

The RETURN of TARZAN



By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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PROLOGUE.

Readers of "Tarzan of the Apes"—there were millions of them—have been awaiting with eagerness "The Return of Tarzan." They need no introduction to the ape-man, who was an English lord by ancestry and an inhabitant of the treetops by fate until the same fate brought him out and made him a civilized man after twenty years of life among the great apes of Africa. His adventures, as wonderful and interesting as any set forth in words, have been the center of interest in a story that is unique in its originality.

Now we have "The Return of Tarzan," as thrilling as its forerunner. In it are told the further adventures of the splendid ape-man, who at last wins his way to the side of his true love after facing countless perils by land and sea.

Whoever read "Tarzan of the Apes" needs no invitation to peruse this story. Others are warned that after they read this sequel to "Tarzan of the Apes" they won't be satisfied until they have read that story also.

CHAPTER XI.

Like a Gladiator of Old.

TOGETHER they rose and set off across the desert in the direction of the mountains. "I was not quite sure that I should ever reach you," she said at last. "El adrea is abroad tonight, and after I left the horses I think he winded me and was following. I was terribly frightened."

"What a brave girl," he said. "And you ran all that risk for a stranger—an alien, an unbeliever?"

"She drew herself up very proudly. "I am the daughter of the Sheik Kadour ben Saden," she answered. "I should be no fit daughter of his if I would not risk my life to save that of the man who saved mine while he yet thought that I was but a common Ouled-Nail."

"No! Pertheless," he insisted. "you are a very brave girl. But how did you know that I was a prisoner back there?"

"Achmet din Taieb, who is my cousin on my father's side, was visiting some friends who belong to the tribe that captured you. He was at the dour when you were brought in. When he reached home he was telling us about the big Frenchman who had been captured by Ali ben Ahmed for another Frenchman who wished to kill him. From the description I knew that it must be you. My father was away. I tried to persuade some of the men to come and save you, but they would not do it, saying: 'Let the unbelievers kill one another if they wish. It is none of our affair, and if we go and interfere with Ali ben Ahmed's plans we shall only stir up a fight with our own people.'"

"So when it was dark I came alone, riding one horse and leading another for you. They are tethered not far from here. By morning we shall be within my father's dour. He should be there himself by now—then let them come and try to take Kadour ben Saden's friend."

For a few moments they walked on in silence.

"We should be near the horses," she said. "It is strange that I do not see them here."

Then a moment later she stopped, with a little cry of consternation. "They are gone!" she exclaimed. "It is here that I tethered them."

Tarzan stooped to examine the ground. He found that a large shrub had been torn up by the roots. Then he found something else. There was a wry smile on his face as he rose and turned toward the girl.

"El adrea has been here. From the signs, though, I rather think that his prey escaped him. With a little start they would be safe enough from him in the open."

There was nothing to do but continue on foot. The way led them across a low spur of the mountains, but the girl knew the trail as well as she did her mother's face. They walked in easy, swinging strides, Tarzan keeping a hand's breadth behind the girl's shoulders that she might set the pace and thus be less fatigued. As they walked they talked, occasionally stopping to listen for sounds of pursuit.

It was a beautiful moonlight night. The air was crisp and invigorating. Behind them lay the interminable vista of the desert, dotted here and there with an occasional oasis. The date

palm of the little fertile spot they had just left and the circle of goutskin tents stood out in sharp relief against the yellow sand—a phantom scene upon a phantom sea. Before them rose the grim and silent mountains. Tarzan's blood leaped in his veins. This was life! He looked down upon the girl beside him—a daughter of the desert walking across the face of a dead world with a son of the jungle. He smiled at the thought. He wished that he had had a sister and that she had been like this girl. What a bully child she would have been!

They had entered the mountains now and were progressing more slowly, for the trail was steeper and very rocky.

For a few minutes they had been silent. The girl was wondering if they would reach her father's dour before the pursuit had overtaken them. Tarzan was wishing that they might walk on thus forever. If the girl were only a man they might. He longed for a friend who loved the same wild life that he loved. He had learned to crave companionship, but it was his misfortune that most of the men he knew preferred immaculate linen and their clubs to nakedness and the jungle. It was, of course, difficult to understand, yet it was very evident that they did.

