

Reading for Women and all the Family

green Martians the most ferociou



By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

Mr. Norton Is Greatly Pleased That Grace Takes So Kindly to Miss Dart

CHAPTER VI.

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"If you please, sir," Julia announce de, "dinner's served."

"Its Mrs. Gore gone down?" Mr.
Norton asked.

"Yes, sir — she's waiting for you in the dining-room."

"Yery well. I will come at once."
Then as the maid disappeared he added hastly to me: "I will have a longer talk with you at another time. And yet'— hesitatingly— "perhaps I would better say into the work of the work

JUST such a long coat as this

collar and fronts can be rolled

open as they are here and on cold days they can be but-

toned up tightly about the throat to be really protective, and, as a result of this possi-

bility the coat is good for motor-

ing as well as f r walking. It can be made of a velours cloth

as it is here with broadcloth

trimmings to be essentially use-

ful and at the same time handsome or it can be made of velvet

to be exceedingly beautiful and

adapted to afternoon wear, or

it could be made of broadcloth with velvet trimming, or you

could edge the velvet with fur.

It is a very simple little coat,

while the plain body portion and full skirt combined give the new

For the 12 year size will be

needed, 35% yards of material 44 inches wide, 33% yards 54 with 1/4 yard 54 inches wide

for the trimming.

The pattern No. 9316 is cut

in sizes from 8 to 14 years. It

will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of

this paper, on receipt of fifteen

one is needed by every girl. On mild days the

Fashions of To Day - By May Manton

"The Insider" The Gods of

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had seen.

Beneath the brilliant light of Mars'

we might distinctly note them.

mensely. I had heard vague rumors-little more than legends they were-

they left carried away with them fire

which circles the valley Dor on the

outer slopes of the mountains of Otz.

As the fighting receded from our po-

sition for a moment Thuvia turned to-

to cover his escape.

(Continued.) "They seldom traverse the underworld at night, for then it is that the great banths prowl the dim corridors seeking their prey. The therns fear the awful denizens of this cruel and hopeless world that they have fostered and allowed to grow beneath their very feet.
"The prisoners even sometimes turn

upon them and rend them. The thern can never tell from what dark shadow an assassin may spring upon his back. "By day it is different. Then the corridors and chambers are filled with guards passing to and fro. Slaves temples above come by hundreds to the granaries and storerooms. All is life then. You did not see it be cause I led you not in the beaten

sages seldom used. "Yet it is possible that we may meet thern even yet. They do occasionally find it necessary to come here after the sun has set. Because of this I have moved with caution."

tracks, but through roundabout pas-

But we reached the upper galleries without detection, and presently Thuria halted us at the foot of a short. steep ascent.

> CHAPTER VIII. Black Pirates of Barsoom.

BOVE us," Thuvia said, "is a doorway which opens on to the inner gardens. I have brought you thus far. From here on for four miles to the outer ramparts our way will be beset by countless dangers.

"Guards patrol the courts, the temples, the gardens. Every inch of the ramparts themselves is beneath the

I could not understand the necessity for such an enormous force of armed men about a spot so surrounded by mystery and superstition that not a soul upon Barsoom would have dared to approach it even had they known its exact location.

I questioned Thuvia, asking her what enemies the therns could fear in their impregnable fortress.

We had reached the doorway now.

and Thuvia was opening it.
"They fear the black pirates of Barsoom, O prince!" she said. "From whom may our first ancestors preserve

The door swung open. The smell of growing things greeted my nostrils; the cool night air blew against my

The great banths sniffed the unfamiliar odors, and then with a rush they broke past us with low growls, swarming across the gardens of the therns beneath the lurid light of the nearer moon.

Suddenly a great cry arose from the roofs of the temples, a cry of alarm and warning that, taken up from point to point, ran off to the east and to the west, from temple, court and rampart, until it sounded as a dim echo in the

The great Thark's long sword leaped from its scabbard. Thuvia shrank, shuddering, to my side.

"What is it?" I asked of the girl.
For answer she pointed into the sky. I looked, and there, above us, I saw shadowy bodies flitting hither and thither high over temple, courts and

Almost immediately flashes of light broke from these strange objects. There was a roar of musketry and then answering flashes and roars from

"The Black Pirates of Barsoom, O prince!" said Thuvia.
In great circles the air craft of the

marauders swept lower and lower toward the defending forces of the therns.

Volley after volley they vomited upon the temple guards. Volley on volley crashed through the thin air toward the fleeting and illusive fliers.

As the pirates swooped closer toward the ground thern soldiery poured from the temples into the gardens and courts. The sight of them in the open

brought a score of fliers darting to-ward us from all directions. The therns fired upon them through shields affixed to their rifles, but on. steadily on, came the grim black craft. They were small fliers, for the most part, built for two to three men. A few larger ones there were, but these kept high aloft, dropping bombs upon the temples from their keel batteries.

