

# TANAR OF PELLUCIDAR

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AUTHOR OF  
"TARZAN OF THE APES"

CHAPTER THIRTY-NINE  
It was the Cid. Stellara's heart stopped beating as the Korsar pulled up to the faces of Tanar and herself.

"Who are you?" demanded the Cid.  
"We are sailors," said Tanar, quickly.  
"What are you doing here in my palace?" demanded the Korsar ruler.

"We were sent here with packages to the storeroom," replied Tanar, "and we are but now returning to our ship."  
"Well, be quick about it. I do not like your looks," growled the Cid as he stamped off.

Tanar saw Stellara away and he stepped to her side and supported her, but she quickly gained possession of herself, and an instant later turned to the right and led Tanar through a doorway into the garden.

"Good!" whispered the man, as they walked side by side after getting the building. "If the Cid did not know you, then your disguise must be perfect."

There were a number of men and women in the garden close to the palace. Some of these scrutinized them casually, but they passed by in safety and a moment later the gravel walk they were following wound through dense shrubbery that hid them from view and then they were at the doorway in the garden wall.

A gain fortune favored them and they passed out into the barracks yards without being noticed. Electing to try the main gate because of the greater number of people who passed to and fro through it, Tanar turned to the right, passed along the full length of the barracks past a dozen men and approached the gate with Stellara at his side.

They were almost through when a stupid-looking Korsar soldier stopped them.  
"Who are you?" he demanded, "and what business takes you from the palace?"

"We are sailors," replied Tanar. "We are going to our ship."  
"What were you doing in the palace?" demanded the man.

"We took packages there from the captain of the ship to the Cid's storeroom," explained the Sarian.  
"I do not like the looks of you," said the man. "Wait here until the captain of the gate returns. He will wish to question you."

The Sarian's heart sank. "If we are late in returning to our ship, we shall be punished," said he.  
"That is nothing to me," replied the soldier.

Stellara reached inside her cloak and beneath the man's clothes that covered her own apparel, and searched until she found a pouch that was attached to her girdle. From this she drew something which she slipped into Tanar's

hands. He understood immediately, and stopping close to the soldier he pressed two pieces of gold into the fellow's palm.

"It will go very hard with us if we are late," he said.  
"The man felt the cool gold within his palm. 'Very well,' he said gruffly, 'go on about your business, and be quick about it.'"

Without waiting for a second invitation, Tanar and Stellara merged with the crowd upon the Korsar street. Nor did either speak until they had left the palace gate well behind.  
"And where now?" she asked at last.

"We are going to sea," replied the man. "We are going fishing."  
Along the banks of the river were moored many craft, but when Tanar saw how many men were on or around them he realized that the plan he had chosen, which contemplated stealing a fishing boat, must probably "go" end disastrously, and he explained his doubts to Stellara.

"We could never do it," she said. "Stealing a boat is considered the most heinous crime that one can commit in Korsar, and if the owner of a boat is not aboard it you may rest assured that some of his friends are watching it for him, even though there is little likelihood that any one will attempt to steal it, since the penalty is death."

Tanar shook his head. "Then we shall have to risk passing through the entire city of Korsar," he said, "and going out into the open country without any reasonable excuse in the event that we are questioned."

"We might buy a boat," suggested Stellara.  
"I have no money," said Tanar.

"I have," replied the girl. "The Cid always has kept me well supplied with gold." Once more she reached into her pouch and drew forth a handful of gold pieces.

"Here," she said, "take these."  
QUESTIONING the first man that he approached at the river side, Tanar learned that there was a small fishing boat for sale a short way down the river, and it was not long before they had found its owner and consummated the purchase.

As they pushed off into the current and floated down stream, Tanar became conscious of a sudden conviction that his escape from Korsar had been effected too easily; that there must be something wrong, either he was dreaming or else disaster and recapture lay just ahead.

