

A PRINCESS OF MARS

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**Tarzan of the
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CHAPTER XII—Continued.

There is always sufficient reserve of the ninth ray stored in the great building to maintain the present Martian atmosphere for a thousand years, and the only fear, as my new friend told me, was that some accident might befall the pumping apparatus.

Before I retired for the night he promised to give me a letter to a nearby agricultural officer who would help me on my way to Zodanga, which he said was the nearest Martian city.

"But be sure that you do not let them know you are bound for Hellum, as they are at war with that country. My assistant and I are of no country we belong to all Barsoom and this talisman which we wear protects us in all lands, even among the green men—though we do not trust ourselves to their hands if we can avoid it," he added.

"And so good-night, my friend," he continued, "may you have a long and restful sleep—yes, a long sleep."

And though he smiled pleasantly I saw in his thoughts the wish that he had never admitted me, and then a picture of him standing over me in the night, and the swift thrust of a long dagger and the half-formed words, "I am sorry, but it is for the best good of Barsoom."

What was I to do? How could I escape through these mighty walls? Easily could I kill him now that I was warned, but once he was dead I could no more escape, and with the stopping of the machinery of the great plant I should die with all the other inhabitants of the planet—all, even Dejah Thoris were she not already dead.

Cautiously I opened the door of my apartment and, followed by Woola, sought the inner of the great doors. A wild scheme had come to me; I would attempt to force the great locks by the nine thought waves I had read in my host's mind.

Creeping stealthily through corridor after corridor and down winding runways which turned hither and thither I finally reached the great hall in which I had broken my long fast that morning.

I was on the point of stepping boldly out into the room when a slight noise behind me warned me back into the shadows of a recess in the corridor. Dragging Woola after me I crouched low in the darkness.

Presently the old man passed close by me, and as he entered the dimly lighted chamber which I had been about to pass through I saw that he held a long thin dagger in his hand and that he was sharpening it upon a stone. In his mind was the decision to inspect the radium pumps, which would take about thirty minutes, and then return to my bedchamber and finish me.

As he passed through the great hall and disappeared down the runway which led to the pumproom, I stole stealthily from my hiding place and crossed to the great door, the inner of the three which stood between me and liberty.

Concentrating my mind upon the massive lock I hurled the nine thought waves against it. In breathless expectancy I waited, when finally the great door moved softly toward me and slid quietly to one side. One after the other the remaining mighty portals opened at my command and Woola and I stepped forth into the darkness, free, but little better off than we had been before, other than that we had full stomachs.

Hastening away from the shadows of the formidable pile I made for the first crossroad, intending to strike the central turnpike as quickly as possible. This I reached about morning and entering the first enclosure I came to I searched for some evidence of a habitation.

There were low rambling buildings of concrete barred with heavy impassable doors, and no amount of hammering and hallooing brought any response. Weary and exhausted from sleeplessness I threw myself upon the ground commanding Woola to stand guard.

Some time later I was awakened by his frightful growlings and opened my eyes to see three red Martians standing a short distance from us and covering me with their rifles.

"I am unarmed and no enemy," I hastened to explain. "I have been a prisoner among the green men and am on my way to Zodanga. All I ask is food and rest for myself and my cat and the proper directions for reaching my destination."

They lowered their rifles and advanced pleasantly toward me, placing their right hands upon my left shoulder, after the manner of their custom of salute, and asking me many questions about myself and my wanderings. They then took me to the house of one of them which was only a short distance away.

They were the personification of cordiality and hospitality and I spent several days with them, resting and recuperating from my long and arduous experiences.

When I was ready to depart they furnished me with a small domestic bull throat, such as is used for saddle

purposes by all red Martians. The animal is about the size of a horse and quite gentle, but in color and shape an exact replica of his huge and fierce cousin of the wilds.

The brothers had supplied me with a reddish oil with which I anointed my entire body and one of them cut my hair, which had grown quite long, in the prevailing fashion of the time, square at the back and banged in front, so that I could have passed anywhere upon Barsoom as a full-fledged red Martian. My metal and ornaments were also renewed in the style of a Zodangan gentleman, attached to the house of Pfor, which was the family name of my benefactors.

