

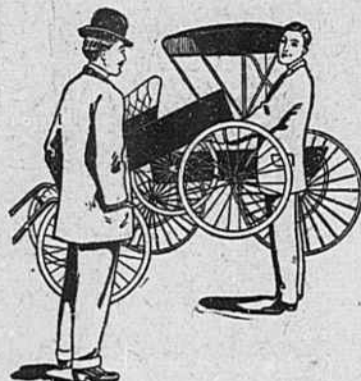
No Trouble to Harness



the horse if the harness was bought here. Our heavy harness especially is built so it will not chafe or gall even under the heaviest pull. Use it and you'll get more work out of your horses. Have less money to lay out for ointments and sore remedies too.

THEY RUN EASY

because they are made right and of the best materials. They are durable, and keep their color both in upholstery and varnish also, because they are made right. In fact our canopy top surreys are popular with everyone because they are the finest to be found anywhere, and are sold at rock bottom prices.



Wilson & Cantelou

Attention Farmers

I am better supplied than ever before to suit you in wagons, buggies and carriages. We sell the celebrated Studekaker wagons and carry a full line of sizes. We have a large assortment of buggies in Brookway, Summers, Columbus and others. Come in and see what we have. Our harness department is well stocked with single and double wagon and buggy harness. Can suit any purse. Full stock of Furniture. We buy in large quantities direct from manufacturers and can make close prices. Full assortment of house furnishings of all kinds. We carry a full line of stoves. Buy your wife a new stove and make her happy. It will surprise you how cheap we can sell you a good stove.

UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT.

In this as in all other departments we can supply any reasonable demand. We carry a full line of sizes both in cheap coffins and higher priced cases. Our hearse responds to all calls, either day or night

G. P. COBB, Johnston, S. C.

Pianos and Organs

At present we desire to call especial attention to the Adam Schaff piano, which is used exclusively in the public schools of Chicago. The factory has been established forty years. It is a strictly high grade standard piano. Prices of uprights are from \$300 to \$500.

Farrand Organs.

We have sold over 1,500 Farrand organs and all of them are now giving satisfaction. We also carry a line of other makes of pianos and organs. Any of our goods are sold on liberal terms of payment. Satisfaction guaranteed in every particular.

Holland Brothers,

Greenwood, S. C.

Horses and Mules

Our fifth Car of Stock for This Season will Arrive Next Monday

Do not fail to see these horses and mules before buying. They were purchased in Lexington by Mr. Wilson and can be depended upon in every particular :- :-

Wilson & Cantelou

EYE TALK NO. 3 REST GLASSES

Do you feel now and then as though you just MUST close your tired, aching eyes, while duty compels you to continue using them? Do you know that GLASSES REST THE EYES AS A CHAIR RESTS THE BODY if they are correctly fitted? Let me prove to you that my glasses will relieve your eyes.

GEO. F. MIMS,

Optician, Edgefield, S. C.

Frightful Polar Winds

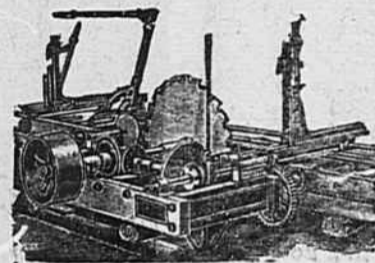
blow with terrific force at the far north and play havoc with the skin, causing red, rough or sore chapped hands and lips, that need Bucklen's Arnica Salve to heal them. It makes the skin soft and smooth. Unrivaled for cold-sores, also burns, boils, sores, ulcers, cuts, bruises and piles. Only 25c at Penn & Holstein's, W E Lynch & Co.

World Famous Reds Single Comb

Begin now to set hens. You will not be troubled with mites or chicken lice. Eggs \$1.50 per 15. No more stock for sale this season.

J. H. P. Roper

Edgefield, S. C. R. F. D. 1



Light Saw, Lathe and Single Mills, Engines, Boilers, Supplies and repairs. Portable, Steam and Gasoline Engines, Saw Teeth, Files, Belts and Pipes. WOOD SAWS and SPLITTERS.

Gins and Press Repairs.

Try LOMBARD, AUGUSTA, GA.

Schedule. Southern Railway

Premier of the South Effective Dec. 3, 1911. (N. B. Schedule figures shown as information only and are not guaranteed.) Arrivals and departures Edgefield, S. C.

1:10 a. m. No. 209 daily for Trenton, Columbia, Greenville, Spartanburg, Asheville, Cincinnati. Arrivals Trenton 8:30 a. m. Columbia 10:50 a. m., Greenville 5:55 p. m., Spartanburg 4:10 p. m. Asheville 7:34 p. m. Cincinnati 10:00 a. m.

