

Tarzan of the Apes

by Edgar Rice Burroughs

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CHAPTER XVIII.

Lost Treasure.

ON the third day after the fever broke Tarzan wrote a message asking D'Arnot if he felt strong enough to be carried back to the cabin. Tarzan was as anxious to go as D'Arnot, for he longed to see Jane Porter again.

It had been hard for him to remain with the Frenchman all these days. That he had done so spoke more glowingly for his nobility of character than even did his rescuing of the French officer from Mbonga's clutches.

D'Arnot was only too willing to attempt the journey.

"But you cannot carry me all the distance through this tangled forest," he wrote.

Tarzan laughed. "Mais oui," he said, and D'Arnot laughed aloud to hear the phrase that he used so often glide from Tarzan's tongue.

So they set out, D'Arnot marveling, as had Clayton and Jane Porter, at the wondrous strength and agility of the ape man.

Mid-afternoon brought them to the clearing, and as Tarzan dropped to earth from the branches of the last tree his heart leaped and bounded against his ribs in anticipation of seeing Jane Porter so soon again.

No one was in sight without the cabin. D'Arnot was perplexed to note that neither the cruiser nor the Arrow was at anchor in the bay.

An atmosphere of loneliness pervaded the spot which caught suddenly at both men as they strode toward the cabin.

Tarzan lifted the latch and pushed the great door in upon its wooden hinges. It was as they had feared. The cabin was deserted.

The men turned and looked at one another. D'Arnot knew that his people thought him dead, but Tarzan thought only of the woman who had kissed him in love and now had fled from him while he was serving one of her people.

A great bitterness rose in his heart. He would go away, far into the jungle, and join his tribe. Never would he see one of his own kind again, nor could he hear the thought of returning to the cabin.

And the Frenchman, D'Arnot, what of him? He could get along as Tarzan



"No, I shall not go, nor should you," he said. Tarzan did not want to see him more. He wanted to get away from everything that might remind him of Jane Porter.

As Tarzan stood upon the threshold brooding D'Arnot had entered the cabin. Many comforts he saw that had been left behind.

He recognized numerous articles from the cruiser—a camp oven, some kitchen utensils, a carbine and many rounds of ammunition, canned foods, blankets, two chairs and a cot and several books and periodicals, mostly American. "They must intend returning," he thought D'Arnot.

He walked over to the table that John Clayton had built so many years before to serve as a desk, and on it he saw two notes addressed to Tarzan of the apes.

One was in a strong masculine hand and was unsigned. The other, in a woman's hand, was sealed.

"Here are two messages for you, Tarzan of the apes," cried D'Arnot, turning toward the door, but his com-

panion was not there.

D'Arnot walked to the door and looked out. Tarzan was nowhere in sight. He called aloud, but there was no response.

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed D'Arnot. "He has left me. I feel it. He has gone back to his jungle and left me here alone."

Far to the east Tarzan of the apes was speeding through the middle terrace back to his tribe. Never had he traveled with such reckless speed.

He passed above the sinuous, striped body of Sabor, the tiger, going in the opposite direction—toward the cabin, thought Tarzan.

What could D'Arnot do against Sabor, or if Bolgani, the gorilla, should come upon him, or Numa, the lion, or cruel Sheeta?

Tarzan paused in his flight. "What are you, Tarzan?" he asked aloud, "an ape or a man?"

"If you are an ape you will do as the apes would do—leave one of your kind to die in the jungle if it suited your whim to go elsewhere."

"If you are a man you will return to protect your kind. You will not run away from one of your own people because one of them has run away from you."

D'Arnot closed the cabin door. He was very nervous. Even brave men—and D'Arnot was a brave man—are sometimes frightened by solitude.

He loaded one of the carbines and placed it within easy reach. Then he went to the desk and took up the unsigned letter addressed to Tarzan.

Possibly it contained word that his people had but left the beach temporarily. He felt that it would be no breach of ethics to read this letter, so he took the inclosure from the envelope and read:

To Tarzan of the Apes:
We thank you for the use of your cabin and are sorry that you did not permit us the pleasure of seeing and thanking you in person.

We have harmed nothing, but have left many things for you which may add to your comfort and safety here in your lonely home.

If you know the strange white man who saved our lives so many times and brought us food and if you can converse with him thank him also for his kindness.

We sail within the hour, never to return, but we wish you and that other jungle friend to know that we shall always thank you for what you did for strangers on your shore and that we should have done infinitely more to reward you both had you given us the opportunity. Very respectfully,

WM. CECIL CLAYTON.

"Never to return!" muttered D'Arnot and threw himself face downward upon the cot.