CHAPTER XIII.

An Air Scout for Zodanga.

As I proceeded on my journey toward Zodanga many strange and interesting sights arrested my attention, and at the several farmhouses where I stopped I learned a number of new and instructive things concerning the methods and manners of Barsoom.

The water which supplies the farms of Mars is collected in immense underground reservoirs at either pole from the melting ice caps, and pumped through long conduits to the various populated centers. Instead of flooding the surface of the fields, and thus wasting immense quantities of water by evaporation, the precious liquid is carried underground through a vast network of small pipes directly to the roots of the vegetation. The crops upon Mars are always uniform, for there are no droughts, no rains, no high winds, and no insects, or destroying birds.

On this trip I tasted the first meat I had eaten since leaving Earth—large, juicy steaks and chops from the well-fed domestic animals of the farms. Also I enjoyed luscious fruits and vegetables, but not a single article of food which was exactly similar to anything on Earth.

At a second stop I met some highly cultivated people of the noble class and while in conversation we chanced to speak of Hellum. One of the older men had been there on a diplomatic mission several years before and spoke with regret of the conditions which seemed destined ever to keep these two countries at war.

"Hellum," he said, "rightly boasts the most beautiful women of Barsoom, and of all her treasures the wondrous daughter of Mors Kajak, Dejah Thoris, is the most exquisite flower."

"Why," he added, "the people really worship the ground she walks upon and since her loss on that ill-starred expedition all Hellum has been draped in mourning."

"That our ruler should have attacked the disabled fleet as it was returning to Hellum was but another of his awful blunders which I fear will sooner or later compel Zodanga to elevate a wiser man to his place."

"Even now, though our victorious armies are surrounding Hellum, the people of Zodanga are voicing their displeasure, for the war is not a popular one, since it is not based on right or justice. Our forces took advantage of the absence of the principal fleet of Hellum on their search for the princess, and we have been able easily to reduce the city to a sorry plight."

"And what, think you, may have been the fate of the princess, Dejah Thoris?" I asked as casually as possible.

"She is dead," he answered. "This much was learned from a green warrior recently captured by our forces in the south. She escaped from the borders of Thark with a strange creature of another world, only to fall into the hands of the Warhoons. Their thoughts were found wandering upon the sea bottom and evidences of a bloody conflict were discovered near-by."

While this information was in no way reassuring, neither was it at all conclusive proof of the death of Dejah Thoris, and so I determined to make every effort possible to reach Hellum as quickly as I could and carry to Tardos Mors such news of his granddaughter's possible whereabouts as lay in my power.

Ten days after leaving the three Pfor brothers I arrived at Zodanga. From the moment that I had come in contact with the red inhabitants of Mars I had noticed that Woola drew a great amount of unwelcome attention to me, since the huge brute belonged to a species which is never domesticated by the red men. Were one to stroll down Broadway with a Numidian lion at his heels the effect would be somewhat similar to that which I should have produced had I entered Zodanga with Woola.

As I would willingly have offered my life in the service of her in search of whom I was about to challenge the unknown dangers of this, to me, mysterious city, I could not permit even Woola's life to threaten the success of my venture, much less his momentary happiness, for I doubted not he soon would forget me. And so I bade the poor beast an affectionate farewell, promising him, however, that if I came through my adventure in safety that in some way I should find the means to search him out.

He seemed to understand me fully, and when I pointed back in the direction of Thark he turned sorrowfully away, nor could I bear to watch him go; but resolutely set my face toward Zodanga and with a touch of heartstickness approached her frowning walls.

The letter I bore gained me immediate entrance to the vast, walled city. The Pfor brothers had given me explicit directions for reaching the point of the city where I could find living accommodations and he near the offices of the government agents to whom they had given me letters. My way led to the central square or plaza, which is a characteristic of all Martian cities.

As I was crossing the great square lost in wonder and admiration of the magnificent architecture and the gorgeous scarlet vegetation which carpeted the broad lawns I discovered a red Martian walking briskly toward me from one of the avenues. He paid not the slightest attention to me, but as he came abreast I recognized him, and turning I placed my hand upon his shoulder, calling out, "Kaor, Kantos Kan!"

