SYNOPSIS.

Automobile of Miss Dorothy Upton and friend, Mrs. Fane, breaks down at New Mexico border patrol camp, commanded by Lleutenant Kynaston. The two women are on way to mine of Miss Upton's father, located a few miles across the Mexican border. Kynaston leaves women at his camp while he goes with a detail to investigate report of Villa gun runners. Villa troops drive small force of Carranza across border line and they surronder to Kynaston. Dorothy and Mrs. Fane still at camp when Kynaston returns with prisoners. Blind Mexican priest appears in camp and claims interned Mexicans have in the spoils brought across the line a wonderful emerald bell stolen from a shrine by Zapata and taken from him by Carranza troops. Priest is searching for the emerald in order to return it to the shrine. Kynaston finds jewel and reports to department hendquarters. Major Updyke appears from headquarters to take charge of valuables captured, Priest and emerald bell disappear. Kynaston slips across border with one man to ald Uplon family surrounded by Villistas. The water supply runs short. Automobile of Miss Dorothy Upton and 

Is the terrible suspense of waiting for death worse than death itself? Does the man condemned to be shot at sunrise suffer most before led out to execution? Consider the feelings of a father when he learns that a mob is going to sack his home, kill the defenders and steal his beautiful daughter. \*

#### CHAPTER V-Continued.

So Upton, laying aside his rifle, went down the hill to meet the pseudoofficer, who, with an orderly behind him, was signaling for an interview.

"Well, what is it you pirates want?" he asked truculently. you tryin' to make a livin' by your own unaided efforts?"

'We have come to collect from the holders of Mexican property a part of their ill-gotten gains in order, senor, that the brave and patriotic defenders of the republic shall not be hungry."

"Well, you've undertaken a grown man's job, then," snarled Upton. "We demand the payment by the Santa Cruz mine of five thousand dollars in cash and the surrender of all the arms, ammunition and powder, including dynamite, that you have, as well as the permanent loan of all your able-bodied horses."

"H-m! And what do I get out of

"You will have our protection and our assurances that you will not be bothered or annoyed by any further compulsory loans made to the provisional republic."

Upton fumbled for a moment in his pocket, from which he finally produced two papers. These he handed to his

"There are two other 'protections' given me last month," he said tersely. You will see that one is for two thousand and the other for fifteen hun-

"We will guarantee you against any further contributions," said the other ingratiatingly.

"If your own force isn't strong enough to take my place it certainly isn't strong enough to protect me against anything. No. senor, I won't pay you a single cent-not a sou markee. I've stood all I'm going to stand from you fellows. Now I'll apneal to the American consul." The other spat derisively.

"Better trust to me!" he said vaingloriously. "But if you do not surrender immediately, but compel me to take the place, I tell you frankly, senor, I shall show no quarter-"

"Well, I can't help that, can I? I will give you, sir, exactly what you can take—an' it won't strain your back to carry it, either," snapped Upton.

"Very well, senor," said the Mexican. "I give you half an hour to consult with your companions. If at the end of that time you decide to accept my terms you have only to wave a white flag from your front door. I shall know what it means.

"If there is no flag-then all that tollows is your own fault. Adios, senor. May the saints teach you wisdom!" The Mexican strode off to his men while Upton picked the best way up the slope to the house.

The long half-hour came to an end at last. Suddenly down by the corrals a rifle cracked. A bullet wheeped through the window where Kynaston stood. Lodged in the heavy windowpost. At the smack of the impact the youngster sprang back.

Raising his rifle, he fired at a head that showed above a stone. The flat, bullet whizzed uncomfortably close to smacking report and the heavy recoil Kynaston's shoulder, landing with a of the piece steaded him.

"Did you hit him?" asked a soft cua steady voice behing him. He turned to see Dorothy standing near

"Don't think so. Please get back, logs, fired two shots in rapid succes-Miss Upton. You might be hit, you slon. know, and then-His eyes told the rest of it. Doro-

thy laughed a little.

knew, but it was hard to accustom herself to the idea of death and suffering inflicted under her very eyes.

