

Tarzan of the Apes

by *Edgar Rice Burroughs*

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CHAPTER XIX.

The Outpost of the World.

WITH the report of his gun D'Arnot saw the door fly open and the figure of a man pitch headlong within on to the cabin floor. It was Tarzan.

With a cry of anguish D'Arnot sprang to the ape man's side and, kneeling, lifted the black head in his arms, calling Tarzan's name aloud.

There was no response, and then D'Arnot placed his ear above the man's head. To his joy he heard its steady beating beneath.

The bullet had struck a glancing blow upon the skull. There was an ugly flesh wound, but no signs of a fracture of the skull beneath.

D'Arnot breathed a sigh of relief and went about bathing the blood from Tarzan's face.



For Days They Traveled.

Soon the cool water revived him, and presently he opened his eyes to look in questioning surprise at D'Arnot.

The latter had bound the wound with pieces of cloth, and as he saw that Tarzan had regained consciousness he rose and, going to the table, wrote a message, which he handed to the ape man, explaining the terrible mistake he had made and how thankful he was that the wound was not more serious. Then he handed Tarzan the two messages that had been left for him.

Tarzan read the first one through with a look of sorrow on his face. The second one he turned over and over, searching for an opening. He had never seen a sealed envelope before. At length he handed it to D'Arnot. The latter opened it and handed the letter back to Tarzan.

Sitting on a camp stool, the ape man spread the written sheet before him and read:

To Tarzan of the Apes:

Before I leave let me add my thanks to those of Mr. Clayton for the kindness you have shown in permitting us the use of your cabin.

That you never came to make friends with us has been a great regret to us. We should have liked so much to see and thank our host.

There is another I should like to thank also, but he did not come back, though I cannot believe that he is dead.

I do not know his name. He is the great white giant who wore the diamond locket upon his breast.

If you know him and can speak his language carry my thanks to him and tell him that I waited seven days for him to return.

Tell him also that in my home in America, in the city of Baltimore, there will always be a welcome for him if he cares to come.

I found a note you wrote me lying among the leaves beneath a tree near the cabin. I do not know how you learned to love me who have never spoken to me, and I am very sorry if it is true, for I have already given my heart to another.

But I know that I am always your friend.

JANE PORTER.

Tarzan sat with gaze upon the floor for nearly an hour. It was evident to him from the notes that they did not know that he and Tarzan of the apes were one and the same.

"I have given my heart to another," he repeated over and over again to himself.

For a week they did little but rest. Meanwhile D'Arnot coached Tarzan in French. At the end of that time the two men could converse quite easily.

One night as they were sitting within the cabin before retiring Tarzan turned to D'Arnot.

"Where is America?" he said.

D'Arnot pointed toward the north-west.

"Many thousands of miles across the ocean," he replied. "Why?"

"I am going there."

D'Arnot shook his head.

"It is impossible, my friend," he said. Tarzan thought for a long time.

"Do any white men live in Africa?" he asked.

"Yes."

"We shall go there tomorrow," announced Tarzan.

Again D'Arnot smiled and shook his head.

"It is too far. We should die long before we reached them."

"Do you wish to stay here, then, forever?" asked Tarzan.

"No," said D'Arnot.

"Then we shall start tomorrow. I do not like it here longer. I should rather die than remain here."

"Well," answered D'Arnot with a shrug, "I do not know, my friend, but that I also would rather die than remain here. If you go I shall go with you."

"It is settled then," said Tarzan. "I shall start for America tomorrow."

"How will you get to America without money?" asked D'Arnot.

"What is money?" inquired Tarzan.

It took a long time to make him understand.

"How do men get money?" he asked at last.

"Very well. I will work for it."

"No, my friend," returned D'Arnot. "You need not worry about money, nor need you work for it. I have enough for two, enough for twenty, much more than is good for one man, and you shall have all you need if ever we reach civilization."

