EVENING LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, TUESDAY, JUNE 20, 1916.

THE CHEERFUL CHERVB

I feel a bond of

GODS OF MARS

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS author of the Tarzan Stories

evNOPSIS.

<text><text><text><text><text>

After finding refuge in a hollow tree, they made from the of the branches to a cave a the cill marky. Carter and Tars Torina to the cill marky. Carter and Tars Torina to the cill mark of the second to a chamber of the aver. A mocking peal of haughter rings much the desolate place.

CHAPTER III

The Chamber of Mystery

OR moments after that awful laugh had ceased reverberating through the mem Tars Tarkas and I stood in tense and expectant silence. But no further mund broke the stillness, nor within the range of our vision did anything move.

At length Tars Tarkas laughed softly At sense the manner of his strange kind when in the presence of the horrible or terrify-ing it is not an hysterical laugh, but nther the genuine expression of the pleas-

The the genuine expression of the pleas-in the the genuine expression of the pleas-ue they derive from the things that move arch men to loathing or to tears. Otten and again have I seen them roll use the sround in mad fits of uncontrol-labe of women and little children beneath the torture of that hellish green Martlan fits-the Great Games. Tlooked up at the Thark, a smile upon my sen lips; for here, in truth, was greater sed for a smiling face than a trembling edm.

What do you make of it all?" I asked. "Where in the deuce are we?" He looked at me in surprise. "Where are we?" he repeated. "Do you

tell me, John Carter, that you know not

where you be?" "That I am upon Barsoom is all that I can and but for you and the great white per I should not even guess that, for the spirit I have seen this day are as unlike the things of my beloved Barsoom as I knew g 10 long years ago as they are unlike the world of my birth.

No, Tars Tarkas, I know not where we

"Where have you been since you opened the mighty portals of the atmosphere plant pars ago, after the keeper had died and the engines stopped and all Barsoom was dying that had not already died of asphyx-

Your body even was never found, though the men of a whole world sought after it for years; though the Jeddak of Helium and his granddaughter, your princess, of-fered such fabulous rewards that even princes of royal blood joined in the search. There was but one conclusion to reach when all efforts to locate you had failed, and that that you had taken the long, last plerimage down the mysterious River Iss. await in the Valley Dor upon the shores of the lost Sea of Korus the beautiful Dejah Thoris, your princess.



As it crept towards me it lashed its powerful tail against its yellow sides.

"Why you had gone none could guess, | for your princess still lived....." "Thank heaven!" I interrupted him. "I did not dare to ask you, for I feared I might have been too late to save her...she

was very low when I left her in the Royal Gardens of Tardos Mors that long-gone night—so very low that I scarcely hoped even then to reach the atmosphere plant before her dear spirit had fled from me forever. And she still lives !"

"She lives, John Carter." "You have not told me where we are?" reminded him.

'We are where I expected to find you, John Carter-and another. Many years ago you heard the story of the woman who taught me the thing that green Martians are reared to hate-the woman who taught me to love. You know the cruel tortures and the swful death her love won for her at the hands of the beast. Tal Hajus.

"She, I thought, awaited me by the lost Sea of Korus. "You know that it was left for a man from another world—for yourself, John Carter—to teach this cruel Thark what friendship is; and you. I thought, also roamed the care-free Valley por.

"Thus were the two I most longed for at the end of the long pilgrimage I must take some day; and so as the time had clapsed which Dejah Thoris had hoped might bring you once more to her side-for she has always tried to believe that you had but temporarily returned to your own planet—I at last gave way to my great yearning, and a month since I started upon the journey, the end of which you have this day witnessed. Do you understand now where you are, John Car tor?

"And that was the River Iss, emptying into the lost Sea of Korus in the Valley Dor?" I asked.

"This is the valley of love and peace and rest to which every Barsoomian since time immemorial has longed to pilgrimage at the end of a life of hate and bloodshed," he replied. "This, John Carter, is-heaven."

