



"And Yet This Moment He Asked a Hundred for It."

teeth strongly. It's an old saying that

he goes farthest who shuts his teeth

longest. He was going to test the pre-

He had stood before the list fully

three minutes. Now he turned about

face, a singular elation tingling his

blood. Once he set his mind upon a

thing, he went forward. He had lost

many pleasurable things in life be-

cause he had doubted and faltered,

ward them and had then drawn back

He was going to meet Fortune Ched-

soye; when or how were but details.

And as he discovered the Major him-

self idling before the booth of the East

Indian merchant, he saw in fancy the

broidery?" the Major was inquiring.

and three hundred years old, sir."

posed quietly. "That is Bokhara, but

The dark eyes of the Indian flashed.

"Upon that style of embroldery, ab-

plain the difference between the an-

tique and the modern. "You have one

good piece of old Bokhara, but it isn't

garding their worth. Nothing tonight."

"The Oriental is like the amateur fish-

to be a keen judge," as they moved

"I suppose it's because I'm inor-

a good collection of Bokhara em-

"You live in New York?" with mild

graciously motioned for George to do

the same. "I used to live there; twen-

ty-odd years ago. But European travel

hurry, the clamor. Over here they

dine, there they eat. There's as much

difference between those two perform-

ances as there is between The Mikado

and Florodora. From Portland in

Maine to Portland in Oregon, the same

dress, same shops, same ungodly high

buildings. Here it is different, at the

George agreed conditionally. (The

views.) He would have shed his last

drop of blood for his native land, but

he was honest in acknowledging her

Conversation idled in various chan

nels, and finally became anchored at

jewels. Here the Major was at home,

and he loved emeralds above all oth-

er stones. He proved to be an engag-

ing old fellow, had circled the globe

three or four times, and had had an

adventure or two worth recounting.

wasn't very original in his

end of every hundred miles."

Major

faults.

broideries at home in New York."

away from the booth.

'The gentleman is an authority?" sar

the stitch is purely modern."

mediocre jewels.

"Oh, yes, sir."

propitious moment.

castically.

price for it."

"How old?"

not because he had reached out to-

cept by immediate practice.

SYNOPSIS.

George Percival Algernon Jones, vicepresident of the Metropolitan Oriental Rug company of New York, thirsting for ro mance, is in Cairo on a business trip. Horace Ryanne arrives at the hotel in Cairo with a carefully guarded bundle. Ryanne sells Jones the famous holy Yhiordes rug which he admits having stolen from a pasha at Bagdad.

CHAPTER IV .- (Continued.)

Some light steps, a rustle, and he wheeled in time to see a woman open a door, stand for a minute in the full light, and disappear. It was she. George opened the door of his own room, threw the rug inside, and tiptoed along the corridor, stopping for the briefest time to ascertain the number of that room. He felt vastly more guilty in performing this harmless act than in smothering his men-

There was no one in the head-porter's bureau; thus, unobserved and unembarrassed, he was free to inspect the guest-list. Fortune Chedsoye. He had never seen a name quite like that. Its quaintness did not suggest to him, as it had done to Ryanne, the pastoral, the bucolic. Rather it reminded him of the old French courts, of rapiers and buckles, of powdered wigs and furbelows, masks, astrologers, love-intrigues, of all those colorful, mutable scenes so charmingly described by the genial narrator of the exploits of D'Artagnan, And abruptly out of this age of Lebrun, Watteau Moliere, reached an ice-cold hand. If that elderly codger wasn't her father, who was he and what?

The Major--for George had looked him up also-was in excellent trim for his age, something of a military dandy besides; but as the husband of so young and exquisite a creature! Out upon the thought! He might be her guardian, or, at most, her uncle, but never her husband. Yet (O poisonous doubt!), at the table she had ignored the Major, both his jests and his attentions. He had seen many wives, joyfully from a safe distance, act toward their husbands in this fashion. Oh, rot! If his name was Callahan and hers Chedsoye, they could not possibly be tied in any legal bonds. He dismissed the ice-cold hand and turned again to the comforting warmth of his ardor.

