

Being a philosopher with \$1,000,000 in the bank is our notion of a soft job.

"The whale," says a naturalist, "will soon be extinct." But why blubber about it?

Sometimes the exception proves the rule, but it is generally the unexpected which happens.

A beauty doctor says that slapping the face is good for the complexion. She may prefer freckles.

A genius in California has succeeded in developing a seedless tomato, but the odorless onion still is afar off.

Our notion of a true philosopher is one who can take a calm and unruffled view of life while seated in a dentist's chair.

A Maryland doctor says that cutting out the tonsils is a serious mistake, from the doctor's point of view, we presume.

Some of the doctors say the adoption of the kilt would be more hygienic than trousers. Yes, but would it be as modest?

"Drink buttermilk and live long," says Prof. Metchnikoff. But where is the joy of living long if one must drink buttermilk?

A vacation would be beneficial to a hard working mortal were it not for the fact that it takes two weeks to recover from it.

Kissing may be dangerous, as our physicians say, but a little danger now and then is relished by the best of men—and women.

The shah of Persia's kitchen utensils are valued at \$25,000,000, and at that we'll bet he can't find a bottle opener when he wants it.

A New Yorker informs us that nobody can be happy on less than \$5,000 a year. Verily, there is a vast amount of unhappiness in this world.

A Cleveland man has invented a steel car "strap" that will not carry germs. While he was at it, why didn't he invent a few seats instead?

The anti-kissing crusade may be all right in its way, but it strikes us that a great deal depends on the age and pulchritude of the kissees.

Cincinnati is proud of its woman teacher in a vacation school who umpires baseball games so fairly the ire of the bleachers is never aroused.

Only the female mosquitoes prey on human beings, and sometimes we are led to believe that the females outnumber the males by 1,000,000 to 1.

Some people are born famous, some achieve fame, but a girl in Newport won the easy way by wearing an automobile veil floating five feet in the breeze.

"Hobble skirts," says an investigator, "were worn in early Biblical days." Evidently one of the reasons for the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah.

Once upon a time there lived a man who really enjoyed his vacation, but that was in the ancient days before the summer hotel had been inflicted on humanity.

The New York waiters who several weeks ago organized a strike have applied to their former employers for work. They found a tipless world a cheerless one.

Some day the art of farming may be so far advanced that humanity will be enabled to eat a blackberry, the substance of which is less than 75 per cent. seeds.

Quoth a woman novelist: "It takes a clever woman to keep out of matrimony." But if a mere man would keep out of wedlock he must be nothing short of a genius.

China insists that if she borrows any money she must be allowed to spend it in her own way. If the lenders do not like that they need not lend it. This seems reasonable.

One of the courts has decided that a woman who steps off backward from a street car has no claim for damages. The wife of the judge who rendered the decision must be slim and observant.

An exchange tells us that France is training eagles to attack aeroplanes. Far be it from us to contradict anybody, but the man who invented that story has all the qualifications of a successful fisherman.

The conspiracy to oust the hobble by beginning with the pannier not having succeeded, it is now proposed to do the trick by having platts in the hobble. They seem determined to make women use more cloth somehow or other.

An attempt to raise a considerable fund of money for the New York teacher who equalized salaries in the schools, has failed lamentably. Post facto gratitude is the rarest thing known to modern science.



# The POOL of FLAME

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## 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 300,000 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 covers 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 general, who at sight of a signet ring given the colonel will deliver over the jewel. Arriving at 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.

## CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

He mopped his brow, simply (as befitted one of his apparent station in life) with the back of a hand, and stood erect, exulting in the scent, the indescribable, impalpable, insistent odor of the East that is forgotten of none who had ever known it. The hot wind drove it gustily in his face, and he sniffed and drew great lungfuls and was glad.

"'Tis good!" he said simply. And, a bit later, while on the short-line the brazen arcs were beginning to pop out silently: "There's the customs boat. I'm thinking I'll slip below."

No lamps had yet been lighted below, but O'Rourke knew the way to his room. He entered and shut the door. The afterglow of the sunset, entering through the porthole, rendered the little coop light enough for his purpose. Dropping to his knees, the Irishman pulled his kit-box from beneath the bunk.

The lid came up freely as he touched it. For a full minute he did not breathe. Then, in ominous silence, he bent and examined the lock. It became immediately evident that his memory had not tricked him; the trunk was locked, as he had left it that morning. But the clasp had yielded to a cold chisel.

