

By Sidney Smith

TARZAN THE TERRIBLE

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Author of the "Tarzan" Stories and the "Martin" Stories

These behind came Tarzan of the Apes. He had cast aside his torch and the long knife that had been his weapons. With the impetuosity of a charging bull he rushed into the chamber in pursuit of Pan-sat to find him when the hangings dropped behind him in utter darkness. Almost immediately there was a crash of stone as he followed a moment later by a similar crash behind. No other evidence was necessary to announce to the ape-man that he was in a prisoner in Lu-don where he had stood perfectly still where he had stood at the first sound of the descending stone door. Not again would he be precipitated to the gryf pit, as had occurred in some similar danger, as had occurred when Lu-don had trapped him in the temple of the Gryf. As he stood there his eyes slowly grew accustomed to the darkness and he became aware that a dim light was entering the chamber through some opening, though it was several minutes before he discovered its source. In the roof of the chamber he discerned a small aperture, possibly three feet in diameter and it was through this that what was really only a lower darkness rather than a light was penetrating its Stygian blackness of the chamber in which he was imprisoned.

Since the doors had fallen he had heard no sound, though his keen ears were constantly strained in an effort to discover a clue to the direction taken by the selector of his mate. Presently he could discern the outlines of his prison cell. It was a small room, not over fifteen feet across. On hands and knees with the utmost caution, he examined the entire area of the floor, the exact center, directly beneath the opening in the roof, was a trap, but otherwise the floor was solid. With his eyes it was only necessary to avoid this spot in so far as the floor was concerned. The walls next to the opening were of stone. There were only two openings. One the doorway through which he had entered, and upon the opposite side that through which the warrior had borne Jane Clayton.

These were both closed by the slabs of stone which the fleeing warrior had placed as he departed. The high priest, licked his lips and rubbed his bony white hands together in gratification as Pan-sat laid her on the floor of the chamber before him.

"Good, Pan-sat!" he exclaimed. "You shall be well rewarded for this service. Now, if we had the false Dor-ul-Oho in our power all Pan-ul-on would be at our feet."

"Master, I have him!" cried Pan-sat. "What?" exclaimed Lu-don. "You have Tarzan-jad-garu? You have slain him perhaps. Tell me, my wonderful Pan-sat, tell me quickly. My heart is beating with a desire to know."

"I have taken him alive, Lu-don," replied Pan-sat. "He is in the little chamber that the ancients used to trap those who were too powerful to take alive in personal encounter."

"A frightened priest burst into the apartment. "Quick, master, quick," he cried. "The corridors are filled with the warriors of Ja-don."

"You are mad," cried the high priest. "My warriors hold the palace and the temple."

"I speak the truth, master," replied the priest. "There are warriors in the corridors approaching this very chamber, and they come from the direction of the secret passage which leads hither from the city."

"It may be even as he says," explained Pan-sat. "It was from that direction that Tarzan-jad-garu was coming when I discovered and trapped him. He was leading his warriors to the very key of holes."

Lu-don ran quickly to the doorway and looked out into the corridor. At a glance he saw that the fears of the high priest were well founded. A dozen warriors were moving along the corridor toward him, but they seemed unafraid and far from sure of themselves. The high priest guessed that he was the object of their attention. He hurried toward the secret passage which leads hither from the city.

From the directions now, in the corridors below and the grounds above, came the sound of hurrying footsteps. The five strokes of the great gong had summoned those who were too powerful to take alive in personal encounter. They were brave men, but under the circumstances they were helpless and when they reached the narrow confines of the smaller passage-way, their safety was assured since only those who could attack them at a distance could possibly have been frustrated. Lu-don had Ja-don banked upon the secret passage.

With the clamor of the temple gong, Ja-don assumed that Tarzan and party had struck their initial blow and so he launched his attack upon the inner temple courts. The sound of the gong that announced the beginning of the battle. Leaving Pan-sat and hastened toward the palace to personally direct his force and as he passed through the temple grounds he discovered the danger to learn the outcome of the fight in the corridors, he and other messengers spread the news among his followers that the false Dor-ul-Oho was a prisoner in the hole.