The two had just turned a projecting rock around which the trail ran when they were brought to a sudden stop. There before them, directly in the middle of the path, stood Numa, el adrea, the black lion. His green eyes looked very wicked, and he bared his teeth and lashed his bay black sides with his angry tail. Then he roared—the fearsome, terror inspiring roar of the hungry lion which is also angry.

"Your knife," said Tarzan to the girl, extending his hand. She slipped the hilt of the weapon into his waiting palm. As his fingers closed upon it he drew her back and pushed her behind him. "Walk back to the desert as rapidly as you can. If you hear me call you will know that all is well and you may return."

"It is useless," she replied resignedly. "This is the end."

"Do as I tell you," he commanded. "Quickly! He is about to charge." The girl dropped back a few paces, where she stood watching for the terrible sight that she knew she should soon witness.

The lion was advancing slowly toward Tarzan, his nose to the ground, like a challenging bull, his tail, extended now, and quivering as though with intense excitement.

The ape-man stood, half crouching, the long Arab knife glistening in the moonlight. Behind him the tense figure of the girl, motionless as a carved statue. She leaned slightly forward, her lips parted, her eyes wide. Her only conscious thought was wonder at the bravery of the man who dared face with a puny knife the lord with the large head. A man of her own blood would have knelt in prayer and gone down beneath those awful fangs without resistance. In either case the result would be the same—it was inevitable, but she could not repress a thrill of admiration as her eyes rested upon the heroic figure before her. Not a tremor in the whole giant frame—his attitude as menacing and as defiant as that of el adrea himself.

The lion was quite close to him now—a few paces intervened—he crouched and then, with a deafening roar, he sprang.

As Numa, el adrea, launched himself with widespread paws and bared fangs he looked to find this puny man as easy prey as the score who had gone down beneath him in the past. To him man was a clumsy, slow moving, defenseless creature—he had little respect for him.

But this time he found that he was pitted against a creature as agile and as quick as himself. When his mighty frame struck the spot where the man had been he was no longer there.

The watching girl was transfixed by astonishment at the ease with which the crouching man eluded the great paws. And now, O Allah! He had rushed in behind el adrea's shoulder ever before the beast could turn and had grasped him by the mane. The lion reared upon his hind legs like a horse—Tarzan had known that he would do this, and he was ready. A giant arm encircled the black maned throat and once, twice, a dozen times, a sharp blade darted in and out of the bay black side behind the left shoulder.

Frantic were the leaps of Numa, awful his roars of rage and pain. But the giant upon his back could not be dislodged or brought within reach of fangs or talons in the brief interval of life that remained to the lord with the large head. He was quite dead when Tarzan of the Apes released his hold and arose. Then the daughter of the desert witnessed a thing that terrified

her even more than had the presence of el adrea. The man placed a foot upon the carcass of his kill and, with his handsome face raised toward the full moon, gave voice to the most frightful cry that ever smote upon her ears.

With a little cry of fear she shrank away from him. She thought that the fearful strain of the encounter had driven him mad. As the last note of that fiendish challenge died out in the diminishing echoes of the distance the man dropped his eyes until they rested upon the girl.

Instantly his face was lighted by the kindly smile that was ample assurance of his sanity, and the girl breathed freely once again, smiling in response.

"What manner of man are you?" she asked. "The thing you have done is unheard of. Even now I cannot be-



Frantic Were the Leaps of Numa.

lieve that it is possible for a lone man, armed only with a knife, to have fought hand to hand with el adrea and conquered him, unscathed—to have conquered him at all. And that cry—it was not human. Why did you do that?"