RAINBOW CLUB

With all pedestrians Forlorn Who jump so scarefully whene'er They hear a haugty auto horn. E vastly greater demonstration on the part of the Thurk. I laid my hands upon his shoulder. "I am sorry," I said; nor did there seen anything else to say

John Carter, of the countless billions of Barsonnians who have taken the voluntary pilgrimage down this cruel river since the begining of time, only to fall into the forecious clutches of the terrible crea-tures that today assauled us.

"There is an ancient legend that once a red man returned from the banks of the Lost Sea of Korus, returned from the Valley Dor, back through the mysterious R'ver ley Dor, back through the mysterious it ver fas. The legend has it that he narrated a fearful biasphemy of horrid brutes that inhabited a valley of wondrous loveliness, brutes that pounced upon each Barsoomian as he terminated his pulgrimage and de-voured him upon the banks of the Lost Sea, where he had looked to find love and peace and happiness. "But the ancients killed the blasphemer

"But the ancients killed the blasphemer, as tradition has ordained that any shall be killed who return from the bosom of the River of Mystery. "But now we know that it was no blas-phemy, that the legend is a true one, and that the man told only of what he saw. What does it profit us, John Carter, since even should we excape we also would be treated as blasphemers? We are between the wild theat of certainty and the mad slitdar of fact. We can escape neither." "As earth men say, we are between the devil and the deep sea, Tars Tarkas." I replied; nor could I help but smile at our eplied; nor could I help but smile at our

dilemma. "There is nothing we can do but take things as they come, and at least have the satisfaction of knowing that whatever race or horde slays us eventually will have great numbers of dead to count.

"White ape or plant to could." soomian or red man, whosoever it shall be that takes the last toll from us, will know that it is costly in lives to who out John Carter, prince of the house of Tardos Mors, and Tars Tarkas, Jeddak of Thark, at the

same time. I could not help but laugh at his grim humor, and he joined in with me in one of those rare laughs of real enjoyment which was one of the attributes of this

which was one of the artifudes of this firere Tharklan chief which marked him from the others of his kind. "But about yourself, John Carter," he cried at last. "If you have not been here all these years, where indeed have you been, and how is it that I find you here today?" today "I have been back to Earth," I replied,

"For ten long earth years I have been praying and hoping for the day that would carry me once more to this grim old planet of yours, for which, with all its cruel and terrible customs. I feel a bond of sympathy and love even greater than for the world that gave me birth.

that gave me birth. "For ten years I have been enduring a living death of uncertainty and doubt as to whether Dejah Thoris lived. Now, for the first time in all these years, my prayers "Yet I find myself, through a cruel fate, in the one tiny spot of all Barsoom from

which there is apparently no escape, and, If there is, at a price which would put out forever the last flickering hope which I may cling to of seeing my princess again. 'Only a bare half-hour before I saw you "Only a bare nail-hour before I saw you battling with the plant men. I was standing in the moonlight upon the banks of a broad river that taps the eastern shore of Earth's most blessed land. I have answered you, my friend. Do you be

| BILLY BUMPUS WRITES A LETTER "I believe," replied Tars Tarkas, "though I cannot understand." "I must write a letter to my fellow coun-As we talked I had been searching the crior of the chamber with my eyes

come from beings as real as you or I. In their veins flows blood that may be let as cally as oura. The fact that they remain invisible to us is the best proof to my mind Invisible to us is the best proof to my mind that they are mortal, nor overly courageous mortals at that. Think you, Tara Tarkás that John Carter will fy at the first shriek of a cowardly for who dars not come out in the open and face a good blade?" I had not long to walt, for presently there might be no question that our would be terrarizers would hear me, for I was tiring of this nerveracking farce. It had

occurred to me, too, that the whole business was but a plan to frighten us back into the valley of death from which we had escaped. that we might be quickly disposed of by the For a long period there was allence, then

of a sudden a soft, stealthy sound behind me caused me to turn suddenly to behold a great, many legged banth creeping sinuusly upon me.