10:5 a. m. No. 231, for Trenton, Aiken, Augusta and intermediate points. Arrive Trenton 10:40 a. m. Aiken 11:25 a. m. Augusta 11:35 a. m.

1:30 p. m. No. 229, daily except Sunday for Trenton, Aiken, Charleston, Columbia, Washington, N. Y. Pullman sleeping car from Trenton dining car service. Arrive Aiken 3:05 p. m. Charleston 9:15 p. m. Columbia 6:40 p. m. Washington 8:53 a. m. New York 2:31 p. m.

6:50 p. m. No. 207, daily for Trenton, Augusta and intermediate points. Arrive Trenton 7:10 p. m. Augusta 8:35 p. m.

9:00 a. m. No. 208 daily, from Augusta and intermediate points.

11:00 a. m. No. 208 daily, from Augusta and intermediate points.

11:00 a. m. No. 230, daily from New York, Washington, Columbia and points East.

1:00 p. m. No. 210 daily except Sunday, from Aiken and intermediate points.

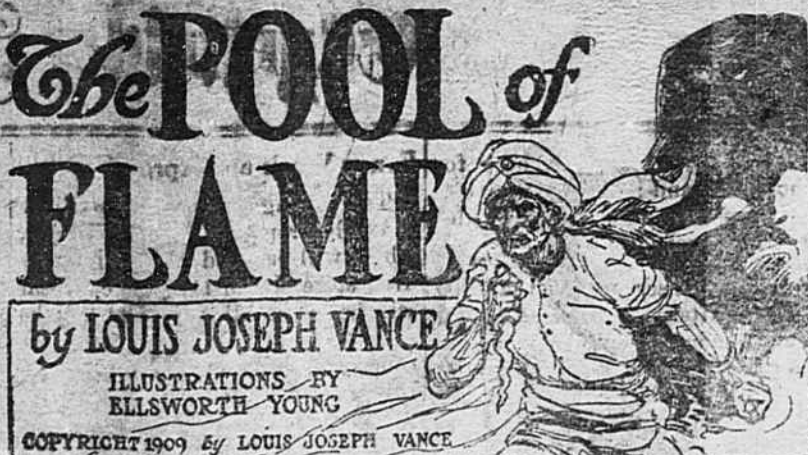
4:55 p. m. No. 232 daily from Aiken, Augusta and intermediate points.

7:40 p. m. No. 206, daily, from Cincinnati Asheville, Spartanburg, Greenville, Columbia and intermediate points. For detailed information call on ticket agent, or E. H. Coapman, VP&GM, Washington, D. C. J. L. Meek, AGPA., Atlanta, G. F. L. Jenkins, TPA., Augusta, Ga.

Supervisor's Notice.

The contract for operating the ferry at Shaw's Mill will be let to the lowest bidder on Tuesday February the 27th at 11 a. m. The board reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

W. G. Wells, Supervisor.



(Continued from Opposite Page)

O'Rourke hesitated. "Told me what?" "That my wound was fatal—mortal? Surely he must have told you. It is so. Presently I die. Content. Let him be this surgeon: I am beyond his aid. Attend to me, in my last moments, O'Rourke, my friend."

The adventurer vacillated, torn by an agony of compassion. "I must do something for ye," he said miserably. "I must do something. . . . What can I do?"

"Comfort me." The dying man closed his eyes and lay still for a little. "You are not gone, O'Rourke?" he asked presently.

"I'm here, be your side, mon ami." "Tell me . . . of madame . . . your wife. She is well?" "She is very well, Chambret." "You have seen her recently?" "Within ten days." "You have . . . returned to her?" "No—nd yes. 'Twas not for lack of love for her that I gave her up."

"Yes," said Chambret impatiently. "That I understand. . . . I comprehend utterly your feeling. . . . But you owe her happiness, though you sacrifice your own—everything—give it her. She loves you . . . she might have loved even me had you not come into her life."

"True. . . ."

"You are about to pocket your scruples that she may have her due portion of happiness?"

"I've promised, Chambret."

"I'm glad. . . . But you—what has brought you hither?"

"I wished to see ye."

"But the dying are oftentimes and stranger endowed with curious insight in matters beyond their ken. Without perceptible hesitation Chambret made this apparent."

"You're come for the ruby," he said with conviction.

"How do ye know?"

"It's true, then? . . . I fancied so; I knew that some day you would come to claim it. . . . Bend nearer to me. . . . The Pool of Flame is in the cap of my good friend, the Governor-General of Algeria. It is all ranged. When I am gone, take my spot ring, tell him your name and demand the package—a small morocco leather box, wrapped in plain brown paper and superscribed with my name and yours. He knows nothing of its line, save that it is great, and will deliver it to you and only you without question. . . . That is all."