So on the following day they started north along the shore. Each man carried a carbine and ammunition, besides bedding and some food and cooking utensils.

The latter seemed to Tarzan a most useless encumbrance, so he threw his away.

"But you must learn to eat cooked food," my friend," remonstrated D'Arnot. "No civilized man eat raw flesh."

"There will be time enough when I reach civilization," said Tarzan. "I do not like the things, and they only spoil the taste of good meat."

For days they traveled north, sometimes finding food in plenty and again going hungry for days.

They saw no signs of natives, nor were they molested by wild beasts. Their journey was a miracle of ease.

Tarzan asked questions and learned rapidly. D'Arnot taught him many of the refinements of civilization, even to the use of knife and fork, but sometimes Tarzan would drop them in disgust and grasp his food in his strong brown hands, tearing it with his molars like a wild beast.

Then D'Arnot would expostulate with him, saying:

"You must not eat like a brute, Tarzan, while I am trying to make a gentleman of you."

On the journey he told D'Arnot about the great chest he had seen the sailors bury and how he had dug it up and carried it to the gathering place of the apes and buried it there.

"It must be the treasure chest of Professor Porter," said D'Arnot. "It is too bad, but, of course, you did not know."

Then Tarzan recalled the letter written by Jane Porter to her friend, the one he had stolen when they first came to his cabin, and now he knew what was in the chest and what it meant to Jane Porter.

"Tomorrow we shall go back after it," he announced to D'Arnot. "You may go on toward civilization, and I will return for the treasure. I can go very much faster alone."

"I have a better plan, Tarzan," exclaimed D'Arnot. "We shall go on together to the nearest settlement, and there we will charter a boat and sail back down the coast for the treasure. That will be safer and quicker and also not require us to be separated. What do you think of that plan?"

"Very well," said Tarzan. "The treasure will be there whenever we go for it, and while I could fetch it now and catch up with you in a moon or two I shall feel safer for you to know that you are not alone on the trail."

In one of his talks with D'Arnot Tarzan mentioned Kala, his ape "mother."

"Then you know your mother," Tarzan asked D'Arnot in surprise.

"Yes. She was a great, fine ape, larger than I and weighing twice as much."

"And you also knew your father?" asked D'Arnot.

"I did not know him. Kala told me he was a white ape and hairless like myself. I know now that he must

have been a white man.

D'Arnot looked long and earnestly at his companion.

"Tarzan," he said at length, "it is impossible that the ape, Kala, was your mother. You are pure man and, I should say, the offspring of highly bred and intelligent parents. Have you not the slightest clue to your past?"

"Not the slightest," replied Tarzan.

"No writing in the cabin that might have told something of the lives of its original inmates?"

"I have read everything that was in the cabin with the exception of one book, which I know now to be written in a language other than English. Possibly you can read it."

Tarzan fished the little black diary from the bottom of his quiver and handed it to his companion.

D'Arnot glanced at the title page.

"It is the diary of John Clayton. Lord Greystoke, an English nobleman, and it is written in French," he said.

D'Arnot read it aloud. Occasionally his voice broke, and he was forced to stop reading for the hopelessness that spoke between the lines.

Often he glanced at Tarzan, but the ape man sat upon his haunches like a carved image, his eyes fixed upon the ground.

Only when the little babe was mentioned did the tone of the diary alter from the habitual note of despair which had crept into it by degrees after the first two months upon the shore.

Then the passages were tinged with a subdued happiness that was even sadder than the rest.

One entry showed an almost hopeful spirit:

Today our little boy is six months old. He has grabbed my pen in his chubby fist and with his ink-begrimed little fingers has placed the seal of his tiny finger prints upon the page.

Upon the margin of the page were the partially blurred imprints of four wee fingers and the outer half of the thumb.

When D'Arnot had finished the diary the two men sat in silence for some minutes.

"Well, Tarzan of the apes, what think you?" asked D'Arnot. "Does not this little book clear up the mystery of your parentage? You are Lord Greystoke?"

