

Reading for Women and all the Family

"He was with me less than an hour

"Now I know that it must have been

plained my plan to her.

For a moment she clung to me.

You do not know her.

son is there and the soldiers of Helium.

fighting for the Princess of Helium Where they are you should be.

but of them and of my husband's duty

I may not stand in the way of that.

to do it and filled me only with the blackest shadows of terrible forebod-

kissed her once again and closed the

Without hesitating longer I hurried

from the chamber in the direction of

I came upon the theater of a fierce

The blacks were massed at the en

trance to a great chamber, where they

were attempting to block the further progress of a body of red men toward

the inner sacred precincts of the tem-

As I struck the first blow I cried aloud, "For Helium!" And then I rained cut after cut upon the sur-

prised warriors, while the reds with-

out took heart at the sound of my

voice and with shouts of "John Carter! John Carter!" redoubled their efforts

so effectually that before the blacks

could recover from their temporary d

moralization their ranks were broke and the red men had burst into the

Five hundred men fought there tha

day, the black man against the red No man asked quarter or gave it. As

though by common consent they fough

as though to determine once and for

stition. Suddenly a sight met my gaze

(To Be Continued)

ATTENDED INAUGURATION

struggle

chamber.

"I must not think of myself now,

since, Dejah Thoris," I replied.

cincts of the temple.



By Hazel Dale

the studio. She and Jarvis had called it the Honeymoon House, because, as shadowy chintz, and when she had Janet put it, it was to be a home of perpetual honeymoons. Janet, who had never known this new, strange life that she had taken up with Jarvis, was in love with it all: each day meant something more for her to learn. She was growing to love Jarvis' life and his friends, and because Janet herself was bringing in money to keep the tiny home going, it meant more to her than it ordinarily would have done.

The Carews Shocked

By Hazel Dale.

Janet was absorbed in her life at time, its charm and soft-shaded lights, the studio. She and Jarvis had called it the Honeymoon House, because, as shadowy chintz, and when she had

The Carews Shocked

he result was bringing in money to keep the tiny home going, it meant more to her than it ordinarily would have done.

But there were things hard to understand at times—things that were difficult to see and deal with. Life is not all a bed of roses, and Janet had lived all her life in a far different atmosphere, therefore there were certain adjustments to be made.

Janet had grown very fond on Neva Hart. The two girls were as different as could be. Neva had lived all her life in the school of experience at all in the general scheme of things.

At one time even Janet had thought the life of a professional model adversed that although she might work in an office, the monotony of such a life was more than she could bear alle was more than she could bear and no mater liked her. She was clever although she was not beautiful. Her heard was pure gold.

All the men with whom she came in contact liked her. She was clever although she was not beautiful. Her heard was pure gold.

All the men with whom she came in contact liked her. She was clever although she was not beautiful. Her man beautiful there were creating a piece of real effort. And such was Neva.

And just as Neva's broad acceptance of life fascinated Janet's fairy illusions charm Neva, was always interested in Janet's affairs. She loved to hear anner, with plenty of exaggerated points or effect, her exciting doing for the day, her aspirations and her views on life, culled partly from her new found knowledge and partly from the twe found knowledge and partly from the rew found knowledge and partly from the storehouse of intuitive knowledge that Janet had always possessed.

And one night, when Janet and Jarvis had dan Mr and mediate clash. Mrs. Carew as an immediate clash. Mrs. Carew and live and different sating for life to relate for the laundry. The care was an immediate clash. Mrs. Carew had laughed at Janet's ideal and the real work and the real was a life was more than she could be an incontact liked her. She was clever although the real was presented to h

Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton



SATIN is the material par excellence of the late Winter and of the Spring. It is to be found in wonderful soft and lustrous quality and it is ideal for this costume. The neck finish of lace suits it to perfection and the little touch of velvet in the sash gives quality and character. It is an exceedingly graceful gown and at the same time it is a practical gown for it can be utilized for almost any afternoon occasion, and you can leave the neck V-shaped at the back as well as at the front. If you like gowns of two materials, you can make this one with bodice and tunic of satin and skirt of velvet, using plain or chiffon velvet as you prefer, and the sleeves may match either the bodice or the skirt.

