

# The RETURN of TARZAN



By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Copyright, 1913, by W. G. Chapman

## 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 tree-tops 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 XV.

### The Wreck of the Lady Alice.

"I CANNOT be mistaken," Jane continued. "Oh, Hazel, are you sure that he is dead? Can there be no mistake?" "I am afraid not, my dear," answered Hazel sadly. "I wish I could think that you are mistaken, but now a hundred and one little pieces of corroborative evidence occur to me that mean nothing to me while I thought that he was John Caldwell of London. He said that he had been born in Africa and educated in France."

"Yes; that would be true," murmured Jane Porter dully.

"The first officer, who searched his luggage, found nothing to identify John Caldwell of London. Practically all his belongings had been made or purchased in Paris. Everything that bore an initial was marked either with a 'T' alone or with 'J. C. T.' We thought that he was traveling incognito under his first two names, the J. C. standing for John Caldwell."

"Tarzan of the Apes took the name Jean C. Tarzan," said Jane in the same lifeless monotone. "And he is dead! Oh, Hazel, it is horrible! He died all alone in this terrible ocean! It is unbelievable that that brave heart should have ceased to beat; that those mighty muscles are quiet and cold forever; that he who was the personification of life and health and manly strength should be the prey of slimy, crawling things; that— But she could go no further, and with a little moan, she buried her head in her arms and sank sobbing to the floor.

For days Miss Porter was ill and would see no one except Hazel and the faithful Esmeralda. When at last she came on deck all were struck by the sad change that had taken place in her. She was no longer the alert, vivacious American beauty who had charmed and delighted all who came in contact with her. Instead she was a very quiet and sad little girl, with an expression of hopeless wishfulness that none but Hazel Strong could interpret.

The entire party strove their utmost to cheer and amuse her, but all to no avail. Occasionally the jolly Lord Tennington would write a wane smile from her, but for the most part she sat with wide eyes looking out across the sea.

With Jane Porter's illness one misfortune after another seemed to attack the yacht. First an engine broke down, and they drifted for two days while temporary repairs were being made. Then a squall struck them unawares that carried overboard nearly everything above deck that was portable.

Later two of the seamen fell to fighting in the fore-cabin, with the result that one of them was badly wounded with a knife and the other had to be put in irons. Then, to cap the climax, the mate fell overboard at night and was drowned before help could reach him. The yacht cruised about the spot for ten hours, but no sign of the man was seen after he disappeared from the deck into the sea.

Every member of the crew and guests was gloomy and depressed after these series of misfortunes. All were apprehensive of worse to come and this was especially true of the seamen who recalled all sorts of terrible omens and warnings that had occurred during the early part of the voyage and which they could not clearly translate into the precursors of some grim and terrible tragedy to come.

Nor did the croakers have long to wait. The second night after the drowning of the mate the little yacht was suddenly wracked from stem to stern. About 1 o'clock in the morning there was a terrific impact that threw the slumbering guests and crew from bunk and berth. A mighty shudder ran through the frail craft; the engines lay far over to starboard; the engines stopped. For a moment she hung there with her decks at an angle of forty-five degrees—then, with a sudden, rending sound she slipped back into the sea and righted.

Instantly the men rushed upon deck, followed closely by the women. The night was densely black, though there was little or no sea. Just off the port bow a dim black mass could be discerned floating low in the water.

"A derelict!" was the terse explanation of the officer of the watch.

Presently the engineer hurried on deck in search of the captain.

"That patch we put on the cylinder head's blown out, sir," he reported, "and she's makin' water fast forward on the port bow."

An instant later a seaman rushed up from below.

"My Gawd!" he cried. "Her whole bleedin' bottom's ripped out. She can't float twenty minutes."

"Shut up!" roared Tennington. "Ladies, go below and get some of your things together. It may not be so bad as that, but we may have to take to the boats. It will be safer to be prepared. Go at once, please. And, Captain Jerrold, send some competent man below, please, to ascertain the exact extent of the damage. In the meantime I might suggest that you have the boats provisioned."

The calm low voice of the owner did much to reassure the entire party, and a moment later all were occupied with the duties he had suggested. By the time the ladies had returned to the deck the rapid provisioning of the boats had been about completed, and a moment later the officer who had gone below had returned to report. But his opinion was scarcely needed to assure the huddled group of men and women that the end of the Lady Alice was at hand.

"Well, sir?" said the captain as his officer hesitated.

