

#### "ARE YOU HUMAN?"

Synopsis.-The author tells of his acquaintance with the hero of one of the most remarkable adventures ever recorded. From a manuscript left by his friend he has vividly set out the strange happenings which brought together a brave Virginia gentleman and a Princess of Mars. in the Arizona hills John Carter, mining prospector and ex-Confedtrate soldier, fleeing from a war party of Apaches, takes refuge in a cave the atmosphere of which has a remarkable effect on him. Yielding to its influence he sinks into unconsciousness, his last thoughts centered on the glow from the planet Mars. Awaking, Carter realizes that he has, in some incomprehensible manner, been transported to Mars. He is surprised by a party of armed Martian warriors, who seek his life. He convinces their leader, Tars Tarkas, of his harmiessness and is conveyed, a prisoner, to a Martian city. Three days later a fleet of warships from the neighboring state of Helium, passing over the city, is attacked by Carter's captors, the green Mar-tians. The fleet is scattered and one of the airships captured. Among the prisoners is a young woman of a race different from the green Martians and more closely resembling the women of the earth. Carter ascertains that the fair prisoner's name is Dejah Thoris, granddaughter of the Jeddak, or ruler, of Heljum. He also ascertains that according to custom she is doomed to die by torture. He fights for her and assures her of his sym-

### CHAPTER IV-Continued.

They removed their prisoner to the ground and then commenced a systematic rifling of the vessel. This operation required several hours, during which time a number of the charlots were requisitioned to transport the loot, which consisted of arms, ammunition, silks, furs, jewels, strangely carved stone vessels, and a quantity of solid foods and liquids, including many casks of water, the first I had

seen since my advent upon Mars. After the last load had been removed the warriors made lines fast to the craft and towed her far out into the valley in a southwesterly direction. A few of them then boarded her and were busily engaged in what appeared, from my distant position, as the emptying of the contents of various carboys upon the dead bodies of the sailors and over the decks and

works of the vessel. This operation concluded, they hastily clambered over her sides, sliding down the guy ropes to the ground. The last warrior to leave the deck turned and threw something back upon the vessel, waiting an instant to note the outcome of his act. As a faint spurt of flame rose from the point where the missile struck he swung over the side and was quickly upon the ground. Scarcely had he alighted than the guy ropes were simultaneously released, and the great warship, lightened by the removal of the loot, soared majestically into the air, her decks and upper works a mass of roaring flames.

The sight was awe-inspiring in the extreme as one contemplated this mighty floating funeral pyre, drifting unguided and unmanned through the lonely wastes of the Martian heavens; a derelict of death and destruction, typifying the life story of these strange and feroclous creatures into whose unfriendly hands fate had carried it.

Much depressed, and, to me, unaccountably so, I slowly descended to the street. The scene I had witnessed seemed to mark the defeat and annihilation of the forces of a kindred people, rather than the routing by our green warriors of a horde of similar, though unfriendly, creatures. I could not fathom the seeming hallucination, nor could I free myself from it; but somewhere in the innermost recesses of my soul I felt a strange yearning toward these unknown foemen, and a mighty hope surged through me that the fleet would return and demand a reckoning from the green warriors who had so ruthlessly and wantonly attacked it.

Lorquas Ptomel was too astute an old warrior to be caught upon the open plains with a caravan of charlots and children, and so we remained at the deserted city until danger of a reprisal attack seemed passed.

As Sola and I entered the plaza a sight met my eye which filled my whole being with a great surge of mingled hope, fear, exultation and depresssion, and yet most dominant was a subtle sense of relief and happiness: for just as we neared the throng of Martians I caught a glimpse of the prisoner from the battle craft who was being roughly dragged into a near-by building by a couple of green Martian

And the sight which met my eyes was that of a slender, girlish figure, millar in every detail to the earthly no lawyers.

women of my past life. She did not see me at first, but just as she was disappearing through the portal of the building which was to be her prison she turned and her eyes met mine. Her face was oval and beautiful in the extreme, her every feature was finely chiseled and exquisite, her eyes large and lustrous and her head surmounted by a mass of coal-black, waving hair, caught loosely into a strange yet becoming coiffure. Her skin was of a light reddish copper color, against which the crimson glow of her cheeks and the ruby of her beautifully molded lips shone with a strangely enhancing effect.

She was as destitute of clothes as the green Martians who accompanied her: Indeed, save for her highly wrought ornaments she was entirely naked, nor could any apparel have enhanced the beauty of her perfect and symmetrical figure.

