

TARZAN THE TERRIBLE

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THIS BEGINS THE STORY

Tarzan, the ape-man, who in his life is Lord Greystoke, was that his wife, thought dead, was captive in an African jungle and the City of the Apes, in a forgotten country, he searched for her. He is a deity and is so adored by the people. But the king, ordered by the priest, orders arrested by the king. He is given trial in the city, found guilty, and Lu-don, the black priest, approaches him knife in hand.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

There was no instant to waste, nor was it the way of the ape-man to suffer away precious moments in the uncertainty of belated decision. Before Lu-don or any other could guess what was in the mind of the condemned, Tarzan with all the force of his great muscles dashed the screaming hieroglyphs in the face of the high priest, and, as though the two actions were one, he quickly did he move, he had leaped to the top of the altar and from there he turned and looked down upon those beneath. For a moment he stood in silence and then he spoke. "Who dare believe," he cried, "that I, Tarzan-Otho would forsake his son?" and then he dropped from their sight upon the other side.

They were two at least left within the inclosure whose hearts leaped with involuntary elation at the success of the ape-man's maneuver, and one of them smiled openly. This was Ja-don, the other, Pan-at-lee.

The brains of the priest that Tarzan had thrown at the head of Lu-don had dashed out against the temple wall while the high priest himself had escaped with only a few bruises, sustained in his fall to the hard pavement. Quickly scrambling to his feet he looked around in fear, in terror and finally in bewilderment, for he had not been given the necessary directions, which he presently did when one of his acolytes explained to him the manner of Tarzan's escape.

Instantly the necessary orders were issued and priests and warriors sought the temple exit in pursuit of the ape-man. His departing words, hurried at them from the summit of the temple wall, had had little effect in impressing the majority that his claims had not been disproved by Lu-don, but in the hearts of the warriors were planted the seeds of a man and in many the same unbridled gratification that had risen in that of their ruler at the discomfiture of Lu-don.

A careful search of the temple grounds revealed no trace of the quarry. The secret recesses of the subterranean chamber, familiar only to the priest-hood, were examined by these while the warriors scattered through the palace and the palace grounds without the temple. Swift runners were dispatched to the city to arouse the people there that all might be upon the lookout for Tarzan the Terrible. The story of his capture and of his escape, and the tale that the Waz-don slaves had brought into the city concerning him, were soon spread through A-lur, nor did they lose sight in the spreading, so that before an hour had passed the women and children were hiding behind barred doorways while the warriors swept apprehensively through the streets, suspecting momentarily the presence of a ferocious demon who, brandishing, did victorious battle with huge spears and whose lightest pastime consisted in tearing strong men limb from limb.

CHAPTER XII

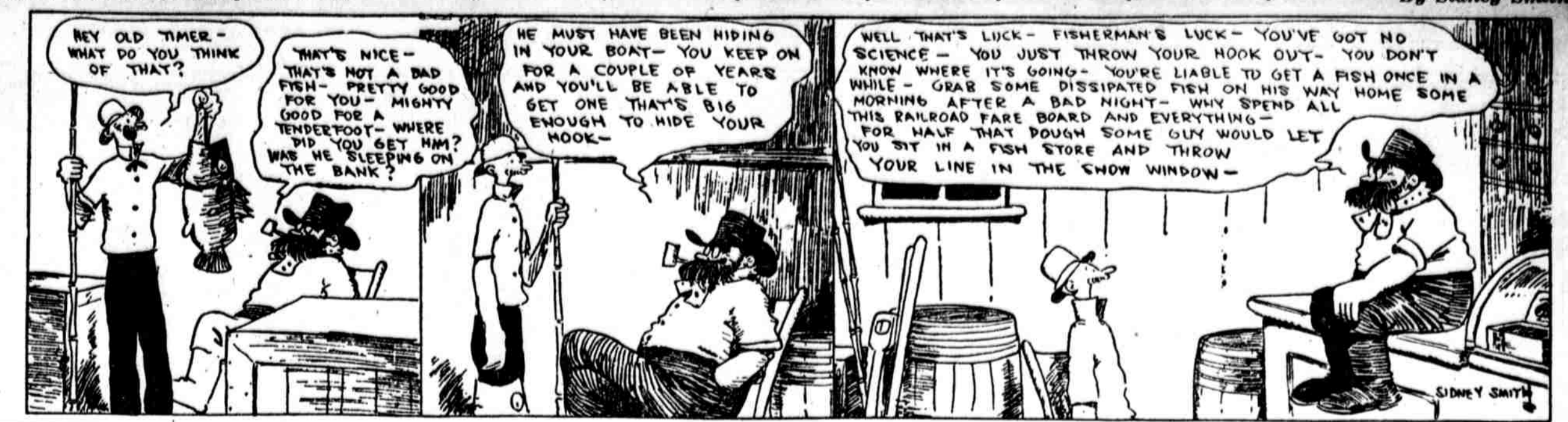
The Giant Stranger

And while the warriors and the priests of A-lur searched the temple and the palace and the city for the ape-man there entered the head of Kor-ul-ja down the precipitous trail leading to the mountains, a naked stranger, wearing an Ew-ah field upon his forehead, he moved downward toward the bottom of the gorge and there where the trail unfolded more levelly he saw him he swung along with easy strides, though always with the utmost alertness against possible dangers. A gentle breeze came down from the mountains behind him so that only his eyes and his ears were in danger of being the presence of danger ahead. Generally the trail followed along the banks of the winding brooklet at the bottom of the gorge, and in some places where the waters tumbled over a precipitous ledge the trail made a detour along the side of the gorge, and again he wound in and out among rocky outcroppings, and presently where it faced a cliff the stranger came suddenly to face with one who was ascending the gorge.

Continued Tomorrow

THE GUMPS—A Shady Rest Bass

By Sidney Smith



SOMEBODY'S STENOG—The Mysterious Eyes

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The Young Lady Across the Way

The Balloon That Never Had a Chance to Come Down

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PETEY—And He Hates Fishing

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THE CLANCY KIDS—A Little Personal Magnetism

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