

Tarzan of the Apes

by Edgar Rice Burroughs

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CHAPTER XVII.
Left in the Jungle.

LOWLY Jane turned and walked back to the cabin. She tried to imagine her wood god by her side in the saloon of an ocean liner. She saw him eating with his hands, tearing his food like a beast of prey and wiping his greasy fingers upon his thighs. She shuddered.

She saw him as she introduced him to her friends—uncouth, illiterate, a boor—and she winced.

She had reached her room now, and as she sat upon the edge of her bed of ferns and grasses, with one hand resting upon her rising and falling bosom, she felt the hard outlines of the man's locket beneath her waist.

She drew it out, holding it in the palm of her hand for a moment with tear blurred eyes bent upon it. Then she raised it to her lips and, crushing it there, buried her face in the soft ferns, sobbing.

"Deast?" she murmured. "Then heaven make me a beast, for man or beast, I am yours!"

She did not see Clayton again that day. Esmeralda brought her supper to her, and she sent word to her father that she was suffering from the reaction following her adventure.

The next morning Clayton left early with the relief expedition in search of Lieutenant D'Arnot. There were 200 armed men this time, with ten officers and two surgeons and provisions for a week.

They carried bedding and hammocks, the latter for transporting their sick and wounded.

It was a determined and angry company—a punitive expedition as well as one of relief. They reached the scene of the skirmish of the previous expedition shortly after noon, for they were now traveling a known trail, and no time was lost in exploring.

From there on the elephant trail led straight to Mbonga's village. It was but 2 o'clock when the head of the column halted upon the edge of the clearing.

In a few minutes the village street was filled with armed men fighting in an inextricable tangle. The revolvers, carbines and cutlasses of the Frenchmen crumpled the native spearmen and struck down the black archers with their bolts half drawn.

Soon the battle turned to a wild rout and then to grim massacre, for the French sailors had seen bits of D'Arnot's uniform upon several of the black warriors who opposed them.

They spared the children and those of the women whom they were not forced to kill in self defense, but when at length they stopped, panting, blood covered and sweating, it was because there lived to oppose them no single warrior of all the savage village of Mbonga.

Carefully they ransacked every hut and corner of the village, but no sign of D'Arnot could they find. They questioned the prisoners by signs. Only excited gestures and expressions of fear could they obtain in response to their inquiries concerning their fellow.

At length all hope left them, and they prepared to camp for the night within the village.

The prisoners were herded into three huts, where they were heavily guarded. Sentries were posted at the barred gates, and finally the village was wrapped in the silence of slumber except for the wailing of the native women for their dead.

The next morning they set out upon the return march. Their original intention had been to burn the village, but this idea was abandoned, and the prisoners were left behind, weeping and moaning, but with roofs to cover them and a palisade for refuge from the beasts of the jungle.

Slowly the expedition retraced its steps of the preceding day. Ten loaded hammocks retarded its pace. In eight of them lay the more seriously wounded, while two swung beneath the weight of the dead.

Clayton and Lieutenant Charpentier brought up the rear of the column, the Englishman silent in respect for the other's grief, for D'Arnot and Charpentier had been inseparable since boyhood.

It was quite late when they reached the cabin by the beach. The dead and wounded men were tenderly placed in boats and rowed silently toward the cruiser.

By the cabin door stood Jane Porter. "The poor lieutenant?" she asked. "Did you find no trace of him?"

"We were too late, Miss Porter," he replied sadly.

"Tell me—what had happened?" she asked.

"I cannot, Miss Porter. It is too horrible."

She thought of what Clayton had said of the forest man's probable relationship to this tribe.

To him, too, suddenly came the thought of the forest man. The strange jealousy he had felt two days before swept over him once more.

In sudden brutality that was unlike him he blurted out:

"When your forest god left you he was doubtless hurrying to the feast."

He was sorry ere the words were spoken, though he did not know how cruelly they had cut the girl. His regret was for his baseless disloyalty to one who had saved the lives of every member of his party nor ever offered harm to one.

The girl's head went high.

