The story opens at Monte Carlo with Col. Teronce O'Rourke, a military free lance and something of a gambler. In his hotel. Leaning on the halcony he sees a beautiful girl who suddenly enters the elevator and passes from aight. At the gaming table O'Rourke notices two men watching him. One is the Hon Bertle Glynn, while his companion is Viscount Des Trebes, a duelist. The viscount tells him the French government has directed him to O'Rourke, who had agreed to 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 ouesin. 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, Beatrly, from whom he had run away a year previous. They are reconciled, and opening the inter he finds that a Rangoon law firm offers him 199,000 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 worsts 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 self the Pool of Flame with the governor ceneral, who at sight of a signet ring liven the colonel will deliver over the iwel. Arriving at Algeria the Irishman ands the governor general away. Des Trebes makes a mysterious appointment, and tells O'Rourke masters the viscount, secures 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 Hangoon. He finds he captain to be a smuggler who tries to steal the jewel. It is finally secured by the captain and O'Rourke escapes to land. With the sid of one Danny and his sweetheast, O'Rourke to conver the Pool of Flame.

CHAPTER XXIV .- (Continued.)

She came directly to the adventurer, without so much as a glance for the group of lascars or the grim evidences of tragedy upon the deck. O'Rourke shut his teeth with exasperation. Whatever he decided to believe of the serang, whether his judgment said of the man, "Guilty," or "Not Guilty," he dared risk nothing with the woman present. He could not tell what hell of murder and mutiny he might not let cose upon the Rance, did he make one ill-advised or hasty move. Alone, he could have faced the situation with equanimity; with the woman by his side, he felt as though handcuffed.

"You are burt, Colonel O'Rourke?" "A mere scratch, madam-an inchof skin shaved off me arm. Be good enough to return to the saloon, waken Danny and send him to me.'

She ignored the curtness of his tone, even as she ignored his wish. "What has happened?" she demanded, ranging herself by his side. "Who is that -there on the deck?" Her voice rising a note, foreboded hysteria.

'Quick-stabbed. I didn't want ye to see. A lascar ran amok, cut down the captain, was killed himself-kindness," the irrepressible humorist broke out," of our little brown brother, the serang."

His eyes never left the latter; not an instant did he take his attention from the cluster of dark figures; he was more than every ready to defend himself should they make any overt move, deeming his attention distract-

"What will you do?"

"How can I say? Do ye, for the love of God, get below and leave me to deal with these fiends in me own, fashion.

"Which," she returned equably, "is precisely what I shall not do."

"If that's the case," he said brusquely, "have the kindness to hand me the revolver by the captain's side, and -ye might see if the poor fellow still lives."

He heard a quick rustle of skirts and the woman's hand closed over his, pressing into his palm the weapon be had desired. As promptly, without further words, she turned to Quick.

DUNG

moved.

dog?"

"Aye, sahib!"

the fellow, "Stop!"

the sahib's will with me?"

looked the lascar in the eye.

Flung the Pool of Flame With All His Might,

limp, he advanced without a pause un- , hib," he said gently, "shall see that

til about six feet from the Irishman; his servant spoke truth. Let this

at which distance O'Rourke, collect- weigh with the sahib for mercy. Be-

grave. Do you comprehend that, had seared him there. He stretched

"I have called ye, then, to demand hung there for what seemed an eon,

The brown fingers unclosed and in

the hollow of his palm trembled that

which seemed a ball of crystalized

rose fire, the stone that man has

named the Pool of Flame. O'Rourke

uttered a low cry of satisfaction, step-

ping forward to snatch up the jewel.

Simultaneously be was aware of a

quick gasp from the direction of the

woman, followed, ere he could account

The adventurer groaned, pitching

forward blindly, one side of his head,

from the ear to the temple, a-quiver

with an agony as if a white-hot iron

forth an arm aimlessly and gripped an

sea and skles swimming blood-red be-

fore his eyes, in his ears a thunder-

By a supreme effort of will he kept

ous rushing as of mighty waters.

for them, by two pistol shots.

ing his wits, found voice enough to bid | hold!"

The serang halted, impassive, un-

"The sahib has called," he said in

His words, together with his half-

indolent, half-defiant, wholly contemp-

tuous bearing, supplied the one thing

needful to restore to the adventurer

his self-control. O'Rourke drew him-

self up, master of self once more, and

"You stand," he said slowly, choos-

ing his words, "on the edge-of the

back that which is mine, the leather

bag which ye stole when ye slow your

brother, pretending falsely it was he

who had slain the captain. I counsel

ye, speak truth and render back to

an even voice. "I am come. What is

The adventurer deliberated briefly, while she bent over the captain, making a hurried examination. "He is badly wounded," O'Rourke heard her say, as he arrived at his decision, "but not dead."

