

# TANAR OF PELLUCIDAR

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

AUTHOR OF "TARZAN OF THE APES"

## CHAPTER FORTY-ONE

"They think that they have us," said Stellara. "They believe that we shall take here and make a run for the open sea around the end of that promontory, and they are ready to head us off."

Tanar held the boat's nose straight for the shoreline. Beyond the angry surf he could see a sandy beach, but between lay a barrier of rock upon which the waves broke, hurling their spume far into the air.

"Look!" exclaimed Stellara, as the boat raced toward the smoother of boiling water. "Look! There! Right ahead! There may be a way yet!"

"I have been watching that place," said Tanar. "I have been holding her straight for it, and if it is a break in the rocky wall we shall soon know it, and if it is not—"

The Serian glanced back in the direction of the Korsars' boats and saw that they again were in pursuit, for by this time it must have become evident to them that their quarry was throwing itself upon the rocky shore-line in desperation rather than to risk capture by turning again toward the open sea.

Every inch of sail was spread up, the little craft, and though taut, billowing canvas strained upon the cordage until it hummed, as the boat sped straight for the rocks dead ahead.

Tanar and Stellara crouched in the stern, the man's left arm pressing the girl protectively to his side. With grim fascination they watched the bowsprit rise and fall as it rushed straight toward what seemed must be inevitable disaster.

They were there! The sea lifted them high in the air and launched them forward upon the rocks. To the right a jagged finger of granite broke through the smother of spume. To the left the sleek, water-worn side of a huge boulder revealed itself for an instant as they sped past. The boat grated and rasped upon a sunken rock, slid over and raced toward a sandy beach.

Tanar whipped out his dirk and slashed the halyards, bringing the sail down as the boat's keel touched the ground. Then, seizing Stellara in his arms, he leaped into the shallow water and hastened up the shore.

Pausing, they looked back toward the pursuing Korsars, and to their astonishment saw that all three boats were making swiftly toward the rocky shore.

"They dare not go back without us," said Stellara, "or they would never risk that surf!"

"The Cid must have guessed our identity, then, when a search failed to reveal you," said Tanar.

"It may also be that they discovered your absence from the dungeon, and, coupling this with the fact that I, too, was missing, some one guessed the identity of the two sailors who sought to pass through the gate and who paid gold for a small boat at the river," suggested Stellara.

There goes one of them on the rocks," cried Tanar, as the leading boat disappeared in a smother of water.

The second boat shared the same fate as its predecessor, but the third rode through the same opening that had carried Tanar and Stellara to the safety of the beach, and as it did the two fugitives turned and ran toward the forest.

Behind them raced a dozen Korsars, and amidst the crack of pistols and arquebuses Tanar and Stellara disappeared within the dark shadows of the primeval forest.

The story of their long and arduous journey through unknown lands to the kingdom of Sari would be replete with interest, excitement and adventure, but it is no part of this story. It is enough to say that they arrived at Sari shortly before Ja and Gara made their appearance, the latter having been delayed by adventures that almost had cost them their lives.

The people of Sari welcomed the Amicopian mate that the son of Ghak had brought back to his own country. And Gura they accepted, too, because she had befriended Tanar, though the young men accepted her for herself, and many were the trophies that were laid before the hut of the beautiful Himean maiden.

But she repulsed them all, for in her heart she held a secret love that she never had divulged, but which, perhaps, Stellara had guessed and which may have accounted for the tender solicitude which the Amicopian maid revealed for her Himean sister.

## CONCLUSION

AS Perry neared the end of the story of Tanar of Pellucidar, the sending became weaker and weaker until it died out entirely, and Jason Gridley could hear no more.

He turned to me. "I think Perry had something more to say," he said. "He was trying to tell us something. He was trying to ask something."

"Jason," I said, reproachfully, "didn't you tell me that the story of the inner world is perfectly ridiculous; that there could be no such place peopled by strange reptiles and men of the stone age? Didn't you insist that there is no emperor or Pellucidar?"

"Tut-tut," he said. "I apologize. I am sorry. But that is past. The question now is this: Can we do it? About what?"

"Do you not realize that David Innes lies a prisoner in a dark dungeon beneath the palace of The Cid of Korsar?" he demanded with more excitement than I had ever known Jason Gridley to exhibit.

"Well, what of it?" I demanded. "I am sorry, of course; but what in the world can we do to help him?"

"We can do a lot," said Jason Gridley, determinedly. "I must confess that as I looked at him I felt considerable solicitude for the state of his head, for he evidently was laboring under great excitement."

"Think of it!" he cried. "Think of that poor devil buried there in utter darkness, silence, solitude—and with those snakes!"

"Snakes crawling all over him, creeping across his face as he sleeps, and nothing else to break the monotony—no human voice, the song of no bird, no ray of sunlight. Something must be done. He must be saved."

