

Tarzan of the Apes

by Edgar Rice Burroughs

CHAPTER XI.
"Most Remarkable."

SEVERAL miles south of the cabin, upon a strip of sandy beach, stood two old men arguing.

Before them stretched the broad Atlantic, at their backs the dark continent; close around them loomed the impenetrable blackness of the jungle. Savage beasts roared and growled. Noises, hideous and weird, assailed their ears. They had wandered miles in search of their camp, but always in the wrong direction. They were hopelessly lost.

Samuel T. Philander was speaking. "But, my dear professor," he was saying, "I still maintain that but for the victories of Ferdinand and Isabella over the fifteenth century Moors in Spain the world would be today a thousand years in advance of where we now find ourselves. But, bless me, professor, there seems to be some one approaching."

Professor Archimedes Q. Porter turned to the jungle in the direction indicated by the nearsighted Mr. Philander.

"Tut, tut, Mr. Philander!" he chided. "How often must I urge you to seek after absolute concentration of your mental faculties? And now I find you guilty of a most flagrant breach of courtesy in interrupting my discourse to call attention to a mere quadruped of the genus felis. As I was saying, Mr.—"

"Heavens, professor, a lion!" cried Mr. Philander, straining his weak eyes toward the dim figure outlined against the dark tropical underbrush.

"Yes, yes, Mr. Philander, if you insist upon employing slang in your discourse, a 'lion.' But, as I was saying—"

"Bless me, professor," again interrupted Mr. Philander, "permit me to suggest that we postpone discussion of Moors until we may attain the enchanting view of my feline carnivora which distance proverbially is credited with lending."

In the meantime the lion had approached with quiet dignity to within ten paces of the two men, where he stood curiously watching them.

"Most reprehensible, most reprehensible!" exclaimed Professor Porter, with a faint trace of irritation in his voice.

"Never, Mr. Philander, never before in my life have I known one of these animals to be permitted to roam at large from its cage. I shall most certainly report this most outrageous breach of ethics to the directors of the zoological garden."

"Quite right, professor," agreed Mr. Philander, "and the sooner it is done the better. Let us start now."

Seizing the professor by the arm, Mr. Philander set off in the direction that would put the greatest distance between themselves and the lion.

They had proceeded but a short distance when a backward glance revealed that the lion was following them. Mr. Philander tightened his grip upon the professor and increased his speed. "As I was saying, Mr. Philander," repeated Professor Porter.

Mr. Philander took another hasty glance rearward. The lion also had quickened his gait and was doggedly maintaining an unvarying distance behind them.

"He is following us!" gasped Mr. Philander, breaking into a run.

"Tut, tut, Mr. Philander!" remonstrated the professor. "This unseemly haste is most unbecoming to men of letters."

Mr. Philander dropped the professor's arm and broke into a mad cry of speed that would have done credit to any varsity track team.

With streaming coatails and shiny silk hat, Professor Archimedes Q. Porter followed, while from the shadows peered two keen eyes in interested appreciation of the race.

It was Tarzan of the apes who watched, with face a-grin, this odd game of follow the leader.

He knew the two men were safe enough from attack in so far as the lion was concerned. The very fact that Numa had foregone such easy prey at all convinced the wise forest craft of Tarzan that Numa had already dined.

The lion might stalk them until hungry again, but the chances were that if not angered he would soon tire of the sport and slink away to his jungle lair.

So Tarzan swung quickly to a lower limb in line with the approaching fugitives, and as Mr. Samuel T. Philander came panting and blowing beneath him, already too spent to struggle up to the safety of the limb, Tarzan reached down and, grasping him by the collar of his coat, yanked him to

the limb by his side. Another moment brought the professor within the sphere of the friendly grip, and he, too, was drawn up to safety just as the baffled Numa, with a roar, leaped to recover his vanishing quarry.

For a moment the two men clung, panting, to the great branch, while Tarzan squatted with his back to the stem of the tree, watching them with mingled curiosity and amusement.

It was the professor who first broke the silence. "I am deeply pained, Mr. Philander, that you should have evinced such a paucity of manly courage in the presence of one of the lower orders. As I was saying, Mr. Philander, when you interrupted me, the Moors—"

"Professor Archimedes Q. Porter," broke in Mr. Philander in icy tones, "the time has arrived when patience becomes a crime and mayhem appears garbed in the mantle of virtue. You have accused me of cowardice. Believe me, sir, I am tottering on the verge of forgetfulness as to your exalted position in the world of science and your gray hairs."

The professor sat in silence for a few minutes, and the darkness hid the grim smile that wreathed his wrinkled countenance. Presently he spoke.

