

TARZAN THE TERRIBLE

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THIS BEGINS THE STORY

Tarzan, the ape-man, known in civilized life as Lord Greystoke, learns that his wife, thought dead, is captive in an African jungle and escapes from the temple, and while fleeing meets and slays a priest and is struck with a brilliant idea.

soliloquized Tarzan, who considered Buto a very stupid creature indeed. It should be easy to outwit such as these.

The priests had scarce departed when there came the sound of feet running rapidly across the garden in the direction of the princess to an accompaniment of rapid breathing as of one almost spent, either from fatigue or excitement.

"Pan-at-lee," exclaimed O-lo-a, "what has happened? You look as terrified as the doe for which you were named."

"O Princess of Pal-ul-don," cried Pan-at-lee, "they would have killed him in the temple. They would have killed the wondrous stranger, who claimed to be the Doo-ul-Otho."

"But he escaped," said O-lo-a. "You were there. Tell me about it."

"The head priest would have had him seized and slain, but when they rushed upon him he hurled one in the face of Lu-don with the same ease that you might cast your breastplates at me; and then he leaped upon the altar and from there to the top of the temple wall and disappeared below."

"They are searching for him, but, O Princess, pray that they do not find him."

"And why do you pray that?" asked O-lo-a. "He is a man who has blasphemed earned death?"

"Ah, but you do not know him," replied Pan-at-lee.

"As you see, then?" retorted O-lo-a quickly. "This morning you betrayed yourself and then attempted to deceive me. The slaves of O-lo-a do not such things as impugn the honor of their king."

"I am not a slave," said Pan-at-lee. "I am a man who has saved me from the Tor-o-don and the grief as I told you, and that he is indeed the same who came into this world this morning. He is a man of honor; for when he might have harmed me he protected me, and when he might have saved himself he thought only of me. And all this he did because of his friendship for O-m-a, who is grand of Kor-ul-ja and with whom I should have mated had the Ho-don not captured me."

"He was indeed a wonderful man to look upon," mused O-lo-a, "and he was not as are other men, not alone in the conformation of his hands and feet or the feet that he walked with, but there was that about him which made him seem different in ways more important than these."

"And, supplemented Pan-at-lee, her savage little heart loyal to the man who had befriended her and hoping to win for him the consideration of the princess even though it might not avail him; "and," she said, "did he not know all about Ta-den and even his whereabouts? Tell me, O Princess, could mortal know such things as these?"

"Perhaps he saw Ta-den," suggested O-lo-a.

"But how would he know that you loved Ta-den, my Princess, that I tell you, my Princess, that if he is not a god he is at least more than Ho-don or Waz-don. He followed me from the cave of Ew-at in Kor-ul-ja across Kor-ul-lul and two wide ridges to the very cave in Kor-ul-gryf where I hid, though many hours had passed since I had come to that way and my bare feet left no impress upon the ground. What mortal man could do such things as these? And where in all Pal-ul-don would virgin maid find friend and protector in a strange man like this?"

"Perhaps Lu-don may be mistaken—perhaps he is a god," said O-lo-a, influenced by her slave's enthusiastic championing of the stranger.

"But whether god or man he is too wonderful to die," cried Pan-at-lee. "Would that I might have him. If he lived he might even find a way to give you your Ta-den, Princess."

"Ah, if he only could," sighed O-lo-a, "but alas! it is too late, for tomorrow I am to be given to Bu-lot."

"He who came to your quarters yesterday with your father?" asked Pan-at-lee.

