cheering cup, as well as for touching one of his friends for a \$5 bill, Byron evidently believing that the possession of so much wealth was not good for one man. The affair, as reported, seems that Byron and a number of friends were gathered together enjoying a nice social time and that considerable "booze" had been passed around, when one of the guests, who was sitting near Quick, discovered that a \$5 bill was missing from his pocket, and he at once proceeded to "squeal" and summoned the sheriff, who gathered Byron in and secured the \$5, as well as an amount of liquor the man had on his person. When taken into custody the man was suffering very much from his drinking and was unable to make any statement as to the case to the county attorney, but this morning was able to come through with the story of the affair.

LOUIS ANDERSON OF UNION FILES FOR COUNTY CLERK

This morning another filing was made for the August primary in the filing of the name of A. L. Anderson, better known as "Louie" Anderson, of Union, for the republican nomination for county clerk. Mr. Anderson is a very popular young man in Liberty precinct and at present is the village clerk of Union and has made a most efficient official for that thriving little city. He is well known throughout the southern part of the county and will get into the race at once to land the nomination. There is one other republican on the track for the same position, John M. Creamer of Wabash, who filed several days ago. County Clerk Livershal is the only democrat so far to file for the office.

Yale Motorcycle for Sale. Fully equipped and good as new. Inquire at the Journal office.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve for All Hurts.

You may need an AUCTIONEER and we want to inform you that dates can be made at this office for

COL. WM. DUNN the Weeping Water Auctioneer

Careful Attention to Public Sales Rates are Reasonable

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SCHAFFER BROS.