"I dislike to frighten the ladies, sir," he said, "but she can't float a dozen minutes, in my opinion. There's a hole in her you could drive a bully cow through, sir."

For five minutes the Lady Alice had been settling rapidly by the bow. Already her stern loomed high in air, and foothold on the deck was of the most precarious nature. She carried four boats, and these were all filled and lowered away in safety. As they pulled rapidly from the stricken little vessel Jane Porter turned to have one last look at her. Just then there came a loud crash and an ominous rumbling and pounding from the heart of the ship—her machinery had broken loose and was dashing its way toward the bow, tearing out partitions and bulkheads as it went. The stern rose rapidly high above them. For a moment she seemed to pause there, a vertical shaft protruding from the bosom of the ocean, and then swiftly she dove head foremost beneath the waves.

In one of the boats the brave Lord Tennington had wiped a tear from his eye. He had not seen a fortune in money go down forever into the sea, but a dear, beautiful friend whom he had loved.

At last the long night broke and a tropical sun smote down upon the rolling water. Jane Porter had dropped into a fitful slumber—the fierce light of the sun upon her upturned face awoke her. She looked about her. In the boat with her were three sailors, Clayton and M. Thurau. Then she looked for the other boats, but as far as the eye could reach there was nothing to break the fearful monotony of that waste of waters—they were alone in a small boat upon the broad Atlantic.

As Tarzan struck the water his first impulse was to swim clear of the ship and possible danger from her propellers. He knew whom to thank for his present predicament, and as he lay in the sea, just supporting himself by a gentle movement of his hands, his chief emotion was one of chagrin that he had been so easily bested by Rokoff.

He lay thus for some time, watching the receding and rapidly diminishing lights of the steamer without it ever once occurring to him to call for help. He never had called for help in his life, and so it is not strange that he did not think of it now. Always had he depended upon his own prowess and resourcefulness, nor had there ever been since the days of Kala any to answer an appeal for steed. When it did occur to him it was too late. There was, thought Tarzan, a possible one chance in a hundred thousand that he might be picked up and an even smaller

chance that he would reach land, so he determined that to combine what slight chances there were he would swim slowly in the direction of the coast—the ship might have been closer in than he had known.

His strokes were long and easy—it would be many hours before those giant muscles would commence to feel fatigue. As he swam, guided toward the east by the stars, he noticed that he felt the weight of his shoes, and so he removed them. His trousers went next, and he would have removed his coat at the same time but for the precious papers in his pocket. To reassure himself that he still had them he slipped his hand in to feel, but to his consternation they were gone.

Now he knew that something more than revenge had prompted Rokoff to pitch him overboard. The ape-man swore softly and let his coat and shirt sink into the Atlantic. Before many hours he had divested himself of his remaining garments and was swimming easily and unencumbered toward the east.

The first faint evidence of dawn was paling the stars ahead of him when the dim outlines of a low lying black mass loomed up directly in his track. A few strong strokes brought him to its side—it was the bottom of a wave washed derelict. Tarzan clambered upon it—he would rest there until daylight at least. He curled up upon the slimy timbers and was soon asleep.

The heat of the sun awoke him early in the forenoon. His first conscious sensation was of thirst, which grew almost to the proportions of suffering with full returning consciousness, but a moment later it was forgotten in the joy of two almost simultaneous discoveries. The first was a mass of wreckage floating beside the derelict, in the midst of which, bottom up, rose and fell an overturned lifeboat. The other was the faint, dim line of a far distant shore showing on the horizon in the east.

Tarzan dove into the water and swam around the wreck to the lifeboat. The cool ocean refreshed him almost as much as would a draft of water, so that it was with renewed vigor that he brought the smaller boat alongside the derelict and after many herculean efforts succeeded in dragging it on to the slimy ship's bottom. There he righted and examined it. The boat was quite sound and a moment later floated upright alongside the wreck. Then Tarzan selected several pieces of wreckage that might answer him as paddles and presently was making good headway toward the far off shore.

It was late in the afternoon by the time he came close enough to distinguish objects on land or to make out the contour of the shore line. Before him lay what appeared to be the entrance to a little, landlocked harbor. The wooded point to the north was strangely familiar. Could it be possible that fate had thrown him up at the very threshold of his own beloved jungle! But as the bow of his boat entered the mouth of the harbor the last shred of doubt was cleared away, for there before him upon the farther shore, under the shadows of his primeval forest, stood his own cabin—built before his birth by the hand of his long dead father, John Clayton, Lord Greystoke.

