

**STOP HEADACHES BEFOREHAND**

You never had a headache when you were well.

To keep well is to keep clean, inside.

To relieve headache, and to prevent it, keep the liver active and industrious and the bowels as regular as a clock.

Two generations of healthy, vigorous people have done this by taking one pill at bedtime, regularly—a larger dose when nature gives the warning.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS**

Genuine bears Signature

Colorless faces often show the absence of iron in the blood.

**CARTER'S IRON PILLS** will help this condition.

**"Thinness to Plumpness!"**

Offers Great Reward to Thin, Anemic, Bloodless Folks.

Says Hypo-Nuclane Tablets Increases Weight Steadily—and Proves It.

A Philadelphia physician writes: "Having had occasion to observe the marked effect of Hypo-Nuclane Tablets on one of my patients, I would be grateful for all information and samples for clinical purposes."

The patient wrote: "Having been changed from terrible thinness to a lovely plumpness, right under the eyes of my skeptical physician, I told him that Hypo-Nuclane Tablets did it, and now he is deeply interested in your little tablets."

The process of increasing nutrition is intricate, but the results are well-nigh certain. A salient extract from the yolk of eggs combined with hypophosphites, iron and simple vegetable tonics, when taken with the meals produce astounding changes, in nutritive processes and red blood with flesh-forming qualities soon bring the weight so much desired by thin, bloodless, anemic people, young or old. One or two packages will prove it for anyone. Sold by druggists, 90 cts., or direct from the laboratory of The Blackburn Products Co., Dayton, Ohio.

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# The Gods of Mars

By **EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS**

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(Continued.)

For an instant they recoiled before my terrific onslaught, and in that instant the green warrior rose to the occasion and, springing to my side, lay to the right and left of him as I had never seen but one other warrior do. With circling strokes that formed a figure 8 about him he did not stop until none stood living to oppose him, his keen blade passing through flesh and bone as though each had been, alike, thin air.

As we bent to the slaughter far above us rose that shrill, weird cry which I had heard once before and which had called the herd to the attack upon their victims. Again and again it rose, but we were too much engaged with the fierce, powerful creatures about us to attempt to search out even with our eyes the author of the horrid notes.

Great tails lashed in frenzied anger about us, razor-like talons cut our limbs and bodies, and a green and sticky sirup, such as oozes from a crushed caterpillar, smeared us from head to foot, for every cut and thrust of our long swords brought spurts of this stuff upon us from the severed arteries of the plant men, through which it courses in its sluggish viscosity in lieu of blood.

Once I felt the great weight of one of the monsters upon my back, and as keen talons sank into my flesh I experienced the frightful sensation of moist lips sucking the blood from the wounds to which the claws still clung.

I was very much engaged with a ferocious fellow who was endeavoring to reach my throat from in front while two more, one on either side, were lashing viciously at me with their tails.

The green warrior was much put to it to hold his own, and I felt that the unequal struggle could last but a moment longer when the huge fellow discovered my plight, and tearing himself from those that surrounded him, he raked the assailant from my back with a sweep of his blade, and, thus relieved, I had little difficulty with the others.

Once together we stood almost back to back against the great boulder, and thus the creatures were prevented from soaring above us to deliver their deadly blows. As we were easily their match while they remained upon the ground we were making great headway in dispatching what remained of them when our attention was again attracted by the shrill wail of the caller above our heads.

This time I glanced up, and far above us upon a little natural balcony on the face of the cliff stood a strange figure of a man shrieking out his shrill signal, while he waved a hand in the direction of the river's mouth, as though beckoning to some one there. With the other he pointed and gesticulated toward us.

A glance in the direction toward which he was looking was sufficient to apprise me of his aims and at the same time to fill me with the dread of dire apprehension.

Streaming in from all directions across the meadow, from out of the forest and from the far distance of the flat land across the river I could see converging upon us a hundred different lines of wildly leaping creatures such as we were now engaged with, and with them some strange new monsters which ran with great swiftness, now erect and now upon all fours.