Tarzan shook his head.

"The book speaks of but one child," he replied. "Its skeleton lay in the crib, where it died crying for nourishment, from the first time I entered the cabin until Professor Porter's party buried it with its father and mother, beside the cabin."

A week later the two men came suddenly upon a clearing in the forest.

In the distance were several buildings surrounded by a strong palisade. Between them and the inclosure stretched a cultivated field in which a number of negroes were working.

Tarzan started straight across the field, his head high held and the tropical sun beating upon his smooth, brown skin.

Behind him came D'Arnot, clothed in some garments which had been discarded at the cabin by Clayton when the officers of the French cruiser had fitted him out in more presentable fashion.

Presently one of the blacks looked up and, beholding Tarzan striding toward him, turned, shrieking, and made for the palisade.

In an instant the air was filled with cries of terror from the fleeing gardeners, but before any had reached the palisade a white man emerged from the inclosure, rifle in hand, to discover the cause of the commotion.

D'Arnot cried loudly to him: "Do not fire! We are friends!"

"Halt, then!" was the reply.

"Stop, Tarzan!" cried D'Arnot, halting the ape man in his tracks.

"He thinks we are enemies."

Tarzan dropped into a walk, and together he and D'Arnot advanced toward the white man by the gate.

The latter eyed them in puzzled bewilderment.

"What manner of men are you?" he asked in French.

"White men," replied D'Arnot. "We have been lost in the jungle for a long time."

"I am Father Constantine of the French mission here," said the other. "I am glad to welcome you."

"This is M. Tarzan, Father Constantine," replied D'Arnot, indicating the ape man, and as the priest extended his hand to Tarzan D'Arnot added, "And I am Paul D'Arnot of the French navy."

Father Constantine took the hand which Tarzan extended in imitation of the priest's act, while the latter took in the superb physique and handsome face in one quick, keen glance.

Thus came Tarzan of the apes to the first outpost of civilization.

For a week they remained there, and the ape man, keenly observant, learned much of the ways of men, while black women sewed upon white duck garments for himself and D'Arnot that they might continue their journey properly clothed.

Another month brought them to a little group of buildings at the mouth of a wide river, and there Tarzan saw many boats and was filled with the old timidity by the sight of many men.

Gradually he became accustomed to the strange noises and the odd ways of civilization, so that presently none might know that two short months before this handsome Frenchman in immaculate white ducks, who laughed and chatted with the guests of them, had been swinging naked through primeval forests to pounce upon some unwary victim, which, raw, was to appease his savage appetite.

The knife and fork, so contemptuously flung aside a month before, Tarzan now manipulated as exquisitely as did the polished D'Arnot.

So apt a pupil had he been that the young Frenchman had labored assiduously to make of Tarzan a polished gentleman in so far as nicety of manners and speech was concerned.

"Heaven made you a gentleman at heart, my friend," D'Arnot had said, "but we want its work to show upon the exterior also."

As soon as they had reached the little port D'Arnot had cabled his government of his safety and requested a three months' leave, which had been granted.

He also cabled his bankers for funds, and the enforced wait of a month, under which both chafed, was due to their inability to charter a vessel for the return to Tarzan's jungle after the treasure. At last, however, D'Arnot succeeded in chartering an ancient tub for the coastwise trip to Tarzan's landlocked harbor.

It was a happy morning for them both when the little vessel weighed anchor and made for the open sea.

The trip to the beach was uneventful, and the morning after they dropped anchor before the cabin Tarzan, garbed once more in his jungle regalia and carrying a spade, set out alone for the amphitheater of the apes where lay the treasure.

Late the next day he returned, bearing the great chest upon his shoulders, and at sunrise the little vessel was worked through the harbor's mouth and took up her northward journey.

Three weeks later Tarzan and D'Arnot were passengers on board a French steamer bound for Lyons, and after a few days in that city D'Arnot took Tarzan to Paris.

