



The Pet from Carp Bagdad

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The MAN ON THE BOX etc.
Illustrations by M.G. KETNER
CO WRIGHT 1911 by BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY



"Ten Pounds," Repeated Ryanne, a Hand in His Pocket.

brown hands round the infidel's throat. But, patience. Did not the Koran teach patience among the higher laws? Patience. He could not, madly as he had dreamed, throttle the white liar here in the bazaars. That would not bring the Holy Yhordes to his hands. He must wait. He must plan to lure the man out at night, then to hurry him into the desert. Out into the desert, where no man might be his master. Oh, the Holy Yhordes should be his again; it was written.

The cries, the shouts, the tower of Babel reclaimed; the intermingling of the races of the world; the Englishman, the American, the German, the Italian, the Frenchman, the Greek, the Levantine, the purple-black Ethiopian, the nubile Nubian; the veiled women, the naked children; all the color-tones known to art, but predominating, that marvelous faded tint of blue, the Calbre blue, in the heavens, in the waters, in the dyes.

"Make way, O my mother!" bawled a donkey-boy to the old crane peddling matches. "Backsheesh! Backsheesh!" In the eight tones of the human voice. From the beggar, his brother, his uncle, his grandfather, his children and his children's children. "Backsheesh, backsheesh!"

"To the right!" was shrilled into Ryanne's ear; and he dodged. A troop of donkeys passed, laden with tourists, unhappy, fretful, self-conscious. A water-carrier brushed against him, and he whiffed the fresh dampness of the bulging goat-skin. A woman, the long, black head-veil streaming out behind in the clutch of the monkey-like hand of a toddling child, carried a terra-cotta water-jar upon her head. The grace with which she moved, the abruptness of the color-changes, caught Ryanne's roving eye and filled it with pleasure.

Dust rose and subsided, eddied and settled; beggars blind and one-eyed squatted in it, children tossed it in a play, and beasts of burden shuffled through it.

The roar in front of the shops, the pressing and crowding of customers, the high cries of the merchants; the gurgle of the water-pipes, the pleasant fumes of coffee, the hardy loafers lolling before the khans or caravansaries; a veiled face at a lattice-window; the violet shadows in a doorway; the sunshine upon the soaring mosque; a true believer, rocking and mumbling over his tattered Koran; gold and silver and jewels; amber and copper and brass; embroideries and rugs and carpets; and the pest of fleas, the plague of flies, the insidious smells.

Ryanne found himself inspecting "the largest emerald in the world, worth twelve thousand pounds," which looked more like a fine hexagonal onyx than a gem. It was one of the curiosities of the bazaars, however, and tourists were generally round it in force. To his experienced eye it was no more than a fine specimen of emerald quartz, worth what any fool of a collector was willing to pay for it. From this bazaar he passed on into the next, and there he saw Fortune.

And as Mahomed, always close at hand, saw the hard lines in Ryanne's face soften, the cynical smile become tender, he believed he saw his way to strike.

CHAPTER IX.

The Bitter Fruit.

Fortune had a hearty contempt for persons who ate their breakfast in bed. For her the glory of the day was the fresh fairness of the morning, when every one's step was buoyant, and all life stirred energetically. There was cheer and hope everywhere; men faced their labors with clear eye and fared nothing; women sang at their work. It was only at the close of day that despair and defeat stalked the highways. So she was up with the sun, whether in her own garden or in these odd and mystical cities. Thus she saw the native as he was, not as he later in the day pretended to be, for the benefit of the Ferinigh about to be stretched upon the sacrificial stone. She saw, with gladness, the honey-bee thrilling the rose, the plowman's share baring the soil; the morning, the morning, the two or three hours that were all, her own. Her mother was always irritable and petulant in the morning, and her uncle never developed the gift of speech till after luncheon.



"If you had bargained with him and beaten him down, it would have been different. But, Horace, you stole it; you admit that you did."

"I took my life in my hands. I think that evened up things."

"No. And you sold it to Mr. Jones?"

"Yes, and Mr. Jones was only too glad to buy it. I told him the facts. He wasn't particularly eager to bring up the ethics of the case. Why, child, what the deuce is a Turk? I shouldn't cry out if some one stole my Bible."

"Good gracious! do you carry one?"

"Well, there's always one on the room-stand in the hotels I patronize. 'I suppose it all depends upon how we look at things.'"

"That's it. A different pair of spectacles for every pair of eyes."

"If only he weren't in love with her! thought the girl. He would then be an amusing comrade. But whenever he met her he quietly pressed his suit. He had never spoken openly of love, for which she was grateful, but his attentions, his little kindnesses, his unobtrusive protection when those other men were at the villa, made the reading between the lines no difficult matter."

"What shall you do if this Mahomed you speak of comes?"

"Turn him loose upon our friend Jones," with a laugh.

"And what will he do to him?"

"Carry him off to Bagdad and chop off his head," Ryanne jested.

"Tell me, is there any possibility of Mr. Jones coming to harm?"

"Can't say." Her concern for Percival annoyed him.

