

# Reading for Women and all the Family

progress, but in each instance Thuvia

spoke a low word of command, and

"If you can dissolve all our obstacles as easily as you master these flerce brutes I can see no difficulties in our

way," I said to the girl, smiling. "How

She laughed and then shuddered.

sight that they kept me to train

cept as their duties call them."

handle the terrible creatures. I know

"There are many of them wandering

"It would distract attention from us,

She commenced calling in a low sing-

song voice that was half purt. She continued this as we wound our tedi-

ous way through the maze of subter-

Presently soft padded feet sounded

close behind us, and as I turned I saw a pair of great green eyes shining in

the dark shadows at our rear. From a diverging tunnel a sinuous, tawny

Low growls and angry snarls as-

sailed our ears on every side as we

hastened on, and one by one the fero-

cious creatures answered the call of

walls splashed with precious stones; the dim light cast by the tiny radium

bulbs set at considerable distances

crowned with the priceless diadem of a holy thern, and leading the proces-

Presently we approached a great hamber more brightly lighted than he corridors. Thuvia halted us.

Quietly she stole toward the entrance and glanced within. Then she mo-

The room was filled with specimens

of the strange beings that inhabit this

underworld, a heterogeneous collection of hybrids—the offspring of the pris-

oners from the outside world, red and

green Martians and the white race of

Several times we passed the entrances to other chambers similarly

peopled, and twice again we were com

pelled to cross directly through them. In others were chained prisoners and

"Why is it that we see no therns?"

(To Be Continued.)

**Good Printing Good** 

I asked of Thuvia.

sion the beautiful girl Thuvia.

I shall not soon forget it.

tioned us to follow her.

ranean passages and chambers.

form crept stealthly toward us.

through these lower regions. They are

was filled with banths.

them all by name.

ground?" I asked.

Thuvia laughed.

their mistress.

Tarkas and myself.

own naked limbs.

am sure," she said.

this respect.



While Helen was in a state of in-woman, ready to take her place among ecision, hesitating to mention the the workers everywhere.

While Helen was in a state of indecision, hesitating to mention the course in interior decorrating, and yet permiss. The course in the course

## Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton



EVERY variation of the plaited skirt is fashionable and this frock that is made of a striped challis is just as pretty and attractive as it can be, simple enough for morning wear and dressy enough to be worn for the simple luncheon or occasions of that sort. The collar and cuffs are of silk. The straight skirt is cut in two pieces with seams at the sides and it can be made with or without the pockets. The blouse tells its own story. The novel feature is found in the applied yoke portions arranged over the tucked fronts. You could use the blouse for the separate waist as well as for the entire frock and separate blouses

For the 16 year size the blouse will require, 23/8 yards of material 36 inches wide, 21/8 yards 44, with 3/8 yard 36 for the collar

and cuffs. For the skirt will be needed, 45% yards 36, 4 yards 44.

The May Manton pattern of the blouse No. 9338 and of the skirt No. 9337 both are cut in skirt No. 9437 sizes for 16 and 18 years. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of fifteen cents for each.

### The Quinine That Does Not Cause Nervousness or Ringing In Head

Because of its Tonic and Laxative effect, LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE can be taken by anyone without causing nervousness or ringing in the head. It removes the cause of Colds, Grip and

-but remember there is Only One

"Bromo Quinine That is the Original

**Laxative Bromo Quinine** 

6. M. Grove



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the surrace thousands of feet above the level on which we had been Might they not still open the way Twice great banths, wandering loose If we acted in time, through the galleries, blocked our



Continuous Line of Impregnable Fortifications Circles the Outer Slopes.

the general alarm was sounded? We

could at least try. "What will the fellow do first, Thuvia?" I asked. "How long will it be before they may return for us?"

"He will go directly to the father of therns, old Matai Shang. He may have to wait for an audience, but since he is very high among the lesser therns—in fact, a thorian among them
—it will not be long that Matai Shang will keep him waiting.

"Then, if the father of therns puts credence in his story, another hour will see the galleries and chambers, the courts and gardens filled with searchers."

