

# 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 XXIX.

## The Passing of the Ape-Man.

**T**HAT night Tarzan built a snug little bower high among the swaying branches of a giant tree, and there the tired girl slept, while in a crotchet beneath her the ape-man curled, ready, even in sleep, to protect her.

It took them many days to make the long journey to the coast. Where the way was easy they walked hand in hand beneath the arching bows of the mighty forest, as might in far gone past have walked their primeval forbears. Where the underbrush was tangled he took her in his great arms and bore her lightly through the trees and the days were all too short, for they were very happy. Had it not been for their anxiety to reach and succor Clayton they would have drawn out the sweet pleasure of that wonderful journey indefinitely.

On the last day before they reached the coast Tarzan caught the scent of men ahead of them—the scent of black men. He told the girl and cautioned her to maintain silence. "There are few friends in the jungle," he remarked dryly.

In half an hour they came stealthily upon a small party of black warriors filing toward the west. As Tarzan saw them he gave a cry of delight. It was a band of his own Waziri. Busuli was there and others who had accompanied him to Opar. At sight of him they danced and cried out in exuberant joy. For weeks they had been searching for him, they told him.

The blacks exhibited considerable wonderment at the presence of the white girl with him, and when they found that she was to be his woman they vied with one another to do her honor. With the happy Waziri laughing and dancing about them, they came to the rude shelter by the shore.

There was no sign of life and no response to their calls. Tarzan clambered quickly to the interior of the little hut, only to emerge a moment later with an empty tin. Throwing it down to Busuli, he told him to fetch water and then he beckoned Jane Porter to come up.

Together they leaned over the emaciated thing that once had been an English nobleman. Tears came to the girl's eyes as she saw the poor, sunken cheeks and hollow eyes and the lines of suffering upon the once young and handsome face.

"He still lives," said Tarzan. "We will do all that can be done for him, but I fear that we are too late."

When Busuli had brought the water Tarzan forced a few drops between the cracked and swollen lips. He wetted the hot forehead and bathed the piteous limbs.

Presently Clayton opened his eyes. A faint, shadowy smile lighted his countenance as he saw the girl leaning over him. At sight of Tarzan the expression changed to one of wonderment.

"It's all right, old fellow," said the ape-man. "We've found you in time. Everything will be all right now, and we'll have you on your feet again before you know it."

The Englishman shook his head weakly. "It's too late," he whispered. "But it's just as well. I'd rather die."

"Where is M. Thurstan?" asked the girl.

"He left me after the fever got bad. He is a devil. When I begged for the

to reconcile the conviction with the very lifelike appearance of Jane's "foremost god." The old man was deeply touched at the news of Clayton's death.

"I cannot understand it," he said. "M. Thurstan assured us that Clayton passed away many days ago."

"Thurstan is with you?" asked Tarzan.

"Yes. He but recently found us and led us to your cabin. We were camped but a short distance north of it. Bless me, but he will be delighted to see you both."

"And surprised," commented Tarzan.

A short time later the strange party came to the clearing in which stood the ape-man's cabin. It was filled with people coming and going, and almost the first whom Tarzan saw was D'Arnot.

"Paul!" he cried. "In the name of sanity, what are you doing here? Or are we all insane?"

It was quickly explained, however, as were many other seemingly strange things. D'Arnot's ship had been cruising along the coast on patrol duty when, at the Lieutenant's suggestion, they had anchored off the little landlocked harbor to have another look at the cabin and the jungle in which many of the officers and men had taken part in exciting adventures two years before. On landing they had found Lord Tennington's party, and arrangements were being made to take all on board the following morning and carry them back to civilization.

Hazel Strong and her mother, Esmeralda, and Samuel T. Philander were almost overcome by happiness at Jane Porter's safe return. Her escape seemed to them little short of miraculous, and it was the consensus of opinion that it could have been achieved by no other man than Tarzan of the Apes. They loaded the uncomfortable ape-man with eulogies and attention until he wished himself back in the amphitheater of the apes.

All were interested in the savage Waziri, and many were the gifts the black men received from these friends of their king, but when they learned that he might sail away from them upon the great canoe that lay at anchor a mile off shore they became very sad.