Tarzan flushed. "It is because I forget," he said, "sometimes that I am a civilized man. When I kill it must be that I am another creature." He did not try to explain further, for it always seemed to him that a woman must look with loathing upon one who was yet so nearly a beast. Together they continued their journey. The sun was an hour high when they came out into the desert again, beyond the mountains. Beside a little rivulet they found the girl's horses grazing. They had come this far on their way home and, with the cause of their fear no longer present, had stopped to feed. With little trouble Tarzan and the girl caught them and, mounting, rode out into the desert toward the dour of Sheik Kadour ben Saden.

No sign of pursuit developed, and they came in safety about 9 o'clock to their destination. The sheik had but just returned. He was frantic with grief at the absence of his daughter, whom he thought had been again abducted by the marauders. With fifty men he was already mounted to go in search of her when the two rode into the dour.

His joy at the safe return of his daughter was only equaled by his gratitude to Tarzan for bringing her safely to him through the dangers of the night, and his thankfulness that she had been in time to save the man who had once saved her.

No honor that Kadour ben Saden could heap upon the ape-man in acknowledgment of his esteem and friendship was neglected. When the girl had recited the story of the slaying of el adrea Tarzan was surrounded by a mob of worshipping Arabs. It was a sure road to their admiration and respect.

The old sheik insisted that Tarzan remain indefinitely as his guest. He even wished to adopt him as a member of the tribe, and there was for some time a half formed resolution in the ape-man's mind to accept and remain forever with these wild people, whom he understood and who seemed to understand him. His friendship and liking for the girl were potent factors in urging him toward an affirmative decision.

Had she been a man, he argued, he should not have hesitated, for it would have meant a friend after his own heart, with whom he could ride and hunt at will, but as it was they would be hedged by the conventionalities that are even more strictly observed by the wild nomads of the desert than by their more civilized brothers and sisters. And in a little while she would be married to one of these worthy warriors, and there would be an end to their friendship. So he decided against the sheik's proposal, though he remained a week as his guest.

When he left Kadour ben Saden fifty white robed warriors rode with him to Bou Saada. While they were mounting in the dour of Kadour ben Saden the morning of their departure the girl came to bid farewell to Tarzan.

"I have prayed that you would remain with us," she said simply, as he leaned from his saddle to clasp her hand in farewell, "and now I shall pray that you will return."

There was an expression of wistfulness in her beautiful eyes, and a pathetic droop at the corners of her mouth Tarzan was touched.

Outside Bou Saada he bade Kadour ben Saden and his men goodbye, for there were reasons which made him wish to make his entry into the town as secret as possible, and when he had explained them to the sheik the latter concurred in his decision. The Arabs were to enter Bou Saada ahead of him, saying nothing as to his presence with them. Later Tarzan would come in alone and go directly to an obscure native inn.

Thus making his entrance after dark as he did, he was not seen by any one who knew him and reached the inn unobserved. After dining with Kadour ben Saden as his guest he went to his former hotel by a roundabout way and, coming in by a rear entrance, sought the proprietor, who seemed much surprised to see him alive.

Yes, there was man for monsieur; he would fetch it. No, he would mention monsieur's return to no one. Presently he returned with a packet of letters. One was an order from his superior to lay off on his present work and hasten to Cape Town by the first steamer he could get. His further instructions were to await him there in the hands of another agent whose name and address were given. That was all—brief but explicit. Tarzan arranged to leave Bou Saada early the next morning. Then he started for the garrison to see Captain Gerard, who the hotel man had told him had returned with his detachment the previous day.

He found the officer in his quarters. He was filled with surprise and pleasure at seeing Tarzan alive and well.

"When Lieutenant Gernois returned and reported that he had not found you at the spot that you had chosen to remain while the detachment was scouting I was filled with alarm. We searched the mountains for days. Then came word that you had been killed and eaten by a lion. As proof your gun was brought to us. Your horse had returned to camp the second day after your disappearance. We could not doubt. Lieutenant Gernois was grief stricken. He took all the blame upon himself. It was he who insisted on carrying on the search himself. It was he who found the Arab with your gun. He will be delighted to know that you are safe."

"Doubtless," said Tarzan, with a grim smile. "He is down in the town now or I should send for him," continued Captain Gerard. "I shall tell him as soon as he returns."