"There could be but one suitable reply to your assertion," she said icily. "I regret that I am not a man that I might make it."

She turned quickly and entered the cabin.

Clayton was an Englishman, so the girl had passed quite out of sight before he deduced what reply a man would have made.

"Upon my word," he said ruefully, "she called me a liar. And I fancy I deserved it. I'd better go to bed."

But before he did so he called gently to Jane Porter upon the opposite side of the sailcloth partition, for he wished to apologize, but he might as well have addressed the sphinx. Then he wrote upon a piece of paper and shoved it beneath the partition.

Jane Porter saw the little note and ignored it, for she was very angry and hurt and mortified, but she was a woman, and so eventually she picked it up and read it. It said:

My Dear Miss Porter—I had no reason to insinuate what I did. My only excuse is that my nerves must be unstrung, which is no excuse at all.

Please try to think that I did not say it. I am very sorry. I would not have hurt you above all others in the world. Say that you forgive me.

W. M. CECIL CLAYTON.

"He did think it or he never would have said it," reasoned the girl. "But it cannot be true. I know it is not true."

One sentence in the letter frightened her—"I would not have hurt you above all others in the world."

A week ago that sentence would have filled her with delight. Now it depressed her.

She wished she had never met Clayton. She was sorry that she had ever seen the forest god—no, she was glad. And there was that other note she had found in the grass before the cabin the day after her return from the jungle, the love note signed by Tarzan of the apes.

Who could be this new suitor? If he were another of the wild denizens of this terrible forest, what might he not do to claim her?

When D'Arnot regained consciousness he found himself lying upon a bed of soft ferns and grasses beneath a little A shaped shelter of boughs.

At his feet an opening looked out upon a greensward, and at a little distance beyond was the dense wall of jungle and forest.

He was very lame and sore and weak, and as full consciousness returned he felt the sharp torture of many cruel wounds and the dull aching of every bone and muscle in his body as a result of the hideous beating he had received.

The incessant hum of the jungle, the rustling of millions of leaves, the buzz of insects, the voices of the birds and monkeys seemed blended into a strangely soothing pur, as though he lay apart, far from the myriad life that surrounded him and whose sounds came to him only faintly.

At length he fell into slumber, nor did he awake again until afternoon. Looking through the opening at his feet, he saw the figure of a man squatting on his haunchs.

The broad, muscular back was turned toward him, but, tanned though it was, D'Arnot saw that it was the back of a white man, and he thanked heaven.

The man only shook his head—sadly, it seemed to the Frenchman.

Then D'Arnot tried English, but still the man shook his head. Italian, Spanish and German brought similar discouragement.

After examining D'Arnot's wounds the man left the shelter and disappeared. In half an hour he was back with fruit and a hollow, gourdlike vegetable filled with water.

D'Arnot drank and ate a little. Suddenly the man hastened from the shelter, only to return a few minutes later with several pieces of bark and—wonder of wonders—a lead pencil.

Squatting beside D'Arnot, he wrote for a minute on the smooth inner surface of the bark; then he handed it to the Frenchman. D'Arnot read:

I am Tarzan of the apes. Who are you? Can you read this language?

D'Arnot eagerly seized the pencil; then he stopped. This strange man wrote English. Evidently he was an Englishman.

"Yes," said D'Arnot, "I read English. I speak it also. Now we may talk. First let me thank you for all that you have done for me."

The man only shook his head and pointed to the pencil and the bark.

"Mon Dieu!" cried D'Arnot. "If you are English, why is it then that you cannot speak English?"

And then in a flash it came to him—the man was a mute, possibly a deaf mute.

So D'Arnot wrote a message on the bark in English:

I am Paul D'Arnot, lieutenant in the navy of France. I thank you for what you have done for me. You have saved my life, and all that I have is yours. May I ask how it is that one who writes English does not speak it?

Tarzan's reply filled D'Arnot with still greater wonder:

I speak only the language of my tribe, the great apes who were Kerchak's, and a little of the languages of Tantor, the elephant, and Numa, the lion, and of the other folks of the jungle I understand. With a human being I have never spoken except once with Jane Porter, by signs. This is the first time I have spoken with another of my kind through written words.

