

#### SYNOPSIS.

George Percival Algernon Jones, vice-president of the Metropolitan Oriental Rug company of New York, thirsting for romance, 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. Jones meets Major Callahan and later is introduced to Fortune Chedsoye by a woman to whom he had loaned 150 pounds at Monte Carlo some months previously, and who turns out to be Fortune's mother. Jones takes Mrs. Chedsoye and Fortune to a polo game. Fortune returns to Jones the borrowed by her mother. Mrs. Chedsoye appears to be engaged in some enterprise unknown to the

### CHAPTER VI.- (Continued.)

Some one was sitting down beside him. It was Ryanne, in evening clothes, immaculate, blase, pinkcheeked. There are some men so happily framed that they can don readymade suits without calling your attention to the fact. George saw at once that the adventurer was one of these fortunate individuals.

"Makes a rather good picture to look at; eh?" began Ryanne, rolling a flake-tobacco cigarette. "Dance?" "No. Wish I could. You've done

quick work," with admiring inspection. "Not a flaw anywhere. How do you đo it?"

"Thanks Thanks to you. I might say. I did some tall hustling, though. Strange, how we love these funeral toggeries. We follow the dance and we follow the dead, with never a variation in color. The man who invented the modern evening clothes must have done good business during the day as chief-mourner."

"Why don't you send for your luggage?"

Ryanne caressed his chin. "My luggage is, I believe, in the hands of the enemy. It is of no great importance. I never carry anything of value, save my skin. I'm not like the villain in the melodrama: no incriminating documents, no lost wills, no directions for digging up pirates' gold."

"I suppose you'll soon be off for America?" George asked indifferently. "I suppose so. By the way, I saw you at the game today."

"No! Where were you?" "Top row. I am going to ask a ladies rather well. I kept out of the say?" way till I could find some clothes. The favor I ask is that you will not tell them anything regarding the circumstances of our meeting. I am a collector."

"That's too bad," said George con-

the Holy Yhiordes was given; Mahomed-El-Gebel, the Pasha's righthand, a sheik in his own right."

"But you haven't got the rug now." "No, Mr. Jones, I haven't; but on the other hand, you have. So, here we are together. When he gets through with me, your turn."

George laughed. Ryanne grew thoughtful over this sign. Percival Algernon did not seem exactly wor-

"Aren't you a little afraid?" "I? Why should I be?" inquired

George innocently. "Certainly, what-ever your Arab friend's arguments may be, moral or physical, I'm going to keep that Yhiordes."

Was he bluffing? Ryanne wondered. Did he really have nerve? Well, within forty-eight hours there would come a test.

"Say, do you know, I rather wish you'd been with me on that trip—that is, if you like a rough game." Ryanne said this in all sincerity.

"I have never been in a rough game, as you call it; but I've often had a strong desire to be, just to find out for myself what sort of a duffer I am."

Ryanne had met this sort of man before; the fellow who wanted to know what stuff he was made of, and was ready to risk his hide to find out. His experience had taught him to expect nothing of the man who knew just what he was going to do in a crisis.

"Did you ever know, Mr. Jones," said Ryanne, his eyes humorous, "that there is an organization in this world of ours, a company that offers a tryout to men of your kidney?"

"What's that? What do you mean?" "What I say. There is an established concern which will, upon application for a liberal purchase of stock, arrange any kind of adventure you wish.'

"What?" George drew in his legs and sat up. "What sort of a jolly is this?"

"You put your finger upon the one great obstacle. No one will believe that such a concern exists. Yet it is a fact. And why not?"

"Because it wouldn't be real; it would be going to the moon a la Coney Island."

"Wrong, absolutely wrong. If I told you that I am a stockholder in this company, and that the adventure favor of you. It may sound rather odd of the Yhiordes rug was arranged for to your ears, but I know those two my special benefit, what would you

"Say?" George turned a serious countenance toward the adventurer. "Why, the whole thing is absurd on the face of it. As a joke, it might go; known to them as a globe-trotter and but as a genuine affair, utterly impossible."

