



"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-Confederate 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. Awakening, 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 harmlessness and is conveyed, a prisoner, to a Martian city. Three days later a fleet of warships from the neighboring state of Hellum, passing over the city, is attacked by Carter's captors, the green Martians. 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 Hellum. He also ascertains that according to custom she is doomed to die by torture. He fights for her and assures her of his sympathy.

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 chariots 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 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 ferocious 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 foes, 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.

A Princess of Mars
by **Edgar Rice Burroughs**
Author of **Tarzan Of The Apes**
Illustrations by **IRWIN MYERS**
Copyright, A. C. McClurg and Company

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.

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 accoutrements 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 of war.

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 Slender, 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 ascendancy of law. In one respect at least the Martians are a happy people; they have no lawyers.

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 Lorquas 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.

CHAPTER VI.

I Deliver 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 kindness 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 kindness, momentarily lighted up his fierce and terrible countenance.

center of attraction I halted to view 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 had reported to the occupants of our dormitory last night. Her attitude toward the captive was most harsh 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 paid no further attention to me.

"What is your name?" asked Lorquas Ptomel, addressing the prisoner.

"Dejah Thoris, daughter of Mors Kajak of Hellum."

"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 Hellum, to rechart the

breast, hooking one leg over the butt 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 do 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 little darker than that of the white 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 regalia as a chieftain?"

"Yes, 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 chieftain."

We were interrupted at this juncture by the approach of one of the warriors, bearing arms, accoutrements 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 trophies 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.

WHY DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND SWAMP-ROOT

For many years druggists have watched with much interest the remarkable record maintained by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine.

It is a physician's prescription. Swamp-Root is a strengthening medicine. It helps the kidneys, liver and bladder do the work nature intended they should do.

Swamp-Root has stood the test of years. It is sold by all druggists on its merit and it should help you. No other kidney medicine has so many friends.

Be sure to get Swamp-Root and start treatment at once.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

Defining Their Efforts.

"Hello, old chap," cried Meadows. "Haven't seen you for an age. How are you getting on with those new neighbors of yours? I hear they are musical."

"Are what?" asked Flatleigh, cynically.

"Who said that?"

"Oh, I heard it. Is it not so?"

"Well, I suppose he likes to fiddle, and the wife likes to yell, if that's what you mean."—London Answers.

A postal card to Garfield Tea Co., Brooklyn, N. Y., asking for sample will repay you.—Adv.

Eccentricity gets the least consideration on the street car.

Grove's
is the Genuine and Only
Laxative
Bromo
Quinine
tablets

The first and original Cold and Grip tablet, the merit of which is recognized by all civilized nations.

Be careful to avoid imitations.

Be sure its Bromo

E. W. Grove
The genuine bears this signature
30c.

16799 DIED

In New York City alone from kidney trouble last year. Don't allow yourself to become a victim by neglecting pains and aches. Guard against this trouble by taking

GOLD MEDAL HARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles. Holland's national remedy since 1895. All druggists, three sizes. Guaranteed. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

Bad Stomach Sends Her to Bed for 10 Months

Eatonie Gets Her Up!

"Over a year ago," says Mrs. Dora Williams, "I took to bed and for 10 months did not think I would live. Eatonie helped me so much I am now up and able to work. I recommend it highly for stomach trouble."

Eatonie helps people to get well by taking up and carrying out the excess acidity and gases that put the stomach out of order. If you have indigestion, sourness, heartburn, belching, food repeating, or other stomach distress, take an Eatonie after each meal. Big box costs only a trifle with your druggist's guarantee.

Always in Style

Good health is always in style. It matches any color you wear. It fits into any kind of politics and any kind of religion. Good health comes from good blood. If your blood is out of order, take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. You need it if your food doesn't sit right in the stomach, if you are run down, if you can't sleep well, if you tire easily, if you are out of sorts. Take it, have good health and be happy just as so many others do. Send 10c to Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel Buffalo, N. Y., if you want a large trial package.



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



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

"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.—Seneca.