The ape man was anxious to proceed to America, but D'Arnot insisted that he must accompany him to Paris first, nor would he divulge the nature of the urgent necessity upon which he based his demand.

Steger departed this morning for Western, Neb., where they go to attend the annual conference of the Lutheran churches of the state.

Dan O'Brien of New York City, who is here visiting at the William Morley home for a time, was a passenger this morning for Omaha, where he will visit for the day.

R. M. Shlaes returned this afternoon from Grand Island, where he had been the past few days. Mrs. Shlaes and babe, who have been visiting in Omaha for the past few days, returned home with Mr. Shlaes.

L. D. Hiett of Murray came up last evening from his home and visited here over night with relatives and friends, and was a passenger this morning for Omaha, where he was called to look after some matters of business.

Mrs. Henry Horn departed this morning for Omaha, where she will spend the day with her husband at Immanuel hospital, where he is taking treatment. Mr. Horn, a few months ago, was operated on for an abscess in his side, and it has been found necessary to have him take further treatment for the trouble.

Mrs. H. V. McDonald and daughter, and Mrs. H. A. Tool, of Murdock, are here making a short visit at the home of Mrs. F. R. Guthman and family and taking a farewell with Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Neitzel, who expect to leave Monday for their home at Boise, Idaho, Mr. and Mrs. Neitzel were old friends and neighbors of the ladies at Murdock.

From Tuesday's Daily.

Lee J. Mayfield of the Louisville Courier was in the city today for a few hours looking after some matters at the court house.

Miss Carrie Greenwald spent Decoration day and Sunday with relatives and friends at Falls City, returning home last evening.

Mrs. Henry Ofte departed this afternoon for Oakland, Neb., where she will make a short visit with relatives and friends in that city.

J. R. Jones departed this morning for Murray, where he was called to look after some work in that locality for a few days.

C. R. Jordan, county commissioner from the Third district, came in last evening to be present at the meeting of the county board today.

Sheriff C. D. Quinton departed this morning for Ashland, where he was called to attend to some matters of business for a few hours in that locality for the county.

James Stander, one of the leading citizens of Louisville, came down this afternoon from his home to spend a few hours here looking after some matters of business.

Mrs. A. T. Tomsen and sister, Mrs. Simmons, were passengers this afternoon on the Burlington for Omaha, where they will visit for a week or ten days with relatives and friends.

George Snyder departed this morning for Omaha, accompanying C. H. Vallery to that city, where they will spend the day taking in the sights and incidentally visit the stock market at South Omaha.

L. B. Appleman of Alvo, assessor of Greenwood precinct, was in the city yesterday for a few hours, coming in to make his returns to the county assessor, having finished up his work in first-class shape.

Charles Lover and Miss Lola Ferrey departed this afternoon for Omaha, where they will be married this afternoon. Miss Ferrey has been employed at the Masonic Home for some time past. They will reside in Omaha.

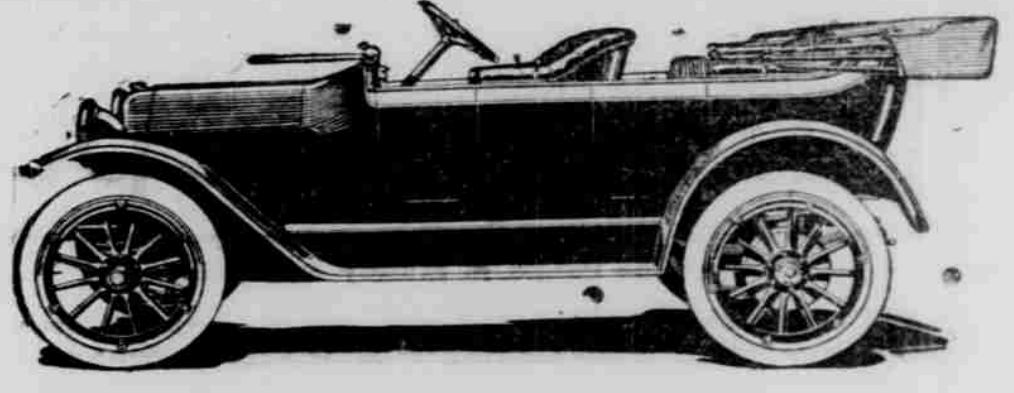
August Panska and August Krecklow, two leading farmers of the vicinity of Louisville came in this morning from their homes and spent a few hours here looking after business matters. While here Mr. Panska enrolled his name for the Weekly Journal for the ensuing year.