THE VAGRANT DUKE

Story by George Gibbs.

Begin on page Monday next. Love, intrigue, and a great deal. Something doing every minute.

THE VAGRANT DUKE

Jad-ben-Otho. She spoke soothingly for she had reason to know the terrors of the mad frenzy into which trivial are fighting in the great God.

A priest burst suddenly through the hangings of the doorway and falling upon his hands and knees rubbed his forehead against the stone flagging.

"O Jad-ben-Otho," the priest begged that you come to the palace and encourage your faithful warriors by your presence."

Obergatz sprang to his feet. "I am Jad-ben-Otho," he screamed. "With lightning I will blast the blasphemers who dare attack the holy city of A-lur."

For a moment he rushed aimlessly and madly about the room, when the priest and the slave remained upon hands and knees with their foreheads against the floor.

"Come," cried Obergatz, planting a vicious kick in the side of the slave girl. "Come! Would you wait here all day while the forces of darkness overwhelm the City of Light?"

Thoroughly frightened as were all those who were forced to serve the great God, the two, stone and followed Obergatz toward the palace.

Above the shouting of the warriors rose constantly the cries of the temple priests. "Jad-ben-Otho is a prisoner in the temple. The persistent beg reached even to the ears of the enemy, as it was intended that she should.

CHAPTER XXIV

The Messenger of Death

The sun rose to see the forces of Ja-don still held at the palace gates. The old warrior had seized the tall structure that stood just beyond the palace, and at the summit of this he kept a warrior stationed to look toward the northern wall of the palace where Ta-den was to make his attack; but as the minutes wore into hours no sign of the other force appeared, and now in the full light of the new sun upon the roof of one of the palace buildings appeared Lu-don, the high priest, Mo-sar, the pretender, and the strange, naked figure of a man, into whose long hair and beard were woven fresh ferns and flowers. Behind them were banked a score of lesser priests, who chanted in unison: "This is Jad-ben-Otho. Lay down your arms and surrender." This they repeated again and again, alternating it with the cry: "The false Dor-ul-Oho is a prisoner."

In one of those hells which are common in battles between forces armed with weapons that require great physical effort in their use, a voice suddenly arose from among the followers of Ja-don: "Show us the Dor-ul-Oho. We do not believe you."

"Wait," cried Lu-don. "If I do not produce him before the sun has moved his own width, the gates of the palace shall be opened to you and my warriors will lay down their arms."

He returned to one of his priests and issued brief instructions.

The ape-man paced the confines of his narrow cell. Bitterly he reproached himself for the stupidity which had run him into this trap, and then he suddenly there flashed to his mind the features of the warrior whom he had just seen with her. They were strange, familiar. He racked his brain to recall where he had seen the man before and then it came to him. He was the strange warrior who had joined Ja-don's forces outside of Ja-lur the day that Tarzan had ridden upon the great gryf from the uninhabited forgo next to the Kon-ul-Ja down to the capital city of A-lur.

Presently he heard the clanging of his prison door, but none would give to his utmost endeavors. He strained his eyes toward the aperture above but he could see nothing, and then he continued his futile pacing to and fro like a caged lion behind his bars.

The minutes dragged slowly into hours. Faintly sounds came to him as of shouting men at a great distance. The battle was in progress. He wondered if Ja-don would be victorious and should he be, would his friends ever discover him in this hidden chamber in the bowels of the hill? He doubted it.

And now as he looked again toward the aperture in the roof there appeared to be something depending through its center. He came closer and strained his eyes to see. Yes, there was something there. It appeared to be a rope. Tarzan wondered if he had seen it all the time. It must have, he reasoned, since he had heard no sound from above and it was so dark within the chamber that he might easily have overlooked it.

He raised his hand toward it. The end of it was just within his reach. He bore it up and touched it so that it would hold him.

Then he released it and backed away, still watching it, as you have seen an animal do after investigating some unfamiliar object, one of the little traits that differentiated Tarzan from other men, accentuating his similarity to the savage beasts of his native jungle.

