

# Tarzan of the Apes

by Edgar Rice Burroughs

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CHAPTER IX.

At the Mercy of the Jungle. LAYTON turned and rushed back toward the scene. The sailors stood in a frightened group, with drawn weapons, peering into the jungle. The wounded man writhed and shrieked upon the ground. Clayton, unseen by any, picked up the fallen revolver and slipped it inside his shirt; then he joined the sailors.

"Who could it have been?" whispered Jane Porter, and the young man turned to see her standing, wide-eyed, beside him.

"I dare say Tarzan of the apes is watching us," he answered. "I wonder now who that spear was intended for? If for Snipes, then our ape friend is a friend indeed."

"By Jove! Where are your father and Mr. Philander? There's some one or something in that jungle, and it's armed, whatever it is. Ho! Professor! Mr. Philander!" young Clayton shouted. There was no response.

"What's to be done, Miss Porter? I can't leave you here alone with those cutthroats. You certainly can't venture into the jungle with me, yet some one must go in search of your father. He is more than apt at wandering off aimlessly, regardless of danger or direction, and Mr. Philander is only a trifle less impractical. I have it! You can use a revolver, can't you?"

"Yes—why?"

"I have one. With it you and Esmeralda will be comparatively safe in this cabin while I am searching for your father and Mr. Philander. Come, call the woman, and I will hurry on. They can't have gone far."

Jane Porter did as he suggested, and when he saw the door close safely behind them Clayton turned toward the jungle.

Some of the sailors were drawing the spear from their wounded comrade, and as Clayton approached he asked if he could borrow a revolver from one of them while he searched the jungle for the professor.

The rat faced one, finding he was not dead, had regained his composure and with a volley of oaths refused.

This man, Snipes, had assumed the role of chief since he had killed their former leader, and so little time had elapsed that none of his companions had as yet questioned his authority.

Clayton's only response was a shrug of the shoulders, but as he left them he picked up the spear which had transfixed Snipes, and thus primitively armed the son of the then Lord Grey-stoke strode into the dense jungle.

Every few moments he called aloud the names of the wanderers. The watchers in the cabin by the beach heard the sound of his voice growing ever fainter and fainter, until at last it was swallowed up by the myriad noises of the primeval wood.

When Professor Archimedes Q. Porter and his assistant, Samuel T. Philander, after much insistence on the part of the latter, had finally turned their steps toward camp they were as completely lost in the wild and tangled labyrinth of the jungle as two human beings could be, though they did not know it.

It was by the merest caprice of fortune that they headed toward the west coast of Africa instead of toward Zanzibar, on the opposite side of the dark continent.

When in a short time they reached the beach, only to find no camp in sight, Philander was positive that they were north of their proper destination, while, as a matter of fact, they were about 200 yards south of it. Mr. Samuel T. Philander grasped Professor Archimedes Q. Porter firmly by the arm and hurried the weakly protesting old gentleman off in the direction of Cape Town, 1,500 miles to the south.

When Jane Porter and Esmeralda found themselves safely behind the cabin door the negro's first thought was to barricade the portal from the inside. With this idea in view she turned to search for some means of putting it into execution, but her first view of the interior of the cabin brought a shriek of terror to her lips, and, like a frightened child, the huge black ran to bury her face in her mistress's shoulders.

Jane Porter, turning at the cry, saw the cause of it lying prone upon the floor before them—the whitened skeleton of a man. A further glance revealed a second skeleton upon the bed.

"What horrible place are we in?" murmured the awe-stricken girl. But there was no panic in her fright.

At last, disengaging herself from the frantic clutch of the still shrieking Esmeralda, Jane Porter crossed the room to look into the little cradle, knowing what she should see there before ever



Her First View of the Interior Brought a Shriek of Terror.

was searching for the old men. Tarzan was on the point of going off to look for them himself when he caught the yellow glint of a sleek hide moving cautiously through the jungle toward Clayton.

It was Sheeta, the leopard. He heard the soft padding of the young white man was not unarmed. Could it be he had failed to note the loud warning? Never before had Tarzan known Sheeta to be so clumsy.

No, the white man did not hear. Sheeta was crouching for the spring, and then, shrill and horrible, there rose upon the stillness of the jungle the awful cry of the challenging ape, and Sheeta turned, crashing into the underbrush.

Clayton came to his feet with a start. His blood ran cold. Never had so fearful a sound smote upon his ears. He was no coward, but if ever man felt the icy fingers of fear upon his heart Cecil Clayton, eldest son of Lord Grey-stoke of England, did that day in the fastness of the African jungle.

The noise of some great body crashing through the underbrush so close beside him and the sound of that blood-curdling shriek from above tested Clayton's courage to the limit, but he could not know that it was to that very voice he owed his life now that the creature who hurled it forth was his own cousin—the real Lord Grey-stoke.