Borne down toward the sea by the slow current of the river, Tanar wielded a single oar, paddling from the stern, to keep the boat out in the channel and its bow in the right direction, for he did not wish to make sail under the eyes of Korsar

sailors and fishermen, as he was well aware that he could not do so without attracting attention to his evident inexperience and thus casting suspicion upon them.

Slowly the boat drew away from the Korsar raiders anchored in mid-stream and then, at last, he felt that it would be safe to hoist the sail and take advantage of the land breeze that was blowing.

With Stellara's assistance the canvas was spread and as it belled to the wind the craft bore forward with accelerated speed. Then behind them they heard shouts and, turning, saw three boats speeding toward them.

(To Be Continued)  
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## 50 Years Ago In Legislature

By United Press  
Stricter prohibition laws were sought in the 1881 legislature, but were looked upon with disfavor by the solons. Senator A. Shaffer, Huntington, urged passage of his bill to make licensing of saloons optional with counties. The measure provided that a saloon keeper must obtain names of majority of the persons in a township before he could secure a license. The license fee was to be \$250.

Vote on the measure was 25 to 23 against passage. Throughout the session both houses had received thousands of petitions from all sections of the state urging more stringent prohibition laws.

In the debate on the bill, Shaffer pointed out that "the present law is never enforced and never will be." He also predicted that if the bill were passed, "more than three-fourths of the saloons would be abolished within ten years."

## CRIMINAL STERILIZING MEASURE IS KILLED

Senators Act on Belief That It Is Clearly Unconstitutional.  
Death was inflicted summarily upon the Evans-Simpson criminal sterilization bill by the Indiana senate Friday.

Called down for second reading, the bill, passed by the house 58 to 32 Feb. 18 after long debate, was postponed indefinitely on motion of Senator C. Oliver Holmes (Rep., Lake).

Senator Robert Moorhead (Rep., Marion) and others agreed with Holmes' contention "the measure clearly is unconstitutional."

The bill would have permitted juries to inflict the added penalty of sterilization on criminals convicted of felonies in which human life was threatened or destroyed.

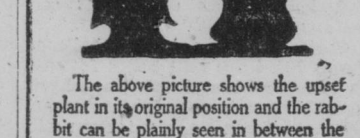
## Cradle Bandits

By United Press  
HARRISON, N. Y., Feb. 28.—Three young men, two of them 9 years old and the third two years their junior, coolly admitted to police that they had:

Rifled a teacher's desk.  
Stolen a box of cigars from a doctor's office, and smoked them without ill effect.

Stolen \$350 from a laundry office and \$22 more from a newspaper office which they visited four times.

Stolen \$1,400 from the rector's desk of St. Gregory's church, to the great sorrow of the rector.



The above picture shows the upset plant in its original position and the rabbit can be plainly seen in between the two plants.

## Answer for Yesterday

## STICKERS

A DEN I CAN DOCK.  
Keeping these letters in their present order and inserting the same letter among them, as often as necessary, will make a sensible sentence. Can you find the right letter and insert it in the right places?

## TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION

The girl pointed toward the tall, almost naked figure of the ape-man as he stood revealed in the full light of the blazing beast fire. "Carl," she whispered in trembling tones, "look!"

"What's wrong, Flora?" he said. "I only see Estaban." "It is not Estaban," hissed the girl, hysterically. "It is Lord Greyhound, himself! It is Tarzan of the Apes!" "You are mad, Flora," replied the man. "It can not be." "It is! It is!" the girl cried over and over. "Look at that red scar flaming on his forehead! And haven't I reason to know him?"

"Well, suppose it is, what can he do to us?" inquired the handsome young Russian. "What? You may well ask. You do not know him," she went on in low tones. "Here, he has power of life and death over man and beast. If he knows why we are here, not one of us will ever reach the coast alive. I tell you!" She paused a moment in thought. "The fact he is here makes me believe he may have discovered our purpose. And if he has, heaven help us—unless—unless—" "Unless what?" demanded the man who began also to show signs of agitation.

