

# TARZAN THE TERRIBLE

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## THIS BEGINS THE STORY

Tarzan, the ape-man, known to his people as Lord Greystoke, was born in an African jungle, and was brought to a city in a forest. He was brought to a city in a forest. He was brought to a city in a forest.

## AND HERE IT CONTINUES

It was not difficult to explain Om-at's plan to the stranger or to win his consent, since he was aware, from the great black had made it plain that they would be accompanied by many warriors, that their venture would probably lead them into a hostile country and every safeguard that could be employed he was glad to avail himself of.

He slept that night upon a pile of furs in one of the compartments of Om-at's ancestral cave, and early the next day following the morning meal they sallied forth, a hundred savage warriors swarming up the face of the sheer cliff and out upon the summit of the ridge, the main body preceded by two warriors whose duties concerned those of the post of the morning. They moved on, safeguarding the column against the danger of sudden contact with the enemy.

Across the ridge they went and down into the Kor-ul-lul and they came upon a lone and unarmed man who was making his way fearfully up the gorge toward the village of his tribe. Him they took for a prisoner, and, strangely, only added to the number of the captives. The man had seen them and realized that escape was impossible, he had expected to be slain immediately.

"That's back to Kor-ul-ja," said Om-at to one of his warriors, "and hold him there unharmed until I return." And so the puzzled Kor-ul-lul was carried steadily from tree to tree in the closer advance upon the village. Tarzan smiled upon Om-at in that it gave him quickly what he sought—a little royal, for they had not yet come to the caves of the Kor-ul-lul when they encountered a considerable band of warriors headed down the gorge upon some expedition.

Like the shadows the Kor-ul-lul moved into the concealment of the foliage upon either side of the trail. Ignorant of impending danger, safe in the knowledge that they were in the open, where each rock and stone was as familiar as the features of their mates, the Kor-ul-lul walked innocently into the ambush.

Suddenly the quiet of that seeming peace was shattered by a savage cry and a hurled club felled a Kor-ul-lul. The cry was a signal for a savage onslaught from a hundred Kor-ul-lul warriors, with which were soon mingled the war cries of their enemies. The air was filled with flying clubs and then, as the two forces mingled, the battle raged itself into a mad and unmerciful encounter as each warrior singled out a foe and closed upon him. Knives gleamed and flashed in the morning light that filtered through the foliage of the trees above. Streams of blood were streaked with crimson stains.

tion of the Valley of Jad-ben-Otho toward the caves of his people. This one, when he discovered the purpose of their questioning, bartered liberty for the lives and safety of himself and his fellows. "I can tell you much of this terrible man of whom you ask, Kor-ul-ja," he said. "I saw him yesterday and I know where he is, and if you will promise to be kind to me and my fellows return in safety to the caves of our ancestors I will tell you all, and truthfully, that which I know."

"You will tell us anyway," replied Om-at, "or we shall kill you." "You will kill me anyway," retorted the prisoner, "unless you make me this promise; so if I am to be killed the thing I know shall go with me."

"He is right, Om-at," said Tarzan, "promise him that they shall have their liberty." "Very well," said Om-at. "Speak Kor-ul-lul, and when you have told me all, you and your fellows may return unharmed to your tribe." "It was thus," commenced the prisoner. "Three days since I was hunting with a party of my fellows near the mouth of Kor-ul-lul, not far from where you captured me this morning. When we were about to set upon a large number of Ho-don, who took us prisoners and carried us to A-lur, where a few were chosen to be sacrificed in the temple where a chamber beneath the temple where are held for sacrifice the victims that are offered by the Ho-don to Jad-ben-Otho upon the sacrificial altars of the temple of A-lur."

"It seemed then that indeed was my fate sealed and that lucky indeed were those who had been selected for slaves leading to the chamber in which we wretched ones awaited our fate. I saw to my surprise that it was none other than that terrible man who had so recently been a prisoner in the village of Kor-ul-lul—he whom you call Tarzan-jad-guru, but whom they addressed as Dor-ul-Otho. And he looked upon us and questioned the high priest and when he was told of the purpose for which we were imprisoned there he grew angry and cried that it was not the will of Jad-ben-Otho that his people be thus sacrificed, and he commanded the high priest to liberate us, and this was done."

