



# The POOL of FLAME

by LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELLSWORTH YOUNG

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**Making Cheese in Olden Days.**  
Cheese was made by the old-time farmers in the summer on the co-operative plan by which four cattle owners owning say 14 milch cows received all the milk night and morning, according to the daily yield of their little herd. Thus given two families having five cows each, one with three and one with one, supposing that the average yield per cow was the same, in two weeks two owners would make five cheeses each; one would press three, and one only one cheese, but this one would be as good and as large as any of the rest.—"Nobility of the Trades—The Farmer," Charles Winslow Hall, in National Magazine.

**The Heirloom.**  
A Pittsburg drummer in a small town dropped into a place to get a bite to eat. The place looked familiar, but he didn't know the proprietor.  
"Been running this place long?" inquired the drummer.  
"No; I just inherited it from my father."  
"Ah, yes. I knew him. I recognize this old cheese sandwich on the counter."

A better thing than tooth powder to cleanse and whiten the teeth, remove tartar and prevent decay is a preparation called Paxtine Antiseptic. At drugists, 25c a box or sent postpaid on receipt of price by The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

**Its Advantages.**  
"I think the pillory ought to be revived as punishment for this frenzied financing."  
"Why so?"  
"Because it provided a fitting penalty in stocks and bonds."

Be thrifty on little things like bluing. Don't accept water for bluing. Ask for Red Cross Blue, the extra good value blue.

A woman never thinks her husband so unreasonable as when he expects her to be reasonable.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 50c a bottle.

It's easier to lead some men to drink than it is to drive them away from it.

Lost you forget when next in need of a laxative remember the name "Gardol Tea." A trial will convince you of its merits.

All women are more or less credulous, and some have faith in their husbands.

## Mealtime

Should find you with a hearty appetite—  
And your food should taste good.  
A "don't care" sort of feeling indicates—  
Some disturbance of the Stomach, Liver or Bowels.

## HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

Will tone and sweeten the stomach—  
Regulate and assist the digestion—  
Make you feel like new.  
Try a bottle and be convinced.

## Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right. **CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS** gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty. Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature *Brentwood*

## A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

In this age of research and experiment, all nature is ransacked by the scientist for the comfort and happiness of man. Science has indeed made giant strides in the past century, and among these by no means the least important—discoveries in medicine is that of Therafluon, which has been used with great success in French Hospitals and that it is worthy the attention of those who suffer from kidney, bladder, nervous disease, chronic weakness, ulcers, skin eruptions, etc., etc. There is no doubt, in fact it seems evident from the big stir created amongst specialists, that Therafluon is destined to cast into oblivion all those questionable remedies that were formerly the sole reliance of medical men. It is of course impossible to tell sufferers all we should like to tell them in this short article, but those who would like to know more about this remedy that has effected so many—we might almost say, miraculous cures, should send address envelopes for FREE book to Dr. LeClere Med. Co., Haverstock Road, Hampstead, London, Eng. and decide for themselves whether the No. 3 is what they require and have been seeking in vain during a life of misery, suffering, ill health and unhappiness. Therafluon is sold by drugists or mail order. Fougere Co., 45 Beekman St., New York.

## DAISY FLY KILLER

placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Kills all seasonal. Made of metal, can't rust or tip over; will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. Sold by dealers of all sizes. **HAROLD BOMERS, 186 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.**

## PARKER'S HAIR BALM

Clears and restores hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Restores color to faded hair. Prevents hair falling. 50c and \$1.00 at drugists.

## THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

Quickly relieves weak, inflamed eyes. Cleanses and soothes. **JOHN L. THOMPSON & CO., Troy, N. Y.**

### SYNOPSIS.

The story opens at Monte Carlo with Col. Terence O'Rourke, a military free lance and something of a gambler, in his hotel. Leaning on the balcony he sees a beautiful girl who suddenly enters the elevator and passes from sight. At the gaming table O'Rourke notices two men watching him. One is the Hon. Bertie Glynn, while his companion is Viscount Des Trebes, a duelist. The viscount tells him the French government has directed him to O'Rourke as a man who would undertake a secret mission. At his apartment, O'Rourke, who had agreed to undertake the mission, finds a mysterious letter. The viscount arrives, hands a sealed package to O'Rourke, who is not to open it until on the ocean. A pair of dainty slippers are seen protruding from under a doorway curtain. The Irishman finds the owner of the mysterious feet to be his wife, Beatrix, from whom he had run away a year previous. They are reconciled, and opening the letter he finds that a Rangoon law firm offers him 100,000 pounds for a jewel known as the Pool of Flame and left to him by a dying friend, but now in keeping of one named Chambret in Algeria. O'Rourke warns the nobleman in a duel. The wife bids O'Rourke farewell and he promises to soon return with the reward. He discovers both Glynn and the viscount on board the ship. As he finds Chambret there is an attack by bandits and his friend dies telling O'Rourke that he has left the Pool of Flame with the governor's general, who at sight of a signet ring given the colonel will deliver over the jewel. Arriving in Algeria the Irishman finds the governor general away. Des Trebes makes a mysterious appointment, and tells O'Rourke that he has gained possession of the jewel by stealing it. In a duel O'Rourke masters the viscount, secures possession of the Pool of Flame and starts by ship for Rangoon. He finds the captain to be a smuggler who tries to steal the jewel. It is finally secured by the captain and O'Rourke escapes to land.

### CHAPTER XVI.

At midnight the muezzin turned his face to the windswept sky and summoned the faithful to prayer and meditation. O'Rourke pulled thoughtfully at his pipe until the musical, melancholy wail had been whipped away by the breath of the khamsin, and there was silence save for the dull, heavy roaring overhead. Then he resumed the conversation where it had been interrupted.

"And ye say ye love the young woman, Danny?"  
"I do that, yer honor."  
"And ye would marry her?"  
"Wid yer honor's consent—I'm ready, sor."  
"I bless the banns. Ye may have her on one condition."  
"Aw-ye?"  
"I've need of ye, as I've pointed out—"  
"Sure, yer honor knows ye can count on me to the last breath in me, sor."  
"Then ye'll come with me to Burma!"  
"Do you think, sor, I could slape of nights, after hearin' from your own lips what ye've been through and suspectin' what more ye must go through wid before ye're won? Will I be comin', is it? Faith, I'll go whether ye want me or not."  
"And afterwards ye can come back to Miss Psyche here, or whatever her name may be."  
"Yiss, yer honor, and thank ye kindly." Abruptly Danny started up. "They'll be comin' now, sor," he said in an excited whisper. "I'm thinkin' I hear thim blundering down the alley."

He turned toward the rear of the house, and as O'Rourke rose to follow him, the signal sounded on the metal door. Danny quickened his steps, and as he disappeared his master slipped quietly into the shadows beneath the overhanging gallery. From this point of seclusion he could hear distinctly the jar of the bolts as Danny opened the iron door, followed by his hoarse whisper: "Whist! is ut yerlives, now?"

Hole's voice answered him huskily: "Who the hell else would it be? Let us in, you damn' harp."  
The door creaked upon its hinges; and was cautiously closed. The bolts rattled again. Footsteps shuffled slowly, as of men heavily burdened, over the floor of earth. Then, while O'Rourke gathered himself together, exultation in his heart, and the foretaste of revenge sweet in his mouth, two cloaked figures scuffled into the courtyard, breathing hard beneath their burdens of smuggled drug.

