

# Tarzan of the Apes

by Edgar Rice Burroughs

Copyright, 1912, by the Frank A. Munsey company.

## CHAPTER VIII. His Own Kind.

WHEN he felt quite strong again after his bloody battle with Terkoz, the mighty ape, Tarzan set off one morning toward Mbonga's village. He was moving carelessly along a winding jungle trail instead of making his progress through the trees when suddenly he came face to face with a black warrior.

The look of surprise on the savage face was almost comical, and before Tarzan could unsling his bow the fellow had turned and fled down the path crying out in alarm, as though to others before him.

Tarzan took to the trees in pursuit and in a few moments came in view of the fleeing quarry.

There were three of them, and they were racing madly in single file through the dense undergrowth.

Tarzan easily distanced them, nor did they see his silent passage above their heads nor note the crouching figure squatted upon a low branch ahead of them beneath which the trail led them.

Tarzan let the first two pass beneath him, but as the third came within the quiet noise dropped about the black throat. A quick jerk drew it taut.

There was an agonized scream from the victim, but his fellows turned to see his struggling body rise as by magic slowly into the dense foliage of the trees above.

With shrieks they wheeled once more and plunged on in their effort to escape.

Tarzan dispatched his prisoner quickly and silently, removed the weapons and ornaments and—greatest joy of all—a handsome doekin breechcloth, which he quickly transferred to his own person.

Taking the body across his shoulder, he moved more slowly through the trees toward the little palisaded village, for he again needed arrows.

As he approached quite close to the inclosure he saw an excited group surrounding the two fugitives, who, trembling with fright and exhaustion, were scarce able to recount the uncanny details of their adventure.

The villagers were worked up into a state of panic, but when Mbonga affected to feel considerable skepticism regarding the tale and attributed the whole fabrication to their fright in the face of some real danger.

"You tell us this great story," he said, "because you do not dare to speak the truth. You do not dare admit that when the tiger sprang you ran away and left your comrade. You are cowards."

Scarcely had Mbonga ceased speaking when a great crashing of branches

their heels, nor did they stop until the last of them was lost in the shadows of the jungle.

Again Tarzan came down into the village and renewed his supply of arrows and ate of the offering of food which the blacks had made to appease his wrath.

Before he left he carried the body to the gate of the village and propped it up against the palisade in such a way that the dead face seemed to be peering round the edge of the gate-post down the path which led to the jungle.

Then he returned, hunting, always, hunting, to the cabin by the beach.

It took a dozen attempts on the part of the thoroughly frightened blacks to re-enter the village, past the grinning face of their dead fellow, and when they found the food and arrows gone they knew, what they only too well feared, that the evil spirit of the jungle was abroad.

Only those who saw this terrible god of the jungle died, for was it not true that none left alive in the village had ever seen him? Therefore those who had died at his hands must have seen him and paid the penalty with their lives.

As long as they supplied him with arrows and food he would not harm them unless they looked upon him, so it was ordered by Mbonga that in addition to the food offering there should also be laid out an offering of arrows for this Munango Kevewal, and this was done from then on.

When Tarzan came in sight of the beach where stood his cabin a strange and unusual spectacle met his vision.

On the placid waters of the land-locked harbor floated a great ship, and on the beach a small boat was drawn up.

But, most wonderful of all, a number of white men like himself were moving about between the beach and his cabin.

Tarzan saw that in many ways they were like the men of his picture books. He crept closer through the trees until he was almost above them.

There were ten men, swarthy, sun-tanned and villainous looking fellows. Now they had congregated by the boat and were talking in loud angry tones, with much gesticulating and shaking of fists.

Presently one of them, a dwarfed, mean faced, black bearded fellow with a countenance which reminded Tarzan of Pamba, the rat, laid his hand upon the shoulder of a giant who stood next him and with whom all the others had been arguing and quarreling.

The little man pointed inland, so that the giant was forced to turn away from the others to look in the direction indicated. As he turned the mean faced man drew a revolver from his belt and shot the giant in the back.