An oath from Upton made Kynaston turn. He saw John Wilkes, the old engineer, step to the table and, picking up the dipper, help himself to a drink of water.

The dipper was still immersed in the water when there came another tlat, smacking report, followed by a crash as of a stone on a board. The bucket broke into fragments and fell from the table, the water dripping down upon the floor.

Mr. Wilkes stood gazing upon the ruin.

"What the-" he ejaculated helplessly.

"Bullet through the east loophole," said Kynaston shortly. "The bucket was in the line of fire. Now, you've dene it, Mr. Greaser! That's all the water we had."

Hour after hour the defenders sat beside their loopholes watching the slow advance of their besiegers. The Mexicans did not dare advance across the open under the fire of the rifles from the house. They were obviously waiting for night to cover their real approach. Kynaston dreaded what the night would bring, for there was no way to prevent the Mexicans from getting to close range under cover of the darkness. Then, when the besiegers were within striking distance, it would be difficult indeed for the defenders to reply to the overwhelming intensity of the fire that would be opened upon the house so soon as daylight should come.

While Kynaston was cudgeling his brains to find some solution to the problem he saw old Wilkes pottering about the house, carefully gathering up all the empty tin cans. These the old man strung on a piece of rawhide



The Heavy Recoll Steadled Him.

that had been brought to the house to be made into a lariat. His curiosity thoroughly aroused, Kynaston asked: What are you doing with that, Mr. Wilkes?"

"Can't git no mule-bells." said the old man sententiously; "they're all in the stables. So I'm aimin' to string all these cans on a piece of rope an' hang 'em across the front an' back roads after dark. Anybody stumblin' against 'em 'll rattle 'em, an' that 'll give us warnin'."

"That's what I've been trying to think of! Now, if we only had some water!'

There was no water; and the whole garrison knew it. For hours the defenders, sticking close to the loopholes, knew thirst-grimy, dry-eyed thirst that froze the smile on the lips and cracked the corners of the mouth. A shot from the corral smacked

against the rear wall of the house, Instinctively the man behind the doorpost took cover. A moment after the shot was fired a man came forward from the corral, displaying a dirty handkerchief on the end of a stick.

Mr. Wilkes spoke excitedly: "Don't you do it! Anybody that goes out here now ain't got no sense. They'll get you into the open and shoot you down. Don't pay no atten-

tion to 'em!" "You must recognize it," said Kynaston. "Come on, Upton, we'll see

what they want.' But little time was given. There came a crack from the right, and a victous whit in the mass of clay chinking that formed the chimney. Down came the half-baked stuff with a rattle. Mr. Wilkes, thrusting his rifle through a crack between two of the

"You'll walk home, consarn you, if

you go at all!" he growled. Kynaston saw two of their horses But she covered her face with her down in the dust of the corral. A hands for a moment, then turned away storm of curses came from the edge with a little shudder. It was ear, she of the clearing.

The old man grinned a yeicover." low-toothed grin over his shoulder at the defenders.

Darkness fell over the little valley. With the coming of the night the fears of the little garrison increased.

"Just as like as not they'll try to sneak up and set fire to the house," said Mr. Wilkes. "It's as dry as punk. We'd better keep men watching all night.'

So the party was divided into two reliefs: Mr. Wilkes, Upton, and a Mexican composed one; Kynaston, Nolan, and Wilson the other. It was pitch-black; the hours passed like years. The night was so still, and the stillness so nerve-racking, that every crackle in the brush, every call of a night bird, every gurgle of the creek, brought the defenders to their loopholes in anticipation of an attack. But the night passed without alarm, though it was not until dim daylight showed the column of smoke from the besiegers' camp fire that the defense relaxed its vigilance.

"I wish I dared run out to that creek bed for a bucket of water," growled Kynaston. "Salt bacon isn't any too appetizing. There are ponies in the stables behind; I'm going to try it. Give me the bucket."

Before anyone could stop him he he seized a bucket and dashed into the stable. A moment later they saw him flat upon his pony, carrying his States an dof the state of rifle low and to the right, galloping for the period of three years in service down the trail to the creek bottom, where the water gurgled half-way between the two contending parties.