CHAPTER XII.

John Caldwell, London.

TARZAN left the officer thinking that he had been lost, wandering finally into the dour of Kadour ben Saden, who had escorted him back to Bou Saada.

As soon as possible he bade the good officer adieu and hastened back into the town. At the native inn he had learned through Kadour ben Saden a piece of interesting information. It told of a black bearded white man who went always disguised as an Arab. For a time he had nursed a broken wrist. More recently he had been away from Bou Saada, but now he was back, and Tarzan knew his place of concealment. It was for there he headed.

Through narrow alleys, black as Erebus, he groped and then up a rickety stairway, at the end of which were a closed door and a tiny, unglazed window. The window was high under the low eaves of the mud building. Tarzan could just reach the sill. He raised himself slowly until his eyes topped it. The room within was lighted, and at a table sat Rokoff and Gernois. Gernois was speaking.

"Rokoff, you are a devil!" he was saying. "You have hounded me until I have lost the last shred of my honor. You have driven me to murder, for the blood of that man Tarzan is on my hands. If it were not that that other devil's spawn, Paultitch, still knew my secret I should kill you here tonight with my bare hands."

Rokoff laughed. "You would not do that, my dear lieutenant," he said. "The moment I am reported dead by assassination that dear Alexis will forward to the minister of war full proof of the affair you so ardently long to conceal, and, further, will charge you with my murder. Come, be sensible. I am your best friend. Have I not protected your honor as though it were my own?"

Gernois sneered and spat out an oath. "Just one more little payment," continued Rokoff, "and the papers I wish and you have my word of honor that I shall never ask another cent from you or further information."

"And a good reason why," growled Gernois. "What you ask will take my last cent and the only valuable military secret I hold. You ought to be paying me for the information instead of taking both it and money too."

"I am paying you by keeping a still tongue in my head," retorted Rokoff. "But let's have done. Will you or will you not? I give you three minutes to decide. If you are not agreeable I shall send a note to your commandant tonight that will end in the degradation that Dreyfus suffered—the only difference being that he did not deserve it."

For a moment Gernois sat with bowed head. At length he arose. "He drew two pieces of paper from his blouse."

"Here," he said hopelessly. "I had them ready, for I knew that there could be but one outcome." He held them toward the Russian.

Rokoff's cruel face lighted in malignant gloating. He seized the bits of paper.

"You have done well, Gernois," he said. "I shall not trouble you again—unless you happen to accumulate some more money or information," and he grinned.

"You never shall again, you dog," hissed Gernois. "The next time I shall kill you. I came here doing it tonight. For an hour I sat with these two pieces of paper on my table before me ere I came here; beside them lay my loaded revolver. I was trying to decide which I should bring. Next time the choice shall be easier, for I already have decided. You had a close call tonight, Rokoff. Do not tempt fate a second time."

Then Gernois rose to leave. Tarzan barely had time to drop to the landing and shrink back into the shadows on the far side of the door. Even then he scarcely hoped to elude detection. The landing was very small, and though he flattened himself against the wall at its far edge he was scarcely more than a foot from the doorway. Almost immediately it opened, and Gernois stepped out. Rokoff was behind him. Neither spoke. Gernois had taken perhaps three steps down the stairway when he halted and half turned, as though to retrace his steps.

Tarzan knew that discovery would be inevitable. Rokoff still stood on the threshold a foot from him, but he was looking in the opposite direction, toward Gernois. Then the officer evidently reconsidered his decision and resumed his downward course. Tarzan could hear Rokoff's sigh of relief. A moment later the Russian went back into the room and closed the door.

Tarzan waited until Gernois had had time to get well out of hearing, then he pushed open the door and stepped into the room. He was on top of Rokoff before the man could rise from the chair where he sat scanning the paper Gernois had given him. As his eyes turned and fell upon the ape-man's face his own went livid.

"What do you want?" whispered Rokoff, for the look in the ape-man's eyes frightened him. "Have you come to kill me? You do not dare. They would guillotine you. You do not dare kill me."