For the medium size the bodice will require, 21/4 vards of material 36 or 44 inches wide and for the skirt will be needed, 6 yards 36, 53/4 yards 44.

The pattern of the bodice No. 9267 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure and of the skirt No. 9292 in sizes from 24 to 32 inches waist measure. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper. on receipt of fifteen cents for each.

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ders.

i felt the lapping waters son?" about my feet. The smoke was thick behind me. My suffering was intense. There seemed but one thing to do

and that to choose the easier death which confronted me, and so I moved on down the corridor until the cold I swam on through utter blackness toward-what?

The instinct of self preservation is strong even when one, unafraid and in the possession of his highest reasoning faculties, knows that death-positive and unalterable—lies just ahead. So I swam slowly on, waiting for

my head to touch the top of the coruncertain and almost terrified a manridor, which would mean that I had ner. reached the limit of my flight and the point where I must sink forever to an because she had learned that John Car-unmarked grave.

To my surprise I ran against a blank ing to demand an accounting of her wall before I reached a point where for the imprisonment of his printhe waters came to the roof of the cor- cess. Could I be mistaken? I felt

No; I had come to the main arms, the shouting and the hurrying corridor, and still there was a breathing space between the surface of the water and the rocky ceiling above.

of many feet came to us from various parts of the temple. I knew that I was needed there, but I dared not

Then I turned up the main corridor leave Dejah Thoris, nor dared I take in the direction that Carthoris and the head of the column had passed a half hour before. On and on I swam, my

At last I bethought me of the pits hear growing lighter at every stroke, for I knew that I was approaching the point where there would be no turn and fetch her away in safety and chance that the waters ahead could be forever from this awful place? I exdeeper than they were about me.

A few more strokes brought me to point where my feet touched the or, and soon thereafter I was above the water level entirely and racing like mad along the corridor, searching for the first doorway that would lead me

If I could not have Dejah Thoris again I was at least determined to avenge her death, nor would any life satisfy me other than that of the fiend incarnate who was the cause of such immeasurable suffering upon Barsoom. Sooner than I had expected I came to what appeared to me to be a sud-den exit into the temple above. It was at the right side of the corridor.

which ran on probably to other entrances to the pile above. Without waiting to be again discovered and thwarted, I ran quickly up the short, steep incline and pushed

open the doorway at its end.

The portal swung slowly in, and before it could be slammed against me I

Though not yet dawn, the room was brilliantly lighted. Its sole occupant I had entered the chamber from belay prone upon a low couch at the far. there is the parameter of the room was the room the room that the far.

Cautiously I approached the recum-bent figure on noiseless feet. Closer and closer I came to it, but I had ing, I guided her across the threshold, crossed but little more than half the kissed her one chamber when the figure stirred and, door upon her. as I sprang, rose and faced me. At first an expression of terror over-

spread the features of the woman who confronted me, then startled incredul dozen chambers had I traversed before confronted me, then startled incredulity, hope, thanksgiving.

My heart pounded within my breast to my eyes.

The words that would have poured forth in a perfect torrent choked in my throat as I opened my arms and took into them once more the woman loved-Dejah Thoris, princess of Heli-

CHAPTER XVI.

Victory and Defeat. OHN CARTER! John Car-ter!" she sobbed, with her dear head upon my shoulder, "Even now I can scarce believe the witness of my own eyes. When the girl, Thuvia, told me that you had returned to Barsoom I listened, but I could not understand, for it seemed that such happiness would be impossible for one who had suffered so in silent loneliness for all these long years! At last, when I realized that it was truth and then came to know the awful place in which I was held prisoner, I learned to doubt that even you could reach me here.

all their right to live in accordance with the law of the survival of the fittest. "As the days passed and moon after moon went by without bringing even the faintest rumor of you. I resigned myself to my fate. And now that you have come scarce can I believe it.