Hole promptly dumped his share of the load down upon the bench and swung upon Danny. "Where's Nicovie?" he demanded, evidently in as ugly a mood as he could muster. "Where is 'e? Stop standin' there and starin' with yer balmy trap open, yer—"

"That will be about enough," suggested O'Rourke pleasantly, in a conversational tone, stepping from his place of concealment. "Don't call names, Hole—ye're too near your God—if ye have one, which I misdoubt."  
In the clear, bright starlight the pistols in his hands were plainly evident; and one stared the captain in the eye; one covered the head of the Pelican's first officer.  
"Ye will not move!" said O'Rourke,



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sharply, "save and except to put your hands above your heads. So—don't delay, Mr. Dennison; I've never known me temper to be shorter."  
Hole began to splutter excitedly. "Save your breath, ye whelp!" O'Rourke counseled him curtly. "Ye'll have need of it before I'm done with ye." He added: "Search and disarm them, Danny."  
The servant set about his task with alacrity; it is safe to say that he left not so much as a match in the pocket of either. While he was about it, Hole, with his eyes steadily fixed upon the unwavering muzzles of O'Rourke's revolvers, managed to master his emotion enough to ask coherently: "What are you going to do with us?"  
"Ye'll see in good time," returned O'Rourke grimly. "Have ye found it, Danny?"  
Danny backed away from Hole, whom he had searched after Dennison. "Yiss, sor," he returned. "At least, I think so. Is this ut?"  
"I can't look at this moment, Danny. Is it a leather bag with something hard inside, the size of a hen's egg, or a bit larger?"  
"The very same, yer honor."  
"Very well," O'Rourke suppressed the tremble of relief in his voice. "Put it in your pocket, Danny—the very bottom of your pocket. Did ye find a gun on either of them?"  
"One on each, sor."  
"Loaded?"  
"Yiss, sor."  
"Then cover them, Danny."  
For himself O'Rourke put down his pistols and calmly stripped off his coat, rolling up his sleeves.

"Hole," he said, tersely, "don't move. If ye do, Danny will puncture ye. Your turn comes last. Dennison, ye may step out."  
"What for?" demanded the Scot, advancing.  
"To receive payment, with interest, for that blow ye gave me this evening, my man. Put up your hands. I'm going, in your own words, Mr. Dennison, to hammer the fear of God into as cowardly and despicable a pair of scoundrels as I've ever encountered. And," reflectively, "I've met a good many. But most of the others were Men."

### CHAPTER XVII.

Two battered and sore sailormen sat back to back, their arms lashed to one another and to the central upright so that neither could move, both half-submerged in the fountain of Nicovie the Greek.  
"Ye'll find the bath quite refreshing," O'Rourke told them, preparing to depart, "as well as a novel experience. 'Twill do ye a world of good, Captain Hole, as anyone will tell ye who has ever had the misfortune to stand to leeward of ye. Your money

and other belongings ye'll find on the bench here, if ever ye are loosed, which I doubt. I call your attention to the fact that I take nothing but me property, of which ye sought to rob me. On the other hand, because of that attempted robbery, I hereby refuse to pay my bill for passage from Athens to Alexandria. If ye care to dispute it, me solicitors in Dublin will be pleased to enter into litigation with ye. Gentlemen!" he bowed ironically. "I bid ye good night."  
He was still chuckling over the outcome when, twenty minutes later, he and Danny were trudging through the silent streets of Alexandria, a full mile away from Danny's lodgings.

"Danny," O'Rourke pursued, with just a hint of anxiety in his tone, "would ye happen to be having a bit of lining in your pocket, now—be accident, as they say?"  
Danny drew himself up proudly. "I've eight hundred and fifty pounds, Agyptian, sor, and two-hundred av that is yours be rights, beln' what ye lent me, yer honor, while all the rist is yours for the taking."  
"That's fine, Danny, fine!" sighed O'Rourke. "Tis yourself will never regret investin' it in Pool of Flame, Unlimited. I'll personally guarantee the income from it, Danny."  
"Shure, sor, don't I know?"  
"And in the morning, early, Danny, ye and I will take boat and go out to the Pelican for me kit-box."

