TARZAN THE TERRIBLE

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS Author of the "Tarzan" Stories and the "Martian" Stories

THIS BEGINS THE STORY THIS BEGINS THE STORY

Tarsan, the ape-man, in civilized life Lord Greystoke, learns that his wife, thought dead, is captive in an African jungle, seeks and finds her; but before he can claim her is thrown into a cavern from which he escapes. Lady Greystoke, meanwhile, unwillingly betrothed to the king, is carried off by his assassins. And at that moment Tarsan is making his way out of the temple on the heels of a priest who does not suspect his presence. This priest, moving through a secret passage, suddenly stops and removes a pile of rubble, revealing a small aperture at the base of the wall upon the opposite side of which there appears to be another pile.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

THIS he also removed until he had a hole of sufficient size to permit the passage of his body, and leaving the cresset still burning upon the floor the priest crawled through the opening he had made and disappeared from the sight of the watcher hiding in the shadows of the parrow passagement, build of the narrow passageway behind

sight of the watcher hiding in the shadows of the narrow passageway behind him.

No sconer, however, was he safely gone than the other followed, finding himself, after passing through the hole, on a little ledge about halfway between the surface of the lake and the top of the cliff above. The ledge inclined steeply upward, ending at the rear of a building which stood upon the edge of the cliff and which the second priest entered just in time to see Pan-sat entered just in time to see Pan-sat pass out into the city beyond.

As the latter turned a nearby corner the other emerged from the doorway and quickly surveyed his surroundings. He was satisfied the priest who had led him hither had served his purpose in so far as the tracker was concerned. Above him, and perhaps a hundred yards away, the white walls of the palace gleamed against the northern aky. The time that it had taken him to acquire definite knowledge concerning the secret passageway between the temple and the city he did not count as lost, though he begrudged every instant that kept him from the proserinstant that kept him from the prosering the conversation between Lu-don and Pan-sat as he stood without the langings of the apartment of the high priest.

Alone against a nation of suspicious and half-savage enemies he could sa

guards at the entrance to the palace, for, as he had guessed, his priestly disguise disarmed all suspicion. As he approached the warriors he kept his hands behind him and trusted to fate that the sickly light of the single torch which stood beside the doorway would not reveal his un-Pal-ul-donian feet. As a matter of fact so accustomed were they to the comings and goings of the priesthood that they paid scant attenpriesthood that they paid scant attention to him and he passed on into the palace grounds without even a mo-ment's delay. His goal now was the Forbidden Gar-

den and this he had little difficulty in reaching, though he elected to enter it second i over the wall rather than to chance chief, "arousing any suspicion on the part of in-lul."

opportunity for the high priest to remove her from the palace grounds. The garden he knew to be devoted exclusivewomen, and it was only reasonable to assume therefore that if Jane had been brought to the garden it could only lave been upon an order from Kotan. This being the case the natural assumption would follow that he would some other portion of o-a's quarters.

Just where these lay he could only he garden, so once more he scaled the and passing around its end di-

To his surprise he found the place unguarded and then there fell upon his car from an interior apartment the found of voices raised in anger and ex-citement. Guided by the sound he mickly traversed several corridors and nambers until he stood before the hangaltercation. Haising the skins slightly. looked within. There were two men battling with a Ho-don warrier. One was the daughter of Ko-tan the other Pan-at-lee, the Kor-

from his shoulders the ape-man As the man fell forward dead, the today.

wo women recognized Tarzan simulsusly. Pan-at-lee fell upon her and would have bowed her head his feet had he not, with an imdent gesture, commanded her to rise. he had no time to listen to their prostations of gratitude or answer the amerous questions which he knew ild soon be flowing from those two eminine tongues.
"Tell me." he cried, "where is the

woman of my own race whom Ja-don brought here from the temple?" is but this moment gone."
-lo-a. "Mo-sar, the father of his thing here," and she indicated the body of Bu-lot with a scornful finger, selzed her and carried her away."

"Which way?" he cried. "Tell me quickly, in what direction he took her."

That way cried Pan-at-lee, cointing to the doorway through which do-sar had passed. They would lo-sar had passed. They would be taken the princess and the stranger nan to Tu-lur, Mo-sar's city by the

I go to find her." he said to Panat-lee," she is my mate. And if I sur-yve I shall find means to interact you, too, and return you to Om-at."

Before the girl could reply be had

Before the girl could reply he had dispersed behind the hangings of the coridor through which he ran was kind in the Ho-don city wound in and one and up and down, but at last it terminated at a sudden turn which stronght him into a courtward filled with surriers, a portion of the palace guard tom of the canoe with his back toward her and resting his head upon the gunwale sought sleep.

Thus they moved in silence between the verdure-clad banks of the little river through which the waters of Jabben-lui empitied—now in the moonlight, now in dense shadow where great trees overhung the stream, and at last out upon the waters of another lake, the black shores of which seemed far away a portion of the palace guard just been summoned by one the leser palace chiefs to join the strion of Ko-tan in the battle that

At sight of Tarzan, who in his haste had forgotten to recover his disguising headdress, a great shout arose. "Blasphemer!" "Defiler of the temple!" burst hourseld from savage throats, and mingling with these were a few who cried, "Dor-ul-Otho!" evidencing the fact that there were among them still some who clung to their belief in his divinity."

some who clung to their belief in his divinity.

To cross the courtyard armed only with a knife, in the face of this great throng of savage fighting men, seemed even to the giant ape-man a thing impossible of achievement. He must use his wits, now, and quickly, too, for they were closing upon him. He might have turned and fled back through the corridor, but flight now, even in the face of dire necessity, would but delay him in his pursuit of Mo-sar and his mate.

him in his pursuit of Mo-sar and his mate.