"For an hour I have heard the sounds of conflict within the palace. I knew not what they meant, but I have hoped against hope that it might be the men of Helium; beaded by my

Sunbury, Pa., March 8,—John I. Carr, register and recorder, and P. Joseph Schmidt, County Commissioner, were among the county Democrats who attended the inauguration of President Wilson

MEANS TO GIRLS

How Many Girls Really Appreciate It, Query of Beatrice Fairfax

WHAT HOME MEANS TO A GIRL

By Beatrice Fairfax

Safety, protection, warmth, comfort and the assurance that there is a place where she belongs-all this me means to a girl. many girls appreciate it?

Each day I get many letters from estless, discontented, unhappy girls who complain because their parents want them to spend too much time sitting quietly at home of evenings, when their preference would be to "And tell me-what of Carthoris, our go about to dances.

One girl complains because her home is not more attractive, another "It must have been he whose men you makes herself miserable over the fact have heard battling within the prethat she is not permitted to entertain frequently, and a third waxes bitter because her parents imagine that she can find contentment in the "Where is Issus?" I asked suddenly. Dejah Thoris shrugged her shoul-

The girls who live in dreary hall "She sent me under guard to this the girls who live in dreary half bedrooms could a tale unfold for those who fail to appreciate the joys of home. When they are tired from a day's work, they come home and toil up the stairs to a dingy little cold room, where there is no one to the the stairs to a dingy little cold room, where there is no one to room just before the fighting began within the temple walls. She said that seemed very angry and somewhat fearful. Never have I seen her act in so greet them or to suggest that a glass of milk and a cookie might be wel-

I think any one of them would be glad just for the sound of a human voite when they come into the lonely little room that houses them in solitude; even if that human voice were a reproachful and scolding one The sounds of conflict, the clash of

a reproachful and scolding one, it would be something to break the gloom and the pain of loneliness.

The girl who has a home has a certain physical as well as psychical warmth and shelter in the fact that she is companioned.

Loneliness breeds introspection of Loneliness breeds introspection of a brooding and unhealthy kind. The mere fact that a girl escapes loneli-ness gives her a certain protection from dangers within and without. No matter what troubles you have to bear, no matter what disappoint-ment and rain comes to very if

to bear, no matter what disappointment and pain comes to you, if you have a home to go to you have a sanctuary and refuge for yourself.

Suppose you have teasing little brothers and sisters or selfish older ones, or even exacting parents—at least you have ties. You are not drifting rudderless on the unchartered sea of life. You have a background. If ever you are called on to give up a home against which you so bitterly inveigh, you will appreciate the utter inadequacy of any substitute. "I cannot bear to be parted from you now even for a moment, John Car-ter," she said. "I shudder at the thought of being alone again where that terrible creature might discover "None can imagine her ferocious cruelty who has not witnessed her daily acts for over half a year. It stitute.

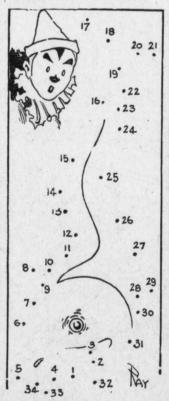
has taken me nearly all this time to as a home. For it. It is There is "nothing just as good" realize even the things that I have seen with my own eyes."

"I shall not leave you, then, my princess," I replied.

