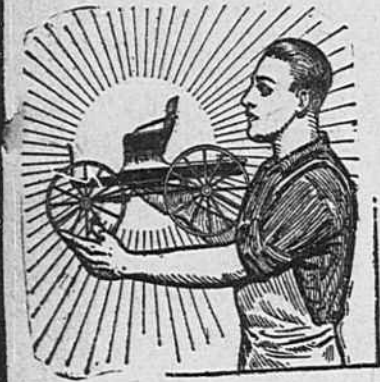


As You Bowl Along

The road your pleasure will be comforted if you have perfect confidence in your horse's harness. People who have bought harness from us have learned by experience that it can be relied upon even under the severest strain. Try a set and you'll require a harness confidence greater than ever before.



The Maker of Our Carriages has a reputation for never skimping in either the quantity or quality of his materials. He uses the best and plenty of them and employs the most skilled craftsmen he can obtain. That's why a carriage bought here runs easily, looks fine and lasts long. That's the kind you want?



Wilson & Cantelou

Attention Farmers

I am better supplied than ever before to suit you in wagons, buggies and carriages. We sell the celebrated Studebaker wagons and carry a full line of sizes. We have a large assortment of buggies in Brockway, 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 purpose. 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

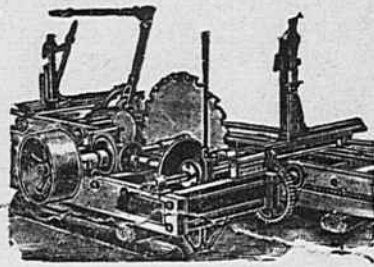
Notice to Teachers.

Send all essays contesting for prizes offered by the Womans-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.

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.

Schedules 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. 220, 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, Ga.

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.

Round Trip Excursion Rates

Via Augusta, Ga.—Via Southern Railway—Premier Carrier of the South.

Account Aviation Exhibitions, Augusta, Ga., January 10, 26, February 14, 23, March 13 and 29, 1912, by the Aviation Schools, the Southern Railway announces low round trip tickets to Augusta on the above dates, good returning the third day from, and including date of sale.

For further information, call on ticket agents, or, John L. Meek, AGPA., Atlanta, Ga.

Frank L. Jenkins, TPA., Augusta, Ga.

The POOL of FLAME

by LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELLSWORTH YOUNG

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(Continued from Opposite Page)

"Be all means; I cannot say I found the play diverting, despite the skill of your friend's chef. I gather ye wish to get to business? Well—I'm waiting." O'Rourke pulled at a cigar, honoring the man with a cat-like attention. He had no longer to watch the honorable; the latter had willfully relieved him of the necessity. "You have been then," pursued the vicomte, without further circumlocution, "to the palace of Monsieur le Gouverneur-Generale?" "I have—unfortunately a few days too late, it seems." "You are satisfied?" "I'm satisfied that the Pool of Flame has been stolen." "Then you will probably believe me when I declare myself the malefactor. It was an easy matter: I purposely brought up the name of Chambret in conversation with the Governor—and by him was informed of the existence of the packet—which,



O'Rourke Whipped Hilt to Chin With Consummate Grace.

of course, I had already surmised. Afterward . . . the secretary was absent, the safe open, the name on the packet stared me in the face. What could I do?"

"Precisely. I'm convinced that, being what ye are, ye did only what ye could."

The vicomte bowed, amusement flickering in his glance. "Touched," he admitted. . . . "Well . . . I have the jewel, ye the information."

"And ye have to propose—?"

"A plan after your own heart: I do your courage the credit to believe it, monsieur. With another man, whom I had studied less exhaustively, I should propose a combination of forces, a division of profits." O'Rourke made an impatient gesture. "But with you, Colonel O'Rourke, no. I esteem your address and determination too highly and—pardon me if I speak plainly—I despise and hate you too utterly to become willingly your partner."

"Go on—I begin to like ye better. Ye grow interesting."

"That does not interest me. . . . The situation, then, is simplified. Essentially it involves two propositions: first, we cannot combine; second, divided we both fail. While both of us live, mon colonel, the Pool of Flame will never earn its value."

"Tis meself takes exception to that. Let me once get me hands on the stone, monsieur, and I'll back meself against a dozen vicomtes—and honorables."

"While I live," the Frenchman stated, unruffled; "you will not touch the Pool of Flame; while you live, I cannot dispose of it to the best advantage. It would seem that one or the other of us must die."