Mrs. Luke Wiles was a passenger this morning on the early Burlington train for Omaha, where she goes to visit for the day with friends.

S. H. Shoemaker was among the passengers this morning for Omaha, where he was called to secure some repairs to machinery which was injured in the Wehr-bein fire a short time ago.

Mrs. Joe Kahoutek and little child of Denver are in the city for a short time visiting with her parents and numerous friends. Last evening she was a passenger for Malvern, Iowa, where she will visit her brother, Frank for a short time.

R. M. Shlaes departed yesterday afternoon from Grand Island, where he will attend the state conven-



Detroit

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Facts, and not claims, back up the Detroit. The big fact—the one that means everything to you in your search into automobile values—is this: A record covering the twelve months from January, 1913, to January, 1914, and embracing every car in operation (not a chosen few) shows that *The Thousands of Detroiters now in use average only \$3.81 per year for repair parts.*

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tion of the moving picture show owners and managers and assist in the discussion of matters of interest to the craft.

From Wednesday's Daily.

Henry R. Gering came down this noon over the Missouri Pacific to spend a few hours here with relatives.

Mrs. A. M. Arries returned this afternoon from Fremont, where she has been for a few days visiting with friends.

Sheriff C. D. Quinton departed this morning for Elmwood, where he was called to look after some business for the county.

Mrs. Sam Dean departed this afternoon for La Platte to visit her mother, Mrs. George Wall, who has been quite sick.

Glen Rhoden of the vicinity of Murray was in the city yesterday afternoon attending to some trading with the merchants for a few hours.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Keil and little son, of the vicinity of Cedar Creek, were visitors in this city yesterday and were pleasant callers at this office.

W. C. Gamel, wife and little daughter departed this morning for Bloomfield, Neb., after a short visit in this city with friends, going on the early Burlington train.

Mrs. John Seagraves and daughter, Mrs. E. H. Allison, of Des Moines, who are here visiting for a short time, were passengers this morning for Omaha, where they will visit for the day in that city.

Mrs. Henry Snyder and little daughter, Dora Harriett, of Fairfield, Iowa, are visiting the former's aunt, Mrs. Dora Moore, and uncle, George Oldham in this city for a few days.

George M. Hild of the vicinity of Mynard was among the passengers this morning for Omaha, where he goes to secure some supplies for machinery.

William McCarthy of Hamburg, Iowa, who was here for a short time yesterday visiting with his son, Tom McCarthy and family, departed on No. 2 for his home.

Edward Rynott came in yesterday for a short visit with relatives in this city. Mr. Rynott is now engaged in traveling in the east for a large wholesale house.

Fred Heil and sister, Miss Frances, came in this morning from their farm home and were passengers on the early Burlington train for Omaha, where they will visit for the day.

Andrew Schoemann of Louisville was in the city today for a few hours, and while here called at the Journal office and had his subscription to the Old Reliable advanced another year.

A. Townner of Surprise, Neb., who has been here for a few days, departed this afternoon for Modale, Iowa, for a visit. He was accompanied by Miss Rachel Livingston, who will visit there with relatives.

C. F. Vallery, the road overseer, and wife, were passengers this morning for Omaha, where Mr. Vallery will attend to some matters of business, and Mrs. Vallery will spend the day with friends.