She was silent for a moment; then proven this true no matter how much She was silent for a moment; then youth doubts. she drew my face to hers and kissed

And youth has a great responsibility and privilege—that of keeping homes sweet. A little appreciation and self-sacrifice will do it. And home is well worth them both. "Go, John Carter," she said. "Our

DAILY DOT PUZZLES



Piffle says "I caught a —, Too large for a china dish." Braw from one to two and so on

I think we all knew that upon the MRS. CLARA HARPER DIES
Elizabethville, Pa., March 8.—Mrs.
Clara Harper, widow of Frank
Harper, a Civil War veteran, died at
the home of her daughter, Mrs. Clayton B. Holtzman, in West Main
street, on Tuesday, after a long jilness. Mrs. Harper lived most of her
married life near the "old forge"
close to the Loyalton depot. She was
a member of the Oakdale Evangelical
Church. Mrs. Harper was 71 years
old and is survived by five children,
Mrs. Clayton Holtzman, of this place;
Mrs. Samuel Nelmen, of Lykens; Mrs.
Charles Adams, of Philadelphia;
Charles Harper, of Shamokin, and
George Harper, of Shamokin, and
George Harper, of Loyalton. Funeral
services will be held on Saturday
with burial at Oakdale Church, the
Rev. C. H. Eagle officiating.

The fight.

"What of that?" I asked. "Drowned
bodies usually float."

"There's no miner in these diggings
but has gold enough in his belt to sink
him. If a man floats le's been robbed,
and you can tie to that reasoning.
And the fellows are all well mounted
and given to mysterious disappearances."

"In other words," broke in the doctor, "they are an organized band of
cutthroats and highway robbers making this honest camp a headquarters."

CHAPTER XXI.
The Fight. MRS. CLARA HARPER DIES outcome of this battle would hinge for ever the relative positions of these two races upon Barsoom. It was a battle between the old and the new, but not once did I question the outcome With Carthoris at my side I fought for the red men of Barsoom and from their total emancipation from the throttling bondage of a hideous superwhich sent a wave of exultation over

POTATO PRICE DROPS Waynesboro, Pa., March 8.—There was a slight drop in the high cost of living in Waynesboro yesterday when potatoes sold at \$2 per bushel and eggs at 28 cents per dozen



(Continued.).

"Is he a friend of yours?" inquired the spokesman after an uncertain moment.

"He likes fair play," said Johnny The trio moved off in the direction of

"We don't know any more about

Johnny, "but I tried a shot in the dark."

"Nevertheless," I told him, "I'm going to be there, and you want to make up your mind to just that."

"You will come, of course," agreed Johnny. "I suppose I cannot keep you from that. But Jim," he commanded earnestly, "you must swear to keep out of the row unless it develops into a general one, and you must swear not to speak to me or make any sign, no matter what happens. I must play a lone hand."

He was firm on this point, and in the end I gave my promise, to his evident relief.

"This is our visitors' day evidently," he observed. "Here come two more One of them is the doctor. I'd know that hat two miles.

"The other is our friend Danny Ran-

Dr. Rankin greeted us with a cor-I had not suspected in Randall nodded in his usual diffident fashion and slid into the oak shadow where he squatted on his heels.

"About this Scarface Charley." he said abruptly, "I hear he's issued his defi, and you've taken him up. Do

tou know anything about this sort or

"Not a bit," admitted Johnny frankly. "Is it a duel, and are you gentle-men here to act as my seconds?"

"It is not," stated the downright doc tor. "It's a barroom murder, and you cannot get around it, and I, for one, don't try. But now you're in for it

and you've got to go through with it"
"I intend to," said Johnny,
"It's not precisely that," objected
Danny Randall, "for, d'ye see, he's sent you warning.'

"It's about all the warning you'll get!" snorted the doctor.

"There's a sort of rule about it," perthere is a sort of rule about it, persisted Rangell. "And that's what I'm here to tell you. He'll try to come up on you suddenly, probably from behind, and he'll say 'draw and defend yourself,' and shoot you as soon after that as he can. You want to see him first; that's all."

"Thanks," said Johnny. exploded the doctor, "if you don't kill that fellow, by the Eternal.

when you get a chance"—
"You'll give him a pill, doctor," interrupted Randall, with a little chuckle. "But look here," he said to Johnny, "after all, this sort of a mess isn't required of you. You say the word and I'll take on this Scarface Charley and run him out of town. He's a good deal

"Thank you," said Johnny stiffly, "I intend to paddle my own canoe."
Randall nodded.

