

ANOTHER THRILLING "TARZAN" STORY.

# Tarzan the Terrible!

AN EXCITING TALE OF JUNGLE ADVENTURE

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

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**CHAPTER IX.**  
(Continued.)

**"K**OTAN," he cried, "it must be even as Dak-let says, for I am sure now that I have seen Dur-ul-Otho before. Yesterday as we were returning with the Kor-ul-lul prisoners we beheld him seated upon the back of a great gryf. We hid in the woods before he came too near, but I saw enough to make sure that he who rode upon the great beast was none other than the messenger who stands here now."

within his crafty mind, Lu-don, the high priest of A-lur, did not openly question Tarzan's right to the title of Dur-ul-Otho.

At the entrance to the temple Kotan had relinquished the guidance of the quest to Lu-don, and now the latter led Tarzan through those portions of the temple that he wished him to see.

As they passed the barred entrance to a dim corridor, Tarzan saw within a great company of pithecanthrop of all ages and of both sexes, Ho-don as well as Waz-don, the majority of them squatted upon the stone floor in attitudes of utter dejection, while some paced back and forth, their faces

The evidence seemed to be quite enough to convince the majority of the warriors that they indeed stood in the presence of deity.

"If indeed you re the Dur-ul-Otho," said Ko-tan, addressing Tazian, "you will know that or doubts were but natural since we have received no sign from Jad-ben-Ocho that he intended honoring us so greatly, nor how could we know, even that, the Great God had a son? If you are he, all Pal-ul-don rejoices to honor you; if you are not he, swift and terrible shall be the punishment of your temerity. I, Ko-tan, King of Pal-ul-don, have spoken."

"And spoken well, a King should speak," said Tarzan breaking his long silence, "who fears and honors the god of his people. It is well that you insist that I lend be the Dorul-Otho before you cede me the homage that is my due. Jad-ben-Otho charged me specifically to ascertain if you were fit to rule his people. My first experience of you indicates that Jad-ben-Otho chose well when he breathe the spirit of a King into the babe at your mother's breast."

The effect of this statement, made so casually, was marked in the expressions and excited whispers of the now awe-struck assemblage. At last they knew how kings are made!

"I will," said Jad-ben-Otho, "while the candidate was still a suckling babe!

Tarzan's question, "They are the offerings whose blood must refresh the eastern altars as the sun returns to you," said at the day's end."

"And who," said Tarzan, "that Jad-ben-Otho was pleased that his people were slain upon his altars? What if you were mistaken?"

"Then countless thousands have died in vain," replied Lu-dou.

Ko-tan and the surrounding warriors and priests were listening attentively to the dialogue. Some of the poor victims behind the barred gates, seeing the rising, pressed close to the barrier through which was conducted just before sunset each day never to return.

"Liberate them!" cried Tarzan with a wave of his hand toward the imprisoned victims. "I wish to see," "for I can tell you in the name of Jad-ben-Otho that you are mistaken."

"It is well then," continued the ape-man, "that you should assure yourself that I am no impostor, and am closer to you than you may see. I am not as are men. Furthermore it is not meet that you stand upon a higher level than the sons of your god."

Parzan was satisfied that was entertaining deity, but as to just what form his entertainment should take he was rather at a loss to know.

No foot other than a King had touched the surface of the great pyramid in the throne room at Hur during all the forgotten ages though which the Kings of Pal-ul-dor had ruled from its high eminence. So what higher honor could befall the Dor-ul-Otho? And so he loved Parzan to ascend the pyramid and

**CHAPTER X.**

LU-DON paled. "It is sacrilege!" he cried; "for countless ages I have the priests of the Great God offered each night a life to the spirit of Jad-ben-Otho as it returned below the western horizon to its master, and never has the Great God given sign that he was displeased."