The big fellow threw his hands above his head, his knees bent beneath him, and without a sound he tumbled forward upon the beach dead.

Tarzan puckered his brows into a frown of deep thought. It was well, thought he, that he had not given way to his first impulse to rush forward and greet these white men as brothers.

They were evidently no different from the black men, no more civilized than the apes, no less cruel than Sabar, the tiger.

Running to the window he looked toward the harbor. Another boat was being lowered from the ship. Soon he saw many people clambering over the sides of the larger vessel and dropping into the boats. They were coming back in full force.

For a moment longer Tarzan watched while a number of boxes and bundles were lowered into the waiting boats. Then as they shoved off from the ship's side the ape man snatched up a piece of paper and with a pencil printed on it several lines of stenciled, well made, almost letter perfect characters.

This notice he stuck upon the door with a small sharp splinter of wood. Then, gathering up his precious tin box, his arrows and as many bows and spears as he could carry, he hastened out of doors and disappeared into the forest.

When the two boats were beached upon the silvery sand it was a strange assortment of humanity that clambered ashore.

Some twenty souls in all there were if the fifteen rough and villainous appearing seamen could have been said to possess that immortal spark since they were, forsooth, a most filthy and bloodthirsty looking aggregation.

The others of the party were of different stamp. One was an elderly man with white hair and large rimmed spectacles. His slightly stooped shoulders were draped in an ill fitting though immaculate frock coat. A shiny silk hat added to the incongruity of his garb in an African jungle.

The second member of the party was a tall young man in white ducks, while directly behind came another elderly man with a very high forehead and a fussy, excitable manner.

After these came a huge negro dressed like Solomon as to colors, her great eyes rolling in evident terror first toward the jungle and then toward the cursing band of sailors who were removing the boxes and boxes from the boats.

The last member of the party to disembark was a girl of about nineteen, and it was the young man who stood at the boat's bow to lift her high and dry upon land. She gave him a brave and pretty smile of thanks.

In silence the party advanced toward the cabin. It was evident that, whatever their intentions, all had been decided upon before they left the ship.

They came to the door, the sailors carrying the boxes and bales, followed by the five who were of so different a class. Then the men put down their burdens, and then one caught sight of the notice which Tarzan had posted.

"Ho, mates!" he cried. "What's here? This sign was not posted an hour ago or I'll eat the cook."

The others gathered about, craning their necks over the shoulders of those before them, but as few of them could read at all, and then only after the most laborious fashion, one finally turned to the little old man of the top hat and frock coat.

"Hi, professor," he called, "step 'rd and read the bloomin' notice."

Adjusting his spectacles, the professor read aloud:

THIS IS THE HOUSE OF TARZAN, THE KILLER OF BEASTS AND MANY BLACK MEN. DO NOT HARM THE THINGS WHICH ARE TARZAN'S. TARZAN WATCHES. TARZAN OF THE APES.

"Who the devil is Tarzan?" cried the sailor who had before spoken.

"He evidently speaks English," said the young man.

"But what does 'Tarzan of the apes' mean?" cried the girl.

"I do not know, Miss Porter," replied the young man, "unless we have discovered a runaway simian from the London zoo, who has brought back a European education to his jungle home. What do you make of it, Professor Porter?" he added, turning to the old man.

"I reckon the daffy old bounder don't know no more'n we do about it," growled the rat faced sailor.

"Keep a civil tongue in your head," cried the young man, his face paling in anger at the insulting tone of the sailor. "You've murdered our officers and robbed us. We are absolutely in your power; but, so help me, you'll treat Professor Porter and Miss Porter with respect or I'll break that neck of yours with my bare hands—guns or no guns."

William Cecil Clayton stepped so close to the rat faced sailor that the latter, though he bore two revolvers and a villainous looking knife in his belt, slunk back abashed.

"You coward!" cried the young man. "You've never dared shoot a man until his back was turned. You don't dare shoot me even then."

