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all their fight to live in accordance with the law of the survival of the fittest.

I think we all knew that upon the outcome of this battle would hinge forever the relative positions of these two races upon Barsoom. It was a battle between the old and the new, but not for once did I question the outcome of it.

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 superstition. Suddenly a slight met my gaze which sent a wave of exultation over me.

"Look!" I cried. "Men of the Black Pirates, look!"

For an instant the fighting ceased, and with one accord every eye turned in the direction I had indicated, and the slight they saw was one man of the Black Pirates had ever imagined could be.

Across the gardens, from side to side, stood a wavering line of black warriors, while beyond them and forcing them ever back was a great horde of green warriors astride their mighty steeds. And as we watched one fiercer and more grimly terrible than his fellows rode forward from the rear, and as he came he shouted some fierce command to his terrible legion.

It was Tars Tarkas, Jeddak of Thark, and as he coughed his great forty foot metal shield lance we saw his warriors do likewise. Then it was that we interpreted his command.

Twenty yards now separated the green men from the black line. Another word from the great Thark, and with a wild and terrifying battery the green warriors charged.

For a moment the black line held, but only for a moment; then the fearsome beasts that bore equally terrible riders passed completely through it.

After them came upon upon upon of red men. The green horde broke to surround the temple. The red men charged for the interior, and then we turned to continue our interrupted battle, but our foes had vanished.

My first thought was of Dejah Thoris. Calling to Carthoris that I had found his mother, I started on a run toward the chamber where I had left her, with my boy close beside me. After us came those of our little force who had survived the bloody conflict.

The moment I entered the room I saw that some one had been there since I had left. A silk lay upon the floor. It had not been there before.

There were also a dagger and several metal ornaments strewn about, as though torn from their wearer in a struggle; but, worst of all, the doorway leading to the pits where I had hidden my princess was ajar.

With a bound I was before it and, thrusting it open, rushed within. Dejah Thoris had vanished! I called her name aloud again and again, but there was no response. I think in that instant I hovered upon the verge of insanity. I do not recall what I said or did, but I know that for an instant I was seized with the rage of a maniac.

"Issus!" I cried. "Issus! Where is Issus?" Search the temple for her, but let no man harm her but John Carter! Carthoris, where are the apartments of Issus?"

"This way!" cried the boy, and without waiting to know that I had heard him he dashed off at breakneck speed farther into the bowels of the temple.

As fast as he went, however, I was still beside him, urging him on to greater speed.

At last we came to a great carved door, and through this Carthoris dashed a foot ahead of me. Within we came upon such a scene as I had witnessed within the temple once before—the throne of Issus, surrounded by reclining slaves and about it the ranks of soldiery.

We did not even give the men a chance to draw, so quickly were we upon them. With a single cut I struck down two in the front rank. And then by the mere weight and momentum of my body I rushed through the two remaining ranks and sprang upon the dais beside the carved sorapus throne.

Issus, a black, repulsive creature, with nothing godlike about her, squatting there in terror, attempted to escape me and leaped into a trap behind her. But I was not to be outwitted by any such paltry subterfuge.

Before she had half risen I had grasped her by the arm, and then as I saw the guard starting to make a concerted rush upon me from all sides I whipped out my dagger and, holding it close to that vile breast, ordered them to halt.

"Back!" I cried to them. "Back! The first black foot that is planted upon this platform sends my dagger into Issus' heart!"

For an instant they hesitated. Then an officer ordered them back, while from the outer corridor there swept into the throne room at the heels of my little party of survivors a full thousand red men under Kantos Kan and Hor Vastus.

"Where is Dejah Thoris?" I cried to the thing within my hands.

For a moment her eyes roved wildly about the scene beneath her. I think

that it took a moment for the true condition to make any impression upon her—she could not at first realize that the temple had fallen before the assault of men of the outer world.

When she did there must have come, too, a terrible realization of what it meant to her—the loss of power, humiliation, the exposure of the fraud and imposture which she had for so long played upon her own people.

There was just one thing needed to complete the reality of the picture she was seeing, and that was added by the highest noble of her realm—the high priest of her religion—the prime minister of her government.

"Issus, goddess of death and of life eternal," he cried, "rise in the might of thy righteous wrath and with one single wave of thy omnipotent hand strike dead the blasphemers! Let not one escape."

"Issus, thy people depend upon thee. Daughter of the lesser moon, thou only art all powerful. Thou only canst save thy people. I am done. We await thy will. Strike!"