Like lightning he wheeled and before I could so much as lower my hand the point of his longsword was at my breast.

"Who are you?" he growled, and then as a backward leap carried me fifty feet from his sword he dropped the point to the ground and exclaimed, laughing, "I do not need a better reply. There is but one man upon all Barsoom who can bounce about like a rubber ball. By the mother of the further moon, John Carter, how came you here, and have you become a Darsen that you can change your color at will?"

"You gave me a bad half minute, my friend," he continued, after I had briefly outlined my adventures since parting with him in the arena at Warhoon. "Were my name and city known to the Zodangans I would shortly be sitting on the banks of the lost sea of Korus with my revered and departed ancestors. I am here in the interests of the Tardos Mors, Jeddak of Hellum, to discover the whereabouts of Dejah Thoris, our princess. Sab Than, prince of Zodanga, has her hidden in the city and has fallen madly in love with her."

"I have been here three days, but I have not yet found where Dejah Thoris is imprisoned. Today I join the Zodangan navy as an air scout and I hope in this way to win the confidence of Sab Than, the prince, who is commander of this division of the navy, and thus learn the whereabouts of Dejah Thoris. I am glad that you are here, John Carter, for I know your loyalty to my princess and two of us working together should be able to accomplish much."

The plaza was now commencing to fill with people going and coming upon the daily activities of their du-

"This ruse will be discovered later," he cheerfully explained, "when they check up my weights, measurements, and other personal identification data, but it will be several months before this is done and our mission should be accomplished or have failed long before that time."

The next few days were spent by Kantos Kan in teaching me the intricacies of flying and of repairing the dainty little contrivances which the Martians use for this purpose. The fourth day after my arrival at Zodanga I made my first flight, and as a result of it I won a promotion which included quarters in the palace of Than Kosis.

As I rose above the city I circled several times, as I had seen Kantos Kan do, and then throwing my engine into top speed I raced at terrific velocity toward the south, following one of the great waterways which enter Zodanga from that direction.

I had traversed perhaps two hundred miles in a little less than an hour when I descried far below me a party of three green warriors racing madly toward a small figure on foot which seemed to be trying to reach the confines of one of the walled fields.

Dropping my machine rapidly toward them, and circling to the rear of the warriors, I soon saw that the object of their pursuit was a red Martian wearing the metal of the scout squadron to which I was attached. A short distance away lay his tiny flier, surrounded by the tools with which he had evidently been occupied in repairing some damage when surprised by the green warriors.

They were now almost upon him; their flying mounts charging down on the relatively puny figure at terrific speed, while the warriors leaned low to the right, with their great metal-shod spears. Each seemed striving to be the first to impale the poor Zodangan and in another moment his fate would have been sealed had it not been for my timely arrival.

Driving my flier air craft at high speed directly behind the warriors I soon overtook them and without diminishing my speed I rammed the prow of my little flier between the shoulders of the nearest. The impact, sufficient to have torn through inches of solid steel, hurled the fellow's headless body into the air over the head of his throat, where it fell sprawling upon the moss. The mounts of the other two warriors turned squealing in terror, and bolted in opposite directions.

Reducing my speed I circled and came to the ground at the feet of the astonished Zodangan. He was warm in his thanks for my timely aid and promised that my day's work would bring the reward it merited, for it was none other than a cousin of the jeddak of Zodanga whose life I had saved.

Hastening to his damaged machine we were bending every effort to finish the needed repairs and had almost completed them when we saw the two green monsters returning: a top speed from opposite sides of us. When they had approached within a hundred yards their shouts again became unmanageable and absolutely refused to advance further toward the air craft which had frightened them.

The warriors finally dismounted and hobbling their animals advanced toward us on foot with drawn long-swords. I advanced to meet the larger, telling the Zodangan to do the best he could with the other. Finishing my man with almost no effort, as had now from much practice become habitual with me, I hastened to return to my new acquaintance whom I found indeed in desperate straits.

He was wounded and down with the huge foot of his antagonist upon his throat and the great longsword raised to deal the final thrust. With a bound I cleared the fifty feet intervening between us, and with outstretched point drove my sword completely through the body of the green warrior. His sword fell, harmless, to the ground and he sank limply upon the prostrate form of the Zodangan.