A hundred yards! A shot. Two from the defense covered his reckless venture. Three hundred yards! His steep banks, plowed its nose along twelve feet of earth-and the young banks of the stream, his hand holding haul back forty pounds of dirty water. rules and articles of war."

A bullet wheeped past his ear. The scream of a horse in pain made him turn, spilling half the contents of his bucket. His pony was down, shot through the barrel. He wormed his way back to the shelter of its body, carrying with him the half-bucket of dirty water that meant life to the defenders of the house.

Half-way to the house he got! Then the fusillade from the attackers made him throw himself to the ground in a wild attempt to seek cover. The answering roar from the loopholes of the house atop the slope behind him told him the grateful news that the garrison had seen his predicament.

Time after time a shot wheeped close to his head. Time after time he carefully pulled that half-filled bucket with its precious contents closer to him so that it should not be spilled. Time after time he sank closer and still more close into the little hollow that sheltered him, biding his opportunity for a final scramble up-hill to the safety of the house.

From this vantage-point on the slope, Kynaston could see one rebel after another attempt to take a posiand thus forced to run across the open space of the unsheltered hillside.

the ground closer and closer.

right in my line o' fire-I'm comin' down to you.'

Down went Kynaston's head. He dared not turn to look, for he knew that no man living can turn without partially rising. Three Mexicans skulked across the road, taking cover in the thin fringe of mesquit along the trail. The leader stopped long enough to fire twice at Kynaston. The American rifle spat out its answer. At the same time Kynaston heard another rifle crack from higher up the hill. Upton, prone in the dirt, was covering Kynaston's retreat.

Kynaston heard Upton's shot wheep past him just as his own finger pressed the trigger. The man in the road be low him staggered, spun around twice and dropped upon his face.

He waiter no longer, but sprang to his feet, gripped the half-empty water bucket with one hand, and trailing his rifle with the other dashed up the narrow trail to the house, where he was

received with hearty congratulations. "Of course, we needed it badly," said Mrs. Fane as she took the bucket from his hand, "but not so badly as that." She pointed to a thin line of red that showed above his collar. Kynaston raised his hand to it and laughed.

"It can't be anything. I pledge you my word I never knew I was touched- Oh, I say-"

He broke off suddenly as he looked at Dorothy Upton, for her eyes were full of telltale tears.

"There they come again!" growled Wilkes, pointing down the hill.

A group of rebels had gathered about the dead man. Even as the Americans watched they came forward slowly up the slope, waving for a flag a shirt that was long past all days of whiteness.

"Come on, Wilkes, and hear what they've got to say." Mr. Upton and the old man walked out to meet the flag of truce.

Do you think that Mrs. Fane loves Lieutenant Kynaston and that in the event of Dorothy's death he will turn his affection to the fascinating widow?

(TO BE CONTYNUED)

that you two keip under 15 DAYS CAMP FOR MILITIA

Moore Secures Ample Funds .-- New Enlistment Oath Required for Members of National Guard.

Columbia.-The annual encampment of the National Guard of South Carolina will continue for 15 days, according to W. W. Moore, adjutant general, who went to Washington for a conference with Secretary Baker relative to the property shortage.

"The encampment will last for 15 days," said the adjutant general, "as required by the new arm, oill. Every soldier in the National Guard must reenlist and take the new oath at once. The necessary funds for the encampment will be furnished upon requisition. Credit will be given to the men under the new oath for previous service. No new commands will be considered at the present time."

new rules and regulations for the control of the militia were being prepared by the war department and would be issued in a few days.

