

petitive examinations. Suddenly the window was raised—swiftly but noiselessly, and from without.

One of Joe's friends across the table rose, with terror written on his face. He pointed with his finger at the window.

"Look, look," he cried. They looked. A long thin, gristly brown arm with long clawlike fingers, thrust itself through the window and thrust a folded piece of paper into the breast pocket of Joe Welcher's coat. Joe sprang to his feet, crouched terror-stricken in the corner, shielding his face with his arm. His three cronies leaped to the window, and looked out. There was a moon. But there was no one to be seen. The owner of the hand and arm had disappeared. Welcher, coming to himself, clutched at the note, and unfolded it and read.

My Charming Friend: (It said) Once more I have returned from New York. I stay at Lonesome Cove Inn. Meet me there tomorrow afternoon—perhaps I should say—this afternoon—at three. It is of importance. When you come, inquire for Inez Castro—I have used that name in order that certain mutual friends might not hear of it.

As ever,

Irene Courcier.

That afternoon at three Lonesome Cove—three miles north of Seaport—was graced by the presence of Joe Welcher. Welcher made a bee line for the cafe and properly sipped up his breath before proceeding to keep the rendezvous. Then he approached Mulligan, the ill favored proprietor.

"You got a certain party here of the name of Inez Castro," whispered Welcher to Mulligan.

"What's that to you," said Mulligan. Welcher produced his note—the note produced an unusual effect upon Mulligan. He dropped his surliness, and with a wink beckoned to Welcher, leading him down a dim corridor. "Go up that there staircase," he commanded, "and knock at Number Seven."

"I sent for you," Inez began, "that you should do a favor for me."

Welcher seized her hand. That was his undoing. In a moment she was in his arms, struggling. He kissed her full upon the lips.

"I'll go to hell and back for you," he said. Struggling, she half screamed. Then something happened. Unknown to Welcher, the door of Room Seven opened noiselessly, and a well dressed man, with a saber cut across his face, entered on tiptoes. He crossed the door behind him, and stood there, watching the struggle, silent, sinister.

Suddenly Inez screamed. She released herself from Welcher's arms—and reeled against the table, her eyes wide with fright.

"My—my husband," she gasped. She held out her hands pleadingly toward the newcomer. Welcher cowered in abject terror.

"It was nothing—nothing," gasped Inez, "a bit of play—nothing else—believe me."

Hernandez smiled—a wicked smile. He never looked at Inez. He glared at Joe Welcher.

"So I see," he said, "a bit of play." He whistled. The door opened once again. Two figures entered—the brute and Ponto. Hernandez gave a sign—and the brute picked Joe Welcher up, whirled him in the air, and brought him down seated at the table. This was the added finishing touch to make Joe realize his helplessness. Hernandez clapped his hands and the brute left the room. Ponto, the fat Mexican, curled himself up underneath the table. Hernandez seated himself.

"A bit of play," laughed Hernandez, harshly. Then his brow furrowed with wrinkles, his eyes became stern.

"Young sir," he said, "your foster sister is one Annette Illington. You live in the same house with her. She has in her possession a small oilskin packet—a yellow packet—possibly you've seen it?"

He waited for an answer. Joe moistened his dry lips and nodded.

"Well and good," went on Hernandez, "that packet is mine—it belongs to me. You shall steal it from her—steal it for me. You understand?"

Hernandez smiled. Then his face froze. His hand darted forward and he clutched Welcher by the wrist.

"My young friend," went on Hernandez, "you are a crook. I have watched you from first to last. Always I have watched you. I watched you while you made love to my young wife this day. I watched you when you stole her money from her a week or so ago."

"Give me a drink," cried Welcher. "go on. What do you want me to do?"

"First," returned Hernandez, "say nothing to anyone—about me or my companions—nor about Inez here—nothing. To you we are as a sealed book. Break silence and—well, my ancestors were of the Spanish Inquisition, my young friend. Silence comes first. Next, get that packet. I care not by what means—and bring it to me at the time and place I shall hereafter designate. Now go. Tonight, you understand—tonight."

match far from him and he tiptoed from the room. Softly and in his stocking feet, he crept along the narrow second story hallway. At last he stood in front of Annette's door. The door was closed. Welcher turned—the handle softly, noiselessly, and it yielded to his pressure. The door was not locked. Under his silent, steady pressure, it opened on a crack—inch wide—more. Then suddenly, from within he heard Annette's voice—a dream voice—"Neal—Neal."

It startled him. He stood there silent for an instant. Then he realized that something had happened to him—he had become sober, too sober, to do the trick. He felt in his pocket for the flask. "It was not there. He had left in his room. Stealthily he groped his way back to his room, opened the door and reached for the bottle.

Then with a choking, inarticulate cry, he turned and darted down the stairs, out of the house and up the road.