D'Arnot was mystified. It seemed incredible that there lived upon the earth a full grown man who had never spoken with a fellow man and still more preposterous that such a one could read and write.

He looked again at Tarzan's message—"except once with Jane Porter." That was the American girl who had been carried into the jungle by a gorilla.

A sudden light commenced to dawn on D'Arnot. This, then, was the "gorilla." He seized the pencil and wrote:

Where is Jane Porter?

And Tarzan replied below:

Back with her people in the cabin of Tarzan of the apes.

D'Arnot wrote:

She is not dead, then? Where was she? What happened to her?

Tarzan answered:

She is not dead. She was taken by Terkoz to be his wife. Tarzan of the apes took her away from Terkoz and killed him before he could harm her.

None in all the jungle may face Tarzan of the apes in battle and live. I am Tarzan of the apes, mighty fighter.

D'Arnot wrote:

I am glad she is safe. It pains me to write. I will rest awhile.

And then Tarzan:

Yes, rest. When you are well I shall take you back to your people.

For many days D'Arnot lay upon his bed of soft ferns. The second day a fever had come, and D'Arnot thought that it meant infection and he knew

that he would die.

He called Tarzan and indicated by signs that he would write, and when Tarzan had fetched the bark and pencil D'Arnot wrote:

Can you go to my people and lead them here? I will write a message that you may take to them, and they will follow you.

Tarzan shook his head and, taking the bark, wrote:

I thought of that the first day. I dared not. The great apes come often to this spot. If they found you here wounded and alone they would kill you.

D'Arnot turned on his side and closed his eyes. He did not wish to die, but he felt that he was going, for the fever was mounting higher and higher. That night he lost consciousness.

For three days he was in delirium, and Tarzan sat beside him and bathed his head and hands and washed his wounds.

On the fourth day the fever broke as suddenly as it had come, but it left D'Arnot a shadow of his former self and very weak. Tarzan had to lift him that he might drink from the gourd.

The fever had not been the result of infection, as D'Arnot had thought, but one of those that commonly attack whites in the jungles of Africa and either kill or leave them as suddenly as D'Arnot's had left him.

Two days after they sat beneath the shade of a great tree, and Tarzan found some smooth bark that they might converse.

D'Arnot wrote:

What can I do to repay you for all that you have done for me?

Tarzan wrote in reply:

Teach me to speak the language of men.

And so D'Arnot commenced at once, pointing out familiar objects and repeating their names in French, for he thought that it would be easier to teach this man his own language, since he understood it himself best of all.

It meant nothing to Tarzan, of course, for he could not tell one language from another, so when he pointed to the word "tree" which he had printed upon a piece of bark he learned from D'Arnot that it was pronounced "l'homme," and in the same way he was taught to pronounce ape "singe" and tree "arbre."

He was a most eager student and in two more days had mastered so much French that he could speak little sentences such as "That is a tree," "This is grass," "I am hungry," and the like, but D'Arnot found that it was difficult to teach him the French construction upon a foundation of English.

(To Be Continued.)

MINORITY HOLDERS GRANTED INJUNCTION Must Be Given Control of St. J. and G. I. Road.

Lincoln, May 28.—Control of the affairs of the St. Joseph and Grand Island Railroad company must be given to the minority stockholders of that company by the Union Pacific company within the next sixty days or a receiver will be appointed by the federal court.

This was the gist of a memorandum opinion given by Judge Thomas C. Munser of the United States district court of Nebraska, in which he grants the injunction sought by the Grand Island minority stockholders. The opinion involves a settlement of the long-pending litigation between the minority stockholders of the road and the Union Pacific, the majority stockholder. The petitioners alleged the affairs of the line were being regulated for the benefit and advantage of the Union Pacific. They asked for an injunction restraining further activities until a complete accounting could be had. They also asked that a receiver be appointed for the St. Joseph and Grand Island road.

The action was started two years ago in the district court of Clay county, Nebraska, and was later transferred to the federal court, Samuel Untermyer making the initial argument for the minority stockholders.