"But who is going to do it?" I asked.

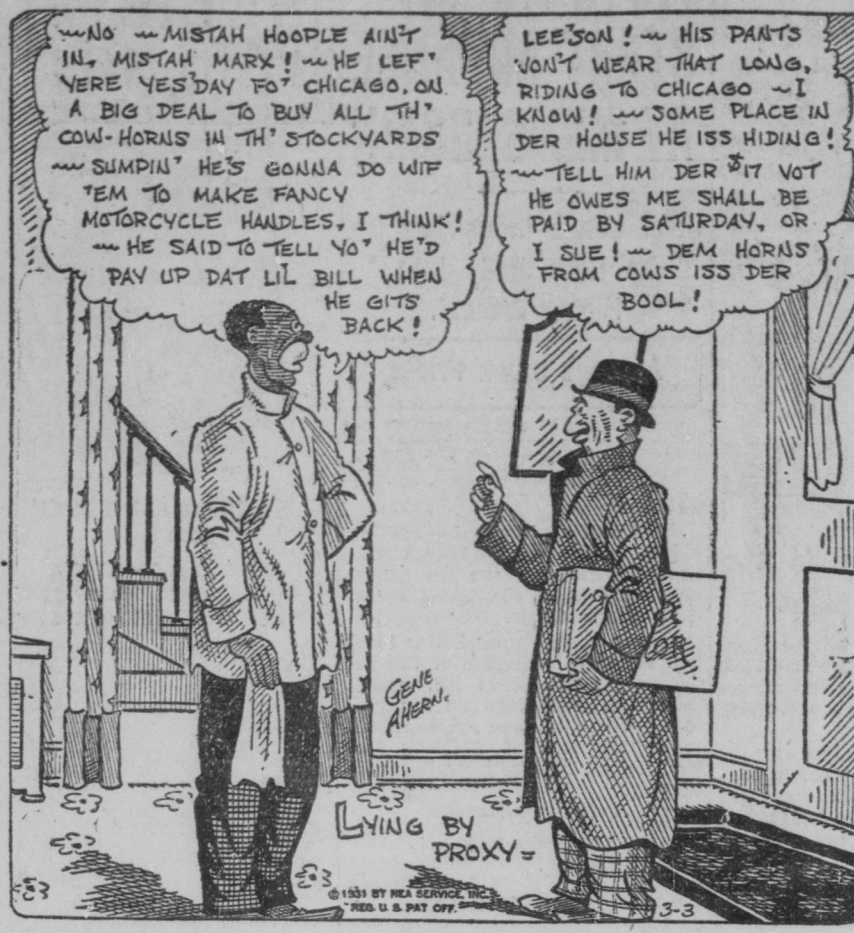
"I am!" replied Jason Gridley. "THE END."

## OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern

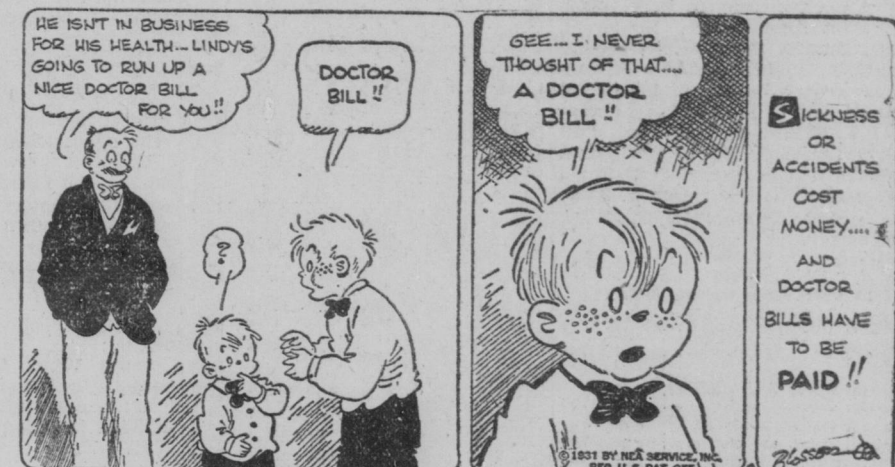
OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams



## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

—By Blosser



## TOM MOONEY TRIAL TO BE OFFERED ON STAGE

Play, "Precedent," Will Open in April at New York Theater.

By Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance WASHINGTON, March 3.—The Mooney trial is to be shown to the American public over the footlights.

"Precedent," a dramatization of the famous California legal scandal, is to be given its premier performance in New York's Provincetown theater the first week of April. For the first two nights the entire house has been bought out by the national Mooney defense committee and sympathizers.

Written by R. J. Golden, a St. Louis lawyer and playwright, "Precedent" conforms in all essential details to the trial of Tom Mooney in San Francisco fifteen years ago. Golden spent three years studying the case and visited San Francisco to meet the principals and orient himself to the scene.

