

By Sidney Smith

TARZAN THE TERRIBLE

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Author of the "Tarzan" Stories and the "Martian" Stories

THIS BEGINS THE STORY

Tarzan, the ape-man, who, in his earlier life as Lord Greystoke, has learned that his wife, though dead, is a captive in an African jungle, and he searches for a "man-thing," a human who lives in a lion's lair.

The ape-man kills the lion.

An almost human friendship is established between the ape-man and the man-thing. They journey on to the City of Light.

Tarzan, seeing Es-sat taking undue advantage of Om-at in a hand-to-hand battle, hurries Es-sat to death.

The gray man, Om-at, declares himself "gund," but the warriors demand the surrender of "that terrible man who has no tail" before they will honor him as "gund." He refuses to do this, saying that he goes to the land of Pan-at-lee.

Om-at and O-dan call Om-at by the name of "gund of Kor-ul-lul," and declare they would go with him to search for Pan-at-lee.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

It was the first acknowledgment of Om-at's chieftainship, and immediately following it the warriors seemed to relax—the warriors spoke aloud instead of in whispers, and the women appeared from the mouths of caves as with the passing of a sudden breeze.

In-sad and O-dan had taken the lead and now all seemed glad to follow. Some came to talk with Om-at and to look more closely at Tarzan; others, heads of caves, gathered their hunters and discussed the business of the day. The women and children prepared to descend to the fields with the youths and the old men, whose duty it was to guard them.

O-dan and In-sad shall go with Om-at, announced Om-at, "we shall not leave more. Tarzan, come with me and I shall show you where Pan-at-lee dwells, though why you should wish to know I cannot guess—she is not there. I have looked for myself."

The two entered the cave, where Om-at led the way to the apartment in which Es-sat had surprised Pan-at-lee the previous night.

"All here are hers," said Om-at, "except the warclub lying on the floor—that was Es-sat's."

The ape-man moved silently about the apartment, the quivering of his sensitive nostrils scarcely apparent to his companion, who only wondered what good purpose could be served here and chafed at the delay.

"Come!" said the ape-man, presently, and led the way toward the outer passage.

Here their three companions were awaiting them. Tarzan passed to the left side of the niche and examined the pegs that lay within reach. He looked at them, but it was not his eyes that were examining them. Keener than his own eyes was that marvellously trained sense of smell that had first been developed in him during infancy under the tutelage of his foster mother, Kala, the she-ape, and further sharpened in the grim jungles of that master teacher—the instinct of self-preservation.

From the left side of the niche he turned to the right. Om-at was becoming impatient.

"Let us be off," he said. "We must search for Pan-at-lee if we would ever find her."

"Where shall we search?" asked Tarzan.

Om-at scratched his head. "Where?" he repeated. "Why all Pal-ul-don, if necessary."

"A large job," said Tarzan. "Come," he added, "she went this way," and he looked to the pegs that led aloft toward the summit of the cliff. Here he followed the scent easily, since now he had learned that way since Pan-at-lee had left. At the point at which she had left the permanent pegs and resorted to those carried with her Tarzan came to an abrupt halt. "She went this way to the summit," he called back to Om-at, who was directly behind him; "but there are no pegs here."

"I do not know how you know that she went this way," said Om-at, "but we will get pegs. In-sad, return and bring climbing pegs for five."

The young warrior was soon back and the pegs distributed. Om-at handed five to Tarzan and explained their use. The ape-man returned one. "I need but four," he said.

Om-at smiled. "What a wonderful creature you would be if you were not deformed!" he said, glancing with pride at his own strong arm. "I can hold the pegs in my toes as you do."

"All right," agreed Om-at; "Tarzan, In-sad and I will go first, you follow and O-dan bring up the rear and collect the pegs—we cannot leave them to our enemies."

"Can't your enemies bring their own pegs?" asked Tarzan.

"Yes; but it delays them and makes easier on defense and—they do not know which of all the holes you see are deep enough for pegs—the others are made to confuse our enemies and are too shallow to hold a peg."

At the top of the cliff beside the married tree Tarzan again took up the trail. Here the scent was fully as strong as upon the pegs and the ape-man moved rapidly across the ridge in the direction of the Kor-ul-lul.