An hour later he started up, listening.

Something was at the door trying to enter.

D'Arnot reached for the loaded carbine and placed it to his shoulder, ready for any emergency that might arise.

Gently the door opened until a thin crack showed something standing just without.

D'Arnot sighted along the blue barrel at the crack of the door and then pulled the trigger.

When the expedition returned, following their fruitless endeavor to succor D'Arnot, Captain Dufranne was anxious to steam away as quickly as possible, and all save Jane Porter had acquiesced.

"No," she said determinedly, "I shall not go, nor should you, for there are two friends in that jungle who will come out of it some day expecting to find us awaiting them."

"But poor D'Arnot's uniform and all his belongings were found in that village, Miss Porter," argued the captain.

"The natives showed great excitement when questioned as to the white man's fate."

"But they did not admit that he was dead. As for his clothes and accoutrements being in their possession, more civilized peoples than these poor savage negroes strip their prisoners of every article of value whether they intend killing them or not."

"Possibly your forest man was captured or killed by the savages," suggested Captain Dufranne.

The girl laughed.

"You do not know him," she replied, a little thrill of pride setting her nerves a-tingle at the thought that she spoke of her own.

"I admit that he would be worth waiting for, this superman of yours," laughed the captain. "I most certainly should like to see him. The cruiser shall wait a few days longer."

"We can utilize the morrow in recovering the chest, professor," suggested Mr. Philander.

"Quite so, quite so, Mr. Philander. I had almost forgotten the treasure!"

exclaimed Professor Porter. "Possibly we can borrow some men to assist us and some of the prisoners to point out the location of the chest."

"Most assuredly, my dear professor. We are all yours to command," said the captain.

It was arranged that on the next day Lieutenant Charpentier was to take a detail of ten men and one of the mutineers of the Arrow as a guide and unearth the treasure; also that the cruiser would remain for a full week in the little harbor.

At the end of that time it was to be assumed that D'Arnot was truly dead and that the forest man would not return while they remained. Then the two vessels were to leave with all the party.

Professor Porter did not accompany the treasure seekers on the following day, but when he saw them returning empty handed toward noon he hastened forward to meet them, his usual preoccupied indifference entirely vanished, and in its place a nervous and excited manner.

"Where is the treasure?" he cried to Clayton while yet a hundred feet separated them.

Clayton shook his head.

"Gone," he said as he neared the professor.

"Gone! It cannot be. Who could have taken it?" cried Professor Porter.

"Heaven only knows, professor," replied Clayton. "We might have thought the fellow who guided us was lying about the location, but his surprise and consternation on finding no chest beneath the body of Sulpes were too real to be feigned."

"And then our spies showed us that something had been buried beneath the corpse, for a hole had been there, and it had been filled with loose earth."

"But who could have taken it?" repeated Professor Porter.

"Suspicion might naturally fall on the men of the cruiser," said Lieutenant Charpentier, "but for the fact that Sublieutenant Janviers here assures me that no men have had shore leave—that none has been on shore since we anchored here except under command of an officer."

"It would never have occurred to me to suspect the men to whom we owe so much," replied Professor Porter.

"I would as soon suspect my dear Clayton here or Mr. Philander."

"There must have been several in the party," said Jane Porter, who had joined them. "You remember that it took four men to carry it."

"By Jove!" cried Clayton. "That's right. It must have been done by a party of blacks. Probably one of them saw the men bury the chest and then returned immediately after with a party of his friends and carried it off."

"Speculation is futile," said Professor Porter sadly. "The chest is gone. We shall never see it more nor the treasure that was in it."

Only Jane Porter knew what the loss meant to her father, and none there knew what it meant to her.

Six days later Captain Dufranne announced that they would sail early on the morrow.

Jane Porter would have begged for a further reprieve had it not been that she, too, had begun to believe that her forest lover would return no more.

It was she who suggested that arms, ammunition, supplies and comforts be left behind in the cabin, ostensibly for that intangible personality who had signed himself Tarzan of the apes and for D'Arnot should he still be living, but really, she hoped, for her forest god.

And at the last minute she left a message for him, to be transmitted by Tarzan of the apes.

(To Be Continued.)

LOST—Between Main street and J. M. Young's residence on Chicago avenue, a child's hat. Finder will confer a favor by leaving same at this office.

5-26-14

300 LICE Or More on One Hen
le by no means uncommon. No one would expect to fatten a steer with that number of "lice" sucking his blood, but many expect to fatten a hen with the old hen to go ahead shelling out eggs while lice and mites are sapping her very life. We have counted over 2000 dead lice under a row of ten hens, on a roost board painted the night before with Lee's Lice Killer. This great killer does double duty—contact kills mites, lice, bedbugs, etc., about the roosts; the vapor kills lice on the chickens' skin over it. Put up only in airtight cans. For sale at over 15,000 towns.
Thousands—50c, 100c, 25c. Poultry Doctor.
For Sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

UNION.
Ledger.