## WASHINGTON TUBES II



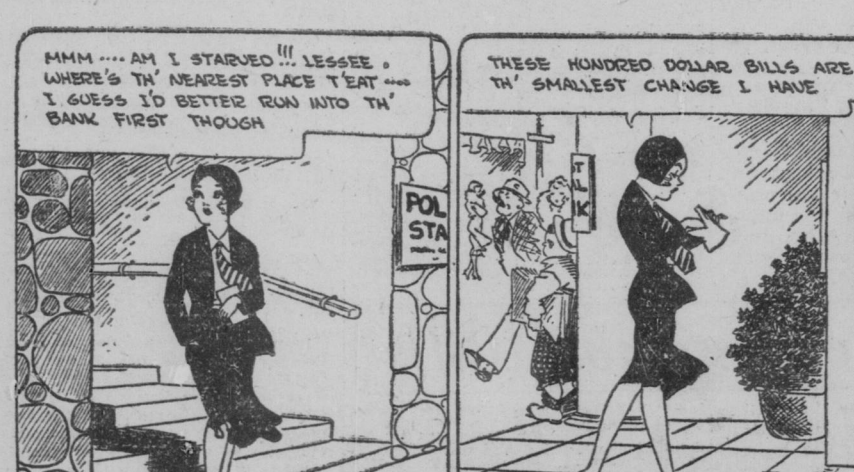
## SALESMAN SAM

—By Small

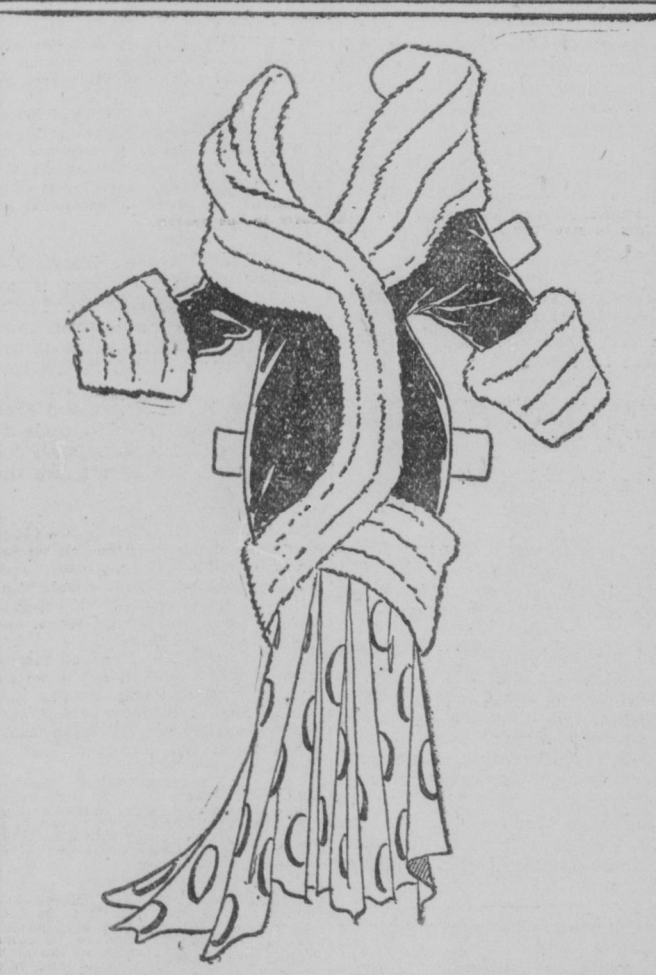


## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

—By Martin

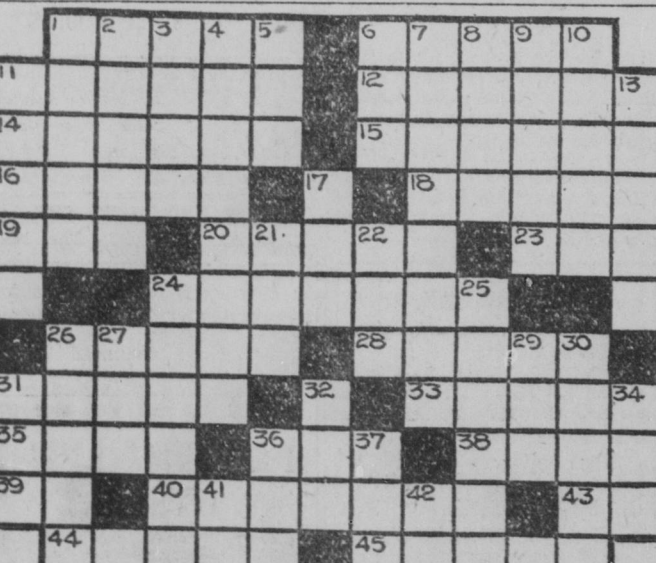


## A Chic Wrap for 'Boots'



This evening wrap is just what "Boots" needed to wear to her next dance date. Don't you think she is sure to be the belle of any party at which she appears in this costume?

