

#### SYNOPSIS.

The story opens at Monte Carlo with for terence O'Rourke, a military free hoted. Leaning on the balcomy he sees a beautiful gift who suddenly enters the botted. Leaning on the balcomy he sees a beautiful gift who suddenly enters the watching bim. One is the Hon. Bertie funders and passes from sight. At the same the balcom and the second the term of the second ball of the second met of O'Rourke as a man who would meet take a secret mission. At his spart ment, O'Rourke, who had agreed to un dertake the mission, finds a mysterious beat of package to O'Rourke, who is not oppen it until on the ocean. A pair of under take baltix, from whom he had be his wife. Beatrix, from whom he had be had be built on the ocean. The first from the had be to be him by a de boot of Flame and left to be him by a de boot of Flame and left to be him by a de boot of flame and left to be him by a de boot of flame and left to be him by a de boot of flame and left to be him by a de boot of flame and left to be him by a de boot of flame and left to be him by a de boot of flame and left to be him by a de boot of flame and left to be him by a de boot of flame and left to be him by a de boot of flame and left to be him by a de boot of flame and left to be him by a de boot of flame and left to be him by a de boot of flame and left to be him by a de boot of flame and left to be him by a de boot of flame and left to be him by a de boot of flame and be a de boot of flame and

### CHAPTER IV .- (Continued.)

"That the man will never consent to weapons worthy the name. He values his precious hide too highly, and he's not going to put himself in the way of being injured when he has the Pool of Flame to steal. Be easy on that score, darling-and have faith In me a little. I'll not let him harm me by so much as a scratch."

"Ah, but how can I tell? . . Dearest, my dearest, why not give it up-not the duel alone, but all this life of roaming and adventure that keeps us apart? Am I not worth a little sacrifice? Is my love not recompense enough for the loss of your absolute independence? Listen, dear, I have thought of something; I will make you independent, I will settle upon you all that I possess. I-"

instant think I'd dream of accepting that!"

esteem when you have me to love and honor you? . . . Come to me, Terence. I need you-I need you desperately. I need the protection of your arm as well as your name. I need my husband!"

duelist, much inflamed.

Advancing from his antagonist's position three preternaturally serious chaste salute upon the cheek of our gentlemen of France in black frock chauffeur. . . . Besides, I've a train coats and straight-brimmed silk hats to catch." waded ankle deep in dripping grass to meet O'Rourke's representatives.

The two parties met, saluted one an-

other with immense reserve, and retired to a suitable distance to confer; something which they did wordily, with enthusiasm and many picturesque gestures. At first strangely amicable, the proceedings soon struck a snag. A serious difference of opinlon arose. O'Rourke divined that the conference had gone into executive six; at seven forty-five he settled himsession upon the question of weapons. He treated himself to a secret grin, having anticipated this trouble.

The choice of weapons being his, as the challenged, he had modestly selected revolvers and had brought with him a brace of Webleys, burly pieces of pocket ordnance with short barrels and cylinders chambered to hold half a dozen .45 cartridges. They were not pretty, for they had seen service in their owner's hands for a number of for business. And at sight of them if you should fall me . . . the friends of the vicomte recoiled in horror.

Eventually a compromise was arrived at. Monsleur Juilliard stepped back, saluted, and with Von Einem returned to his principal, his face a the last of the land that held her. mask of disappointment. As for himself, he told O'Rourke, he was desolated, but the seconds of Monsieur des Trebes had positively refused to con- and turned away. sent to turning a meeting of honor into a massacre. They proposed to "Faith, and I know ye don't for an substitute regulation French dueling pistols as sanctioned by the Code. Such as that which Monsieur le Col-"But give it up. What is the world's onel O'Rourke might observe in Monsieur Juilliard's hand.

