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 vessel, leaving Tanar and Stellara behind. Tanar learns that Stellara is not the daughter of The Cid. The Korsar chief had stolen 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 Fedol.

The derelict ship drifts to the shores of Amiocap. Tanar and Stellara, after many vicissitudes, eventually find Stellara's father, who takes them under his protection. A band of Korsars kidnap Stellara. Tanar, in pursing them, falls into a deep well. He finds himself in the underground world of the dread Buried People, or Coripies.

He falls into their clutches, but later escapes to the outer world with another captive named Jude, a man from the island of Hime. He rescues Stellara from the Korsars. But Jude carries her off in a canoe to hime. Tanar pursues him, but is thrown off his course by a storm and loses sight of Jude.

He lands on Hime and is making his way through a forest when he comes upon a boy who is being threatened simultaneously by a snake and a snarling codon, or wolf. Tanar saves his life, and the boy, named Balal, agrees to take him to the village of Garb, of which is father is chief.

CHAPTER TWENTY (Continued)

With such rapidity do events of this nature transpire that they are over in much less time than it takes to record them, for a wounded wolf, charging its antagonist, can cover seven paces in an incredibly short space of time; yet even in that brief interval three more arrows sank deeply into the white breast of the codon, and the momentum of its last stride sent it rolling against the Sarian's feet—dead.

# # #

THE youth, freed from the menace of the codon, leaped to the ground and would have fled without a word of thanks had not Tanar covered him with another arrow and commanded him to halt.

The snake, seeing another man and realizing, perhaps, that the odds now were against him, hesitated a moment and then withdrew into the foliage of the tree, as Tanar advanced toward the trembling youth.

"Who are you?" demanded the Sarian.

"My name is Balal," replied the youth. "I am the son of Scurv, the chief."

"Where is your village?" asked Tanar.

"It is not far," replied Balal.

"Will you take me there?" asked Tanar.

"Yes," replied Balal.

"Will your father receive me well?" continued the Sarian.

"You saved my life," said Balal. "For that he will treat you well, though for the most part we kill strangers who come to Garb."

"Lead on," said the Sarian.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

BALAL led Tanar through the forest until they came at last to the edge of a steep cliff. Not far from the cliff's edge stood the stump of a great tree that seemed to have been blasted and burned by lightning. It reared its head some ten feet above ground and from its charred surface protruded the stub end of several broken limbs.

"Follow me," said Balal, and leaping to the protruding stubs, he climbed to the top of the stump and lowered himself into the interior.

Tanar followed and found an opening some three feet in diameter leading down into the bole of the dead tree. Set into the sides of the natural shaft were a series of heavy pegs, which answered the purpose of ladder rungs to the descending Balal. Tanar entered the hollow stump and followed Balal downward.

The Sarian was aware that the interior of the tree led into a shaft dug in the solid ground and a moment later he felt his feet touch the floor of a dark tunnel. Along this tunnel Balal led him and presently they emerged into a cave that was dimly lighted through a small opening opposite them and near the floor.

Through this aperture, which was about two feet in diameter and beyond which Tanar could see daylight, Balal crawled, followed closely by the Sarian, who found himself upon a narrow ledge, high up on the face of an almost vertical cliff.

"This," said Balal, "is the village of Garb."

"I see no village nor any people," said Tanar.

"They are here, though," said Balal. "Follow me," and he led the way a short distance along the ledge, which inclined downward.

Presently the ledge ended and here Balal, lowering his body over the edge, clung a moment by his hands and then dropped. Tanar looked over the edge and saw that Balal had alighted upon another narrow ledge about ten feet below. Even to a mountaineer, such as the Sarian was, the feat seemed difficult and fraught with danger, but there was no alternative and so, lying down, he lowered himself slowly over the edge of the ledge, clung an instant with his fingers, and then dropped.

# # #

AS Tanar had an opportunity to look about him on this new level, he saw, and not without relief, that the lodge was much wider and that the mouths of several caves opened upon it. In places, and more especially in front of the cave entrances, the ledge widened to as much as six or eight feet, and here Tanar obtained his first view of any considerable number of Himeans.

"Is it not a wonderful village?" asked Balal, and without waiting for an answer, "Look!" and he pointed downward over the edge of the ledge.

Following the direction indicated by the youth, Tanar saw ledge after ledge scoring the face of a lofty cliff from summit to base, and upon every ledge there were men, women, and children.

"Come," said Balal, "I will take you to my father."

A log into which wooden pegs were driven served as an easy means of descent from one ledge to the next, and after descending for a considerable distance to about midway between the summit and the ground, Balal halted at the entrance to a cave, before which sat a man, a woman and two children, a girl about Balal's age and a boy much younger.

