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This famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, has been restoring women of America to health for more than forty years and it will pay any woman who suffers from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, backache, headaches, nervousness or "the blues" to give this successful remedy a trial.

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**GRAND UNION SYSTEM TIME TABLE**

Trains leave Watford Station as follows:

GOING WEST	
Accommodation, 75	8 44 a.m.
Chicago Express, 13	1 16 p.m.
Accommodation, 11	6 44 p.m.
GOING EAST	
Accommodation, 80	7 38 a.m.
New York Express, 6	11 16 a.m.
New York Express, 18	2 47 p.m.
Accommodation, 112	4 56 p.m.
C. Vail Agent Watford	

SOLDIERS' DAY, WATFORD, AUG. 20. Reserve the date.

(Continued from Page 10.)

At our right the sun was setting, a huge red orb, below the western range of Otz.

A little below us stood the holy thern upon watch upon his balcony. His scarlet robe of office was pulled tight about him in anticipation of the cold that comes so suddenly with darkness as the sun sets.

So rare is the atmosphere of Mars that it absorbs very little heat from the sun. During the daylight hours it is always extremely hot; at night it is intensely cold. Nor does the thin atmosphere refract the sun's rays or diffuse its light as upon earth.

The declining sun lighted brilliantly the eastern banks of Korus, the crimson sward, the gorgeous forest. Beneath the trees we saw feeding many herds of plant men.

Thuvia lost no time in leading us toward the corridor which winds back and forth up through the cliffs toward the surface thousands of feet above the level on which we had been.

"Twice great banths, wandering loose through the galleries, blocked our progress, but in each instance Thuvia spoke a low word of command, and the snarling beasts slunk sullenly away.

"If you can dissolve all our obstacles as easily as you master these fierce brutes I can see no difficulties in our way," I said to the girl, smiling. "How do you do it?"

She laughed and then shuddered. "I do not quite know," she said. "When first I came here I angered Sator Throg because I repulsed him. He ordered me thrown into one of the great pits in the inner gardens. It was filled with banths.

"In my own country I had been accustomed to command. Something in my voice, I do not know what, cowed the beasts as they sprang to attack me. Instead of tearing me to pieces, as Sator Throg had desired, they fawned at my feet. So greatly were Sator Throg and his friends amused by the sight that they kept me to train and handle the terrible creatures. I know them all by name.

"There are many of them wandering through these lower regions. They are the scavengers. Many prisoners die here in their chains. The banths solve the problem of sanitation, at least in this respect.

"In the gardens and temples above they are kept in pits. The therns fear them. It is because of the banths that they seldom venture below ground except as their duties call them."

An idea occurred to me, suggested by what Thuvia had just said. "Why not take a number of banths and set them loose before us above ground?" I asked.

Thuvia laughed. "It would distract attention from us, I am sure," she said.

She commenced calling in a low singing voice that was half purr. She continued this as we wound our tedious way through the maze of subterranean passages and chambers.

Presently soft padded feet sounded close behind us, and as I turned I saw a pair of great green eyes shining in the dark shadows at our rear. From a diverging tunnel a sinuous, tawny form crept stealthily toward us.

Low growls and angry snarls assailed our ears on every side as we hastened on, and one by one the ferocious creatures answered the call of their mistress.

She spoke a word to each as it joined us. Like well schooled terriers, they paced the corridors with us, but I could not help but note the lathering jowls nor the hungry expressions with which the terrible beasts eyed Tars Tarkas and myself.

Soon we were entirely surrounded by some fifty of the brutes. Two walked close on either side of Thuvia, as guards might walk. The sleek sides of others now and then touched my own naked limbs.

It was a strange experience, the almost noiseless passage of naked human feet and padded paws; the golden walls splashed with precious stones; the dim light cast by the tiny radium bulbs set at considerable distances along the roof; the huge, maned beasts of prey crowding with low growls about us; the mighty green warrior towering high above us all; myself crowned with the priceless diadem of a holy thern, and leading the procession the beautiful girl Thuvia.

I shall not soon forget it.

Presently we approached a great chamber more brightly lighted than the corridors. Thuvia halted us. Quietly she stole toward the entrance and glanced within. Then she motioned us to follow her.

The room was filled with specimens of the strange beings that inhabit this underworld, a heterogeneous collection of hybrids—the offspring of the prisoners from the outside world, red and green Martians and the white race of therns.

Picking our way carefully, we threaded a winding path across the chamber, the great banths sniffing hungrily at the tempting prey spread before them in such tantalizing and

greediness protrusion.

Several times we passed the entrances to other chambers similarly peopled, and twice again we were compelled to cross directly through them. In others were chained prisoners and beasts.

"Why is it that we see no therns?" I asked of Thuvia.

"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 therns 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 from the temples above come by hundreds to the granaries and storerooms. All is life then. You did not see it because I led you not in the beaten tracks, but through roundabout passages seldom used.

"Yet it is possible that we may meet a 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."

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

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### The 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 eye of a sentry."

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 us."

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

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 distance.

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 garden.