ELMWOOD.
Leader-Echo.

Mrs. Nelson Applegate departed yesterday for Severance, Kas., to spend a few days visiting with her mother and other relatives.

Mrs. T. M. Patterson, Mrs. Joseph Felzer and Miss Charlotte Felzer of Plattsmouth were here Wednesday and spent the day visiting.

Wayne Dickson and wife of Plattsmouth were Sunday visitors at the home of Mrs. Dickson's mother, Mrs. Ida Applegate, near this village.

Samuel Luce and wife, daughter, Esther, and son, Roscoe, of Alma, Neb., arrived yesterday to make a visit among their relatives and friends in Union and vicinity.

Miss Addie and Mary Austin went over to Thurman, Iowa, last Friday to attend commencement exercises and also made a visit with some of their friends residing there.

Mark White and wife and his mother, Mrs. Ann White, of Rock Bluff's precinct, came down by auto Sunday and spent the day with some of their friends in this village.

C. P. Sydebotham, who has been Missouri Pacific section foreman here for some time, has resigned and is moving to Plattsmouth this week, where he will probably accept a position in the railroad shops.

J. M. Patterson went to Plattsmouth Monday evening to attend the senior class play at the opera house, also made a visit with his parents and other relatives and friends in that city.

Frank Leach, who has been afflicted for many months, the result of a stroke of paralysis, seems to be slowly improving and Wednesday was able to be taken out on the street to see the town for the first time since his illness began. Although unable to walk about, he enjoyed the little "excursion" in the invalid chair propelled by his friends and it was a very pleasant outing for him.

WEeping WATER.
Republican.

Mrs. Will Jameson, sr., returned Sunday morning from California, where she has spent the winter.

Wilson Sailor, west of town, left Wednesday afternoon for Winnet, Montana, for a visit with his daughter, Mrs. Ford Falott.

I. W. Teegraden and daughter, Miss Jeanette, departed Monday morning for a couple of weeks' visit with his father and other relatives at Avilla, Indiana.

John Wise and daughters, Edith and Grace, went to Lincoln Monday morning and were accompanied home in the afternoon by Mrs. Wise, who has been in the State hospital for some time.

Mrs. Arthur J. Wright and two little girls, of Wausa, arrived Tuesday evening for a couple of weeks' visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Parker. She had been visiting her sister in Iowa.

Charles Hansen, each of town, is shipping a car of horses and tools to Winnetoon this week, where he will do some farming this summer. The object of the move is so his wife can be with her mother.

Mrs. Emma Barry returned Saturday afternoon from her visit with her son, Albert, and family, at North Yakima. She liked the country fine and had a good visit but got hungry for Nebraska and especially Weeping Water.

Roy Coalman, one of the young farmers south of town, is getting into the cattle business quite rapidly. He had a cow that gave birth to triplet calves last week. Two of the calves are living. Twin calves are quite common, but triplets are very rare.

Mrs. E. F. Marshall departed Saturday morning for a visit at her old home at Leetonia, Ohio. She made an over Sunday visit with her daughter, Miss Carrie, Ames, Iowa. Mr. Marshall accompanied her as far as Omaha. A feature of her visit will be attending the golden wedding of her parents.

Farm for Sale.
Farm of 124 acres, 5 1/2 miles northeast of Union; 14 acres hay land, 20 acres pasture timber, rest in cultivation; well improved. Price right if taken soon. Address Miss Etta Nickels, Murray, Neb.

Farm for Sale.
The G. F. Switzer quarter, three miles southwest of Nehawka. For particulars see or write Henry M. Pollard, Nehawka, Neb.

Miss Nona Neihart of Kansas City arrived here Wednesday morning on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Neihart.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Stege, living close to town, are the proud parents of a ten and one-half-pound daughter, born to them on last Saturday.

Mrs. B. G. Morgan, who has been sick and unable to leave her home, was down town for the first time since August, and took dinner at Shreve's restaurant.

Sanford Clements, who has been instructor in manual training and agriculture in the Alliance public schools, came home for the summer, having completed his work for the year.

Adolph Mueller and wife are preparing to move to Cedar Rapids, Iowa, where several of their children are living. Both are old-time residents here and their friends are sorry to see them go.