"No," quietly. "I admit that it



"And You Aren't Afraid to Admit It?"

"But I have already told | sounds absurd, yes; but ten years ago tritely. them.

"The devil you have!" Ryanne dropper his cigarette into the ash-tray. "If say nothing."

"I know," said George, visibly embarrassed, "I forgot."

"Well, the fat is in the fire. I dare say that I can get round it. It was risky. Women like to talk. I expect

every hour to hear of some one arriving from Bagdad." "There's no boat from that direction till next week," informed George, who

was a stickler on time-tables. "There are other ways of getting into Egypt. Know anything about racing-camels?"

"You don't believe . "My friend, I believe in all things that haven't been proved impossible. swung it at the head of the first print- soye saw this, but was not in the least You've been knocking about here long | er. Prosaic times! My friend, this enough to know something of the is the most romantic and bewildering tenacity of the Arab and the East In- age humanity has yet seen. There's dian. Given a just cause, an idol's more romance and adventure going eye or a holy carpet, and they'll fol- about on wheels and steel-bottoms low you round the world ten times, if than ever there was in the days of need be. I never worry needlessly. Drake and the Spanish galleons. but I lay out before me all the points There's an adventure lurking round the trip. of the game. There is one man in Bag- nearest corner-romance, too. What dad who will never cease to think of this organization does is to direct you: proud and savage, into whose keeping structor, they never map out more ous."

they'd have locked up, as insane, a man who said that he could fly. But think of last summer at Paris, at I remember rightly, you asked me to Rheims, at Frankfort; the Continental air was full of flying-machines. Bah! It's pretty difficult to impress the average mind with something new. Why shouldn't we cater to the poetic, the romantic side of man? We've concerns for everything else. The fact is, mediocrity is always standing behind the corner with brickbats for the initiative. Believe me or not, Mr. Jones, but this company exists. The proof is that you have the rug and I have the scars." "But in these prosaic times!" mur-

mured George, still skeptical. "Prosaic times!" sniffed Ryanne.

"There's one of your brickbats. They

The of from Author of HEARTS AND MASKS Che MAN ON THE BOX etc. Illustrations by M.G.Kettner. . .

than a man can do. They gave me the rug. Your bones, on such a quest, would have been bleaching upon the banks of the Tigris."

"What the deuce is this company called?" George was enjoying the conversation immensely.

"The United Romance and Adventure company, Ltd., of London, Paris, and New York." "Have you any of the company's

paper with you?" George repressed not caught him by the arm. his laughter because Ryanne's face was serious enough.

"Unfortunately, no. But if you will give me your banker's address I'll be | pavements." pleased to forward you the prospec-"Knauth, Nachod and Kuhne.

am shortly leaving for home. Better send it to New York. I say, suppose a chap buys an adventure that is not up to the mark; can be return it or exchange it for another?"

"No. It's all chance, you know. The rules of the game are steelbound. We find you an adventure; it's up to you to make good."

"But, once more suppose a chap gets a little too rough a game, and doesn't turn up for his dividends; what then?" "In that event," answered Ryanne sadly, "the stock reverts to the general fund."

George lay back in his chair and let go his laughter. "You are mighty good company, Mr. Ryanne." "Well, well; we'll say nothing more

about it. But a moment gone you spoke as if you were game for an exploit.' "I still am. But if I knew the adventure was prearranged, as you say,

and I was up against a wall, there would be the inclination to cable the firm for more instructions." Ryanne himself laughed this time.

That's a good idea. I don't believe the company ever thought of such a contingency. But I repeat, our business is to give you the kick-off. After that you have to fight for your own downs."

"The stock isn't listed?" again laughing.

"Scarcely. One man tells another, as I tell you, and so on."

"You send me the prospectus. I'm rather curious to have a look at it." "I certainly shall do so," replied Ryanne, with gravity unassumed. 'Ah! Here come Mrs. Chedsoye and her daughter. If you don't mind, I'll make myself scarce. I do not care to see them just now, after your having told them about the stolen Yhiordes."

"I'm sorry," said George, rising eagerly.