It was hardly worth the trouble, still O'Rourke rummaged through the contents of the box, assuring himself that the chamols bag was gone. So far as he could determine then, nothing else had been taken.

He shut down the lid and sat down to think it out, eyes hard, face grimly expressionless, only an intermittent nervous clenching and opening of his hands betraying his gathering rage and excitement. At length he arose, determination in his port.

One phrase alone escaped him: "And not a gun to me name!" He went on deck. Already the tropic night had closed down upon the harbor, but it was easy enough to locate the captain and first officer, still waiting at the gangway. From over-side arose the splutter of a launch—a raucous sound, yet one that barely rippled the surface of O'Rourke's consciousness. He stepped quickly to the captain's side and touched him gently on the arm.

"Captain," he said quickly, "I'll be asking the favor of a word with ye in private."

Hole caught the gleam of the Irishman's eye in the lamplight and—stepped back a pace.

"Get forrard," he said curtly. "Carn't you see the customs officer coming' aboard? I'll see you later."

me to be more explicit, perhaps the word 'hashish' will refresh your memory!"

"I'll talk to you later—"

"Ye'll give me back me property this minute or—"

O'Rourke was at the rail in a stride. "Shall I tell him?" he demanded.

A swift step sounded beside him. He turned an instant too late, who had reckoned without Dennison. As he moved to protect himself the first officer's fist caught the Irishman just under the ear. And one hundred and seventy-five pounds of man and malice were behind it. O'Rourke shot into the scuppers as though kicked by a mule, struck his head against a piece of iron work and lay still, half stunned, shutting his teeth savagely upon a moan.

Hole and the first mate stood over him, and the captain's voice, guarded but clear enough, came to his ear:

"You'll lie there, me man, and not so much as a whimper till I give you leave. Take 'eed wot I says. Mr. Dennison 'ere is goin' to clean 'is revolver."

O'Rourke lay silent, save for his quick breathing. The first officer, grinning malevolently, sat down near at hand, keeping a basilisk eye upon the prostrate man while he fondled an able-bodied, hammerless Webley.

Hole moved off towards the gangway, whence his voice arose, an instant later, greeting his visitor. The latter put a hurried question, which O'Rourke did not catch, but the captain's reply was quick enough:

"Only a mutinous dorg of a deck-and. Wanted shore leave and refused to go forrard when ordered. 'E ain't 'urted none. Mr. Dennison 'ere just gye 'im a tap to keep him quiet."

The Irishman swore beneath his breath and watched the first officer. The light from the lantern at the gangway glanced dully upon the polished barrel of the revolver, and the gleaming line was steadily directed towards O'Rourke's head. Upon reconsideration he concluded to lie still, to wait and watch his opportunity; for the present, at least, he was indisposed to question Dennison's willingness to use the weapon. O'Rourke

and, eluding the rigor of Egyptian customs, as well as the vigilance of the fellaheen—among other avid consumers; speaking baldly, is smuggled into the land. Customs inspections, furthermore, are as severe as might be expected by anyone acquainted with the country and its inhabitants—as was O'Rourke.

He felt, then, no sort of surprise at the brevity of the official visitation.

The inspector, accompanied by an excessively urbane and suave Captain Hole, consciously but briefly glanced into the hold, asked a few questions which would have been pertinent had they not been entirely perfunctory, and took his leave.

From the gangway the captain turned back directly to his first officer and the latter's charge. Hearing his approaching footsteps, O'Rourke gathered himself together and summoned all his faculties to his aid.

"Troublesome?" demanded Hole, pausing.

"Not a syllable," said the mate. "Th' mon's sensible. I ha'e me doubts but he's too canny altogether."

"Peaceful as a byby, eh? Well," savagely, "ell learn wot for. Get up, you Irish—"

O'Rourke lay passive under the storm of Hole's profanity. He had all but closed his eyes, and was watching the pair from beneath his lashes.

Falling to elicit any response, "Asn't 'e moved?" demanded the captain.

"Not a muscle—"

"Shammin'! 'Ere, I'll show 'im." O'Rourke gritted his teeth and suppressed a groan as the toe of Hole's heavy boot crashed into his ribs.

"Th' mon's nae shamming," Dennison declared. "He's fair fainted."

"Fainted hell!" countered the captain. "Give 'is arm a twist, Dennison."