"Look here, Skinny Philander," he said in belligerent tones, "if you are looking for a scrap, peel off your coat and come down on the ground, and I'll punch your head just as I did sixty years ago in the alley back of Porky Evans' barn."

"Ark!" gasped the astonished Mr. Philander. "Lordy, how good that sounds! When you're human, Ark, I love you. Somehow it seems as though you had forgotten how to be human for the last twenty years."

"Forgive me, Skinny," the professor said softly. "It hasn't been quite twenty years, and heaven alone knows how hard I have tried to be 'human' for Jane's sake, and yours, too, since my other Jane was taken away."

An old hand stole up from Mr. Philander's side to clasp the professor's, and no other message could better have translated the one heart to the other.

"You certainly pulled me up into this tree just in time," said the professor at last. "I want to thank you. You saved my life."

"But I didn't pull you up here, professor," said Mr. Philander. "Bless me, the excitement of the moment quite caused me to forget that I myself was drawn up here by some outside agency. There must be some one or something in this tree with us."

"Eh?" ejaculated Professor Porter. "Are you quite positive, Mr. Philander?"

"Most positive, professor," replied Mr. Philander. "And," he added, "I think we should thank the party. He may be sitting right next to you now, professor."

Just then it occurred to Tarzan of the apes that Numa had loitered beneath the tree for a sufficient length of time, so he raised his young head toward the heavens, and there rang out upon the terrified ears of the two old men the awful warning challenge of the anthropoid.

The two friends, huddled trembling in their precarious position on the limb, saw the great lion halt in his restless pacing as the bloodcurdling cry smote his ears and then slink quickly into the jungle to be instantly lost to view.

"Most remarkable, most remarkable," murmured Professor Porter, clutching frantically at Mr. Philander to regain the balance which the sudden fright had so perilously endangered. Unfortunately for them both Mr. Philander's center of equilibrium was at that very moment hanging upon the jagged edge of nothing, so that it needed but the additional impetus supplied by the additional weight of Professor Porter's body to topple the devoted secretary from the limb.

For a moment they swayed uncertainly, and then, with mingled and most unscholarly shrieks, they pitched headlong from the tree, locked in frenzied embrace.

It was quite some moments ere either moved, for both were positive that any such attempt would reveal so many breaks and fractures as to make further progress impossible.

At length Professor Porter essayed an attempt to move one leg. To his surprise it responded to his will as in days gone by. He now drew up its mate and stretched it forth again.

"Most remarkable," he murmured. "Thank heaven, professor," whispered Mr. Philander fervently. "You're not dead, then?"

"Tut, tut, Mr. Philander; tut, tut!" cautioned Professor Porter. "I do not know as yet."

With infinite solicitude Professor Porter wiggled his right arm—joy! It was intact. Breathlessly he waved his left arm above his prostrate body. It waved.

"Most remarkable; most remarkable," he said. "To whom are you signaling, professor?" asked Mr. Philander in an excited tone.

Professor Porter deigned to make no response to this puerile inquiry. Mr. Philander had not moved from where he had fallen. He had not dared the attempt. How, indeed, could one move when one's arms and legs and back were broken?

One eye was buried in the soft loam; the other, rolling sidewise, was fixed in awe upon the strange gyrations of Professor Porter.

Professor Porter rolled over upon his stomach. Then he sat up and felt of various portions of his anatomy. "They are all here!" he ejaculated.

Whereupon he rose, and, bending a scathing glance upon the still prostrate form of Samuel T. Philander, he said: "Tut, tut, Mr. Philander; this is no time to indulge in stultish ease. We must be up and doing."

Mr. Philander lifted his other eye out of the mud and gazed in speechless rage at Professor Porter. Then he attempted to rise, nor could there have been any one more surprised than he when his efforts were immediately crowned with marked success.

He was still bursting with rage, however, at the cruel injustice of Professor Porter's insinuation and was on the point of rendering a tart rejoinder when his eyes fell upon a strange figure standing a few paces away, scrutinizing them intently.

Professor Porter had recovered his shiny silk hat, which he had brushed carefully upon the sleeve of his coat and replaced upon his head. When he saw Mr. Philander pointing to something behind him he turned to behold a giant, naked but for a loin cloth and a few metal ornaments, standing motionless before him.

"Good evening, sir," said the professor, lifting his hat.

For reply the giant motioned them to follow him and set off up the beach



"Good evening, sir," said the professor.

In the direction from which they had recently come.

"I think it the part of discretion to follow him," said Mr. Philander.