"It's all in the game," gallantly. George saw him gracefully maneuver his way round the crush toward the stairs leading to the bar. Really, he would like to know more about this amiable free-lance. As the old fellows used to say, he little dreamed that destiny, one of those things from Pandora's box, was preparing a deeper and more intimate

cquaintance. "And what has been amusing you, Mr. Jones?" asked Mrs. Chedsoye. "I saw you laughing."

"I was talking with the rug chap: He's a droll fellow. He said that he had met you somewhere, but concluded not to renew the acquaintance, since I told him that his adventure in part was known to you."

"That is foolish. I rather enjoy meeting men of his stamp. Don't you, Fortune?"

"Sometimes," with a dry little smile. "I believe we have met him, mother. There was something familiar about his head. Of course, we saw him only from a distance."

"I do not think there is any real harm in him," said George. "What der moon was from the stars. made me laugh was a singular proposition he set before me. He said he owned stock in a concern called 'The United Romance and Adventure company;' and that for a specified sum of one pleased."

"Did you ever hear of such a thing?" cried the mother merrily. Fortune searched her face keenly. "The United Romance and Adventure Company! He must have been joking. What did you say his name is?"

"Ryanne. Joking is my idea exactly," George agreed. "The scheme is to plunge the stockholder into a real live adventure, and then let him pull himself out the best way he can. Sounds good. He added that this rug business was an instance of the success of the concern. There goes the music. Do you dance, Miss Chedsove?

"A little." Fortune was preoccu-She was wondering what lay pied. behind Mr. Ryanne's amiable jest. "Go along, both of you," said Mrs. Chedsoye. "I am too old to dance. I

down and arranged herself comfortably. She was always arranging herself comfortably; it was one of the secrets of her perennial youth. She tables. was very lovely, but George had eyes for the daughter only. Mrs. Chedchagrined.

"It is so many years since I tripped the light fantastic toe," George confessed, reluctantly and nervously, now that he had bravely committed him- palatable. "It is quite possible that the self. accent will be primarily upon the Throat specialists consider it injuri-

"Perhaps, then," replied the girl, of the nose. who truthfully was out of tune, "perme. This fellow is an Arab, Mahomed after that you have to shift for your- haps I had better get my wraps and fail to rinse with fresh water after El-Gebel by name, the real article. self. But, like a first-rate physical in- we'll go outside. The night is glori-

She couldn't have suggested anything more to his liking. And so, after a little hurrying about, the two young people went outside and began to promenade slowly up and down the mole. Their conversation was desultory. George had dropped back into his shell and the girl was not equal to the task of drawing him out. Once he stumbled over a sleeping beggar, and would have fallen had she

"Thanks. I'm clumsy." "It's rather difficult to see them in the moonlight; their rags match the

The Egyptian night, that sapphirine darkness which the flexible imagination peoples with lovely and terrible shades, or floods with mystery and romance and wonder, lay softly upon this strip of verdure aslant the desert's face, the Valley of the Nile. The moon, round, brilliant, strangely near, suffused the scarred old visage of the world with phantom silver; the stones of the parapet glowed dully, the pavement glistened whitely, all things it touched with gentleness, lavishing beauty upon beauty, mellowing ugliness or effacing it. The deep blue Nile, beribboned with the glancing lights from the silent feluccus, curling musically along the sides of the frostlike dahabeahs and steamers, rolled on to the sea; and the blue-white arc-lamps, spanning the Great Nile bridge, took the semblance of a pearl necklace. From time to time a caravan trooped across the bridge into Cairo.

"Do you care for poetry, Mr. Jones?" "I? I used to write it."

"And you aren't afraid to admit it?" "Well. I shouldn't confess the deed to every one," he answered frankly. 'We all write poetry at one time or another; but it's generally not constitutional, and we recover."

"I do not see why any one should be

ashamed of writing poetry." "Ah, but there is poetry and poetry. My kin, and Byron's is born of kindred sours; but he was an active genius, whereas, I wasn't even a passive one. In all great poets I find my own rejected thoughts, as Emerson says; and that's enough for my slender needs. Poets are rather uncomfortable chaps to have round. They are capricious, irritable, temperamental, selfish, and usually demand all the attention."