"Praise God for that! must ask ye, madam, to back me up. It is necessary to clear the decks. Are ye ready?" He saw, out of the tail of his eye, that she had sprung to her feet. "Now, ye curs," he thundered. with a menacing pistol in either hand, "got forward, the lot of ye. Move, ye blackguards!

They went expeditiously, crowding between the deck-house and the rail, huddling together as if for mutual protection. The serang was the last to move, and went reluctantly, or seemed

Yet that was no time to judge him for a minor fault. O'Rourke herded the pack before him, watched them scramble down the ladder to the foredeck, then backed to the spot where me that which ye have stolen."

His arm was paining him somewhat, with the irritating, stinging ache that such wounds produce, and he thrust one revolver into his pocket, clasping a hand above the hurt.

In a flash realization of his loss a cry. The Pool of Flame, his sacred ous burden. Despair gripped his heart | token of surrender. in a clutch of ice, and for a space the ship reeled about him.

He found himself gazing blankly into the woman's solicitous eyes. "What is it? What is it?" he heard her voice repeating breathlessly. He knew that his comrades had stolen the great his own lips moved for some seconds without sound as he strove to answer her. The words, when they came, should have been quite unintelligible to her; he realized this almost as soon | that which was therein." as he had uttered them: "The Pool of Flame!"

Then he stumbled forward, crying aloud for the serang. Half-way to the ladder he halted; that individual's head and shoulders were lifting above the level of the deck. O'Rourke covered him and called him aft as he again retreated to the scene of the tragedy.

Had he been in a condition to think coherently, he might have acted more prudently. But maddened, he was able to grasp but one fact; that the judged him. Pool of Flame was gone and must be recovered at whatever hazard.

The lascar came with what might have seemed suspicious alacrity, conthat O'Rourke held him at the pistol's point. Gaunt and sombre in the

ening in the moonlight. "Sahib!" he cried as if in supplication.

sternly. "Do as I bid ye, or abide the result of disobedience!"

"The sahib," said the serang slowsees what no man would believe he trust, was gone! His eyes searched could see. I am content." He bowed the deck wildly, but found no trace of his head with curious submissiveness, plans. the round leather bag with its preci- stretching forth his palms as if in

O'Rourke caught at his breath. He had scarcely hoped for this; he had merely called the serang aft as the leader of the lascars, hoping to frighten him into revealing whichever of ruby-if he knew.

"Ye have, then, the leather bag?" he demanded, exultation in his voice.

"Aye, sahib; or, if not that, I have

"The stone?" "Aye, sahib."

"Then give it me."

"I am the sahib's slave." The serang flashed a strange smile at the revolver in O'Rourke's hand. His attitude puzzled O'Rourke; he would hardly have believed this of the man; rather he could have conceived of him as denying the theft to the last and fighting like an unchained fiend to retain his booty. His present pose was out of character, or the Irishman mis-

Out of character or no, it was comfortable. The serang, with head bent, was fumbling in the folds of his sash; O'Rourke thought him over long about sidering the fact that he was coerced, it, yet was inclined to give him time in view of his abject surrender.

At length, still smiling oddly, the moonlight, moving noiselessly in his man lifted his eyes and stretched bare feet, head up and arms swinging forth a hand tight closed. "The sa-

The scrang stiffened, his eyes glist- pain blinded him that it was patent barely a second had elapsed since the firing of the shots. To his left a "No words, dog!" cried O'Rourke stricken lascar was still in the act of falling; before him Mrs. Prynne stood motionless, her face a mask of horror, revolver still poised; to the right the came to him; he clutched the rail with ly, "is full of eyes and wisdom. He serang, drawing a kris, was smiling solicitude; and so entering the first sardonically, his eyes fixed upon the stateroom that he came to, threw himwoman who had set at naught his self, already asleep, into the berth.

O'Rourke tried to call a warning to her, for it was plain that she was appalled by what she had done, heedless of all but the man she had killed; but it was as if the bullet that creased his temple had temporarily paralyzed him; his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth and he could neither move nor speak.