The banch is a flerce beast of prey that roams the low hills surrounding the dend seas of ancient Mars. Like nearly all Martian animals, it is almost halifless, hav-ing only a great bristly mane about its thick neck. Its long lithe body is sup-norted by ten powerful legs; its enormous jaws are equipped. Ilse those of the calor, or Martian hourd with several rows of long, medicitike fangs; its mouth extends to a point far back of its first ears while to a point far back of its first ears while the last touch of terror to its awful americ. As it crept toward me it lashed its pow-

erful tall against its yellow sides, and when It saw that it was discovered it emitted the terrifying roar which often freezes its prey into momentary paralysis in the in-stant that it makes its spring. And so it launched its great bulk toward

steel instead of the tender flosh its cruel Carrot for Main Crop laws gaped so widely to engulf.

An instant later I drew my blade from the still heart of this great Barsoomian lion, and, turning toward Tars Tarkus, was Summer Pruning of Grapes surprised to see him facing a simila onster.

No sooner had he dispatched his than I, turning as though drawn by the instinct of my guardian subconscious mind, beheld another of the savage denzins of the Martian wilds leaping across the chamber oward me.

From then on for the better part of an hour one hideous creature after another was launched upon us springing apparently from the empty air about us. Planting Parsley

Tarks was satisfied; here was something tangible that he could cut and slash with his great blade, while I, for my

siash with his great blade, while I, for my part, may say that the diversion was a marked improvement over the uncanny voices from unseen lips. That there was nothing supernatural about our new foes was well evidenced by their howls of rage and pain as they folt the sharp steel at their vitals, and the very real blood which flowed from their severed arteries as they died the real death. I noticed during the period of this new ersecution that the beasts appeared only

when our backs were turned. We never saw one really materialize from thin air, nor did I for an instant sufficiently lose my excellent reasoning faculties to be once deluded into the belief that the beasts came into the room other than through some concealed and well-contrived door

May, Among the ornaments of Tars Tarkas leather barness, which is the only manner of clothing worn by Martians other than capes and robes of silk and fur for protection from the cold after dark, was small mirror, about the bigness of a lady handglass, which hung midway between his shoulders and his waist against his broad

newly fallen antagonist, my eyes happened to fall upon this mirror, and in its shiny surface I saw pictured a sight that caused me to whisper:

musclef

He did not ask why, but stood like a graven image, while my eyes watched the strange thing that meant so much to us. What I saw was the quick movement of a section of the wall behind me. It was Kind of meat. turning upon pivots, and with it a section of the floor directly in front of it was turning. It was as though you placed a visiting care upon end on a silver dollar you had laid flat upon a table, so that the edge of the card perfectly bisected the surface of the toin.

the section of the floor. Both were so nicely fitted into the adjacent portions of the floor and wall that no crack had been noticeable in the dim light of the chamber

GARDEN QUERIES ANSWERED By JOHN BARTRAM

Climbing Rose

other comen are cut.

Honeysuckers

Making Geraniums Stocky

Effle-You can make your young gerani-ums stocky by pinching out the top shoots and some of the laterals a couple of times. This will retard blooming for a short time, but when the plant does bloom, the flowers will be large and more plentiful. Hardy Begonia

It is the Evansiana is the hardy bego-nia. I have never planted it, but from credible sources learn that it is all that is claimed in the catalogues.

Putting in Fruit Trees

cost from 10 to 50 cents each from reliable provers.

Darby-Good plums to have in your garden would be Abundance, Safauma, Shiro and Burbank. Hut see answer above as to planting at this time.