He had never spoken to young women without presentation, and on these rare occasions he had broached the weather, suggested the possibilities of the weather, and concluded with an apostrophe on the weather at large. It was usually a valedictory. For he was always positive that he had acted like a fool, and was afraid to speak to the girl again. Never it failed, ten minutes after the girl was out of sight, the brightest and cleverest things crowded upon his tongue, to be but wasted on the desert air. He was not particularly afraid of women older than himself, more's the pity. And yet, had he been as shy toward them as toward the girls, there would have been no stolen Yhiordes, no sad-eyed maiden, no such thing as The United Romance and Adventure Company, Ltd.; and he would have stepped the even tenor of his way, unknown of grand passions,

swift adventure, life. George was determined to meet For tune Chedsoye, and this determination, the first of its kind to take definite form in his mind, gave him a novel sensation. He would find some way. and he vowed to best his old enemy, diffidence, if it was the last fight he ever put up. He would maneuver to his niece, George wanted to shake his get in the way of the Major. He never found much trouble in talking to men. Once he exchanged a word or two with the uncle or guardian, he would would. And after a mutual health, the kite-the hooked beak, the watchmake it a point to renew the acquaintance when he saw the two together. It appeared to him as a bright idea, ple the affair had been! A fellow food and revenge. and he was rather proud of it. Even could do anything if only he set his now he was conscious of clenching his | mind to it. Tomorrow he would meet

Author of HEARTS AND MASKS.

The MAN ON THE BOX etc.

Illustrations by M.G.Kettner.

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shrive him if he could not manage to hibited general indications of rough control his recalcitrant tongue.

men were already leaning against the friendly, inviting mahogany. There ordered a temperate whisky and soda,

"Don't remember old friends, eh?" said the shorter of the two men, caressing his incarnadined proboscis. 'A smile wouldn't have hurt him any, do you think?" "Shut up!" admonished Ryanne.

on the public floors."

"Why, I meant no harm," the other protested. He took a swallow of wine. "But, dash it! here I am, more'n four thousand miles from old Broadway, Mena House and return. In two days and still walking blind. When is the more he would be leaving Egypt beshow to start?"

"Not so loud, old boy. You've got to have patience. You've had some good rug was a problem. He might carry pickings for the past three months, it in his steamer-roll; it would be in the smoke-rooms. That ought to soothe you."

"Well, it doesn't. Here I come from New York, three months ago, with a wad of money for you and a great game in sight. It takes a week to find you, and when I do . . . Well, you know. No sooner are you awake, than what? Off you go to Bagdad, on the wildest goose-chase a man ever heard of. And that leaves me with nothing to do and nobody to talk to. I could have cried yesterday when I got your letter saying you'd be in today." "Well, I got it."

"The rug?" "Yes. It was wild; but after what

I'd been through I needed something wild to steady my nerves; some big danger, where I'd simply have to get together." 'And you got it?" There was frank

vonder and admiration in the pursy gentleman's eyes. "All alone, and you got it? Honest?"

"Honest. They nearly had my hide, though."

"Where is it?" "Sold."

portcullis rise and the drawbridge fall "Percival." to the castle of enchantment. He ever was one. Sold it to Percival! to the bureau for his key, when an confused brain as sometimes a shaft him adroitly into an alley ro 'Horace, von're strolled over leisurely and pretended to be interested in the case containing You couldn't beat that in a thousand years. You're a great man." "This is a genuine Bokhara em

"Praise from Sir Hubert." "Who's he?"

"An authority on several matters." "How much did he give you for it?" The merchant picked up the tag "Tut, tut! It was all my own little and squinted at it. "It is between two iaunt. Wallace. I should hate to lie

to you about it." To George's opinion the gods them-"What about the stake I gave you?" selves could not have arranged a more "You've made a mistake," he inter-

"Threw it away on a lot of dubs, after all I've taught you!" "Cards aren't my forte."

"There's a yellow streak in your hide, somewhere, Horace."

"There is, but it is the tiger's stripe, my friend. What I did with my money solutely." George smiled. And then, is my own business." without more ado, he went on to ex-

"Will she allow for that?" "Would it matter one way or the other?"

"No. I don't suppose it would. Some rare. Twenty pounds would be a good times I think you're with us as a huge joke. You don't take the game seri-The Major laughed heartily. "And ous enough." Wallace emptied his just this moment he asked a hundred glass and tipped the bottle carefully. for it. I'm not much of a hand in judging these things. I admire them. 'You're out of your class, somehow.' but have no intimate knowledge re-"So?"

"Yes. You have always struck me as a man who was hunting trouble for he added to the bitter-eyed merchant. one end." erman; truth is not in him. You seem

"And that?" Ryanne seemed interested.

Wallace drew his finger across his throat. Ryanne looked him squarely dinately fond of the things. I've really in the eye and nodded affirmatively. "I don't understand at all."

"You never will, Wallace, old chap. I am the prodigal son whose brother interest. The Major sat down and ate the fatted calf before I returned home. I had a letter today. She will be here tomorrow sometime. You may have to go to Port Said, if my spoils America; the rush there, the plan doesn't mature."