O'Rourke blinked and sniffed at it. Sure," he contended, "'the a magnifying glass I need to make it visible to ground of perils he must anticipate; me undressed eye. What the divvie O'Rourke was by no means disposed and espled his quarry. The fact that does it carry-a dried pea? What to flatter himself that he had scotched O'Rourke was dining with one eye "I will," he said gently; "sweetheart, d'they think we're here for, if not to the schemes of the vicomte. I promise ye I will-in ninety days. slay one another with due ceremony? Give me that respite, give me that Ask them that. Am I to salve the time in which to make or break my vicomte's wounded honor by smiting sunset; and in the act of making it, lishman. him with a spitball? I grant ye, 'tis turned a corner and ran plump into come to you as one who has the right be persuaded. As he had foreseen and to claim his wife; but if I have lost, prophesied, so had it come to pass. Yet he had to grumble, partly because fect. None the less, he consented, and in the highest spirits left the car and plowed through the lush wet grass mighty rushing wind the storm broke to the spot selected for the encounter, over the mainland and a roaring rain in the shadow of the trees near the eastern border of the meadow. Here, the seconds having tossed for sides, he took a stand at one end of a sixtyarms bore her to an armchair by the foot stretch and, still indecorously amused, received a loaded pistol from Von Einem. Des Trebes confronted him, white with rage, regretting already (O'Rourke made no doubt) that he had not accepted the Webleys. The Irishman's open contempt maddened the man. The seconds retired to a perfectly safe distance. Von Einem holding the watch, one of Des Trebes' seconds a handkerchief. The chauffeurs threw away their cigarettes and sat up, for the first time roused cut of their professional air of blase indifference. "One," cried the German clearly, Des Trebes raised his arm and leveled his pistol at O'Rourke's head. A faint flush colored his face, but his eve was cold and hard behind the sight and the hand that held the weapon was as steady as if supported by an invisible rest.

with malicious delight the nose of the For me own part I've no mind to be kissed. Let's hurry away before he celebrates further by imprinting a

# CHAPTER VI.

Events marched to schedule; what O'Rourke planned came serenely to pass. He experienced a day as replete with emotions as the night that preceded it and more marked by activity. Nothing hindering, he left the battle-scarred Vicomte des Trebes upon the field of honor at half-past self in a coach of the Cote d'Azur Rapide, en route for Marseilles-a happy man, for he was alone. . .

At a quarter to one in the afternoon of the same day he boarded the little steamer Tabarka of the Mediterranean ferry service; and half an hour later stood by the after-rall of its promenade deck, watching the distances widen between him and all that he held beloved.

"In ninety days, dear boy," she had years, but they were undeniably built said. . . . "Ah, Terence. Terence, 10 "I shall not fail. . . . Rangoon

in ninety days. Dear heart, I will be there.

As if to feed the hunger of his heart he strained his vision to see At length it disappeared, and then for the first time he consciously moveddrew a hand across his eyes, sighed

Picking his way through the cosmopolitan throng of passengers, he went below, found his stateroom, and subsided into the berth for a sorelyneeded nap; instead of indulging in which, however, he lay staring wideeyed at his problem. He had much to accomplish, much to guard against. Des Trebes bulked large in the back-

He made his second public appearance on the Tabarka at the hour of

with an interrogative eye that served stricken inquiry which strove vainly to deepen his embarrassment and con- to seem insouclant, met the level sternation. "I trust I didn't hurt ye, Mr. Glynn.'

"Oh, no-not at all," stammered the Englishman. "Not in the least. No." He looked right and left of you leave me a-lone? O'Rourke for a way round him, found himself with no choice but to retreat. and lost his presence of mind completely. "I-I say," he continued desperately, "I say, have you a match?" "Possibly," conceded O'Rourke.

'But I've yet to meet him. Of this ve may feel sure, however; if I have, tis neither yourself nor Des Trebes. Now run along and figure it out for yourself-what I'm meaning. Goodnight."

He brushed past the man, leaving him astare in sudden pallor, and went his way, more than a little disgusted with himself for his lack of discretion. As matters turned out, however, he had little to reproach himself with; for his outbreak served to keep young Glynn at a respectful distance throughout the remainder of the voyage. They met but once more, and on that occasion the Englishman behaved himself admirably according to grimly. the tenets of his caste-met O'Rourke's challenging gaze without a flicker of recognition, looked him up and down fiery flood of resentment. calmly with the deadly ennuied air peculiar to the underdone British youth of family and social position, and wandered calmly away.

