TANAR OF PELLUCIDAR

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS — AUTHOR OF "TARZAN OF THE APES"

SYNOPSIS

Tanar is a warrior of Sari, a country in Pellucidar, a strange world somewhere beneath the earth's crust. In an invasion of a horde of savages called Korsars, Tanar is carried away on one of their ships. Stellara, supposedly the daughter of the Korsar chieftain, The Cid, makes friends with him.

A terrific storm comes up. The Korsars abandon the battered vessel, leaving Tanar and Stellara behind. Tanar learns that Stellara is not the daughter of The Cid. The Korsar chief had kidnaped her mother from the island of Amiocap previous to the birth of Stellara, but her mother had told her that her father was an Amiocapian chief named Fedel.

The derelict ship drifts to the shores of Amiocap. Tanar and Stellara, after many vicissitudes, eventually find Stellara's father, who takes them to his village. A band of Korsars, led by Bohar the Bloody, kidnap Stellara. Tanar in pursuing them falls into a deep well. He finds himself in the underground world of the dread Buried People, who live on human flesh.

He falls into their clutches, but escapes to the outer world with another captive named Jude, a man from the island of Hime. He rescues Stellara from the Korsars, killing Bohar the Bloody. He and Stellara declare their love for each other and avow themselves mates.

Shortly afterward, while Tanar and Stellara are asleep, Jude gags Stellara, carries her away to a hidden cove, and sets out in a canoe with her toward the island of Hime.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN (Continued)

STELLARA shook her head determinedly in an unquestionable negative and at the same time struggled to free herself from Jude's grasp. With an ugly growl the man struck her and as she fell unconscious he gathered long grasses and twisted them into a rope and bound her wrists and ankles; then he lifted her again to his shoulder and started down over the edge of the cliff, where a narrow trail now became discernible.

The descent was not more than a hundred feet to a little ledge almost at the water's edge. It was here that Stellara gained consciousness, and as she opened her eyes, she saw before her a water-worn cave that ran far back beneath the cliff.

Into this, along the narrow ledge, Jude carried her to the far end of the cavern, where, upon a narrow, pebbly beach, were drawn up a half dozen dugouts—the light, well-made canoes of the Himeans.

In one of these Jude placed the girl and, pushing it off into the deep water of the cover, leaped into it himself, seized the paddle and directed its course out toward the open sea.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

AWAKENING from a deep and refreshing slumber, Tanar opened his eyes and lay gazing up into the foliage of the tree above him. Happy thoughts filled his mind, a smile touched his lips and then, following the trend of his thoughts, his eyes turned to feast upon the dear figure of his mate. She was not there, but still he felt no concern thinking merely that she had awakened before him and arisen.

Idly his gaze made a circuit of the little camp, and then with a startled exclamation he leaped to his feet, for he realized that both Stellara and Jude had disappeaerd. He called their names aloud, but there was no response, and then he fell to examining the ground about the camp.

He saw where Stellara had been sleeping and to his keen eyes were revealed the tracks of the Himean as he had approached her. He saw other tracks leading away, the tracks of Jude alone, but in the crushed grasses where the man had gone he read the true story, for they told him that more than the weight of a single man had bent and bruised them thus; they told him that Jude had carried Stellara off, and Tanar knew that it had been done by force.

Swiftly he followed the well-marked spoor through the long grass, oblivious of all save the prosecution of his search for Stellara and the punishment of Jude. And so he was unaware of the sinister figure that crept along the trail behind him.

Down across the table-land they went—the man and the great beast following silently in his tracks. Down to a cliff overhanging the sea the trail led, and here as Tanar paused an instant to look out across the ocean, he saw hazily in the distance a canoe and in the canoe were two figures, but who they were he could only guess, since they were too far away for him to recognize.

As he stood there thus, stunned for a moment, a slight noise behind him claimed his attention, so that he turned a quick, scowling glance in the direction from which the interruption had come, and there, not ten paces from him, loomed the snarling face of a great tarag.

The fangs of the saber-tooth gleamed in the sunlight; the furry snout was wrinkled in a snarl of anger; the lashing tail came suddenly to rest, except for a slight convulsive twitching of its tip; the beast crouched and Tanar knew that it was about to charge.

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UNARMED and single-handed as he was, the man seemed easy prey for the carnivore; nor to right nor to left was there any avenue of escape. All these things passed swiftly through the mind of the Sarian, yet never did they obliterate the memory of the two figures in the canoe far out at sea behind him; of the cliff overhanging the waters of the cove beneath.

And then the tarag charged.

A hideous scream broke from the savage throat as the great beast hurled itself forward with lightning-like rapidity. Two great bounds it took, and in mid-spring of the second, Tanar turned and dove head foremost over the edge of the cliff, for the only alternative that remained to him was death beneath the rending fangs and talons of the saber-tooth.