"I don't know as we can help you any more," said he. "I just thought you ought to be on to the way it is

"I'm obliged to you," said Johnny warmly. "The only doubt in my mind was when I was privileged to open." "I'd pot him through the window with a shotgun first chance I got," stated the doctor. "That sort of a ruffian is just like a mad dog."
"Of course you would, doctor," said

Randall, with just the faintest suspicion of sarcasm in his voice. "Well, I guess we'll be toddling." But I wanted some information, and

'Who is this Scarface Charley?" I asked.

"Got me," replied Randall. "You fellows seemed to recognize him. Only he's one of the gang undoubtedly." "The gang?"

"Oh, the general run of hangers-on! Nobody knows how they live, but ev-ery one suspects. Some of them work, but not many. There are a heap of disappearances that no one knows anything about, and every once in awhile a man is found drowned and float-ing—floating, mind you!"

The Fight.

E ate a very silent supper, washed our dishes method-ically and walked up to town. The Bella Union was the largest of the three gambling

houses, a log and canvas structure some forty feet long by perhaps twenty wide. A bar extended across one nd, and the gaming tables were ar ranged down the middle. A dozen oil lamps with reflectors furnished illumi-All five tables were doing a brisk

business. When we paused at the door for a preliminary survey the bar was lined with drinkers, and groups of twos and threes were slowly saun-tering here and there or conversing at the tops of their voices with many guffaws. The air was thick with tobacco smoke. Johnny stepped just inside the door, moved sideways and so stood with his back to the wall. His keen eyes went from group to group slowly, resting for a moment in on each of the five impassive gamblers and their lookouts, on the two bar-keepers and then one by one on the men with whom the place was crowded. Following his, my glance recognized at a corner of the bar Danny Randall with five rough looking miners. He caught my eye and nodded. No one else appeared to notice us, though I imagined the noise of the place sank and rose again at the first

moment of our entrance. "Jim," said Johnny to me quietly, "there's Danny Randall at the other end of the room. Go join him. I want you to leave me to play my own game."

I started to object.

"Please do as I say," insisted Johnny. "I can take care of myself unless there's a general row. In that case all my friends are better together."

Without further protest I left him and edged my way to the group at the end of the bar. Randall nodded to me as I came up and motioned to the bar-keeper to set me out a glass, but said nothing. Ours was the only lot away from the gaming tables not talking. We sipped our drink and watched

Johnny. After surveying coolly the room Johnny advanced to the farther of the gam-ing tables and began to play. His back was toward the entrance. The game was roulette, and Johnny tossed down his bets methodically, studying with apparent absorption each shift of the wheel. To all appearance he was intent on the game and nothing else, and he talked and laughed with his neighbors and the dealer as though his spirit were quite carefree.

For ten minutes we watched. There a huge figure appeared in the black-

ness of the doorway, slipped through and instantly to one side, so that his back was to the wall. Scarface Char-ley had arrived.

He surveyed the place as we had done, almost ine antly caught sight of Johnny and immediately began to make his way across the room through the crowds of loungers. Johnny was laying a bet, bending over the table, joking with the impassive dealer, his back turned to the door, totally oblivious of his enemy's approach. I started forward, instantly realized the hopelessness of either getting quickly through that crowd or of making myself heard and leaned back, clutching hesitating, his hand hovering uncertainly above the marked squares of the layout, in doubt exactly where to bet. Scarface Charley shouldered his way through the loungers and reached the clear space immediately behind his unconscious victim. He stopped for an instant, squared his shoulders and took one step forward. Johnny dropped his chips on the felt layout, con-



Almost With the Motion It Barked, and the Big Man Whirled to the Floor.

templated his choice an instant-and suddenly whirled on his heel in a lightning about face.

(To Be Continued)

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