With long sweeps of his giant muscles Tarzan sent the little craft speeding toward the beach. Its prow had scarcely touched when the ape-man leaped to shore—his heart beat fast in joy and exultation as each long familiar object came beneath his roving eyes—the cabin, the beach, the little brook, the dense jungle, the black, impenetrable forest. The myriad birds in their brilliant plumage; the gorgeous tropical blooms upon the festooned creepers falling in great loops from the giant trees.

Tarzan of the Apes had come into his own again, and that all the world might know it he threw back his young head and gave voice to the fierce, wild challenge of his tribe. For a moment silence reigned upon the jungle, and then, shrill and weird, came an answering challenge. It was Sabor, the tiger, and the deep roar of Numa, the lion, and from a great distance faintly the fearsome answering howl of a bull ape.

Tarzan went to the brook first and slaked his thirst. Then he approached his cabin. The door was still closed and latched as he and d'Arnot had left it. He raised the latch and entered. Nothing had been disturbed. There were the table, the bed and the little crib built by his father; the shelves and cupboards just as they had stood for over twenty-three years; just as he had left them nearly two years before.

His eyes satisfied, Tarzan's stomach began to call aloud for attention. The pangs of hunger suggested a search for food. There was nothing in the cabin, nor had he any weapons; but upon a wall hung one of his old grass ropes. It had been many times broken and spliced, so that he had discarded it for a better one long before. Tarzan wished that he had a knife. Well, unless he was mistaken he should have with him a spear and bows and arrows before another sun had set—the rope would take care of that, and in the meantime it must be made to procure food for him. He coiled it carefully, and throwing it about his shoulder, went out, closing the door behind him.

Close to the cabin the jungle commenced, and into it Tarzan of the Apes plunged, wary and noiseless, once more a savage beast hunting its food. For a time he kept to the ground, but finally, discovering no spoor indicative of nearby meat, he took to the trees. With the first dizzy swing from tree to tree all the old joy of living swept over him. Yain regrets and dull heart-

ache were forgotten. Now was he living. Now indeed was the true happiness of perfect freedom his. Who would go back to the stifling, wicked cities of civilized man when the mighty reaches of the great jungle offered peace and liberty? Not he.

While it was yet light Tarzan came to a drinking place by the side of a jungle river. There was a ford there, and for countless ages the beasts of the forest had come down to drink at this spot. Here of a night might always be found either Sabor or Numa crouching in the dense foliage of the surrounding jungle awaiting an antelope.



There Were the Table, the Bed and the Little Crib Built by His Father.

lope or a water buck for its meal. Here came Horta, the boar, to water, and here came Tarzan of the Apes to make a kill, for he was very empty.

On a low branch he squatted above the trail. For an hour he waited. It was growing dark. A little to one side of the ford in the densest thicket he heard the faint sound of padded feet and the brushing of a huge body against tall grasses and tangled creepers. None other than Tarzan might have heard it, but the ape-man heard and translated. It was Numa, the lion, on the same errand as himself. Tarzan smiled.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### In the Jungle.

PRESENTLY Tarzan heard an animal approaching warily along the trail toward the drinking place. A moment more and it came in view. It was Horta, the boar. Here was delicious meat, and Tarzan's mouth watered. The grasses where Numa lay were very still now, ominously still. Horta passed beneath Tarzan. A few more steps and he would be within the radius of Numa's spring. Tarzan could imagine how old Numa's eyes were shining, how he was already snaking in his breath for the awful roar which would freeze his prey for the brief instant between the moment of the spring and the sinking of terrible fangs into splintering bones.

But as Numa gathered himself a slender rope flew through the air from the low branches of a nearby tree. A noose settled about Horta's neck. There was a frightened grunt, a squeal, and then Numa saw his quarry dragged backward up the trail, and as he sprang Horta, the boar, soared upward beyond his clutches into the tree above, and a mocking face looked down and laughed into his own.

Then indeed did Numa roar. Angry, threatening, hungry, he paced back and forth beneath the taunting ape-man. Now he stopped and, rising on his hind legs against the stem of the tree that held his enemy, sharpened his huge claws upon the bark, tearing out great pieces that lay bare the white wood beneath.

And in the meantime Tarzan had dragged the struggling Horta to the brook beside him. Sinevery dragged and latched as he and d'Arnot had left it. He raised the latch and entered. Nothing had been disturbed. There were the table, the bed and the little crib built by his father; the shelves and cupboards just as they had stood for over twenty-three years; just as he had left them nearly two years before.