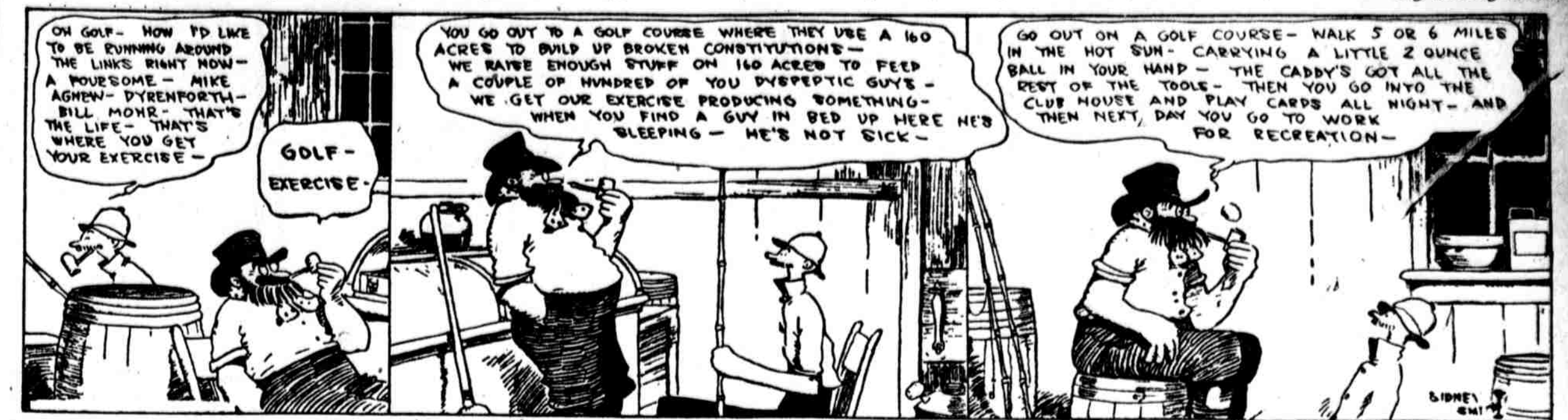
"Yes; the one with the awful round face and the big belly," exclaimed the princess disgustedly. "He is so lousy he will utterly ruin my hair. To eat and to drink is all that Bu-lot is fit for, and he thinks of naught else except these things and his slave women. But come, Pan-at-lee, gather for me some of these beautiful blossoms. I would have them spread around my couch tonight that I may carry away with me in the morning the memory of the fragrance of that I love best, and which I know that I shall not find in the village of Mo-sar, the father of Bu-lot. I will help you, Pan-at-lee, and we will gather armfuls of them, for I love to gather them as I love nothing else—they were Ta-den's favorite flowers."

The two approached the flowering shrubbery where Tarzan hid, but as the blossoms grew thickly upon every bush the ape-man guessed there would be no necessity for them to enter the patch far enough to discover him. With little exclamations of pleasure as they found particularly large or perfect blossoms the two moved from place to place upon the outskirts of Tarzan's retreat.

"Oh, look, Pan-at-lee," cried O-lo-a presently; "there is the king of them all. Never did I see so wonderful a flower—No! I will get it myself—it is so large and wonderful no other hand shall touch it." And the princess wound in among the bushes toward the point where the great flower bloomed upon a bush above the ape-man's head.