Again and again he touched and tested the braided leather rope, and always he listened for any warning sound from above.

He was very careful not to step upon the trap at any time and when finally he took his feet from the floor he spread them wide apart so that if he fell he would fall aside the trap. The rope held him. There was no sound from above, nor any from the trap below.

Slowly and cautiously he drew himself upward, hand over hand. Nearer and nearer the roof he came. In a moment his eyes would be above the level of the floor above. Already his extended arms projected into the upper chamber and then something closed suddenly upon both his forearms, pinning them tightly and leaving him hanging in mid-air unable to advance or retreat.

Immediately a light appeared in the room above him and presently he saw the hideous mask of a priest peering down upon him. In the priest's hands were leathern thongs and these he tied about Tarzan's wrists and forearms until they were completely bound together from his elbows almost to his fingers. Behind this priest Tarzan presently saw others and soon several laid hold of him and pulled him up through the hole.

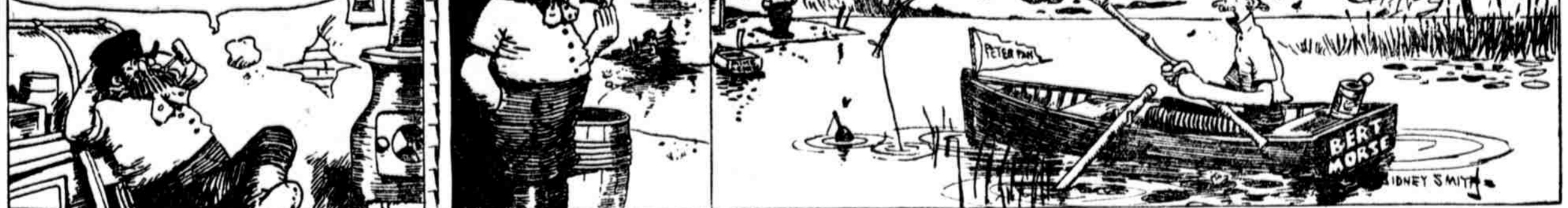
Continued tomorrow

THE GUMPS—Consolation for Andy

OLD CRANE NECK— BEEN MOPING AROUND HERE LIKE A SICK CAT BECAUSE HE GOT THAT LETTER AND FOUND OUT HIS WIFE WAS HAVING A GOOD TIME— STARTED TO GET MISERABLE— IF HE THOUGHT SHE WAS SITTING AROUND WITH HIS PICTURE IN HER HAND AND GOING TO BED AT 8 O'CLOCK EVERY NIGHT— WRITING EVERY DAY HOW LONESOME SHE WAS—

HINTING FOR HIM TO COME HOME— HE'D BE HANGING AROUND HERE FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE— LOOK AT HIM OUT THERE— HIS CARCASS IS IN THE BOAT BUT HIS MIND IS BACK HOME—

WELL YOU RAN AWAY FROM YOUR MOTHER-IN-LAW DIDN'T YOU? IF SHE'D KNOWN HOW MUCH FUN SHE WAS GOING TO HAVE SHE'D HAVE BOUGHT YOUR TICKET— YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO SNEAK OUT— SHE WOULD HAVE PACKED YOUR GEAR OPENED THE FRONT DOOR AND KISSED YOU GOODBYE— THE ONLY TROUGH LUCK SHE'S GOING TO HAVE IS WHEN YOU COME BACK— YOU DON'T HAVE TO HURRY HOME— THOSE UNION SUITS WON'T SHINK TILL AFTER THEY'RE WASHED AND THE SARTRES WILL KEEP AND THERE'S ONLY 37 1/2 BUCKS LEFT—



SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Well, This Bird Was Good-natured, Anyhow

SO MISTER SMITHERS ISN'T IN— TOO BAD! BUT MAYBE CUTIES TALK! WOULDST TALK A LITTLE BIT, SWEETIE, M-MMM?