His eyes satisfied, Tarzan's stomach began to call aloud for attention. The pangs of hunger suggested a search for food. There was nothing in the cabin, nor had he any weapons; but upon a wall hung one of his old grass ropes. It had been many times broken and spliced, so that he had discarded it for a better one long before. Tarzan wished that he had a knife. Well, unless he was mistaken he should have with him a spear and bows and arrows before another sun had set—the rope would take care of that, and in the meantime it must be made to procure food for him. He coiled it carefully, and throwing it about his shoulder, went out, closing the door behind him.

Close to the cabin the jungle commenced, and into it Tarzan of the Apes plunged, wary and noiseless, once more a savage beast hunting its food. For a time he kept to the ground, but finally, discovering no spoor indicative of nearby meat, he took to the trees. With the first dizzy swing from tree to tree all the old joy of living swept over him. Yain regrets and dull heart-

ache were forgotten. Now was he living. Now indeed was the true happiness of perfect freedom his. Who would go back to the stifling, wicked cities of civilized man when the mighty reaches of the great jungle offered peace and liberty? Not he.

While it was yet light Tarzan came to a drinking place by the side of a jungle river. There was a ford there, and for countless ages the beasts of the forest had come down to drink at this spot. Here of a night might always be found either Sabor or Numa crouching in the dense foliage of the surrounding jungle awaiting an antelope.

But presently Numa gave up the chase and, with a series of blood-curdling moans and roars, turned angrily back in search of another and easier dinner.

A few moments later Tarzan was curled up in the mildewed remnants of what had once been a bed of grasses. Thus easily did M. Jean C. Tarzan slough the thin skin of his artificial civilization and sink happy and contented into the deep sleep of the wild beast that has fed to repletion. Yet a woman's "yes" would have bound him to that other life forever and made the thought of this savage existence repulsive.

Tarzan slept late into the following forenoon, for he had been very tired from the labors and exertion of the long night and day upon the ocean and the jungle jaunt that had brought into play muscles that he had scarce used for nearly two years. When he awoke he ran to the brook first to drink. Then he took a plunge into the sea, swimming about for a quarter of an hour. Afterward he returned to his cabin and breakfasted on the flesh of Horta. This done, he buried the balance of the carcass in the soft earth outside the cabin for his evening meal.

Once more he took his rope and vanished into the jungle. This time he hunted nobler quarry—man, although, had you asked him his own opinion, he could have named a dozen other denizens of the jungle which he considered for the superiors in nobility of the men he hunted. Today Tarzan was in the quest of weapons. He wondered if the women and children had remained in Mbonga's village after the punitive expedition from the French cruiser had massacred all the warriors in revenge for d'Arnot's supposed death. He hoped that he should find warriors there, for he knew not how long a quest he should have to make were the village deserted.

The ape-man traveled swiftly through the forest and about noon came to the site of the village, but to his disappointment found that the jungle had overgrown the plantain fields and that the thatched huts had fallen in decay. There was no sign of man. He clambered about among the ruins for half an hour, hoping that he might discover some forgotten weapon, but his search was without fruit, and so he took up his quest once more, following up the stream, which flowed from a southerly direction. He knew that near fresh water he would be most likely to find another settlement.

As he traveled he hunted as he had hunted with his ape people in the past, as Kala, his ape foster mother, had taught him to hunt, turning over rooted logs to find some toothsome vermin, running high into the trees to rob a bird's nest or porcupine upon a tiny rodent with the quickness of a cat. There were other things that he ate, too, but the less detailed the account of an ape's diet the better—and Tarzan was again an ape, the same fierce, brutal anthropoid that Kala had taught him to be and that he had been for the first twenty years of his life.

Occasionally he smiled as he recalled some friend who might even at the moment be sitting placid and immaculate within the precincts of his select Parisian club—just as Tarzan had sat but a few months before—and then he would stop, as though turned suddenly to stone as the gentle breeze carried to his nostrils the scent of some new prey or a formidable enemy.

That night he slept far inland from his cabin, securely wedged into the crotch of a giant tree, swaying a hundred feet above the ground. He had eaten heartily again—this time from the forest of Bana, the deer, who had fallen prey to his quick noose.

Early the next morning he resumed his journey, always following the course of the stream. For three days he continued his quest until he had come to a part of the jungle in which he never before had been. Occasionally upon higher ground the forest was much thinner, and in the far distance through the trees he could see ranges of mighty mountains, with wide plains in the foreground. Here in the open spaces were new game—countless antelope and vast herds of zebra. Tarzan was entranced. He would make a long visit to this new world.