Presently he paused and turned toward Om-at. "Here she moved swiftly, running at top speed, and, as you can read that in the grass," he said, "O-dan, as the others gathered about the ape-man."

Tarzan nodded. "I do not think the lion got her," he added; "but that we get her—look! she is pointed toward the southwest, down the ridge."

Following the direction indicated by the finger, the others presently detected a movement in some bushes a couple of hundred yards ahead.

"What is it?" asked Om-at. "Is it a lion?" he started toward the spot.

"Wait," answered Tarzan. "It is the lion which pursued Tarzan. It is the lion you can smell him."

The others looked their astonishment and incredulity; but of the fact that it was indeed a lion they were not left in doubt. Presently the bushes parted and the creature stepped out in full view, facing them. It was a magnificent, with the brilliant leopard spots of its kind well marked and symmetrical. For a moment it eyed them and earlier in the morning, it charged.

The Pal-ul-donians, clutching their spears and standing waiting the onrushing Tarzan of the Apes, drew his hunting knife and crouched in the path of the angry lion.

It was almost upon him when it

swerved to the right and leaped for Om-at, only to be sent to earth with a staggering blow upon the head. Almost instantly it was up and, though the men rushed fearfully at it, managed to sweep aside their weapons with its mighty paws. A single blow reached O-dan's club from his hand and sent it hurtling against Tarzan, knocking him from his feet. Taking advantage of its opportunity the lion rose to throw itself upon O-dan and at the same instant Tarzan hurled himself upon its back. Strong, white teeth buried themselves in the spotted neck, mighty arms encircled the savage throat and the stony legs of the ape-man locked themselves about the gaunt belly.

The others, powerless to aid, stood breathlessly about as the great lion lunged hither and thither, clawing and biting fearfully and furiously at the savage creature that had fastened itself upon him. Over and over they rolled and now the onlookers saw a brown hand and the stony legs of the ape-man locked themselves about the gaunt belly.

—each time with terrific force and in its waste they saw a crimson stream trickling down Ja's gorgeous coat.

Now from the lion's throat rose hideous screams of hate and rage and pain as he redoubled his efforts to dislodge and punish his tormentor; but always the tumbled black head remained half buried in the dark brown mane and the mighty arm rose and fell to strike the knife again and again into the dying beast.

The Pal-ul-donians stood in mute wonder and admiration. Brave men and mighty hunters they were, and as such the first to accord honor to a mightier.

"And you would have had me slay him!" cried Om-at, glancing at In-sad and O-dan.

"Jad-ben-Otho reward you that you did not," breathed In-sad.

And now the lion lunged suddenly to earth and with a few spasmodic quiverings lay still. The ape-man rose and shook himself, even as might Ja, the leopard-coated lion of Pal-ul-don, had he been the one to survive.

O-dan advanced quickly toward Tarzan. Placing a palm upon his own breast and the other on Tarzan's, "Tarzan the Terrible," he said, "I ask no greater honor than your friendship."

"And I no more than the friendship of Om-at's friends," replied the ape-man simply, returning the other's salute.

"Do you think," asked Om-at, coming close to Tarzan and laying a hand upon the other's shoulder, "that he got her?"

"No, my friend; it was a hungry lion that charged us."

"You seem to know much of lions," said In-sad.

"Had I a brother I could not know him better," replied Tarzan.

"Then where can she be?" continued Om-at.

"We can but follow while the spoor is fresh," answered the ape-man, and again taking up his interrupted tracking he led them down the ridge and at a sharp turning of the trail to the left brought them to the verge of the cliff that dropped into the Kor-ul-lul.

For a moment Tarzan examined the ground to the right and to the left, then he stood erect and looking at Om-at pointed into the gorge.

For a moment the Was-don gazed down into the green rift, at the bottom of which a tumulous river tumbled downward along its rocky bed, then he closed his eyes as to a sudden spasm of pain and turned away.

"You—mean—she jumped?" he asked.

"To escape the lion," replied Tarzan. "He was right behind her—look, you can see where his four paws left their impress in the turf as he checked his charge upon the very verge of the abyss."

"Is there any chance—" commenced Om-at, to be suddenly silenced by a warning gesture from Tarzan.