For all he knew, jagged rocks might lie just beneath the surface of the water, but there was one chance that the water was deep, while no chance for life remained to him upon the cliff top. The momentum of the great cat's spring, unchecked by the body of his expected prey, carried him over the edge of the cliff also, so that man and beast hurtled downward almost side by side to the water far below.

Tanar cut the water cleanly with extended hands and turning quickly upwards came to the surface scarcely a yard from where the great cat had alighted. The two faced one another and, at sight of the man, the tarag burst again into hideous screams and struck out swiftly toward him.

Tanar knew that he might outdistance the tarag in the water, but at the moment that they reached the beach he would be at the mercy of the great carnivore. The snarling face was close to his; the great talons were reaching for him as Tanar of Pellucidar dived beneath the beast.

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A FEW swift strokes brought him up directly behind the cat and an instant later he had reached out and seized the furry hide. The tarag turned swiftly to strike at him, but already the man was upon his shoulders and his weight was carrying the snarling face below the surface.

Choking, struggling, the maddened animal sought to reach the soft flesh of the man with his raking talons, but in the liquid element that filled the sea its usual methods of offense and defense were worthless. Quickly realizing that death was unavoidable unless it immediately could overcome his handicap, the tarag now strained its every muscle to reach the solid footing of the land, while Tanar on his part sought to prevent it.

Now his finger crept from their hold upon the furry shoulders down to the white-furred throat and like claws of steel they sank into the straining muscles.

No longer did the beast attempt to scream and the man, for his part, fought in silence. It was a grim duel; a terrible duel. Deep into the gloomy cavern beneath the cliff, the tarag battled for the tiny strip of breath at the far end and grimly the man fought to hold it back and force its head beneath the water.

He felt the efforts of the beast weakening and yet they were very close to the beach. At any instant the great claws might strike bottom and Tanar knew that there was still left within that giant carcass enough vitality to rend him to shreds if ever the starag got four feet on solid ground and his head above the water.

With a last supreme effort he tightened his fingers upon the throat of the tarag and sliding from its back sought to drag it from its course, and the animal, upon its part, made one, last supreme effort for life. It reared up in the water and wheeling about struck at the man.

The raking talons grazed his flesh, and then he was back upon the giant shoulders forcing the head once more beneath the surface of the sea. He felt a spasm pass through the great frame of the beast beneath him; the muscles relaxed and the tarag floated limp.

A moment later Tanard dragged himself to the pebbly beach, where he lay panting from exhaustion.

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RECOVERED, nor did it take him long to recover, so urgent were the demands of the pursuit upon which he was engaged—Tanar rose and looked about him. Before him were canoes, such as he never had seen before, drawn up upon the narrow beach.

Paddles lay in each of the canoes, as though they but awaited the early return of their owners. Whence they had come and what they were doing here in this lonely cavern, Tanar could not guess. They were unlike the canoes of the Amiocapians, which fact convinced him that they belonged to a people from some other island, or possibly from the mainland itself.

But these were questions which did not concern him greatly at the time. Here were canoes. Here was the means of pursuing the two he had seen far out at sea and who he was convinced were Jude and Stellara.

Seizing one of the small craft, he dragged it to the water's edge and launched it. Then, leaping into it, he paddled swiftly down the cove out toward the sea, and as he paddle he had an opportunity to examine the craft more closely. It was evidently fashioned from a single log or very light wood and was all of one piece, except a bulkhead at each end of the cockpit, large enough to accommodate three men.

Rapping with his paddle upon the surface of the deck and upon the bulkheads convinced him that the log had been hollowed out entirely beneath the deck and as the bulkheads themselves gave every appearance of having been so neatly fitted as to be watertight, Tanar guessed that the canoe was unsinkable.

His attention next was attracted by a well-tanned and well-worn hide lying in the bottom of the cock-pit. A rawhide lacing ran around the entire periphery of the hide and, as he tried to determine the purpose to which the whole had been put, his eyes fell upon a series of cleats extending entirely around the edge of the cockpit, and he guessed that the hide was intended as a covering for it.

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EXAMINING it more closely, he discovered an opening in it about the size of a man's body, and immediately its purpose became apparent to him. With the covering in place and laced tightly around the man's body, the canoe could ship no water and might prove a seaworthy craft, even in severe storm.

As the Sarian fully realized his limitations as a seafaring man, he lost no time in availing himself of this added protection against the elements, and when he had adjusted it and laced it tightly about the outside of the cockpit and secured the lacing which ran around the opening in the center of the hide about his own body, he experienced a feeling of security that he never had before felt when he had been forced to surrender himself to the unknown dangers of the sea.

Now he paddled rapidly in the direction in which he last had seen the canoe with its two occupants, and when he had passed out of the cove into the open sea he espied them again, but this time so far out that the craft and its passengers appeared only as a single dot upon the broad waters.