These leaped to their feet and seized weapons when they saw Tanar.

"Do not harm him," said Balal. "I have brought him to you, Scurv, my father, because he saved my life and I promised him that you would receive him and treat him well."

Scurv eyed Tanar suspiciously. "Who are you and what are you doing in our country?" he demanded.

"I am looking for one named Jude."

"What do you know of Jude?" asked Scurv.

"We were prisoners together among the Corpies, on the island of Amiocap."

# # #

"YOU are an Amiocapian?" demanded Scurv.

"No," replied Tanar, "I am a Sarian from a country on a far distant mainland."

"Then what were you doing on Amiocap?"

"I was captured by the Korsars and the ship in which they were taking me to their country was wrecked on Amiocap. All that I ask of you is that you give me food and show me where I can find Jude."

"I do not know where you can find Jude," said Scurv. "His people and my people always are at war."

"Do you know where their village is?" demanded Tanar.

"Yes, of course, I know where it is, but I do not know that Jude is there."

"Are you going to give him food," asked Balal, "and treat him well as I promised you would?"

"Yes," said Scurv, but his tone was sullen.

In the center of the ledge, opposite the mouth of the cave, a small fire was burning beneath an earthen bowl, which was supported by three or four small pieces of stone. Squatting close to tihs was a female, who, in youth, might have been a fine-looking girl, but now her face was lined by bitterness and hate as she glared sullenly into the caldron, the contents of which she was stirring with the rib of some large animal.

"Tanar is hungry, Sloo," said Balal, addressing the woman. "When will the food be cooked?"

"Have I not enough to do preparing hides and cooking food for all of you without having to cook for every enemy that you see fit to bring to the cave?"

"This is the first time I ever brought any one, mother," said Balal.

"Let it be the last, then," snapped the woman.

"Shut up, woman," snapped Scurv.

# # #

THE woman leaped to her feet, brandishing the rib above her head. "Don't tell me what to do, Scurv," she shrilled.

"Hit him, mother!" screamed a lad of about 11, jumping to his feet and dancing about.

Balal leaped across the cook fire and struck the lad heavily with his open palm across the face, sending him spinning up against the cliff wall.

"Shut up, Dhung," he cried, "or I'll pitch you over the edge."

The remaining member of the family party, a girl, just ripening into womanhood, remained silent where she was seated, leaning against the face of the cliff. Suddenly the woman turned upon her.

"Why don't you do something, Gura?" she demanded. "You sit there and let them attack me and never raise a hand in my defense."

"But no one has attacked you, mother," said the girl, with a sigh.

"But I will," yelled Scurv, seizing a short club that lay beside him. "I'll knock her head off if she doesn't keep a still tongue in it."

At this instant a loud scream attracted the attention of all toward another family group before a cave, a little farther along the ledge. Here, a man, grasping a woman by her hair, was beating her with a stick.

"Hit her again!" yelled Scurv.

"Scratch out his eyes!" screamed Sloo.

Tanar looked on in consternation and surprise. Never had he witnessed such tumult and turmoil in the villages of the Sarians, and coming, as he just had, from Amiocap, the island of love, the contrast was even more appalling.

# # #

"DON'T mind them," said Balal, who was watching the Sarian and had noticed the expression of surprise and disgust upon his face. "If you stay with us long, you will get used to it, for it always is like this. Come on, let's eat; the food is ready," and drawing his stone knife he fished into the pot and speared a piece of meat.

Tanar, having no knife, had recourse to one of his arrows, which answered the purpose quite as well, and then, one by one, the family gathered around and fell upon the steaming stew with avidity.

The caldron emptied, Scurv and Sloo crawled into the dark interior of their cave to sleep, where they were presently followed by Balal.

Gura, the daughter, took the caldron and started down the cliff toward the brook. As she made her precarious way down rickety ladders and narrow ledges, little Dhung, her brother, amused himself by hurling stones at her.

"Stop that," commanded Tanar. "You might hit her."

"That is what I am trying to do," said the little imp.

He hurled another missile and with that Tanar grabbed him by the scruff of the neck. Instantly Dhung let out a scream that brought Sloo rushing from the cave.

"He is killing me," shrieked Dhung, and at that the cave woman turned upon Tanar with flashing eyes and a face distorted with rage.

"Wait," said Tanar, in a calm voice. "I was not hurling the child. He was hurling rocks at his sister and I stopped him.

"What business have you to stop him?" demanded Sloo. "She is his sister, he has a right to hurl rocks at her if he chooses."