As yet the newcomers had seen nothing of Lord Tennington and M. Thurstan. They had gone out for fresh meat early in the day and had not yet returned. How surprised this man, whose name you say is Rokoff, will be to see you," said Jane Porter to Tarzan.

"His surprise will be short lived," replied the ape-man grimly, and there was that in his tone that made her look up into his face in alarm. What she read there evidently confirmed her fears, for she put her hand upon his arm and pleaded with him to leave the Russian to the laws of France.

"In the heart of the jungle, dear," she said, "with no other form of right or justice to appeal to other than your own mighty muscles, you would be warranted in executing upon this man the sentence he deserves, but with the strong arm of a civilized government at your disposal it would be murder to kill him now. Even your friends would have to submit to your arrest, or if you resisted it you would plunge us all into misery and unhappiness again. I cannot bear to lose you again, my Tarzan. Promise me that you will but turn him over to Captain Dufranne and let the law take its course. The beast is not worth risking our happiness for."

He saw the wisdom of her appeal and promised. A half hour later Rokoff and Tennington emerged from the cruiser. Captain Dufranne said he felt like the commander of an old-time Spanish galleon returning from the treasure cities of the Aztecs. "I don't know what minute my crew will cut my throat and take over the ship," he added.

The next morning, as they were preparing to embark upon the cruiser, Tarzan ventured a suggestion to Jane Porter.

"Wild beasts are supposed to be devoid of sentiment," he said, "but nevertheless, I should like to be married with the graves of my mother and my father and surrounded by the savage jungle that always has been my home."

"Would it be quite regular, dear?" she asked. "For if it would I know of no other place in which I should rather be married to my forest god than beneath the shade of his primeval forest."

And when they spoke of it to the others they were reassured that it would be quite regular, and a most splendid termination of a remarkable romance. So the entire party assembled within the little cabin and about the door to witness the second ceremony that Professor Porter was to solemnize within three days.

D'Arnot was to be best man and Hazel Strong bridesmaid until Tennington upset all the arrangements by another of his marvelous "ideas."

"If Miss Strong is agreeable," he said, "taking the bridesmaid's hand in his, Hazel and I think it would be ripping to make it a double wedding."

The next day they sailed, and as the cruiser steamed slowly out to sea a tall man, immaculate in white fannel and a graceful girl leaned against her rail to watch the receding shore line upon which danced twenty naked, black warriors of the Waziri, waving their war spears above their savage heads and shouting farewells to their departing king.

"I should hate to think that I am looking upon the jungle for the last time, dear," he said, "were it not that I know that I am going to a new world of happiness with you forever," and, bending down, Tarzan of the Apes kissed his mate upon her lips.



## Local News

From Friday's Daily.

Miss Lucille Gass was among the passengers this afternoon for Omaha, where she will visit with friends for a short time.

Mrs. B. W. Bines of Omaha, who has been here visiting at the B. F. Crook home for a few days, returned this afternoon to her home.

Miss Gertrude Sturm of Nebraska is in the city for a few days, a guest of Miss Marie Robertson, a classmate at the state university.

S. Ray Smith of Weeping Water was in the city yesterday afternoon and evening visiting at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Smith.

Park Chriswisser returned this afternoon from Omaha, where he had been looking after some matters of business in that city for a short time.

George Standar was among the business visitors in the metropolis today, where he was called for a few hours to look after some items of business.

Mrs. Fred Hafke was among the passengers this morning for Omaha, where she will visit for the day in that city looking after some matters of business.

Jesse McVey, who has been spending several days at Murray visiting with friends near that place, returned to this city last evening via the Missouri Pacific.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Mereness, who are en route from the Pacific coast to their home in Oklahoma, stopped off in this city to visit for a time with Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Sage, departing this morning.

Byron Clark, the attorney for the Burlington, came down this afternoon from his home at Omaha to visit here for a few hours looking after some legal matters in this city.

From Saturday's Daily.

Henry C. Long of Murray was in the city yesterday for a few hours looking after matters of business at the court house.

County Surveyor Fred Patterson departed this morning for Omaha, where he will attend to some matters for the county.

Mrs. Will Jean and two little sons were passengers this morning on the early Burlington train for Omaha, where they will visit over Sunday with relatives and friends.