Quickly completing the repairs we rose together into the still, cloudless Martian sky, and at great speed and without further mishap returned to Zodanga.

As we neared the city we discovered a mighty concourse of civilians and troops assembled upon the plain before the city. My companion signaled that I slow down, and running his machine close beside mine suggested that we approach and watch the ceremony, which, he said, was for the purpose of conferring honors on individual officers and men for bravery and other distinguished service. He then unfurled a little ensign which denoted that his craft bore a member of the royal family of Zodanga, and together we made our way through the maze of low-lying air vessels until we hung directly over the jeddak of Zodanga and his staff.

One of the staff called the attention of Than Kosis to the presence of my companion above them and the ruler motioned for him to descend. I could not hear their conversation and pres-

ently it ceased and all dismounted, as the last body of troops had wheeled into position before their emperor. A member of the staff advanced toward the troops, and calling the name of a soldier commanded him to advance. The officer then recited the nature of the heroic act which had won the approval of the jeddak, and the latter advanced and placed a metal ornament upon the left arm of the lucky man.

Ten men had been so decorated when the aid called out, "John Carter, air scout!"

Never in my life had I been so surprised, but the habit of military discipline is strong within me, and I dropped my little machine lightly to the ground and advanced on foot as I had seen the others do. As I halted before the officer, he addressed me in a voice audible to the entire assemblage of troops and spectators.

"In recognition, John Carter," he said, "of your remarkable courage and skill in defending the person of the



As We Neared the City We Discovered a Mighty Concourse of Civilians and Troops Assembled Upon the Plains Before the City.

cousin of the jeddak Than Kosis and, single-handed, vanquishing three green warriors, it is the pleasure of our jeddak to confer on you the mark of his esteem."

Than Kosis then advanced toward me and placing an ornament upon me, said:

"My cousin has narrated the details of your wonderful achievement, which seems little short of miraculous, and if you can so well defend a cousin of the jeddak how much better could you defend the person of the jeddak himself. You are therefore appointed a padwar of the Guard and will be quartered in my palace hereafter."

I thanked him, and with an order from the palace to guide me I reported to the officer in charge of the palace.

CHAPTER XIV.

I Find Dejah.

The major-domo to whom I reported had given instructions to station me near the person of the jeddak, who, in time of war, is always in great danger of assassination, as the rule that all is fair in war seems to constitute the entire ethics of Martian conduct.

He therefore escorted me immediately to the apartment in which Than Kosis then was. The ruler was engaged in conversation with his son, Sab Than, and several courtiers of his household, and did not perceive my entrance.

The walls of the apartment were completely hung with splendid tapestries. My guide drew aside one of the tapestries, disclosing a passage which encircled the room, between the hangings and the walls of the chamber. Within this passage I was to remain, he said, so long as Than Kosis was in the apartment. When he left I was to follow. My only duty was to guard the ruler and keep out of sight as much as possible. I would be relieved after a period of four hours. The major-domo then left me.

Scarcely had I gained my post when the chamber separated and four soldiers of the Guard entered, surrounding a female figure. As they approached Than Kosis the soldiers fell to either side and there standing before the jeddak and not ten feet from me, her beautiful face radiant with smiles, was Dejah Thoris.

Sab Than, prince of Zodanga, advanced to meet her, and hand in hand they approached close to the jeddak. Than Kosis looked up in surprise, and, rising, saluted her.

"To what strange freak do I owe this visit from the princess of Hellum, who, two days ago, with rare consideration for my pride, assured me that she would prefer Tal Hajus, the green Thark, to my son?"

Viewpoint.

It takes the eyes of the rich to see the blessings of poverty.—Boston Transcript.

Trample on a man's good intentions and he will consign you to the place that is paved with them.

In your Grand-Mother's Time

Carroll, Iowa.—"At one time I took Dr. Pierce's



Discovery for a raw, sore feeling in my lungs following the measles; also for torpid liver and poor appetite and the medicine helped me wonderfully. My nerves became quiet and I could sleep well at night.

"My mother took this remedy twenty years ago and she was greatly benefited."—MRS. G. S. KNIGHT, 1029 N. Crawford St.