At length, with a concerted rush, ev idently in response to a signal of command, the pirates in our immediate vi cinity dashed recklessly to the ground in the very midst of the thern soldiery. Scarcely waiting for their craft to touch, the creatures manning them

so bold. Why, see how perfectly un-guarded they leave their craft, as though they were lying safe in their leaped among the therns with the fury own hangars at home! Such fighting! Never had I witness ed its like before. I had thought the

Doing the Markets-

By HAZEL NUTT.

And Other Things

My old friend "Bugs" Baer of the New York Evening World, says that an optimist is a man who doesn't care what happens, just so it doesn't happen to him. That may be the New York definition of an optimist, but it isn't what a Harrisburg optimist is, to wit: A Harrisburg optimist is a man who thinks he can get to Nineteenth and Market streets in twenty-live minutes, leaving the Square at noon; or else he's a man who thinks he can get to the argains at a market house. The Wite wasted half an hour Saturday trying to find a bunch of celery for less than 12 cents. And when the Son and Heir had grabbed the heart, Sunday dinnertime, there wasn't enough celery left to pad a crutch. While the Wife was celery hunting I watched the happy marketers, being particularly interested in a woman at a cake counter. To be sure that the cakes were fresh she squoze each one with her fingers; and when she finally found one that would dent she bought it. I went over to a woman who was selling scrapple.

"Wet oon't you put meat in your scrapple?" I asked her.

"We do," says she.

"Well," I said to her, "it doesn't taste."

"Neither would you," says she, "if

"Well," I said to her, "it doesn't taste."

"Neither would you," says she, "if you were mixed with as much mush as it is."

Then I got even with her. I asked her to say "much mush" five times real quick; and while she was untangling herself I made a getaway.

I forgot to say that all this was down at the Chestnut street market. After the Wife had left the center of operations half a dozen times, returning each time with some more fodder for the basket, I asked her wasn't she pretty nearly through.

"Why," says she, indignantly, "I still have \$1.15 left," and away she went. I followed her to where she was buying a chicken.

"How will I know this chicken is tender?" she was saying.
"We can tell that easily—tomorrow," I told her.
The man at the counter eyed me in a nauseated manner.
"Lady," he said. "when the chicken."

The man at the counter eyed me in a nauseated manner.

"Lady," he said, "when the chicken's breast bone will bend it's a sign the chicken's young."

And then he bent the breast bone. He pretty nearly broke his arm, but ne bent that bone.

"Do y' want some puddin'?" a man asked me.

On, Steadily on, Came the Grim Black Craft. asked me.

asked me.

"I'm not very hungry," I told him,
"but if you have a nice piece of cottage
pudding I could eat a bite or two."
"No, no," he said. "Not that kind
of puddin'—puddin', that comes from
meat. You know—like scrapple."
"Nup," says I, "if it's like scrapple
it's come too far—from meat."
I like markets. I'm going again next
Saturday afternoon. I expect to have
\$5 again by that time. ful abandon with which the Black Pirates threw themselves upon their foes transcended everything I ever before

Saturday afternoon. I \$5 again by that time.

two glorious moons the whole scene presented itself in vivid distinctness. I broke my previous records on the Reservoir line Saturday night. I rode all the way from Cameron to Nineteenth and never had my feet on the floor once. No, I wasn't sitting down either; I was supposed to be standing. The little girl with the high suede shoes who was jammed in back of me said something about tall fellows that don't know enough to lean on their own dinners. Good Lord, lady! accept my apology. When the jam finally loosened I dropped a foot. The golden haired, white skinned therns battled with desperate courage in hand to hand conflict with their ebony skinned foemen.

A little to one side stood Thuvia, the Thark, and I. The tide of battle had not reached us, but the fighters from time to time swung close enough that The Black Pirates interested me im-

One of our eminent cabaret attend-

little more than legends they wereduring my former life on Mars, but never had I seen them nor talked with one who had.

They were popularly supposed to inhabit the lesser moon, from which they descended upon Barsoom at long intervals. Where they visited they wrought the most horrible atrocities and when they left carried away with them fire the more discovered and the most horrible atrocities and when they left carried away with them fire the carried away with them fire the finished his thirteenth bottle of beer the other night.

"I'll lock y' up," said the cop. "An' dye know what'll happen? Th' alderman'll sentence y' t' stay home with a policeman just they have a supplied and a row with a policeman just and a row with a p

they left carried away with them firearms and ammunition and young girls as prisoners.