He turned his back full upon the sailor and walked nonchalantly away. The sailor's hand crept slyly to the butt of one of his revolvers; his wicked eyes glared vengefully at the retreating form of the young Englishman. What he would have done will never be known, for there was another factor abroad. Two keen eyes had watched every move of the party from the foliage of a nearby tree. Tarzan had seen the surprise caused by his notice, and while he could understand nothing of the spoken language of these strange people their gestures and facial expressions told him much.

The act of the little rat faced sailor in killing one of his comrades had aroused a strong dislike in Tarzan, and now that he saw him quarreling with the fine looking young man his animosity was still further stirred. He fitted a poisoned arrow to his bow and drew a bead upon the rat faced sailor, but the foliage was so thick that he soon saw the arrow would be deflected by the leaves or some small branch, and instead he launched a heavy spear from his lofty perch.

Clayton had taken but a dozen steps; the rat faced sailor had half drawn his revolver; the other sailors stood watching the scene intently.

Professor Porter had already disappeared into the jungle, whether he was being followed by the fussy Samuel T. Philander, his secretary and assistant, Esmeralda, the negroess, was busy sorting her mistress' baggage from the pile of bales and boxes beside the cabin, and Miss Porter had turned away to follow Clayton when something caused her to turn again toward the sailor.

And then three things happened almost simultaneously—the sailor jerked out his weapon and leveled it at Clayton's back. Miss Porter screamed a warning, and a long metal shod spear shot like a bolt from above and passed entirely through the right shoulder of the rat faced man.

The revolver exploded harmlessly in the air, and the seaman crumpled up with a scream of pain and terror.

## Local News

From Friday's Daily.  
Richard Chriswiser was a passenger this morning for Omaha, where he will take treatment for rheumatism.

Mrs. Arthur Baker and daughter, Miss Opha, of Murray, were passengers this afternoon for Omaha, where they will visit for a few hours with friends.

C. R. Rohde, representing the celebrated Dutchess trousers, and who is also secretary of the Commercial Travelers of America, was in the city today, calling on the firm of Wescott's Sons.

Rev. J. H. Salsbury, formerly pastor of the Presbyterian church here, but who is at present minister at Auburn, came in last evening over the Missouri Pacific to attend the installation of the new minister here.

John Fassbener, the genial furniture merchant of Nebraska City, was in the city today for a few hours visiting with his old friends and looking after some business matters. He is still the same genial gentleman and his friends were delighted to again see his smiling face.

From Saturday's Daily.  
P. A. Meisinger was in the city yesterday for a few hours looking after some trading with the merchants in this city.

Fred Kehne was attending to some important business matters in this city yesterday and made this office a pleasant call.

A. H. Bowdish departed this morning on the early Burlington train for DeWitt, Neb., where his sister is quite sick at that place.

Henry Horn of the vicinity of Cedar Creek, was in the city today looking after some matters of business with the merchants.

H. K. Piatt of Malvern, Iowa, who has been here visiting his brother, Bert, for the past week, returned home last evening on No. 2.

Theodore Starkjohn and wife were passengers this morning for Omaha, where they will visit for the day looking after some business matters.

Mrs. Luke Wiles and daughter, Margaret, were among the passengers this morning for Omaha, where they visited for the day looking after matters of business.

Miss Bernice Mitchell, who is attending Bellevue college, came down to this city yesterday afternoon for a visit over Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. McClusky.

Ed Rummell was in the city yesterday, having driven in from the farm near Mynard to spend a few hours here looking after some trading, as well as to visit his numerous friends.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Engelke and little daughter of the vicinity of Murray motored to this city yesterday for a visit with relatives, and to attend to some business matters. Mr. Engelke was a pleasant caller at this office.

Mrs. Mattie Shepherdson and Mrs. Frank Elliott were passengers this morning for Omaha, where they will visit for the day at the hospital, where the little son of Mrs. Shepherdson is recovering from an operation on one of his eyes.

Milton O. Hollowell and wife, who stopped off here en route to their home at Lancaster, Missouri, after a short stay on the Pacific coast, and visited in this city with their son, Rev. A. G. Hollowell and wife, departed yesterday for their Missouri home.