"But he might have struck her, and if he had she would have fallen to her death below."

"What if she did? That is none of your business," snapped Sloo, and grabbing Dhung by his long hair she cuffed his ears and dragged him into the interior of the cave, where for a long time Tanar could hear blows and screams, mingled with the sharp tongue of Sloo and the curses of Scurv.

# # #

FAR below him Tanar saw the girl, Gura, washing the earthenware vessel in a little stream, after which she filled it with fresh water and lifted the heavy burden to her head. He wondered at the ease with which she carried the great weight and was at a loss to know how she intended to scale the precipitous cliff and the rickety, makeshift ladders with her heavy load.

Watching her progress with considerable interest he saw her ascend the lowest ladder, apparently with as great ease and agility as though she was unburdened. Up she came, balancing the receptacle with no evident effort.

(To Be Continued)

(Copyright, 1931, by Metropolitan Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.; Copyright, 1929, Edgar Rice Burroughs, Inc.)

STICKERS

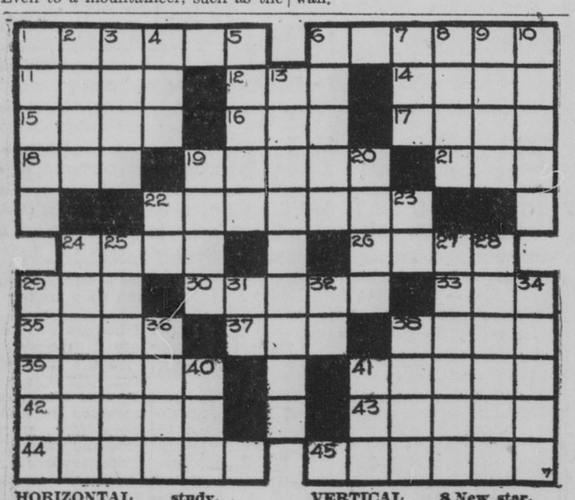
NO •••••, NO •••••

Fill in each set of five dots shown above with the name of a different fruit that contains the same five letters. If the proper words are inserted, the line will read the same forwards and backwards. 7

Answer for Yesterday

YYUR
YYUB
ICUR
YY4ME

The letters shown above may be read as follows: Too wise you are; too wise you be. I see you are too wise for me. 6



HORIZONTAL
1 Which is the world's smallest country?
6 Where is Versailles?
11 Image.
12 Beer.
14 Girls' toy.
15 Parts of bees.
16 Emperor of China is called —— of Heaven?
17 Egg-shaped.
18 Limb.
19 Shirt ornaments.
21 Cuckoo.
22 Opposes.
24 To shift.
26 Gaelic.
29 Noise.
30 Languid.
33 Age.
35 Routine of study.
37 Crude.
38 Pertaining to land ownership.
39 To ignore.
41 Green quartz.
42 Fabric.
43 Diner.
44 Hard as steel.
45 Dimmest.

VERTICAL
1 Largest church in Europe is in ——?
2 Smell.
3 Pattern.
4 Wing.
5 Ovens.
6 Wards off.
7 Stir.
8 New star.
9 Clique.
10 U. S. immigrant island.
13 In what state in U. S. do they celebrate Mardi Gras?
19 Slave.
20 Let it stand.
22 Second note.
23 Senior.
24 Flower.
25 Whole.
27 Decorous.
28 Rubs out.
29 Gown.
31 Measure of area.
32 Northwest.
34 Vigilant.
36 Rim.
38 Verbal.
40 Slippery fish.
41 Tiny green vegetable.