The hand that clasped O'Rourke's was like ice.

"Chambret!"

"Petrix. . . ."

The cold fingers relaxed. Gently O'Rourke disengaged his hand and put it to the pitiful, torn bosom of the man who had died with his wife's nap upon his lips.

CHAPTER IX.

Scarcely before midnight the tri-weekly train from Constantine to Algiers pulled up over an hour late at the top of El-Guerrah. It took up a single passenger, discharged none, and



They Had Literally Caught Him Nap

presently tundered on westwards, rocking an jarring over a road-bed certainly no better than it should have been. Such at least, was the passenger's criticism, as, groaning in anticipation of the long night of discomfort ahead of him, he disposed himself and his belongings about the cushions of the first-class compartment which he occupied in solitary grandeur.

O'Rourke had no intention of leaving anything undone that might tend to mitigate the terrors of the journey. Five days had elapsed since that morning in the oasis. In the interval he had again and again faced the danger of the desert, returning to Bliska alone by a route more direct than that which had brought him up with the flying column. Discharging the guide with a gratuity large than his ebbling means warranted, he had proceeded to El-

Guerrah by the first daily train, and so now found himself on the direct line of communication with Algiers and the Governor-General.

His chiefest concern now lay with the future and the Pool of Flame, both bulked large upon the horizon and were at once the architect and the nuclei of a thousand different plans of action.

So far, the affair had worked smoothly; he anticipated little trouble. So thinking he dozed, and in the course of time lulled by the humming of a flat-wheel at the bottom end of the coach, fell asleep. He awakened suddenly after a nap of some two hours or so, to a confusion of impressions: that the train had stopped; that some one had invaded his compartment; that a cold blast was blowing across his wrists. Bewildered and not half master of his senses, he started up and fell back with a thud, assisted to resume a recumbent position by a heavy blow upon his chest, delivered by some person for the moment unknown. Simultaneously he was aware of a clicking sound, followed by the sensation of being unable to move his feet; and then, the clouds clearing from his understanding, he realized that the cold upon his wrists was that of steel. With handcuffs also on his ankles, he lay helpless, unable even to protest because of a cloth wadded tightly into his mouth and a firm hand that prevented ejection.

Other hands were rifling his pockets, swiftly but after a bungling fashion. The train, having paused briefly at Setif (he afterwards located the station by conjecture), began to move again, was presently in full thundering flight. Abruptly the examination of his person—which was so thorough that it included the opening of his shirt to assure the thieves that he carried nothing in the shape of a money-belt—was concluded and the adventurer was roughly jerked into a sitting position. At the same time his gag was removed.

He gasped, blinked, coughed, and rolled a resentful eye around the compartment. "Be the powers!" he said huskily; and no more. At first glance it became apparent that he had miscalculated the audacity and resources

of the vicomte and Mr. Glynn. They had literally caught him napping.

The Honorable Bertie O'Rourke discovered kneeling in the seat of the adventurer's traveling gear inside the compartment, at least he seemed to be trying to do so. Monsieur le Vicomte des Trebes on the contrary was seated at ease, facing O'Rourke a ready eye on the cushion beside him, his interest concentrated not upon his captive, upon his collaborator. O'Rourke marked an expression on the Frenchman's face, a curious compound of eagerness, triumph and apprehension.

Without noting the Irishman's circulation, he addressed Glynn: "Find it?"

"No—worse luck!" grumbled the Englishman, rising and kicking the hand-bag savagely. "There isn't so much as a scrap of paper anywhere about him."

The vicomte favored O'Rourke with a vicious glance, muttering something about a thousand devils. The Irishman, quick to grasp the situation and inwardly exulting, acknowledged Des Trebes' attention with a winking smile.

"Good evening," he said, and nodded amiably.

"Oh, shut up!" snapped the Honorable Bertie, unhandsonely. "Where's that letter?"

O'Rourke chuckled. "Ye're a hard loser, me bright young friend," he commented. "I thought the Englishmen always played the game as it had."

Glynn granted and flushed, blameworthy, but the Frenchman cut short the report on his lips by a curt repetition of Glynn's own question:

"Where's that letter, mon sieur?"

O'Rourke glanced at him languidly, yawned, and smiled an exasperatingly strictly personal smile. Then significantly he clinked the handcuffs until they rang on wrist and ankle.

"Answer me!" snarled the vicomte, picking up his revolver.

"Divvle a word," observed O'Rourke, "will ye get from me if ye shoot me dead, monsieur le vicomte. Put down your pistol and be sensible."

Des Trebes' face darkened, suffused with the blood of his rage. Yet the man asserted that admirable control of self which he was able to employ when it suited his purposes. Evidently, too, he recognized the cold common-sense of the wanderer's remark. At all events he put aside the weapon.