As her gaze rested on me her eyes opened wide in astonishment and she made a little sign with her free hand; a sign which I did not, of course, understand. Just a moment we gazed upon each other, and then the look of hope and renewed courage which had giorified her face as she discovered me, faded into one of utter dejection, mingled with loathing and contempt. I realized I had not answered her signal, and ignorant as I was of Martian customs, I intuitively felt that she had made an appeal for succor and protection which my unfortunate ignorance had prevented me from answering. And then she was dragged out of my sight into the depths of the deserted edifice.

#### CHAPTER V.

I Learn the Language.

As I reached the doorway of our building a strange surprise awaited me. A warrior approached bearing the arms, ornaments and full accouterments of his kind. These he presented to me with a few unintelligible words and a bearing at once respectful and menacing.

Later Sola, with the aid of several of the other women, remodeled the trappings to fit my lesser proportions and after they completed the work I went about garbed in all the panoply

The training of myself and the young Martians was conducted solely by the women, who not only attend to the education of the young in the arts of individual defense and offense. but are also the artisans who produce every manufactured article wrought by the green Martians. In time of actual warfare they form a part of the reserves, and when the necessity arises fight with even greater intelligence and ferocity than the men.



"And the Sight Which Met My Eyes Was That of a Siender, Girlish Figure, Similar in Every Detail to the Earthly Women of My Past Life."

The men are trained in the higher branches of the art of war; in strategy and the maneuvering of large bodies of troops. They make the laws as they are needed; a new law for each emergency. Customs have been handed down by ages of repetition, but the punishment for ignoring a custom is a matter for individual treatment by a jury of the culprit's peers, and I may say that justice seldom misses fire, but seems rather to rule in inverse ratio to the ascendency of law. In one respect at least the Martians are a happy people; they have

I did not see the prisoner again for several days subsequent to our first encounter, and then only to catch a fleeting glimpse of her as she was being conducted to the great audience chamber where I had had my first meeting with Lorguas Ptomel.

I had observed on the two occasions when I had seen her that the prisoner exchanged words with her guards, and this convinced me that they spoke, or at least could make themselves understood by a common language. With this added incentive I nearly drove Sola distracted by my importunities to hasten on my education, and within a few more days I had mastered the Martian tongue sufficiently well to enable me to carry on a passable conversation and to fully understand practically all that I heard.

At this time our sleeping quarters were occupied by three or four females and a couple of the recently hatched young, beside Sola and her youthful ward, myself, and Woola the hound. After they had retired for the night it was customary for the adults to carry on a desultory conversation for a short time before lapsing into sleep, and now that I could understand their language I was always a keen listener, although I never proffered any remarks myself.

On the night following the prisoner's visit to the audience chamber the conversation finally fell upon this subject, and I was all ears on the instant.

Sarkoja, one of the older women who shared our domicile, had been present at the audience as one of the captive's guards, and it was toward her the questioners turned.

"When," asked one of the women, "will we enjoy the death throes of the red one, or does Lorquas Ptomel, Jed, intend holding her for ransom?"

"They have decided to carry her with us back to Thark, and exhibit her last agonles at the great games before Tal Hajus," replied Sarkoja. "What will be the manner of her

going out?" inquired Sola. "She is very small and very beautiful; I had hoped that they would hold her for ransom."

One thing this episode accomplished was to assure me of Sola's friendliness toward the poor girl, and also to convince me that I had been extremely fortunate in falling into her hands rather than those of some of the other females. I knew that she was fond of me, and now that her remarks showed that she hated cruelty and barbarity I was confident that I could depend upon her to sid me and the girl captive to escape, provided of course that such a thing was within the range of possibilities.

Early the next morning I was astir. Considerable freedom was allowed me, as Sola had informed me that so long as I did not attempt to leave the city I was free to go and come as I pleased. She had warned me, however, against venturing forth unarmed, as this city. like all other deserted metropolises of an ancient Martian civilization, was peopled by the great white apes of my second day's adventure.

On this morning I had chosen a new street to explore when suddenly I found myself at the limits of the city. I longed to explore the country before me, and, like the ploneer stock from which I sprang, to view what the landscape beyond the encircling hills might disclose from the summits which shut out my view.

As I approached the boundary line Woola ran anxiously before me, and thrust his body against my legs. His expression was pleading rather than ferocious, nor did he bare his great tusks or utter his fearful guttural warnings. Denied the friendship and companionship of my kind, I had developed considerable affection for Woola and Sola, for the normal earthly man must have some outlet for his natural affections, and so I decided upon an appeal to a like instinct in this great brute, sure that I would not be disappointed.