On the morning of the fourth day his nostrils were suddenly surprised by a faint, new scent. It was the scent of man, but yet a long way off. The ape-man thrilled with pleasure. Every sense was on the alert, as with crafty stealth he moved quickly through the trees, upwind, in the direction of his prey. Presently he came upon it—a lone warrior treading softly through the jungle.

Tarzan followed close above his quarry, waiting for a clearer space in which to hurl his rope. As he stalked the unconscious man new thoughts presented themselves to the ape-man—thoughts born of the refining influences of civilization and of its cruelties. It came to him that seldom if ever did civilized man kill a fellow being without some pretext, however slight. It was true that Tarzan wished this man's weapons and ornaments, but was it necessary to take his life

to obtain them? The longer he thought about it the more repugnant became the thought of taking human life needlessly, and thus it happened that while he was trying to decide just what to do they had come to a little clearing, at the far side of which lay a palisaded village of beehive huts.

As the warrior emerged from the forest Tarzan caught a fleeting glimpse of a tawny hide worming his way through the matted jungle grasses in his wake. It was Sabor, the tiger. He, too, was stalking the black man. With the instant that Tarzan realized the native's danger his attitude toward his erstwhile prey altered completely. Now he was a fellow man threatened by a common enemy.

Sabor was about to charge. There was little time in which to compare various methods or weigh the probable result of any. And then a number of things happened almost simultaneously. The tiger sprang from his ambush toward the retreating black; Tarzan cried out in warning, and the black turned just in time to see Sabor leaped in mid flight by a slender strand of grass rope, the noose end of which had fallen cleanly about his neck.

The ape-man had acted so quickly that he had been unable to prepare himself to withstand the strain and shock of Sabor's great weight upon the rope, and so it was that though the rope stopped the beast before his mighty talons could fasten themselves in the flesh of the black, the strain overbalanced Tarzan, who came tumbling to the ground not six paces from the infuriated animal. Like lightning Sabor turned upon this new enemy and defenseless as he was, Tarzan of the Apes was nearer to death that instant than he ever before had been. It was the black who saved him. The warrior realized in an instant that he owed his life to this strange white man, and he also saw that only a miracle could save his preserver from those fierce yellow fangs that had been so near to his own throat.

With the quickness of thought his spear arm flew back, and then his forward with all the force of the sinewy muscles that rolled beneath the shimmering ebou hide. True to its mark the iron-shod weapon flew, transfixing Sabor's sleek carcass from the right groin to beneath the left shoulder. With a hideous scream of rage and pain the brute turned again upon the black. A dozen paces he had gone when Tarzan's rope brought him to a stand once more. Then he wheeled again upon the ape-man, only to feel the painful prick of a barbed arrow as it sank half its length in his quivering flesh. Again he stopped, and by this time Tarzan had run twice around the stem of a great tree with his rope and made the end fast.

The black saw the trick and grinned, but Tarzan knew that Sabor must be quickly finished before those mighty teeth had found and parted the slender cord that held him. It was a matter of but an instant to reach the black's side and drag his long knife from its scabbard. Then he signaled the warrior to continue to shoot arrows into the great beast while he attempted to close in upon him with the knife, so as to entangle upon one side the other sneaked cautiously in upon the other Sabor was furious. He raised his voice in a perfect frenzy of shrieks, growls and hideous moans, the while he reared upon his hind legs in futile attempt to reach first one and then the other of his tormentors.

But at length the agile ape-man saw his chance and rushed in upon the beast's left side behind the mighty shoulder. A giant arm encircled the white throat and a long blade sank once, true as a die, into the fierce heart. Then Tarzan arose and the black man and the white looked into each other's eyes across the body of their kill, and the black made the sign of peace and friendship, and Tarzan of the Apes answered it in kind.

The noise of their battle with Sabor had drawn an excited horde of savages from the nearby village, and a moment after the tiger's death the two men were surrounded by lithe, ebony warriors, gesticulating and jabbering—a thousand questions that drowned each ventured reply.

And then the women came and the children—eager, curious, and at sight of Tarzan more questioning than ever. The ape-man's new friend finally succeeded in making himself heard, and when he had done talking the men and women of the village vied with one another in doing honor to the strange creature who had saved their fellow and battled single handed with fierce Sabor.