The following is the new oath retional Guard: "I hereby acknowledge to have voluntarily enlisted this-

day of --. 19--- as a soldier in the National Guard of the United and three years in the reserve, under the conditions prescribed by law, un less sooner discharged by proper authority. And I do solemnly swear gience to the United States of America and to the state of --, and that pony, stumbling and slipping down the I will serve them honestly and faithfully against all their enemies whomsoever, and that I will obey the orders

the bucket over the edge, trying to over me according to law and the stop her (v. 8), perhaps to avoid a con-

Short Course in Demonstration.

home demonstration work of their re- 16:17; Lk. 9:1; Lk. 10:17). spective counties: Miss Nellie Ray, II. The Disciples in Prison (vv. 19-Barnwell county, assisted by Mrs 24.) Of no further commercial value, Chesterfield agent; Miss Cora L. D. companions. So today the liquor in-Conner, Colleton county, assisted by terests would seek remuneration for Miss Amanda Edwards, Williamsburg the loss of their "business," and county, and Miss Jo Yarborough, anathematize their opponents, while Chester county; Miss Marguerite the underworld tries to overthrow all Richardson, Beaufort county, assisted who seek to restrain them. Paul and Katherine Richardson, Clarendon with. It, indeed, went hard with them county; Miss Grace Lumpkin, Aiken thus to be unjustly set upon and final-Dorothy Napier, Richland county, and Miss Ida Moore, Marlboro county.

#### To Entertain Firemen.

Firemen's Association meeting to be 8:28). held in this city is drawing close. This convention will be held in Orangeburg 25-35). Christ before Pilate was acon June 20-21-22. The local committees cused of sedition, and these flogged distion from which he could be outflanked have everything in readiness for the ciples were likewise innocent sufferconvention and the big tournament. ers. (1) Prayer and praise (25-26). Best of entertainment will be given Note the circumstances—darkness, Bullet after bullet made him hug the visiting fire laddies. The race torn and bleeding, aching backs and a Presently he heard a shout from the tion. Large grand stands will be erection. Large grand stands will be erection. Large grand stands will be erection. The present promise to be more was no sleep for the disciples at that was no sleep for the disciples at that midnight hour, but often strength is course is being put in best of condimorrow filled with blackness. There Wake the Liver house that sent the red blood coursing ted and the races promise to be more midnight hour, but often strength is largely attended than any in the his- better gained in prayer than sleep. "Oh, Kynaston!" it said, "duck your tory of the association. Orangeburg- "Praying, they sang hymns,"—in the nut, youngster; duck your nut! You're ers expect 15,000 visitors on the big day of the races.

#### Vice Consul to Riga.

Washington.-Congressman J. W. lagsdale was notified by the state department that T. B. Brooks Alford of Dillon had been appointed vice consulto Riga, Russia. Mr. Alford is an alumnus of the University of South Carolina and has been secretary to Mr. Ragsdale since January 1. Riga is one of the most important seaports of Russia. Mr. Alford will spend about two weeks with his relatives in South Carolina and then sail from New York 'or Riga.

#### Travelers Select Columbia.

Florence.—The United Commercial Travelers of the Carolinas closed their annual convention here with the selec-tion of Columbia as the meeting place for next year.

Memorial services were held for seven members of the order who have died since the last convention.

SOUTH CAROLINA NEWS ITEMS.

U. R. Brooks, clerk of the South Carolina-supreme court, has gone to Newport News, where he will remain for about 10 days on his vacation.

Cecil Jean Rogers, the three-year old child of H. K. Rogers of Ebenezer, was struck by a train and killed within a few feet of his home.

City delivery of mail will be inaugurated at Hartsville July 1.

A class of 118 graduates awarded diplomas at Clemson College last week. Eugene M. Hart, aged 72, a Confed-

erate veteran of Columbia died a few days ago. Forty-one pupils received diplomas from the Women's College at Due

West. Albert D. Oliphant, assistant secre tary of the state board of charities and corrections, spent one day in Lexington pursuing the duties of his office. He said Lexington is building some of the best highways to be found in

any county in the state. At a meeting in Spartanburg Monday plans were laid for the organization of a mutual insurance company.

# INTERNATIONAL A REMARKABLE

(By E. O. SELLERS, Acting Director of the Sunday School Course in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.) (Copyright by Western Newspaper Union.)

### LESSON FOR JUNE 18.

THE PHILIPPIAN JAILER.

