

# The Return of TARZAN



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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 XVIII. The Ivory Raiders.

**W**AZIRI'S warriors marched at a rapid trot through the jungle in the direction of the village. For a few minutes the sharp cracking of guns ahead warned them to haste, but finally the reports dwindled to an occasional shot, presently ceasing altogether. Nor was this less ominous than the rattle of musketry, for it suggested but a single solution to the little band of rescuers—that the garrisoned village had already succumbed to the onslaught of a superior force.

The returning hunters had covered a little more than three miles of the five that had separated them from the village when they met the first of the fugitives who had escaped the bullets and the clutches of the foe. There were a dozen women, youths and girls in the party, and so excited were they that they could scarce make themselves understood as they tried to relate to Waziri the calamity that had befallen his people.

"They are as many as the leaves of the forest," cried one of the women, in attempting to explain the enemy's force. "There are many Arabs and countless Manyema, and they all have guns. They crept close to the village before we knew that they were about, and then, with many shouts, they rushed in upon us, shooting down men and women and children. Those of us who could flee in all directions into the jungle, but more were killed. I do not know whether they took any prisoners or not—they seemed only bent upon killing us all."

The march toward the village was now resumed more slowly and with greater stealth, for Waziri knew that it was too late to rescue; their only mission could be one of revenge. Inside the next mile a hundred more fugitives were met. There were many men among these, and so the fighting strength of the party was augmented.

Now a dozen warriors were sent creeping ahead to reconnoiter. Waziri remained with the main body, which advanced in a thin line that spread in a great crescent through the forest. By the chief's side walked Tarzan.

Presently one of the scouts returned. He had come within sight of the village. "They are all within the palisade," he whispered.

"Good!" said Waziri. "We shall rush in upon them and slay them all." "Wait!" cautioned Tarzan. "If there are even fifty guns within the palisade we shall be repulsed and slaughtered. Let me go alone through the trees, so that I may look down upon them from above and see just how many there be and what chance we might have were we to charge. Will you wait, Waziri?"

"Yes," said the old chief. "Go!" So Tarzan sprang into the trees and disappeared in the direction of the village. He moved more cautiously than was his wont, for he knew that men with guns could reach him quite as easily in the treetops as on the ground.

In five minutes he had wormed his way to the great tree that overhung the palisade at one end of the village, and from his point of vantage looked down upon the savage horde beneath. He counted fifty Arabs and estimated that there were five times as many cannibal Manyema.

party received when the blacks within the boma saw the long file of fettered friends and relatives enter the freight. These had all been given up as lost for ever, as had Tarzan as well. Slowly was no easy matter that night, for the women who had lost their men or their children in the day's massacre and battle made night hideous with their continued wailing and howling. Finally, however, Tarzan succeeded in silencing them on the plea that their noise would attract the Arabs to their hiding place, when all would be slaughtered.

When dawn came Tarzan explained his plan of battle to the warriors. First the women and children with a guard of some twenty old warriors and youths were started southward to be entirely out of the zone of danger.

Two hours after daylight a thin circle of black warriors surrounded the village. At intervals one was perched high in the branches of a tree which could overlook the palisade. Presently a Manyema within the village fell, pierced by a single arrow, a silent messenger of death from out of the silent forest.

The Arabs and their followers were thrown into a fine rage at this unexpected occurrence. They ran for the gates to wreak dire vengeance upon the foolhardy perpetrator of the outrage, but they suddenly realized that they did not know which way to turn to find the foe. As they stood debating, with many angry shouts and much gesticulating, one of the Arabs sank silently to the ground in their very midst—a thin arrow protruding from his heart.

Tarzan had placed the finest marksmen of the tribe in the surrounding trees, with directions never to reveal themselves while the enemy was faced in their direction. As a black released his messenger of death he would sink back behind the sheltering stem of the tree he had selected, nor would he again aim until a watchful eye told him that none was looking toward his tree.

Three times the Arabs started across the clearing in the direction from which they thought the arrows came, but each time another arrow would come from behind to take its toll from among their number. Then they would turn and charge in a new direction. Finally they set out upon a determined search of the forest, but the blacks melted before them so that they saw no sign of an enemy.

But above them lurked a grim figure in the dense foliage of the mighty trees—it was Tarzan of the Apes, hovering over them as if he had been the shadow of death.

