

# Tarzan of the Apes

by Edgar Rice Burroughs



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**CHAPTER VII.**  
**Man's Reason.**

THERE was one of the tribe of Tarzan who questioned his authority, and that was Terkoz, the son of Tublat, but he so feared the keen knife and the deadly arrows of his new lord that he confined the manifestation of his objections to petty disobediences and irritating mannerisms. Tarzan knew, however, that he but waited his opportunity to wrest the kingship from him by some sudden stroke of treachery and so he was always on guard against surprise.

For months the life of the little band went on much as it had before, except that Tarzan's greater intelligence and his ability as a hunter were the means of providing for them more bountifully than ever before. Most of them, therefore, were more than content with the change in rulers.

During this period Tarzan paid many nocturnal visits to the village, where he often renewed his supply of arrows. The blacks had not as yet come upon Tarzan's cabin on the distant bench, but the ape man lived in constant dread that, while he was away with the tribe, they would discover and despoil his treasure. So it came that he spent more and more time in the vicinity of his father's last home and less and less with the tribe.

Presently the members of his little community began to suffer on account of his neglect, for disputes and quarrels constantly arose which only the king might settle peacefully.

At last some of the older apes spoke to Tarzan on the subject, and for a month thereafter he remained constantly with the tribe.

Tarzan tired of it as he found that kingship meant the curtailment of his liberty. He longed for the little cabin and the sun kissed sea, for the cool interior of the well built house and for the never ending wonders of the many books.

As he had grown older he found that he had grown away from his people. Their interests and his were far removed. They had not kept pace with him, nor could they understand aught of the many strange and wonderful dreams that passed through the active brain of their human king.

Had Kala lived Tarzan would have sacrificed all else to remain near her, but now she was dead, and the playful friends of his childhood grown into surly brutes, he felt that he much preferred the peace and solitude of his cabin to the irksome duties of leadership among a horde of wild beasts.

The hatred and jealousy of Terkoz, son of Tublat, did much to counteract the effect of Tarzan's desire to renounce his kingship among the apes, for, stubborn young Englishman that he was, he could not bring himself to retreat in the face of so malignant an enemy.

That Terkoz would be chosen leader in his stead he knew full well, for time and again the ferocious brute had established his claim to physical supremacy over the few bull apes who had dared resent his savage bullying.

Tarzan would have liked to subdue the beast without recourse to knife or arrows. So much had his great strength and agility increased in the period following his maturity that he had come to believe that he might master the redoubtable Terkoz in a hand to hand fight were it not for the terrible advantage the anthropoid's huge fighting fangs gave him over the poorly armed Tarzan.

One day the tribe was feeding quietly, spread over a considerable area, when a great screaming rose some distance east of where Tarzan lay upon his belly beside a limpid brook, attempting to catch an elusive fish in his quick brown hands.

With one accord the tribe swung rapidly toward the frightened cries and there found Terkoz holding an old female by the hair and beating her unmercifully with his great hands.

As Tarzan approached he raised his hand aloft for Terkoz to desist, for the female was not his, but belonged to a poor old ape whose fighting days were long over and who therefore could not protect his family.

Terkoz knew that it was against the laws of his kind to strike the woman of another; but, being a bully, he had taken advantage of the weakness of the female's husband to chastise her because she had refused to give up to him a tender young roebuck she had captured.

When Terkoz saw Tarzan approaching without his arrows he continued to belabor the poor woman in a studied effort to affront his hated chieftain.

Tarzan did not repeat his warning signal, but instead rushed boldly upon the waiting Terkoz.

Never had the ape man fought so terrible a battle since that long gone day when the great king gorilla had so horribly manhandled him ere the new found knife had, by accident, pricked the savage heart.

Tarzan's knife on the present occasion but barely offset the gleaming fangs of Terkoz, and what little advantage the ape had over the man in brute strength was almost balanced by the latter's wonderful quickness and agility.

In the sum total of their points, however, the anthropoid had a shade the better of the battle, and had there been no other personal attribute to influence the final outcome, Tarzan of the apes, the young Lord Greystoke, would have died as he had lived—an unknown savage beast in equatorial Africa.

But there was that which had raised him far above his fellows of the jungle, that little spark which spells the vast difference between man and brute—reason. This it was that saved him from death beneath the iron muscles and tearing fangs of Terkoz.

Scarcely had they fought a dozen seconds ere they were rolling upon the ground, striking, tearing and rending—two great savage beasts battling to the death.

Terkoz had a dozen knife wounds on head and breast, and Tarzan was torn and bleeding, his scalp in one place had torn from his head, so that a great piece hung down over one eye, obstructing his vision.

But so far the young Englishman had been able to keep the horrible fangs from his jugular, and, as they fought less fiercely for a moment to regain their breath, Tarzan formed a cunning plan. He would work his way to the other's back and, clinging there with tooth and nail, drive his knife home until Terkoz was no more.