"I am armed," remarked O'Rourke slowly, "if ye mean ye've brought me here to murder me—"

"Monsieur speaks—pardon—crudely. I asked you, you came of your own will—to fight for the Pool of Flame." O'Rourke started; a glint of understanding danced in his eager eyes. "I see you catch my meaning. What I have to propose is this: you will take pen and paper and write the name of the person who offers the reward, with his address. This you will enclose in an envelope, seal, and place in your pocket. The Pool of Flame—you see I trust you—is here."

O'Rourke got upon his feet with an exclamation; the vicomte was playing a bold hand. Before the Irishman had grasped his intention he had thrown upon the table a ruby as large, or larger, than an egg; an exquisite jewel, superbly cut and polished. Fascinated, O'Rourke remembered himself and sat down.

"You see." The vicomte's cold incisive tones cut the silence. Slowly he extended a hand and took up the great ruby, replacing it in his pocket.

"There is," he said evenly, "a level stretch of grass beyond the veranda. The night, I admit, is dark, but the light from these long windows should be sufficient for us. If you slay me, take the ruby and go in peace: this

so"—with a contemptuous glance at the unconscious honorable—"will never hinder you. If you die, I take the note from your pocket. The issue is fair. Will you fight, Irishman?"

O'Rourke's fist crashed upon the table as he rose. "Fight!" he cried. "Faith, I did not think ye had this in ye. Pistols, shall it be?"

"Thank you," said the vicomte, with a courtly bow, "but I am an indifferent shot. Had you chosen rapiers at Monte Carlo one of us would never have left the field alive."

He went to a side table, returning with a sheet of paper, an envelope, pen and ink. And when O'Rourke had slipped the paper into his pocket he saw the vicomte waiting for him by one of the windows, two naked rapiers, slender and gleaming and long, beneath his arm. As the Irishman came up, with a bow, the Frenchman presented the hilts of both weapons for his choice.

Together and in silence they left the dining-room, strode across the veranda and down, a short step, to the lawn. The vicomte stood aside quickly, bringing his feet together and saluting in the full glare of light.

O'Rourke whipped hilt to chin with consummate grace, his heart singing, such as this he loved. The night was pitchy black, the windows barred it with radiance. In the dark spaces between a man might easily blunder and run upon his death.

Somewhere in the shadowy shrubbery a night-bird was singing as though its heart would break. There was a sweet smell in the air.

His blade touched the vicomte's with a shivering crash, musical as glass.

CHAPTER XII.

Early in the dull hot dawn a clatter of winches and a bustle of shadowy figures on the deck of a small trading vessel, which had spent the night between the moles of the harbor of Algiers, announced that the anchor was being weighed.

While this was taking place a small harbor boat, manned by two native watermen and carrying a single passenger, put out from the steamship quay, the oarsmen rowing with a will that hinted at a premium having been placed upon their speed. The coaster was barely under way, moving slowly in the water, when the boat ran alongside. A line was thrown from the ship and caught by one of the watermen, the boat hauled close in, and its passenger taken on deck.

An hour later, a pipe between his teeth, O'Rourke stood by the helmsman, staring back over the heaving expanse, swiftly widening, that lay between the coaster and the Algerian littoral. The world behind was gray and wan, but the skies ahead were golden. "A fair omen!" breathed the adventurer hopefully.

The bulk of the great ruby in his pocket brought his thought back in a wide swing to the girl who would be waiting for him at Rangoon. "Faith, and I must be getting below and making a dab at writing a letter to her. . . . That was nothing."

He nodded with meaning towards the bold profile of Algiers. . . . An ill wind it was that blew Colonel O'Rourke into Athens. . . . It has blown itself out and been forgotten this many a day, praises be! but that, once it had whisked him thither, immediately it subsided and stubbornly it refused to lift again and wait him forth upon his wanderings, in the course of time came to be a matter of grievous concern to the Irishman.

All of which is equivalent to saying that the dropping breeze of his finances died altogether upon his arrival in the capital of Greece. He disembarked from a coasting steamer in the harbor of the Piræus encumbered with a hundred francs or so, an invincible optimism, a trunk and a kit-box, and a king's ransom on his person in the shape of the Pool of Flame; which latter was hardly to be esteemed a negotiable asset. Thereafter followed days of inaction, while his hopes diminished.

Nearly two months had elapsed since he had promised two people—himself and one infinitely more dear to him—to be in Rangoon in ninety days. In little more than a month he'd be waiting for him there. . . . And where would he be? Still was he far by many a long and weary mile from the first gateway to the East—Suez; and still he lacked many an aloof and distant dollar the funds to finance him thither.

If only he could contrive to get to Alexandria!—! Danny was there—Danny Mahone, he of the red, red head and the ready fists; Danny, who held the O'Rourke as only second to the Pope in dignity and importance; who had been O'Rourke's valet in a happier time and of late in his humbler way an adventurer like his master. He was there, in Alexandria, half partner in a tobacco importing house, by virtue of money borrowed from O'Rourke long since, at a time when money was to be had of the man for the asking. . . . And

Danny would help. . . . You must see O'Rourke revolving in his mind this unhappy predicament of his, on the last of the many afternoons that he spent in Greece. Draw down the corners of his wide, mobile mouth, stir up the devils in his eyes until they flicker and flash their resentment, place a pucker between the brows in his habitually serene and unwrinkled forehead; and there you have him who sat beside the little table in the purple of the Zappeion, with a head bared to the cool of the evening breeze, alternately puffing at a mediocre cigar and sipping black coffee from the demi-tasse at his elbow. Now just as the sun was sinking behind the mountains and Arnetus was

clothing its long slopes in vague violet light of mystery and enchantment (for this view alone O'Rourke took himself to the Zappeion daily) the Irishman's somber meditations were interrupted.

"Phew! Otter'n the seven brass 'inges of 'ell!" remarked a cheerful voice, not two feet from his ear.

O'Rourke turned with an imperceptible start—he was not easily startled. "True for ye," he assented, taking stock of him who, with his weather-wise remark for an introduction, calmly possessed himself of the vacant chair at the other side of the table and grinned a rubicund grin across it.

He showed himself a man in stature no whit inferior to the Irishman, as to height; and perhaps he was a stone the heavier of the two. He lacked, otherwise, O'Rourke's alert habit, was of a slower, more stolid and beefy build. The eyes that met O'Rourke's were gray and bright and hard, and set in a countenance flaming red—a color partly natural and partly the result of his stroll through Athens' heated streets.

His dress was rough, and there was this and that about him to tell O'Rourke more plainly than words that his profession was something nautical; he was most probably a captain, from a certain air of determination and command that lurked beneath his free-and-easy manner.

Therefore, having summed the stranger up in a glance, "And when did ye get in, captain?" inquired O'Rourke.

The man jumped with surprise and shot a frighted glance at O'Rourke. Then, noting a gleam of smiling in a friend's face, he was reassured and continued in a cool but hearty way with a fanning himself vigorously with a straw hat.

"Ow the dooce do you know I'm a captain?" he demanded, with a slightly aggrieved manner.

"It shouldn't take a man an hour to guess that, captain—any more than it would to pick ye out for an Englishman."

The captain stared, gray eyes widening. "An' perhaps you'll tell me my name next?" he suggested rather truculently.

"Divvie a bit. 'Tis no clairvoyant I am," laughed O'Rourke. "But I can tell ye me own. 'Tis O'Rourke, and 'tis delighted I am to meet a white man in this heathen country. Sir, your hand!"

He put his own across the table and gripped the captain's heartily.

"Mine's 'Ole," the latter informed him.

"'Ole?" queried O'Rourke. "'Ole what?"

"Not 'Ole nothing," said the captain with some pardonable asperity. "I didn't s'y 'Ole, I s'y'd 'Ole."

"Of course," O'Rourke assented gravely. "I'm stupid, Captain 'Ole, and a bit deaf in me off ear." This, however, was a polite lie.

"That explains it," agreed the mollified man. "It's 'Ole, plyn WILL'm 'Ole, master of the Pelican, frygater, just in from Malta."

A light of interest kindled in O'Rourke's eyes. He reviewed the man with more respect, as due to one who might prove useful. "And bound—!" he insinuated craftily.

"Alexandria. . . . I just dropped in for a d'y or two to pick up a bit of cargo from a chup down at Piræus. It's devilish 'ot and I thought as 'ow I'd take a run up and see the city—giving a bit of time free, y'know."

"Surely," sighed O'Rourke, a far-away look in his eyes. "For Alexandria, eh? Faith, I'd like to be sailing with ye."

Again the captain eyed O'Rourke askance. "Wot for?" he demanded directly. "The Pelican's a slow old tramp. You can pick up a swifter passage on 'arf-a-dozen boats a day."

"Tis meself that knows that, sure," assented the Irishman. "Tis but a trifling difficulty about ready money



He Gripped the Captain's Hand Heartily.

that detains me," he

(TO BE CONTINUED.)