If you saved all the dresses in this series of cut-outs you will have "Boots" entire spring wardrobe. "Boots" is a favorite everywhere. You can see her daily in the comic strip, "Boots and Her Buddies."



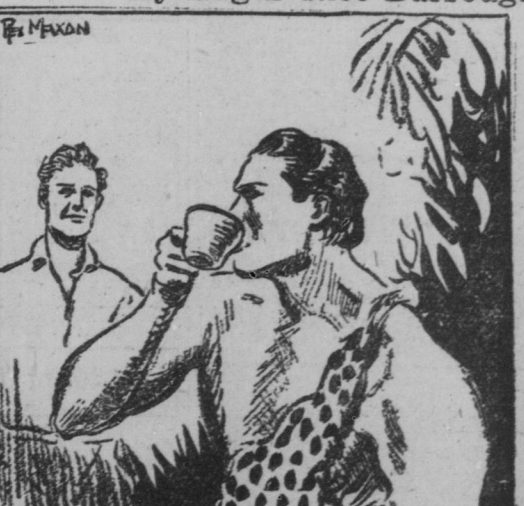
**HORIZONTAL**  
35 Verbal.  
1 Member of.  
Wickersham.  
commission.  
39 3,1416.  
6 Woody fibers.  
40 Made sure.  
11 Inherent.  
12 Stonecrop.  
14 Made amends.  
15 Ice shoes.  
16 Females.  
18 Salt trees.  
19 Some.  
20 Gateway to Buddhist temple.  
22 Age.  
24 Life estate in deceased wife's property.  
26 Young pigeon.  
28 Departs as a boat.  
31 Short ear.  
32 Percolate.

**VERTICAL**  
1 Band leader's stick.  
2 Pygmy.  
3 Cows.  
4 Ultimate.  
5 Scarlet.  
6 Genus of cattle.  
7 Where is Hot vapor.  
8 Gator.  
9 Name.  
10 To leer.  
11 Indian title.  
13 Theme.  
17 Skill.  
21 Eye.  
22 Copper.  
24 Chosen.  
25 Submits.  
26 Coarse cotton.  
27 In so far as.  
28 Field.  
30 Jet of fine vapor.  
31 Steeped morsel.  
32 Antelope.  
34 Snowshoe.  
36 Donkey-like beast.  
37 Branch.  
41 Northeast.  
42 Each.

**YESTERDAY'S ANSWER**  
BALL DAMP  
FAROE IDIOT  
MOTIVE NOTION  
ERODE BENNE  
TEN DRAPE TEE  
ANA  
APT STATE LAW  
COUCH LNAIVE  
TENURE TANNED  
MITER OTTER  
CEDE MESS

## TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION

—By Edgar Rice Burroughs



Flora Hawkes possessed a crafty brain in addition to her obvious good looks. In England she had had a very checkered career—all the way from "lady's maid" to a recognized queen of the underworld. It was in the former capacity, in the Greystoke's London town house, as well as at the African bungalow, that her fertile brain conceived the shrewd plot upon which she was now embarked. And which, with the coming of the ape-man, now seemed upon the verge of failure!

She had learned much in detail concerning the fabulous wealth of the treasure vaults of Opar. Largely through the conversation of the Greystokes, since she had been their trusted servant. Unscrupulous and brainy, Flora had managed to copy maps and obtain other valuable information concerning the ruined city—all stolen at various times from Lord Greystoke's private desk. Constant dreaming of this hidden fortune had aroused in her the desire for possession of enough golden ingots from Opar to make her rich for life.

The entire brilliant scheme had been Flora's. First, she had interested Kraski, her lover, in it. He then had found the other men and together, by hook and crook, they raised the necessary money to defray the cost of the expedition. Her trump card had been the successful search for a man who could impersonate Tarzan of the Apes in his own jungle. This man she had found in Esteban, a handsome, powerful and thoroughly had Spaniard. Aside from being physically courageous, Esteban was past master of the art of acting.

Thus far there had been no hitch whatever in the whole plan. Things had progressed famously. Esteban was even now carrying out his part of the plan farther away in the interior. But the unexpected always happens. Tarzan himself had dropped upon them, apparently from the heavens. . . . Flora watched Kraski pour a portion of the vial's liquid into one of the coffee cups. . . . Breathless she saw the ape-man bow politely to his host. Would he suspect? Weak with suspense the girl collapsed upon her cot as outside the tent, Tarzan of the Apes drained his cup with the fatal drops.