But beyond them hazily loomed the bulk of the island that Jude had pointed out as Hime and this tended to crystallize Tanar's assurance that the canoe ahead of him was being guided by Jude toward the island of his own people.

(To be continued)

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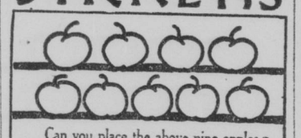
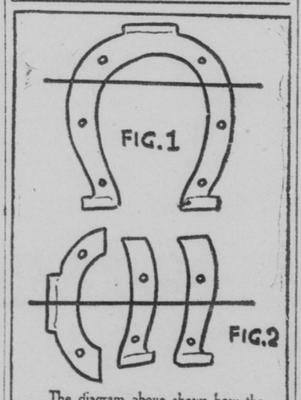
STICKERS

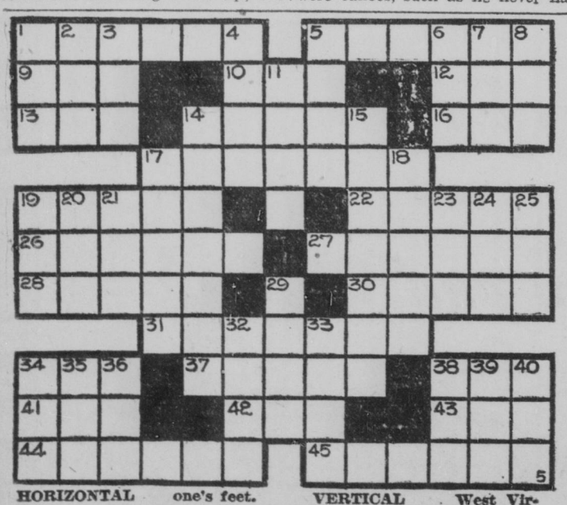


Can you place the above nine apples in 10 rows and have three apples in each row?

Answer for Yesterday



The diagram above shows how the blacksmith, with two straight cuts, divided a horseshoe, which contained six nail holes, into six pieces, each piece containing one nail hole.



HORIZONTAL
1 Stella Walsh is a famous ——?
5 Who is Panama's new president?
9 Beer.
10 To perform.
12 Electrified particle.
13 Moist.
14 To hum.
16 Shelter.
17 Had visions.
19 The eyelashes.
22 Beach.
26 Prevents.
27 Narrow.
28 Medal.
30 Having long legs.
31 Built.
34 Yes.
37 Rested on one's feet.
38 Part of a circle.
41 Male child.
42 Sphere.
43 Fence rail.
44 River in New York.
45 Capital of New York State.

VERTICAL
1 Uncooked.
2 Rubber tree.
3 Fishing bag.
4 Uncommon.
5 Tiny particle.
6 To be ill.
7 Fishes' eggs.
8 Unit.
11 Mining product from West Virginia.
14 Vents of volcanoes.
15 Cuddled.
17 Funeral song.
18 Challenged.
19 Vehicle.
20 Yellow bugle.
21 Guided.
23 Constant scolder.
24 To excavate.
25 Eye tumor.
29 Acidity.
32 English school.
33 Argentine Indian.
34 Tree.
35 Ye.
36 Conclusion.
38 Striped fabric.
39 Hastened.
40 To weep.

YESTERDAY'S ANSWER

SEBUM PLUSH
RULE OIL SEAR
OPAH ANA URGE
METE NOT RIAL
PRESS C HENRY
TABULAR
SAP WALER ROC
OBI SLAVE ULE
FATE ATE ARID
ASHY TEE RAVE
HYENA SHALE

OUR BOARDING HOUSE —By Ahern

OUT OUR WAY —By Williams

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS —By Blosser

WASHINGTON TUBBS II —By Crane

SALESMAN SAM —By Small

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES —By Martin

TARZAN AND THE LOST EMPIRE —By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Van Harben, Lepus and Gabula, waiting that night in the deserted house for a chance to escape, heard the creaking of the gate. "They are coming," said Von Harben. The three men seized their swords, scaled the ladder and crept out on to the roof, leaving the trap door slightly open.

Von Harben heard voices coming from below. "Is she alive? I can not hear her breathe," said one. "Listen, we will take the gag from your mouth if you will not scream," said another. "I shall not scream," said a woman's voice in a familiar tone that set Von Harben's heart palpitating.

"We will not hurt you," said another, "if you keep quiet and Caesar sends the ransom." "Come," said Von Harben to his companions on the roof. Casting discretion to the winds, he tore open the trap door and dropped into the room below, followed by Mallus Lepus and Gabula. "Favonia!" he cried.

One of the girl's abductors leaped upon him, while the others, terrified, rushed out, leaving the door open. The light of a full moon dissipated the darkness, revealing Von Harben struggling with a burly fellow who had seized his throat and was now trying to draw his dagger from its sheath.