"It will be a great death," I said to my companion. "Look."

As he shot a quick glance in the direction I indicated he smiled.

"We may at least die fighting and as great warriors should, John Carter," he replied.

We had just finished the last of our immediate antagonists as he spoke, and I turned in surprised wonderment at the sound of my name.

— And there before my astonished eyes I beheld the greatest of the green men of Barsoom—their shrewdest statesman, their mightiest general—my great and good friend, Tars Tarkas, jeddak of Thark.

**CHAPTER III.**  
**A Forest Battle.**

**T**ARS TARKAS and I found no time for an exchange of experiences as we stood there before the great boulder, surrounded by the corpses of our grotesque assailants. From all directions down the broad valley was streaming a perfect torrent of terrifying creatures in response to the weird call of the strange figure far above us.

"Come," cried Tars Tarkas; "we must make for the cliffs! There lies our only hope of even temporary escape. There we may find a cave or a narrow ledge which two may defend forever against this motley, unarmed horde."

Together we raced across the scarlet sward, I timing my speed that I might not outdistance my slower companion. We had perhaps 300 yards to cover between our boulder and the cliffs and then to search out a suitable shelter for our stand against the terrifying things that were pursuing us.

They were rapidly overhauling us when Tars Tarkas cried to me to hasten ahead and discover if possible the sanctuary we sought. The suggestion was a good one, for thus many valuable minutes might be saved to us, and, throwing every ounce of my earthly muscles into the effort, I cleared the remaining distance between myself and the cliffs in great leaps that put me at their base in a moment.

My first cursory inspection of the face of the cliffs filled my heart with forebodings, since nowhere could I discern, except where the weird herald stood still shrieking his shrill summons, the faintest indication of even a bare foothold upon the lofty escarpment.

Tars Tarkas was approaching me rapidly, and still more rapidly came the awful horde at his heels.

It seemed the forest now or nothing, and I was just on the point of motioning Tars Tarkas to follow me in that direction when the sun passed the cliff's zenith, and as the bright rays touched the dull surface it burst out into a million scintillant lights of burnished gold of flaming red, of soft greens and gleaming whites—a more gorgeous and inspiring spectacle human eye has never rested upon.

The face of the entire cliff was, as later inspection conclusively proved, so shot with veins and patches of solid gold as to present the appearance of a solid wall of that metal except where it was broken by outcroppings of ruby, emerald and diamond bowlders.

But what caught my most interested attention at the moment that the sun's rays set the cliff's face a-shimmer was the several black spots which now appeared quite plainly in evidence high across the gorgeous wall close to the forest's top and extending apparently below and behind the branches.

Almost immediately I recognized them for what they were—the dark openings of caves entering the solid walls—possible avenues of escape or temporary shelter could we but reach them.

There was but a single way, and that led through the mighty, towering trees upon our right. That I could scale them I knew full well, but Tars Tarkas, with his mighty bulk and enormous weight, would find it a task possibly quite beyond his prowess or his skill.

Martians are at best but poor climbers. Upon the entire surface of that ancient planet I before never had seen a hill or mountain that exceeded 4,000 feet in height above the dead sea bottoms, and as the ascent was usually gradual nearly to their summits they presented but few opportunities for the practice of climbing.

However, there was nothing else to consider than an attempt to scale the trees contiguous to the cliff in an effort to reach the caves above.

The Thark grasped the possibilities and the difficulties of the plan at once, but there was no alternative, and so we set out rapidly for the trees nearest the cliff.

Our relentless pursuers were now close to us, so close that it seemed that it would be an utter impossibility for the jeddak of Thark to reach the forest in advance of them. Nor was there any considerable will in the efforts that Tars Tarkas made, for the green men of Barsoom do not relish flight, nor ever before had I seen one fleeing from death in whatsoever form it might have confronted him.

