

CHAPTER XIII.

The Jungle Toll. ARLY the following morning Tarzan awoke, and the first thought of the new day, as the wonderful writing which lay hidden in

what the beautiful white girl had writ- years ago. ten there the preceding evening.

At the first glace he suffered the bitterest disappointment of his whole life, He was baffled by strange, uncouth characters the like of which he had never seen before! Why, they even tipped in the opposite direction from their officers. all that he had ever examined either a printed books or the difficult script one could imagine. I cannot even write I the few letters he had found.

them, when suddenly they commenced to take familiar though distorted shapes. Ah, they were his old friends,

Then he began to make out a word here and a word there. His heart leapel for joy. He could read it, and

In inother half hour he was progressing rapidly, and, but for an exceptions word now and again he found

West coast of Africa, about 10 degrees

it veryplain sailing. Here s what he read:

south laitude. (So Mr. Clayton says.) February 3(?), 1909. Dearest Hazel-It seems foolish to write you a lette that you may never see, but I simply must tell somebody of our awful experiences since we sailed from Europe

If we never return to civilization, as now seems 'anly too likely, this will at least prove a brier record of the events which led up to our fate, whatever it

As you know we were supposed to have set out upon a scientific expedition to the Kongo. Papa vas presumed to entertain some wondrous theory of an unthinkable ancient civilization, the remains of which lay buried somewhere in the Kongo val-But after we were well under sail

the truth came out.
It seems that an old bookworm who has a book and curio shop in Baltimore discovered between the leaves of a very old Spanish manuscript a letter written in 1750, detailing the adventures of a crew of mutineers of a Spanish galleon bound from Spain to South America with a vast treas-ure of "doubloons" and "pieces of eight," I suppose, for they certainly sound weird

and the letter was to his son, who was at the time the letter was written master of

Many years had elapsed since the events the letter narrated had transpired, and the old man had become a respected citizen of an obscure Spanish town, but the love of gold was still so strong upon him that he risked all to acquaint his son with the means of attaining fabulous wealth for

The writer told how when but a week out from Spain the crew had mutinied and murdered every officer and man who opposed them. They defeated their own ends by this very act, for there was none left competent to navigate a ship at sea. They were blown hither and thither for two months until, sick and dying of scurvy, starvation and thirst, they had been wrecked on a small islet.

The galleon was washed high upon the beach, where she went to pieces, but not before the survivors, who numbered but ten souls, had rescued one of the great chests of treasure.

This they buried well upon the island, and for three years they lived there in constant hope of being rescued. One by one they sickened and died until only one man was left, the writer of the

The men had built a boat from the gest them all. wreckage of the galleon; but, having no idea where the Island was located, they had not dared to put to sea.

When all were dead except himself, however, the awful loneliness so weighed upon the mind of the sole survivor that he could endure it no longer, and, choosing to risk death upon the open sen rather than madness on the lonely isle, he set

sail in his little boat after nearly a year Fortunately he sailed due north and within a week was in the track of the Spanish merchantmen plying between the West Indies and Spain and was picked up by one of these vessels homeward bound. The story he told was merely one of shipwreck in which all but a few had perished, the balance, except himself, dying

after they reached the island. He did not mention the mutiny or the chest of buried The master of the merchantman assured him that from the position at which they picked him up and the prevailing

winds for the past week he could have been on no other island than one of the Cape Verde group, which lie off the west coast of Africa in about 16 degrees or 17 degrees north latitude. His letter described the Island minutely,

as well as the location of the treasure, and was accompanied by the crudest, funniest little old map you ever saw, with trees and rocks all marked by scrawly X's to show the exact spot where the treasure had been buried.