"Stop!" he cried, raising his palm against them. "I am the Dor-ul-Otho and I come to you with a word from Ja-don, who it is my father's will shall be your king now that Ko-tan is slain. Lu-don, the high priest, has planned to seize the palace and destroy the loyal warriors that Mo-sar may be made king—Mo-sar who will be the tool and creature of Lu-don. Follow me. There is no time to lose if you would prevent the traitors whom Lu-don has organized in the city from entering the palace by a secret way and overpowering Ja-don and the faithful band within."

For a moment they hesitated. At

on's plan to seize the palace."
"I will not forget," replied the chief,
"Go your way. We are enough to

"I will not forget," replied the chiet.
"Go your way. We are enough to overpower the truitors."
"Tell me.," asked Tarzan, "how I may know the city of Tu-lur?"
"It lies upon the south shore of the second lake below A-lur," replied the chief, "the lake that is called Jadin-lul."

the guards at the inner entrance, since the guards at the inner entrance, since the could imagine no reason why a priest should seek entrance there this late at night.

He found the garden deserted, nor toward lefense or retreat. Suddenly any sign of her he sought. That she had been brought hither he had learned from the conversation he had overheard between Lu-don and Pan-sat, and he was sure that there had been no time the entire party broke into a mad charge upon the surprised rebels.

Satisfied with the outcome of his

suddenly conceived plan and sure that it would work to the disadvantage of Lu-don, Tarzan turned into a side street and pointed his steps toward the outskirts of the city in search of the trail that led southward toward Tu-lur.

CHAPTER XVII By Jad-bal-lul

As Mo-sar carried Jane Clayton from onjecture, but it seemed reasonable to the palace of Ko-tan, the king, the elieve that they must be adjacent to woman struggled incessantly to regain her freedom. He tried to compel her to walk, but despite his threats and rected his steps toward an entrance-to walk, but despite his threats and his abuse she would not voluntarily take a single step in the direction in which he wished her to go. Instead she threw herself to the ground each time he sought to place her upon her feet, and so of necessity he was compelled to carry her though at last the tied her hands and gagged her to save himself from further lacerations, for the beauty and slenderness of the woman belied her ings which separated him from the at last to where his men had gathered at last to where his men had gathered the was glad indeed to turn her over to a couple of stalwart warriors, but these, too, were forced to carry her since Mo-sur's fear of the vengeance of Ko-

tan's retainers would brook no delays.

And thus they came down out of the hills from which A-lur is carved, to At the moment that Tarzan lifted the sangings, the warrior threw O-lo-a yidously to the ground and seizing Pan-at-lee by the hair drew his knife edge of the lake lay a fleet of strong rances. hollowed from the trunks of and raised it above her head. Casting rances, hollowed from the trunks of the encumbering headdress of the dead trees, their bows and sterns carved in the semblance of grotesque beasts or birds and vividly colored by some massingle terrible blow.

As the properties of the semblance of grotesque beasts or birds and vividly colored by some masser in that primitive school of art, which fortunately is not without its fortunately is not without its devotees

> Into the stern of one of these capoes the warriors tossed their captive at a sign from Mo-sar, who came and stood beside her as the warriors were finding their places in the canoes and selecting their paddles.

their paddles.

"Come, beautiful one," he said.

"let us be friends and you shall not be harmed. You will find Mo-sar a kind master if you do his bidding." and, thinking to make a good impres-sion on her, he removed the gag from her mouth and the thongs from her wrists, knowing well that she could not escape surrounded as she was by his warriors, and presently, when they were out on the lake, she would be as safely imprisoned as though he held her behind bars.

And so the fleet moved off to the accompaniment of the gentle spinshing of a hundred paddles, to follow the windings of the rivers and lakes through which the waters of the Valley of Jad ben-Otho empty into the great morass o the south: The warriors, resting o the south: the last cance Mo-sar, tiring of his fruitless attempts to win responses from his sullen captive, squatted in the bot

overhung the stream, and at last out upon the waters of another lake, the black shores of which seemed far away under the weird influence of a moon light night.

CONTINUED MONDAY



SOMEBODY'S STENOG-Homeward Bound

WOIKING GOIL' THREE

WEEKS AN' ONLY ONE ROMANCE AN' THAT A FLIN! IF I'D ONLY

GOT WISE SOONER THAT FLY-PAPER WAS DALY A CHAUFFER INSTEAD OF AT MILLONAIRE '

WELL THAT'S ALL OF THAT! BACK TO THE GRIND FOR CAMILLE THE POOR

By Hayward Copyright, 1921, by Public Ledger Co. EXCUSE ME MISS BUT I GOTTA GET THEM TRUNKS, THE TRAINS BOUT DOO! AND -AW BUT - I'LL BE AWFUL SORRY WHEN Y-YOU D-D-DON'T FIND HEARTS //// YOU AINT 'ROUND NO MORE, MISS, E LIKE THAT BEATIN UNDER MISS - YOU'RE GOIN TO LEAVE TO DAY - AND I WHITE FLANNEL PANTS AN FROM MY MOTHERS GARDEN BEFORE YOU ALWAYS LOOKED SO ANICE! - COURSE OF SILK SOCKS AN LIMYZINES YOU WEAT - AW -I COULDA'T GOOD BYE, MISS A-E-HAYWARD



The young lady across the way says it sounds pretty awful to say that 93 per cent of all the money raised by the Government goes into war expenses, but we ought not to make up our minds definitely without knowing what percentage goes into the other things.



SCHOOL DAYS By DWIG GRAN DADOY LONGLEGS TELLUS WHERE GANG IS



