

TARZAN THE TERRIBLE

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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THIS BEGINS THE STORY
Tarzan, the ape-man, known in civilized life as Lord Greystoke, searches for his wife, captive in a forgotten land in Africa. Lady Greystoke had been conveyed there by a German soldier, Lieutenant Obergat, acting for the high command, which resented Tarzan's activities during the war. Attacked by a lion, he was rescued by Obergat, but later after stirring adventures. She warns him to stay away from her or she will kill him. Tarzan, meanwhile, follows close on his wife's trail, captured by enemies and thrown into a cage.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES
Through the windows came sufficient light to reveal the whole interior to Tarzan. The room was fairly large and there was a door at each end—a large door for men and a smaller heavy door for women. Both were closed with one for lions. The two windows were small and closely barred with the first iron that Tarzan had seen in Pal-ul-don. The bars were set into holes in the casing, and the whole so strongly and neatly contrived that escape seemed impossible. Yet within a few minutes of his incarceration Tarzan had commenced to undertake his escape. The old knife in his pouch was brought into requisition and slowly the ape-man began to scrape and chip away the stone from about the bars of one of the windows. It was a slow work, but Tarzan had the patience of absolute health.

Each day food and water were brought him and slipped quickly beneath the smaller door, which was raised just sufficiently to allow the stone receptacles to pass in. The prisoner began to believe the stone from about the bars for something besides lions. However, that was immaterial. If they would hold off for a few more days they might select what fate they would—he would not be there when they arrived to announce it.

And then one day came Pan-sat, Lu-don's chief tool, to the city of Tu-lur. He came ostensibly with a fair message for Mo-sar from the high priest at A-lur. Lu-don had decided that Mo-sar should be king and he invited Mo-sar to come at once to A-lur and then Pan-sat, having delivered the message, asked that he might go to the temple of Tu-lur and pray, and there he sought the high priest of Tu-lur to whom was the true message that Lu-don had sent. The two were closeted alone in a little chamber and Pan-sat whispered into the ear of the high priest.

"Mo-sar wishes to be king," he said, "and Lu-don wishes to be king. Mo-sar wishes to retain the stranger who claims to be the Dor-ul-Otho and Lu-don wishes to kill him, and now," he leaned over closer to the ear of the high priest of Tu-lur, "if you would be high priest at A-lur it is within your power."

Pan-sat ceased speaking and waited for the other's reply. The high priest was visibly affected. To be high priest at A-lur! That was almost as good as being king of all Pal-ul-don, for great were the powers of him who conducted the sacrifices upon the altars at A-lur. "How?" whispered the high priest. "How may I become high priest at A-lur?"

Again Pan-sat leaned close: "By killing the one and bringing the other to A-lur," replied he. Then he rose and departed, knowing that the other had swallowed the bait. A choice could be depended upon to do whatever was required to win him the great prize.

Nor was Pan-sat mistaken other than in one trivial consideration. The high priest would indeed commit murder and treason to attain the high office at A-lur; but he had misunderstood which of his victims was to be killed and which to be delivered to the Dor-ul-Otho, knowing himself all the details of the plans of Lu-don, had made the quite natural error of assuming that the other was perfectly aware that only by publicly sacrificing the Dor-ul-Otho could the high priest at A-lur bolster his waning power and that the assassination of Mo-sar, the pretender, would remove from Lu-don's camp the only obstacle to his combining the offices of high priest and king.

The high priest of Tu-lur thought that he had been commissioned to kill Tarzan and bring Mo-sar to A-lur. He also thought that when he had done these things he would be made high priest at A-lur; but he did not know that already the priest had been selected who was to murder him within the hour that he arrived at A-lur, nor did he know that a secret grave had been prepared for him in the floor of a subterranean chamber in the very temple he dreamed of controlling.

And so, when he should have been arranging the assassination of his chief, he was leading a dozen heavily armed warriors through the dark corridors between the temple to slay Tarzan in the lion pit. Night had fallen. A single torch guided the footsteps of the murderers as they crept stealthily upon their evil way, for they knew that their chief did not want done and their guilty consciences warned them to stealth.