Powerless (he believed), he watched the serang gather himself together, like some gaunt cat, and spring; in two strides he would have been upon | thirsty, and that the ship was mothe woman and the night had been crowned with its most pitiful crime. Yet in midair, O'Rourke saw the man falter and fall back, dropping the kris and clutching frantically at noth-

Stupidly the adventurer saw the smoke trickling from the muzzle of his own revolver and knew that, somehow, he had managed to pull the trig-His heart leapt in his breast, so keen was his gratitude. Trembling in every limb, he essayed a second the serang's career. But his shot went wide and the cylinder jammed so that the hammer would not rise a second time. With an oath he let go the rail and attempted to bridge the distance between himself and the lascar, who was now at a considerable distance reeling away toward the

But his overtaxed strength, sapped by loss of blood, failed him; and malice infused new vigor into the serang, new power to accomplish his final flendish act.

Grinning with anguish, the man leapt away from O'Rourke, staggered and, jerking back his arm, flung the Pool of Flame from him with all his might.

O'Rourke paused, petrified with despair. The great stone, glinting in the moonlight like the very heart of fire, described a long and flaming arc and . . , the sea leapt up with a hiss to welcome it and it was gone.

A bitter cry broke from the Irishman's lips; he made for the man, whom he would gladly have killed with his bare hands. But again he failed. The lascar, perhaps guessing his intention, was at the last too quick for him.

By a supreme effort the gaunt se rang seized the rail, lifted himself upon it, and dropped over the side, following that to win which he had given his life.

CHAPTER XXV.

Mrs. Prynne, roused out of her semistupor by O'Rourke's cry, with some return of her habitual clearness of thought, stepped to the companionway and called for her maid.

O'Rourke passed a hand over his eyes, and brought it away black with blood, but was no more than Laif aware of this. Dazed and heart-broken, he stared blankly round the shambles that was the deck, then, recovering slightly, saw Cecile join her taistress, and realized that, whatever his personal grief, pain and despair, he must play the part of the O'Rourke. So he turned and staggered down into the saloon.

Danny was in his berth, sleeping the childlik, and loglike sleep that was ever his. Dravos, below, his ears deafened by the mighty chant of his engines, had been no more conscious of the drama on deck than had Danny. O'Rourke caught the boy with hands that gripped his shoulders cruelly, and shook him awake, then methodically booted him up the steps to the deck.

Once there, Danny came to his proper senses and fell with a will to the tasks O'Rourke set for him. With Cecile he lifted the unconscious captain and bore him down to his berth, then left him to the ministrations of mistress and maid and returned to throw overboard the last corpse, that of the lascar whom the serang had set to slay the adventurer from behind.

O'Rourke himself proceeded to the bridge, where he found the helmsman still at the wheel, soberly keeping the vessel on her course. The circumstance at the time surprised him; but it afterwards was developed by dint iron stanchion, stopping his fall, and of cross-examination of the remainder of the crew that the serang had specially exempted Quick and Dravos from the general massacre, they being held necessary to the navigation of and opened his eyes. So briefly had sert the wheel, whatever the tide of afternoon!-London Opinion.

battle, whether for or against fits brethren. The stabbing of Quick seemed to have been accidental, or necessary under circumstances unfore-

As a matter of fact, the remainder of the lascars were thoroughly cowed and proved unbelievably docile for the balance of the trip,

Thus it was that the voyage of the Rance from Aden to Bombay was pushed through without further fatal-Ity. To the Irishman, however, must go more than half the credit; for forty-eight hours be never left the bridge nor once closed his eyes in slumber.

It was not indeed until the Rance, on the stroke of the hour, the evening of the fifteenth day of June, walked smartly into Bombay harbor, the international code signal "NJ" fluttering from her peak, rounded Colabra and dropped anchor off the point; not until Danny and Dravos, free at length from their toll in the proiling engine room, came on deck to relieve him, that O'Rourke collapsed-stumbled down the bridge ladder and lurched drunkenly down the saloon companionway. His head humming with sleep, his brain bemused with fatigue and pain, his eyes heavy, he brushed by Mrs. Prynne without seeing her or even hearing her low cry of pity and As he did so a loaded revolver

dropped from his numb fingers. . .

CHAPTER XXVI.

It was night when O'Rourke awoke; he found himself staring wide-eyed at the ceiling of the stateroom, upon which rippled wavering lines of light reflected through the porthole by the waters without. His mind for the time was a blank; he was merely conscious that he was rested and very tionless

Then in a blinding flash memory returned to him. He rose, curiously light-headed and strangely weak, pushed open the door and stepped into the saloon.

It was lighted, if poorly, by a smoky kerosene lamp dependent from a beam above the center-table, and wore a hollow, dingy air of desolation for all that Danny slept there, his vivid head pillowed on arms crossed before him on the table. The ship was utterly sitime to fire and put a final period to lent, and the O'Rourke's sensitive instinct told him that it was tenanted only by himself and the servant.