The mate calmly disobeyed. The arm-twist desired by the captain requires the use of the twister's two hands, and stoutly as he defended his opinion, the first officer was by no means ready to put up his revolver.

He advanced and bent over the Irishman, who lay motionless, his up-

mean antagonist. The man—it has been said—was as tall as and heavier than the adventurer, and by virtue of his position a competent and experienced rough-and-ready fighter. In a breath he had lowered his head and, bellowing like a bull, launched himself toward O'Rourke.

The Irishman met the onslaught with a stinging uppercut; which, nevertheless, failed to discourage the captain, who grappled and began to belabor O'Rourke with short, stabbing blows on the side of the head, at the same time endeavoring to trip him. The fury of his onset all but carried the Irishman off his feet. At the same time it defeated Hole's own purpose. O'Rourke watched his chance, seized the man's throat with both hands and, tightening his grip, fairly lifted him off his feet and shook him as a terrier shakes a rat. Then, with a grunt of satisfaction, he threw the captain from him and turned to face greater odds.

The noise of the conflict had brought the crew down upon the contestants. Surrounded, he was rushed to the rail. With that to his back he drew on his reserve of strength and, posing himself, began to give his assailants personal and individual attention. They pushed him close, snarling and cursing, hindering one another in their eagerness, and suffering variously for their temerity. O'Rourke fought with trained precision; his blows, lightning quick, were direct from the shoulder and very finely placed; and so straight did he strike that almost from the first his knuckles were torn and bleeding from their impact upon flesh and bone.

Fight as fiercely as he might, however, the pack was too heavy for him; and when presently he discerned, not in one but in half a dozen hands, gleams of light—the rays of a near-by lantern running down knife-blades—he conceded the moment imminent when he must sever his connection with the Pelican. Moreover he had a shrewd suspicion that Hole was up and only waiting for an opening to use his revolver.

Leaping to the rail, he poised an instant, then dived far out from the vessel's side, down into the Stygian blackness of the harbor water; a good clean dive, cutting the water with hardly a splash, he went down like an arrow, gradually swerving from the straight line of his flight into a long arc—so long, indeed, that he was well-nigh breathless when he came to the surface, a dozen yards or more from the Pelican.

Spitting out the foul harbor water, and with a swift glance over his shoulder that showed him the Pelican's dark freeboard like a wall, and a cluster of dark shapes hanging over the rail at the top vaguely revealed by lantern light, he struck out for the nearest vessel, employing the double overhand stroke, noisy but speedy.

That he heard no cry when he came to the surface, that Hole had not detected him by the phosphorescence, and that he had held his hand from firing, at first puzzled O'Rourke; but he reasoned that Hole probably feared to raise an alarm and thereby attract much undesirable attention to himself and his ship. In the course of the first few strokes, however, he managed to peep again over his shoulder, and from the activity on the Pelican's decks concluded that he was to be pursued by boat; which, in fact, proved to be the case.

Fortunately the Pelican rode at anchor in waters studded thick with other vessels, affording plenty of hiding places on a night as black as that. The adventurer made direct for the first vessel, swam completely around it, and by the time the Pelican's boat was aloft and its rowers bending to the oars, he was supporting himself by a hand upon the unknown ship's cable, floating on his back with only his face out of water.

Under these conditions, it was small wonder that the boat missed him so completely.

At length rested, the Irishman released his hold and struck out for land at an easy pace.

Eventually he gained the end of a quay, upon which he drew himself for a last rest and to let his dripping garments drain a bit ere venturing abroad in the streets.

Not until then, strangely enough, did it come to him with its full force, how he had been tricked and played upon from the very beginning. And he swore bitterly when he contemplated his present position of a penniless outcast in a city almost wholly strange to him, without friends (save indeed, Danny—wherever he might be), without a place to lay his head, lacking even a change of clothing. His kit-box was aboard the Pelican and likely to remain there, for all he could do to the contrary; in his present state,

to apply to the authorities or to attempt to lodge a complaint against Captain Hole would more likely than not result in incarceration on a charge of vagrancy more real than technical.

And—the Pool of Flame! He fumed with impotent rage when he saw how blindly he had stumbled into Hole's trap, how neatly he had permitted himself to be raped of the jewel. For in the light of late events he could not doubt but that Hole had sought him out armed with the knowledge that O'Rourke was in possession of the priceless jewel—more than probably advised and employed by Des Trebes; assuming that he had failed to inflict a mortal wound upon that adventurer.