O'Rourke watched him out of sight, smile of appreciation curving his lips and tempering the perturbed and dangerous light in his eyes. "There's stuff in the lad, after all," he conceded without a grudge, "if he can carry a situation off like that. I'm

might be whipped out of him, if he

slave to whisky." For all of which appreciation, howver, he soon wearied of Mr. Glynn. During the first day ashore it was not so bad; there was something amusing in being so openly dogged by a wellset-up young Englishman who had quite ceased to disguise his interest. But after that his shadowy surveillance proved somewhat distracting to a man busy with important affairs. And toward evening of the second day O'Rourke lost patience.

espite he had knocked about from pillar to post of Algiers, seeking news of ing." Chambret; and not until the eleventh hour had he secured the information he needed. Then, hurrying back to his hotel, he made arrangements to have his luggage cared for during an absence of indeterminate duration, hastily crammed a few indispensables into a kit box, and having dispatched that to the railway terminal, sought the restaurant for an early meal.

In the act of consuming his soup he became aware that the Honorable Bertle, in a dinner coat and a state of fidgets, had wandered down the outer corridor, passed at the restaurant door colored suit of drill, was enough to

disturb seriously the polse of the Eng-

stare of the adventurer and noticed the tense lines of his lins.

"I-I say," he floundered, "what's the matter with you, anyway? Can't

"I've been thinking," said O'Rourke crisply, disregarding the other's re mark entirely, "that it might be of interest to ye to save ye a bit of botheration to know that I'm going up to Biskra by tonight's train. It leaves in

ten minutes, so I'll have to forego the pleasure of your society on the trip." Glynn got a grip on himself and pulled together the elements of his manhood. He managed to infuse blank insolence into his stare, and said

"Ow?" with that singularly maddening inflection of which the Englishman alone is master; as who should say: "Why the dooce d'you annoy me with your bally plans?"

"Don't believe I know you, do 1?" he drawled.

"I don't believe ye do, me lad." "Can't say I wish to very badly, either.'

"I believe that," O'Rourke chuckled

The meaning in his tone sent the blood into the young man's face, a

"Oh, I'm not afraid of you, y'know," he said, bristling. "Of course you're not going to Biskra, or you wouldn't right limb went through to the knee, tell me so. But if you do, I shall make and scraped the flesh off the bone it my business to find out and follow by the next train-bringing Des Trebes with me."

"Oh, will ye so? Ye mean to warn me he's in Algeria, too?"

"His boat's due now; I'm expecting him at any moment, if you wish to doubting not at all that something know." O'Rourke's smiling contempt was angering the young man and renweren't what he's made himself-a dering him reckless. "You'll be glad to know you've made a dem' ass of

yourself-if you really are going to Riskra '

"Praise from Sir Hubert-"

"Oh, don't you think I mind giving you a twelve-hour start; you won't gain anything by it. Y'see I know where you're going, and I know it's not there. If you'll take a fool's advice, you'll turn back now. You'll come back empty-handed anyway. 1 don't mind telling you that we mean to have that ruby, Des Trebes and I, All day long in the sun, without and we know where it is. You're only taking needless trouble by interfer-

> Truth was speaking from the bottom of the absinthe tumbler. O'Rourke's brows went up and he whistled noise lessly, for he realized that at least Glynn believed what he was admitting. "So that's the way of it, eh? I admire your candor, me boy; but be careful and not go too far with it. 'Twill likely prove disastrous to ye, I'm fearing. . . . But tit-for-tat;

ye've made me a handsome present according to your lights, of what ye most aptly term a fool's advice, and 'tis meself who'll not be outdone at that game. For yourself, then, take they came to a show where a ticket warning from the experience of one who's seen a bit more of this side of on the clock and in a dust-proof, dust- the earth than most men have, and the little one, "and buy a baby, now

-don't let Des Trebes know ye've they're so cheap!" talked so freely. He's a bad-tempered



TALLER STILL.

Winnie-My sister has a beau siz feet tall.

Willie-My sister has beaux without end.