When papa explained the real nature of the expedition my heart sank, for I know so well how visionary and impracical the poor dear has always been that feared that he had again been duped, specially when he told me that he had

Oh, how I detest that man! We all tried to look on the bright side of things, but Mr. Philander and Mr. Clayton-he joined us in London just for last of yesterday, was of the the adventure-both felt as skeptical as 1. To make a long story short, we found bound oak chest wrapped in many layers of oiled saficioth and as strong and firm ing against hope that he could read as when it had been buried nearly 200

> It was simply filled with gold coin and was so heavy that four men bent beneath

but murder and misfortune to those who have to do with it, for three days after we salled from the Cape Verde islands our own crew mutinied and killed every one of

It was the most terrifying experience

For twenty minutes he pored over of them, the leader, a man named King. would not let them, and so they sailed south along the coast to a lonely spot where they found a good harbor, and here they have landed and left us.

They sailed away with the treasure today, but Mr. Clayton says they will meet with a fate similar to the mutineers of the ancient galleon, because King, the gation, was murdered on the beach by one of the men the day we landed. I wish you could know Mr. Clayton. He

is the dearest fellow imaginable, and, unless I am mistaken, he has fallen very much in love with poor little me He is the only son of Lord Greystoke and some day will inherit the title and estates. In addition, he is wealthy in his own right. But the fact that he is going to be an English lord makes me very sad. You know what my sentiments have always been relative to American girls who

everything except birth he would do cred-

We have had the most weird experiences since we were landed here-papa and Mr. Philander lost in the jungle and chased by a real lion; Mr. Clayton lost and attacked twice by wild beasts; Esmeralda and I cornered in an old cabin by a perfectly awful man eating tiger! Oh, it was simply "terrifical," as Esmeralda would

wonderful creature who rescued us all. 1 papa and Mr. Philander have, and they say that he is a perfectly godlike white cabin. man tanned to a dusky brown, with the strength of a wild elephant, the agility of a monkey and the bravery of a Hon,

He speaks no English and vanishes as quickly and as mysteriously after he has performed some valorous deed as though ne were a disembodied spirit.

Then we have another welrd neighbor. the printed a beautiful sign in English and tacked it on the door of his cabin, which we have pre-empted, warning us to destroy none of his belongings and sign-ing himself "Tarzan of the Apes."

We have never seen him, though we think he is about, for one of the sallors the was going to shoot Mr. Clayton in the back received a spear in his shoulder from some unseen hand in the jungle.

The sallers left us but a meager supply of food, so, as we have only a single re volver with but three cartridges left in it, we do not know how we can procure meat. hough Mr. Philander says that we can exist indefinitely on the wild fruit and nuts which abound in the jungle.

I am very tired now, so I shall go to my funny bed of grasses which Mr. Clayton gathered for me, but will add to this from day to day as things happen. Lovingly,
JANE PORTER.

To Hazel Strong, Baltimore, Maryland. Tarzan sat in a brown study for a long time after he finished reading the letter. It was filled with so many new and wonderful things that his brain was in a whirl as he attempted to di-

So they did not know that he was Tarzan of the apes. He would tell them. In his tree he had constructed a rude shelter of leaves and boughs, beneath which, protected from the rain, he had placed the few treasures brought from the cabin. Among these were some

He took one, and beneath Jane Porter's signature he wrote, "I am Tarzan

He thought that would be sufficient, Later he would return the letter to the

In the matter of food, thought Tarzan, they had no need to worry-he would provide, and he did.

The next morning Jane Porter found her missing letter in the exact spot two old men, plunged into the jungle, presario of the Metropolitan peared in the Friday issue, and from which it had disappeared two calling the girl's name aloud. For half opera house, and he expressed early Saturday morning he renights before. She was mystified, but an hour they stumbled on until Clay- himself as being very favorably ceived an answer to the ad from when she saw the printed words be- ton, by merest chance, came upon the impressed by Miss Dovey's voice, Mrs. A. W. Dawson, who called neath her signature she felt a chill run | prostrate form of Esmeralda. up her spine. She showed the letter, or rather the last sheet with the signa- her pulse and then listening for her

"To think," she said. "that uncanny thing was probably watching me all the time that I was writing-oo! It What has happened? Esmeralda!" makes me shudder just to think of it." "But he must be friendly," reassured Clayton, "for he has returned about her, your letter, nor did he offer to harm you, and unless I am mistaken he left | fainted again. aid a thousand dollars for the letter and a very substantial memento of his friendship outside the cabin door last | Mr. Philander had come up.

that did not bring its offering of game and you know, dearle, what that will or other food. Sometimes it was a mean for me if papa cannot meet them. | young deer, again a quantity of strange cooked food, cassava cakes pilfered from the village of Mbonga, or a boar, or leopard, and once a lion.