The little vocal stream died up again, and once more they listened to the magic sounds of the night. She stopped abruptly to look over the parapet, and his shoulder met hers; after that the world to him was never go ing to be the same again.

Moonlight and postry; not the safest channels to sail uncharted. The girl was lonely, and George was lonely, too. His longing had now assumed a definite form; hers moved from this to that, still indefinitely. The quickness with which this definition had come to George rather startled him. His first sight of Fortune Chedsove had been but yesterday; yet, here he was, not desperately but consciously in love with her. The situation bore against all precepts; it ripped up his preconceived ideas of romance as a gale at sea shreds a canvas. He felt a bit panicky. He had always planned a courtship of a year or so, meetings, separations, and remeetings, pleasurable expectations, little junkets to theaters and country places; in brief, to witness the rose grow and unfold. Somewhere he had read or heard that courtship was the plummet which sounded the depths of compatibility. He knew nothing of Fortune Chedsove, save that she was beautiful to his eyes, and that she was as different from the ordinary run of girls as yon-

Again she stopped, leaning over the parapet and staring down at the water swirling past the stone embankment. He did likewise, resting upon his folded arms. Suddenly his tongue money, one could have any adventure became alive; and quietly, without hesitancy or embarrassment, he began to tell her of his school life, his life at home. And the manner in which he spoke of his mother warmed her; and she was strangely and wonder ingly attracted.

> best in the world when she gave me Ryanne's immobility of countenance Percival Algernon; and because she was in itself a tacit admission to the meant the best, I have rarely tried to burning of all his bridges that he hide them. What was good enough for might become a part of this conclave.

her to give was good enough for me foolish about it, supersensitive. I should have laughed and accepted the thing as a joke; instead, I made the fatal move of trying to run away and hide. But, taking the name in full," lightly, "it sounds as incongruous as playing Traumerei on a steam-piano."

He expected her to laugh, but her heart was too full of the old ache. This young man, kindly, gentle, intelligent, if shy, was a love-child. And she? An offspring, the loneliest of the lonely, the child that wasn't wanted. Many a time she had thought of flinging all to the winds, of running away and hiding where they never should find her, of working with her own hands for her bread and butter. Little they'd have cared. But always the rebel spirit died within her as she stepped outside the villa gates. To leave behind for unknown privations certain assured comforts, things of which she was fond, things to which she was used, she couldn't do it, she just couldn't. Morally and physically

she was a little coward "Let us go in," she said sharply. Another moment, and she would have been in tears.

CHAPTER VII.

Ryanne Tables His Cards.

During this time Mrs. Chedsoye, the major, Messrs. Ryanne and Wallace, officers and directors in the United Romance and Adventure Company. td. sat in the major's room, round the boudoir-stand which had temporarily been given the dignity of a table. The scene would not have been without interest either to the speculative physiognomist or to the dramatist. To each it would have represented one of those astonishing moments when the soul of a person comes out into the open, as one might express it. incautiously, to be revealed in the expressions of the eyes and the mouth. These four persons were about going forward upon a singularly desperate and unusual enterprise. From now on they were no longer to fence with one another, to shift from this topic to that, with the indirect maneuvers of a house-cat intent upon the quest of the Friday mackerel. The woman's face was alive with eagerness; the oldest man looked from one to the you men crave your tobacco."

"Smuggling," said the major, with to keep. It is simply that I have been prudent lowering of voice, evidently continuing some previous debate, "smuggling is a fine art, a keen sporting proposition; and the consequences of discovery are never serious. What's a fine of a thousand dollars against the profits of many successful excursions into the port of New York? Nothing, comparatively. For several years, now, we have carried on this business with the utmost adroitness. Never have we drawn serious attention. We have made two or three blunders, but the suspicions of the secret-service were put to sleep upon each occasion. We have prospered. Here is a gem, let us say, worth on this side a thousand; over there we sell it for enough to give us a clean profit of three or four hundred. Forty per cent. upon our investment. That ought to be enough for any reasonable person. Am I right?"