LESSON TEXT-Acts 16:16-40.
GOLDEN TEXT-Believe on the Lord Jesus and thou shalt be saved, thou and thy house.-Acts 16:31.

Dean Vaughn has said of this lesson that in it "we have an epitome of the whole history of the gospel." The time was A. D. 50 or 52 and the place was The adjutant general said that the Philippi, an important city, as before suggested.

I. The Damsel Delivered of Demons (vv. 16-18). On their way to the praying place where they had met Lydia, the disciples met this maid who "had a quired for the members of the Na- spirit, a Python." Greek soothsayers were supposed to be inspired by Apollo, who killed a great snake at Mt. Parnassus and left it to rot. The girl was probably possessed of hysteria and thus spoke strange words, and her condition brought much profit to her masters, who professed to interpret her words. This evidence of evil possession awoke a sympathetic response in Paul's heart. "Her misery and hundred yards! A storm of bullets that I will bear true faith and alle- degradation were a symbol of the degradation, as Lydia's sweet and benevolent Christian character was of the transfiguration of womanhood."-Stalker. Her cry after Paul was perhaps that they were the slaves of some American found himself lying face of the president of the United States 30d, even as she was the slave of Apoldown behind a mesquit bush on the and of the governor of the state of lo. The Gadarene (Luke 8:28) used -, and of the officers appointed similar language. Paul did not at once troversy, but his deliberation made more profound the final deliverance wrought. Worn out at last with her cries, but taking no credit himself, Columbia.—The following agents Paul spoke the name of Power which are now holding short courses in the had foretold just such acts (Mk.

> Dora Dee Walker, Mrs. B. W. Faust, the slave drivers sought revenge by Bamberg agent, and Miss Stella Mims, inciting a mob to attack Paul and his by Miss Caroline Bostick, Miss Pearl Silas were accused of "troubling" the Napier, Charleston county, and Miss city, for the trade has been interfered county, assisted by Miss Bostick, Miss ly, through the connivance of the spineless authorities, to be incarcerated in a filthy dungeon. Still, though the majority was against them, yet the mob was not right (compare 17:5; 18: 12; 19:28-29), and they had One on Orangeburg.—The time for the state their side who was sufficient (Rom.

> > III. Deliverance and Salvation (vv. midst of that heterogeneous lot of prisoners they did not, could not, keep silent. The result was attentive listening by the other prisoners and by a loving Heavenly Father, who shook do its duty.
> >
> > Cures Con-(v. 26). (2) The jailed delivered. The place was so shaken that every barred door was opened and the staples of the stocks were so loosened as to liberate every prisoner. (3) The jailer saved. The brutal one is now the anxious inquirer, and becomes a good type for all to follow who are out of Christ. (a) He saw he was lost. He was subject to the same death as his escaped prisoners, "Supposing" (v. 27) has darkened many lives, and our greatest sorrows are often imagined. Face to face with death, the jailer would plunge into an eternity for which he was not prepared. Paul's clarion call brought the failer to express his anxiety (v. 29), and it was not a triffing flor skeptically indifferent man who appealed to Paul. He was brought face to face with two holy men, with God and with eternity.

Those to whom he came knew the facts, had faith, and could meet the emergencies of life with confidence, IV. The Humbled Magistrates (vv. 35-40). The fatter evidences joy, hospitality and a changed home, which news must have reached the magistrates. Their early command was to "let these fellows go." Paul here rises to his full dignity. Beaten openly, condemned without trial and verdict, does not allow them to cover their crime and blunder by stealth.

The magistrates were liable to loss of position, goods, and even life, and hence willingly did all that Paul required

Thus the imprisonment turned out to the honor of the apostle and the glory of God. Nor did Paul hasten at all in leaving the city.

After recovering strength to travel and encouraging the members of the infant church they departed, taking Timothy (17:14) with them.

Thus God gloriously delivered those who labored amidst sore trials, and there was established in Philippi church which was dear to Paul and which was especially kind to Paul, and to which is directed one of his mos tender epistles.

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walk up or down
stairs without suffering intonsely.
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doubled up with pain
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GALLSTONES