"What we do, then, must be don within an hour. What is the best way, Thuvia, the shortest way out of this celestial hades?"

"Straight to the top of the cliffs, prince," she replied, "and then through the gardens to the inner courts. From there our way will lie within the temples of the therns and across them to the outer courts. Then the ramparts—O prince, it is hopeless! Ten thousand warriors could not hew a way to liberty from out this awful place!

Since the beginning of time, little by little, stone by stone, have the therns been ever adding to the defenses of their stronghold. A continuous line of impregnable fortifications circles the outer slopes of the mountains of Otz.

"Within the temples that lie behind the ramparts a million fighting men are ever ready. The courts and gar-dens are filled with slaves, with women and with children.

"None could go a stone's throw without detection.'

"If there is no other way, Thuvia, walked close on either side of Thuvia, We must face them."

"Can we not better make the attempt after dark?" asked Tars Tarkas. There would seem to be no chance

"There would be a little better chance by night, but even then the ramparts are well guarded, possibly better than by day. There are fewer abroad in the courts and gardens, though," said Thuvia. "What is the hour?" I asked.

"It was midnight when you released me from my chains," said Thuvia. "Two hours later we reached the storeroom. There you slept for fourteen hours. It must now be nearly sun-down again. Come; we will go to

some nearby window in the cliff and make sure." So saying, she led the way through winding corridors until at a sudden turn we came upon an opening which

overlooked the valley Dor. At our right the sun was setting, a huge red orb, below the western range

A little below us stood the holy thern on watch upon his balcony. His scar-let robe of office was pulled tight about him in anticipation of the cold that comes so suddenly with darkness as

So rare is the atmosphere of Mars that it absorbs very little heat from the sun. During the daylight hours it is always extremely hot; at night it is intensely cold. Nor does the thin atmosphere refract the sun's rays or

diffuse its light as upon earth.

The declining sun lighted brilliantly the eastern banks of Korus, the crimson sward, the gorgeous forest. Beneath the trees we saw feeding many

herds of plant men. Thuvia lost no time in leading us to ward the corridor which winds back The Telegraph Printing Co. and forth up through the cliffs toward

Home as Prison and Husband as Tyrant By DOROTHY DIX

A silly little goose of a girl has been haled into the divorce court by her husband because she neglected her home and her baby. In her defense the young woman makes this excuse for herself. "I am barely nineteen now. I am young and pretty, and I just want to have some pleasure in life, I want to go around with the other girls to parties, and the theater, and to dance, and

play tennis, and have a good time. I love my husband and my baby, but my husband hasn't got any right to expect me to be always tied down to a house, cooking and sewing and scrubbing, and to want no other amusement except wheeling out a baby perambulator. Why, I am nothing but a girl even if I am married and have a baby." am married and have a baby.'

Why, I am nothing but a girl even if I am married and have a baby."

And there you have as pertinent an illustration as you could wish of one of the reasons why there are so many divorces. It's youth. Youth that must be served, that cries out for its joy and laughter, its fun and playtime before age comes to take the spring out of its step and the effervescence out of its soul. It's youth whose weak shoulders are not strong enough to bear the heavy burdens of life.

After Rushing Into Matrimony at 19, Girls Naturally Find It Duil Inter's nothing the matter with this little girl, as there is nothing the matter with hundreds like her who make the with hundreds like her who make the with hundreds like her who make that he have rushed into matrimony before they were ready for it. They are miserable, fretting, whining, complaining wives and neglectful mothers, because they are children who have left their play to assume the responsibilities of grown people, and they are pining to be back amusing themselves. If you will look about among your acquaintances you will see that the pleasure mad women, the women who are crazed over society, who can never get enough card playing, or dancing, or restaurant or theater-going, are invariably women who married when they were very young. These women fregard home as a prison, and their one idea of having They look upon their hasbands and children as burdens, and are forever complaining about the dull monotony of domesticity.

The reason is perfectly plain. They married before they had had their ill of admiration and gadding about. Therefore, the things that they have missed have alway had a fatal lure for them.