His room was a living furnace of red flames—the hastily tossed lighted match had done its work.

Outside, Ponto and Hernandez wondering, gave chase. Welcher, with fear at his heels, sped on and on.

CHAPTER XVI.

Peril.

Annette woke, choking. Smoke poured into her room. She realized at once that the house was burning. She heard the nearby crackling of flames—she saw the nearby glare of flame. Without the village fire gong clanged—she heard the shouts of volunteers coming down the road.

She ran to Mrs. Hardin's room. The door was locked; smoke was creeping from underneath the door. "Mother—Mother Hardin," cried Annette. There was no response. In a frenzy Annette rushed back to her room, seized a chair and returned to the locked door. With a sudden twist of her lithe body she raised the chair above her shoulders and brought it crashing against the door. A volume of smoke poured out. Regardless of it, Annette rushed in, dragged Neal's mother—unconscious as she was—from the bed, out of the room and down the stairs.

"Joey," gasped Annette, "Joey Welcher—he's in there. We must save him, too."

"No," interposed a distant neighbor, "he's not in there. I saw him in the village, running for help."

During the confusion, three shadowy figures, returning as from a chase, crept through the smoke and crouched beneath bushes in the rear of the house, unnoticed and unseen.

One of these men turned to another. "Ponto," cried Hernandez in a low voice, "what of the packet?—what of Lost Isle?—the fool Welcher! By this time we might have had it."

Annette, seated on the ground, with Mrs. Hardin's head in her lap, watched the scene as in a dream. Her glance roved from the flames to the crowd of jostling people—and from them back to the flames again. Then suddenly her heart rose to her throat. Peering at her from the middle of a dense mass of shrubbery, there was a face—a face with staring eyes, matted hair, and unkempt beard.

She had seen that face before—and on that very road—it had once struck terror to her heart. This time however, it had a far stranger effect upon her. No sooner had she caught sight of this uncanny countenance, than, unaccountably she remembered something—the yellow packet.

"My father's fortune—my father's whereabouts," she cried. She surrendered her charge to a neighborly woman close at hand and struggled to her feet. She reached her room in comparative safety, save for the choking in her throat. Once there she seized a water pitcher and drenched herself from head to foot—then with dripping hair and clothes she felt for and found her hiding place. She groped for the packet. A tongue of flame swept the window. She shut it, and the glass cracked and fell tinkling to the ground below. Then she groped again.

"I've got it—got it," she cried in exultation, and thrust the yellow packet safely in her breast. There was a sudden crash. She flung open her room door. The staircase, eaten through with flame as its top moorings had fallen in. The hallway was alive with flame. She sprang to her window—no thoroughfare—the whole side wall—the side of her room—was now ablaze. Obeying some instinct Annette threw herself face downward on the floor. The air there was singularly sweet and cool.

"Somebody will come," she told herself, "somebody will come."

Without the word passed that Annette had rushed into the house—was inside now. A huge figure leaped into the crowd, parting it right and left and bounded into the doorway of the house. Whimpering with fear, the brute ran hither, thither, through the living room, and entered the hall—finding the staircase a mass of ruin. He leaped and clutched the landing up above. Some instinct led him to Annette's room. He saw and found her—clutched her unconscious form in his huge arms and leaped with her to the floor beneath and, unseen, laid her unconscious form down at the feet of Mrs. Hardin. Then black, burned, and unrecognizable, he sped away into the night.

Hernandez gritted his teeth. "I thought I had that brute trained," he exclaimed wrathfully, as he realized that Annette and her treasure had escaped him, "and I thought he was afraid of fire. In both I was mistaken. We must take it out of his hide, Ponto—next time he must make no mistake."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ENGLAND'S THRONE.

As One of the Heirs to It, the German Emperor Is Very Remote.

In answer to the question, "Was the emperor of Germany ever considered an heir to the English throne and did Queen Victoria have a law passed to exclude him from the succession?" the Philadelphia Press says:

"The possibility of the German emperor ever succeeding to the throne of England is so very remote as to cause little thought. There was more or less talk on the subject at the time of the marriage of the kaiser's mother to the heir to the German throne in 1858, but we are unable to find that any parliamentary action was taken even then."

"After King George came his five sons and one daughter and their children, if any; then King George's sister Louise, Duchess of Fife, her two daughters and the son of the elder; then Princess Victoria, then Queen Maud of Norway and her son, making thirteen at present living in the line of succession. After that the succession reverts to the descendants of the late King Edward's brother, Alfred, duke of Edinburgh; Arthur, duke of Connaught, and Leopold, duke of Albany. As these all married and had numerous children and grandchildren, there is a long line of heirs to the throne before the succession would come to the descendants of the oldest sister of King Edward, the late Empress Frederick of Germany, the first of which line is Emperor William."