"Tut, tut, Mr. Philander," returned the professor. "A short time since you were advancing most logical argument in substantiation of your theory that camp lay directly south of us. I was skeptical, but you finally convinced me, so now I am positive that toward the south we must travel to reach our friends. Therefore I shall continue south."

Further argument was interrupted by Tarzan, who, seeing that these strange men were not following him, had returned to their side.

Again he motioned them to follow him, but still they stood in argument.

Presently the ape man lost patience with their stupid ignorance. He grasped the frightened Mr. Philander by the shoulder, and before that worthy gentleman knew whether he was being killed or merely maimed for life Tarzan had tied one end of his rope securely about Mr. Philander's neck.

"Tut, tut, Mr. Philander," remonstrated Professor Porter. "It is most

unbecoming in you to submit to such indignities."

But scarcely were the words out of his mouth as he, too, had been seized and securely bound by the neck with the same rope. Then Tarzan set off toward the north, leading the now thoroughly frightened professor and his secretary.

In deathly silence they proceeded for what seemed hours to the two tired and hopeless old men, but presently, as they topped a little rise of ground, they were overjoyed to see the cabin lying before them, not a hundred yards distant.

Here Tarzan released them and, pointing toward the little building, vanished into the jungle beside them.

It was a much relieved party of castaways that found itself once more united. Dawn discovered them still recounting their various adventures and speculating upon the identity of the strange guardian and protector they had found on this savage shore.

(To Be Continued.)

Alvo Notes

Mrs. C. R. Jordan was in Lincoln Saturday.

Mrs. Ike Wolfe traded in Lincoln Saturday.

Miss Flo Boyles spent Sunday with her folks.

Will Casey had business in Lincoln Tuesday.

George Skiles of Murdock was in town Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Evans, autoed to Lincoln Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Timblin and son were in Lincoln Monday.

Joe Foreman was in Omaha and South Omaha Monday and Tuesday.

Joe Bird left Saturday for Kansas to visit relatives for a few days.

U. S. Revenue Inspector Critchfield of Omaha was in town Wednesday.

Mr. Ellis of University Place, the gas light man, was in Alvo Monday.

Mrs. Dee Tyson and little daughter were trading in Lincoln Monday.

Mrs. J. A. Shaffer was in the capital city Saturday of last week on business.

John Murley had a carload of hogs on the South Omaha market Tuesday morning.

Miss Edith Foreman was home from school at University Place Saturday and Sunday.

C. R. Jordan started for Plattsmouth Monday to meet with the county commissioners.

Miss Ruby Stone spent Saturday and Sunday in University Place visiting relatives.

J. H. Stroemer and Harry Parsell were in Lincoln Monday on business, going by the auto route.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton of Omaha returned home Sunday after a visit with their son, Robert, for a week.

Mrs. John Casey, who visited in Lincoln last week, is visiting this week with her sons, Ed and Will and families.

The Mexican shoe maker sold out to A. Reolofsz and left Saturday for Des Moines, Iowa, to work in a shoe factory.

Mrs. Ebb Patterson and son, Sidney, of Utica, returned home Monday, after visiting friends here the past few days.

Miss Marie Appleman came home from the state university to visit Saturday and Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Appleman.

L. B. Appleman came home from Trenton, Neb., last Saturday, where he bought and shipped six cars of broom corn to Minneapolis.

Alfred Stroemer motored to Greenwood Saturday evening to meet George Bucknell, who came from Sterling, Neb., to spend Sunday with his folks.

Nine young coyotes were captured Sunday on Will Casey's west 80 by E. D. Friend, John Skinner, P. J. Linch, George Bucknell and Jesse Hardnock.

Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Boyles autoed to University Place Wednesday to visit the latter's mother, Mrs. Alex Skiles, who is improving in health at the present time.

The Ladies' Reading club met at Mrs. Joe Parsell's last week. They elected the following officers for six months: President, Mrs. John Murley; vice president, Mrs. Harry Appleman; secretary, Miss Stella Sheesley; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Orion Bladwin; treasurer, Mrs. Dale Boyles.

Charles Kirkpatrick and wife, while driving out to their place Wednesday morning, met the rural mail carrier from Waverly.

Worth Crowing About

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Pratts Poultry Regulator

Pratts Lice Killer, Powder—2c and 5c. Also a Spring necessity. Sure death to all dangerous vermin. Refuse substitutes; insist on Pratts. Get Pratts 100 page Poultry Book.



For sale by J. V. Egenberger, Plattsmouth, Wolff & Ault, Cedar Creek, 4515.

FRECKLE FACE

Sun and Wind Bring Out Ugly Spots—How to Remove Easily.

Here's a chance, Miss Freckle-face, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee of a reliable dealer that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes the freckles; while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling.