Wednesday the snap-shot photographers were busy taking pictures of our citizens to be shown at "The I" the same evening. People were kept busy dodging them, but they got some good ones, which furnished a great deal of enjoyment for those who attended the moving picture show.

Ed and Frank Gustin last Thursday purchased in Omaha a carload of steers each, and shipped them here Friday. The steers were good ones and they expect to put them on pasture this summer and feed them some of the corn they raise and put them in good shape for the market.

Archie Mueller, who is a member of a spice and remedy company located at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, arrived in the city Sunday and spent several days visiting with his parents here. He was at Nebraska City, where he had been looking after some business for his company.

Mrs. Fred Burnhardt of Sterling, Colorado, has been visiting her brother, Herman Smith, at Murdock, Neb., for several days. She was in the city Tuesday visiting with Mrs. Anna Rosenkoetter. She was accompanied by her daughter, Ricky.

EAGLE.
Beacon.

J. S. Dysart shipped a carload of fat steers to the South Omaha market Tuesday.

Attorney Wm. DelesDernier of Elmwood spent Monday in town looking after business affairs.

Miss Abbie Judkins, who has been teaching school at Tobias, Neb., came home Wednesday afternoon to spend her summer vacation with home folks.

Samuel Vaughn left Tuesday for Vermont, Fulton county, Illinois, to look after his business interests there. He expects to return in about thirty days.

On Saturday of last week Geo. Oberle purchased a new five-passenger Ford from H. A. Williams of Elmwood. George will now be prepared to take care of livery work.

Miss Ollie Reitter came down from Lincoln Tuesday afternoon to attend the moonlight picnic given by the alumni association of the Eagle High school, and remained over a day to visit relatives.

Uncle Dave Stall arrived Tuesday from Napa, California, for a few days' visit with relatives and friends in and around Eagle. He will leave the latter part of the week for Ohio for an extended visit with relatives.

Miss Nova Tremain of Malcom, Neb., arrived in Eagle Wednesday afternoon for a few days' visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Oberle. Her sister, Miss Floy Tremain, who has just finished teaching a successful term of school at Highland, will accompany her home.

Wm. Umland was kicked in the mouth by a horse Monday of this week and received quite painful injuries. Under the care of his physician he is getting along nicely. Will be having more than his share of trouble lately, having just recovered from the effects of an injured hand.

Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. *Chas. H. Fletcher* Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Fev. richness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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Bears the Signature of

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The Kind You Have Always Bought

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LOUISVILLE. NEHAWKA.

Born—to Mr. and Mrs. Ross Dill, Tuesday, May 26, a girl.

Misses Iva and Margaret Seybert visited relatives at Plattsmouth this week.

Lou Diers is here from Humphrey visiting with his brother, Bill, and to enjoy a few days fishing.

Mrs. L. J. Mayfield spent a few days in Lincoln this week visiting at the home of Attorney Wm. H. Frampton.

The fine farm residence of Peter Gakemeier was struck by lightning during the electric storm Tuesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Todd of Plattsmouth attended commencement exercises at the opera house Friday evening. They were the guests of their cousin, C. G. Mayfield and family.

Miss Emily Livingston of DeWeese, who is recovering from an operation for appendicitis which she underwent recently in a Lincoln hospital, is spending a few weeks in this vicinity visiting her brothers and her many old friends.

Mrs. August Ossenkop returned Wednesday evening from the Clarkson hospital at Omaha, where she successfully underwent an operation two weeks ago for appendicitis. Her many friends will be pleased to learn of her recovery.

M. N. Drake received an invitation recently from his father, C. R. Drake, of Portland, Oregon, to attend his 86th birthday celebration, which occurred on May 8th. Mr. Drake regretted that on account of being laid up with a fractured ankle, it was out of the question to consider going. He says his father is in excellent health and enjoys life.

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.

The Journal does job work.

DAIRY FARMING IS INCREASING THE VALUE OF WESTERN FARMS

40,000 ACRES OF WYOMING SCHOOL LANDS near Cheyenne, the Capital of the State, will be sold at public auction June 17th to 21st, in tracts of from 160 to 640 acres, one-tenth down, balance eighteen annual payments—fertile soil, smooth surface, grass covered, well suited to dairy and mixed farming.

Write S. G. Hopkins, State Land Commissioner, Cheyenne, for plats and information.

LET ME PUT YOU IN TOUCH with owners of large areas who are selling at low prices, on attractive terms, to actual settlers, and otherwise aiding them. Dairy farming, by SILO methods, is revolutionizing Western farm conditions.

A number of MONDELL 320 ACRE TRACTS of splendid land yet available for homesteading for dairy farming. Write me. I am employed to help get you established on lands adjacent to the Burlington.

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