PITCHING IN BASEBALL.

Lack of Control Will Render Useless All Other Ability.

"In my ten years' connection with the American league as umpire I have seen the fact proved again and again that control is absolutely necessary to win success," writes Billy Evans in St. Nicholas.

"The more one studies the different features of the art of pitching the more clearly does he see the value that control plays in the success of the pitcher."

"If the pitcher knows the weakness of the batter and intends giving him a fast ball on the inside and then deliberately pitches to the opposite side his knowledge of the batter is of no use to him. Lack of control has rendered his knowledge useless."

"If he knows the shortstop is to cover and then pitches a ball to the batter that makes it easy for him to hit through the position vacated by the shortstop he nullifies the strength of his infield. Lack of control is again the cause."

"If the catcher signals for a waste ball in order to be in a better position to throw out a runner trying to steal and instead he gets the ball right over the plate he is handicapping the catcher. Lack of control is again the cause."

"After all, most of the finer points of pitching are based on ability to control the ball."

Stonehenge.

No sooner had we set foot on the first swell of plain than I became aware of what looked like a herd of elephants, half a mile ahead. They did not move, and slowly it dawned upon me that this was Stonehenge.

"A few minutes later, seated within the circles of those enormous stones, I was asking myself the old questions that so many travelers have asked. For worship, at least, these rude masses were erected; that seems fairly certain. And to commemorate a battle, if only may judge from the barrows that crown the neighboring hillocks. Religion and war—the two powers that have charmed and ruled and tortured the world. So mysterious is the whole of life, alike moral and physical, that the haunting wonder of Stonehenge was neither increased nor lessened by what then I saw.—Scribner's.

Many Species of Banana.

The banana as a substitute for the potato would have one drawback. It has been found that those who live mainly upon this article of diet soon tend to become what is poetically called "tubby." The banana with which we are all familiar is only one of many useful species. Cochin China produces a single fruit that is an ample meal for three men, and in East Africa an intoxicating drink is made from the native banana.—London Chronicle.

The Reason.

"The first year of married life is always the most troublesome. After a couple passes that safely the great danger of separation is over."

"Why do you say that?"

"It usually takes a man a year to learn the futility of arguing with his wife"—Detroit Free Press.

Tearing Sounds.

The ear can be trained to accustom itself to the sound of the tearing of various materials. The noise accompanying the tearing of cotton is unlike that of linen. The warp has its voice and the filling quite another, the former being shrill, while the latter is apt to be dull.

Those Dear Girls.

Alice (just engaged)—What do you think Jack said to me last night? That if he had to choose either me or \$10,000 he wouldn't look at the money. Marie—Dear, loyal fellow! Wouldn't like to risk the temptation, I suppose.—Boston Transcript.

Too Timid.

Green—Has fortune never knocked at Brown's door? White—Oh, yes, but Brown didn't dare open it for fear 'twas a bill collector!—New York American.

FLÉETEST OF ALL DOGS.

Greyhounds Can Run as Fast as Carrier Pigeons Can Fly.

Comparatively few people realize of what remarkable speed dogs are capable. The wolf can run between fifty and sixty miles in one night, and the arctic fox can do quite as well, if not better. Nansen met one of these foxes on the ice at a point more than seventy miles northwest of the Sannikow territory, which is 480 miles from the Asiatic coast. Eskimo and Siberian dogs can travel forty-five miles on the ice in five hours, and there is one case on record in which a team of Eskimo dogs traveled six and one-half miles in twenty-eight minutes.

English setters and pointers hunt at the rate of eighteen to nineteen miles an hour, and they can maintain the speed for at least two hours. Foxhounds are extraordinarily swift, as is proved by the fact that a dog of this breed once beat a thoroughbred horse, covering four miles in six and one-half minutes. Greyhounds are the swiftest of all four footed creatures, and their speed may be regarded as equal to that of carrier pigeons. English greyhounds which are carefully selected and which are used for coursing are able to cover at full gallop a space between eighteen and twenty-three yards every second. It is said that a hare at its greatest speed never goes faster than at the rate of eighteen yards a second. These interesting statistics fully prove the right of the greyhounds to rank as the swiftest of the quadrupeds.—Springfield Republican.

VIOLENT DEATHS.

One Indication Is the Immediate Setting In of Rigor Mortis.

More than once the question of whether a person has died a natural or unnatural death turns upon something grasped in the hand. The object is held because the hand stiffens through what is known as rigor mortis (pronounced rye-gor mor-tis), a stiffening of the muscles of the body after death.

Now, if a person dies naturally this stiffening of the muscles does not take place, as a rule, until two hours or more after death, and then it comes on slowly. In cases of violent death, however, rigor mortis sets in immediately. It is through this that many a murderer has been caught and many a so-called accidental death proved to be intentional.

