TARZAN of THE APES

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

BEGIN HERE

After the death in 1890 of John Clayton, Lord Greystoke, and his wife, Lady Alice, in the African jungles, a mother ape steals their infant son Tarzan, and drops her own dead babe in the cradle. At 18 years Tarzan has learned to read English books in his father's cabin, but can speak only ape language. He finds his father's photo, diary and a locket. As the diary is in French Tarzan does not learn the riddle of his strang life. Mbonga and his trible of savages invade territory near Tarzan's home. A ship bearing white passengers anchors near-by. Tarzan saves the lives of William Cecil Clayton, son of the then Lord Cecil Clayton, son of the then Lord Greystoke; his companion, Jane Porter, and her colored maid, Esmeralda. Prof. Archimedes Q. Porter, Jane's father, and his secretary, Samuel T. Philander, bury the skeletons found in the cabin and notice the tiny one is not human. They ascertain from a crest ring and John Clayton's name in his books that the bones are of Lord and Lady Greystoke. Tarzan watches mutineers of the Arrow bury a treasure chest. He secretly unearths and reburies it. He reads a letter written by Jane to Hazel Strong saying her father has borrowed $10,000 from Robert Canler and gone in search of buried treasure. After finding it the sailors mutiny and leave Jane and her father in Africa. Tarzan leaves a love note for Jane, but she is stolen by Terkoz, an ape, before finding it. Signal fires bring a rescue boat and the crew, headed by Lieut. D'Arrot, search the jungle for Jane. Half starved survivors of the Arrow tell of the buried chest. Jane embrances Tarzan ardently when he kills the ape to save her. She notices Tarzan's resemblance to the miniature in his locket. He insists she wear it and carries her to the cabin. Mbonga's warrier capture D'Arnot. Tarzan secretly rescues him. D'Arnots' men plan an attack on Mbonga's village.

GO ON WITH THE STORY

At length the signal came—a sharp rattle of musketry, and like one man, an answering volley tore from the jungle to the west and to the south.

The natives in the field dropped their implements and broke madly for the palisade. The French bullets mowed them down, and the French sailors bounded over their prostrate bodies straight for the village gate.

So sudden and unexpected the assault had been that the whites reached the gates before the frightened natives could bar them, and in another minute the village street was filled with armed men fighting hand to hand in an inextricable tangle.

They spared the children and those of the women whom they were not forced to kill in self-defense, but when at length they stopped, panting, blood covered and sweating, it was because there lived to oppose them no single warrior of all the savage village of Mbonga.

Carefully they ransacked every hut and corner of the village, but no sign of D'Arnot could they find.

The next morning they set out upon the return march. Their original intention had been to burn the village, but this idea was abandoned and the prisoners were left behind, weeping and moaning, but with roofs to cover them and a palisade for refuge from the beasts of the jungle.

Slowly the expedition retraced its steps of the preceding day.

Clayton and Lieutenant Carpentier brought up the rear of the column; the Englishman silent in respect for the other's grief, for D'Arnot and Charpentier had been inseperable friends since boyhood.

It was quite late when they reached the cabin by the beach

Clayton, exhausted from his five days of laborious marching through the jungle and from the effects of his two battles with the blacks, turned toward the cabin to seek a mouthful of food and then the comparative ease of his bed of grasses, after two nights in the jungle.

By the cabin door stood Jane Porter.

"The poor lieutenant?" she asked. "Did you find no trace of him?"

"We were too late, Miss Porter," he replied sadly.

"Tell me. What had happened?" she asked.

"I cannot, Miss Porter, it is too horrible."

"You do not mean that they had tortured him?" she whispered.

"We do not know what they did to him before they killed him," he answered, his face drawn with fatgue and the sorrow he felt for poor D'Arnot—and he emphasized the word before.

"Before they killed him! What do you mean? They are not ——? They are not ——?"

She was thinking of what Clayton had said of the forest man's probable relationship to this tribe and she could not frame the awful word.

"Yes, Miss Porter, they were—— cannibals," he said almost bitterly, for to him, too, had suddenly come the thought of the forest man, and the strange, unaccountable jeadousy he had felt two days before swept over him once more.

And then in sudden brutality that was as unlike Clayton as courteous consideration is unlike an ape, he blurted out:

"When your forest god left you he he was doubtlessly hurrying to the feast."