Tarzan derived the greatest pleasure of his life in hunting meat for these strangers. It seemed to him that no pleasure on earth could compare with laboring for the welfare and protection of the beautiful white girl.

Some day he would venture into the camp in daylight and talk with these people through the medium of the little bugs which were familiar to them and to Tarzan.

But he found it difficult to overcome the timidity of the wild thing of the forest, and so day followed day without seeing a fulfillment of his good in-

The party in the camp, emboldened by familiarity, wandered farther and farther into the jungle in search of nuts and fruit.

Scarcely a day passed that did not find Professor Porter straying in his preoccupied indifference toward the only man aboard who knew aught of nav- jaws of death. Mr. Samuel T. Philander, never what one might call robust, was worn to the shadow of a shadow through the ceaseless worry and mental distraction resultant from his herculean efforts to safeguard the profes-

> A month passed. Tarzan had finally determined to sit the camp by day

It was early afternoon. Clayton had married titled foreigners. Oh, if he were | wandered to the point at the harbor's mouth to look for passing vessels Here he kept a great mass of wood it to my darling old country, and that is high piled ready to be ignited as a sigthe greatest compliment I know how to nal should a steamer or a sail top the far horizon.

Professor Porter was wandering along the beach south of the camp. with Mr. Philander at his elbow urging him to turn his steps back before the two became again the sport of some

The others gone, Jane Porter and Esmeralda had wandered into the junhave not seen him, but Mr. Clayton and | gle to gather fruit and in their search | were led farther and farther from the

> Tarzan waited in silence before the ly by the shoulder. door of the little house until they

now. He wondered if she would fear Whafer de devil round after po' ole him, and the thought all but caused Esmeralda? She ain't done nuffin' to him to relinquish his plan.

While he waited he passed the time printing a message to her. Whether he intended giving it to her he himself could not have told, but he took infinite pleasure in seeing his thoughts expressed in print, in which he was not MISS ALICE DOVEY so uncivilized after all. He wrote:

so uncivilized after all. He wrote: I am Tarzan of the apes. I am yours You are mine. We will live here together always in my house. I will bring you the best fruits, the tenderest deer, the finest meats that roam the jungle. I will hunt for you. I am the greatest

of the jungle hunters. I will fight for you. I am the mightiest of the jungle fighters. You are Jane Porter. I saw it in your

letter. When you see this you will know that it is for you and that Tarzan of the

lower branches of the forest. For an instant he listened intently, and then from the jungle came the agonized scream of a woman, and Tarzan

ther into the forest. ing to the cabin, calling out to each

other as they approached a volley of excited questions. A glance within confirmed their worst fears.

He stooped beside her, feeling for heart beats. She lived. He shook her. "Esmeralda!" he shrieked in her ear.

Slowly the black opened ber eyes. will undoubtedly help her in the She saw Clayton. She saw the jungle future.

"Oh, Gabriel!" she screamed and By this time Professor Porter and To add to my distress I learned that he night, for I just found the carcass of a "What shall we do, Mr. Clayton?" free.

and berrowed \$10,000 more from Robert wild boar there as I came out."

Lander and had given his notes for the From then on scarcely a day passed we look? Heaven could not have been The Journal does job work.

# Hats!

they are not the greatest bargains ever offered here.