"Down!" whispered the ape-man, "many men are coming. They are running—from down the ridge." He fastened himself upon his belly in the grass, the others following his example.

For some minutes they waited thus and then the others, too, heard the sound of running feet and now a hoarse shout followed by many more.

"It is the war cry of the Kor-ul-lul," whispered Om-at—"the hunting cry of men who hunt men. Presently shall we see them and if Jad-ben-Otho is pleased with us they shall not too greatly outnumber us."

"There are many," said Tarzan, "forty or fifty, I should say; but how many are the pursued and how many the pursuers we cannot even guess, except that the latter must greatly outnumber the former, else these would not run so fast."

"Here they come," said Tarzan. "It is An-un, father of Pan-at-lee, and his two sons," exclaimed O-dan. "They will pass without seeing us if we do not hurry," he added looking at Om-at, the chief, for a sign.

"Come!" cried the latter, springing to his feet and running rapidly to intercept the three fugitives. The others followed him.

"Five friends!" shouted Om-at as An-un and his sons discovered them.

"Adenun y!" echoed O-dan and In-sad.

The fugitives scarce paused as these unexpected reinforcements joined them, but they eyed Ta-den and Tarzan with puzzled glances.

"The Kor-ul-lul are many," shouted An-un. "Would that we might pursue and fight; but first we must warn Es-sat and our people."

"Yes," said Om-at, "we must warn our people."

"Es-sat is dead," said In-sad.

"Who is chief?" asked one of An-un's sons.

"Om-at," replied O-dan.

"It is well," cried An-un. "Pan-at-lee said that you would come back and slay Es-sat."

Now the enemy broke into sight behind them.

"Come!" cried Tarzan, "let us turn and charge them, raising a great cry. They pursued but three and when they see eight charging upon them they will think that many more have come to their battle. They will believe that there are more even than they see and then one who is swift will have time to reach the gorge and warn your people."

"Id-an, you are swift—carry word to the warriors of Kor-ul-lul that we fight the Kor-ul-lul upon the ridge and that An-un shall send a hundred men."

Id-an, the son of An-un, sped swiftly toward the cliff-dwellings of the Kor-ul-lul while the others charged the oncoming Kor-ul-lul, the war cries of the two tribes rising and falling in a certain grim harmony. The leaders of the Kor-ul-lul paused at sight of the reinforcements, waiting apparently for those behind to catch up with them, and, possibly, also to learn how great a force confronted them. The leaders, swifter runners than their fellows, perceived that in advance, while the balance of their number had not yet emerged from the brush; and now as Om-at and his companions fell upon them with a ferocity born of necessity they fell back, so that when their companions at last came in sight of them they appeared to be in full retreat. The natural result was that the others turned and fled.

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CONTINUED TOMORROW.

THE GUMPS—O, Minerva!