# CUTICURA OINTMENT HEALED BAD SORE ON LIMB

"Some time ago I was coming up some steps when the board crushed under me like an egg shell, and my just inside and below the knee. I neglected it for a day or two, then it began to hurt me pretty badly. I put balsam fir on to draw out the poison, but when I had used it a week, it hurt so badly that I changed to -- ointment. That made it smart and burn so badly that I couldn't use it any more, and that was the fourth week after I was hurt.

"Then I began to use Cuticura Ointment for the sore. It stopped hurting immediately and began healing right away. It was a bad-looking sore before Cuticura Ointment healed it, and I suffered so I couldn't sleep from two days after I fell until I began using Cuticura Ointment.

"Cuticura Soap is the best soap I ever saw. I have used all kinds of soap for washing my face, and always it would leave my face smarting. I had to keep a lotion to stop the smart. no matter how expensive a soap I used. I find at last in Cuticura Soap a soap that will clean my face and leave no smarting, and I do not have to use any lotion or anything else to ease it. I believe Cuticura Soap is the best soap made." (Signed) Mrs. M. E. Fairchild, 805 Lafayette St., Wichita, Kan., May 8, 1911. Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. L, Boston.

#### Babies at Half Price.

Little Bessie and her mamma were doing the sights of the town. Soon announced "Children half price."

"Oh, do let us go in, mammy," said

fortunes. Give me a chance to take the Pool of Flame to Rangoon-nay, magnificent, but 'tis not a pistol." meet me there in ninety days. I will still will I come to you, a broken man but your faithful lover-come to you he was the O'Rourke, partly for efto be healed and comforted. Dear heart of me, give me this last chance!"

With an eldritch shrick and a came down.

Impulsively the Irishman turned off the lights, and, lifting his wife in his window.

The storm waned in fury, passed, died in dull distant mutterings. Still she rested in his embrace, her flushed face, wet with tears, pillowed to his cheek, her mouth seeking his.

Vague murmurings sounded in the stillness, sighs. . . .

CHAPTER V.

1500 L

Application and

At five in the morning a heavy motor car of the most advanced type stole in sinister silence out of the courtyard of the Hotel d'Orient, at the same sedate pace and with the same surreptitious air skulked through the town, and finally swung eastwards upon the Route de la Corniche, suddenly discarding all protense of docility and swooping onward with a windy woar, its powerful motor purring like some gigantic tiger-cat.

It carried four; at the wheel a goggled and ennuied operator in shapeless and hideous garments; in the tonneau its owner, a middle aged the elbow only, holding the pistol with French manufacturer with pouched eyes, a liver, lank jaws clean-scraped. and an expression of high-minded devotion to duty; Captain von Einem in uniform; and Colonel O'Rourke.

At the end of an hour's run, disturbed by one or two absurdly grave conferences between the seconds, in appropriate monotones, the mechanician put on the brakes and slowed down the car, then deftly swung it into a narrow lane, a leafy tunnel through which it crawled for a minute or two ere debouching into a broad and sunlit meadow, walled in by woodland, conspicuously secluded.

To one side and at a little distance a second motor-car stood at rest; its operator had removed the hood and was tinkering with the motor in a lous to have O'Rourke descend and most matter-of-fact manuer. In the clasp the hand of fraternal friendship O'Rourke off his figurative feet. He stop at the Honorable Mr. Glynn's tabody of the machine Monsieur le Vi- with the vicomte. But the Irishman comte des Trebes, ostentatiously una- refused. ware of the advent of the second party, sat twisting rapier-points to his |'m too timorous a man to dare it. him! moustaches and concentrating his Sure and hasn't he hugged both his

"Two," said Von Einem.

O'Rourke measured the distance with his eye and raised his arm from a loose grip.

"Three," said Von Einem.

The handkerchief fell. The Irishman fired without moving

Des Trebes' weapon was discharged almost simultaneously, but with a ruined aim; its bullet went nowhere in particular. The Frenchman dropped the weapon and, wincing, examined solicitously a knuckle from which O'Rourke's shot had struck a tiny particle of skin. His seconds rushed to him with cries, preceded by the surgeon with bandages. O'Rourke grace-

fully surrendered his artillery to Juiltard, laughed at the vicomte again, pering his native home-brewed inso- of action without opposition from the and strolled back to the motor-car. Juillard and Von Einem presently hopelessly betraying the caliber of his swallowing his coffee and feeing his joined him, the former insistently anx- intellect. stopped short, blocking the gangway | ble.