 $\rm D.~C,~S$ — You can control the ravages of the insects that are spolling your early turnips by sprinkling with slug shot or

IT'S A WISE COOK

RIBS

PLATE

BEST - TOP PLATE CROSS

PLANK NAVEL

BEST

WHO KNOWS HER BEEF

Rias

RIBS

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ROUND

"Bugs" on Turnips

S. C. T—I would not advise putting in any dwarf or standard truit trees at this time. Wait till fall; there will be less haz-ard then. You might, in case you care to may the price, get some of the pot-grown specimens of dwarf frees, but they are much wore costly than the dormant stock. They can be put into the ground with the pot soil about their roots. Specimens cost about two dollars each Dormant frees cost from 10 to 50 cents each from reliable C. F .-- Half's Monthly is a very good honeysuckle. It is markedly fragrant and the plant is hardy, needing no protection in winter. It clambers well over buildings.

among the slowest to germinate, so do not

become discouraged at apparently slow re-sults. This out the surplus plants when the bed has become established.

X L .- The best yellow climber is a de-velopment of the Persian yellow. The flowers are very beautiful and the follage

is attractive all senson. The Pink Dorothy Perkins wil do all right on the west side of your house. Train it to a latice and do not prune severely in the winter when the

C. F. G.—Colery can be planted flush with the ground in case you use some of the self-blanching sorts. The usual method is to plant it in trenches about two feet deep, and as the plants grow to cover up with the dirt which has been banked along the trench. In doing this, take care not to let any of the soil fail on the centre of the plant or the "heart." Such an accident almost invariably means that the plant will rot instead of blanch properly for the winter. It is a bit late to put in any of the aummer celerics. It is likewise carly for the winter varieties. Be guided by the an-nouncement that these are on sale by the needsmen either in town here or in your neighborhood. The usual price is about 50 cents a hundred for plants.

W. D. F.—For your space and situation, since the latter is summy. I would advise putting next the porch a dozen of scarlet sage and in front of these a dozen scarlet Summer Pruning of Grapes E. W.—It would be wise to trim off the superabusdant foliage of the luxuriantly growing sorts. Cut them off beyond the fruit. Cut out the long nonfruiting branches, but with discrimination. A little wood ashes dug in about the roots will be an improvement to the soil. It is will be an improvement to the soil and t

S. D. F .- It is not too late to plant parsley, but you must be careful to keep the not when the plants are seed bed well watered. The seeds are rain, as that means rust.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., June 20 .- No POUGHIKEEPSIE, N. Y., June 20.-No provision is made in the will of Jean Webster McKinney, author of "Daddy Long-Legs" and other stories, for her infant daughter, Jean Webster, at whose birth in New York city June 11 Mrs. McKinney died. The estate is in excess of \$100,009. Mrs. Annie Moffit Webster, mother of Mrs. McKinney, receives a life interest in a \$50,000 trust fund, and Samuel Charles Webster, her father, receives the life use of a \$20,000 trust fund. Mr. and Mrs. Webster live at 700 West End avenue, New York city.

One Hundred and One Years Ago To-

One hundred and one years ago today." Napeleon the First met his Waterloo. One century and one year ago tonight the great soldier, ruthless in his ambition, broken-hearted over his overwhelming defeat, wound up his active career when he gave himself up a defeated conqueror, to men under the command of the victor, the Duke of Wellington.

of Wellington. As the sun goes down tonight, just as it did on June 18, 1815, few persons out-side of France, again the scene of thank war, will give a thought to the battle; of how Wellington, feverishly awaiting the arrival of Blucher, saw his men slowly being driven back by the French cohorts; how Navideon saturning face smilling grinning how Napoleon, saturnine face smiling grimly in anticipation of being once more master of Europe, watched his men advance slowly over the heaps of bodies of the British and how, when Wellington had almost lost hope her turned the thic and

- With the reaman with the back. Once as we stood looking down at The following diagram is taken from a standard booklet prepared by the Government. It is published in response to nuerous queries that have come to the editor of the woman's page asking that light be ed on the subject of the various cuts "Move not, Tars Tarkas! Move not a of meat:

The card might represent the section of the wall that turned and the silver dollar

Round Heart

TOMODROW

Flowers for Front of Porch Anslow Jones-Oxheart Huerard is a very good carrot for main crop. A little wood ashes dug in about the roots will be an improvement to the soil. It is always a good idea to bag a certain pro-portion of the grapes—about half, say. Bush Limas

E. F. T.-I have always found the bush lima very satisfactory. Cultivate well, but not when the plants are wet from dew or

JEAN WEBSTER LEFT \$100,000

No Provision Made for Baby Daughter of Dead Authoress

and airs, whomer live a row west End avenue, New York city. One-half of the residue of the estate is given to Glon Ford McKinney, hus-band of the decedent, a New York law-yer, who is named as executor of the will.