He clapped a hand on Danny's shoulder and shook him into wakefulness. The boy leapt to his feet with a cry and, seizing O'Rourke's hand, began to sob upon it-a touching but disconcerting performance, to the last degree exasperating to a man thirsting and famished.

O'Rourke, as gently as he could, disengaged his hand and thrust Danny away, at the same time indicating in no uncertain tones that he preferred meat and drink to emotional crisis. Provided with a duty, Danny's sentimental nature was diverted; he bustled away and returned with an excellent cold meal-sandwiches, a salad, cheese, and other edibles upon a tray graced likewise by a bottle of champagne. And you are to believe that the master fell to and wolfed it all, to the last crumb and the last drop.

A new man, refreshed, he demanded a pipe, and, with his head cocked on one side and something of his old humor twinkling in his eye, what time it was not clouded with bewilderment and concern at the answers he received, cross-examined his valet,

"How long," was his first question, will I have slept now, Danny ye divvle?"

"Wan complete round av the clock, yer honor." "Where are we?"

"At anchor, sor, off the Fort in Bombay harbor."

"Umm-hm. I'm by way of remembering something of that. What of the captain?"

"Raymoved, yer honor, to a horsepittle ashore, sor, to con-valesce. At laste, I'm thinking that's the word the doctor used, sor.'

O'Rourke pulled at his cigar, regarded regretfully the empty glass before him, and with some visible reluctance put the question that, more than aught else, he had wished to put ever since he had eaten.

"And Mrs. Prynne?" "Aw, yer honor!"

"What's the matter, Danny?" "Sure, sor, and axin' yer pardon for spakin' so, and manin' no manner of disrayspict whatsoever-"

"What the divvle, Danny!" Danny drew himself up with an air, ristling indignation. "Sure, and 'tis meself never seen the loike av thim wimmin for rank ingratichude, sor. And afther all thot meself had said o that black-eyed Frinch vixen-'Danny!"

"No, sor, not wan word av ut will widdror, not if yer honor discharges ne wid me usual month's no'ice, sor this minute. Faix, didn't I see? No more and the unchor was down, sor, and yersilf did to the worrld in yer berth, sor, thin thim two does be after sallin' a boat and intendin' to go ashore, widout so much as a fare-yewell, and me meanin' the most honorable intintions in the world toward the maid-

Have your intentions ever been aught else toward any woman ye ever won a smile from, spalpeen?"

'Aw, now, yer honor-(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Just Dying to Do It. Servant-No, the ylcar is not in just is there any message? now. Old Woman (cheerfully)-Well, tell the ship. He had likewise put strict him that Martha Higgins would like himself half-erect, clinging to the rail, injuctions on the helmsman not to de to be buried at two o'clock tomorrow



That's the kind-Libby's - There isn't another sliced dried beef like it. Good? It's the inside cut of the finest beef sliced to wafer thin-

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stands supreme. The tasty dishes one can make with it are almost numberless. Let's see! There's creamed dried beef, and-but just try it. Then you'll know !

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HER LITTLE HAND IN HIS

Mr. Pecke's Explanation as to Reason Somewhat Dispelled the Odor of Romance.

Henne and Pecke were two henpecked married men. The other day they met, and, after a few casual remarks concerning the weather, the subject of women and unfortunate husbands was-perhaps naturally-discussed. To Henne, however, suddenly came thoughts of years ago, when he was a happy bachelor, and (unconsciously of what Fate had in store for him) was "walking out" a girl who was, later on, destined to bring him sorrow and misery.

Pecke, seeing a "far-away" look in nis companion's eyes, inqu meaning. Henne retorted dramatically, "I was just then thinking, old fellow, of those happy days long agowhen I used to hold that girl's hand in mine for hours-when-

But the equally unfortunate Pecke suddenly cut his companion short by exclaiming: "Why, that's nothing! Cheer up! Do you know, only yes; terday I held my wife's hand for three solid hours." What?" said the startled Henne.

"Yes, it's a fact," resumed Pecke, sorrowfully; "and I declare if I'd let loose she'd have killed me."-London Tit-Bits.

Not So Bad.

"I don't see how you can find life worth living in such a small town." "Oh, it's not so bad. We probably have just as many scandals here as there are in your neighborhood."

Homely Philosophy.

"'After all, it isn't always those with the loudest voices that have the best things to say,' said the little brown hen."

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