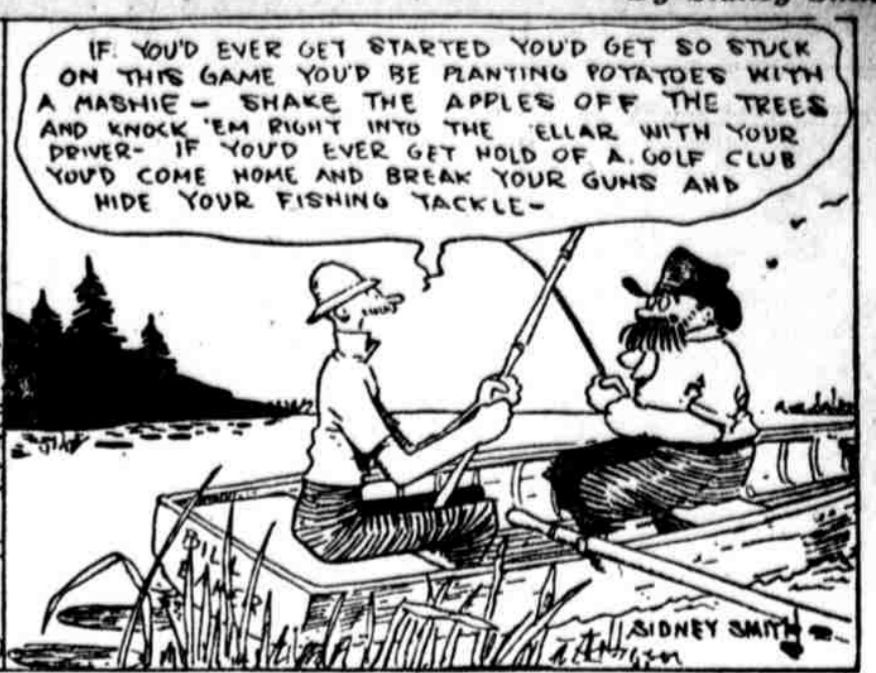
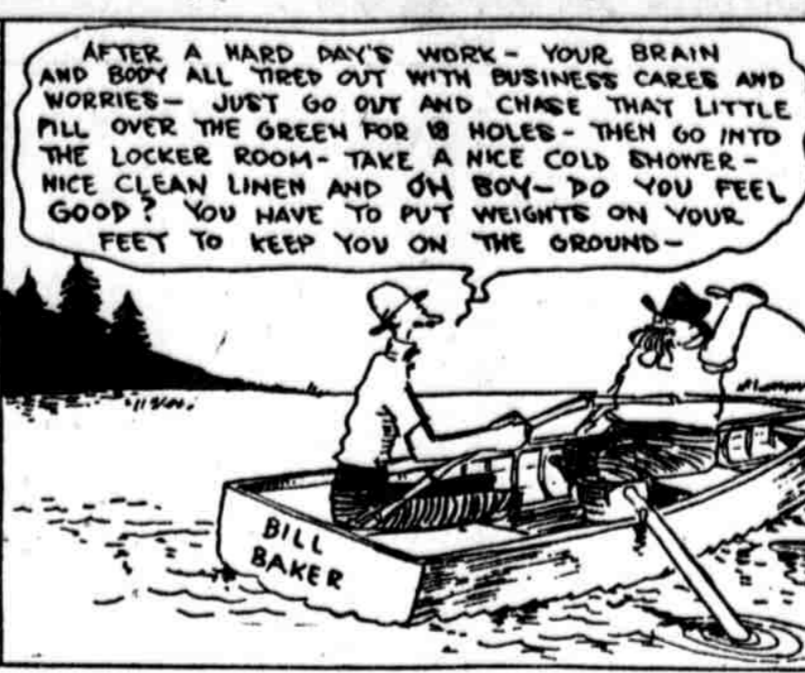
"The Ho-don prisoners were permitted to return to their homes and we were led beyond the city of A-lur and set upon our way toward Kor-ul-lul. There were three of us, but many are the dangers that lie between A-lur and Kor-ul-lul and we were only three and unarmed. Therefore none of us reached the village of our people and only one of us lives. I have spoken."

"That is all you know concerning Tarzan-jad-guru?" asked Om-at. "That is all I know," replied the prisoner, "other than that he whom they call Lu-don, the high priest at A-lur, was very angry, and that one of the two priests who guided us out of the city said to the other that the stranger was not Dor-ul-Otho at all; that Lu-don had said so and that he had also said that he would expose him and that he should be punished with death for his presumption. That is all they said within my hearing."

"And now, chief of Kor-ul-ja, let us depart." Om-at nodded. "Go your way," he said, "and Ab-on, send warriors to guard them until they are safely within the Kor-ul-lul." "Jar-don," he said, beckoning to the stranger, "come with me," and, rising, he led the way toward the summit of the cliff, and when they stood upon the ridge Om-at pointed down into the valley toward the city of A-lur gleaming in the light of the western sun. "There is Tarzan-jad-guru," he said, and Jar-don understood.