But in the morning, as it happened, the Pelican had discreetly left the harbor.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

It was mid-afternoon of a sultry day. No air stirred. The Panjab was coaling at Port Said.  
O'Rourke eyed the vessel with disfavor from the shore; then dropped into a harbor dingy, ensconced himself at the tiller-ropes, and caused himself, with his luggage and his man-servant, to be conveyed alongside the steamer.  
Near the gangway he was held back; another boat had forestalled him, another passenger was shipping for the East. O'Rourke was interestedly.

well. She seemed to promise uncommon beauty of the English type, full-colored and of classic mold. . . . The Irishman was much too far away to be certain, but he fancied that her gaze wandered toward him—and but this, of course, was only imagination—that she started slightly.  
At all events, she was quick to drop the veil and turn away. Her maid joining her, both vanished beneath the canvas awnings. The boat that had brought her sheered off, and O'Rourke was permitted to board the Panjab.  
It was a glad day, the O'Rourke told himself, as he trod those decks; it saw him definitely started on his way to the East.

O'Rourke roused upon his elbow and peered out of the port of his stateroom. The steamer was plowing through the Bitter Lakes. He saw a string of buoys, a width of water like a jade, a vista of sand, flat, gray, patched with gray-green desert shrub, bounded only by the horizon. . . .  
"Damn . . ." said he listlessly. He slipped down again upon his back, panted, and wiped his brow.  
Danny, recognizing that he was not expected to respond, and being a young man remarkably acute to diagnose his master's moods, prudently refrained from comment. He sat hunched up on a cabin stool, his intensely red, bullet-shaped head bent low over a bit of chamolai skin, which he was sewing into a rough, sturdy bag.

As the sun dipped beneath the rim of the horizon, a pleasant shadow invaded the stateroom, until that moment blood-red with its level rays. And Danny straightened up, dropping thimble and thread, announcing the completion of his needlework by a brief, contented: "There!"  
O'Rourke glanced at the article dangling from his valet's fingers, and slammed the book against the bulkhead at the foot of his berth.

"Finished, is it?" he exclaimed. "Faith, 'tis about time, ye lazy good-for-naught!"  
Danny smiled serenely. "And a good job, too, sor," said he proudly. "'Manin' no orespsect to yer honor," he added hastily.

O'Rourke took the subject of discussion in his fingers and examined it searchingly.  
"Twill do," he announced. "Twill serve its purpose, if no more. Lay out me evening clothes now." He stood up, stopping to stare through the port. "Good enough," he commented on what he discovered without; "tis passing Suez we are this blessed minute. Praises be, we caught a boat that doesn't stop here."  
Danny scratched an ankle thoughtfully. "Yiss, yer honor," he assented, dubious. "But, for all that, phwat's to hinder annywan from boardin' ye boat, if they shud' want to?"

O'Rourke turned and eyed the man keenly. "Tis a great head ye have on your shoulders, Danny," he said. "Sometimes ye betray almost canine intelligence. I'm be way of having hopes of ye. Now get ye on deck and watch to see who does come aboard. If anyone, and report to me."  
"Yiss, yer honor."

O'Rourke bolted the door after Danny and assured himself that the key-hole was properly wadded, that no crack existed through which his movements might be observed from the gangway. Shrugging his broad shoulders he returned to the seat vacated by his valet and thrust a hand beneath the coat of his pajamas, withdrawing it a moment later, fingers tightly wrapped about a rather bulky object.

And the Pool of Flame lay glittering and stabbing his eyes with shafts of blood-red light.  
Into its depths of pellucid fire O'Rourke gazed long and earnestly, in the most profound meditation.  
But at length, slipping the ruby into the new receptacle and drawing the lanyard tight about its puckered throat, he stood up and threw the loop over his head, permitting the bag with its precious contents to fall beneath the folds of his jacket; and, shaking off the sober mood inspired in him by the study of the stone, rang for a steward, to whom, when he responded, he entrusted a summons for Danny—"if so be it we're clear of Suez."

In the course of five minutes or so Danny himself tapped on the door and presented to his master a beaming face.

"Divvie a sow!" he announced triumphantly. "Sure, 'tis ourselves have given thim the slip entirely!"  
He fished a brand new kit-box from beneath the berth and, opening it, began to lay out O'Rourke's clothing. His master indulged in a sigh of relief. "Then no boat put off to us at all?" he questioned indifferently.  
"Only wan," replied the servant, "and that wid no wan in ut but a naygur."