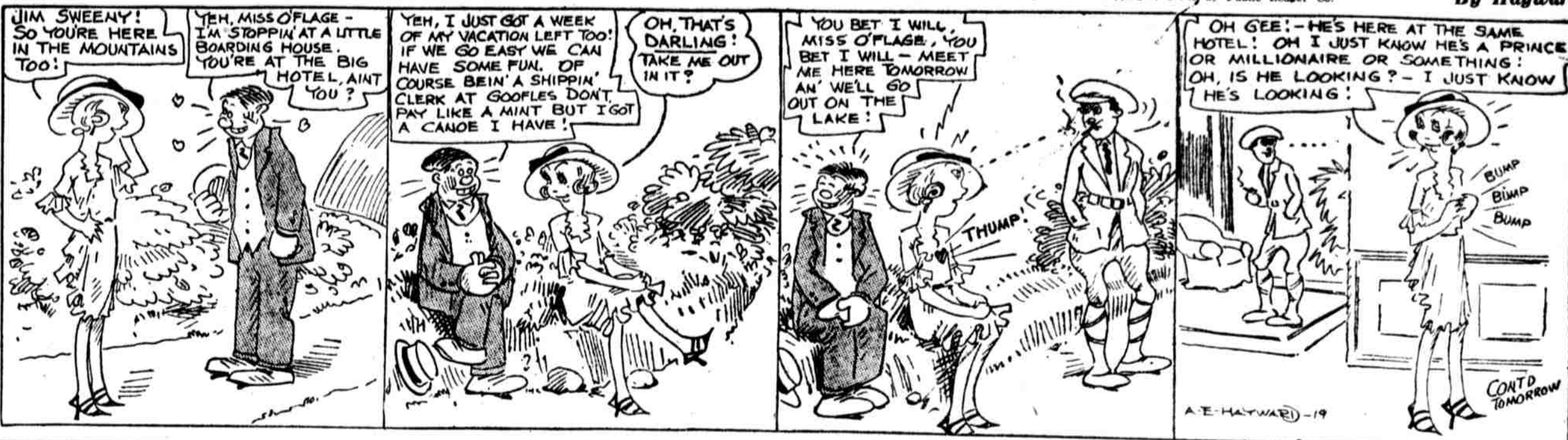
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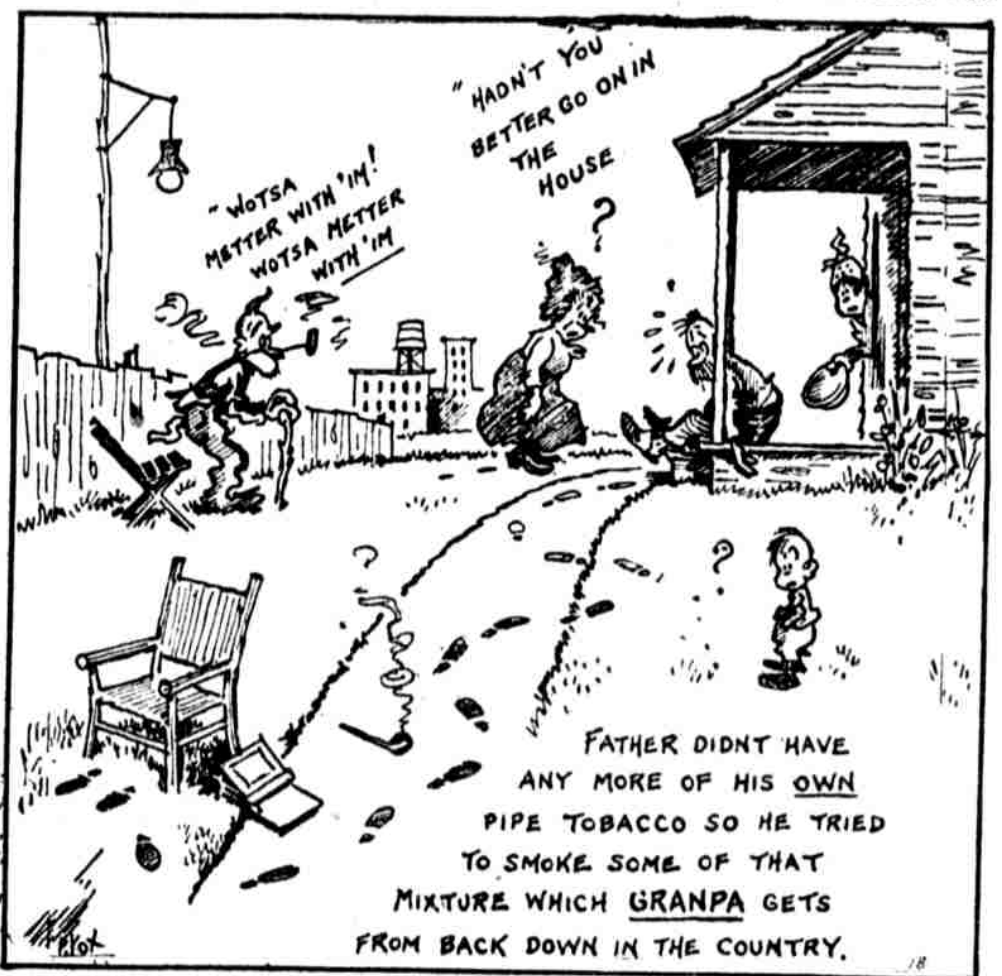
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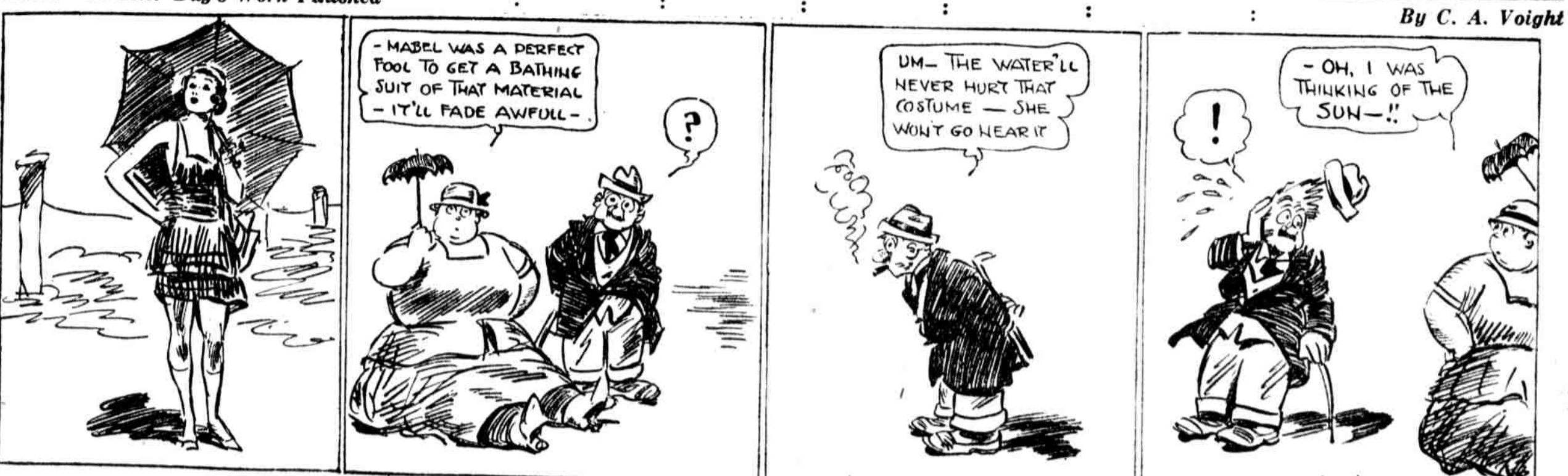
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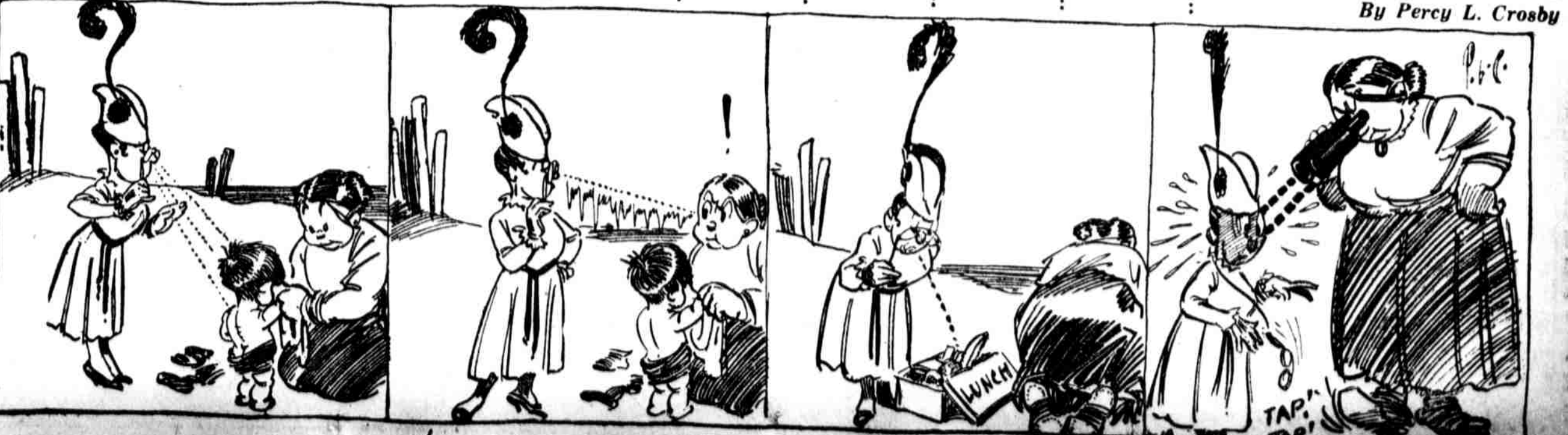
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AND HERE IT CONTINUES

THE headress saved from such possible damage as it must have sustained had it fallen to the floor with the body of its owner, Tarzan relinquished his hold upon the corpse and stooping down severed the tail of the Ho-don close to its roots and his great tool quickly cutting a thin strip of hide from the loin cloth of the priest, Tarzan tied it securely about the upper end of the severed member and then tucking the tail under his loin cloth he secured it in place as best he could. Then he fitted the headress over the apartment, so all appearing as a priest of the temple of Jad-ben-Otho unless one examined too closely his thumbs and his great tool.

He noticed that among both the Ho-don and the Waz-don it was not at all unusual that the end of the tail be carried in one hand, and so he caught his own tail up thus lest the ill-vised appearance of it dragging along behind him should arouse suspicion.

Passing along the corridors he emerged at last into the palace grounds beyond the temple. The pursuit had not yet reached this point, though he was conscious of a commotion not far off. He met now both warriors and slaves, but none gave him more than a passing glance, a priest being too common a sight about the palace.

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