He was sorry ere the words were spoken, though he did not know how cruelly they had cut the girl. His regret was for his baseless disloyalty to one who had saved the lives of every member of his party, nor ever offered harm to one.

The girl's head went high.

"There could be but one suitable reply to your assertion, Mr. Clayton," she said icily, "and I regret that I am not a man, that I might make it." She turned quickly and entered the cabin.

Clayton was an Englishman, so the girl had passed quite out of sight before he deduced what reply a man would have made.

"Upon my word," he said ruefully, "she called me a liar. And I fancy I jolly well deserved it," he added thoughtfully. "Clayton, my boy, I know you are tired out and unstrung, but that's no reason why you should make an ass of yourself. You'd better go to bed."

But before he did so he called gently to Jane Porter upon the opposite side of the sail cloth partition, for he wished to apologize, but he might as well have addressed the sphinx. Then he wrote upon a piece of paper and shoved it beneath the partition.

Jane Porter saw the little note and ignored it, for she was very angry and hurt and mortified, but—she was a woman, and so eventually she picked it up and read it.

My Dear Miss Porter:

I had no reason to insinuate what I did. My only excuse is that my nerves must be unstrung—which is no excuse at all.

Please try and think that I did not say it. I am very sorry. I would not have hurt you, above all others in the world. Say that you forgive me.

WM. CECIL CLAYTON.

"He did think it or he never would have said it," reasoned the girl, "but it cannot be true—oh, I know it is not true!"

One sentence in the letter frightened her: "I would not have hurt you above all others in the world."

A week ago that sentence would have filled her with delight, now it depressed her.

She wished she had never met Clayton. She was sorry that she had ever seen the forest god—no, she was glad. And there was that other note she had found in the grass before the cabin the day after her return from the jungle, the love note signed by Tarzan of the Apes.

Who could be this new suitor? If he were another of the wild denizens of this terrible forest what might he not do to claim her?

CHAPTER XXIII

Brother Men

When D'Arnot regained consciousness, he found himself lying upon a bed of soft ferns and grasses beneath a little "A" shaped shelter of boughs.

He was very lame and sore and weak, and as full consciousness returned he felt the sharp torture of many cruel wounds, and the dull aching of every bone and muscle in his body as a result of the hideous beating he had received.

At length he recollected the whole hideous scene at the stake, and finally recalled the strange white figure in whose arms he had sunk into oblivion.

D'Arnot wondered what fate lay in store for him now. He could neither see nor hear any signs of life about him.

At length he fell in a quiet slumber, nor did he awake again until afternoon.

Once more he experienced the strange sense of utter bewilderment that had marked his earlier awakening, but soon he recalled the recent past, and looking through the opening at his feet he saw the figure of a man squatting on his haunches.

The broad, muscular back was turned toward him, but, tanned though it was, D'Rnot saw that it was the back of a white man, and he thanked his God.

The Frenchman called faintly. The man turned, and, rising, came toward the shelter. His face was very handsome—the harsomest, thought D'Arnot, that he had ever seen.

Stooping, he crawled into the shelter beside the wounded officer and placed a cool hand upon his forehead.

D'Arnot spoke to him in French, but the man only shook his head—sadly, it seemed to the Frechman.

Then D'Arnot tried English, but still the man shook his head. Italian, Spanish and German brought similar discouragement.

D'Arnot know a few words of Norwegian, Russian, Greek and also had a smattering of the language of one of the West Coast negro tribes—the man denied them all.

Suddenly the man hastened from the shelter only to return a few minutes later with several pieces of bark and—wonder of wonders—a lead pencil.

Squatting beside D'Arnot he wrote for a minute on the smooth inner surface of the bark; then he handed it to the Frenchman.

D'Arnot was astonished to see, in plain print-like characters, a message in English:

sage in English.

"I am Tarzan of the Apes. Who are you? Can you read this language?"

D'Arnot seized the pencil—then he stopped. This strange man wrote English—evidently he was an Englishman.

"Yes," said D'Arnot, "I read English. I speak it also. Now we may talk. First let me thank you for all that you have done for me."

The man only shook his head and pointed to the pencil and the bark.

"Mon Dieu!" cried D'Arnot. "If you are English why is it then that you cannot speak English?"