A sample line of hats that never saw the counters yet. It is a 8c dren's hats in Straw and Felt 

### Granite Kettles . . . . . . . 29c Clothing!

Knee Pants		24	\$	.29	
Men's Pants				.89	
Boy's Suits					
Youth's Suits					
Men's Suits				5.95	
Serge Suits				7.95	

House

Furnishings!

Doz. Clothes Pins.....

Pie Plates.....

Toilet Paper .....

Cup and Saucer .....

Garden Sets.....

Flour Sieves.....

Water Pails.....10c

Window Shades ..... 19c

## Ladies' Furnishings!

nair Nets		. 46
Lace Handkerchiefs		. 70
15c Hose		
Sun Bonnets		
Tea Aprons		. 150
Combination Suits		
Night Gowns		.390
\$1.00 Corsets	. ,	590
Fine Kimonos		
Picque Skirts		890

# Millinery!

All of our Millinery was sold at great bargain prices, but now we are stopping for nothing and must close it out. On sale Saturday \$1.29, \$1.12.98, 69 and

# House Dresses!

-GREATEST EVER-

OF ALL BARGAIN OFFERINGS WILL TAKE PLACE ON

Saturday at The Variety Store

we giving to the people of Cass county an opportunity to supply their wants for one-half or one-third of what they have to pay elsewhere. Read every item and debate with yourself if

More than ever are we cutting prices in order to reduce the stock. More than ever are

A brand new lot of House Dresses of latest styles in Chamlot of men's, boy's and chil-brays, Ginghams and Percales. Sizes 34 to 44—a big bargain at On sale Saturday for \$1.95, \$1.25. On sale Saturday for 89, 79, 69 and

# Ladies' Waists!

A lot of Ladies' White Lawn Waists-all of the very latest designs and style. Sizes from 34 to 44. They run in prices up to \$6.00—on sale Saturday for \$1.69, \$1.29, 98, 79, 69 and

# Toy Pistols and Caps Wariety Store

## Men's Furnishings!

Arm Bands	3c
White Handkerchiefs	4c
Colored Handkerchiefs	5c
Boy's Suspenders	5c
Fancy Hose	8c
Hose Supporters 1	0c
Men's Caps1	9c
Men's Suspenders 1	
Summer Underwear1	
Work Shirts3	Зс
	_

### Shoes

DALOGO
Children's Shoes\$ .98
Misses' Shoes 1.19
Boy's Shoes 1.35
Ladies' Shoes 1.45
Men's Shoes 2535
Men's Oxfords 265

## Summer Dress Goods!

Basting Thread	 	. 2
Crash Toweling	 	. 4
Calicos		
Gingham		
Muslins	 	. 7
Curtain Goods		
Chambreys	 • •	. 9
Summer Lawns	 	. 8
Pillow Tubing		
Russian Toweling	 2002	. 16

"We must rouse Esmeralda first." replied Clayton. "She can tell us what has happened. Esmeralda!" he cried again, shaking the black woman rough-

"Oh, Gabriel, Ah wants to die!" cried the poor woman, but with eyes His thoughts were of the beautiful fast closed. "Lemme die. but doan' white girl. They were always of her lemme see dat awrful face again.

(To Be Continued.)

# TO SAIL FOR PARIS IN A FEW DAYS

From Tuesday's Daily.
Miss Alice Dovey will sail May 19th for Paris on "The Ryndam," As he stood, straight as a young In- Holland-American line, where dian, by the door waiting, after he had she will remain for about two finished the message, there came to his months. Miss Dovey will be ackeen ears a familiar sound. It was the companied by Mrs. Frank C. passing of a great ape through the Starr of New York and Miss Rita will devote his time to this job, she was abroad last year. Mrs. of the apes, dropping his first love let- Starr and Miss Dovey will spend ter upon the ground, shot like a pan- most of their time in vocal study plant will be located on Richey under one of the great French Clayton also heard the scream, and instructors. Upon her return Professor Porter and Mr. Philander, Miss Dovey will continue her and in a few minutes they came pant- work under the management of From Tuesday's Daily. Instantly Clayton, followed by the recently by Mr. Dipple, the im- south part of town, and it apmake a perfect "Madame Butter- on Monday the deal was closed have aroused the interest of the and at the slight expense of a lit-"Esmeralda! Where is Miss Porter? great manager, as grand opera is the paid local. This was certain-Miss Dovey's ambition, and he ly quick returns.