At last they led him back to their village, where they brought him gifts of fowl and goats and cooked food. When he pointed to their weapons the warriors hastened to fetch spear, shield, arrows and a bow. His friend of the encounter presented him with the knife with which he had killed Sabor. There was nothing in all the village he could not have had for the asking.

Tarzan's first night with the savages was devoted to a wild orgy in his honor. There was feasting, for the hunters had brought in an antelope and a zebra as trophies of their skill, and gallons of the weak native beer were consumed. As the warriors danced in the firelight Tarzan was again impressed by the symmetry of their figures and the regularity of their features—the flat noses and thick lips of the typical West Coast savage were entirely missing. In repose the faces of the men were intelligent and dignified, those of the women oftentimes prepossessing.

(To Be Continued.)

Wedding stationery at the Journal office.

Statement of the Condition of THE LIVINGSTON LOAN AND BUILDING ASSOCIATION. Assets: First mortgage loans, \$10,233.00; Stock loans, 18,702.50; Real estate contracts, 2,731.29; Cash, 298.75; Delinquent interest, premiums and fees, 1,534.08; Rent account, 399.44; Insurance and taxes paid and advanced, 62.58; Total, \$24,744.25. Liabilities: Capital stock paid up, \$10,000.00; Reserve fund, 8,000.00; Undivided profits, 3,710.20; Other liabilities—bills payable, 2,460.00; Total, \$24,744.25.

RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES FOR THE YEAR ENDING JUNE 30, 1914. Receipts: Balance on hand July 1, 1913, \$9,672.00; Dues, 2,349.00; Interest, premiums and fees, 11,029.36; Loans repaid, 17,096.79; Real Estate Contracts, 625.10; Total, \$33,494.31. Expenditures: Loans, \$2,900.00; Expenses, 2,449.00; Stock redeemed, 23,046.11; Cash on hand, 2,731.29; Insurance and Taxes paid and advanced, 596.87; Depreciation, 1,460.46; Rent and Repair, 444.92; Total, \$33,494.31.

STATE OF NEBRASKA, ss. 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. D. B. SMITH, C. A. MARSHALL, F. G. EISENBERGER, Directors. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 7th day of July 1914. A. L. THURMAN, Notary Public. My commission expires Oct. 5, 1915.

LAND FOR SALE. The heirs of the late Gertrude M. Wiley propose to sell about 82 acres of timber land belonging to said estate and situated opposite the Lewiston church and adjoining the cemetery, two and one-half miles southeast of Murray. Sealed bids will be received by Mrs. A. Dove Asch, at her home near Murray, Nebraska, until noon Saturday, August 1, 1914. The heirs reserve the right to reject any and all bids. Mrs. A. Dove Asch, Murray, Nebraska.

FLYO-CURO protects horses and cows from flies and mosquitoes. Applied with a hand sprayer, only a very thin spray over the hair of the animal... For Sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

Make Your Wants Known. Advertisements under this heading five cents per line each insertion. Six words will be counted as a line and no advertisement taken for less than ten cents.

FOR SALE—Silver cornet, splendid instrument, Long model. Inquire of Dick Avard, Electric Shoe Store.

OZARKS—60 acres, handsomely improved, good orchard, good water, close to town, 20 acres timber; a fine dairy, poultry, truck, fruit, grain or grass farm; 195 miles south of Kansas City, on Kansas City Southern Railway. Price, \$3,500.00; Terms, R. H. Bates, Anderson, Mo.

FOR SALE—The Mrs. McVickler residence on North Sixth street. For particulars call on Mrs. J. E. Lesley.

FOR SALE—The G. F. Switzer quarter, three miles southwest of Nehawka. For particulars see or write Henry M. Pollard, Nehawka, Nebraska.

FOR SALE—Farm of 121 acres, 5 1/2 miles northeast of Union, 14 acres hay land, 20 acres pasture timber, rest in cultivation; well improved; price fight if taken soon. Address Miss Etta Nickels, Murray, Nebr.

FOR SALE—Beautiful Shetland ponies at all times, for the next 100 years, unless I die in the meantime. I have now an extra fine stallion, the best in the state, for sale. Well broke for both harness and saddle. Wm. F. Gilmore, Plattsmouth, Nebr., R. F. D. No. 1.

LOST—Between the Murray State Bank and the Churchill ice cream parlor, a white celluloid fan, has silver spangles on, also two yards pink ribbon. Finder please leave same at the Churchill ice cream parlor. 7-20-31wky

Do you know that the Journal office carries the finest line of stationery in the city?