And then in a flash it came to him—the man was a mute, possibly a deaf-mute.

So D'Arnot wrote a message on the bark, in English.

I am Paul d'Arnot, lieutenant in the navy of France. I thank you for what you have done for me. You have saved my life, and all that I have is yours. May I ask how it is that one who writes English does not speak it?

Tarzan's reply filled D'Arnot with still greater wonder:

I speak only the language of my tribe—the great apes who were Kerchak's; and a little of the languages of Tantor, the elephant, and Numa, the lion, and of the other folks of the jungle I understand. With a human being I have never spoken, except once with Jane Porter, by signs. This is the first time I have spoken with another of my kind through written words.

He looked at Tarzan's message—"except once with Jane Porter." That was the American girl who had been carried into the jungle by a gorilla.

A sudden light commenced to dawn on D'Arnot—this then was the "gorilla." He seized the pencil and wrote:

Where is Jane Porter?

And Tarzan replied, below:

Back with her people in the cabin of Tarzan of the Apes.

She is not dead then? Where was she? What happened to her?

She is not dead. She was taken by Terkoz to be his wife; but Tarzan of the Apes took her away from Terkoz and killed him before he could harm her.

None in all the jungle may face Tarzan of the Apes in battle, and live. I am Tarzan of the Apes—mighty fighter.

D'Arnot wrote:

I am glad she is safe. It pains me to write, I will rest a while.

And then Tarzan:

Yes, rest. When you are well I shall take you back to your people.

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(Continued in Next Issue)

TELLS RHEUMATICS TO BEGIN ON SALTS

A well-known authority states that stomach trouble and indigestion are nearly always due to acidity—acid stomach—and not, as most folks believe, from a lack of digestive juices. He states that an excess of hydrochloric acid in the stomach retards digestion and starts food fermentation; then our meals sour like garbage in a can, forming acrid fluids and gases, which inflate the stomach like a toy balloon. We then get that heavy, lumpy feeling in the chest, we eructate sour food, belch gas or have heartburn, flatulence, waterbrash or nausea.

He tells us to lay aside all digestive aids and instead get from any pharmacy four ounces of Jad Salts and take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast, while it is effervescing, and furthermore, to continue this for one week. While relief often follows the first dose, it is important to neutralize the acidity, remove the gas-making mass, start the liver, stimulate the kidneys and thus promote a free flow of pure digestive juices.

Jad Salts is inexpensive and is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia and sodium phosphate. This harmless salts is used by thousands of stomach sufferers with excellent results.—Advertisement .

The Best Cough Syrup is Home-made.

Here's an easy way to save $2, and yet have the best cough remedy you ever tried.

You've probably heard of this well-known plan of making cough syrup at home. But have you ever used it? Thousands of families, the world over, feel that they could hardly keep house without it. It's simple and cheap, but the way it takes hold of a cough will soon earn it a permanent place in your home.

Into a pint bottle, pour 2½ ounces of Pinex; then add plain granulated sugar syrup to fill up the pint. Or, if desired, use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, it tastes good, never spoils, and gives you a full pint of better cough remedy than you could buy ready-made for three times its cost.

It is really wonderful how quickly this home-made remedy conquers a cough—usually in 24 hours or less. It seems to penetrate through every air passage, loosens a dry, hoarse or tight cough, lifts the phlegm, heals the membranes, and gives almost immediate relief. Splendid for throat tickle, hoarseness, spasmodic croup and bronchitis.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and has been used for generations for throat and chest ailments.

To avoid disappointment ask your druggist for 2½ ounces of Pinex with directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded. The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.—Advertisement.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER

Hoosier Briefs

SEARCH is being made for Kenneth Raney, 17, whose father is seriously ill at Huntingburg. It is believed he is in the vicinity of Washington, Ind.

Old postage stamps worth more han $100 were found in a gutter in he business district of Warsaw, where they had been thrown by persons cleaning a basement.

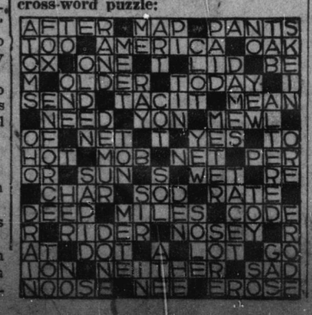
Eighty-two Elwood High School boys have enrolled in the school Bible Study Club. Lawrence Goodnight is president.