"Do as I tell you," he urged, "and I will lead you to victory over these enemies of yours. Scatter through the forest, picking up as many stragglers as you can find and at night, if you think that you have been followed, come by roundabout ways to the spot where we killed the elephants today. Then I will explain my plan, and you will find that it is good."

They had barely time to hasten away farther into the forest before the first of the raiders had crossed the clearing and entered it in pursuit of them.

Tarzan ran a short distance along the ground before he took to the trees. Then he raced quickly to the upper terrace, there doubling on his tracks and making his way rapidly back toward the village. Here he found that every Arab and Manyema had joined in the pursuit, leaving the village deserted except for the chained prisoners and a single guard.

The sentry stood at the open gate looking in the direction of the forest so that he did not see the agile giant that dropped to the ground at the far end of the village street. With drawn bow the ape-man crept stealthily toward his unsuspecting victim. The prisoners had already discovered him, and with wide eyes filled with wonder and with hope they watched their would be rescuer. Now he halted not ten paces from the unconscious Manyema. The shaft was drawn back its full length at the height of the keen gray eye that sighted along its polished surface. There was a sudden twang as the brown fingers released their hold, and without a sound the rider sank forward with his face, a wooden shaft transfixing his heart and protruding a foot from his black chest.

Then Tarzan turned his attention to the fifty women and youths chained neck to neck on the long slave chain. There was no releasing of the ancient padlocks in the time that was left him, so the ape-man called to them to follow him as they were, and, snatching the gun and cartridge belt from the dead sentry, he led the now happy band out through the village gate and into the forest upon the far side of the clearing.

It was a slow and arduous march, for the slave chain was new to these people, and there were many delays as one of their number would stumble and fall, dragging others down with her. Then, too, Tarzan had been forced to make a wide detour to avoid any possibility of meeting with returning raiders. He was partially guided by occasional shots, which indicated that the Arab horde were still in touch with the villagers, but he knew that if they would but follow his advice there would be but few casualties other than on the side of the marauders.

Toward dusk the firing ceased entirely, and Tarzan knew that the Arabs had all returned to the village. It was after midnight when Tarzan, with his slow moving caravan, approached the spot where the elephants lay. Long before they reached it they had been guided by the huge fire the natives had built in the center of a bushy improvised boma, partially for warmth and partially to keep off chance lions.

It was a joyous reception the little party received when the blacks within the boma saw the long file of fettered friends and relatives enter the freight. These had all been given up as lost for ever, as had Tarzan as well. Slowly was no easy matter that night, for the women who had lost their men or their children in the day's massacre and battle made night hideous with their continued wailing and howling. Finally, however, Tarzan succeeded in silencing them on the plea that their noise would attract the Arabs to their hiding place, when all would be slaughtered.

overhanging limb, he drove his heavy spear with all the force of his giant muscles through the thatched roof. A howl of pain told him that it had found a mark. Then Tarzan returned to the forest, collected his warriors and withdrew a mile to the south to rest and eat.

An inspection of his force showed not a single casualty—not even a minor wound, while rough estimates of the enemies' loss convinced the blacks that no fewer than twenty had fallen before his arrows. They were wild with elation and were for finishing the day in one glorious rush upon the village, during which they would slaughter the last of their enemies.

"You are crazy," Tarzan cried. "I have shown you the only way to fight these people. You will fight just as I tell you to fight or I shall leave you and go back to my own country."

They were frightened when he threatened this and promised to obey him scrupulously if he would but promise not to desert them.

"Very well," he said. "We shall return to the elephant boma for the night. I have a plan to give the Arabs a little taste of what they may expect if they remain in our country, but I shall need no help."

So they marched back to their camp of the previous night and, lighting great fires, ate and recounted the adventures of the day until long after dark. Tarzan slept until midnight, then he arose and crept into the Cimmerian blackness of the forest. An hour later he came to the edge of the clearing before the village. There was a camp fire burning within the palisade. The ape-man crept across the clearing until he stood before the barred gates. Through the interstices he saw a lone sentry sitting before the fire.

Quietly Tarzan went to the tree at the end of the village street. He climbed softly to his place and fitted an arrow to his bow. For several minutes he tried to sight fairly upon the sentry, but the waving branches and flickering firelight convinced him that the danger of a miss was too great. He must touch the heart full in the center to bring the quiet and sudden death his plan required.