From Monday's Daily.  
Arthur Ketter and wife were passengers this afternoon for Omaha, where they will visit for the day.

John Wunderlich of Nehawka was in the city Saturday visiting with his friends and looking after some matters for the day.

F. J. Hennings, wife and daughter, Miss Helen, drove in Saturday from their farm home near Cedar Creek and attended to some trading here for a few hours.

Mrs. M. E. Duke of North Platte, who has been here visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs.

## "See Will Richardson"

- If you want a New Departure, Jennie Lind or Avery cultivator, **See Will Richardson**
- If you want a Canton (P & O) or Emerson plow, **See Will Richardson**
- If you want a Disc Harrow or Pulverizer, **See Will Richardson**
- If you want an Acme or Emerson Standard mower, **See Will Richardson**
- If you want an Acme or Emerson sulky rake, **See Will Richardson**
- If you want a farm Cushman Engine, **See Will Richardson**
- If you want an Associated or a Field Engine, **See Will Richardson**
- If you want Corrugated Roofing, **See Will Richardson**
- If you want a Gade Steel Hog Rack, **See Will Richardson**
- If you want a Gade Steel Gate, **See Will Richardson**
- If you want a Metal Wheel Truck or Wagon Box, **See Will Richardson**
- If you want an Iowa Cream Separator, **See Will Richardson**
- If you want a Meadows Power Washer, **See Will Richardson**
- If you want a Buggy or Carriage, **See Will Richardson**
- If you want anything, **See Will Richardson**

**MYNARD, NEB.**

Sam G. Smith, departed this afternoon for her home.

Mrs. Charles Peckham departed this morning on the early Burlington train for Omaha, from where she goes to Burwell, Neb., to visit with her parents for a short time.

C. R. Frans was a passenger this morning on No. 15 for Omaha, where he was called to look after some matters of business for a few hours in that city.

John Micin and wife of Havelock were over Sunday visitors in the city yesterday with relatives and friends, departing this morning for their home in that place.

Rev. W. M. Brooks of Nelson, Neb., arrived here Saturday evening on No. 2 and visited over Sunday with his brother, Superintendent W. G. Brooks and wife.

Louis Keil, from west of the city, was in town Saturday trading with Plattsmouth merchants, and while here paid the Journal office a brief call.

George P. Meisinger of near Cedar Creek was in the city today for a few hours visiting with his friends and looking after some matters of business.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark White came up from their home south of town Saturday afternoon, and made an auto trip from here to Omaha, returning in the evening.

W. D. Wheeler came in this afternoon from his home south of the city and was a passenger on the afternoon train for Omaha, where he will visit for a few hours.

Mr. A. L. Gash, principal of the Louisville schools, and can-

didate for county school superintendent, was in the city a few hours last Saturday, coming down in the interests of his candidacy.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Rakes, from near Union, were in the city last Saturday, visiting with county seal friends, and while here Mr. Rakes called at the Journal office to renew his subscription for another year.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Kirkpatrick of Nehawka and Mrs. Roy Dodge and Sperry and Horace Ruffner of Omaha came down Saturday evening on the late Burlington train and visited here over Sunday at the P. E. Ruffner home.

Mr. and Mrs. John Schafer of Creighton, Neb., came to Omaha last Saturday to consult a specialist in regard to Mrs. Schafer's health, which has not been the best for the past few weeks. They came down to this city in the afternoon for a visit over night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Tritsch, returning to their home at Creighton yesterday morning.

## The Best Flour on the Market



## School Building For Sale

The School Board of District No. 56, which includes the village of Murray, will be offered for sale at the North door of the School building in Murray, Neb., at 2 o'clock, p. m. on Saturday, May 2, 1914. By order of the Board of Directors.

**SCHOOL BOARD**



Turning and Twisting in the Air Came the Dead Body.

in the trees above them caused the blacks to look up in renewed terror. The sight that met their eyes made even Mbonga shudder.

Turning and twisting in the air came the dead body to sprawl with a sickening limpness upon the ground at their feet.