CONTINUED MONDAY

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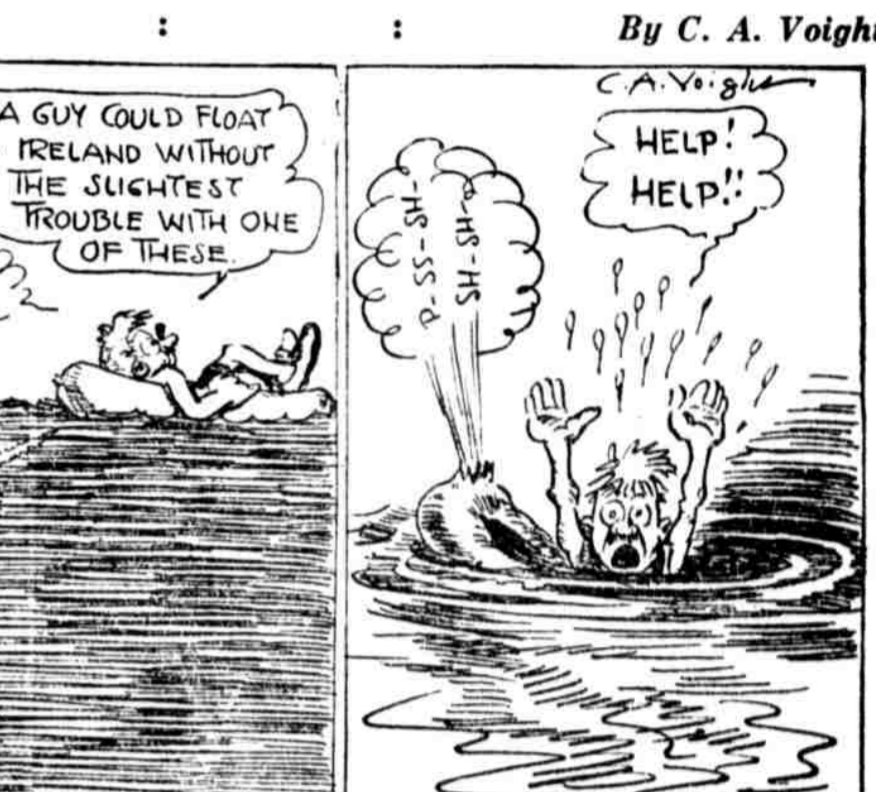
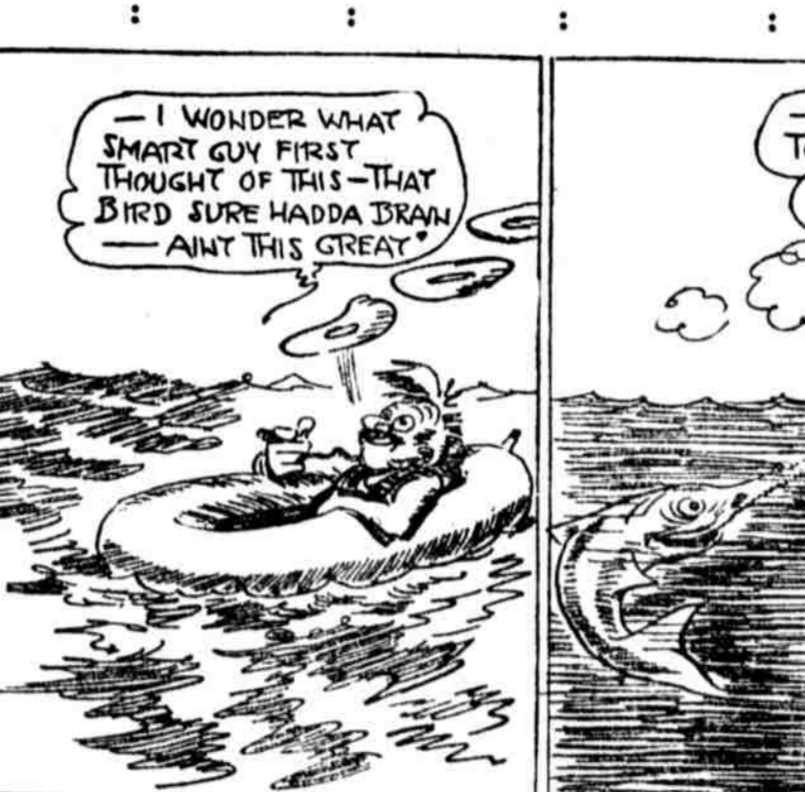
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## Big Time Stuff



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