One of the most remarkable effects of this sudden stiffening after death appears in the account of the charge of Balacava. Captain Nolan while riding at the head of the noble six hundred had his chest torn open by a Russian shell.

The arm he was waving in the air at the moment remained high uplifted, and he retained his seat on his horse, which wheeled around and passed some distance through the ranks before the rider fell.

Portions of the hair and clothing of a murderer have often been found in the hands of the victim, while bodies recovered from the water have brought with them clutched in their fingers weeds and mud from the bottom, showing that death occurred in the water and not on land.—London Answers.

Natural Age of Man.

The question as to what is the natural age of man is by no means settled, of course, but many are of the opinion that the Frenchman Flourens was not far out of the way in his estimate of the time a man should live. Taking his observations from the group mammalia, of the class vertebrata, as having the closest resemblance to man and such species as are permitted to live the full term of their natural life under circumstances not admitting of error or doubt, Flourens found that their natural life extended to about five times the period of their lives from birth up to maturity. Applying the rule thus obtained to human life and taking the age at which the body is fully matured to be twenty years, he concluded the natural duration of the life of man to be 100 years.

Something Saved.

"What success did you have raising chickens?"

"Very little. Some escaped, thieves stole others and a large number died of a mysterious disease."

"That was tough luck."

"However, I beat the jinx to the last one."

"How was that?"

"Before anything could happen to it I had it killed and put in a pie."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Curiosity.

Gladys—Why are you going to all that trouble to open that letter so carefully, Maud? Maud—Oh, I had a quarrel with George and intended to send his letter back unopened, but I just thought I would see what he said before I returned it.

Never.

Mr. Willis—But why don't you take your bank book in to have it balanced?

Mrs. Willis—I don't want that snooty looking cashier to know how much money I've got in there.—Pittsburgh Press.

The Indispensable Boy.

Caller—How is your new office boy getting along these days? Lawyer—Oh, fine! He's got things so mixed up now that I couldn't get along without him.—Boston Journal.

The temple of fame stands upon the grave. The flame upon its altars is kindled from the ashes of the dead.—Haslitt.

TO BE TRIED IN YORK.

Murderers of Winslow Sheriff Get Change of Venue.

At the opening of the Court in Winslow last Wednesday morning, Judge Rice announced that the case of the state against Jesse Morrison, Jas. Rawl and Ernest Isenhower, charged with the shooting of Sheriff A. J. Hood, Rural Policeman Raleigh Boulware and the negro prisoner, Jules Smith, on the court house steps in York. During the day a formal order was signed by the Judge directing that the cases be tried in York county. Solicitor Henry requested the grand jury, who were in session, to make a report in the matter and acquaint him with the views of the people, and in their report, which was not read, but which was made a part of the record they unqualifiedly reported that the cases should be tried in this county. However, it must be stated that few people with whom the correspondent has talked are of the opinion that a jury free from bias or passion could be secured without great difficulty, as almost every citizen seems to have a conviction either on one side or the other.

The next term of Court of General Sessions for York county convenes on November 23, but whether these cases are to be tried at this term has not been determined.

PARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

We hereby give notice to the public that the former partnership of Malone-Pearce-Young has been terminated by the retirement of Mr. Malone and the transfer of his interest to the undersigned, who will continue the business as sole owners and partners, under the firm name of Pearce-Young.

W. H. PEARCE,
W. M. YOUNG,
Camden, S. C., Sept. 27th, 1915.

RED CROSS SEALS.

American Red Cross Plans to Record Sale of 1914.

Two hundred million Red Cross Christmas Seals are now being prepared and distributed by the American Red Cross and the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, according to a statement issued by the latter organization today. The proceeds from the sale of these seals will go for the fight against tuberculosis in the communities where the seals are sold.

The organization of the Red Cross seal sale this year will take in every State and territory of the United States, including Hawaii, Porto Rico, and the Canal Zone. By December 1st, over 500,000 workers, men, women and children, will be engaged in the campaign.

The sale in 1914 broke all previous records, totaling over 55,000,000 seals. After deducting all expenses, this year nearly \$500,000 for tuberculosis work in this country. The money has been being expended by over 2,000 different agencies who benefited from the sale in amounts ranging from \$100 or less to over \$25,000. The American Red Cross announces that it will continue its previous successful policy of charging only 10 per cent of the gross proceeds to state anti-tuberculosis associations, thereby encouraging local work.

A comedy that savors of romance is "The Caprices of Kitty," starring Estelle Jannis, one of the most delightfully refined comedienne of the stage who has made her debut into moving pictures. This picture will be released by Bosworth on the Paramount program at The Majestic Theatre today.—adv.

Reserved seats now on sale at W. Robin Zemp's drug store for "Peg My Heart."—adv.



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