

TANAR OF PELLUCIDAR

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

AUTHOR OF "TARZAN OF THE APES"

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

WHO may say how long Tanar lay unconscious in the darkness and silence of that buried dungeon in a timeless world? But at length he stirred; slowly his eyes opened. As consciousness returned, he felt about him. The stone flagging was bare. He sat up. He was not dead and to his surprise he discovered that he had suffered neither pain nor swelling from the strike of the serpent.

He arose and moved cautiously about the dungeon. The snakes were gone. Sleep had restored his mental equilibrium, but he shuddered as he realized how close he had been to madness, and he smiled somewhat shamefacedly, as he reflected upon the futility of his needless terror.

For the first time in his life, Tanar and Pellucidar had understood the meaning of the word fear. As he paced slowly around his dungeon one foot came in contact with something lying on the floor in a corner—something which had not been there before the snakes came. He stooped and felt cautiously with his hand and found an iron bowl fitted with a heavy cover. He lifted the cover. Here was food, and without questioning what it was or whence it came, he ate.

The deadly monotony of his incarceration dragged on. He exercised; he ate; he slept. He never knew how the food was brought to his cell, nor when, and after a while he ceased to care.

The snakes came usually while he slept, but since that first experience they no longer filled him with horror. And after a dozen repetitions of their visit they not only ceased to annoy him but he came to look forward to their coming as a break in the deadly monotony of his solitude.

He found that by stroking them and talking to them in low tones he could quiet their restless writhing. And after repeated occurrences of their visits he was confident that one of them had become almost a pet.

Of course in the darkness he could not differentiate one snake from another, but always he was awakened by the nose of one slithering gently upon his chest, and when he took it in his hands and stroked it, it made no effort to escape; nor ever again did one of them strike him with its fangs after that first orgy of madness, during which he had thought and hoped that the reptiles were venomous.

It took him a long time to find the opening through which the reptiles found ingress to his cell, and at length, after diligent search, he discovered an aperture about eight inches in diameter, some three feet above the floor. He inserted his hand in the opening and feeling around discovered that the wall at this point was about a foot in thickness, and when he inserted his arm to the shoulder he could feel nothing in any direction beyond the wall.

Perhaps there was another chamber there—another cell like his—or possibly the aperture opened into a deep pit that was filled with snakes. He thought of many explanations, and the more he thought the more anxious he became to solve the riddle of the mysterious space beyond his cell.

Thus did his mind occupy itself with trivial things, and the loneliness and the darkness and the silence exaggerated the importance of the matter beyond all reason until it became an obsession with him. During all his waking hours he thought about that hole in the wall and what lay beyond in the Stygian darkness which his eyes could not penetrate.

He questioned the snake that rapped upon his chest, but it did not answer him, and then he went to the hole in the wall and asked the hole.

And he was on the point of becoming angry when it did not reply, when his mind suddenly caught itself and with a shudder he turned away, realizing that his way led to madness and that he must, above all else, remain master of his mind. But still he did not abandon his speculation; only now he conducted it with reason and sanity, and at last he hit upon a shrewd plan.

When next his food was brought and he had devoured it, he took the iron cover from the iron pot, which had contained it, and hurried to the stone flagging of his cell, where it broke into several pieces.

One of these was long and slender and had a sharp point, which was what he had hoped he would find in the debris of the broken cover. This piece he kept; the others he put into the pot and then he went to the aperture in the wall and commenced to scratch, slowly, slowly, at the hard mortar in which the stones around the hole were set.

He ate and slept many times before his labor was rewarded by the loosening of a single stone next to the hole. And again he ate and slept many times before a second stone was removed.

How long he worked at this he did not know, but the time passed more quickly now and his mind was so engrossed with his labors that he was almost happy.

He wished that he knew how the food was brought to his cell, that he might know if there was danger that those who brought it could hear him, but as he never heard the food brought, he hoped that those who brought it could not hear him, and he was quite sure that they could not see him.

And so he worked on unceasingly until at last he had scratched away an opening large enough to admit his body, and then for a long time he sat before it, waiting, seeking to assure himself that he was master of his mind. In this eternal night of solitude that had been his existence for how long he could not even guess, he realized that this adventure which he was facing and assumed such momentous proportions that once more he felt himself upon the brink of madness.

And now he wanted to make sure that, no matter what lay beyond that aperture, he could meet it with calm nerves and a serene and sane mind. He could not help but realize that keen disappointment might be lying in wait for him, since during all the long periods of his scratching and scraping he had realized that a hope of escape was the foundation of the desire that prompted him to prosecute the work.

And though he expected to be disappointed, he knew how cruel would be the blow when it fell.

(To Be Continued)

(Copyright, 1931, by Metropolitan Newspaper Feature Service, Inc. Copyright, 1930, Edgar Rice Burroughs, Inc.)

BIG GAME IS EXPENSIVE

Elephant Hunting License May Cost Sportsman \$250.

