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THE FIRST DEGREE OF RESPONSIBILITY.

Socialism first applied, had for its purpose the reconstruction of the social order of affairs. Socialism has today various constructions and meanings, from revolution to an equalization of economic conditions.

From employment of the dynamite to the election of a Socialist to the high public office is a vast stretch, in the attempt of the people to get redress from wrongs, to secure recognition, to get relief from an unjust, economic situation. And yet, beneath the violence may be found those fundamental wrongs of an unjust system, wrongs deliberately committed.

Life is a sacred thing. But in this age it is not held sacred if it comes between managers of industries and their profits. Truth, honor, charity, have passed in succession as crude, as sentimental, as non-essential, in the rush for the millions of profit. With these passed as nothing, it was little that life, itself, should be held sacred by the mammon of money lust. This stamping out of existence of men, women and children, to make the larger profits, carries with it responsibility, liability, accountability, that must find a level of justice, a process that shall alleviate the wrongs committed against the living, and a just retribution for the dead, gone down hopelessly before the power, that should have given them life and protection, instead of cruelty and destruction.

It is these deliberate acts by managers of industries, of omission and commission, all considered out in advance, that provoke violence, outrage, destruction of property, even murder. Life is sacred, to even the humblest. Men and women may submit to abuses and hardships, but there is always a generation to arise that refuses to accept conditions, because these conditions are arbitrary, unnatural, unjust. There must follow upheaval, by revolution or by ballot.

POLITICAL ORGAN INTOLERANCE.

Democracy in its best and highest sense is presumed to stand for equality. Democracy is presumed to give freedom of thought and action to the individual. Every Democratic voter is presumed to have the liberty of judging and selecting for himself, in advance of primary or nominating convention, the candidate of his choice.

But right here, in advance of all official action of party, the intolerance of the party organ is shown. In North Carolina, the political organ is the Raleigh News Observer. It glories in the name of "organ" and refuses to acknowledge mistakes it makes, tho' for that matter the "organ" cannot, from its own view point make a mistake. For years the News Observer has named its candidate in national campaigns long in advance of the convention. Its intolerance never ceases, its undemocratic spirit is endless from the time it names its candidate, to the very last. It puts up straw men and knocks them out with a wild hurrah. In the prophetic line it is an absolute as Mahomet, and it is either abusive scorn or the acceptance of its candidate for those of the party.

Editorially the News Observer says: "The next Wilson crusade in North Carolina is about to peter out. This

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State educated Woodrow Wilson at Davidson College and is going to help put him in the White House.

If North Carolina educated Mr. Wilson, there has been a singular lack of appreciation on his part ever since, until his presidential aspirations made this State desirable. Mr. Wilson's North Carolina education was never until recently worthy of his consideration, and his ignoring of this State's history in his writings, shows how little he thought of the State.

And what "crusade" is being made against the "Organ's" candidate? Not by Democrats, unless having a personal choice for the presidency outside of Mr. Wilson, is a "crusade." The "crusade" is a figment of the disease that is a part of the News Observer's political brain. It is the intolerant spirit that demands, think not, follow me. Again the News-Observer—

Mr. Bryan is quoted by the Columbia State as saying: "I am not willing for J. P. Morgan to pick out the Democratic candidates Bryan and Morgan have picked Wilson for defeat and hope to name the candidates of both parties. But Democrats will not permit it."

How has J. Pierpont Morgan "picked Wilson for defeat," when Harper's Weekly backed by Morgan, brought Woodrow Wilson into the political lime light, and made him a presidential possibility, and now Mr. Wilson is seeking to win reputation by repudiating his condenser. The News-Observer has a right to have Mr. Wilson for its choice. It may defend him. It may show his fine qualities. As an "organ" it can be ultra to the superlative degree of Wilsonism. But with all this granted, it cannot employ its intolerance to drive any thinking Democrat to blindly follow its lead, nor will the Democratic party of this State be the gainer, if its voters are compelled to accept the "organ's" dictum, whether they wish to or not.

Charles Duhan, Lovington, Ill., has succeeded in finding a positive cure for bed wetting. "My little boy wet the bed every night, clear thro' on the floor. I tried several kinds of kidney medicine and I was in the drug store looking for something different to help him when I heard of Foley Kidney Pills. After he had taken them two days we could see a change and when he had taken two thirds of a bottle he was cured. That is about six weeks ago and he has not wet a bed since." For sale by all dealers.