In the dark of his cell the ape-man worked at his seemingly endless chip-ping and scraping. His keen ears detected the coming of footsteps along the corridor without—footsteps that approached the larger door. Always before the footsteps of a single slave who brought his food. This time there were many more than one and their coming at this time of night carried a sinister suggestion. Tarzan continued to work at his scraping and chipping. He heard them stop beyond the door. All was silence, broken only by the scrape, scrape, scrape of the ape-man's tireless blade.

Those without heard it and listening sought to explain it. They whispered in low tones making their plans. Two would raise the door quickly and the others would rush in and hurl their clubs at the prisoner. They would take his chances, for the stories that had circulated in A-lur had been brought to the ears of the high priest and wonderful provisions of Tarzan-in-jail that caused the sweat to stand upon the brows of the warriors, though it was not the damp corridor and they were twelve in number.

And then the high priest gave the signal—the door shot upward and ten warriors leaped into the chamber with their clubs. The lion and the panther flew across the room toward the darker shadow that lay in the shadow of the opposite wall, then the flare of the torch in the priest's hand lighted the interior and they saw that the thing which they had hung their clubs was a man of skins torn from the windows and that except for themselves the chamber was vacant.

To the ordinary dangers of Jane Clayton's existence was now added the knowledge of her whereabouts. The lion and the panther had given her less cause for anxiety than the return of the unscrupulous Hun, who she had always distrusted and whose reputation was now immeasurably augmented by his abrupt and filthy appearance, his strange and mirthless laughter, and his unnatural demeanor. She feared him with a new fear as though he had already become the personification of nameless horror. The wholesome,

outdoor life that she had been leading had strengthened and rebuilt her nervous system, yet it seemed to her as she thought of him that if this man should ever touch her she should scream, and possibly, even faint. Again and again during the day following their unexpected meeting the woman reproached herself for not having killed him as she would ja or jato or any other predatory beast that menaced her existence or her safety. There was no attempt at self-justification for these sinister reflections—they had no other relatives and the civil society that upheld the majesty of the law and which may be invoked to protect the righteous weak against the more righteous strong; but Jane Clayton comprised within herself not only the righteous weak, but all the various agencies for the protection of the weak—her friends, her relatives, her friends, her friends, her friends. Erich Obergat presented no different problem than did ja, the lion, other than that she considered the former the more dangerous animal. And so she determined that should she ignore her warning there would be no temporizing upon the occasion of their next meeting with his advances would mean her death. That night her snug little nest perched high in the great tree seemed desolate and solitary than it had before. What might result from about the intentions of a prowling panther would prove no great barrier to man, and influenced by this thought she slept less well than before. The slightest noise that broke the monotonous hum of the nocturnal jungle startled her into alert wakefulness to lie with straining ears in an attempt to classify the origin of the disturbance, and once she was awakened thus by a sound that seemed to come from something moving in her own tree, she listened intently—scarcely breathing. Yes, there it was again, a scuffling of something soft against the hard bark of the tree. The woman reared out in the darkness and grasped her spear. Now she felt a slight sagging of one of the limbs that supported her shelter as though the thing, whatever it was, was slowly raising its weight to the branch. It came nearer. Now she thought that she could detect its breathing. It was at the door. She could hear it fumbling with the frail barrier. What could it be? It made no sound by which she might identify it. She raised herself upon her hands and knees and crept stealthily the little distance to the doorway. Her spear clutched tightly in her hand. Whatever the thing was, it was evidently attempting to gain entrance without awakening her. It was just beyond the pitiful little contraction of slender boughs that she had bound together with grasses and called a door—only a few inches lay between the thing and her. Rising to her knees she crept out with her left hand and felt until she found a place where a crooked branch had left an opening a couple of inches wide near the center of the barrier. Into this she inserted the point of her spear. The thing must have heard her move within for suddenly it abandoned its efforts for stealth and tore angrily at the obstacle. At the same moment Jane thrust her spear forward with all her strength. She felt it enter flesh. There was a scream and a curse from without, followed by the crashing of a body through limbs and foliage. Her spear was almost dragged from her grasp, but she held to it until it broke free from the thing it had pierced.