On the other hand, you will see that "I do not quite know," she said. When first I came here I angered Sator Throg because I repulsed him. He ordered me thrown into one of the great pits in the inner gardens. It "In my own country I had been accustomed to command. Something in my voice, I do not know what, cowed the beasts as they sprang to attack me. "Instead of tearing me to pieces, as Sator Throg had desired, they fawned at my feet. So greatly were Sator Throg and his friends amused by the

the scavengers. Many prisoners die here in their chains. The banths solve nissed have alway had a fatal lure for them.

On the other hand, you will see that no women are so domestic, such home keepers, such admirable wives and mothers as the women who have married late and who have had a long and happy girthood. These have been satisted with society and admiration, and are glad to turn from its froth to the real things of existence.

These women know that there is no other good time on earth like the good time that one has in building up a home. They know that the excitement of the most thrilling flirtation does not send the same tingle along a woman's veins as does the look of love in the eyes of her lusband. the problem of sanitation, at least in "In the gardens and temples above they are kept in pits. The therns fear them. It is because of the banths that

they seldom venture below ground ex-An idea occurred to me, suggested by what Thuvia had just said. "Why not take a number of banths and set them loose before us above

send the same tingle along a woman's versus at does the look of love in the versus at does the look of love in the versus at does the look of love in the versus at does the look of love in the versus at lower the look of love in the versus at lower the look of love in the versus at lower the lower the lower the lower the most absorbing and fascinating study on earth, and taking care of them is not a bore. It's a privilege dod grants the women He blesses.

Just as nature ordained milk for babies and strong meat for men, so there are certain occupations that are blessings or curses, according to age, blessings or curses, according to age, who rush into one of these, and those who rush into one of these, and those who rush into one of the lower than a full grown man's and woman's pripassition and children have no business mixing up with it.

We have long realized this from the masculine point of view, as is snown by the old proverb that says that no man should marry until he has sown his wild oats. The same principle applies with equal force to women. No girl should marry until she has had her innocent little filing, and is good and tired of it, and ready to settle down.

and tirred of it, and ready to settle down.

Discontented and Fretful Wives Have

Only One Goal in Life—the

Divorce Court

It takes a great many things to make a happy home but above all it takes a speak many things to make a happy home but above all it takes as a great many things to make a happy home but above all it takes as a great many things to make a happy home but above all it takes as a great many things to make a happy home but above all it is not in human nature; her age, and it is not in human nature; her age, and it is not in human nature; her to be sait sisfied to walk the floor with a crying baby while her girl from the are flox trotting in the cabaret, to pass a pleasant evening darning husband's socks when she knows that re chums are off to theater and opera.

Small wonder that when these girl felidien find out that marriage means sacrifice and self-denial, and labor and trouble, instead of being just a game as when they "played house" with their dollies and little tea sets, they so often knock over the apple cart.

As a first aid to divorce, there is nothing equal to an early marriage.

"Don't you want to keep this claim She spoke a word to each as it joined us. Like well schooled terriers, they paced the corridors with us, but I could not help but note the lathering jowls nor the hungry expressions with which the terrible beasts eyed Tars Soon we were entirely surrounded by some fifty of the brutes. Two

of others now and then touched my It was a strange experience, the almost noiseless passage of naked hu-man feet and padded paws; the golden

#### Letter List

bulbs set at considerable distances along the roof; the huge, maned beasts of prey crowding with low growls about us; the mighty green warrior towering high above us all; myself Ruth Book, Mrs. Leydia Burden, Mrs. Earl Causman, Mrs. M. M. Duncan, Mrs

Lily Keefer, Lily A. Keefer, Mrs.