He had brought beside his bow, arrows and rope the gun he had taken the previous day from the other sentry he had killed. Caching all these in a convenient crotch of the tree, he dropped lightly to the ground within the palisade, armed only with his long knife. The sentry's back was toward him. Like a cat Tarzan crept upon the dozing man.

Tarzan crouched for a spring, for that is ever the quickest and surest attack of the jungle beast, when the man, warned by some subtle sense, sprang to his feet and faced the ape-man.

## CHAPTER XIX. Victory For the Waziri.

**W**HEN the eyes of the black Manyema savage fell upon the strange apparition that confronted him with menacing knife they went wide in horror. He forgot the gun within his hands. He even forgot to cry out. His one thought was to escape this fearsome looking white savage, this giant of a man upon whose massive rolling muscles and mighty chest the flickering firelight played.

But before he could turn Tarzan was upon him, and then the sentry thought to scream for aid, but it was too late. A great hand was upon his windpipe, and he was being borne to the earth. He battled furiously, but futilely. With the grim tenacity of a bulldog those awful fingers were clinging to his throat. Swiftly and surely life was being choked from him. His eyes bulged, his tongue protruded, his face turned to a ghastly, purplish hue. There was a convulsive tremor of the stiffening muscles, and the Manyema sentry lay quite still.

The ape-man threw the body across one of his broad shoulders and, gathering up the fellow's gun, trotted silently up the sleeping village street toward the tree that gave him such easy ingress to the palisaded village. He bore the dead sentry into the midst of the leafy maze above.

First he stripped the body of cartridge belt and such ornaments as he craved, wedging it into a convenient crotch while his nimble fingers ran over it in search of the loot he could not plainly see in the dark. When he had finished he took the gun that had belonged to the man and walked far out upon a limb, from the end of which he could obtain a better view of the huts. Drawing a careful bead on the beehive structure in which he knew the Arabs to be, he pulled the trigger. Almost instantly there was an answering groan—Tarzan smiled; he had made another lucky hit.

Following the shot there was a moment's silence in the camp, and then Manyema and Arab came pouring from the huts like a swarm of angry hornets; but, if the truth were known, they were even more frightened than they were angry.

When they discovered that their sentry had disappeared their fears were in no way allayed, and as though to bolster their courage by warlike actions they began to fire rapidly at the barred gates of the village, although no enemy was in sight. Tarzan took advantage of the deafening roar of this fusillade to fire into the mob beneath him.

No one heard his shot above the din of rattling musketry in the street, but some, who were standing close, saw one of their number crumple suddenly to the earth. When they leaned over him he was dead. They were panic stricken, and it took all the brutal authority of the Arabs to keep the Manyema from rushing helter skelter into

the jungle—anywhere to escape from this terrible village.

After a time they commenced to quiet down, and as no further mysterious deaths occurred among them they took heart again. But it was a short lived respite, for just as they had concluded that they would not be disturbed again Tarzan gave voice to a weird moan, and as the raiders looked up in the direction from which the sound seemed to come, the ape-man, who stood swinging the dead body of the sentry gently to and fro, suddenly shot the corpse far out above their heads.

With bows of alarm the throng broke in all directions to escape this new and terrible creature who seemed to be springing upon them. To their ear distorted imaginations the body of the sentry, falling with wide-spread arms and legs, assumed the likeness of a great beast of prey. In their anxiety to escape many of the blacks scaled the palisade, while others tore down the bars from the gates and rushed madly across the clearing toward the jungle.

For a time no one turned back toward the thing that had frightened them, but Tarzan knew that they would in a moment, and when they discovered that it was but the dead body of their sentry, while they would doubtless be still further terrified, he had a rather definite idea as to what they would do. So he faded silently away toward the south, taking the moonlit upper terrace back toward the camp of the Waziri.

Presently one of the Arabs turned and saw that the thing that had leaped from the tree upon which they lay still and quiet where it had fallen in the center of the village street. Cautiously he crept back toward it until he saw that it was but a man. A moment later he was beside the figure and in another had recognized it as the corpse of the Manyema who had stood on guard at the village gate.

His companions rapidly gathered around at his call, and after a moment's excited conversation they discovered what Tarzan had reasoned they would. Raising their guns to their shoulders, they poured volley after volley into the tree from which the corpse had been thrown. Had Tarzan remained there he would have been riddled by a hundred bullets.