It was Obergat; the curse had told her that. From below came no further sound. Had she, then, killed him? She had so—with all her heart she prayed it. To be free from the menace of this loathsome creature were relief indeed. During all the balance of the night she lay there awake, listening. Below her, she imagined, she could see the dead man with his hideous face bathed in the cold light of the moon—lying there upon his back staring up at her.

She prayed that ja might come and drag it away, but all during the remainder of the night she heard never a sound above the droxy hum of the jungle. She was glad that he was dead, but she dreaded the gruesome ordeal that awaited her on the morrow, for she must bury the thing that had been Erich Obergat and live on there above the shallow grave of the man she had slain.

She reproached herself for her weakness, regretting over and over that she had killed in self-defense, that her act was justified; but she was still a woman of today, and strong upon her were the iron mandates of the social order from which she had sprung, its interdictions and its superstitious.

At last came the tardy dawn. Slowly the sun topped the distant mountains beyond Jad-in-lul. And yet she hesitated to loosen the fastenings of her door and look out upon the thing below. But it must be done. She steeled herself and untied the rawhide thong that secured the barrier. She looked down and only the grass and the flowers looked up at her. She came from her shelter and examined the ground upon the opposite side of the tree—there was no dead man there nor anywhere as far as she could see. Slowly she descended, keeping a wary eye and an alert ear ready for the first intimation of danger.

At the foot of the tree was a pool of blood and a little trail of crimson drops upon the grass, leading away parallel with the shore of Jad-in-lul. Then she had not slain him! She was vaguely aware of a peculiar, double sensation of relief and regret. Now she would be always in doubt. He might return, but at least she would not have to live above his grave.

She thought some of following the bloody spoor on the chance that he might have crawled away to die later, but she gave up the idea for fear that she might find him dead nearby, or, worse yet badly wounded. What then could she do? She could not finish him with her spear—no, she knew that she could not do that, nor could she bring him back and nurse him, nor could she leave him there to die of hunger or of thirst or to become the prey of some prowling beast. It were better then not to search for him for fear that she might find him.

At last she slept, the sleep of utter exhaustion. How long it lasted she did not know; but suddenly she was wide awake and once again she heard the scuffling of a body against the bark of her tree and again the limb bent to a heavy weight. He had returned! And once again she crept to the door, for the thing was outside just as it had been last night. Her hands trembled as she placed the point of her weapon to the opening. She wondered if it would scream as it fell.