"The Ludwig?" "Yes."

"Say, what a Frau she would have made the right man!" Ryanne did not answer, but glowered at his glass.

"The United Romance and Adventure Company." Wallace twirled his glass. "If you're a wonder, she's a marvel. A Napoleon in petticoats! It does make a fellow grin, when you look it all over. But this is going to be her Austerlitz or her Waterloo. And you really got the rug; and on top of that, you have sold it to George P. A. Jones! Here's-"

"Many happy returns," ironically. They finished the bottle without further talk. There was no conviviality here. Both were fond of good wine, but the more they drank, the tighter grew their lips. Men who have been in the habit of guarding dangerous secrets become taciturn in their cups.

And when he incidentally mentioned From time to time, flittingly, there appeared against one of the windows, just above the half-curtain, a lean, Would Mr. Jones join him with a peg to sleep on? Mr. Jones certainly dark face, which, in profile, resembled George diplomatically excused himself, ful, preyful eyes. There were two retired, buoyant and happy. How sim- hungers written upon that Arab face,

> "Allah is good," he murmured. " He had but one eye in use, the oth- sary?"

Fortune Chedsoye, and may Beelzebub | er was bandaged. In fact, the face exwarfare, the skin broken on the bridge As he passed out of sight, Major of the nose, a freshly healed cut un-Callahan smiled. It was that old fa- der the seeing eye, a long strip of miliar smile which, charged with gen- plaster extending from the ear to the tle mockery, we send after departing mouth. There was nothing of the begfools. It was plain that he needed gar in his mien. His lean throat was another peg to keep company with the erect, his chin protrusive, the set of first; for he rose and gracefully wend- his shoulders proud and defiant. Ordied his way down-stairs to the bar. Two narily, the few lingering guides would rudely have told him to be off about his business; but they were familiar was a magnum of champagne stand- with all turbans, and in the peculiar ing between their glasses. The Major twist of this one, soiled and ragged though it was, they recognized some drank it, frowned at the magnum, paid prince from the eastern deserts. Presthe reckoning, and went back up-stairs ently he strode away, but with a stiffness which they knew came from long journeys upon racing-camels.

George dreamed that night of magic carpets, of sad-eyed maidens, of flerce Bedouins, of battles in the desert, of genii swelling terrifically out of squat bottles. And once he rose and turned "You know the orders; no recognition on the lights to assure himself that the old Yhiordes was not a part of these vivid dreams.

He was up shortly after dawn, in white riding-togs, for a final canter to hind. Rather glad in one sense, rather sorry in another. Where to put the handler there than in the bottom of his trunk, stored away in the ship's hold. Besides, his experience had taught him that steamer-rolls were only indifferently inspected. You will observe that the luster of his high ideals was already dimming. He reasoned that inasmuch as he was bound to smuggle and lie, it might be well to plan something artistically. He wished now that he was going to spend Christmas in Cairo; but it was too late to change his booking without serious loss of time and money.

He had a light breakfast on veranda of the Mena House, climbed up to the desert, bantered the donkeyboys, amused himself by watching the descent of some German tourists who had climbed the big Pyramid before dawn to witness the sun rise, and threw pennies to the horde of blind beggars who instantly swarmed about him and demanded, in the name of Allah, a competence for the rest of their days. He finally escaped them by footing it down the incline to the hotel gardens, where his horse stood

It was long after nine when he slid not . . . I . . . from the saddle at the side entrance | Fortune laughed. Somehow the qualexquisitely gloved hand lightly touched of sunlight rips into a fog, suddenly,

his arm. "Don't you remember me. Mr. Jones?" said a voice of vocal honey. George did. In his confusion he

dropped his pith-helmet, and in stooping to pick it up, bumped into the porter who had rushed to his aid. Remember her! Would he ever forget her? He never thought of her with-Ryanne made a sign of dealing out dubbing himself an outrageous ass. He straightened, his cheeks afire; blushing was another of those uncontrollable asininities of his. It was really she, come out of a past he had hoped to be eternally inresuscitant; the droll, the witty woman, to whom in one mad moment of liberality and Galahadism he had loaned without security one hundred and fifty pounds at the roulette tables in Monte Carlo; she, for whom he had always blushed when he recalled how easily she had mulcted him! And here she was, serene, lovely as ever, unchanged.