The maneuver was accomplished more easily than he had hoped, for the stupid beast, not knowing what Tarzan was attempting, made no particular effort to prevent the accomplishment of the design.

But when finally he realized that his antagonist was fastened to him where his teeth and fists alike were useless against him, Terkoz hurled himself about upon the ground so violently that Tarzan could but cling desperately to the leaping, turning, twisting body, and ere he had struck a blow the knife was buried from his hand by a heavy impact against the earth.

Tarzan found himself defenseless. During the rollings and squirmings of the next few minutes Tarzan's hold was loosened a dozen times, until finally an accidental circumstance of those swift and ever changing evolutions gave him a new hold with his right hand, which he soon realized was absolutely unassailable.

His arm was passed beneath Terkoz's arm from behind, and his hand and forearm encircled the back of Terkoz's neck. It was the half nelson of modern wrestling which the untaught ape man had stumbled upon, but divine reason showed him in an instant the value of the thing he had discovered. It was the difference to him between life and death.

And so he struggled to encompass a similar hold with the left hand. In a few moments Terkoz's bull neck was creaking beneath a full nelson.

There was no more lunging about now. The two lay perfectly still upon the ground, Tarzan upon Terkoz's back. Slowly the bullet head of the ape was being forced lower and lower upon his chest.

Tarzan knew what the result would be. In an instant the neck would break. Then there came to Terkoz's rescue the same thing that had put him in these sore straits—a man's reasoning power.

"If I kill him," thought Tarzan, "what advantage will it be to me? Will it not but rob the tribe of a great fighter? And if Terkoz is dead he will know nothing of my supremacy, while alive he will be an example to the other apes."

"Ka-goda?" hissed Tarzan in Terkoz's ear, which in ape tongue means, freely translated, "Do you surrender?"

For a moment there was no reply, and Tarzan added a few more ounces of pressure, which elicited a horrified shriek of pain from the great beast.

"Ka-goda?" repeated Tarzan. "Ka-goda?" cried Terkoz.

"Listen," said Tarzan, easing up a trifle, but not releasing his hold. "I am Tarzan, king of the apes, mighty hunter, mighty fighter. In all the jungle there is none so great.

"You have said 'Ka-goda' to me. All the tribe have heard. Quarrel no more with your king or your people, for next time I shall kill you. Do you understand?"

"Huh," assented Terkoz. "And you are satisfied?"

"Huh," said the ape.

Tarzan let him up, and in a few minutes all were back at their vocations as though nought had occurred to mar the tranquillity of their primeval forest haunts.

But deep in the minds of the apes was rooted the conviction that Tarzan was a mighty fighter and a strange creature—strange because he had had it in his power to kill his enemy, but had allowed him to live, unharmed.

That afternoon as the tribe came together, as was their wont after darkness settled on the jungle, Tarzan, his wounds washed in the limpid waters of the little stream, called the old males about him.

"You have seen again today that Tarzan of the apes is the greatest among you," he said.

"Huh," they replied with one voice. "Tarzan is great."

"Tarzan," he continued, "is not an ape. He is not like his people. His ways are not their ways, and so Tarzan is going back to the lair of his own kind by the waters of the great lake which has no farther shore. You must choose another to rule you. Tarzan will not return."

And thus young Lord Greystoke took the first step toward the goal which he had set himself—the finding of other white men like himself.

The following morning Tarzan, lame and sore from the wounds of his battle with Terkoz, set out toward the west and the seacoast.

He traveled very slowly, sleeping in the jungle at night and reaching his cabin late the following morning.

For several days he moved about but little, only enough to gather what fruit and nuts he required to satisfy the demands of hunger.

In ten days he was quite sound again except for a terrible, half healed scar which, starting above his left eye, ran across the top of his head, ending at the right ear. It was the mark left by Terkoz when he had torn the scalp away.

During his convalescence Tarzan tried to fashion a mantle from the skin of Sabor, the tiger, which had lain all this time in the cabin. But he found the hide dried as stiff as a board, and, as he knew naught of tanning, he was forced to abandon his cherished plan.

Then he determined to fitch what few garments he could from one of the black men of Mbonga's village, for he had decided to mark his elevation from the lower orders in every possible manner, and nothing seemed to him a more distinguishing badge of manhood than ornaments and clothing.

To this end, therefore, he collected the various arm and leg ornaments he had taken from the black warriors who had succumbed to his swift and silent noose and donned them all.

About his neck hung the golden chain from which depended the diamond incrustated locket of his mother, the Lady Alice. At his back was a quiver of arrows slung from a leathern shoulder belt, another piece of loot from some vanquished black.

About his waist was a belt of tiny strips of rawhide fashioned by himself as a support for the homemade scabbard in which hung his father's hunting knife. The long bow which had been Kulonga's hung over his left shoulder.