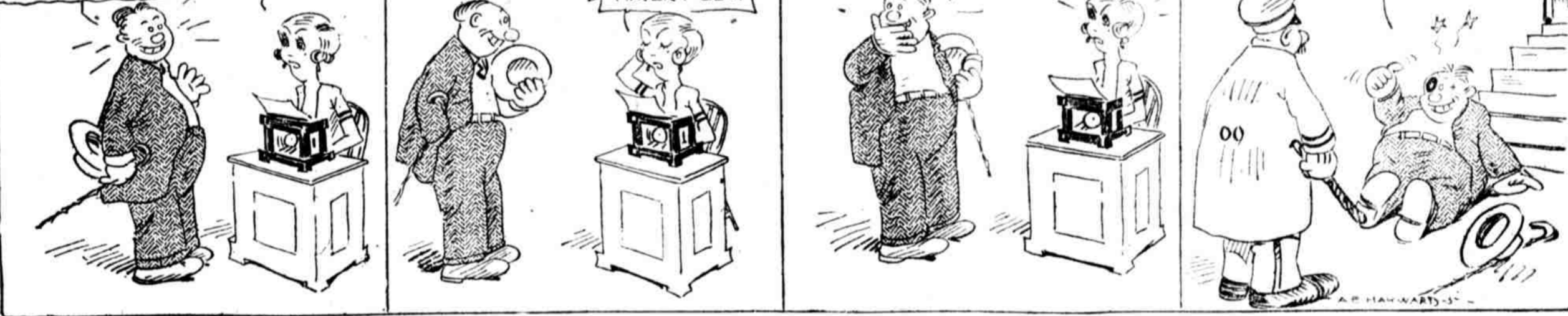
LISTEN FRESH, THIS ISN'T A VAUDEVILLE HOUSE— IT'S A NUT AND BOLT FACTORY!

NOW, SWEET THING— LET'S BE CHUMMY! DON'T GET MAD! SO YOU GOT ALL KINDS OF BOLTS AND NUTS, HEY?

YES, FRESH, WE CARRY A COMPLETE LINE OF BOLTS. YOU COULDN'T ASK FOR ANYTHING IN OUR LINE WE HAVEN'T GOT.

WELL— GIVE ME A COUPLA POUNDS OF THUNDERBOLTS.

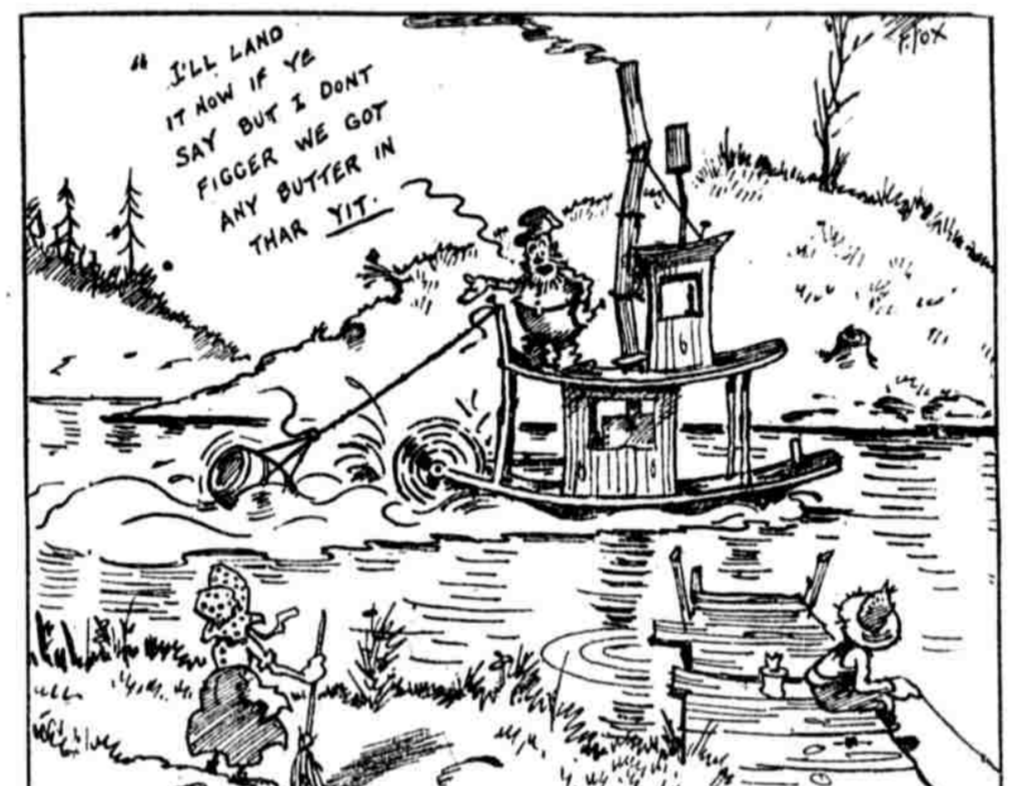
THAT'S SERVICE OFFICER! THEY GIVE YOU SERVICE IN THERE! I GOT JUST WHAT I ASKED FOR!