By Science Service

LONDON, Feb. 23.—The sportsman with an appetite for the biggest of all big game, the African elephant, must now pay a pretty stiff fee for the privilege of shooting one.

In Tanganyika territory the license for killing an elephant costs \$250. In Uganda, between Lake Victoria and Lake Albert, the license costs considerably less; \$50 for the first elephant, \$100 for the second, and a limit of two elephants to any individual hunter in one year.

Under this licensing system, the yearly shoot may reach a mark as high as 225 animals. This may look formidable, but when offset against an estimated elephant population of 20,000 to 25,000 in these regions, it is believed that the interests of conservation are being reasonably served.

STICKERS

FTNMLKBRNGSLCTTN
LLSKMTXTLLTSTHN

If the same letter is inserted sixteen times, in the jumble of letters shown above, and the letters broken into words, the two lines will make a rhyme.

Answer for Saturday

POWKI
HULDA
HAWAII

86432
17590

104022

In the above addition, each letter represents a figure, as shown by the addition below, as follows: H equals 1; I equals 2; K equals 3; W equals 4; L equals 5; O equals 6; U equals 7; P equals 8; D equals 9 and A equals 0.

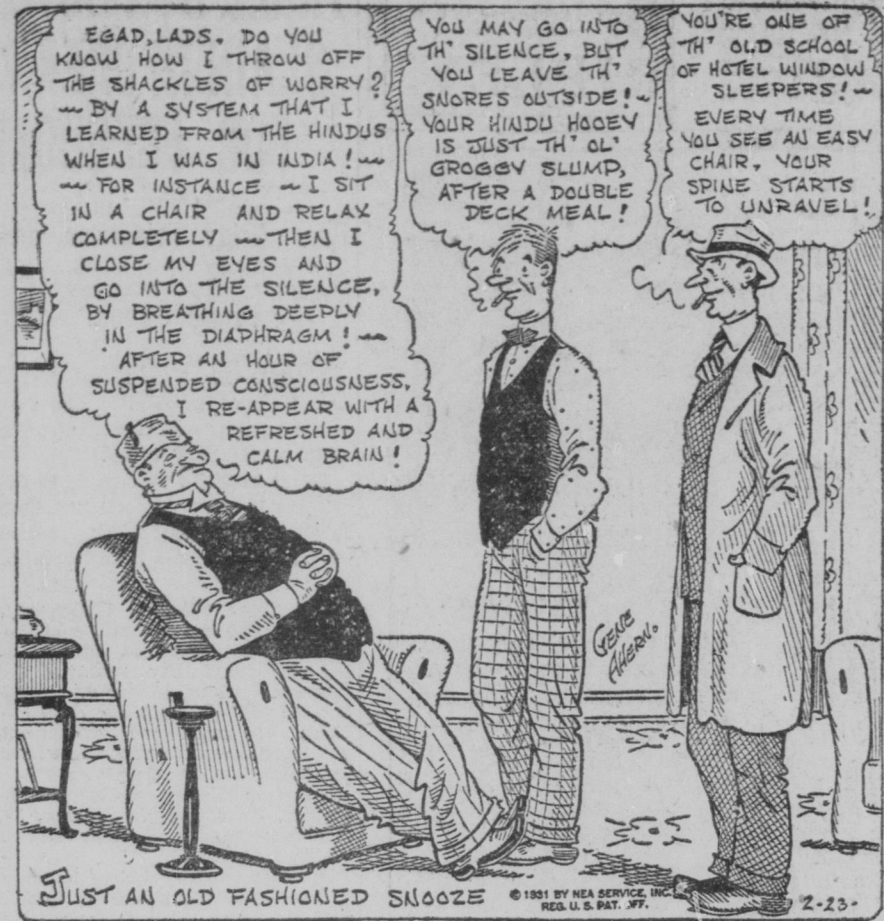
21

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern

OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams



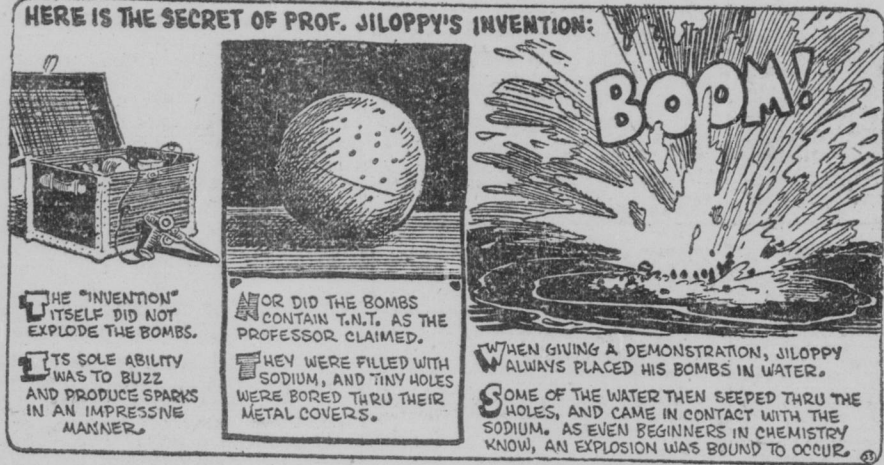
FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