"I dare kill you, Rokoff," replied Tarzan. "For no one knows that you are here or that I am here, and Paultitch would tell them that it was Gernois. I heard you tell Gernois so. But that would not influence me, Rokoff. I would not care who knew that I had killed you. The pleasure of killing you would more than compensate for any punishment they might inflict upon me. You are the most despicable cur of a coward, Rokoff. I have ever heard of. You should be killed. I should love to kill you," and Tarzan approached closer to the man.

Rokoff's nerves were keyed to the breaking point. With a shriek he sprang toward an adjoining room, but the ape-man was upon his back while his leap was yet but half completed. Iron fingers sought his throat. The great coward squealed like a stuck pig until Tarzan had shut off his wind. Then the ape-man dragged him to his feet, still choking him. The Russian struggled futilely. He was like a babe in the mighty grasp of Tarzan of the Apes.

Tarzan sat him in a chair, and long before there was danger of the man's dying he released his hold upon his throat. When the Russian's coughing spell had abated Tarzan spoke to him again.

"I have given you a taste of the suffering of death," he said. "But I shall not kill this time. I am sparing you solely for the sake of a very good woman whose great misfortune it was to have been born of the same woman as you."

"Miss Strong! Where had he heard the name before? It was very familiar. And then the girl's mother gave him the clue, for when she addressed her daughter she called her Hazel.

Hazel Strong! What memories the name inspired! It had been a letter to this girl, penned by the fair hand of Jane Porter, that had carried to him the first message from the woman he loved. How vividly he recalled the night he had stolen it from the desk in the cabin of his long dead father, where Jane Porter had sat writing it late into the night, while he crouched in the darkness without. How terror stricken she would have been that night had she known that the wild jungle beast squatted outside her window, watching her every move.

And this was Hazel Strong, Jane Porter's best friend!

Let us go back a few months to the little, well swept platform of a railway station in northern Wisconsin. The smoke of forest fires hangs low over the surrounding landscape. Its acid fumes smarting the eyes of a little party of six who stand waiting the coming of the train that is to bear them away toward the south.

Professor Archimedes Q. Porter, his hands clasped beneath the tails of his long coat, paces back and forth under the ever watchful eye of his faithful secretary, Samuel T. Philander. Twice within the past few minutes he has started absentmindedly across the tracks in the direction of a nearby swamp, only to be rescued and dragged back by the tireless Mr. Philander.

Jane Porter, the professor's daughter, is in strained and lifeless conversation with William Cecil Clayton and Tarzan of the Apes. Within the little waiting room but a bare moment before a confession of love and renunciation had taken place that had blighted the lives and happiness of two of the party, but William Cecil Clayton (Lord Greystoke) was not one of them.

Behind Miss Porter hovered the motherly Esmeralda. She, too, was happy, for was she not returning to her beloved Maryland? Already she could see dimly through the fog of smoke the murky headlight of the oncoming engine. The men began to gather up the hand baggage. Suddenly Clayton exclaimed:

"By Jove!" he cried. "I've left my aster in the waiting room," and hastened to fetch it.

"Goodby, Jane," said Tarzan, extending his hand. "God bless you!"

"Goodby," replied the girl faintly. "Try to forget me. No, not that. I could not bear to think that you had forgotten me."

"There is no danger of that, dear,"

Rokoff growled. He did not dare curse aloud.

The next morning Tarzan rode north on his way to Bouira and Algiers. As he had ridden past the hotel Lieutenant Gernois was standing on the veranda. As his eyes discovered Tarzan he went white as chalk. The ape-man would have been glad had the meeting not occurred, but he could not avoid it. He saluted the officer as he rode past. Mechanically Gernois returned the salutation, but those terrible, wide eyes followed the horseman, expressionless except for horror. It was as though a dead man looked upon a ghost.

At Sidi Aissa Tarzan met a French officer with whom he had become acquainted on the occasion of his recent sojourn in the town.

"You left Bou Saada early?" questioned the officer. "Then you have not heard about poor Gernois?"

"He was the last man I saw as I rode away," replied Tarzan. "What about him?"