The girl pondered as if she were deciding some very weighty question. "We dare not kill him, even if we could," she said finally. "There is a way, though, if we act quickly." Turning, she searched in one of her bags and then handed a small bottle containing colorless liquid to him. "Go and talk to him," she said. "Make friends with him, promise anything. Get him to remain and have coffee with you fellows. Then you will know what to do with this!" she concluded craftily, indicating the small vial the man now held.

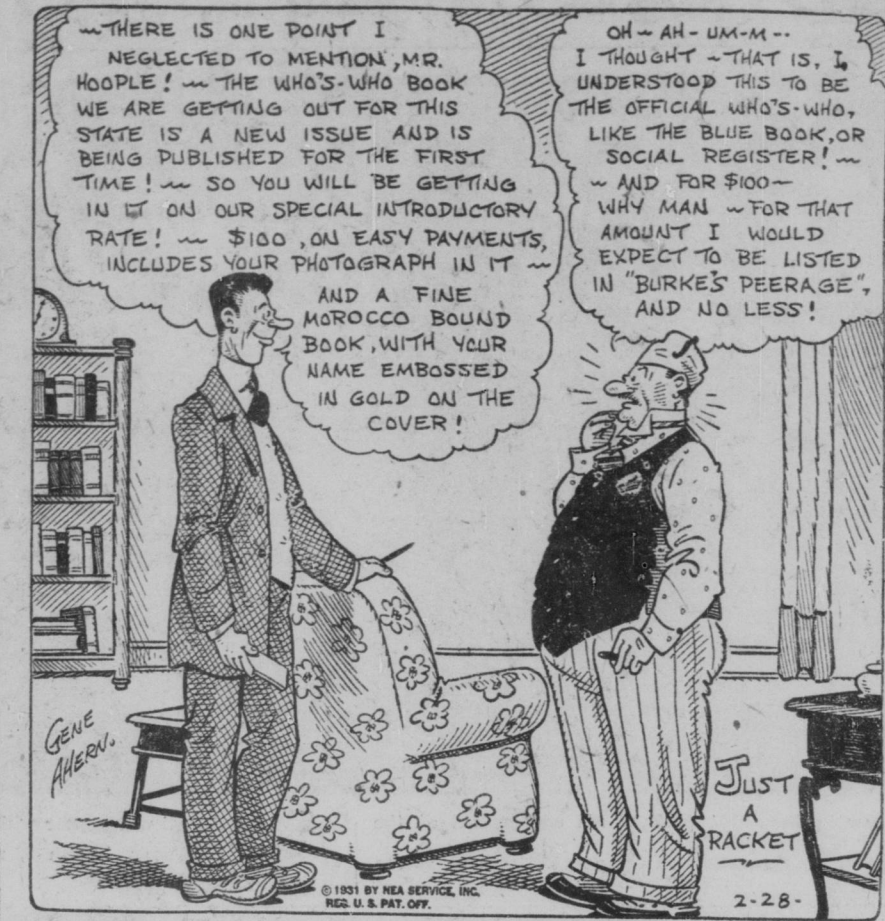
Carl Kraski nodded. "I understand," he whispered, and left the tent. The girl called him back. "On your life, Carl, promise not to let him see me or even know I am here." Approaching the tense figures before the fire, the ingratiating Russian greeted Tarzan with a disarmingly pleasant smile. "Welcome," he said. "We are glad to see a stranger in our camp." The ape-man eyed Kraski as he had eyed the others. No answering friendly light in Tarzan's eyes responded to the young Russian's cheery greeting.

## OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern

## OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams



## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

—By Blosser



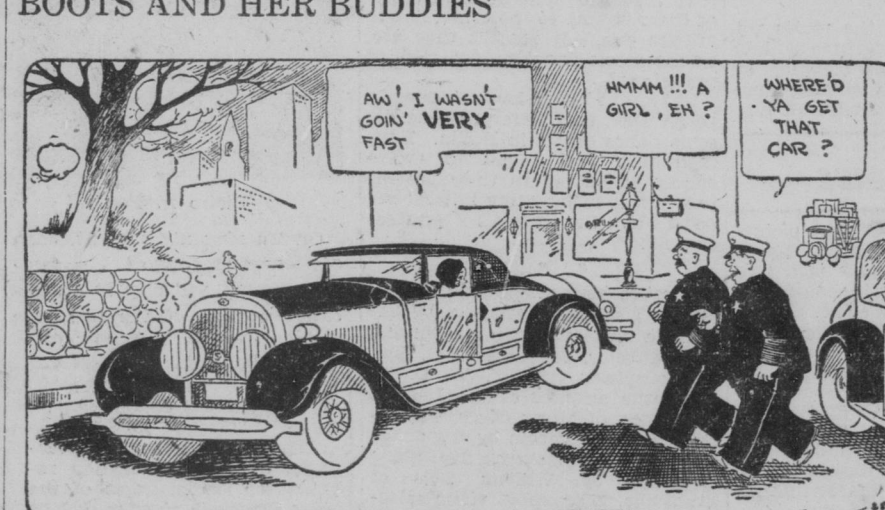
## WASHINGTON TUBES II



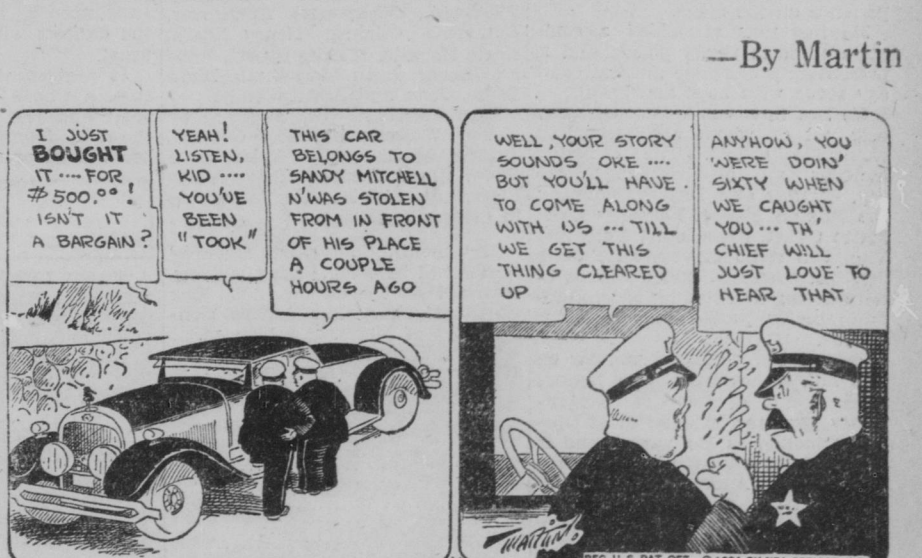
## SALESMAN SAM



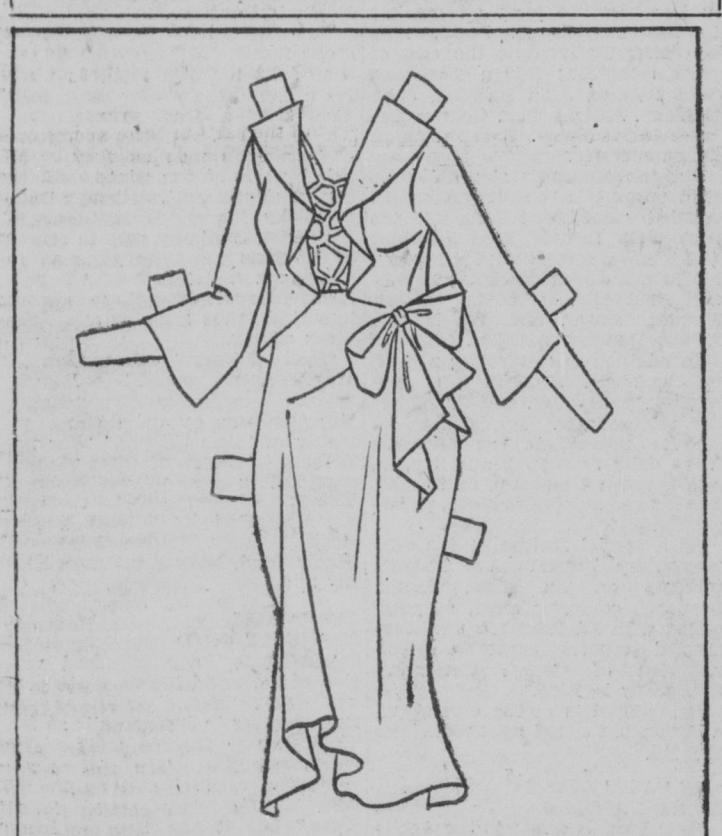
## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



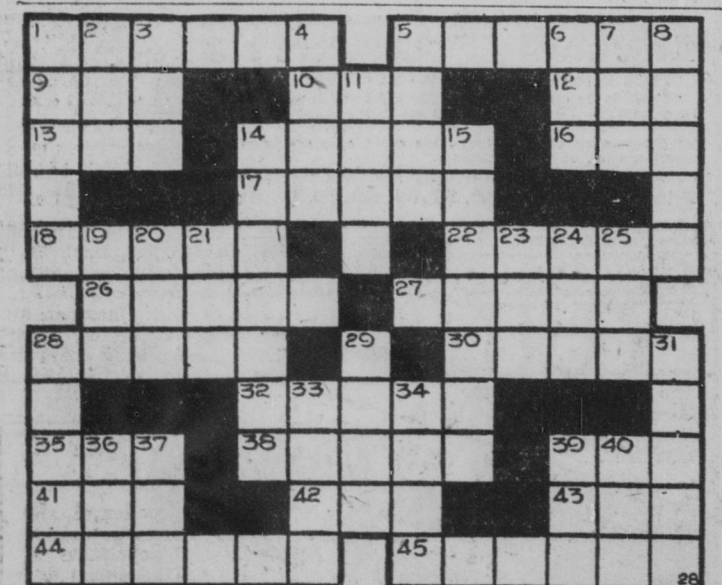
## TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION



## Boots' Luncheon Frock



Don't you want to see how "Boots" looks in another of her newest costumes? Here is it, ready for you to cut out and color, to suit your own fancy. "Boots," whose adventures are



HORIZONTAL 32 Sinned. 1 Where is the cerebellum? 35 Sutures. (pl.) 5 Capital of Argentina. Aires? 9 Ye. 10 Constellation. 12 Skiff. 13 A thing in law. 14 Glass marble. 16 Tiny, green vegetable. 17 To divide. 18 Backs of necks. 22 To lift up. 26 Poison of an infectious disease. 27 Not true. 28 To prevent. 29 Dubbed.

VERTICAL 43 Snarl. 1 Who wrote "Don Juan"? 2 Fish eggs. 3 Austria (abbr.). 4 Wise man. 21 Before. 23 Wing. 24 Distinctive theory. 25 To observe. 28 and Pythias? 29 Verbal. 31 To arrange cloth. 33 Long grass. 34 To eject. 36 Reverence. 37 To soak flax. 39 To loiter. 40 Measure of cloth.

YESTERDAY'S ANSWER  
USER SPA SALT  
TIRE HOB PIER  
TREE AMA AREA  
E DIMETER D  
ROD RELET AGE  
WIDE O HARE  
REPINE SESAME  
E RENDERS X  
PATE TOW EDGE  
EPIC EVE ROAR  
LENT RED TEST