WATERLOO'S ANNIVERSARY

day Napoleon's Star Set

temper ? There are different kinds of temper, as your father will tell you if he shaves himself. Those who make razors are forever talking of the TEMPER of their

FARMER SMITH'S

wares. I want to tell you tonight what the opposite of temper is.

The opposite of temper is MIRTH.

If you are very angry and wish to overcome it, read something FUNNY. If Johnnie Jones is angry at you, try to make him laugh.

Anger upsets the whole machinery of your body. Mirth soothes the mind and body, opens the little windows of your soul and lets the sunshine in.

HAS IT A GOOD TEMPER?

Dear Children-Once there was a little boy and he went into a store to buy

sekknife. The man showed him one and the little boy said: "Has it a good

Temper is to you what the sun is to the earth.

The sun sometimes makes people ill, burns up crops and sets fire to houses. let the sun does a lot of good. Temper often makes people ill and makes them

do a lot of things they may regret. Yet temper, rightly directed, is a blessing. The sun is governed. Your temper should be governed, too.

Have a temper, if you will, but use it wiscly.

People take advantage of you when the floodgates of your anger are open. KEEP THEM CLOSED. FARMER SMITH. Children's Editor.

future.

FARMER SMITH.

EVENING LEDGER:

I wish to become a member of your Rainbow Club. Please send me a beau-tiful Rainbow Button free. I agree to DO A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH AND EVERY DAY - SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL ALONG THE WAY.

Name

Address

How Robin Hood Obtained His Name

By RUSSELL GUDKNECHT, Vine st. ert Hudson was born in a wood near ing's palace. His mother loved him The King's palace. His mother loved him with her whole heart. One day his mother said to him. "Robert. "I have a nice home here, haven't we?" "Yes, indeed," answered Robert, "and we

He was interrupted by a knock at the feor, Upon opening it Mistress Kudson found the Prince of the royal family there. The Prince, in a stern voice, said, "I am to have my home erected on this site, or father my palace, and you are to move at the

said Robert's mother, "I have no

"Bu here, sir," said Robert, "this is my others home and you may not insuit her

"I'll shoot you with my arrow." said the Prince in return. "We shall have a duel." "Agreed." said Robert, and they prepared

or the battle.

The Prince shot first and missed Robert ; than Robert shot, his arrow plerced the rince's heart.

He was then forced to join a band of staws and Robert Hudson became Robin

A Boy They Laughed At

A BOY They Laughed At By HOWARD COOLIDGE Mt. Joy. Pa. There was a boy whom some folks and at because he was at the foot end it he class. He said he might be at the bad of the class some day. But they said is was not smart concupt to get at the head of the class. They did not believe him. But he is at the head now.

A Wish

A Wish a maarmupic REINHARD, Haddonfield, N. J. "I wish I could go out today," said ar, "It is raining, dear," her mother and "I hope it will clear up," sighed ary It was almost noon and it was still pains. well," exclaimed Mary, "I'm going

well," exclaimed Mary, "I'm going happy, anyway."
is at once she had a surprise—the sun out, Mary danced around the room, was so happy, "Mother," she said, what has come true!" "So it has."" limed her mother.
is at a vory happy afternoon that Maybe it was bocause she had made her mind to be happy in spits of the

School I attend

they had finished eating their meal of n tops. "It seems to me about time you went to It seems You have been talking about it for almost a month now, and you haven't got-ten as far as the firing line." realled Missus

Joat, as she got up to wash the dishes. "Let me help you," said Billy, meekly, "I am afraid you are not strong enough, aswered his good wife. "WHAT" exclaimed her husband.