"Stop!" commanded Parzan. "It is the bidding of the priest that has failed to read the message of his god. Your warriors die beneath the knives and clubs of the Wax-don; your hunters are taken by Ja and Jato; your cities are laid waste by the deaths of few or many in the villages of Ho-don, and one death each

take his place upon the stone bench that topped it. As they reached the step he placed his hand on the knee of the man who had been called Kad-alta, and Tarzan laid a detainin hand upon his arm.

"None may sit upon a level with the gods," he admonished, stopping to rebuke himself for treating himself upon the throne. The abashed Kad-alta showed his embarrassment.

"But," added Tarzan, "a god may honor his faithful servant by inviting him to a place beside him. Come, Kad-alta, for I would I honor you in the name of Jad-ben-Otho."

The ape-man's policy had for its basis an attempt not only to arouse the fearful respect of Kad-alta, but to make him the making of him an enemy at heart.

At Tarzan's direction the business

day of those that die are the toll which Jad-ben-Otho has exacted from it. It is the day of the living. Kad-alta. What greater sign of his displeasure could you require, O stupid priest?"

Lud-on was silent. There was raging within him a great conflict, between his fear that this indeed might be the son of god and his hope that it was not, but at last his fear won and he bowed his head. "The son of Jad-ben-Otho has spoken," he said, "and I will be obedient to one of the lesser fests: 'Remove the bars and release these people from whence they che.'"

As he addressed did as he was bid and the bars came down the prisoners, now all fully aware of the mile that had saved them, crowded forward and throwing themselves

of the court continued where he had been interrupted by his address. It consisted principally of a recital of the quarrels between warriors. There was present one who stood upon the step just below the throne and which Tarzan was to learn was the place reserved for the high priest. He was a tall, thin man, made up Ko-tan's kingdom. The one who attracted Tarzan's attention was a stalwart warrior of powerful physique and massive, lion-like features. He was addressing the Government and that will continue in unabated importance until man ceases to exist. It had to do with a boundary dispute with one of his neighbors.

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speaker and when Ko-tan addressed him as Ja-don the ape-man realized, for the first time, that he was not a deity. That the knowledge would benefit him in any way seemed rather a remote possibility since he could not reveal to Ja-don his friend's relations with his father, admitting the falsity of his claims to godship.

When the affairs of the audience were concluded Ko-tan suggested that the son of Ja-don be taken to the temple, the place in which were performed the religious rites coincident to the worship of the Great God. And so the ape-man was conducted by the King himself, followed by the warriors and the nobles, through the corridors of the palace toward the northern end of the group of buildings within the royal enclosure.

As they were leaving the precincts of the temple Ja-don said to the ape-man, "I shall not be able to return the debt which you have so graciously forgiven me. I shall, however, contribute to the support of the temple by erecting a small but rather ornate building that should entirely detached from the others as though it had been cut from a little pinnacle of limestone which has stood out from its fellows since the beginning of time. I have passed over it; he noticed that its door and windows were barred.

"To what purpose is that building dedicated?" asked of Lu-don.

"I can do so keep imprisoned there."

"It is nothing," replied the high priest nervously, "there is no one there. The place is vacant. Once it was used but not now for many years," and he moved on toward the palace, while Ja-don followed him to the palace. Here he met the king.

The temple itself was really a part of the palace, in a similar architecture. There were several ceremonial places of varying sizes, the purposes of which Tarzan could only conjecture. Each had an altar in the west end and another in the east and they were oval in shape, their longest diameter lying due east and west.

The high priest alone wore no headdress. He was an old man, with close set, cunning eyes and a cruel, thin-lipped mouth.

At first sight of him Tarzan realized that here lay the greatest danger to his race, for he saw at a glance that the man was antagonistic toward him.

He matter what suspicion lurked

halted while Tarzan with Ko-tan and his warriors paced out from the sacred precinct of the temple grounds.

The one question which Tarzan would have asked had he dared to ask, for he knew that in the hearts of many lay a suspicion as to his genuineness, but he determined that before he slept he would put the question to Ko-tan, either directly or indirectly—as to whether there was or had been recent within the city of A-lur a female of the same race as his.

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