

TANAR OF PELLUCIDAR

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

AUTHOR OF
"TARZAN OF THE APES"

CHAPTER THIRTY-NINE
IT was The Cid. Stellaras heart stopped beating as the Korsar ruler looked into 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 Stellaras sway 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 quitting 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 turned to the right and led Tanar through a doorway into the garden.

"Stealing a boat is considered the most heinous crime that one can commit in Korsar, and if the owner of a boat is not abroad 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 Stellaras.

"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."

"We are sailors," replied Tanar.

"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 Sarihan.

"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 Sarihan'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.

Stellaras 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 Stellaras 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, was most probably would end disastrously, and he explained his doubts to Stellaras.

"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 abroad 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 Stellaras.

"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."

"We are sailors," replied Tanar.

"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 Sarihan.

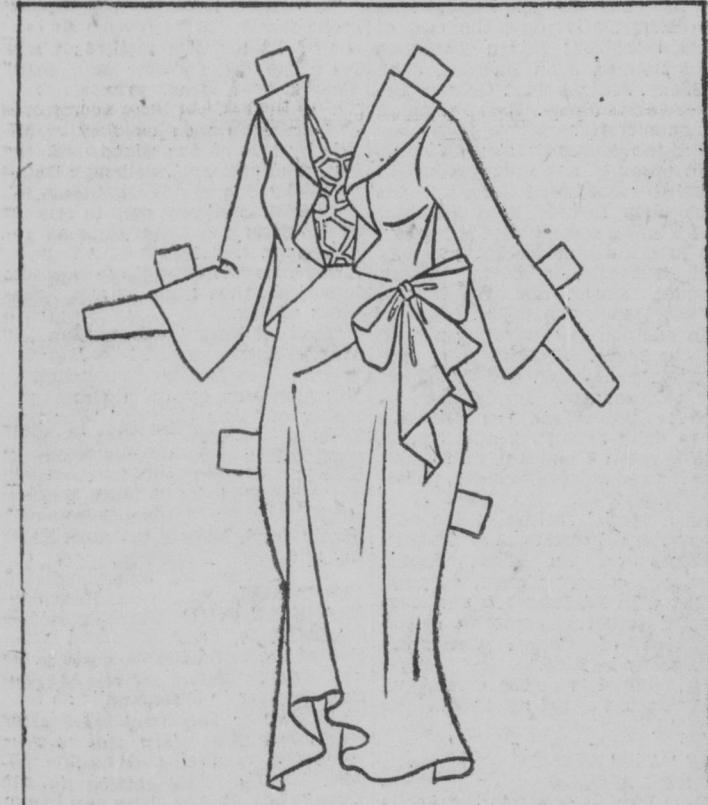
"Do not like the looks of you," said the man. "Wait here until the captain of the gate returns. He will wish to question you."

The Sarihan'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.

Stellaras 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

Boots' Luncheon Frock



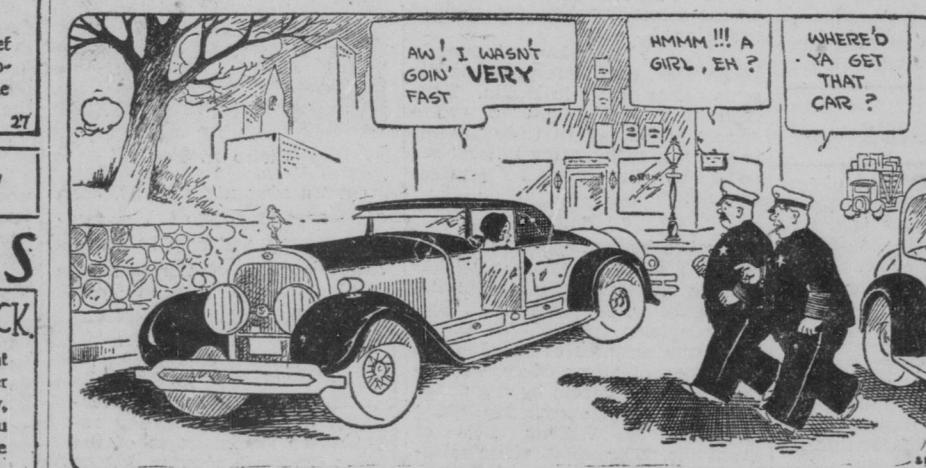
Don't you want to see how "Boots" looks in another of her newest costumes? Here it is, ready for you to cut out and color, to suit your own fancy. "Boots," whose adventures are