Judge Munger holds that the road's affairs under the present operation are being managed in violation of the Sherman anti-trust act, and that ownership and control of the St. Joseph and Grand Island by the Union Pacific impairs the usefulness of the smaller road.

Drowns Self in Big Horn River.
Basin, Wyo., May 28.—A. C. Dent of the Dent Sheep company, Owl Creek, committed suicide at Greybull by walking into the Big Horn river and drowning himself. No cause is known.

Ravenna Votes Sewer Bonds.
Ravenna, Neb., May 28.—By a majority of sixty-one votes Ravenna decided to issue bonds for the purpose of building a sewer system.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, ss. Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.
A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

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Alvo Notes

Alex Skiles was in Murdock on Monday.

C. R. Jordan was in Lincoln on business Tuesday.

Miss Emily Strong was trading in Lincoln Tuesday.

John Murtey was doing business in Lincoln Thursday.

Charles Goaberg was at Lincoln on business Saturday.

Rev. Fred Snocker of Lincoln visited friends here Friday.

Sam Cashner was transacting business in Omaha Tuesday.

Clark & Son shipped six crates of poultry to Omaha Tuesday.

Ed Polley of Seward, Neb., took dinner with J. A. Shaffer Monday.

Alex Skiles was visiting his brother, George, at Murdock last Monday.

William Timblin, wife and children were Lincoln visitors Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick were capital city visitors in Lincoln Saturday.

Rev. A. P. Musselman and wife were in Lincoln on business last Saturday.

Will Sutton and Cliff Appleman were in Eagle Thursday evening on business.

Mrs. J. H. Stroemer and daughter, Miss Marie, were shopping in Lincoln last Saturday.

S. C. Boyles and wife autoed to David City Saturday to visit Mrs. Boyles' brother, Charles Skiles.

J. A. Shaffer was a passenger on No. 86 for South Bend Tuesday, returning Wednesday morning.

Clarence and Harry Linch of Lincoln autoed down Tuesday afternoon, transacting business here.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy King and daughter of Lincoln were visitors with Herbert Moore and family this week.

Miss Alta Linch and brother, Verl, spent Saturday and Sunday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Linch.

The Misses Belle and Edith Foreman and Gladys Appleman came in Saturday from school duties at Lincoln.

Dr. I. D. Jones, wife and little daughter, Mary Edna, autoed over from Murdock Monday on professional business.

Harry Vickers and Miss Anna Daniels of Omaha, visited Saturday and Sunday with his uncle, Thomas Stout and family.

Albert Foreman and his little sister, Aurel, left Monday for a week's visit in Seward county with their brother, Oris and family.

Alex Skiles and Jake Shaffer want to know when Col. Bates is coming to Alvo? Please answer. (Not many days will elapse when you will see our old ball pate coming into Alvo, in such a manner as will make Jake Shaffer and Alex Skiles understand that we are still on this mundane sphere. Watchful waiting will tell the tale.—Col. Bates.)

Obituary.
Died—Mrs. Fred Royal Dain, at Lincoln, Neb., May 20, 1914, of pneumonia, aged 22 years and 13 days. Mrs. Dain, who was formerly Miss Ethel Alma Stewart, was born in Eagle, Cass county, Nebraska, May 7, 1892, and grew to womanhood in this vicinity, where her quiet, sincere life will not be forgotten. She united with the Alvo M. E. church August 26, 1906, during Rev. White's ministry. She was married July 3, 1914, to Fred P. Dain at Lincoln, where they have since made their home. One little son, now 2 years of age was born to them. The remains were brought to Alvo May 22, 1914, where the funeral was held in the M. E. church and conducted by the Rev. Farwell, interment taking place in the Elmwood cemetery, where other relatives are buried. The relatives, Mr. Dain, her husband, and little son, Clarence, R. W. Stewart, her uncle, the Misses Clara and Ethel Stewart, Roy Stewart, Lee Stewart, Miss Dain and Mrs. Fannie Trenton have the sympathy of this community in their sorrow.

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