The young Lord Greystoke was indeed a strange and warlike figure, his mass of black hair falling to his shoulders behind and cut with his hunting knife to a rude bang upon his forehead, that it might not fall before his eyes.

Hair was commencing to grow upon his face. All the apes had hair upon theirs, but the black men were entirely hairless, with very few exceptions.

True, he had seen pictures in his books of men with great masses of hair upon lip and cheek and chin; but, nevertheless, Tarzan was afraid. Almost daily he whetted his keen knife and scraped and whittled at his young beard to eradicate this degrading emblem of apewood.

And so he learned to shave, rudely and painfully, it is true, but nevertheless effectively.

(To Be Continued.)

**Eggs for Hatching.**

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

Smoke "Gut Heil" Cigars.

**MRS. GEORGE W. THOMAS ENTERTAINED ST. MARY'S GUILD YESTERDAY**

From Wednesday's Daily. Yesterday the ladies of St. Mary's Guild were entertained in a very charming manner at the handsome home of Mrs. George W. Thomas on Vine street, and the occasion was one very pleasant to the large attendance of the membership present. The new rector of the church, Rev. Wilbur S. Loele, and wife and his mother, were present to meet with the ladies and the Guild greatly enjoyed the pleasant time spent with these most delightful and charming people and everyone present felt that they had been most fortunate in having them sent here to have charge of the church of St. Luke's parish. The ladies spent the time in their sewing and fancy work until an appropriate hour, when a very tempting and delicious luncheon was served by the hostess, which served to greatly augment the pleasures of the afternoon, and when the guests departed it was with the feeling that as an entertainer Mrs. Thomas was without an equal, and they will await with pleasant anticipations another opportunity to be guests at this hospitable home.

**Departs for the West.**

From Wednesday's Daily. This morning C. W. Baylor and wife departed on a six weeks' tour of the Pacific coast and the northwest, taking in the cities of Portland, Seattle, Tacoma and Vancouver, B. C. While in Washington they will visit at Wartburg, where a sister of Mr. Baylor resides, and on the return trip will make a trip to Minneapolis and St. Paul, returning home about the first of June.

**Jesse Perry at Home Sick.**

From Wednesday's Daily. Jesse Perry, the Main street barber, has been confined to his home in the southwest part of the city for the past few days suffering from an attack of stomach trouble, from which he has suffered greatly for the past few months, but his friends are hopeful that he will be able to get out in a few days.

**One More Trial.**

Mr. John Smezo of Joliet, Ill., who has suffered for a long time from a stomach trouble, made one more trial, as he says: "I have been troubled with my stomach for years and decided to make one more trial with Triner's American Elixir of Bitter Wine. It made me feel better at once. John Smezo, 509 Francis st., Joliet, Ill." Everybody should give a trial to Triner's American Elixir of Bitter Wine as soon as some irregularity in the functions of the stomach or bowels is noticed. It may be loss of appetite, constipation, vomiting or eructations. This remedy will clean out the bowels and make them stronger. At drug stores, Jos. Triner, Manufacturer, 1333-1339 S. Ashland ave., Chicago, Ill. If you have a sore throat, pains in the back, shoulders or legs, try Triner's Liniment. It is very strong.

**Residence for Sale.**

Two-story brick on Main and 8th streets, contains 8 rooms, not including bath room and closets. Beautifully located and modern fixtures. Two and a half lots, with trees, barn and out-houses. For further particulars address Silas Long, 648 N. 26th St., Lincoln, Neb. 4-8-1mo-d&w

Men—  
If you want to know what Nectar tastes like just try Old Glenlivet Whisky  
ED EGENBERGER

**TROOPS TO MEET AT CENTRAL POINT**

Hall Has Orders to Fill All Militia Regiments at Once.

**RECRUITING OFFICES BUSY.**

Spanish War Veterans Ready to Go Again—Expert to Handle Hog Cholera Cases in Nebraska—Live Stock Sanitary Board Meets at Lincoln.

Lincoln, April 23.—Adjutant General Hall of the Nebraska national guard has received orders from the war department to recruit all the militia companies of the state to full war strength at once and to immediately prepare for the mobilization of state troops at some convenient point.

Anticipating such an order, General Hall had already notified all company commanders to recruit their companies to war strength.

As fast as the companies have been recruited to the required number they will be transported to the state fair grounds and the work of perfecting them continued.

Requisitions have been drawn on the war department by General Hall for sufficient equipment to meet the requirements of the new Sixth regiment and for the original membership of the two other companies.

The two recruiting stations in Lincoln, especially the one at the State university farm, are rapidly receiving recruits and General Hall anticipates no trouble in recruiting to the necessary number.

Spanish War Vets Ready to Go Again. No more auspicious time could have been selected for the meeting of Spanish-American war veterans in their state reunion than at the present time, when war and rumors of war are on every hand.