Simply get an ounce of othine—double strength—from any druggist and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the homely freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case.

Be sure to ask the druggist for the double strength othine as this is the prescription sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

Residence for Sale.

The Mrs. McVicker residence property on North Sixth street is offered for sale. For particulars call on Mrs. J. E. Leesley.

Farm for Sale.

90 1/2 acres, one-half miles north of M. P. depot. For particulars see J. W. Elliott. 4-16-14fwkly

Child Cross? Feverish? Sick?

A cross, peevish, listless child, with coated tongue, pale, doesn't sleep; eats sometimes very little, then again ravenously; stomach sour; breath fetid; pains in stomach, with diarrhea; grinds teeth while asleep, and starts up with terror—all suggest a Worm Killer—something that expels worms, and almost every child has them. Kickapoo Worm Killer is needed. Get a box today. Start at once, you won't have to coax, as Kickapoo Worm Killer is a candy confection. Expels the worms, the cause of your child's trouble. 25c at your Druggist.

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A mild system of treatment, that cures Piles, Fistula and other Rectal Diseases in a short time, without a surgical operation. No Chloroform, Ether or other general anesthetic used. A cure guaranteed in every case accepted for treatment, and no money to be paid until cured. Write for book on Rectal diseases, with testimonials of prominent people who have been permanently cured.

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ANOTHER WEEK GONE BY OF THE GREAT REBUILDING SALE

and trade in our store is getting heavier right along. Last Saturday we could hardly handle the crowd and why? It is easy to understand. The dollar does more work here than elsewhere. This Saturday we are trying to make a homer and bargains much greater than ever before. Read all the items and figure out how much money you can save on Saturday at this Sale.

MILLINERY
Ladies hats worth up to \$6 and \$7, your choice any of them at—
1.59

Ladies Skirts
Misses \$2 skirt....95c
" 3 "1.45
Ladies 5 "2.98
" 7 "3.98

Mens Clothing
Mens \$2 pants....98c
Boys suits.....1.69
Youths suits....4.95
Mens Worsted suit5.85
All Wool serge suit8.45

Corsets
A quantity of corsets usually sold at \$1 and 1.25, go Saturday..69c



SHOES SHOES
Mens work and dress shoes all sizes and grades in black or tan, all worth \$3 up to \$5 during this sale.....\$2.35

Ladies shoes, any pair in the house.....1.98

Misses shoes, size 2 to 4 in button or lace, gun metal or calf, cheap at \$2.50, on sale now at.....\$1.45

Window shades light and olive green
19c

Hair Nets, all colors
2c

Mens work Shirt well made blue, black, tan
33c

Mens summer Underwear, Balbrign or Porosknit
19 and 39c

Basting Thread, per spool
2c

White Cups and Saucers per set of 12
50c

Childrens Straw Hat shapes, regular 35c seller
10c

15c Flour Sieves
IXX tin
9c

Ladies house dresses and Kimonas, Saturday Special
69c

Mens soft collar shirts, sizes 14 1/2 and 15, regular 50c seller, Saturday special.
19c

Childrens rompers, a great washing saver.
19c

Half peck loose parlor matches
9c

Something you all need, Blue Overall Demin 22oz. goes at
15c

14qt. dish pans, new shipment, IXX tin
10c

Mens \$1.00 Overalls, best make
79c

3 o'clock Saturday will sell No 1 Galv. tubs at
25c

Good quality Cotton Crash toweling
4 1/2c

Childrens hose supporters worth 15c.
5c

Mens fancy soxs, regular 19c seller,
8c

Clothes Pins, best grade per doz.
1c

Mens Caps, spring styles, all colors
19c

A snap, 60 yds. of Turkey red tablecloth, 35c seller at
21c

Good quality Cotton Crash toweling
4 1/2c

Childrens hose supporters worth 15c.
5c

Mens fancy soxs, regular 19c seller,
8c

IX tin water pail 10 quart
10c

A lot of damaged mens coats, vests and pants, for to work in. Saturday special
25c

Fine broad Swiss embroideries, regular 50c and 75c goods, Saturday Special
23c

Mens Hose Supporters Sun, Boston, Paris
10c

Sun Bonnets, worth 25c and 35c,
15c

Sprinkling cans worth 50c
29c

Toilet Paper, good size roll
4c

Safety Pins, 5c seller
2c

Mens Hose Supporters Sun, Boston, Paris
10c

Sun Bonnets, worth 25c and 35c,
15c

Sprinkling cans worth 50c
29c

Mens Hats, black, brown or gray
1.45

Fancy table Oil Cloth, all patterns, Saturday special at per yard
12 1/2c

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