The afternoon was drawing to a close, and Clayton, disheartened and discouraged, was in a terrible quandary as to the proper course to pursue, whether to keep on in search of Professor Porter, at the almost certain risk of his own death in the jungle by night, or to return to the cabin, where he might at least serve to protect Jane Porter from the perils which confronted her on all sides.

He disliked to return to camp without her father; still more he shrank from the thought of leaving her alone and unprotected in the hands of the mutineers of the Arrow or the hundred unknown dangers of the jungle.

Possibly, too, he thought, before this the professor and Philander had returned to camp. He started, stumbling back through the thick and tangled underbrush in the direction that he thought the cabin lay.

To Tarzan's surprise, the young man was heading farther into the jungle in the general direction of Mbonga's village, and the shrewd young ape man was convinced that he was lost.

The fierce jungle would make easy prey of this unprotected stranger in a very short time if he were not guided quickly to the beach, thought Tarzan.

Yes, there was Numa, the lion, even now stalking the white man a dozen paces to the right.

Clayton heard the great body paralleling his course, and now there rose upon the evening air the great beast's thunderous roar. The man stopped with upraised spear and faced the brush from which issued the awful sound. The shadows were deepening; darkness was coming on.

For a moment all was still. Clayton stood rigid with raised spear. Presently a faint rustling of the bush behind him apprised him of the stealthy creeping of the thing. It was gathering for a spring when at last he saw it, not twenty feet away—the long, lithe, muscular body and tawny head of a huge black maned lion.

In agony the man watched, fearful to launch his spear, powerless to fly. He heard a noise in the tree above him. Some new danger, he thought, but he dared not take his eyes from the yellow green orbs before him. There was a sharp twang, like the sound of a broken banjo string, and at the same instant an arrow appeared in the yellow hide of the crouching lion.

With a roar of pain and anger the beast sprang, but Clayton stumbled to one side, and as he turned again to face the infuriated king of beasts he was appalled at the sight which confronted him. Almost simultaneously with the lion's turning to renew the attack a naked giant had dropped from the tree above squarely on the brute's back.

With lightning speed an arm that was corded with layers of iron muscle encircled the huge neck, and the great beast was raised from behind, roaring and pawing the air—raised as easily as Clayton would have lifted a pet dog.

That scene he witnessed in the twilight depths of an African jungle was burned forever into the Englishman's brain.

The man before him was the embodiment of physical perfection and giant strength, yet it was not on this he had depended in his battle with the great cat, for, mighty as were his muscles, they were as nothing by compar-

son with those possessed by Numa. To his agility, to his brain and to his long, keen knife he owed his supremacy.

His right arm encircled the lion's neck, while the left hand plunged the knife time and time again into the unprotected side behind the left shoulder, while the infuriated beast, drawn upward and backward until he stood on his hind legs, struggled impotently in this unnatural position.

Had the lion continued a few seconds longer the outcome might have been different, but all was accomplished so quickly that the lion had scarce time to recover from its surprise before it sank lifeless to the ground.

Then the strange figure which had vanquished it stood erect upon the carcass and, throwing back the wild, handsome head, gave the fearsome cry which a few moments earlier had so startled Clayton.

Before him he saw the figure of a young man naked except for a loin cloth and a few barbaric ornaments on arms and legs and on the breast a priceless diamond locket gleaming against a smooth brown skin.

The hunting knife had been returned to its homely sheath, and the man was gathering up his bow and quiver from where he had tossed them when he leaped to attack the lion.

Clayton spoke to the man in English, thanking him for his brave rescue and complimenting him on his wondrous strength and dexterity.

The only answer was a steady stare and a faint shrug of the mighty shoulders, which may have betokened either disparagement of the service rendered or ignorance of the language.

The bow and quiver slung on his back, the wild man once more drew his knife and deftly carved a dozen large strips of meat from the lion's carcass. Then, squatting upon his haunches, he proceeded to eat, motioning Clayton to join him.

The strong white teeth sank into the raw and dripping flesh in apparent relish, but Clayton could not bring himself to share the uncooked meat with his strange host. Instead he watched him, and presently there dawned upon him the conviction that this was Tarzan of the apes, whose notice he had seen posted upon the cabin door that morning.

If so he must speak English. Again Clayton essayed speech with the ape man, but the replies were in a strange tongue, which resembled the chattering of monkeys mingled with the growling of some wild beast.

(To Be Continued.)

Check Your April Cough.

Thawing frost and April rains chill you to the very marrow, you catch cold—Head and lungs are stuffed—you are feverish—Cough continually and feel miserable—you need Dr. King's New Discovery. It soothes inflamed and irritated throat and lungs, stops cough, your head clears up, fever leaves, and you feel fine. Mr. J. T. Davis, of Stickney Corner, Me., "Was cured of a dreadful cough after doctor's treatment and all other remedies failed. Relief or money back. Pleasant—Children like it. Get a bottle today. 50c and \$1.00 at your Druggist."

Butter Fat Wanted.