Lair Causman, Mrs. M. M. Duncan, Mrs. Lily Keefer, Lily A. Keefer, Mrs. George H. Lucas, Florence McInteriff, Mrs. William Moyer, Maria Porter, Mrs. Killa Richardson, Mrs. Emma Seering, Tillie Seibert, Bertha Skiner, Lucy Smith, Mrs. Frank Strine, Allee Thomas, Mrs. J. A. Traub, Mrs. Larena Walforth. Gentlemen's List. — Jay Aldrich, N. T. Bickley, John A. Burger, Elmer H. Burkhart, Jack Cook, Albert Cross, H. Errangan, Elfor Garza, E. Garrett, Ell Rangan, Elfor Garza, F. Gerhardt, Gliota Wapolitana, Garza, F. Gerhardt, Gliota Wapolitana, Kaser, H. Kipple, G. J. Kissinger, R. H. Krips, Elmer McClain, P. L. McDermott, M. J. McKeon, Mr. McLocklin, John B. Miller, Robert Milliken, Y. T. Mytle, B. L. Murray, William Patterson, John J. Plper, Herbert E. Pray, R. B. Proad, E. Revnolds, David Richerson (2), Frank Ralston, Robert Raylon, Richard E. Revnolds, David Richerson (2), Schmid Steley, L. V. Smith, Olie Daw, Schmid (2), J. L. V. Smith, Olie Daw, Schmid (2), J. L. V. Smith, Olie Daw, Sholly (2), J. L. V. Smith, Olie Daw, James White, Wm. Work, Victor E. Young, Foreign — Catherine Morris, Salva-

therns.

Picking our way carefully, we threaded a winding path across the chamber, the great banths sniffing hungrily at the tempting prey spread before them in such tantalizing and before the such tantalizing tantaliz Tirms
Temple Theater.
Persons should invariably have their
mail matter addressed to their street
and number, thereby insuring prompt
delivery by the carriers.
FRANK C. SITES,
Postmaster.

CIVIL SERVICE EXAMS

The United States Civil Service Commission announces the following examinations to be held in this city on the dates named: Electrical machinist, March 13; engineer of tests (male), March 20; foreman brick-maker (male), March 20; aid (male), bureau of standards, March 21-22.

Application papers and further information concerning the above examinations can be secured from the secretary, board of examiners, Harrisburg Post Office.



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(Continued.)

"All the surface diggings are taken "All the surface diggings are taken up," our friend told us, "so now you have to dig deep. It's about four feet down where I'm working. It'll probably be deeper up here. You'd better move back where you were.'

Yank stretched himself upright. 'Look here," he said decidedly, "let's get a little sense into ourselves. Here's our pore old hosses standing with their packs on and we no place to stay and no diener, and we're scratchin' away at this bar like a lot of fool hens. There's other days comin'.

mon sense of the thing, but reluctant-



We Actually Panned Our First Gold!

Now that we knew how, our enthusiasm surged up again. We wanted to get at it. The stranger's eyes

twinkled sympathetically.
"Here, boys," said he, "I know just how you feel. Come with me." He snatched up our bucket and strode back to his own claim, where

he filled the receptacle with some of the earth he had thrown out. "Go pan that," he advised us kindly. We raced to the water and once

more stirred about the heavy contents of the pail until they had floated off with the water. In the bottom lay a glittered the tiny yellow particles. We had actually panned our first gold! Our friend examined it critically.

"That's about a twelve cent pan."

Somehow in a vague way we had

unreasonably expected millions at a twist of the wrist, and the words, "12 cents," had a rankly penurious sound to us. However, the miner patiently explained that a twelve cent

"Don't you want to keep this claim

next me?" inquired our acquaintance.

We stopped. "Surely!" I replied. "But how do we do it?"

"Just leave your pick and shovel in the hole."
"Won't some one steal them?"

"What's to prevent?" I asked a little

skeptically. "Miner's law," he replied. We almost immediately got trace of

our strayed animals, as a number of men had seen them going upstream. In fact, we had no difficulty whatever in finding them, for they had simply followed up the rough stream bed between the canyon walls until it had opened up to a gentler slope and a hanging garden of grass and flowers. Here they had turned aside and were feeding. We caught them and were feeding. We caught them and were just heading them back when Yank stopped short.

'What's the matter with this here?" he inquired. "Here's feed and water near, and it ain't so very far back to the diggings."