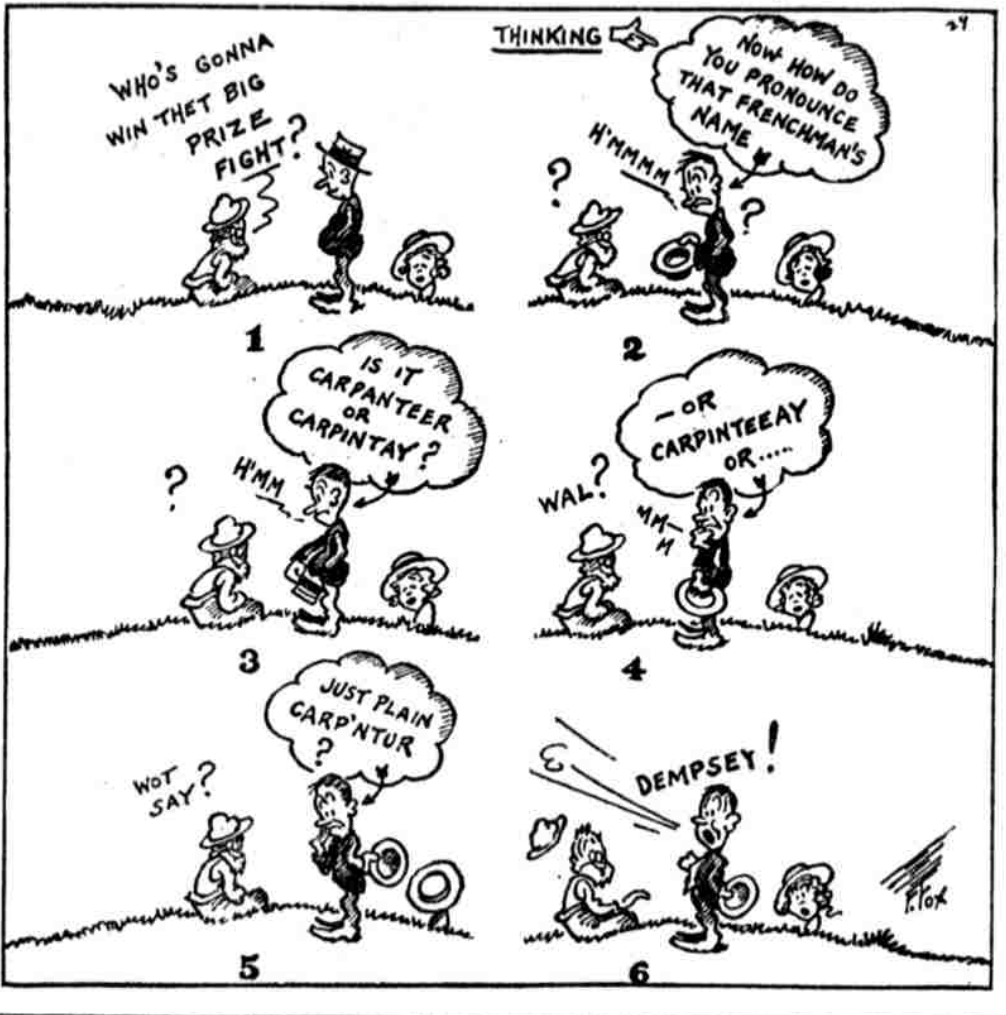
SOMEBODY'S STENOG—1, 2, 6, 9, 10, Out!