When the Arabs and Manyema discovered that the only marks of violence upon the body of their dead comrade were giant finger prints upon his swollen throat they were again thrown into deeper apprehension and despair. That they were not even safe within a palisaded village at night came as a distinct shock to them. That an enemy could enter the midst of their camp and kill their sentry with bare hands seemed outside the bounds of reason, and so the superstitious Manyema commenced to attribute their ill luck to supernatural causes, nor were the whites able to offer any better explanation.

With at least fifty of their number flying through the black jungle, and without the slightest knowledge of when their uncanny foemen might resume the cold blooded slaughter they had commenced, it was a desperate band of cutthroats that waited sleeplessly for the dawn. Only on the promise of the Arabs that they would leave the village at daybreak, and hasten onward toward their own land, would the remaining Manyema consent to stay at the village a moment longer. Not even fear of their cruel masters was sufficient to overcome this new terror.

And so it was that when Tarzan and his warriors returned to the attack the next morning they found the raiders prepared to march out of the village. The Manyema were laden with stolen ivory. As Tarzan saw it he grinned, for he knew that they would not carry it far. Then he saw something which caused him anxiety—a number of the Manyema were fighting torches in the remnant of the camp fire.

Tarzan was perched in a tall tree some hundred yards from the palisade. Making a trumpet of his hands, he called loudly in the Arab tongue: "Do not fire the huts or we shall kill you all! Do not fire the huts, or we shall kill you all!"

A dozen times he repeated it. The Manyema hesitated; then one of them flung his torch into the camp fire. All others were about to do the same when an Arab sprang upon them with a stick, beating them toward the huts. Tarzan could see that he was commanding them to fire the little thatched dwellings. Then he stood erect upon the swaying branch a hundred feet above the ground, and, raising one of the Arab guns to his shoulder, took careful aim and fired. With the report the Arab who was urging on his men to burn the village fell in his tracks, and the Manyema threw away their torches and fled from the village. The last Tarzan saw of them they were racing toward the jungle, while their former masters knelt upon the ground and fired at them.

But, however angry the Arabs might have been at the insubordination of their slaves, they were at least convinced that it would be the better part of wisdom to forego the pleasure of firing the village that had given them two such nasty receptions. In their hearts, however, they swore to return again with such a force as would enable them to sweep the entire country for miles around until no vestige of human life remained.

They had looked in vain for the owner of the voice which had frightened off the men who had been detailed to put the torch to the huts, but not even the keenest eye among them had been able to locate him. They had seen the puff of smoke from the tree following the shot that brought down the Arab, but, though a volley had immediately

been tossed into its foliage, there had been no indication that it had been effective.

Tarzan was too intelligent to be caught in any such trap, and so the report of his shot had scarcely died away before the ape-man was on the ground and racing for another tree a hundred yards away. Here he again found a suitable perch from which he could watch the preparations of the raiders. It occurred to him that he might have considerable more fun with them, so again he called to them through his improvised trumpet.

"Leave the ivory!" he cried. "Leave the ivory! Dead men have no use for ivory!"

Some of the Manyema started to lay down their loads, but this was altogether too much for the avaricious Arabs. With loud shouts and curses they aimed their guns full upon the bearers, threatening instant death to any who might lay down his load. They could give up firing the village, but the thought of abandoning this enormous fortune in ivory was quite beyond their conception. Better death than that.

And so they marched out of the village of the Waziri, and on the shoulders of their slaves was the ivory ransom of a score of huts. Toward the north they marched, back toward their savage settlement.

Under Tarzan's guidance the black Waziri warriors stationed themselves along the trail on either side in the densest underbrush. They stood at far intervals, and as the column passed a single arrow or a heavy spear, well aimed, would pierce a Manyema or an Arab. Then the Waziri would melt into the distance and run ahead to take his stand farther on. They did not strike unless success were sure and the danger of detection almost nothing.

And so the arrows and the spears were few and far between, but so persistent and inevitable that the slow moving column of heavy laden raiders was in a constant state of panic—panic at the pierced body of the comrade who had just fallen, panic at the uncertainty of who the next would be to fall and when.

It was with the greatest difficulty that the Arabs prevented their men a dozen times from throwing away their burdens and fleeing like frightened rabbits up the trail toward the north. And so the day wore on—a frightful nightmare of a day for the raiders—a day of weary but well repaid work for the Waziri. At night the Arabs constructed a rude boma in a little clearing by a river and went into camp.