We looked about us for the first time with seeing eyes. The little up sloping meadow was blue and dull red with flowers, below us the stream brawled foam flecked among black rocks, the high hills rose up to meet the sky, and at our backs across the way the pines stood thick serried. Far up in the blue heavens some birds were circling slowly. Somehow the leisurely swing of these unhasting birds struck from us the feverish hurry that had lately filled our souls. We deep breaths, and for the first the great peace and majesty of these California mountains cooled our spirits. "I think it's a bully place, Yank,"

said Johnny soberly, "and that little bench up above us looks flat." We clambered across the slant of the

flower spangled meadow to the bench, just within the fringe of the pines. It proved to be flat, and from the edge of it down the hill seeped a little spring marked by the feathery bracken. We entered a cool green place, peopled with shadows and the rare, considered notes of soft voiced birds. Just over our threshold, as it were, was the sun-lit, chirpy, buzzing, bright colored busy world. Overhead a wind of many voices hummed through the pine tops. The golden sunlight flooded the mountains opposite, flashed from the stream, lay languorous on the meadow. Long bars of it slanted through an unguess ed gap in the hills behind us to touch with magic the very tops of the trees over our heads. The sheen of the pre-

The First Gold.

E arose before daylight, picketed our horses, last ried down to the diggings just at sunup, carrying our gold pans, or "washbowls," and our extra tools. The bar was as yet deserted. We set to work with a will, taking turns with the pickax and the two shovels. I must confess that our speed slowed down considerably after the first wild burst, but we kept at it steadily. It was hard work, and there is no denying it, just the sort of plain hard work the day laborer does when he digs sewer trenches in the city streets, only worse, perhaps, owing to the nature of the soil. It had struck me since that those few years of hard labor in the diggings, from '49 to '53 or '54, saw more actual manual toil accomplished than was ever before performed in the same time by the same number of men. The discouragement of those re-turning we now understood. They had expected to take the gold without toil required. At any rate, we thought we were doing our share that morning, especially after the sun came up. We wielded our implements manfully, piled our debris to one side and gradually achieved a sort of crumbling uncertain excavation reluctant to stay emptied.

About an hour after our arrival the other miners began to appear, smoking their pipes. They stretched themselves lazily, spat upon their hands and set to. Our friend of the day before nodded at us cheerfully and hopped down into his hole.

We removed what seemed to us tons of rock. About noon, just as we were thinking rather dispiritedly of knocking off work for a lunch, which in our early morning eagerness we had forgotten to bring, Johnny turned up a shovelful whose lower third consisted of the pulverized bluish clay. We promptly forgot both lunch and our

own weariness.

"Hey!" shouted our friend, scrambling from his own claim. "Easy with the rocks! What are you conducting here, a volcano?" He peered down at "Pay dirt, hey? Well, take it easy. It won't run away.'

Take it easy! As well ask us to quit entirely! We tore at the rubble, which aggravatingly and obstinately cascaded down upon us from the sides. We scraped eagerly for more of that blue clay. At last we had filled our three pans with a rather mixed lot of the dirt and raced to the river. Johnny fell over a bowlder and scattered his panful far and wide. His manner of

scuttling back to the hole after more reminded me irresistibly of the way a contestant in a candle bace hurries back to the starting point to get his

candle relighted.

We panned that dirt clumsily and hastily enough and undoubtedly lost much valuable sand overside, but we ended each with a string of color. We crowded together, comparing our pans. Then we went crazy. I suppose we had about a quarter of a dollar's worth of gold between us, but that was not the point. The long journey with all its hardships and adventures, the toil, pointments and reactions had at last their visible tangible conclusion. The tiny flecks of gold were a symbol. We yapped aloud, we kicked up our heels, we shook hands, we finally joined hands and dance? second and around.

(To Be Continued.)

## Suggestion on Eczema

It will take just a few moments to step it and ask us what our experience has been it the way of grateful customers with the sooth-ing wash of oils, D. D. J. 25c, 80c and \$1.00 Four money back unless the first bottle re-lieves you.

The Liquid Wash

Gorgas, The Druggist.
J. Nelson Clark, Druggist.