By Farmer Smith

That was too much for Billy, and he ent over to the desk and got a piece of aper and began to write:

"To my fellow countrymen-The time has ome for us to act! Those of you who have prave hearts are advised to let me know at once, so that I may enroll you for the great struggle in which we are about to engage." Then Billy stopped to read it to his wife, and when he had finished he asked her what

he thought of it. "Beautiful! beautiful! That ought to fire their hearts to action-but-don't you think it is a little too mild? A little too-too

g-like?" asked Missus Bumpus, look-

ing at Billy. "Very well, suppose you tell me what to write," said Billy meekly. Missus Gont started:

"You collection of cowards and fellow untrymen—I am ashamed of you—___" "Hold on! hold on!" cried Billy, "They "Y u want to stir them to action." "They "Y u want to stir them to action." an-swered Missus Goat. "And, besides, Billy Bumpus Boat, YOU are a coward!" In a few minutes there was a sound of

paper being torn. Peeking out of the corner of her eye, Missua Goat saw Billy deposit ing his letter in the waste basket.

Her Rainbow Pledge

By ANNA ADAMS. Is ANNA ADAMS. There was once a little girl who saved her pennies until she had a dollar. "Mother," she said, "I have a dollar, and I am going to give it to the little poor girl down the street." She gave it to the girl, who needed it very badly. "Ah?" she said, "how can I thank you?"

The strip of the should come to meetings. There are no seneral meetings held for the mouncing their dentity. One ill-dentity. One ill-dentity. One ill-to know if she should come to meetings. There are no seneral meetings held for the members of the Rainbow Club, but many of the children have formed into small branches, and these bahds meet regulariy, the other forgetful Rainbow requests the publication of Wordsworth's poem about the rainbow, as a favorite selection. Will that member please forward a name? Trederick Fueller, of Jenkintown, has promised us some interesting anapshots which he intends to take near his home. They will include plotures of deer and kan-garoos. Frederick wrote a very well-put have an caportunity of reading in the near future.

"That is all right," said the girl. "I prom-of Farmer Smith I would do a kind act such day.

The Mouse Who Was Afraid

The Mouse Who Was Afraid By LAWRENCE MULLEN, N 24th at. There was once a mouse who was afraid of cats. He ran to a kind fairy and asked her to change him into a cat. She did so. He was a good cat, but one day he scratched the baby and his mistress put him out. He was huddled up in his corner when a crowd of boys came along and were taiking about a Farmer Smith and a Hainbow Club. He ran to the fairy and asked her to change him to a boy. She did so. He went off like the wind and joined the Rain-bow Club. Do you not think he was happy?

Things to Know and Do

1. WORD PARTY. "I went to the grocery store to buy some - which I could not eat even if they were ______ I bought some matches to set them off with. I at-____it he to say more." Fill in the missing letters and write the quotation cor-rectly.

rectly. 2. Write this sentence, correctly, using correctly the letters given incorrectly: "The Grande walked in the Grande, out, if Grande, and Grande at will."

outville asking them to aid me was, perhaps, two hundred feet in length in getting ready for war," said Billy and half as broad, with what appeared to be a doorway in the centre of the wall di-rectly opposite that through which we had mpus to his good wife one evening, after intered

The apartment was been from the ma terial of the cliff, showing mostly dull gold in the dim light which a single minute radium illuminator in the centre of the sions. Here and throughout its great dimen-sions. Here and there pollshed surfaces of ruby, emerald and diamond patched the

golden walls and ceiling. The floor was of another material, very hard, and worn by much use to the smooth-ness of glass. Aside from the two doors I could discern no sign of other aperture, and, as one we knew to be locked. I ap-proached the other. As I extended my hand to search for the

controlling button, that cruel and mocking laugh rang out once more, so close to me this time that I involuntarily shrank back. lightening my grip upon the hilt of my areat sword. And then from the far corner of the great

chamber a hollow voice chanted: "There is no hope, there is no hope; the dead re-turn not, the dead return not; hor is there any resurrection. Hops not, for there is no