> Mrs. Chedsoye alone was unresponsive to this appeal.

"I continue, then. We are making enough to lay by something for our old age. And that's the only goal which never loses its luster. But this affair!"

"Talk, talk," said Mrs. Chedsoye impatiently.

"My dear Kate, allow me to relieve my mind." "You have done so till the topic is threadbare. It is rather late in the

day to go over the ground again. Time is everything just now." "Admitted. But this affair, Kate, is big; big with dangers, big with pitfalls: there is a hidden menace in every step of it. Mayhap death; who knows? The older I grow, the more I cling to material comforts, to enterprises of small dangers. However, as

you infer, there's no going back now.' "No," assented Ryanne, his mouth hard; "not if I have to proceed alone." She smiled at him. "You talk of danger," speaking to the major. "What danger can there be?"

"The unforeseen danger, the danger of which we know nothing, and therefore are unable to prepare for it. You do not see it, my dear, but it is there, nevertheless."

anne shrugged. "Failure is practically impossible. And I want excitement; I crave it as

Wallace nodded approvingly. Ry-



"It's the Excitement of Getting It and Coming Away Unscathed."

other with earnest calculation; Wal-"Of course, the mother meant the lace no longer hid his cupidity;

"And there we are, Kate. It really isn't the gold; it's the excitement of getting it and coming away unscathed. If I could only get you to look at all sides of the affair! It's the Rubicon." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Salt Put to Varied Uses

Condiment It Should Be Employed Sparingly.

If food is tasteless without salt, it is prefer watching people." She sat ruined with too much. Unappetizing it can be kept in solution in a glass cooking is often due to guesswork. jar to be ready when needed. A level teaspoonful of salt is sufficient for a quart of soup, sauce, or vege-

Salt used once a day is an excellent dentrifrice, tending to keep off tartar. It is said to retard receding gums. A half teaspoonful of salt added to

a cup of hot water-which many persons take each morning-will make it Do not gargle with salt water.

ous to the tender mucous membrane Salt water rots the hair, so never

sea bathing. To set color in wash materials and | ia.-Illustrated Bits.

Invaluable to Mankind Though as a embroidery cottons soak them in strong salt water. An excellent tonic for nervous peo-

ple is to take salt rubs twice a day. As sea salt dissolves slowly, some of When a child is inclined to bow legs or to have a weak back, rub it

A faded carpet is freshened if wiped off with a wet cloth wrung from strong salt water. Sprinkle floor with dampened salt and sweep well.

night and morning with strong salt

Bad dyspepsia can be helped by dissolving pinches of salt on the tongue after eating, or when there is a sense of oppression.

Tact. He (tired of dodging)-Would you marry a one-eyed man? She-Good gracious, no!

He-Then let me carry your umbrel-

day afternoon off" and failed to return to prepare the seven o'clock dinner for the family. Next morning she reappeared rather "donsie." "Why. Sibble," said the lady of the house,

"you look sick. What is the matter?"

The Time of Her Life.

from Kentucky, took her first "Thurs-

The new colored domestic, fresh

"Yes'm, I done been sick, awful sick, but it was wuth it. Dat dollah you given me, I spent every cent of it an' I done had de time of my life. What I done with it? Well, missus. I tell de truf an' no more'n de truf. bought ten glasses of soda and went to ten of dose movable pictuh shows. My, my, one cain't have no sich time in Kaintucky."-Indianapolis News.

In Fat Berth. Towne-No; Grafton doesn't work

at all now Browne-He doesn't? Why, when knew dim he seemed to be a young man with considerable push.

Towne - All that's changed now He's a young man with considerable pull and doesn't have to work .- Catho ne Standard and Times.

# THE STATE DIRECTOR

WANTS DELGEATES TO ATTEND RIVERS AND HARBORS CON-GRESS IN WASHINGTON.

## PREPARE FOR OPENING CANAL

Doctor F. Horton Colcock of the University Tells of the Importance of Work of the Organization to State of South Carolina.