All about us in the garden lay their sinister craft, which the therns for some reason, then unaccountable to me, made no effort to injure. Now and again a black warrior would rush from a nearby temple bearing a young woman in his arms. Straight for his filer he would leap, while tnose of his comparated that they both crowd into an in his arms. Straight for his filer he would leap, while tnose of his comparated that they both crowd into ecompartment. There's always a pair, of them holding hands in the Senate or House gallery or Governor's reception room. Almost all the young husbands ask the guards where the rades who fought near by would rush husbands ask the guards where graft was.

These guys—the ash carriers—are inconscious humorists, or subconscious, I don't know which. I don't like to carry out ashes; none whatever. So when the trio named was heavin' out the barrel Monday one of em began singing: Fighting like that near us could be heard in all directions as far as sound unconsci carried, and Thuvia told me that the attacks of the Black Pirates were usually made simultaneously along the entire ribbon-like domain of the therns,

gan singing:
Ashes t' ashes,
Dust t' dust,
If he won't carry 'em
The ash man must.

As the fighting receded from our position for a moment Thuvia turned toward me with a question.

"Do you understand now, O prince," she said, "why a million warriors guard the domains of the holy therns by day and by night?

"The scene you are witnessing now is but a repetition of what I have seen enacted a score of times during the fifteen years I have been a prisoner here. From time immemorial the Black Pirates of Barssom have preyed upon the holy therns.

"Yet they never carry their expeditions to a point, as one might readily believe it was in their power to do, where the extermination of the race of theras is threatened. It is as though

therns is threatened. It is as though READING BUYS 250,000 DOUGHNUTS but utilized the race as playthey but utilized the race as play things, with which they satisfy their ferocious lust for fighting, and from whom they collect toll in arms and ammunition and in prisoners."

"Why don't they jump in and destroy these fliers?" I asked. "That would soon put a stop to the attacks, or at least the blacks would scarce be looked. Why many the statement of the state of th

DANIEL EICHELE DIES DANIEL EICHELE DIES

Humemistown, Pa., Feb. 21.—
Daniel Elchele, aged 80 years, of near
Hoernerstown, died Monday night. He
is survived by one sister. Funeral
services will be held on Thursday afternoon at the Hoernerstown Lutheran



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(Continued.)

We worked with entire absorption on about us. It was only by accident that Yank looked up at last, so I do not know how long Don Gaspar had been there.

"Will you look at that?" cried Yank. Don Gaspar, still in his embroidered boots, his crimson velvet breeches, his white linen and his sombrero, but without the blue and silver jacket, was busily wielding a pickax a hundred feet or so away. His companion, or servant, was doing the heavier shovel "Why, oh, why," breathed Johnny at

last, "do you suppose, if he must mine he doesn't buy himself a suit of dungarees or a flannel shirt?' "I'll bet it's the first hard work he ever did in his life," surmised Yank. "And I'll bet he won't do that very

long," I guessed. But Don Gaspar seemed to have

more sticking power than we gave him credit for. We did not pay him much further attention, for we were busy with our own affairs, but every we glanced in his direction he appear ed to be still at it. Our sack of sand was growing heavier, as, indeed, were our limbs. As a matter of fact we had been at harder work than any of us had been accustomed to for very long hours, beneath a scorching sun, without food and under strong excite-ment. We did not know when to quit,

The following days were replicas of the first. We ate hurrledly at odd times; we worked feverishly; we sank into our tumbled blankets at night too tired to wiggle. But the buckskin sack of gold was swelling and rounding out most satisfactorily.

but the sun at last decided it for us by

dipping below the mountains to the

week it contained over a pound! But the long hours, the excitement and the inadequate food told on our We snapped at each other impatiently at times and once or twice came near to open quarreling. Johnny and I were constantly pecking at each other over the most trivial concerns.

One morning we were halfway to the bar when we remembered that we had neglected to picket out the horses. It was necessary for one of us to go

"I'll be — if I'm going to lug 'way up that hill," I growled to myself. "I tied them up yesterday, anyway." Johnny caught this.

"Well, it wasn't your turn yester day," he pointed out, "and it is today, I've got nothing to do with what you chose to do yesterday."

"Or any other day," I muttered.
"What's that?" cried Johnny trucu lently. "I couldn't hear. Speak up!" We were flushed and eying each oth-

er malevolently. "That'll do!" said Yank, with an un-expected tone of authority. "Nobody will go back and nobody will go ahead. We'll just sit down on this log yere while we smoke one pipe apiece. I've

to cover his escape.

The therns, on their side, would hasten to rescue the girl, and in, an instant the two would be swallowed in a maeistrom of yelling devils, hacking and hewing at one another.

But always, it seemed, were the Black Pirates of Barsoom victorious and the girl, brought miraculously unharmed through the conflict, borne away into the outer darkness upon the deck of a swift flier.

Trio of Nubians condescended to carry a barrel of ashes and two small boxes out of my cellar Monday.