G. L. Graves, editor of the Union Ledger, came up last evening from his home and looked after some business matters at the court house. Mr. Graves is also a candidate for the nomination

for county judge and will shortly get in the running.

Tom Crossarty of Quincy, Ill., who has been here for a short visit with the P. E. Goos family, departed last evening for his home. He was accompanied by his nephew, Harold Crossarty, who will visit in Quincy for a month with relatives.

Hot Weather Tonic and Health Builder.

Are you run down—Nervous—Tired? Is everything you do an effort? You are not lazy—you are sick! Your Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, and whole system need a Tonic. A Tonic and Health Builder to drive out the waste matter—build you up and renew your strength. Nothing better than Electric Bitters. Start today. Mrs. James Duncan, Haynesville, Mo., writes: "Completely cured me after several doctors gave me up." 50c and \$1.00, at your Druggist.

Local News

(To Be Continued.)

Mrs. John Creamer of Wabash, Neb., came up to this city last evening for a visit with Miss Julia Kerr.

Attorney William Deles-Dernier of Elmwood came over last evening to look after the interests of John Stokes in justice court.

Mont Robb departed this afternoon for Omaha, where he was called to spend a few hours looking after some business matters in that city.

Attorney C. S. Aldrich of Elmwood came in this morning to spend a few hours here looking after some business matters at the court house.

Philip and Henry Becker were passengers this morning for Omaha, where they were called to look after some business matters for a few hours.

Mrs. W. A. Becker and Mrs. W. H. Wehrbein were passengers this morning for Omaha, where they will visit for a few hours with friends at the hospital.

Glen Boedecker, cashier of the Murray State bank, was in the city today for a few hours looking after some trading with the merchants.

George P. Horn came in this morning from his home near Cedar Creek and was a passenger for Omaha to visit with Henry Horn at the hospital.

Frank Bacek and son, Ludwig, were passengers this morning on No. 6 for Pacific Junction, Iowa, where they are engaged in some work there in erecting a residence.

John S. Hall returned this morning from Norfolk, Nebraska, where he has been looking after his trade in that section. Mrs. Hall met him in Omaha and returned home with him.

Mrs. C. A. Troop and little granddaughter, Kathleen, were among the passengers this morning for Omaha, where they will visit for the day looking after some matters of business.

Lee Allison of near Murray was in the city yesterday for a few hours looking after some trading here, having driven up from his farm home for that purpose.

Leonard Born and Rev. J. H.

TRAIN STRIKES

AUTO AT DE SOTO

Two Men Killed and Two Others Seriously Injured.

Blair, Neb., June 4.—An automobile bearing Frank Wallace and his two sons and Everett Hineine was struck by a northbound passenger train at De Soto.

Mr. Hineine and E. Wallace, twenty-two years old, were killed, and Mr. Wallace and his ten-year-old son were badly injured. The car was wrecked. Mr. Wallace is a farmer living near De Soto and the railroad officials report that they were racing with the train, trying to beat it across the crossing when they were struck.

JONES ASKS FOR REHEARING

May Be First Man in Nebraska to Die in Electric Chair.

Lincoln, June 4.—Whether John Jones, convicted by the district court of Douglas county of the murder of Samuel Leone, will be the first man to die in the electric chair in Nebraska now rests with the supreme court, an appeal having been made by Attorneys McKenzie and Wright for a rehearing of the case.

Jones was sentenced to death and an appeal for a new trial denied. He has been in the penitentiary since the sentence and steadfastly contended that he would not be the first man to enter the chair, although the day of execution has been set for Aug. 4. As the case cannot be reached until after the court has adjourned for the summer recess, there is a good chance that the case will be delayed until after Sept. 15, when the court again convenes.

WANTED—A good girl for general housework. Apply at this office. 6-3-14d

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury

as mercury will surely destroy the union of small and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surface. Such articles should never be used except on prescription from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Ointment, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and breaking up and driving out the mercury. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is sold internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co., Treatments Free.

Sold by Druggists. Price, per bottle, Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.