Though our eyes instantly turned toward hope." Though our eyes instantly turned toward the spot from which the voice seemed to emanate, there was no one in sight, and I must admit that cold shivers played along my spine and the short hairs at the base of my head stiffened and rose up, as do those upon a hound's neck when in the night his eyes see those uncanny things which are hidden from the sight of man. Quickly I walked toward the mournful

Quickly I walked toward the mournful soice, but it had coased ere I reached the farther wall, and then from the other end of the chamber came another voice, shrill and plercing.

and piercing. "Fools! Fools!" it shricked. "Think ye to defeat the eterinal laws of life and death? Would cheat the mysterious issue, goldess of death, of her just dues? Did not her mighty messenger, the ancient iss, bear ye

mightly messenger, the ancient has, bear ye upon her leaden bosom at your own behest to the Valley Dor? Think ye, O fools, that insus will give up her own? Think ye to escape whence in all the countless ages but a single soul hast fiel? "Go back the way ye came, to the merci-ful maws of the children of the tree of life or the gleaming fangs of the great white apea. There lies speedy surcease from suf-fering. But insist in your rash purpose to thread the golden cliffs of the Mountains of Otz, past the ramparts of the impregnable for treads of the Holy Therns, and upon your way death in its most frightful form will overtake you-a death so horrible that even the Holy Therns themselves, who con-ceived both life and death, avort their eyes from its flendishness and close their ears from its fieldshiness and coath, avort their eyes from its fieldshiness and close their ears against the bideous shricks of its victims. Go back, O fools, the way ye came!" And then the awful laugh broke out from another part of the chamber. "Most uncanny," I remarked, turning to Tars Tarkas. "What shall use down by solid out.

"What shall we do?" he asked. "We cannot fight empty air. I would almost rather return and face foes into whose flesh i may feel my biade bite and know that i am selling my life dearly, than go dowe to that oblivion which is evidently the fairest and most desirable eternity that mortal man has the right to hope for." "If, as you say, we cannot fight empty air, Tars Tarkas," I replied "neither, on the other hand can envis air field on the solution."

air, fara farkas, I replied "heither, on the other hand, can empty air light us. I shall not be turned back by wind, who have faced and conquered in my tims thousands of sinewy warriors and tempered blades; mor shall you. Thark." "But unseen voices may emanate from unseen and unseeable creatures who wield invisible blades," answered the green war-rior.

"Rot, Wars Tarkas?' I cried. Those voices

Sunday School Association Elects NESHAMINY, Pa., June 20.-These of cers of the 6th Bucka County Distric

NESHAMINY, Pa., June 20.—These of-ficers of the 6th Bucka County District Sunday School Association have been elected: John D. Petterson, Doylestiwn, president; Frank Carrol, Ivyland, view president; Mrs. Charles Hamilton, Eureka, secretary; Miss Mary H. Walter, Pleasant-ville, corresponding secretary; E. E. Hick-man, Chalfont, treasurer.

 $^{19.3}_{\substack{+8.1\\-8.1\\12.2}}$ 152100 Prices vary greatly in different parts of the unity. These prices are assumed for the pur-ue of making it possible to compare nominal

thouse

12.5 17.0 freed Europe of the domination of Napoleon 17.5 15.0 Name Kutztown Man Kane School Head READING, Pa., June 20 .- Prof. Harvey , Dietrich, of Kutztown, this county, for neveral years supervising principal 28.0 Curwensville schools, received notice to day of his appointment as superintendent of schools at Kane, Pa.





made up for the





Our Postoffice Box

TDA SPINSKY paid us a visit, but not on

our Tuesday "calling day." Unfortunately.

we were not at home. We feit very, very

sad, but what do you think? Ida's very own picture sailed in the next day and almost