pictured every day in the comic strip, "Boots and Her Buddies" is certainly the lucky girl. She has a new dress every day. Above we have the dress she's going to wear at luncheon. Watch for more additions to "Boots" wardrobe.

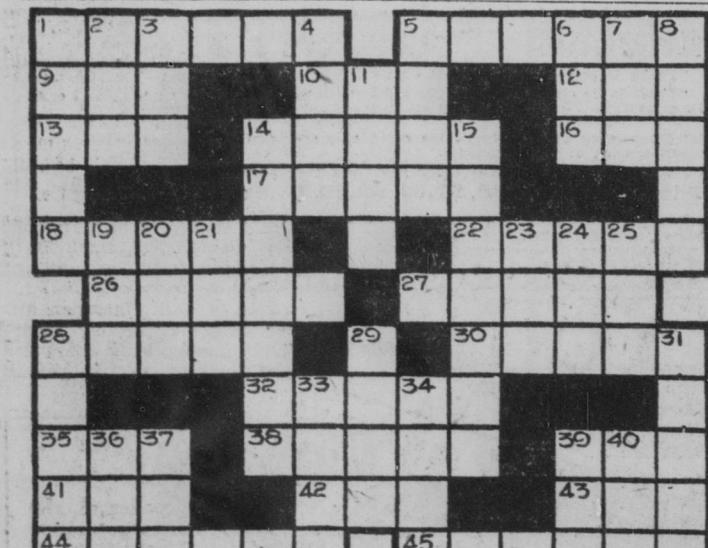
SALESMAN SAM



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION



HORIZONTAL 32 Sinned.
1 Where is the 25 Blemish.
28 Sutures.
29 Field.
30 Capital of Argentina.
31 Aire? 42 Prophet.
9 Ye. 43 Very high mountain.
10 Constellation.
12 Skill.
13 A thing, in law.
14 Glass.
15 Green vegetable.
16 To divide.
18 Backs of necks.
22 To lift up.
26 Poison of an infectious disease.
27 Not true.
28 To prevent.
29 Dubbed.

YESTERDAY'S ANSWER

USER	SPA	SALT
TIRE	HOB	PIER
TREE	LAMA	AREA
E	DIMETER	D
ROD	RELET	AGE
WIDE	O HARE	
E	RENDERS	X
PATE	TOW	EDGE
EPIC	EVE	ROAK
LENT	RED	TEST

45 Snarl. 6 To doze.
VERTICAL 7 Native metal.
1 Who wrote 8 Platform.
"Don Juan"? 11 To rage.
2 Fish eggs. 14 Confirms.
3 Austria. 15 Messengers.
4 Austria. 16 Jobs.
19 Farewell! 20 Cavity.
21 Before.
23 Wing.
24 Distinctive theory.
25 To observe.
28 — and Pythias.
29 Verbal.
31 To arrange cloth.
33 Long grass.
34 To receive.
36 Reverence.
37 To soak max.
39 To loiter.
40 Measure of cloth.

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 fires. "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 Greystoke, 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, Carl." she whispered 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. "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 back. "On your life, Carl, promise not to let him see me or even know I am here." Approaching the tents 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



—By Blosser



—By Crane



—By Small



—By Martin



Carl Kraski nodded. "I understand," he whispered, and left the tent. The girl called back. "On your life, Carl, promise not to let him see me or even know I am here." Approaching the tents 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.