At intervals during the night a rifle would bark close above their heads, and one of the dozen sentries which they now had posted would tumble to the ground. Such a condition was insupportable, for they saw that by means of these hideous tactics they would be completely wiped out, one by one, without inflicting a single death upon their enemy. But yet, with the persistent avariciousness of the white man, the Arabs clung to their loot and when morning came forced the demoralized Manyema to take up their burdens of death and stagger on into the jungle.

For three days the withering column kept up its frightful march. Each hour was marked by its deadly arrow or cruel spear. The nights were made hideous by the marking of the invisible gun that made sentry duty equivalent to a death sentence.

On the morning of the fourth day the Arabs were compelled to shoot two of their blacks before they could compel the balance to take up the hated ivory, and as they did so a voice rang out clear and strong from the jungle: "Today you die, oh, Manyema, unless you lay down the ivory. Fall upon your cruel masters and kill them! You have guns, why do you not use them? Kill the Arabs, and we will not harm you. We will take you back to our village and feed you and lead you out of our country in safety and in peace. Lay down the ivory and fall upon your masters. We will help you. Else you die!"

As the voice died down the raiders stood as though turned to stone. The Arabs eyed their Manyema slaves. The slaves looked first at one of their fellows and then at another. They were but waiting for some one to take the initiative. There were some thirty Arabs left and about 150 blacks. All were armed—even those who were acting as porters had their rifles slung across their backs.

The Arabs drew together. The shik ordered the Manyema to take up the march, and as he spoke he cocked his rifle and raised it. But at the same instant one of the blacks threw down his load, and snatching his rifle from his back, fired point blank at the group of whites. In an instant the camp was a cursing, howling mass of demons, fighting with guns and knives and pistols. The Arabs stood together and defended their lives valiantly, but with the rain of lead that poured upon them from their own slaves and the shower of arrows and spears which now leaped from the surrounding jungle aimed solely at them, there was little question from the first what the outcome would be. In ten minutes from the time the first porter had thrown down his load the last of the Arabs lay dead.

When the firing had ceased Tarzan spoke again to the Manyema: "Take up our ivory and return it to our village, from whence you stole it. We shall not harm you."

(To Be Continued.)

Statement of the Condition of THE LIVINGSTON LOAN AND BUILDING ASSOCIATION. Assets: First mortgage loans, \$100,000.00; Stock loans, 15,000.00; Real estate contracts, 2,700.00; Cash, 100.00; Delinquent interest, premiums and fees and dues, 1,200.00; Rent account, 200.00; Unpaid and taxes paid and advanced, 645.58; Total, \$119,745.58. Liabilities: Capital stock paid up, \$100,000.00; Reserve fund, 8,000.00; Loans repaid, 2,700.00; Other liabilities—bills payable, 2,400.00; Total, \$113,100.00.

RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES FOR THE YEAR ENDING JUNE 30, 1914. RECEIPTS: Balance on hand July 1, 1913, \$10,672.00; Dues, 23,430.00; Interest, premiums and fines, 11,070.00; Loans repaid, 11,000.00; Real Estate Contracts, 625.00; Total, \$56,797.00. EXPENDITURES: Loans, \$20,000.00; Expenses, 1,400.00; Stock reduction, 23,430.00; Cash on hand, 500.00; Insurance and Taxes paid and advanced, 1,400.00; Rent and Repair, 444.92; Total, \$56,797.00.

STATE OF NEBRASKA, CASS COUNTY. I, C. G. FLOCKE, 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. FLOCKE, Secretary. Approved: D. B. SMITH, C. A. MARSHALL, F. G. JOHNSBERGER, Directors. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 24th day of July 1914. A. L. THOMAS, Notary Public. My commission expires Oct. 3, 1915.

Attorney Matthew Gering, one of the leading candidates for the republican nomination for congress, departed this morning for Falls City to visit there with his friends and look over the political situation. As the people get acquainted with this talented gentleman they all realize what an excellent representative he would make for the First district.

Wedding stationery at the Journal office.

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.

LOST—On July 15th, between Mynard and Lincoln, a Prest-o-Lite tank, size "B," nickel plated, with reducing valve attached. Reward will be given for its return. R. O. Cole, Mynard, Neb. 7-23-14w

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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. 7-20-14w

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