—By Blosser



WASHINGTON TUBBS II

—By Crane



SALESMAN SAM

—By Small



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

—By Martin

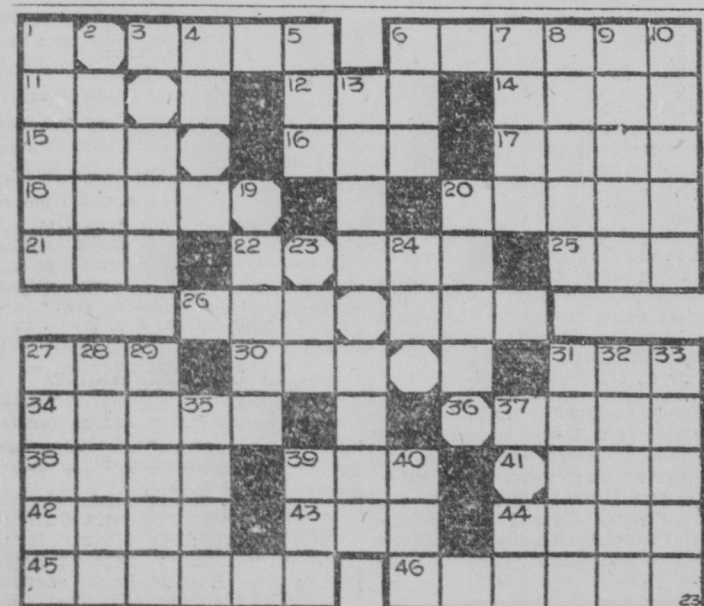


'Boots' Doll Cut-Outs



Hurray! Get out the scissors and colored crayons, if you want to see "Boots," famous star of the comic strip, "Boots and Her Buddies," in her new spring finery. Of course you watch "Boots."

Here she is, all ready to try on the wardrobe which Edgar Martin, the artist, has provided. She's going to have dresses for all occasions. Watch this page to see what "Boots" is going to wear.



- HORIZONTAL 36 More recent.
- 1 Hollow under arm.
- 6 Mournful.
- 9 Needy.
- 12 Color.
- 14 Goddess of the moon.
- 15 Too.
- 16 Finale.
- 17 Exclamation.
- 18 Long grasses.
- 20 Hoisting machine.
- 21 Boast of burden.
- 22 Tract of waste land.
- 25 Scarlet.
- 26 Resembling a crow.
- 27 Perched.
- 30 Angler's basket.
- 31 Skill.
- 34 To tick.
- VERTICAL 1 Three-handed armadillo.
- 2 Pans in drama.
- 3 Great law giver.
- 4 To poke.
- 5 Article.
- 6 To scatter.
- 7 Wing-like.
- 8 Pertaining to the throat.
- 9 Silly.
- 10 Boxed.
- 13 Solved.
- 19 Sudden mental agitation.
- 20 Shivering with cold.
- 23 To sin.
- 24 Pedal digit.
- 27 Fragment.
- 28 Living.
- 29 Pertaining to tides.
- 31 To make amends.
- 32 To repulse.
- 33 Ringlet.
- 35 Jail compartment.
- 37 Tiny particle.
- 39 To stroke.
- 40 Bird.

TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION

—By Edgar Rice Burroughs



Tarzan examined them carefully. Stooping low, he sniffed at them with his sensitive nostrils. Impossible though it seemed, the naked footprints were those of a white man—a large man, probably as big as Tarzan himself. The foster-son of Kala, he gazed upon the spoor of the mysterious stranger, running his fingers thru his thick black hair in a characteristic gesture indicative of deep puzzlement. What naked white man could there be in Tarzan's jungle? Suddenly he recalled the vague rumors he had heard weeks before.

Night fell before Tarzan could solve the mystery of the strange trail. He retraced his steps toward camp knowing his Waziri would be expecting meat. Soon he discovered he was not the only one hunting the district that night. The coughing grunt of a lion close by apprised him of it at first. Well, it would not be the first time the ape-man had pitted his cunning, his strength, and his agility against the other hunters of his savage world—both man and beast.

And so it was that Tarzan made his kill, snatching it almost from under the nose of a disappointed, infuriated lion—a fat antelope that the latter had marked as his own. Throwing his kill to his shoulder, almost in the face of the charging Numa, the ape-man swung lightly into the lower terraces of the trees. With a taunting laugh for the infuriated and baffled beast, the ape-man vanished noiselessly into the night and soon was back at the campfires of his welcoming warriors.