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R. A. Davis, 827 Washington St., Columbus, Ohio, writes: "I have lately suffered from my kidneys and had had many doctors and used many kidney pills but they did me no good. I took Foley Kidney Pills for some time and they cured me. I feel fine and my kidneys are all right."—Foley Kidney Pills have the highest recommendation.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS

The Pool of Flame

By **LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE**
Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

CHAPTER XXXII—Des Trebes, who was probably attacked by the man who robbed the lawyer of the jewel, is found dying.

CHAPTER XXXIII—An officer appears and O'Rourke assists him in unraveling the mystery.

COMFORT HIS SUIR.
A cry of horror, despair and rage struck in the wanderer's throat. Quick, who had hulled his appearance on the Ranee at Aden as a harbinger of good luck, had been foully murdered. His dominant emotion of the moment, an intense and pitiful solicitude for the dying man, threw him off his guard. Under its influence he forgot the danger of his suit.

But in a trice he was alive again to his own peril. In the twinkling of an eye he saw a flash of light gliding towards him with resistless impetus. Instinctively he swung to one side, to the right and leapt to his feet. At that the knife, a kris serious and keen, ran cold upon the flesh of his chest, slit through his shirt, caught in the thong that held the Pool of Flame, and tore out, leaving a flapping hole and scraping a hand's breadth of skin from his forearm. Headless of this, only in fact unconsciously aware that the charcoal bag and fallen to the deck, he caught at the hand that had wielded the kris; his fingers closed about the wrist, and, bracing himself, he swung the assassin off his feet. So doing, his fingers alighted on the man's hairy skin and he stumbled off his balance.

His object, however, had been accomplished. The murderer, hurled a yard or more through the air, fell and slid along the deck into a group of lascars, one of whom, like a mine-rat, was knocked over and fell stop of him.

O'Rourke recovered and stepped forward, revolver poised to administer the quietus to the murderer—an amiable intention which was, however, doomed to frustration. With almost inconceivable swiftness the group of lascars had become a mere tangle of arms and legs, a melange of struggling limbs and bodies. Where he had thought to find a single prostrate form, there were six struggling in confusion on the deck.

For a thought he stayed his finger on the trigger, waiting to pick out the undermost and slay him first of all, unwilling, furthermore, to waste one of the four invaluable cartridges remaining in his revolver. And then—unexpectedly the tragedy seemed over and done with altogether.

From the bottom of the heap of bodies a terrible cry of mortal anguish shrilled loud; and almost at once the mob seemed to resolve into its original elements. Five lascars crawled, arose, or flung themselves away from the sixth, who lay inert, prone, limbs still twitching, a knife buried in his back.

For a thought the tableau held, there in the pure brilliance of the moonlight; the half a dozen standing figures, O'Rourke a space apart from the rest, and two bodies, the one face down, Quick with a face to the stars, each with its dread background; a black stain that grew and spread slowly upon the white, dazzling planks.

Quickly the tallest of the lascars moved forward, knelt and drew the knife from the back of his dead fellow. He straightened up, facing O'Rourke without a tremor, his eyes afe, and wiped the blade of the kris on his cummerbund.

"Do not shoot, sahib," he said smoothly in excellent English. "Do not shoot, sahib, for it is I who have avenged. This dog," and with his toe he stirred the thing at his feet, "ran amok. Now he is dead."

"This was the serang who spoke," O'Rourke eyed him coldly through a prolonged silence. At length, "That seems quite evident," he admitted coolly. "Pick up that body and throw it forward!" he commanded sharply.

In obedience to a sign from the serang, two of the lascars seized the body. A subsequent splash overboard told the Irishman that his order had been carried out. But he heard it abstractedly, confronted as he was with a problem whose difficulty was not to be underestimated, the problem embodied in the statuesque, imperturbable serang.

