

TARZAN THE TERRIBLE

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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

THIS BEGINS THE STORY

Lady Greystoke, wife of Tarzan, the ape-man, is carried off by Lieutenant Obergratz...

of refuge, and the other a desire for such sleep exhaustion at night that she would sleep through those dreaded hours to a new dawn...

She went further afield now in search of food. So far nothing but rodents had fallen to her spear...

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

CHAPTER XIX

Diana of the Jungle

JANE had made her first kill and she was very proud of it. It was not a very formidable animal...

Among the treasures she had gathered in the bed of the stream were several pieces of volcanic glass, clear as crystal. She sought until she had found the one in mind, which was convex...

Vibrant with suppressed excitement she held the bit of glass above the tinder, moving it slowly until she had focused the sun's rays upon a tiny spot...

He was looking at her naked limbs and her golden breastplates, the loin cloth of jet-hide, the harness and ornaments that constitute the apparel of a Ho-don woman...

Then she ran a stick through the carcass and held it above the flames. By turning it often she prevented burning and at the same time permitted the meat to cook thoroughly...

"I do not know why I continue to live. I have prayed to die and yet I cling to life. There is no hope. We are doomed to remain in this horrible land until we die."

She piled on coals and then larger branches and at last dragged a small log to the flames and pushed an end of it into the fire, which was crackling merrily...

"I have fled and fled and fled. I have remained hungry and thirsty in the tropics for days at a time. I have fashioned weapons—clubs and spears—and I have learned to use them."

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"I fell in with a band of half-breeds," he replied, "members of a proscribed race that dwells in the rock-bound gut through which the principal river of the valley empties into the morasses..."

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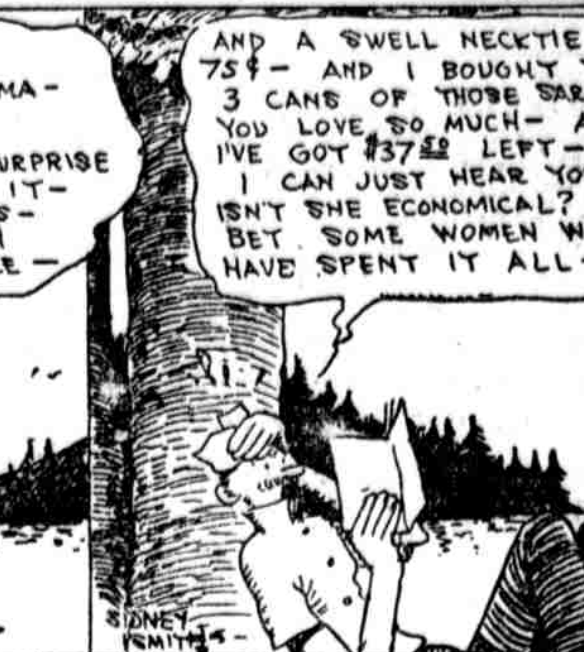
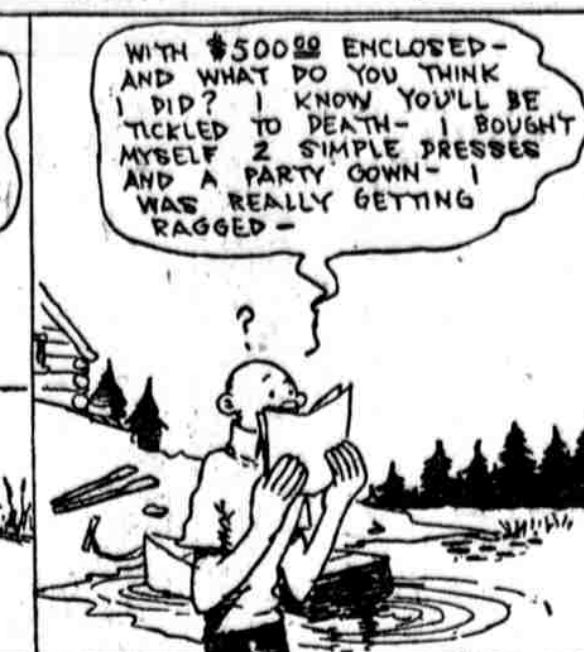
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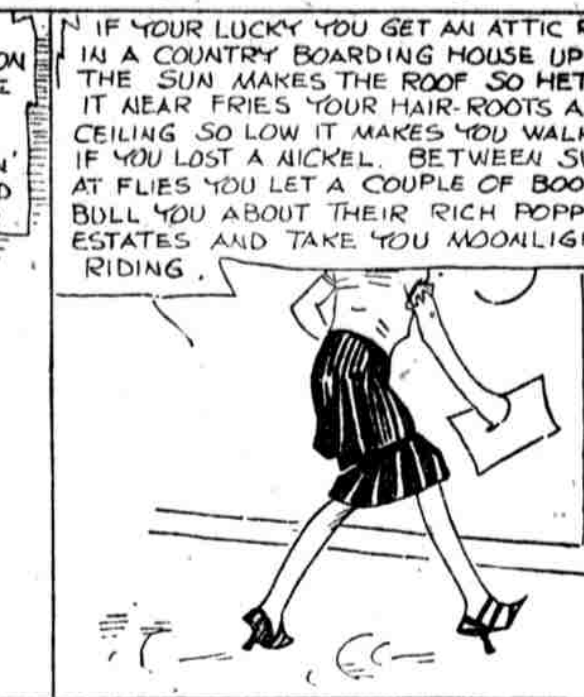
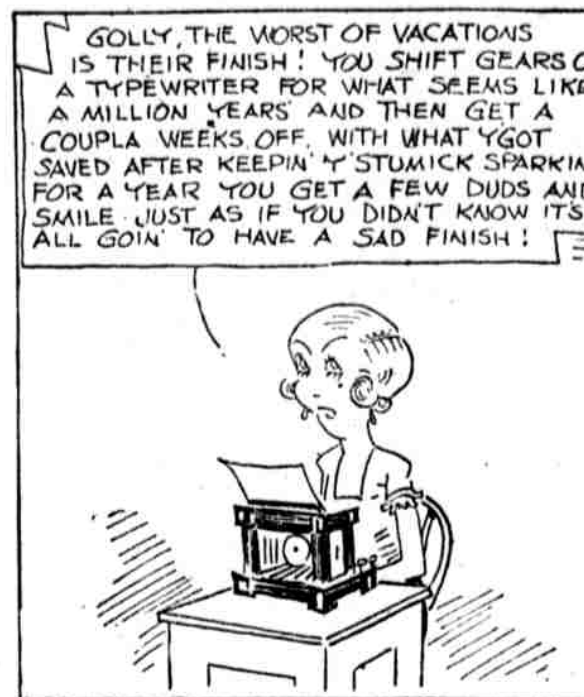
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THE GUMPS—The Dam Has Burst



SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Miss O'Flage Indulges in Some Thought



The Young Lady Across the Way



THE LITTLE SCORPIONS' CLUB



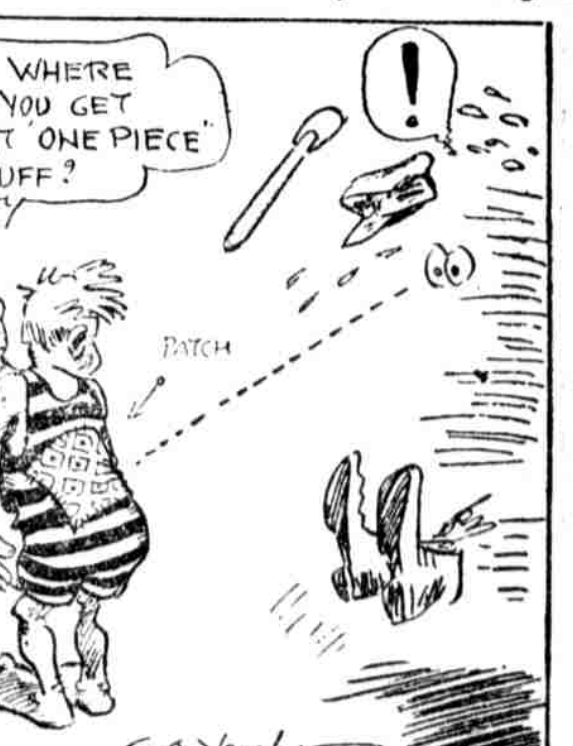
SCHOOL DAYS



THE LAST HALF OF THE SEVENTH



PETEY—Rather Technical



THE CLANCY KIDS—Evidently Timmie's Friend Doesn't Trust Him



CONTINUED TOMORROW