I had never petted nor fondled him, but now I sat upon the ground and putting my arms around his heavy neck I stroked and coaxed him, talking in my newly acquired Martian tongue as I would have to my hound at home, as I would have talked to any other friend among the lower animals. His response to my manifestation of affection was remarkable to a degree; he stretched his great mouth to its full width, baring the entire expanse of his upper rows of tusks and wrinkling his folds of flesh. If you have ever seen a collie smile you may have some idea of Woola's facial distortion.

There was no further question of authority between us; Woola was my devoted slave from that moment hence, and I, his only and undisputed master. My walk to the hills occupled but a few minutes, and I found nothing of particular interest to reward me. But the walk had been large with importance to me, for it had resulted in a perfect understanding with Woola, upon whom Tars Tarkas relied for my safe keeping. I now knew that while theoretically a prisoner I was virtually free, and I hastened to regain the city limits before the defection of Woola could be discovered by his erstwhile masters.

On regaining the plaza I had my third glimpse of the captive girl. She was standing with her guards before the entrance to the audience chamber. and as I approached she gave me one haughty glance and turned her back full upon me. The act was so womanly, so earthly womanly, that though it stung my pride it also warmed my heart with a feeling of companionship; it was good to know that some one else on Mars beside myself had human instincts of a civilized order, even though the manifestation of them was so painful and mortifying.

Seeing that the prisoner seemed the | mine and sprang up again upon his | eca.

center of attraction I halted to view | breast, hooking one leg over the butt the proceedings. The council squatted upon the steps of the rostrum, while below them stood the prisoner and her two guards. I saw that one of the women was Sarkoja, and thus understood how she had been present at the hearing of the preceding day, the results of which she bad reported to the occupants of our dormitory last night. Her attitude toward the captive was most barsh and brutal. She seemed to be venting upon this poor defenseless creature all the hatred. cruelty, ferocity, and spite of her nine hundred years, backed by unguessable

ages of fierce and brutal ancestors. As Lorquas Ptomel raised his eyes to address the prisoner they fell on me and he turned to Tars Tarkas with a word, and gesture of impatience. Tars Tarkas made some reply which I could not catch, but which caused Lorquas Ptomel to smile; after which they pald no further attention to me.

"What is your name?" asked Lorquas Ptomel, addressing the prisoner. "Dejah Thoris, daughter of Mors Kajak of Helium."

"And the nature of your expedition?" he continued. "It was a purely scientific research

party sent out by my father's father, the Jeddak of Helium, to rechart the



"I Delivered Blow After Blow Upon His Enormous Chest."

air currents, and to take atmospheric density tests," replied the fair prisoner, in a low, well-modulated voice. "We were unprepared for battle," she continued, "as we were on a peaceful mission, as our banners and the colors of our craft denoted. The work we were doing was as much in your interests as in ours, for you know full well that were it not for our labors and the fruits of our scientific operations there would not be enough air or water on Mars to support a single human life. For ages we have maintained the air and water supply at practically the same point without an appreciable loss, and we have done this in the face of the brutal and ignorant interference of you green

men. "Why, oh, why will you not learn to live in amity with your fellows? Must you ever go on down the ages to your final extinction but little above the plane of the dumb brutes that serve you! Come back to the ways of our common ancestors, come back to the light of kindliness and fellowship. The way is open to you, you will find the hands of the red men stretched out to aid you. The granddaughter of the greatest and mightiest of the red jeddaks has asked you. Will you come?"

Lorquas Ptomel and the warriors sat looking silently and intently at the young woman for several moments after she had ceased speaking. That they were moved I truly believe, and if one man high among them had been strong enough to rise above custom, that moment would have marked a new and mighty era for Mars.

I saw Tars Tarkas rise to speak and on his face was such an expression as I had never seen upon the countenance of a green Martian warrior. It bespoke an inward and mighty battle with self, with heredity, with age-old custom, and as he opened his mouth to speak, a look almost of benignity, of kindliness, momentarily lighted up his flerce and terrible coun-

What words of moment were to have fallen from his lips were never spoken, as just then a young warrior, evidently sensing the trend of thought among the older men, leaped down from the steps of the rostrum, and striking the frail captive a powerful blow across the face, which felled her to the floor, placed his foot upon her prostrate form, and turning toward the assembled council, broke into peals of hor-

rid, mirthless laughter. That I have taken moments to write down a part of what occurred as that blow fell does not signify that I remained inactive for any such length of time. Scarcely had his hideous laugh rang out but once, when I was upon him. The brute was twelve feet in height and armed to the teeth, but I believe that I could have accounted for the whole roomful in the terrific intensity of my rage. Springing upward. I struck him full in the face as he turned at my warning cry, and then as he drew his short sword I drew

of his pistol and grasping one of his huge tusks with my left hand while I delivered blow after blow upon his enormous chest. With all his immense bulk he was little if any stronger than I and it was but the matter of a moment or two before he sank, bleeding and lifeless, to the floor.