Continued Monday

THE GUMPS—The Whale That Caught Jonah

By Sidney Smith



SOMEBODY'S STENOGRAPHER—A Dark Day for the Pest

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By Hayward



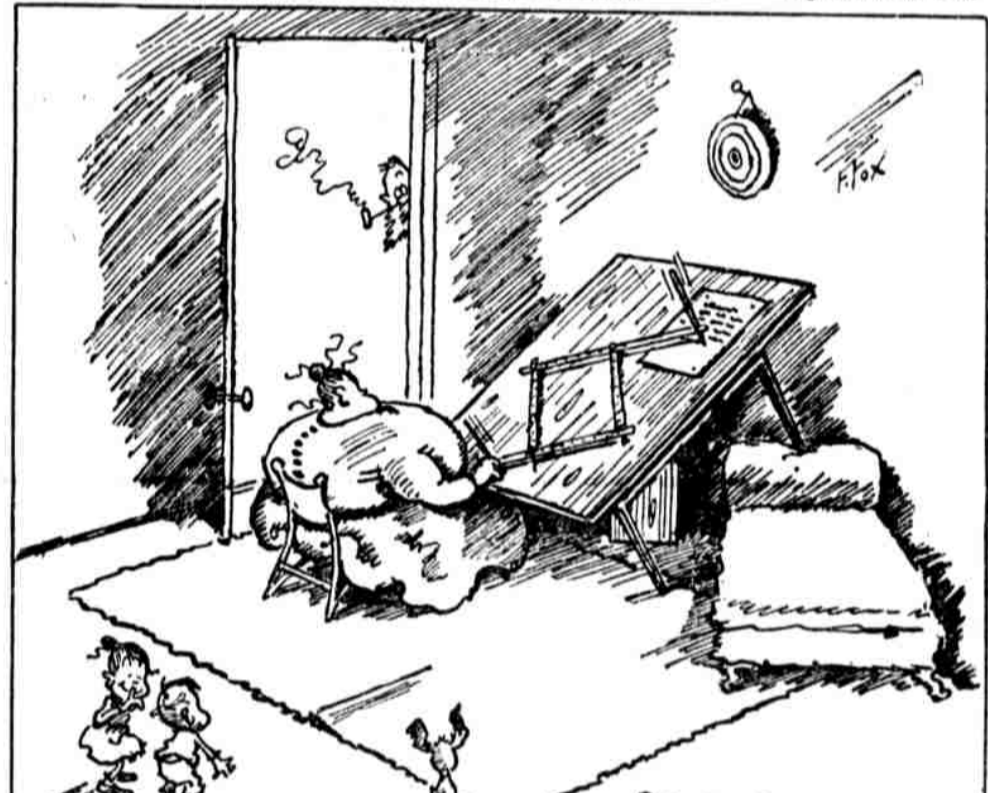
The Young Lady Across the Way

Aunt Eppie Hoag, the Fattest Woman in Three Counties

By Fontaine Fox

SCHOOL DAYS

By DWIG



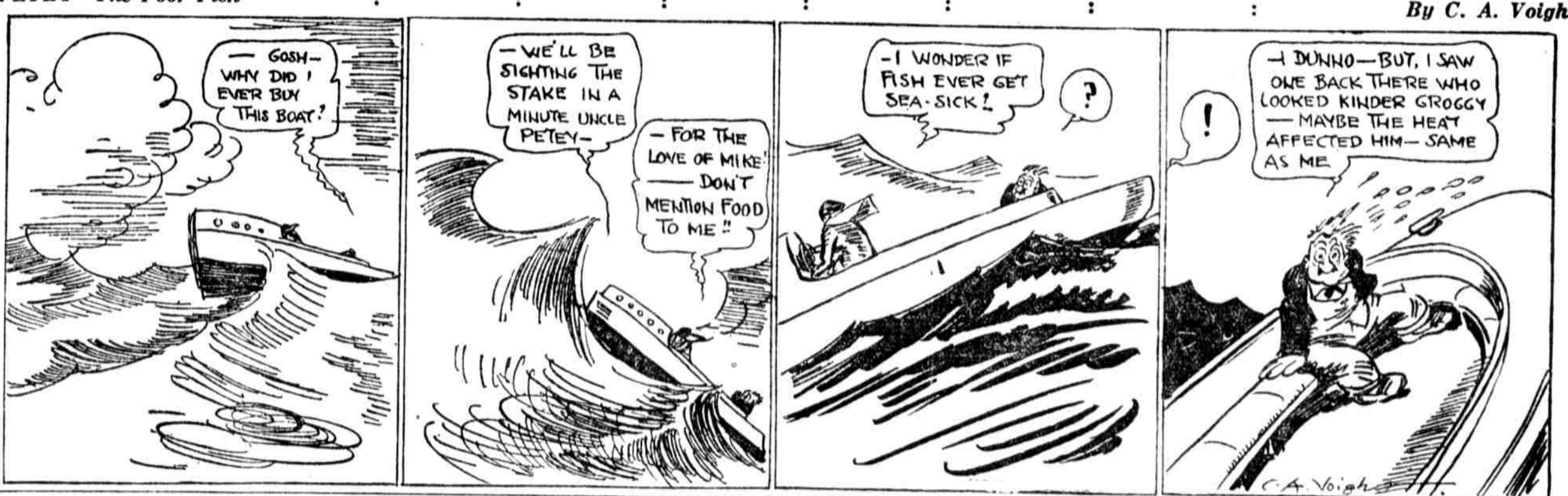
The young lady across the way says one thing about her father is that he has made all his money honestly, never stooping to gross profits.

ON THE RARE OCCASIONS WHEN AUNT EPIE WRITES A NOTE SHE HAS TO USE A PANTAGRAPH SO SHE CAN SEE WHAT SHE'S WRITING.

SATURDAY NIGHT

PEETEY—The Poor Fish

By C. A. Voight



THE CLANCY KIDS—Sh! It's the Bad Man From Dead Man's Gulch!

By Percy L. Crosby



Continued Monday