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

"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 fleeing and illusive fliers.

As the pirates swooped closer toward the ground their soldiery poured from the temples into the gardens and courts. The sight of them in the open brought a score of fliers darting toward 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.



On, Steadily on, Came the Grim Black Craft.

warriors in the universe, but the awful abandon with which the Black Pirates threw themselves upon their foes transcended everything I ever before had seen.

Beneath the brilliant light of Mars' two glorious moons the whole scene presented itself in vivid distinctness. 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 we might distinctly note them.

The Black Pirates interested me immensely. I had heard vague rumors—little more than legends they were—during 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 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 fier he would leap, while those of his comrades who fought near by would rush 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 maelstrom 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.

Fighting like that near us could be heard in all directions as far as sound 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, which circles the valley Dor on the outer slopes of the mountains of Otz.

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 Barsoom 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 therns is threatened. It is as though they but utilized the race as playthings, 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 so bold. Why, see how perfectly unguarded they leave their craft, as though they were lying safe in their own hangars at home!"

"The therns do not dare. They tried it once, ages ago, but the next night for a whole moon thereafter a thousand great black battleships circled the mountains of Otz pouring tons of projectiles upon the temples, gardens and courts until every thern who was not killed was driven for safety into the subterranean galleries.

"The therns know that they live at all only by the sufferance of the black men. They were near to extermination that once, and they will not venture

risking it again."

As she ceased talking a new element was instilled into the conflict. It came from a source equally unlooked for by either thern or pirate. The great banths which we had liberated in the garden had evidently been awed at first by the sound of the battle, the yelling of the warriors and the loud report of rifle and bomb.

But now they must have become angered by the continuous noise and excited by the smell of new blood, for all of a sudden a great form shot from a clump of low shrubbery into the midst of a struggling mass of humanity. A scream of bestial rage broke from the banths as he felt warm flesh beneath his powerful talons.

As though his cry was but a signal to the others, the entire great pack hurled themselves among the fighters.

Panic reigned in an instant. Thern and black man turned alike against the common enemy, for the banths showed no partiality toward either.

The awful beasts bore down a hundred men by the mere weight of their great bodies as they hurled themselves into the thick of the fight. Leaping and clawing, they mowed down the warriors with their powerful paws, turning for an instant to rend their victims with frightful fangs.

The scene was fascinating in its terrible, but suddenly it came to me that we were wasting valuable time watching this conflict which in itself might prove a means to our escape.

The therns were so engaged with their terrible assailants that now, if ever, escape should be comparatively easy.

I turned to search for an opening through the contending hordes. If we could but reach the ramparts we might find that the pirates somewhere had thinned the guarding forces and left a way open to us to the world without.

As my eyes wandered about the garden the sight of the hundreds of air craft lying unguarded round us suggested the simplest avenue to freedom. Why had it not occurred to me before?

I was thoroughly familiar with the mechanism of every known make of flier on Barsoom. For nine years I had sailed and fought with the navy of Hellum. I had raced through space on the tiny one man air scout, and I had commanded the greatest battleship that ever had floated the thin air of dying Mars.

To think with me is to act. Grasping Thuvia by the arm, I whispered to Tars Tarkas and Carthoria to follow. Quickly we glided toward a small flier which lay farthest from the battling warriors.

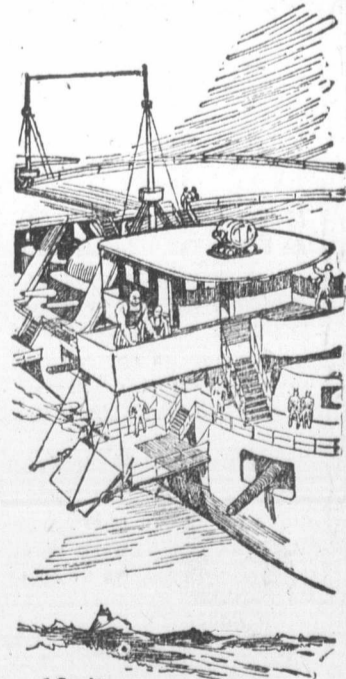
Another instant found us huddled on the deck. My hand was on the starting lever. I pressed my thumb upon the button which controls the ray of repulsion, that splendid discovery of the Martians which permits them to navigate the thin atmosphere of their planet in huge ships that dwarf the dreadnaughts of our earthly navies into pitiful insignificance.

Soon we rose high in the air and with headlong speed rushed away from the terrible scenes that were being enacted below us. Our speed must have approximated 200 miles an hour, for Martian fliers are swifter than those of earth.

I dropped into a horizontal course and headed due north.

We had performed the miraculous and come through a thousand dangers unscathed. We had escaped from the valley Dor.

No other prisoners in all the ages of Barsoom had done this thing, and



With Headlong Speed We Rushed Away From the Terrible Scenes.

now as I looked back upon it it did not seem to have been so difficult after all.

(continued on page 12)

## E DAYS OF MIRACLES OVERT?

ATTENTION AND FALSE BE-  
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for Watford, J. W. Mc-  
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on Page 11)