The Young Lady Across the Way



THE GOOSE CRICK STEAMBOAT



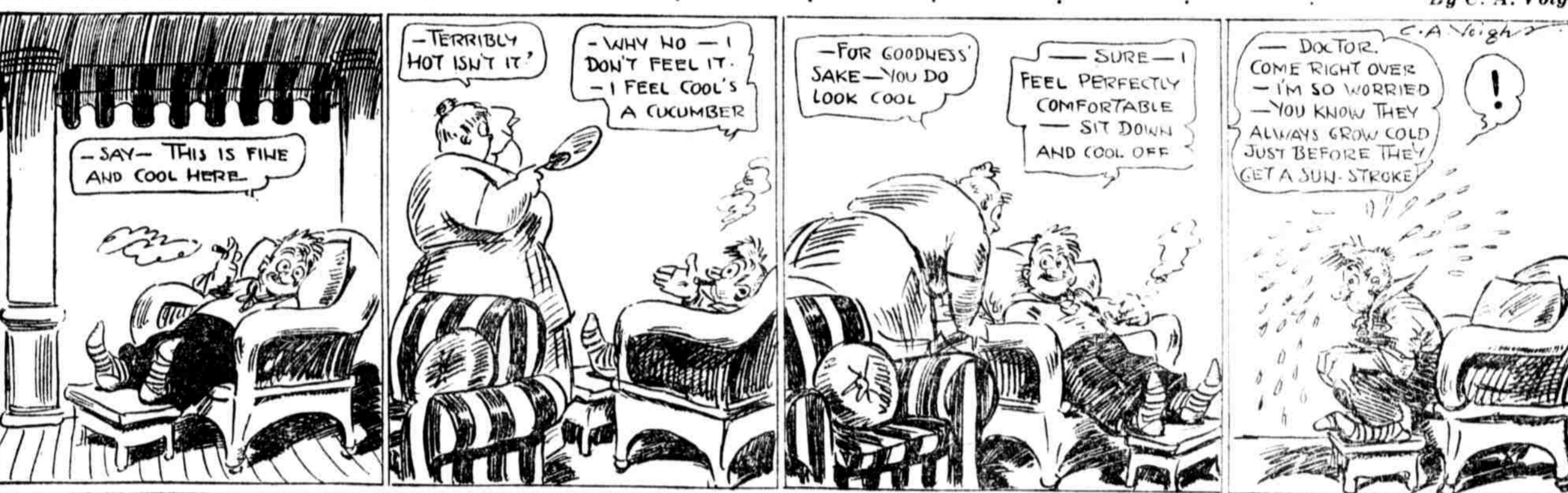
I'LL LAND IT NOW IF YE SAY BUT I DONT FIGGER WE GOT ANY BUTTER IN THAR YIT.

THE CAPTAIN CHURNS A GOOD BIT OF BUTTER FOR HOUSEWIVES ALONG THE CRICK BY PUTTING THE MILK IN A BARREL WHICH BOBS UP AND DOWN IN THE 'ROLLERS' BEHIND THE PADDLE.

SCHOOL DAYS



PETEY—The Great Heat Wave



THE CLANCY KIDS—Anyway, He's Not Backward



Continued tomorrow