Many of the veterans, though past the age of military service, are again ready to shoulder the gun and march to uphold the old flag and the safety of Americans in Mexico and should the call for arms come, thousands of the brave boys who faced foreign foes in Cuba and the Philippines will offer their services to again serve their country.

Sessions of the veterans are being held at the Lincoln hotel. Tablets erected in honor of the student soldiers were decorated by the organization and a campfire was held at the rooms of the Commercial club.

**Soil as Evidence.**

Three cigar boxes full of Colorado dirt comprise an exhibit filed in the office of the clerk of the district court in a suit involving the sale or trade of Nebraska land in Hamilton county for Colorado land in Sedgewick county.

The appeal is brought by William C. Wenz and others who made the deal and who were defeated in the Hamilton county district court. The claim was made by the plaintiffs in the case, who lived at Aurora, that the land in Colorado was represented to them as being good land and worth in total \$22,400. They set out that the land was not as represented and suit was brought to recover damages. The boxes of dirt are supposed to show the quality of the soil.

**Storch Not Candidate.**

Brigadier General J. A. Storch will not be a candidate for re-election to the command of the brigade which will be formed on completion of the organization of the Sixth regiment. General Storch has withdrawn in favor of Adjutant General Hall. General Storch, after twenty-four years' service, has offered his services to the military authorities for a position as field officer for one of the regiments. He retires with the rank of brigadier general.

Expert to Handle Hog Cholera Cases. On recommendation of the live stock and farmers' organizations of the state and the Improved Live Stock Breeders' association, an expert is to be sent among the farmers to instruct them as to methods to be employed in dealing with hog cholera. Strict enforcement of laws on quarantine against glanders is to be enforced.

**Versatile Thief Taken.**

Lincoln police have apprehended a robber who secured and varied his plunderings from taking watches and money from the rooms of guests of hotels to appropriating automobiles and selling them in other towns. He went under the name of Carson L. Harrington and his vocation was given as an automobile demonstrator.

**Snore Cause for Divorce.**

Mrs. Harriet Highberger of Lincoln has sued for a divorce from her husband, William, because he snores so loudly that her slumber is disturbed. She also asserts that William is stingy with his money and refuses to provide her with the necessary funds, although having plenty for his own use.

**New Laundry at Milford.**

Commissioners Kennedy and Gardes of the state board of control went to Milford to look over the new laundry building at the girls' industrial home. The building has been completed at a cost of \$5,295 and is considered very modern.

**Live Stock Board Meets.**

The live stock sanitary board is holding a session at the state house to take up several questions regarding the quarantine of stock and methods to be used in preventing spread of the disease.

Children Cry for Fletcher's  
**CASTORIA**

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

**What is CASTORIA**  
Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

**GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS**  
Bears the Signature of  
*Chas. H. Fletcher*  
**The Kind You Have Always Bought**  
In Use For Over 30 Years  
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Mrs. E. W. Cook returned this afternoon from Omaha, where she has been attending to some matters of business for a few hours.  
G. W. Thomas was a passenger this morning on No. 15 for Omaha, where he was called to attend to some matters of business.

Mrs. F. L. Cummins was a passenger this morning on No. 15 for Omaha, where she goes to spend the day looking after some matters of business.  
Mrs. George South was a passenger this morning for Omaha, where she will visit for a few hours looking after some matters of business.

Mrs. Peter Balsler departed this afternoon for Omaha, where she will visit her daughter, Miss Florence, at the hospital and accompany that young lady home to this city.  
L. W. Lorenz was a passenger this afternoon for Omaha, where he was called to look after some matters of business for a few hours.

Mrs. M. Fanger returned this afternoon to her home at Missouri Valley, Iowa, after a short visit here with her sister, Mrs. V. Zucker. Mrs. Zucker accompanied her as far as Omaha.  
W. F. Gerke, for many years market master in Omaha, but who is now connected with the firm of Harris, Johnson and company of Cincinnati, Ohio, was in the city yesterday visiting with old friends and attending to business matters.

**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.  
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.  
The Greenwald Studio, Second Floor Coates' Block. 4-16-2wd  
Smoke "Keno" cigars.

**Piles**  
**FISTULA—Pay When CURED**  
All Rectal Diseases cured without a surgical operation. No Chloroform, Ether or other general anesthetic used. CURE GUARANTEED to last a LIFE-TIME. NO EXAMINATION FEE.  
WRITE FOR BOOK ON PILES AND RECTAL DISEASES WITH TESTIMONIALS  
DR. E. R. TARRY, Omaha, Nebraska

**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**  
Care will be taken to prevent accidents, but should any occur owner will not be held responsible. When parties dispose of their mares or remove from the locality, service fee becomes due and must be paid immediately.  
**G. R. RHODEN, Owner**