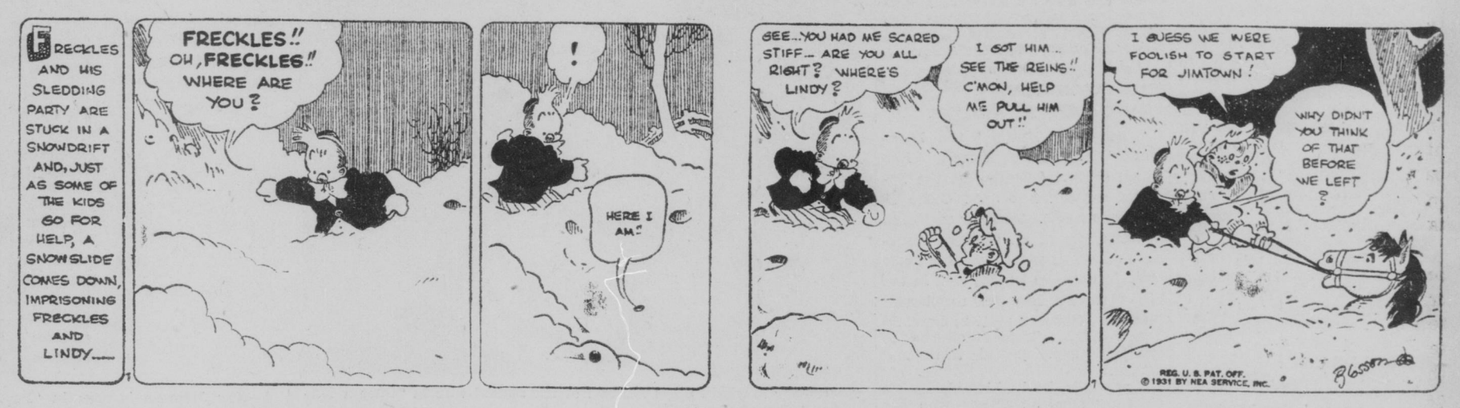
YESTERDAY'S ANSWER

ROME HID KELP
IDEA IDE AREA
PENS EEL IRON
TAMALES
LAW PAL REGAL
ENAMEL BERATE
ADDER SAC PET
DYNASTY
HEED ELK ABET
AVAL AVE ROLE
SERE RET DALE

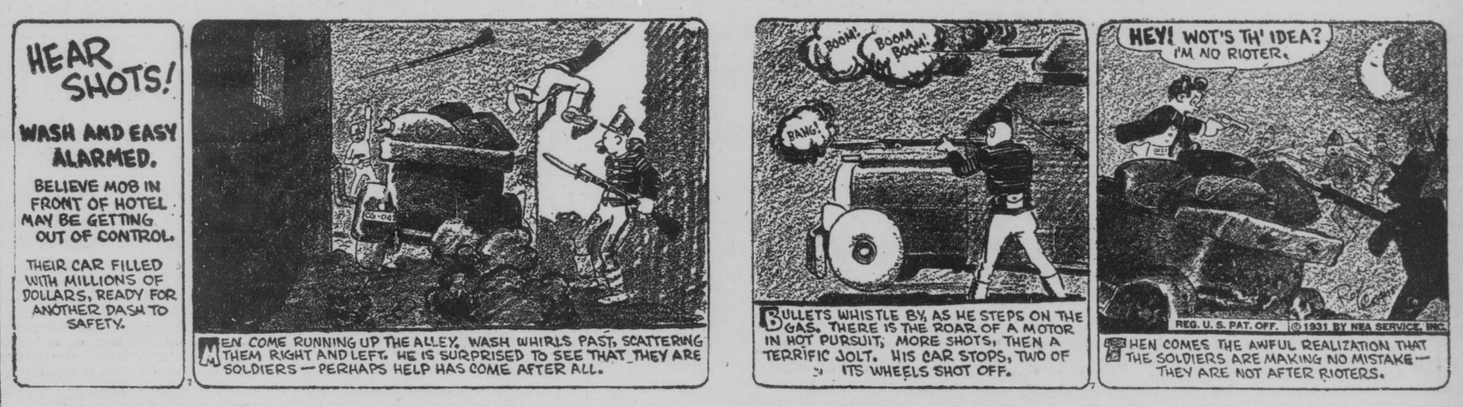
OUR BOARDING HOUSE — By Ahern

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

When Tarzan refused the crown of Caesar, he lost no time, but assembled 5,000 warriors and started his marcn on Castrum Mare. The white plumes of the Waziri nodded at his back as he led his army out of Castra Sanguinarius along the hot and dusty Via Mare. The Waziri were chanting their battle songs.

But there was no battle. The effort of Fulvus Fupus to seize the throne proved futile when the people knew that the emperor's nephew, Cassius Hasta, was at the gates with an army. Shouts of joy resounded through the city. The officer who was almost to attack Lepus and Von Harben ordered his men back.

Together Favonia, Von Harben, Lepus and Gabula stepped from the deserted building. Approaching them, they saw the head of a column of marching men. "Look!" said Favonia, "their chief is garbed like a barbarian and white-plumed warriors follow him." "The white giant is Tarzan of the Apes!" cried Von Harben.

Tarzan greeted the lost explorer affectionately. "Your father will be glad when I bring you back," he said. "You came here in search of me, Tarzan of the Apes?" demanded Von Harben. "I seem to have arrived just in time," said the ape-man. "How can I thank you?" exclaimed Von Harben. "Don't thank me," said the ape-man. "Thank little Nkima."

BEGINNING MONDAY

TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION

TARZAN back in the jungle again, facing some of his most sensational adventures