"My dear," said the stranger (George couldn't recall by what name he had known her); "my dear," to Fortune Chedsove, who stood a little behind her, "this is the gentleman I've often told you about. You were at school at the time. I borrowed a hundred and fifty pounds of him at Monte Carlo. And what do you think? When I went to pay him back the next day, he was gone, without leaving the slightest clue to his whereabouts. Isn't that droll? And to think that I should meet him here!"

That her name had slipped his memory, if indeed he had ever known it, was true; but one thing lingered worth the pinch here and the pinch incandescently in his mind, and that there which had succeeded that lean.

But Now He Had Run Against Some-

thing That Caused His Nerve to

Forsake Him.

"I came, sir, in answer to your ad-

"I am, sir. I have given proof of

"I have faced bullets in Mexico and

"I helped to defend the missionaries

against the Boxers, and I was pres-

"I have fought the infuriated walrus

of Baffin bay and the maddened bull

elephants of Central Africa, and I

went through an Armenian massacre

"You seem to be the man I want.

a field in front of 20,000 fair-minded.

against the home team when neces-

ent at the siege of Port Arthur."

without losing my nerve."

my courage in many parts of

vertisement. You said you wanted

to employ a man who was a total

"Are you a brave man?"

stranger to fear."

machetes in Cuba."

world."

"Yes?"

"Good!"

"Fine."

Hitherto Stranger to Fear

It was not in the nature of things to confess that the first woman he had met in his wanderings should have been the last. As he took the girl's hand, with the ulterior intent of holding it till death do us part, he wondered why she had laughed like that. The echo of it still rang in his ears. And while he could not have described it, he knew instinctively that it had been born of bitter thought. They chatted for a quarter of an hour or more, and managed famously. It seemed to him that Fortune Ched-

soye was the first young woman he had ever met who could pull away sudden barriers and open up pathways for speech, who, when he was about of the Semiramis. He was on his way ity of that laughter pierced George's to flounder into some cul-de-sac, guided Not once was it necessary to drag in the weather, that perennial if threadbare topic. He was truly astonished at the ease with which he sustained his part in the conversation, and began to think pretty well of himself. It did not occur to him that when two clever and attractive women set forth to make a man talk (always excepting he is dumb), they never fail to succeed. To do this they contrive to bring the conversation within the small circle of his work, his travels, his preferences, his ambi-

> idea of the ground plan. Two distinct purposes controlled the women in this instance. One desired to interest him, while the other sought to learn whether he was stupid or only shy.

> tions. To be sure, all this is not fully

extracted in fifteen minutes, but a

woman obtains in that time a good

At last, when he left them to change his clothes and hurry down to Cook's, to complete the bargain for the Yhiordes, he had advanced so amazingly well that they had accepted his invitation to the polo-match that afternoon. He felt that invisible Mercurial wings had sprouted from his heels, for in running up the stairs, he was aware of no gravitative resistance. That this anomaly (an acquaintance with two women about whom he knew nothing) might be looked upon askance by those who conformed to the laws and by-laws of social usages. worried him not in the least. On the contrary, he was thinking that he would be the envy of every other man out at the club that afternoon.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"This Is the Gentleman I've Often Told You About."

was, he had written her, following For he had determined to return to America with a pound or two on his minutely her own specific directions letter of credit, and the success of and inclosing his banker's address in this determination was based upon Paris, Naples and Cairo; and for many passings of moons he had opened his many a sacrifice in comfort, sacrifices foreign mail eagerly and hopefully. he had never confided to his parents. But hope must have something to feed upon, and after a struggle lasting two years, she rendered up the ghost. It wasn't the loss of money that hurt; it was the finding of dross metal

where he supposed there was naught but gold. Perhaps his later shyness was due as much to this disillusioning incident as to his middle names. "Isn't it droll, my dear?" the enchantress repeated; and George grew redder and redder under the beautiful, grateful eyes. "I must give him a draft

this very morning." "But . . . Why, my dear Madame," stammered George. "You must

stiletto-like. It was full of malice.

CHAPTER V.

The Girl Who Wasn't Wanted. If any one wronged George, defrauded him of money or credit, he was always ready to forgive, agreeing that perhaps half the fault had been his. This was not a sign of weakness, but of a sense of justice too well leavened with mercy. Humanity errs in the one as much as in the other, doubtless with some benign purpose in perspective. Now, it might be that this charming woman had really never received his letter; such things have been known to go astray. In any case he could not say that he had written. That would have cast a doubt upon her word, an unpardonable rudeness. So, for her very beauty alone, he gave her the full benefit of the doubt.