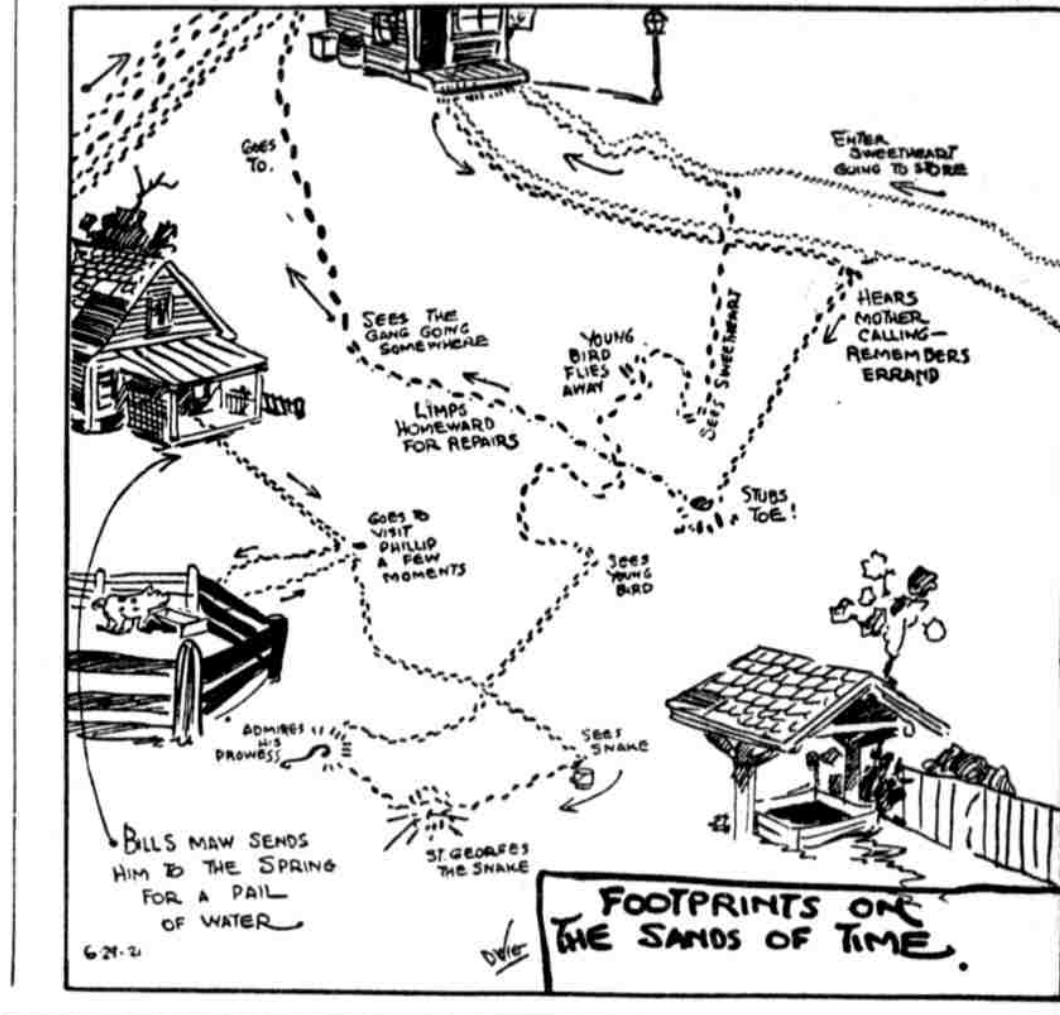
The Young Lady Across the Way



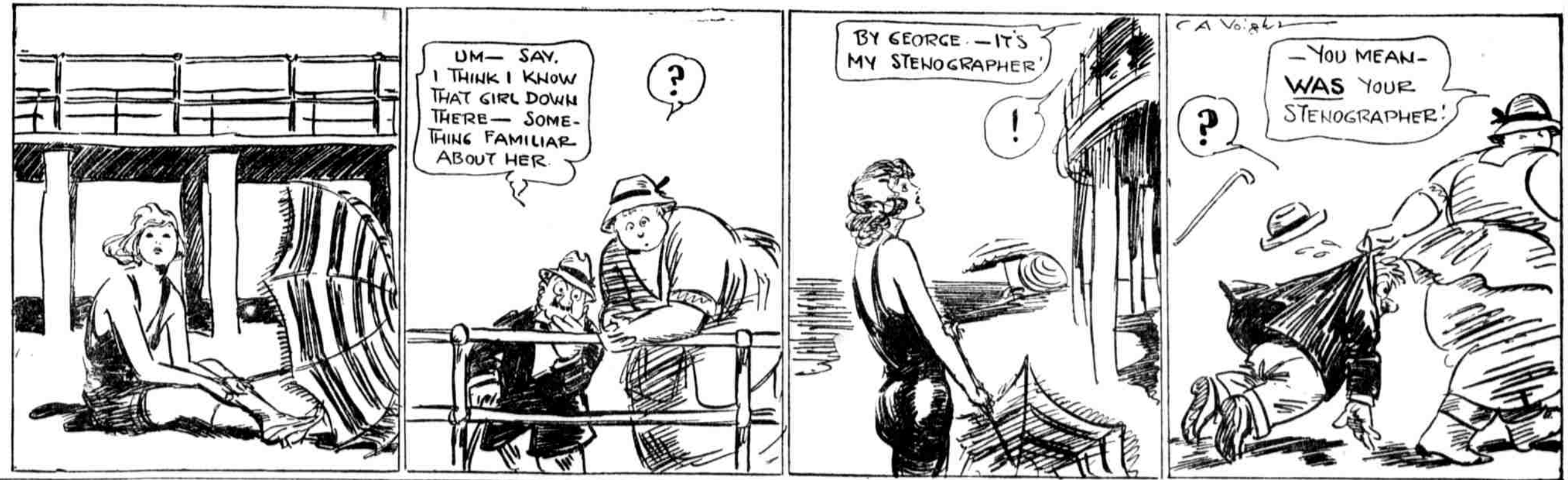
WHY SOME PEOPLE THINK DEMPSEY WILL WIN



SCHOOL DAYS



PETEY—Help Wanted, Female



THE CLANCY KIDS—'Twas Ever Thus



THE LITTLE GIRL NEXT DOOR STARTS A CHOICE BIT OF SCANDAL IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD