

native woman out upon the ladder. "Courage, Manuella," he kept whispering; "courage, Annette. They've got to help you out."

Captain Hardin leaned over the side. "Let the woman and child come aboard," he shouted; "back there, men back. Welcher, let them come aboard." "Ah-h-h," cried Ilington in a tone of relief. With a final almost superhuman effort he lifted Manuella to the rail of the Princess, safely aboard. He was about to pass the child to her, but young Neal Hardin was holding out his arms.

"I'm a good catch," said young Neal; "put it there." Ilington glanced for one instant into the frank face of Neal Hardin and the captain of the ship. He drew a sigh of relief. He nodded swiftly.

"Whatever happens, thank God she is in good hands," he said.

Captain Hardin put his lips to his megaphone. "Put her about there," he shouted out; "full steam ahead."

Even as he said it there was a fresh shower of huge red cinders; some ash—some in molten state. There was an added cry of agony from shore and sea. Even the refugees aboard the ship covered under the hail of fire in terror. Suddenly at the captain's side Manuella, the native woman, uttered a gasp. A red-hot cinder of unusual size had smitten her upon the temple as she crouched low over little Annette Ilington. Clutching the captain by the arm she fell prone upon the deck.

Young Neal Hardin sprang forward and caught the child before she fell.

Manuella's breath came fast—the thinnest portion of her skull had been pierced by the jagged edges of the cinder. Wild-eyed and frantic, but well realizing that she was upon the point of death, she caught young Neal by the blouse.

"I die—you take baby—some day papa come—very rich—"

She said no more. The captain bent over her, rose and glanced at Welcher significantly. Then he turned to his young son Neal.

"Take the little girl into our cabin, Neal," he said. "Give her to your mother."

Neal clutched the warm bundle in his arms and staggered with it aft.

As Mrs. Hardin unwound the shawl something dropped clinking to the cabin floor. Neal seized it and handed it to his mother.

"It's a bag of gold," he said. No sooner had he said it than another object fluttered to the floor—an oilskin packet sealed with sealing wax. Mrs. Hardin placed the two upon a small stand set into the side wall of the cabin. She continued to unwind the shawl. Again they started. Pinned to the child's dress was a crumpled piece of paper, and upon the piece of paper was a hastily pencilled scrawl. Mrs. Hardin read it. This is what it said:

"I am Annette Ilington, heiress of the lost Isle of Cinnabar. I will be very rich some day. Save my clothes and the oilskin packet until my father comes for me or until I am eighteen. I must look out for a man with a saber cut upon his face. For God's sake keep me safe."

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### After a Night of Fear.

The three men—Ilington and his two companions—sat dejected in their badly leaking boat and watched Captain Hardin's vessel fade away into the distance. Hernandez watched her keenly as she disappeared. Into the innermost recesses of his mind he tucked away the fact that she was the steamer Princess of New York. Some day that knowledge would be of use to him. Hot ashes brushed against Ilington's cheek; some rested on his shoulders. He shook himself like some huge mastiff. He seized the oars.

"Come," he said, "we've got to get out of this—and right away. This boat is filling fast."

"Go to it, senor," said Hernandez. "Row."

It was not a request; it was a command. It was a strange thing that as long as Ilington had borne the child in his arms, Ilington had been the leader of the three. Now his independence seemed to leave him.

For hours he rowed—he forgot he was a human being. His oars rose and fell with the regularity of machinery.

like movement. Suddenly Hernandez spoke.

"Careful, senor," he commanded. "Behold the surf."

He was quite right. They were crossing some bar well off the shore. Before they knew it they were in the midst of a tumult of wind-driven angry waves. Ponto shrieked. A wave towered high above them and fell with thunderous thud upon the bottom of their boat. She went under.

"Come on," cried Ilington; "a hand on each of my shoulders—I'll take you safe ashore."

Half an hour later the three men staggered out of the battered surf and sank down exhausted upon a strip of beach.

Dawn broke with Ilington still sleeping heavily. Ponto was the first to wake. He shook Hernandez, placing his finger on his lips. Hernandez sprang up with the agility of a panther. He collected his faculties in an instant. He placed his hand upon the shoulder of the sleeping man and shook him.

"Wake, senor," he commanded; "it is day."

"Senor," went on Hernandez, "let us resume our conversation—our talk of yesterday. Where is this lost island?" He thrust his face into the face of Ilington. "And where," he demanded, "is the oil-silk packet?"

"Where, also," added Ponto, "is the bag of gold?"

Ilington smiled. "So you have searched me, have you?" he returned. "Well, you're welcome, gentlemen, to anything you find." He rose to his feet. "Come on," he commanded, "we're marooned. I'm hungry. Let us see what we can find."

Hernandez caught him by the arm. "Where is the packet?" he demanded. "And where the gold?" persisted Ponto.

Ilington smiled. "Both traveling north," he answered, "with Annette Ilington. They are confined to her care."

"And why?" asked Hernandez.

Ilington shrugged his shoulders. "I thought you and I and Ponto here were booked for death, that's why. Who knows—we may still be booked for death."

Hernandez glanced significantly at Ponto. "Some of us may," he said.

"Come on," said Ilington, "there are mussels on those rocks yonder. Follow me."

He strode into the water and waded toward a patch of rocky reef beyond.

Ponto seized a bit of jagged wood that lay upon the beach. He and Hernandez waded after Ilington. Once on the rocks Ilington stooped and tore huge shell fish from their moorings with his naked hands. As he did so Ponto in a sudden frenzy lifted high the billet in his hand and brought it with a crashing blow down upon the head of Ilington.

Ilington fell like a log. Hernandez sprang at Ponto and shook him as a terror shakes a rat.

"You fool," he cried, "what do you gain by this?"

"Wait," exclaimed Ponto, clawing Ilington with his clutching talons; "let us search him thoroughly."

The search yielded nothing to them. "Fool," repeated Hernandez, "you have done a useless thing. There's always time I tell you."

Ponto shook his head. "Senor," he said, "this man stood between us and the packet. There is no one now to keep us from his child."

Hernandez slowly nodded. "True," he returned, "perhaps you are right. He was a menace—now he is dead. He is removed. Let us leave him to the mercy of the sea. Come on."

"To the mercy of the sea," these adventurers had said, and the sea was strangely merciful. With the tenderness of a mother it laved the limbs of the supine victim—it washed his wound—it laved his brow.

It did more—it brought him back to life. Uttering an inarticulate cry, the man rose, staggering to his feet. He put his hand to the back of his head. It came away covered with blood. He stared at his ruddy fingers vacantly.

"Red—red—" he babbled.

He stared about him in bewilderment.

Babbling and cackling he rose once more to his feet. Some instinct led him toward the shore. He waded across the narrow strip of water, breast high, toward the narrow strip of beach beyond.

He reached the beach and darted zig-zag hither and thither, always babbling, always cackling.

There was reason for this. Somewhere in his skull there was a dent—a deep depression—made by the billet of wood that had struck him down. Ever and anon as he went he stroked the wound with the right hand and drew the hand away, covered with blood.

"Red—red—" he babbled and went on.

#### CHAPTER V.

##### A Night With Flame.

Young Neal Hardin was proud of his father's boat, the Princess. He never ceased admiring her. There was no part of her he didn't love. He was well assured that she must hold the same fascination for other people as she did for him. He concluded that little Annette Ilington would fall desperately in love with his huge boat and he escorted that young lady to all parts of the vessel—in fact, he walked her little legs off.

They explored the lifeboats, the forward quarters of the crew; they visited the pilot; they climbed the bridge. Finally, they visited the hold. It was well they did.

Something had happened—and had happened on the day before while the Princess lay off Martinique. Cinders had fallen by the hundreds—a condition of affairs that the captain and his crew had well prepared for. It was impossible to be everywhere at once and a cinder—a live, red messenger of death—had taken advantage of this condition of affairs, had wormed its way unnoticed into the cotton-cargo, and like a red-hot cancer had eaten into it with flame.

With just the slightest trace of excitement Neal drew the little girl to the deck and with her at his side sought and found his father and whispered to him.

The captain stiffened as with shock; his face turned pale. He held up a hand and three members of the crew rushed to him. He gave hasty, whispered orders.

In ten minutes the fire hose was laid out—men were working at the pumps. But in ten minutes something else had happened—the hold was filled with smoke. Huge tongues of flame were leaping heavenward, and in that same ten minutes panic took command—pandemonium reigned.

"Abandon ship," Hardin cried. "All hands to the boats! Women and children first."

Two days later a boatload of half-starved refugees parched with thirst, chilled by the cold night and baked by the heat of day, were sighted by a cruiser of the navy. Half an hour afterwards its exhausted passengers clambered wearily but gratefully up the cruiser's side.

The last of the refugees to leave the lifeboat and last of all save the lifeboat's crew to reach the cruiser's deck was young Neal Hardin. Clutching in his arms was the recumbent sleeping figure of little Annette Ilington.

Mrs. Hardin was offered the commander's cabin. She accepted with gratitude. She tucked Annette Ilington and Joey Welcher into their berths, but when she came to look for Neal, her young son, she found him missing. She searched for him. A seaman touched her on the arm.

"You'll find him there, ma'am," said the sailor.

He pointed toward a group in a corner of the sleeping deck. The crew



Ponto in a Sudden Frenzy Lifted High the Billet in His Hands and Brought It Down.

were swinging hammocks ready for the night. Mrs. Hardin listened. She heard the clear tones of her young son Neal. She hastened to the group and caught her offspring by the hand. "Mom," he pleaded, "don't." He pointed toward a hammock high above his head. "That's where I'm going to sleep—just once—tonight."

A seaman touched his cap and grinned. "He's a sailor from the ground up, ma'am," he said. "You can't make him anything else if you was to try a hundred years."

All through that long night a woman lay, wide-eyed, with dumb agony within her heart. She didn't know—she couldn't know—that Capt. John Hardin was exploring the depths unknown with a knife sunk between his shoulder blades by his mate, Welcher. But she knew that she would never lay eyes upon him more—never feel the clasp of his hand, nor his kiss upon her lips, nor his strong arms about her—never in this world again.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Edward Peple's Novel Romance "The Love Route," Paramount Feature at The Majestic Next Tuesday.

The famous romance of the ranch and the railroad, "The Love Route," by Edward Peple, (author of the current comedy triumph, "A Pair of Sixes") is the latest Famous Players Film Company's four-part feature on the Paramount program, the present attraction at the Majestic next Tuesday, Sept. 21st.

Among the many striking effects introduced in this subject is the actual construction of a railroad, from the first spade dug in the ground to the laying of the last tie, and the final running of the mammoth engine over the newly-laid line, a distinct novelty in motion pictures. The main characters in the play are a railroad civil engineer and a young woman, the owner of the ranch through which the new railroad is to pass, which she tries to prevent even at the points of the revolvers of her cowboys. These two characters, when they meet, bring forth a clash of will under circumstances rarely seen on the screen. The fact that they had previously loved each other adds to the interest of the plot. To the very end she fights, and ultimately triumphs, but she eventually awakens to the greatness of her love for the engineer after he is shot by one of her men, and is herself responsible for the completion of the line within the required time limit granted by the railroad company.

Produced in California, the camera has clearly defined the beauties of that wonderful land. The situations calling for the united action of the cowboys and the railroad workmen, and scenes in which these two elements meet in battle, display to the utmost the craft of the screen director.

The carefully selected cast includes Harold Lockwood, Winifred Kingston and Donald Crisp.—adv.

#### Library Notes.

At a meeting of the executive board of the Library Association held Wednesday at 6 p. m., it was decided to purchase fixtures for indirect lighting from B. C. Electric Co., Columbia, U. S. Brooks, president, the wiring having been done by this company at a low bid.

Mr. Bradford, of Columbia, met with the board to discuss screening of building and will bid for this work. The screening of the hospital was satisfactory.

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factorily done by him.

The regular meeting of the Library Association will be held at stand on Monument Park next Tuesday afternoon at 6 p. m. sharp. All members and those intending to become members are urged to be present to adopt Constitution and conduct business. Annual dues will be collected, and committees formed.

Mrs. E. C. von Tresckow, Pres.

The conductors and motormen of the Columbia street railway company, went out on strike Saturday morning. It is said the conductors objected to the checking up system which is given as the cause of the strike.

Temple, Texas.—Esther Grant, 14-years old, is the mother of a 7-pound baby girl. She is supposed to be the youngest mother known to medical science. Her step-father, being held in jail for the crime, committed suicide.

#### WILLIAM H. CRANE AT MAJESTIC TODAY

The Majestic Theatre announces for today William H. Crane in "David Harum," one of the most famous and quaintest characterizations ever contributed to the American stage. Mr. Crane makes his first motion picture appearance in this his greatest characterization of David Harum. It is doubtful if any American work of drama or fiction has ever achieved such a widespread and instantaneous success as did this book and play. Mr. Crane's wonderful portrayal of the genial and quaint old hero of this masterpiece is one of the best examples of character work ever given on the stage, so that the unusual combination of star and play insure a photo-drama of unusual merit.—adv.

"The funniest play ever seen in New York," is what one of the most renowned dramatic critics of America said when "A Gentleman of Leisure" originally produced in dramatic form. Its judgment was confirmed by an engagement which continued for more than a year to overwhelming business and also by the success of the play when offered on tour. It has now been pictured by the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company, and is presented with Wallace Eddinger as the star of an exceptional organization. At the Majestic Theatre soon.—adv.



William H. Crane in the Popular Photo Play "DAVID HARUM" at the Majestic Today.

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Scene from "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" by Chas. Dickens, at the Majestic Thursday.

Fred A. Dominick announces that he will be a candidate for Congress next year. The probable candidates so far mentioned are: Wyatt Alken, Henry Tillman, John Hortel, Jim Crane, A. H. Dagnall, Mr. Holleman, and Gen. M. L. Bonham, the last five of Anderson county, and Dr. E. C. Doyle of Seneca.

Cleveland, O.—"What's your name?" asked the street repair department timekeeper of a worker. "I Wonder," the man replied. "Jon't kid me, what's your name?" "I Wonder, I Wonder." The man's name was Hy Wonder.

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Ponto's Eyes Reddened; His Face Flushed Suddenly. He Fingered the Hilt of His Knife and Glanced Toward Hernandez.