At length, however, we reached the shadows of the forest, while right behind us sprang the swiftest of our pursuers—a giant plant man with out-reaching claws to fasten his blood-sucking mouths upon us.

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(To Be Continued.)

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## CAN STRIKE U. S. FROM MEXICO

Over 300 German Officers Have Gone There During Last Two Weeks

Providence, R. I., Feb. 9. — The Providence Journal says this morning: "If Germany succeeds in dragging the United States into war her first blow against this country will be struck through Mexico. For the past two weeks the German Ambassador, working among his own Consulates all over the United States as well as those of Austria-Hungary has been superintending the departure of over three hundred officers of the German army, both regulars and reservists, from various American ports and railroad centers to Mexico City, where orders governing their future activities will await them.

"It has not been generally known that a large number of German army officers who have been captured by the Russians during the present war and have made their way here at various times through China have been held in this country without any attempt being made to smuggle them back home. The Department of Justice has had information for several months that several of these officers have been with both Villa and Carranza in Mexico. Since last Saturday there has been a wholesale exodus of those that have remained to Mexico, and at least two hundred officers of reservists have accompanied them, or gone in small parties at various routes to the same ultimate destination.

"The government is in possession of information to the effect that a large quantity of arms and ammunition collected here at the beginning of the war and stored in two large warehouses in New York has found its way to Mexico City, where it has been held intact since its arrival. Some months ago a long German consular report was sent from Mexico City to the Foreign Office in Berlin by way of G. Schadt, an employe of the German Embassy at 11 Broadway, New York, under seal to F. Gernsdorf, 5 Martensalle, Copenhagen, Denmark.

"This communication contains a copy of which has just been received in this country, goes into the conditions in Mexico from the German point of view very fully and declares that what is known as the German alliance in Mexico is supporting every effort to increase the hatred against Americans in that country by inaugurating a series of German gatherings in behalf of Mexican nationalists making socially with prominent Mexican leaders and flooding the country with pamphlets of pro-German character."

## Wilson Is Upheld by Phila. Union League

Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 9. — The Union League of Philadelphia, putting country above party, pledges to the President of the United States its loyal support in whatever action may be necessary to defend the United States and to maintain the rights of its citizens on land and at sea.

Resolved, That a copy of this resolution, properly authenticated, be sent to the President of the United States.

Not since the days of the Civil War has the Union League of Philadelphia been stirred by a wave of patriotic fervor as gigantic as the one that swept through the ranks of the historic organization last night. More than 1,500 prominent Philadelphians, a brilliant representative gathering, crowded the huge auditorium in the League building and, with acclaim and applause, in a formal resolution pledged to the last man their loyalty and support to the President of the United States.

## Bryce Sees Certain Victory For Entente

London, Feb. 9. — Viscount Bryce, formerly British Ambassador at Washington gave his views on the current phases of the war and the probable effect of America's action yesterday. Speaking first of Ger-

## FOR THROAT AND LUNGS STUBBORN COUGHS AND COLDS

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February for some years past has been the coldest month of winter. It bids fair to maintain its record this year — with less supply of coal above ground than in many years.

This serious scarcity of coal may not affect you, who filled your bins when coal was in greater supply than present. But there are many who do.

The pinch will come when orders cannot be filled. And such a condition is likely. Have you enough coal to tide you over till Spring?

**H. M. KELLEY & CO.**

Office, 1 North Third Yards, Tenth and State

## SPRING REUNION MAY 14

The Harrisburg Consistory of the Scottish Rite Masons will hold its spring reunion in the Scottish Rite Cathedral during the week of May 14.

## SCHOOL IN FARMHOUSE

Pupils of the Lawnton school, which was destroyed by fire, are reciting their daily lessons in the Boas farmhouse at Swatara. The school directors are looking for permanent quarters.

**Protect Yourself!**

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