Dejah Thoris had raised herself upon one elbow and was watching the battle with wide, staring eyes. When I had regained my feet I raised her In my arms and bore her to one of the benches at the side of the room.

Again no Martian Interfered with me, and when she could speak she placed her hand upon my arm, and looking into my eyes, said:

"Why did you it? You, who refused me even friendly recognition in the first hour of my peril! And now you risk your life and kill one of your companions for my sake. I cannot understand. What strange manner of man are you, that you consort with the green men, though your form is that of my race, while your color is ape? Tell me, are you human, or are you more than human?"

"It is a strange tale," I replied, "too long to attempt to tell you now. Suffice it, for the present, that I am your friend, and, so far as our captors will permit, your protector and your servant."

"Then you, too, are a prisoner? What is your name? Why your regalla as a chleftain?"

"Ycs, Dejah Thoris, I too am a prisoner; my name is John Carter, and I claim Virginia, one of the United States of American Earth, as my home; but why I am permitted to wear arms I do not know, nor was I aware that my regalia was that of a chieftam."

We were interrupted at this juncture by the approach of one of the warriors, bearing arms, accouterments and ornaments, and in a flash one of her questions was answered and a puzzle cleared up for me. I saw that the body of my dead antagonist had been stripped, and I read in the menacing yet respectful attitude of the warrior who had brought me these trophles of the kill the same demeanor as that evinced by the other who had brought me my original equipment, and now for the first time I realized that my blow, on the occasion of my first battle in the audience chamber had resulted in the death of my adversary.

I was accorded the honors due a conqueror; the trappings and the position of the man I killed. In truth, I was a Martian chieftain, and this I learned later was the cause of my great freedom and my toleration in the audience chamber.

As I had turned to receive the dead warrior's chattels I had noticed that Tars Tarkas and several others had pushed forward toward us. The chief addressed me:

"Do you know what your unprecedented temerity would have cost you had you failed to kill either of the two chieftains whose metal you now wear?" he asked.

"I presume that that one whom I had failed to kill, would have killed me," I answered, smiling.

"No, you are wrong. Only in the last extremity of self-defense would a Martian warrior kill a prisoner; we like to save them for other purposes,' and his face bespoke possibilities that were not pleasant to dwell upon.

"But one thing can save you now," he continued. "Should you, in recognition of your remarkable valor, ferocity and prowess, be considered by Tal Hajus as worthy of his service you may be taken into the community and become a full-fledged Tharkian. Until we reach the headquarters of Tal Hajus you will be treated by us as a Tharkian chieftain, but you must not forget that every chief who ranks you is responsible for your safe delivery to our mighty and most feroclous ruler. I am done."

"I hear you, Tars Tarkas," I answered. "If you will leave me alone I will go in peace, but if not, let the individual Barsoomians with whom I must deal either respect my rights as a stranger among you, or take whatever consequences may befall. Of one thing let us be sure, whatever may be your ultimate intentions toward this unfortunate young woman, whoever would offer her injury or insult in the future must figure on a full accounting to me.

I had guessed at the keynote which would strike an answering chord in the breasts of the green Martians, nor was I wrong, for my harangue evidently deeply impressed them, and their attitude toward me thereafter was still further respectful.

I now turned my attention to Dejah Thoris, and assisting her to her feet I turned with her toward the exit, ignoring her hovering guardian harples as well as the inquiring glances of the chieftains. Was I not now a chieftain also! Well, then, I would assume the responsibilities of one. They did not molest us, and so Dejah Thoris, princess of Helium, and John Carter, gentleman of Virginia, followed by the faithful Woola, passed through niter silence from the audience chamber of Lorquas Ptomel, Jed among the Tharks of Barsoom.

"Where may you be from?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Lines to Be Remembered.

We should give as we would receive: cheerfully, quickly and without hesitation; for there is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the fingers-Sen-

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cally. "Who said that?" "Oh, I heard it. Is it not so?" "Well, I suppose he likes to fiddle,

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