"How much?" asked the wife.

"It ought to be worth a nickel apiece for the three of 'em," said one Nube. "Three beers."

"Here's 20 cents," says the Wife, "and when you're through with the first glass the three of you can fight for the fourth."

"Reckon we'll get a bucket," says the Nubian.

"Now," said Yank firmly, "it's about time we took stock. We been here now five days. We ain't had a decent meal of vittles in that time. We ain't fixed up our camp a mite. We ain't been to town to see the sights. We don't even know the looks of the mar that's camped down below us. We've been too danged busy to be decent.

eye softening to a twinkle, "\$16 a day is fair wages, to be sure, but nothin' to get wildly excited over." He surveyed the two of us with some humor. "Hadn't thought of it that way, had you?" he asked. "Nuther had I until last night. I was so dog tired I couldn't sleep, and I got to figgerin' a

little on my own hook."
"Why, I can do better than that in San Francisco, with half the work!" I

here we got a chance to make a big strike most any time and in the meantime to make good wages. But we ain't goin' to do it any quicker by kill-in' ourselves. Now, today is Sunday. go back to camp peaceable, make a decent place to stay, cook ourselves up a squar' meal, wash out our clothes, visit the next camp, take a look at town and enjoy ourselves."

Thus vanished the first and most

wonderful romance of the gold. Reduced to wages it was somehow no longer so marvelous. The element of uncertainty was always there, to be sure, and an inexplicable fascination, but no longer had we any desire to dig up the whole place immediately. I suppose we moved nearly as much earth, but the fibers of our minds were relaxed, and we did it more easily and with less nervous wear and tear.

Also, as Yank suggested, we took pains to search out our fellow beings. The camper below us proved to be Don Gaspar, velvet breeches and all. He received us hospitably and proffered perfumed cigarettos, which we did not like, but which we smoked out of politeness. Our common ground of meeting was at first the natural one of the gold diggings. Don Gaspar and his man, whom he called Vasquez, had produced somewhat less flake gold than ourselves, but exhibited a half ounce nugget and several smaller We could not make him out. Neither his appearance nor his personal equipment suggested necessity. and yet he labored as hard as the rest of us. His gaudy costume was splashed and grimy with the red mud, al-though evidently he had made some attempt to brush it. The linen was, of course, hopeless. He showed us the blisters on his small aristocratic looking hands.

"It is the hard work," he stated simply, "but one gets the gold."

From that subject we passed on to horses. He confessed that he was uneasy as to the safety of his own magnificent animals and succeeded in alarming us as to our own.

"Thos' Indian," he told us, "are always out to essteal, and the paisanes. It has been tole me that Andreas Amijo and his robbers are near. Some day

Our anxiety at this time was given an edge by the fact that the horses, having fed well and becoming tired of the same place, were inclined to stray It was impossible to keep them always on picket lines—the nature of the meadow would not permit it-and they soon learned to be very clever with their hobbles. Several mornings we put in an hour or so hunting them up and bringing them in before we could start work for the day. This wasted both time and temper. The result was that we drifted into partnership with Don Gaspar and Vasquez. I do not remember who proposed the arrangement. Indeed, I am inclined to think it just came about naturally from our many discussions of the subject. Under the terms of it we appointed Vasquez to cook all the meals, take full care of the horses, chop the wood, draw the water and keep camp generally. The rest of us worked in couples at the bar. We divided the gold into five equal parts.

> CHAPTER XIV. At Hangman's Gulch

R visit to the town we post-poned from day to day because we were either too busy or too tired. We thought we could about figure out what that crude sort of village would be like. Then on Saturday evening our neighbor with the twinkling eye—whom we called McNally without conviction because he told us to-informed us that there would be a miners' meeting next day and that we would be expected to at-

(To Be Continued)

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Musterole Gives Delicious Comfort

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A Good Printing I ain't no religious man, but Sunday The Telegraph Printing Co.

Like a Foe in the Night Impurities Creep Into the Blood

feature.

In this day of keen competition you cannot afford to overlook the slightest advantage. You must keep in perfect physical condition, and ever on the alert to tackle the day's problems.

You cannot afford to permit any impairment of your health. Anything that affects your physical well-being is a handicap that will prove serious. The most important part of your physical makeup is the blood supply, and upon its condition depends the proper action of every vital organ of the body iff the blood has become impoverished by impurities creeping in, if the cir-

Blood Supply Be Kept in Perfect Condition.

culation is poor and inadequate, the lirst effects are a general run-down und "good for nothing" feeling that enders you unfit for the performance of your ordinary tasks.

of your ordinary tasks.

This condition robs you of your useulness. But worse than that, it reners the system unable to resist disase, and almost any serious sickness
may prove fatal. Take no chances;
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(To Be Continued.)