It was hard to know what to do, what to believe, what action to take. If he were right in his surmise, the serang should rightly be shot down instantly, without an instant's respite. Yet the heartless brutality upon which his theory was based made him hesitate. It was difficult to believe that the serang had been able to accomplish what O'Rourke was told to credit him with; that he, the wielder of the kris, the murderer of Quick, threw off his feet by the Irishman's attack, had deliberately involved his fellows with him in his fall and professed by the confusion to slay one upon whom he could throw the blame for all that had happened.

The weapon quivered in O'Rourke's grasp. More than once in that brief debate he was tempted to shoot the fellow on suspicion. Yet he held his hand; he could not be positive. With every circumstance against him, he might still be telling the truth. The whole horrible affair might well have been a trap more than an honest display

of a crazy Malay, one who, as the serang claimed, had "run amok."

He had not made up his mind when his thoughts were given a new turn by a new complication, in the shape of Mrs. Pryne herself. That lady came up the companion steps with no apparent hesitation, no fear or apprehension; quietly and confidently alert, on the other hand, she was visibly armed and prepared against danger in whatever form she might have to encounter it.

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 loose upon the Ranee, did he make one ill-advised or hasty move. Alone, he could have faced the situation with equality; with the woman by his side, he felt as though handcuffed.

"You are hurt, Colonel O'Rourke?"

"A mere scratch, madam—an inch of skin shaved off me arm. Be good enough to return to the saloon, waken Dunny 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, forbidding hysteria.

"Quick—stabbed. I didn't want to see. A lascar ran amok, cut down the captain, was killed himself—kindness," the irrepressible humorist broke off, "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 distracted.

"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 evenly, "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 he had desired. As promptly, without further words, she turned to Quick.

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

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

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 fore-deck, then backed to the spot where the woman stood above the captain. 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 came to him; he clutched the rail with a cry. The Pool of Flame, his sacred trust, was gone! His eyes searched the deck wildly, but found no trace of the round leather bag with its precious burden. Despair gripped his heart 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 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 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 out 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 Pool of Flame was gone and must be recovered at whatever hazard.

The lascar came with what might have seemed suspicious alacrity, considering the fact that he was covered; O'Rourke held him at the pistol's point. Gnant and sombre in the moonlight, moving noiselessly in his bare feet, head up and arms swinging limply, he advanced upon a prone man until about six feet from the Irishman, at which distance O'Rourke, collecting his wits, found voice enough to hiss the fellow, "Stop!"

The serang halted, impassive, unmoved.

"The sahib has called," he said in an even voice. "I am coming. What is the sahib's will with me?"

His words, together with his half-implicit, half-distant, wholly contemptuous bearing, supplied the one thing needful to reassure to the adventurer his self-control. O'Rourke drew his self up, master of self once more, and looked the lascar in the eye.

"You stand," he said slowly, choosing his words, "on the edge of the grave. Do you comprehend that, dog?"

"Aye, sahib!"

"I have called ye, then, to demand that which is mine, the leather bag which ye stole when ye slew your brother, pretending falsely it was

who had slain the captain. I cannot ye, speak truth and render back to me that which ye have stolen."

The serang stiffened, his eyes glittering in the moonlight. "Sahib!" he cried as if in supplication.

"No words, dog!" cried O'Rourke sternly. "Do as I bid ye, or abide the result of disobedience!"

"The sahib," said the serang slowly, "is full of eyes and wisdom. He sees what no man would believe he could see. I am content." He bowed his head with curious subservience, stretching forth his palms as if in token of surrender.

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

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

"Aye, sahib; or, if not that, I have that which was therein."

"The stone?"

"Aye, sahib."

"Then give it me."

"I am the sahib's slave." The serang bowed.

(Continued on Page 3)

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Comptroller Murray says banks must obey the law relative to revenues.

THE DANGER OF LA GRIPPE.
Is its fatal tendency to pneumonia. To cure you la grippe coughs take Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. R. E. Fisher, Washington, Kan., says: "I was troubled with a severe attack of la grippe that threatened pneumonia. A friend advised Foley's Honey and Tar Compound and I got relief after taking the first few doses. I took three bottles and my la grippe was cured." Get the genuine, in the yellow package. For sale by all dealers.

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Representative Littleton, of N. Y., announced that he would retire from Congress when his term expires.

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Two defendants in the packers' trial at Chicago were mentioned as having personal knowledge of the test cost of beef weekly.

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