And then it was that she went mad. A screaming, gibbering maniac writhed in my grasp. It bit and clawed and scratched in impotent fury. And then it laughed a weird and terrible laughter that froze the blood.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

##### The Burning Temple.

**T**HED slave girls upon the dais shrieked and cowered away. And the thing jumped at them and gnashed its teeth.

Finally I shook the thing, hoping to recall it for a moment to rationality.

"Where is Dejah Thoris?" I cried. The awful creature in my grasp mumbled inarticulately for a moment, then a sudden gleam of cunning shot into those hideous, close set eyes.

"Dejah Thoris? Dejah Thoris?" and then that shrill, unearthly laugh pierced our ears once more. "Yes, Dejah Thoris, I know. And Thuvia also. They each love John Carter. Ha—ah—but it is dull."

"Together for a year they will meditate within the temple of the Sun, but ere the year is quite gone there will be no more food for them. Ha—ah! What divine entertainment!" and she licked the froth from her cruel lips. "There will be no more food—except each other. Ha—ah! Ha—ah!"

The horror of the suggestion nearly paralyzed me. To this awful fate the creature within my power had condemned my princess. I trembled in the ferocity of my rage.

As a terrier shakes a rat I shook Issus, Goddess of Life Eternal.

"Countermand your orders!" I cried. "Recall the condemned. Haste or you die!"

"It is too late. Ha—ah! Ha—ah!" She again commenced her gibbering and shrieking.

Almost of its own volition my dagger flew up above that wicked heart. But something stayed my hand, and I am glad now that it did. It is a terrible thing to have struck down a woman with one's own hand. But a fitter fate occurred to me for this false deity.

"Black Pirates!" I cried, turning to those who stood within the chamber, "you have seen today the impotency of Issus—the gods are omnipotent. Issus is no god. She is a cruel and wicked old woman, who has deceived and played upon you for ages. Take her."



"Where is Dejah Thoris?"

John Carter, prince of Helium, would not contaminate his hand with her blood."

With that I pushed the raving beast, whom a short half hour before a whole world had worshipped as divine, from the platform of her throne into the waiting clutches of her betrayed and vengeful people.

Spying Carthoris among the officers of the red men, I called to him to lead me quickly to the temple of the Sun, and without waiting to learn what fate the Black Pirates would wreak upon their goddess I rushed from the cham-

ber with Carthoris, Hor Vastus, Kantos Kan and a score of other red nobles.

Carthoris led us rapidly through the inner chambers of the temple until we stood within the central court, a great circular space paved with a transparent marble of exquisite whiteness. Before us rose a golden temple wrought in the most wondrous and fanciful designs, inlaid with diamond, ruby, sapphire, turquoise, emerald and the thousand nameless gems of Mars, which far transcended in loveliness and purity of ray the most priceless stones of earth.

"This way," cried Carthoris, leading us toward the entrance to a tunnel, which opened in the courtyard beside the temple.

As we were on the point of descending we heard a deep toned roar burst from the temple of Issus, which we had but just quitted, and then a red man, Djor Kantas, padwar of the fifth utan, broke from a nearby gate, crying to us to return.

"The blacks have fired the temple," he cried. "In a thousand places it is burning now. Haste to the outer garden or you are lost!"

As he spoke we saw smoke pouring from a dozen windows looking out upon the courtyard of the temple of the Sun, and far above the highest minaret of Issus hung an ever growing pall of smoke.

"Go back, go back!" I cried to those who had accompanied me. "The way, Carthoris; point the way and leave me! I shall reach my princess yet."

"Follow me, John Carter," replied Carthoris, and without waiting for my reply he dashed down into the tunnel at our feet.

At his heels I ran down through a half dozen tiers of galleries until at last he led me along a level floor at the end of which I discerned a lighted chamber.

Massive bars blocked our further progress, but beyond I saw her—my incomparable princess, and with her was Thuvia. When she saw me she rushed toward the bars that separated us. Already the chamber had turned upon its slow way so far that but a portion of the opening in the temple wall was opposite the barred end of the corridor. Slowly the interval was closing. In a short time there would be but a tiny crack, and then that even would be closed, and for a long Barsoomian year the chamber would slowly revolve un-



When She Saw Me She Rushed Toward the Bars That Separated Us.

til once more for a brief day the aperture in its walls would pass the corridor's end.

But in the meantime what horrible things would go on within that chamber!

I stood and talked with Dejah Thoris, and she stretched her dear hand through those cruel bars, that I might hold it until the last moment.

Thuvia came close also, but when she saw that we would be alone she withdrew to the farther side of the chamber.

For a few minutes we stood thus, talking in low tones. Ever smaller and smaller grew the opening. In a short time now it would be too small even to permit me to see the slender form of my princess.