The undersigned manager of the Lincoln Pure Butter Co., at this station, is paying the highest price for butter fat, as determined by the government Babcock test. We are also paying the highest market price at all times for all kinds of produce and poultry. Call and see me before disposing of your produce.

Fred Dawson, Lincoln Pure Butter Co., Plattsmouth, Neb.

Motorcycle for Sale.

In excellent condition, good as new. Big, powerful 2-cylinder, developing 7-10 H. P. Need the money. Must sell at once. See Ed Steinhauer at Journal office.

For Sale.

First-class alfalfa seed, at my farm, 5 miles north of Nehawka. Z. W. Shrader. 3-30-6wks-w

Local News

From Tuesday's Daily. James W. Holmes and James Loughridge of Murray were in the city today looking after some matters in the county court.

J. D. Shrader of Murray was in the city today for a few hours en route from his home to Omaha.

Mrs. Guy Gould and little daughter returned this afternoon to their home at Havelock, after a visit here with friends for a few days.

Frank Vallery was among the business visitors in the metropolis today for a few hours, going to that city on the early Burlington train.

Miss Margaret Donelan returned this morning to Omaha, after a short visit here with her mother, Mrs. J. A. Donelan, and other relatives.

Miss May West returned to Glenwood yesterday afternoon after a short visit here with relatives and friends.

Lee Allison of Murray was in the city today for a few hours in attendance at the hearing of the Wiley estate in county court.

George Thimgan and wife of South Bend were here today for a few hours looking after some matters of business at the court house.

C. F. Vallery, supervisor of road district No. 1, was in the city yesterday for a few hours looking after some matters at the court house.

Mrs. R. E. Lloyd and little child returned home last evening on So. 2 from Aurora, Neb., where they have been visiting with relatives for a short time.

Mrs. Joseph Kelly and Mrs. Gus Olson were passengers this morning for Omaha and Council Bluffs, where they will visit for the day a sister of Mrs. Kelly's being quite sick in the Bluffs.

Miss Dorris Patterson, who has been here for a few weeks visiting at the home of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. William McCauley, departed last evening for Chicago, where she is attending school.

G. A. Crook of Waterloo, Neb., who has been here for a short visit with relatives and friends, departed this morning for his home, being accompanied by Misses Thelma and Marguarite Cobb, who have been here visiting at the home of their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Cobb.

From Wednesday's Daily. James DelesDernier of Murray was a visitor in this city yesterday and made this office a brief call.

John Gauer of Cedar Creek was a business visitor in this city yesterday and was a pleasant caller at this office.

Chris Parkening, from west of the city, was here today for a few hours looking after some trading with the merchants.

E. M. Smith of near the vicinity of Union was in the city today for a few hours looking after some matters of business.

D. W. Foster of Union was in the city today looking after some matters of business and visiting with his many friends here.

Henry Sass of Louisville was attending to some business matters in this city yesterday and made this office a pleasant call.

J. W. Peters returned this morning from Glenwood, where he has been for the past few days looking after business interests in that city.

Herman Pankonin, P. A. Jacobs and John Group of Louisville were here today for a few hours attending to some matters at the court house.

Mrs. Tabitha Thacker was a passenger this morning on the early Burlington train for Omaha, where she was called to look after some business affairs for the day.

Miss Zelma Tuoy returned today from Washington, D. C., where she had been attending the national convention of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

"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.**

W. S. Smith of Murray came in last evening and spent several hours here last evening visiting with relatives and friends and in attending to some business affairs.

Mrs. L. B. Egenberger and her guest, Mrs. R. C. Zondler, of Red Oak, Iowa, were passengers this morning for Omaha, where they will spend the day visiting with friends and looking after matters of business.

J. C. Spangler, one of the prominent farmers of near Louisville, was in the city today for a few hours, having driven in from his farm, and he found time to call on the Journal and renew his subscription for another year to the Old Reliable.

Automobile Owners! I have just employed a mechanic who is an expert on self-starter magneto, etc. Bring in your car if you have any trouble. All kinds of repairing solicited.

Smith's Garage, Plattsmouth. 4-18-1wkd-1mowkly

Strengthens Weak and Tired Women.

"I was under a great strain nursing a relative through three months' sickness," writes Mrs. J. C. Van De Sande, of Kirkland, Ill., and "Electric Bitters kept me from breaking down. I will never be without it." Do you feel tired and worn out? No appetite and food won't digest? It isn't the spring weather. You need Electric Bitters. Start a month's treatment today; nothing better for stomach, liver and kidneys. The great spring tonic. Relief or money back, 50c and \$1.00, at your Druggist.

Accounts Must Be Settled.

There are still a great many accounts due the estate of August Gorder that we must insist upon being settled at once. This notice is final, and if same is not paid within a reasonable time, the accounts will be placed in other hands for collection.

Fred Gorder, Administrator.

FOREST ROSE—Best flour on the market. Sold by all leading dealers.