JOHN EDDLEBLUTE, 78, of Alexandria, told the judge he didn't make any whisky because his still always boiled over. He pleaded guilty to possessing the still.

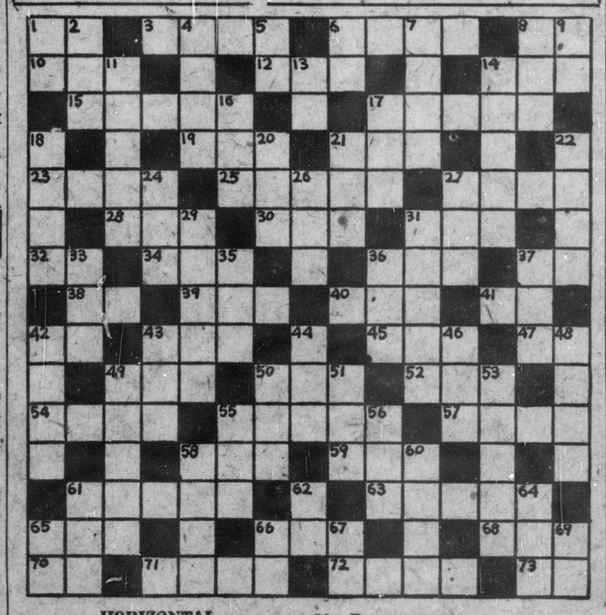
An increase in sthool enrollcent at Shelbyville of ninety pupils since last semester was reported. Enrollment is 2,296.

The average Decatur County farmer's income in 1924 was $1,768.

Here is the solution to Tuesday's cross-word puzzle:



TODAY'S CROSS-WORD



HORIZONTAL

1. Same.
3. Football field.
6. Hot, dry.
8. Act.
10. Large cask.
12. Possess.
14. Ability to do.
15. Rodent.
17. Foolish.
19. Organ of hearing.
21. Existed.
23. Container for growing flowers (pl.).
25. Lukewarm.
27. Twirled, woven.
28. Drink slowly.
30. Cooking utensil for boiling.
31. Illuminating vapor.
32. Sixth note, musical scale.
34. Highest point.
36. Industrious insect.
37. Near.
38. Perform.
39. Outside edge.
40. Stretch of time.
41. Aloft.
42. Preposition.
43. Consumed.
45. Female ruminant.
47. Expression of inquiry.
49. Fool, donkey.
50. Pep.
52. Snowshoe.
54. Breathe with difficulty.
55. Covered with pieces of baked clay.
57. Uniform.
58. Fasten in knot.
59. To be victorious.
61. Grants.
63. Empties out of a vessel.
65. Biped.
66. A sack, a pouch.
68. Assent.
70. By.
71. Ship carpenter or bridge builder's tool.
72. Baking apparatus.
73. Toward.

VERTICAL

1. Same as 37 horizontal.
2. Total.
4. Flower.
5. Act.
6. Article.
7. Part of the eye.
8. A division of time.
9. Upon.
11. Part of speech (pl.).
13. Us.
14. Applauds.
16. Consume.
17. Mournful.
18. Draw forward.
20. A kind of cloth.
21. Sense of humor.
22. Single one.
24. To rest.
26. Slight explosion.
27. Rested in semi-reclining position.
29. Harbor (pl.).
31. Wears away with the teeth.
33. Fuss.
35. An American dessert.
36. Exist.
37. Simian.
42. Clothes.
43. Serpent.
44. Indisposition.
46. Stratch out; to enlarge.
48. Sharpen.
49. Tree with a quivering leaf.
50. Contend.
51. A cat's noise.
53. Hard dentine.
55. It is.
56. Immerse.
58. Attend.
60. Not one.
61. A feline.
62. Dad.
64. Place.
65. Mother.
66. Exist.
67. Proceed.
69. Thus.

Alien Property

It has been the purpose to expedite the return of alien property whenever possible under the law, and every consideration has been given to this end. However, the trading with the enemy act and amendments thereto have been carefully followed, and all returns have been predicated upon the law set out in this act.—Report of the Attorney General.

Genuine BAYER

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Pain · Neuralgia
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