Above we could hear the faint echoes of a great tumult. It was the multitude of blacks and reds and green men fighting their way through the fire from the burning temple of Issus. A draft from above brought the fumes of smoke to our nostrils.

Presently we heard shouting at the far end of the corridor and hurrying feet.

"Come back, John Carter; come back!" cried a voice. "Even the pits are burning!"

In a moment a dozen men broke through the now blinding smoke to my side. There were Carthoris and Kantos Kan and Hor Vastus, with a few more who had followed me to the temple court.

"I shall remain here beside my princess until a merciful death releases me from my anguish," I declared. "I care not to live."

Dejah Thoris stood as closely to the crack as she could, whispering words of hope and courage to me and urging me to save myself.

The smoke cleared away, and we stood gazing upon a blank wall. The last crevice had closed.

"They urged me to leave."

"In a moment it will be too late," cried Kantos Kan. "There is, in fact, but a bare chance that we can get through to the outer garden alive, even now. I have ordered the pumps started, and in five minutes the pits will be flooded. If we would not drown like rats in a trap we must hasten above and make a dash for safety through the burning temple."

"Go," I urged them. "Let me die here beside my princess. There is no hope or happiness elsewhere for me. When they carry her dead body from that terrible place a year hence let them find the body of her lord awaiting her."

Of what happened after that I have only a confused recollection. It seems as though I struggled with many men and then that I was picked bodily from the ground and borne away. I do not know.

THE END.

#### Genius and Insanity.

Many of the men whose names we revere today in science, art, literature and poetry suffered from emotional disturbances, resulting in nerve storms or outbursts of mental violence which can only be described as superacute mania. The poet Cowper had strong suicidal tendencies, yet he wrote "John Gilpin" when suffering from intense melancholia. Shelley had an insane ancestry, and at Eton he was called "Mad Shelley." Charles Lamb had to be placed in an asylum, and his sister, Mary, stabbed her mother to the heart while insane. Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy are almost a parallel to Charles and Mary Lamb. At the age of thirty Coleridge was broken down, and he died a wreck at sixty-two. Southey came of an insane stock. The mother of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the dramatist, died demented at forty-two. Pope was deformed and rickety, and Keats was neurotic to his finger tips. Byron's mother was unbalanced, and so was his maternal grandfather.—London Globe.

A Garden Song.  
 Sing a song of gardens  
 Growing o'er the land,  
 Every one producing  
 Vegetables grand.  
 Onions, lettuce, cabbage,  
 Radishes and beets.  
 Oh, it is just splendid,  
 Raising one's own eats!

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rumor of you, I resigned my fate. And now that you scarce can I believe it. I hour I have heard the conflict within the palace. I what they meant, but I have inst hope that it might be of Helium, headed by my me—what of Carthoris, our with me less than an hour Thoris," I replied. "It been he whose men you I battling within the pre- temple. s Issus?" I asked suddenly. boris shrugged her shoul-

me under guard to this before the fighting began temple walls. She said that send for me later. She angry and somewhat fear- have I seen her act in so and almost terrified a man-

now that it must have been had learned that John Car- of Helium, was approach- and an accounting of her imprisonment of his pris-

is of conflict, the clash of shouting and the hurrying it came to us from various temple. I knew that I there, but I dared not Thoris, nor dared I take into the turmoil and dan-

thought me of the pits I had just emerged. Why her there until I could reach her away in safety and 1 this awful place?" I ex- plan to her.

ment she clung to me. bear to be parted from n for a moment, John Car- aid. "I shudder at the being alone again where creature might discover not know her.

I imagine her ferocious has not witnessed her or over half a year. It be nearly all this time to the things that I have own eyes."

to leave you, then, my replied. I bent for a moment; and then I turned my face to hers and kissed

Carter," she said. "Our nd the soldiers of Helium, the Princess of Helium, are you should be. et think of myself now, and of my husband's duty, and in the way of that be pits and go."

the door through which d the chamber from be- pressed her dear form to, I such it tore my heart find me only with the love of terrible forebod- her across the threshold, ice again and closed the

sitting longer I hurried mber in the direction of tumult. Scarce half a rs had I traversed before the theater of a fierce

were massed at the en- eat chamber, where they ing to block the further body of red men toward ed precincts of the tem-

the first blow I cried Helium!" And then I fer cut upon the sur- rs, while the reds with- rt at the sound of my shouts of "John Carter!" redoubled their efforts that before the blacks



ave you, then, my prin- is," I replied.

from their temporary de- her ranks were broken en had burst into the

I men fought there that man against the red. quarter or gave it. As non consent they fought determine once and for