> M. Tritsch, refracting optician, at Gering & Co.'s Wednesday and Saturday evenings. Examination

## CONTRACT LET FOR BUILDING THE ARTIFICIAL ICE PLANT BUILDING

The contract for the erection

will be largely of concrete and the jolly bunch had great fun mouth. will, when completed, accommodate the fifteen-ton plant to be installed. The work will be rushed as soon as it can be started, as there is a desire on the part of the company to have it ready for use as near the last of June as possible, and no time will be lost in the work, Mr. McMaken is a rustler when he takes hold of in Paris with Miss Dovey when and you can bet that the ice plant will be gotten into shape before many weeks have gone by. The

### Advertising Sure Pays.

Mr. Elanger, who is having a Last Friday afternoon Charles piece especially written for her by L. Freese called at the Journal Ivan Cyral, composer of "The office and inserted an advertise-Jane Porter and Esmeralda were not Pink Lady," and Harry B. Smith. ment in this paper for the sale Miss Dovey was given a hearing of his residence property in the saying he considered she would and looked over the property, and fly." She is most fortunate to whereby the preperly was sold,

> The Kind You Have Always Bought Signature of Gat H. Hetches.

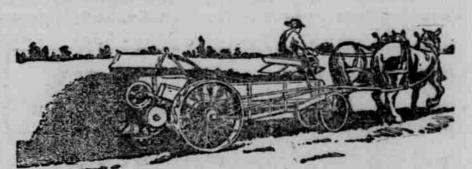
## A JOLLY HOUSE PARTY AT THE HUNTER HOME IN THIS CITY

From Tuesday's Daily.

coming in from their homes at Weeping Water.

The girls were entertained every minute of the time they were here and many enjoyable social moments were passed in taking pictures, autoing, playing games and lots of music furnished by the different members of the jolly house party. Sunday At their handsome home in this morning, with seven more young of the new artificial ice plant has city Misses Helen and Clara people of Plattsmouth, met at the just been let to J. H. McMaken of Hunter gave a week-end party on Hunter home, and taking well this city, who will start in at Friday, Saturday and Sunday in filled lunch baskets with them once in the making ready of the honor of Misses Irene Philpot, motored to Patterson's pond, ground and securing material for Carrie Smith, Louise Miller, Ber- where they enjoyed the rest of the construction of the new nice Rector, Veda Clark and Leta the day picnicking. The jolly building, which will be made as Philpot. The party arrived here bunch left for Weeping Water at modern as possible and will be Friday evening, being brought 6:30 Sunday evening, declaring made on plans especially for a here by Albert Philpot, the Weep- they had spent one of the best building of this character. It ing Water autoist, in his car, and times of their lives in Platts-

# International Harvester Manure Spreaders



GRAIN AND HAY
MACHINES
Binders, Renpers
Headers, Mowers
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Hay Loaders
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Planters, Pickers
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STEEL frame on steel wheels—that is the lasting basis on which Interis the lasting basis on which International manure spreaders are built. All parts, including box, beater, spreading mechanism, apron, are built by experts, using best materials, from careful designs based on field tests.

Every detail is strong and durable, built for long life and ease of draft. Among the features that will interest you are these: Simple protected beater driving mechanism, all of steel; load carried on rear axle, insuring traction; reversible gear and worm; low, easily loaded box, with ample clearance underneath; end gate, preventing clogging

of beater while driving to the field; etc.

All styles are in the I H C spreader line, high and low, endless and reverse apron, and various sizes for small and large farms. Our catalogues will tell you more. Write for them and let us tell you also where you may see I H C manure spreaders.

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