"Faith, no!" he laughed. "Niver! gaze on infinity. O'Rourke observed seconds and the surgeon, too, already? ly, fixing the Honorable Mr. Giynn ing up in a state of somewhat panie-

Exasperation stirred in O'Rourke. the arms of a young person in tweeds | He eyed the young man rather morose Grumbling, he allowed himself to and a steamer cap-a stoutish young ly throughout the balance of his meal,

. . . But I'm obliged to sort and ye and I bid ye a good evening."

## CHAPTER VII.

South of Biskra there is always trouble to be had for the seeking; south of Briska there is never peace. A guerilla warfare is waged perennially between the lords of the desert, the Touaregg on the one hand, and the advance agents of civilization, as personified by the reckless French Condemned Corps and the Foreign Leglon on the other. Year after year military expeditions set out from the oasis of Biskra to penetrate the wilderness, either by caravan route to Timbuctoo or along the proposed route of the Trans-Saharan Rallway to Lake Tchad; and their lines of march are traced in red upon the land.

Toward this debatable land O'Rourke set his face with a will, gladly; for he loved it. He had fought over it of old; in his memory its sands were sanctified with the blood of comrades, men by whose side he had been proud to fight, men of his own stamp whose friendship he had been proud to own.

Mentally serene, if physically the reverse of comfortable, O'Rourke dozed through the interminable twelve hours of the journey to El-Guerrah; arriving at which place after eight the following morning, he transferred himself and his hand-bags (for now he was traveling light) to the connecting train on the Biskra branch. The latter, scheduled to reach the oasis at four-thirty in the afternoon, loafed casually up the line, arriving at the terminus after dark.

The Irishman, thoroughly fagged but complacent in the knowledge that he had left both vicomte and honorable a day behind him, kept himself from bed by main will power for half roots and herbs over thirty years ago by the night, while he made the rounds of cafes and dance halls, in search of Read What Another Woman says: a trustworthy and competent guideno easy thing to find.

The French force by then was three days out from the oasis, and no doubt since it was technically a "flying column," calculated to move briskly from point to point in imitation of Touarogg tactics, hourly putting a greater distance between itself and its start ing point. Moreover, the pursuit con templated by the adventurer was one attended by no inconsiderable perils By dint of indomitable persistence, unflagging good-nature and such influence as he could bring personally to bear upon the authorities. O'Rourke got what he desired-a competent guide and two racing camels, or me drumming on the marble with the fin- hera, with a pack animal that would (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Garfield Tea helps humanity the world over. Taken for liver and kidney troubles, billiousness and constipation.

What is really best for us lies always within our reach, though often overlooked .- Longfellow.

The meanest trick a bachelor can play on a leap year girl is to promise to be a brother to her.

# IFE'S HEALTH RESTORED

Husband Declared Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Would Restore Her Health, And It Did.

Ashland, Ky. - "Four years aco I seemed to have everything the matter



with me. I had female and kidney trouble and was so bad off I could hardly rest day or night. I doctored with all the best doctors in town and took many kinds of medicine but nothing did any good until I tried your wonderful remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vege-

table Compound. My husband said it would restore my health and it has.". Mrs. MAY WYATT, Ashland, Ky.

There are probably hundreds of thousands of women in the United States who have been benefitted by this famous old remedy, which was produced from a woman to relieve woman's suffering.

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If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confldential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.



Momentarily he held his tongue. staring down at the young man while "Good evening to ye," he said cold- gers of one hand. Then Glyne, glane- serve their purpose.

Englishman with a vivid complexion | a purpose forming in his mind and and a buildog pipe, nervousness tem- attaining the stature of a definite plan lence, the blank vacuity of his eyes dictates of prudence. And at length servitor, he rose, crossed the room

A sudden gust of anger swept with a firm tread, and came to a full



and the young man's progress. So this

was what had been set to spy upon