R. L. Propst and sons, Will and Wayne, were in Fremont this week attending the plow show there, and they enjoyed very much the exhibition of the different styles of plows.

Miss Jennie Reynolds, who has been here for a short visit with friends in this city, departed this morning for Glenwood, where she is engaged in teaching at the institute there.

Frank Archer, wife and daughter, who have been spending the past two weeks in this city, returned this afternoon to their home in Council Bluffs. Mr. Archer is feeling much improved in health after his visit here.

Philip Eagan of North Platte, Neb., who is employed as an engineer on the Union Pacific from North Platte to Grand Island, is in the city today for a short visit at the home of his brother, Pat Eagan and family.

James Campbell and family of Bloomfield, Neb., who have been here for a short time visiting with the Campbell families near Murray and vicinity, departed this morning on the early Burlington train for their home in the western part of the state.

## Summer Constipation Dangerous.

Constipation in summer time is more dangerous than in the fall, winter or spring. The food you eat is often contaminated and is more likely to ferment in your stomach. Then you are apt to drink much cold water during the hot weather, thus injuring your stomach. Colic, Fever, Ptomaine Poisoning and other ills are natural results. Po-Do-Lax will keep you well, as it increases the Bile, the natural laxative, which rids the bowels of the congested poisonous waste. Po-Do-Lax will make you feel better, pleasant and effective. Take a dose tonight. 50¢ at your druggist.

FOR SALE—Alfalfa hay, \$10.00 pr ton. S. T. Gilmore, Route 1. 8-21-d&w

FOR SALE—New Fall Suit Free Extra Trouser and Initial Belt only \$27.50

made to your individual measurement from fourteen of our leading 15-ounce all wool serge in colors—blue, grey, brown and fancy striped. Wear Busch tailored garments made right here in Plattsmouth.

We Do Dry Cleaning.

Fred P. Busch Tailoring Co.  
Hotel Riley Building—Main and Sixth Street—Plattsmouth, Neb.

## 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—We have two five-room cottages that can be purchased on monthly payments, and several nice homes suitable for retired farmers; also some acreage tracts. Windham Loan & Investment Co. 6-22-f&d-w

FARMS FOR SALE—6 acres improved, one mile from Plattsmouth; 80 acres improved, seven miles from Plattsmouth; 3½ miles from Pacific Junction; also one team of black horses, 7 years old; one cow and calf and some implements. For particulars address the Plattsmouth Journal.

G. L. Farley was a passenger this morning for Omaha, where he was called on some matters of business for a short time.

Office supplies at the Journal office.

FOR SALE—Two-story brick residence on Main and Eighth streets; contains 8 rooms, not including bath room and closets. Beautifully located and modern fixtures. Two and one-half lots, with trees, barn and outbuildings. For further particulars address Silas Long, 648 North 26th street, Lincoln, Neb. 4-8-1m-d&w

FOR SALE—Plattsmouth city warrants, bearing 7 per cent interest. Inquire of James Burnie.

FOR SALE—Native lumber. Inquire of Mrs. Kate Bunting, two and a half miles northeast of Murray. 8-10-2wks-wkly

FOR SALE—80-acre farm, well improved, 3 good wells and wind-mills, 3 miles east of Union. Address Wm. Rakke, Union, Neb.

HORSES—For sale or trade. Frank Vallery, Plattsmouth. Phone 305 J

Wanted—Position as farm hand by the month or year around, or janitor work in the city. Address Box 510, Plattsmouth, Neb.

LOST—Between the Wm. Heil residence and John Urish residence, a ladies' gold watch. Initials "A. B. G." in back of case. Finder please return to this office and receive reward.

Sign no notes or contracts, but write today for free catalog.

8-14-f&d

WANTED—Good wagon, double harness, one horse. Price must be reasonable. Ben Hankinson, Plattsmouth. 8-20-2d-f&t

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Write me for Homestead folders or Deeded land matter and about personally conducted excursions. I am in touch with the owners and with the Government. I am paid to locate you along the Burlington Railroad.

S. B. HOWARD, Ass't Immigration Agent,  
1004 Farnam Street, Omaha, Neb.

8-14-f&d

Burlington Route