Columbia .- Dr. F. Horton Colcock, the head of the department of engineering at the University of South Carolina, is exceedingly anxious to get representative delegation to attend! the meeting of the National Rivers and Harbors congress in which he is the director for this state. The annual meeting will be held in Washington on December 4 to 6.

"The National Rivers and Harbors congress is an organization composed of the most prominent business men in the United States whose object is to bring pressure to bear on the federal congress to make appropriations for the improvement of rivers and harbors on a permanent basis so that the army engineers may be enabled to design improvements without fear of special projects interfering with the scheme of general development," said Dr. Colcock, in speaking of the work of the congress. "The mottof the organization is 'Not a project, but an object.'

"When asked to serve as delegates, men often make the statement to me, 'I am no engineer and know nothing about the improvements of rivers and harbors.' I want the public to understand that the congress is not made up of expert engineers.

"Indeed, I doubt whether one out of 100 delegates is an engineer. It is a congress composed of the most progressive business men of the United State who recognize the limitations of railroad facilities and are earnestly endeavoring to promote the cheapest transportation from point to point in the United States and from points from which transportation may be ob tained to foreign countries.

## Cheraw Board of Trade.

Cheraw.-The annual meeting of the Cheraw board of trade had more than usual interest. There was a kind of round-up of all that was done during the year, besides the election of the officers for the ensuing year. Of the standing committees, than on roads and parks and that on new enter prises, made especially good reports Hon, W. D. Evans, chairman of the roads committee, stated that the board was working in harmony with Mr. Tufts, of the Pinehurst resorts, in keeping up that part of the "Capital to-Capital Highway," lying between Cheraw and Rockingham, N. C.

## Farmers' Union Growing.

Columbia.-The Farmers' union is growing in the eastern part of the state, as evidenced by the fact that three new local unions were charter ed from the state secretary's office recently. One is in Chesterfield county and is known as Bear Creek local union No. 813, with D. J. Williams, president, and P. C. Crawley, secretary, postoffice address of both is Patrick. Two of the new unions are located in Florence county-Sandy Hill local union No. 814, with B. J. Gause, Effingham, as president, and S. C. Smith, Coward, R. 2, as secretary; Newton local union No. 815, with J. E. Robinson as president and J. H. Baker as secretary.

Chicago to Hear How Jerry Did It Columbia.-Jerry Moore of Winona, the boy who raised 228 bushels of corn on one acre and broke the world's record, will be the big feature of the South Carolina department of agriculture exhibit at the National Land show, which is to be held in Chicago in connection with the International Live Stock exposition. The South Carolina exhibit, occupying an entire baggage car, left on the Carolina Special in charge of James D. Lee. Col. E. J. Watsen, commissioner of agriculture, commerce and industries, will go to Chicago later with Jerry Moore,

Lexington County Corn Show. Lexington.-The third annual Corn Show for Lexington county was held several days ago with a large and representative gathering in attendance. Strong addresses were made by Congressman Lever, who was instrumental in bringing about the organization of the Lexington County Corn Growers' Association, and who has always taken an active interest in the agricultural advancement of the county and state, and by Prof. W. L. English, of Clemson College, who judged the

#### Richland County Humane Society. Columbia.-About two months ago

Rev. Richard Carroll succeeded in getting the Humane Society of Boston to appoint a woman to organize humane societies and bands of mercy in the state. The Richland County Humane society was organized recently in the Carroll auditorium on Washton street. B. F. Taylor, president of the Bank of Columbia and president of the Richland County Humane society among white people, assisted . Richard Carroll in organizing the ne-

#### The South Carolina Conefrence. Centenary.-The 127th session of the

South Carolina Conference of the Methodist Church, South. will convene in St. John Methodist church in Anderson in the near future. Bishop Kilgo, will perside. This will be his second officials visit to this Conference since his election to the equicopal office at the Asheville General Conference. The Bishop is in high favor in South Carolina he having been reared in this state as an itenerant Methodist preach-

er's son.