"You mustn't let the matter trouble you in the least," he said, his helmet now nicely adjusted under his arm. "It was so long ago I had really forgotten all about it." Which was very well said for George. "But I haven't. I have often won-

dered what you must have thought of me. Monte Carlo is such a place! But I must present my daughter. I am Mrs. Chedsoye." "I am glad to meet you, Mr. Jones;

and in the sad eyes there was a glimmer of real friendliness. More, she extended her hand. It was well worth while, that hun-

dred and fifty pounds. It was well

"So that's the job, is it?" replied the

man of courage, and broke into a

cold perspiration and a run for the

Quite Unique.

penitentiary, is abolishing, with suc-

cess, all the brutalizing rules of the

of our prisoners,' he replied, 're-

Evolution Idea.

genesis" in 1759. Lamarck, in 1809,

Wolff put forth his theory of "epi-

old-time prison system. Mr. Baker's

Ray T. Baker, warden of the Nevada

"Our institution," Mr.

door simultaneously.

honest labor.

form-'"

These were what may be called the beginnings of the theory of evolution. In 1859 Mr. Darwin came along with his "Origin of Species," which he supplemented (in 1871) with his "Descent of Man." In 1873 Haeckel published his "History of Creation," since which time the theory has worked its way throughout the reading world. It is generally conceded that evolution is not necessarily atheistic.

Dog Policeman Travels Beat. An Irish terrier named Jerry, which prisoners lead healthy, industrious has developed a wonderful capacity lives. They study and they work. for police work, is now stationed at And on leaving prison they engage in Surbiton, England. The terrier, owned by a sergeant of the Metropolitan Baker said to a reporter, "isn't much police, knows all the "beats" in the like a reformatory 1 once visited in district, and always accompanies his my youth. "'A very strange thing master when making patrol by cycle. happened in this reformatory back in Jerry's "speciality" is in the captur-'89,' a warden said to me. "'Yes? ing of stray dogs. These he lures in And what was that?' I asked. "One a friendly manner to the police station, and then mounts guard at the gate until the derelict receives official attention.

Champagne Bottles. Great skill is required in manufacturing champagne bottles, which must Would you be willing to go out on propounded the theory that all animals had been developed from "mo- be almost mathematically even in the sport-loving Americans and umpire a nad." In 1827 Baer of Konigsberg thickness of the glass. The glass must baseball game honestly, deciding undertook to prove that all mammals be perfectly smooth and the necks exare developed from a "minute egg not act in every particular to insure pera hundredth of an inch in diameter." fect corking.

Cough, Cold **Sore Throat** Sloan's Liniment gives quick relief for cough, cold,

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HERE'S PROOF. MR, ALBERT W PRICE, of Fredonia, Kain., writes: "We use Sloan's Lim-ment in the family and find it an ex-cellent relief for colds and hay fever attacks. It stops coughing and snees-ing almost instantiy."

SLOAN'S

RELIEVED SORE THROAT. MRS. L. BREWER, of Modello, Fla-writes: "I bought one bottle of your Liniment and it did me all the good in the world. My throat was very sore, and it cured me of my trouble."

GOOD FOR COLD AND CROUP. MR. W. H. STRANGE, S721 Elmwood Avenue, Chicago, Ill., writes: "A lit-tile boy next door had croup. I gave the mother Sloan's Liniment to try. She gave him three drops on sugar before going to bed, and he got up without the croup in the morning."





Factory Mgr. Am. Tob. Co. Says:
"I have been suffering very much from Eczems in my head, causing itching of the scalp for several years. I was often waked up at night scratching my head, and was prevented from sleep, Atter taking four both.

though I am continuing to use it so as to be sure the trouble is eradicated from my system. R. H. SHACKLEFORD. Danville, Va., March 30, 1910.

ALTERATIVE TOME

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Eczema of 26 Years Standing Cured. Huntington, W. Va., July 16, 1918.

The Milam Medicine Co., Danville, Va. The Miam Medicine Co., Danville, v2.

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Yours respectfully,

[Signed] C. H. WILLIAMS.

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Milam Medicine Co., Danville, Ya.

Gentlemen—I have been afflicted with a torturing skin disease pronounced by the physicians to be "Psoriasis," and have had it for ten years. No treatment of the physicians ever recians to be "Psornans, years. No freatment of the physicians ever relieved me, and I continued to grow worse and was unable to do my work. By the advice of my physician I commenced to take Milam on March 8th last. I am now far on the road to recovery, and feel that I will be entirely cured. I am now at work and feel no inconvenience from it.

"I take great pleasure in giving this certificate and think Milam it a great medicine.
Yours truly,
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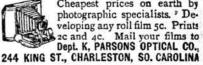
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