"Where's the letter?" he demanded again, more pacifically.

Again O'Rourke yawned with malicious prepose, yawning deliberately and exhaustively and dispassionately. "Not a word," he volunteered at length, "until ye loose me hands and feet. Which," he added, "ye need not hesitate to do, for I'll not strike back—unless ye crowd me."

Free, O'Rourke stretched himself, rubbed his wrists, and observed a collection of his pocket hardware lying upon the seat by him, thrown away by Glynn in his disgust at not finding what he sought.

"I'm not be wanting to deprive ye of a few trifles, me gay high-society thinking?" he inquired placidly of the pair. "If ye've no objection I'll be so free as to take a look 'em over."

"Make what ye want," returned Glynn in a low tone. "But—do ye have three minutes to tell me where you've put that letter?"

"Indeed? Your courtesy overpowers me." The Irishman took up his watch and calmly made a note of the hour—hard upon three in the morning; then, with easy nonchalance stowed it away with the rest of the miscellaneous collection—the knives, coins and keys, his wallet, tickets and so forth.

"Year time," the voice of the vicomte interrupted this occupation, "is up." He fingered his revolver. "Where is that letter? I am losing patience."

"Where rust nor moth cannot corrupt nor thieves break in to steal," O'Rourke misquoted solemnly.

"Steady. Don't call names—or I'll forget meself. I mean that the letter is in fragments, scattered to the four winds of heaven, destroyed. There ye have your answer. Ye fools, did ye think I would carry it about me?"

"By God!" said Glynn tensely. "No—don't shoot him, Des Trebes! He's telling the truth. Make him tell what was in the letter."

"I'm afraid 'tis useless," O'Rourke mocked them. "I have forgotten the contents. What use to me to remember?" he demanded, inspired.

"What made ye think I would have it at all? Sure, and the letter was properly Chambret's. Why would I not turn it over to him?"

"Oh, cut it!" Glynn interrupted impatiently. "We know he's dead. The news was telegraphed in from the column day before yesterday."

"Quite so. Yet, if ye know so much, 'twill be as I gather—ye suspect that Chambret turned over this precious jewel to me, why do ye not demand it as well as the letter? Not that I have either."

"Because we jolly well know you haven't got the ruby," blurted the Englishman.

"Be quiet!" snapped the vicomte.

"Quite right," echoed O'Rourke with assumed indignation. "Be quiet, Bertie. Children should be seen and not heard. Mind your uncle." And, "Oho!" he commented to himself. "And they snev I didn't have the Pool of Flame! Let me think. . . . Oh, faith, 'tis just bluffing they are!"

"You say," the vicomte continued slowly and evenly, "you've destroyed the letter."

O'Rourke took up pipe and tobacco. "I told ye," he replied, filling the bowl, "that the letter was non-existent. Now, me man," he continued, with an imperceptible change of tone, "drop the bluff. Turn that pistol away from me. Well I know that ye won't shoot, for if ye did ye would put beyond your reach forever the information that would win ye the reward—always providing ye had got possession of the ruby, be hook or crook. 'Twould be crooks, I'm thinking."

He lit a match and applied the flame to the tobacco. "There's me last word on the subject," he added indistinctly, puffing and eyeing the pair through the cloud of smoke.

The revolver waved in the vicomte's hand; he was livid with passion and disappointed, yet amenable to reason. Glynn bent and whispered briefly in his ear, and the Frenchman, nodding acquiescence, laid aside his weapon. The Honorable Bertie continued to advise with him in whispers until O'Rourke, though quite at loss to understand this phase of the affair, saw that their attention was momentarily diverted and, with a swift movement, leaned over, snatched up the revolver and, with a flit of his hand, flung it out of the window.

Glynn started back with an oath, his hand groping toward his pocket; but O'Rourke promptly seized with him. A breath later a second pistol was ejected from the carriage and the Englishman was sprawling over the knees of the vicomte.

They disengaged themselves and, mad with rage, started up to fall upon and exterminate the wanderer. I think it must have been the very impertinence of his attitude that made them pause in doubt, for he had resumed his seat as calmly as though nothing at all had happened and was pulling soberly at his pipe. As they hesitated he removed the latter from his lips and gestured airily with the stem. "Sit ye down," he invited them, "and take it easy, me dear friends. The mischief's done, and naught that ye can do will repair it. Faith, I said I'd not strike back unless ye crowded me. I re-

Notice to Teachers.

Send all essays contesting for prizes offered by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union by February 20th to Mrs. J. L. Mims, Edgefield, S. C. The best on each subject will be read at the Tri-County Convention at Johnston, March 4th, and prizes awarded them.