"He is dead. He shot himself about 8 o'clock this morning."

Two days later Tarzan reached Algiers. There he found what he would have a two days' wait before he could catch a ship bound for Cape Town. He occupied his time in writing out a full report of his mission. The secret papers he had taken from Rokoff he did not inclose, for he did not dare trust them, out of his own possession until he had been authorized to turn them over to another agent or himself returned to Paris with them.

As Tarzan boarded his ship after what seemed a most tedious wait to him two men watched him from an upper deck. Both were fashionably dressed and smooth shaven. The taller of the two had sandy hair, but his eyebrows were very black. Later in the day they changed to meet Tarzan on deck, but as one hurriedly called his companion's attention to something at sea their faces were turned from Tarzan as he passed, so that he did not notice their features. In fact, he had paid no attention to them at all.

Following the instructions of his chief, Tarzan had booked his passage under an assumed name—John Caldwell, London. He did not understand the necessity for this, and it caused him considerable speculation. He wondered what role he was to play in Cape Town.

"Well," he thought, "thank heaven that I am rid of Rokoff. He was commencing to annoy me. I wonder if I am really becoming so civilized that presently I shall develop a set of nerves. He would give them to me if any one could, for he does not fight fair. One never knows through what new agency he is going to strike. It is as though Sabot, the tiger, had induced Tantor, the elephant, and Hishah, the snake, to join him in attempting to kill me. I would then never have known what minute or by whom I was to be attacked next. But the brutes are more chivalrous than man. They do not stoop to cowardly intrigue."

At dinner that night Tarzan sat next to a young woman whose place was at the captain's left. The officer introduced them.

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he answered. "I wish to heaven that I might forget. It would be so much easier than to go through life always remembering what might have been. You will be happy, though; I am sure you shall. You must be. You may tell the others of my decision to drive my car on to New York. I don't feel equal to bidding Clayton goodby."

As Clayton stooped to pick up his coat in the waiting room his eyes fell on a telegraph blank lying face down upon the floor. He stooped to pick it up, thinking that it might be a message of importance which some one had dropped. He glanced at it hastily and then suddenly he forgot his coat, the approaching train—everything but that terrible little piece of yellow paper in his hand. He read it twice before he could fully grasp the terrible weight of meaning that it bore to him.

When he had picked it up he had been an English nobleman, the proud and wealthy possessor of vast estates—a moment later he had read it, and he knew that he was an untitled and penniless beggar. It was D'Arno's telegram to Tarzan, and it read:

"Finer prints prove you Greatlake. Congratulations. D'ARNO."

(To Be Continued.)

Basket Meeting.

There'll be a basket meeting in the grove of W. T. Adams, one-half mile north of Liberty U. B. church and one and one-half miles south of Plattsmouth, Sunday, July 19th, 1914. District Supt. J. R. Mower of Lincoln, Dr. M. O. McLaughlin of York college, Dr. W. O. Jones of Omaha will be present. All are strong men and deserve a splendid hearing. Bible school at 10 a. m. Preaching and communion at 11 a. m. Preaching and baptismal service at 2:30 p. m. Everybody invited. J. M. Eads, Pastor.

Statement of the Condition

THE LIVINGSTON LOAN AND BUILDING ASSOCIATION

Of Plattsmouth, Neb., on the 30 day of June, 1914.

Table with columns for ASSETS and LIABILITIES, listing various financial items and their values.

Table with columns for RECEIPTS and EXPENDITURES, listing financial transactions and their amounts.

STATE OF NEBRASKA, CASS COUNTY, 1888.

I, C. G. Fricke, secretary of the above named association, do solemnly swear that the foregoing statement of the condition of said association is true and correct to the best of my knowledge and belief. C. G. FRICKE, Secretary.

Approved: D. B. SMITH, F. G. EUGENHEIMER, Directors.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 7th day of July 1914. Notary Public (SSAE). My commission expires Oct. 5, 1915.



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Request Cary brands of dealer. THE PHILIP CAREY CO. 1414 O Street, Lincoln, Nebr.