"Aw, the divvie, the divvie!" complained O'Rourke. "Sure, and 'tis a pretty mess I've made of it all, now!"

Saying which he rose and clambered to the top of the quay—with the more haste than good will in view of the fact that the splashing of oars, the dimly outlined shape of a boat heading directly for his refuge, had suddenly become visible. Of course, it might not be the Pelican; but O'Rourke was too thoroughly impressed with the conviction that the laws of coincidence were working against him, just then at any rate, to be willing to run unnecessary risks.

Chance, too, would have it that there should be an arc-light ablaze precisely at the foot of the pier, beneath which stood, clearly defined in the white glare, the figure of a hulking black native representative of the municipal police, whom O'Rourke must pass ere he could gain solid earth.

For this reason he dared not betray evidences of haste; his appearance was striking enough in all conscience, without any additional touches. So he thrust his hands into his pockets and sauntered with a well-assumed but perhaps not wholly convincing air of nonchalance toward the officer.

The latter remained all unsuspecting until—and then the mischief of it was that O'Rourke was still a full five yards the wrong side of the man—Hole himself leaped from the boat upon the end of the quay and sent a yell echoing after the fugitive.

"Hey!" he roared. "Stop 'im! Deserter! Thief! Stop thief!"

The black was facing O'Rourke in an instant, but simultaneously the Irishman was upon him and had put an elbow smartly into his midriff in passing, all but toppling the man backwards into the harbor.

It had been well for him had he succeeded. As it was the fellow saved himself by a hair's breadth and the next minute was after O'Rourke, yelling madly.

The Irishman showed a fleet pair of heels, be sure; but, undoubtedly, the devil himself was in the luck that night! Who shall describe in what manner a rabble springs out of the very cobble of Alexandria's streets? Men, women, naked children and yapping parish dogs, fellaheen, Arabs, Bedouins from the desert, Nubians, Greeks, Levantines—the fugitive had not covered two-score yards ere a mob of such composition was snapping at his calves.

Turning and twisting, dodging and doubling, smiting this gratuitous enemy full in the face, treating the next as he had the limb of the law (and leaving both howling), he seized the first opening and swung into a narrow back-way, leading inland from the waterfront.

## (TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Care of the Eyes.

If a woman has the slightest difficulty with her sight, she should lose no time in consulting an oculist. Nothing will bring undesirable crows' feet more quickly than straining the eyes, and local treatment to prevent the lines will be inefficacious if the seat of the trouble is not attended to. It is far better to wear glasses when sewing and writing than to let the whole face have a drawn and aged look.

Of course, massaging about the corners of the eyes will make a tremendous improvement in a woman's appearance, but the work will be without results unless she does it regularly every night. Also, if she is trying to smooth away crows' feet, she must remember that stroking is not to be done so severely as to loosen the skin, which would cause bagginess, but merely that friction is to stimulate circulation, nourishing the skin tissues.

### Foolish Question.

"Are you going to permit your son to play football when he goes to college?"

"No. I'm going to keep him from it in the same way that I have kept him from smoking cigarettes."

"Oh, have you kept him from doing that?"

"Certainly—when he knows it's looking."



The First Officer's Fist Caught O'Rourke Just Under the Ear.

was to be kept quiet at all hazards, and he knew it full well; for once he conceded discretion the better part of valor, and was patient.

## CHAPTER XIV.

In the face of the fact that the importation of hashish into Egypt has been declared illegal by Khedival legislation, the drug is always to be obtained in the lower dives of Alexandria, Cairo and Port Said—if one only knows where to go and how to ask for it. Manufactured in certain islands of the Grecian Archipelago, it is mysteriously exported under the very noses of complaisant authorities

per lip rolled back to show his clenched teeth. "Heugh!" exclaimed the first officer, peering into his face, his tone expressive of the liveliest concern. Without further hesitation he dropped the revolver into his pocket and—received a tremendous short-arm blow in the face.

With a stifled cry he fell back, clutching at a broken nose, and sprawled at length; while O'Rourke, leaping to his feet, deliberately put a heel into the pit of Dennison's stomach, thereby effectually eliminating him as a factor in the further controversy. Simultaneously he advanced upon Captain Hole.

But in the latter he encountered no