The Discovery is put up in liquid or tablets, without alcohol, and sold by all druggists.

Shave With Cuticura Soap The New Way Without Mug

Her Little bit. She was giving orders at express rate, for they were married. He—poor man—was, as a rule, the most submissive of men.

But even a cab-horse will turn. Throwing out his manly chest, until he nearly lost sight of it under the stubble on his chin, he brought his fist down with great gentleness upon the table.

"Do you think, my dear," he ventured, "that you rule the whole universe?"

"No," she snapped; "but I rule the first letter of it!"

RUB OUT SORENESS

Sprains, Backache With Old St. Jacobs Oil.

Back hurt you? Can't straighten up without feeling sudden pains, sharp aches and twinges? Now, listen! That's lumbago, sciatica, or maybe from a strain, and you'll get blessed relief the moment you rub your back with soothing, penetrating "St. Jacobs Oil!" Nothing else takes out soreness, lameness and stiffness so quickly. You simply rub it on and out comes the pain. It is perfectly harmless and doesn't burn or discolor the skin.

Limber up! Don't suffer! Get a small trial bottle from any drug store, and after using it just once you'll forget that you ever had backache, lumbago or sciatica, because your back will never hurt or cause any more misery. It never disappoints and has been recommended for 60 years. Stop drug-ging kidneys! They don't cause backache, because they have no nerves, therefore can not cause pain.—Adv.

Proof Positive.

"I understand," remarked Mr. Callahan to his friend Mr. Casey, "that the judge fined you \$10 for assaultin' Coughlin the other day."

"He did that," answered Mr. Casey, "an' it was a proud moment, I'll tell ye, when I heard the sentence."

"How's that?" "I'm thinkin'," continued Mr. Casey, "that it showed which one of us had the best of the fight."

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Dye Old Skirts, Dresses, Waists, Coats, Stockings, Draperies—Everything.

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains easy directions for dyeing any article of wool, silk, cotton, linen, or mixed goods. Beware! Poor dye streaks, spoils, fades, and ruins material by giving it a "dyed-look." Buy "Diamond Dyes" only. Druggist has Color Card.—Adv.

Jyok.

First-Class Scout—I ate three chickens today.

Tenderfoot Scout—Gee whiz! Honest? Roasted or fried?

First-Class Scout—Boiled in the shell.—Boys' Life.

"Cold in the Head"

is an acute attack of Nasal Catarrh. Those subject to frequent "colds in the head" will find that the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will build up the system, cleanse the blood and render them less liable to colds. Repeated attacks of Acute Catarrh may lead to Chronic Catarrh.

HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system, thus reducing the inflammation and restoring normal conditions.

All Druggists, Circulars free. Chronic Catarrh. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Spilling the Metaphor. Mr. Oldsport—Do you doubt my love? Look in my eyes and read it there. The eyes are the windows of the soul.

Miss Goldentide—Windows of the soul! That's so. Your eyes do look awfully glassy.

Pure blood is essential to good health. Garfield Tea dispels impurities, cleanses the system and eradicates disease.—Adv.

Wanted Her Advice. He—I am madly in love. Will you be my confidante?

She—Certainly. I am at your service.

He—Well, would you advise me to propose to you?—Boston Transcript.

MURINE Night and Morning. Have Strong, Healthy Eyes. If they Tingle, Itch, Smart or Burn, if Sore, Irritated, Inflamed or Granulated, use Murine for YOUR EYES. Soothes, Refreshes. Safe for Infant or Adult. At all Druggists. Write for Free Eye Book. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.



As I Rose Above the City I Circled Several Times as I Had Seen Kantos Kan Do.

ties. The shops were opening and the cafes filling with early morning patrons. Kantos Kan led me to one of these gorgeous eating places where we were served entirely by mechanical apparatus.

After our meal, Kantos Kan took me with him to the headquarters of the air-scout squadron and introducing me to his superior asked that I be enrolled as a member of the corps. In accordance with custom an examination was necessary, but Kantos told me to have no fear on this score, as he would attend to that part of the matter. He accomplished this by taking my order for examination to the examining officer and representing himself as John Carter.