"A negro?" demanded O'Rourke, frowning about. "What do ye mean? Did he come aboard?"  
"Sure and he did that, yer honor, and caught us be no moore thin the skin av his tathe and—"  
O'Rourke bent over the man and seizing him by the shoulders swung him around so that their eyes met. "What the divvie!" demanded the adventurer, "did ye mean by tellin' me nobody boarded us, then? What—"  
"Sure, yer honor. . . . Aw, yer honor! . . . 'Tis meself meant no harm at all, at all!" protested Danny. "Didn't I say that divvie a sow! came aboard? Sure, thim, is a naygur a human?"

With an exasperated gesture O'Rourke released the boy. "Tis too much for me ye are," he said helplessly. "Now and again I believe ye have the makings of a man in ye, and then ye go off and play the fool! If I didn't believe ye a pure simpleton with not an ounce of mischief in your body, I'd take that out of your worthless hide. Get on with ye! Tell me about this 'naygur.' What sort of a black man is he?"  
"Sure, sor," whimpered Danny, "tis meself that wud' die rather thin have ye talk to me that way, yer honor. Upon me sow, I niver thought ye'd worry about a poor divvie av a naygur, come aboard wid nothin' but a say-chist and the clothes he walks in, beggin' for a chanst to work his passage to Bombay, sor."

"Did they let him sign on, then?" inquired O'Rourke.  
"Divvie a bit, raysplets to ye." More cheerfully Danny struggled with the studs in O'Rourke's shirt. "The purser was all for kickin' him back into his boat, sor, whin he offered to pay passage in the steerage. So they let him stay, sor."  
"Seemed to have money—eh?"  
"Aw, no, yer honor. 'Twas barely able he was to scrape ut all together." "Lascar?"  
"I believe so, yer honor. 'Tis hard for me to say. Wan av thim naygurs as much like another as two pays, sor; 'tis all tarred wid the same brush they be."

"Ah well," he resumed more pacifically, "belike he's what he seems, Danny, and has no concern with us at all. Whether or no, care killed the cat. . . . D'ye mind, Danny, he swung off on one of his characteristically acute tangents, "the little woman with the red hair? Though 'tis meself should beg the lady's pardon for mentioning the color of her hair in the same room with that outrageous head-light of yours, Danny. . . . D'ye mind her, I mean?"  
"The wan ye observed at Poort Said, sor? The wan ye told me to discover the name av?"  
"Tis a brave detective ye would make, Danny. Ye have me meaning entirely!"

"Aw, yiss," Danny's lips tightened as he laced O'Rourke's patent-leather shoes. He cast up at his master's face an oblique glance of disapproval. "I mind the wan ye mane," he admitted.

He rose, and as he did so, O'Rourke gently but firmly twisted him around by the ear and as deliberately and thoughtfully kicked him.

"What the divvie is the matter with ye, Danny?" he inquired in pained remonstrance. "It is mad ye are, or have ye no judgment at all, ye scut, that ye speak to me in that tone?"  
Sollicitously Danny rubbed the chastened portion of his person, grumbling but unrepentant.

O'Rourke grinned tolerantly, retaining his hold upon the servitor's ear. "Her name?"  
"Ow, yer honor, leggo! . . . Missus Prynne, sor!"  
The wanderer gave the ear another tweak, by way of enforcing the lesson. "Prynne, is it? And how did you learn that, Danny?"  
"Twas her maid told me, sor. Leggo, yer honor, please—"  
"And how did her maid come to tell ye, ye great ugly, long-legged omadhaun?"  
"Sure—ow!—'twas only a bit av a kiss I was by way av givin' her, sor—"

"That'll do, Danny," O'Rourke chuckled.  
The peal of the trumpet announcing dinner interrupted his contemplated lecture on the ethics of investigation and the perils of flirtation as between maid and man servant.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Same Thing.  
"And he said he was willing to die for me?"  
"Not exactly in those words, but that was the impression he was evidently trying to convey."  
"What did he say?"  
"He said he was ready to eat you, cooking any time you said the word."  
—Houston Post.