"Is it fair, when he paid you generously?"

He did not look into the grave eyes. They were the only pair that ever disconcerted him. "My dear Fortune, it's a question which is the more valuable to me, my skin or Percival's."

"It isn't fair."

"From my point of view it's fair enough. I warned him; I told him the necessary facts, the eventual dangers. He accepted them all with the Yhordes. I see nothing unfair in the deal, since I risked my life in the first place."

"And why must you do these deperate things?"

"Oh, I love excitement. My one idea in life is to avoid the humdrum."

"Is it necessary to risk your life for



"He Will Come to No Harm Physically?"

these excitements? Is your life nothing more to you than something to experiment with?"

"Truth, sometimes I don't know. Fortune. Sometimes I don't care. When one has gambled for big stakes, it is hard to play for penny points."

a levity intended to steer him away from this channel.

"You know what I mean," he answered, moody and dejected.

She opened her purse and dropped the pendant into it, but did not speak.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Bell of Tragic Memories

Has Remarkable History That Will Strike the Reader as Being Typically Russian.

The Kamaouli Koloko, or "Bell With the Ear Torn Off," had a most romantic history. In the sixteenth century Prince Dimitri, the rightful heir to the Russian throne, was deposed by a revolt led by Boris Godunov, who was afterward proclaimed czar. The seat of government was then at Uglich and thither Dimitri was sent, in order that he might remain under the direct observation of the usurper.

Boris, fearing that the populace might awake to the justice of the claims of the young prince, planned the assassination of Dimitri. He was one day stabbed in a courtyard. None of the bystanders showed any disposition to aid him. A priest, however, from the cathedral belfry, saw the crime and immediately began tolling the great bell, which was held sacred and rung only on unusual occasions,

gal because of its shining character. He finds that it closely resembles artificially prepared salts of uranium, and that its luminosity is due to spontaneous radio-activity. The light it sheds is stronger than that of nitrate of uranium. Upon parting with its water of crystallization the metal loses its luminosity.

Destroying Weeds in Ponds.

Copper sulphate is often used for destroying the scum-like weeds in ponds. But precautions must be taken, for unless the right proportion of sulphate is used any fish which may be in the pond will be injured. The proportion of copper sulphate used in the ponds at Kew Gardens is one part to 750,000 to 1,000,000 parts of water. Sulphate of copper in a pulverized state is placed in a porous bag and dragged through the water until dissolved. The water in St. James's Park, London, it might be mentioned, has for two summers been kept free from scum by this method.—London Mail.

Luminous Metal Discovered.

For generations the peasants of Cornwall have handed down a legend that at night there may be seen a faintly luminous metal among the rocks brought from the mines of the county. A British scientist has proved that this story is by no means based on imagination. A specimen of the mineral autunite, which is also found in Wales, was sent to him from Portu-

gal because of its shining character. He finds that it closely resembles artificially prepared salts of uranium, and that its luminosity is due to spontaneous radio-activity. The light it sheds is stronger than that of nitrate of uranium. Upon parting with its water of crystallization the metal loses its luminosity.

Members of the board, it was stated, went to Columbia on business connected with the affairs of the institution, but if they succeeded in finding anything new it has not been made public. Dr. E. J. Etheredge is still missing, and nothing that would give any light on his present whereabouts has been learned.

Baptists Favor Sanitarium.

Abbeville.—By an apparently large majority of a viva voce vote, the Baptist State Convention committed the denomination to the establishment of a sanitarium under the care of the Convention. The debate that preceded the action of the Convention was the most spirited which has so far characterized the work of the Convention and was participated in by the Rev. Messrs. J. J. Lawton, A. C. Williams, A. M. Pittman, M. W. Haysworth, J. H. Mitchell, Louis Birstow and Col. J. H. Wharton.

Two Killed in Automobile Wreck.

Columbia.—T. Hugh Meighan and William S. Stewart were killed and William Watson, Theodore Bell and William C. Swaffield were seriously injured as a result of a skidding automobile on the Hyatt Park road. The accident occurred about 200 yards south of the Smith branch bridge on the road going to Ridgewood club. The heavy machine turned completely around and then "turned turtle" in a gully ten feet deep. The occupants were caught under the automobile and were pinned there.

END ANNUAL SESSION

CONVENTION OF THE DAUGHTERS OF CONFEDERACY OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

IMPORTANT WORK IS DONE

Officers Were Elected at the Last Meeting.—A Number of Reports and Other Routine Business Was Disposed of—Other Work Done.

Charleston.—The third and last day of the 17th annual convention of the South Carolina division of the Daughters of the Confederacy was marked with the election of officers, constituting the most interesting business of the exercises of the day. The following were elected: Mrs. C. E. Graham, president; Miss Alice Earle of Columbia, Mrs. St. John Lawton of Charleston, Mrs. E. J. Burch of Florence and Mrs. J. L. McWhorter of Jonesville, first, second, third and fourth vice presidents, respectively; Miss C. J. Milling, Darlington, recording secretary; Mrs. M. B. Owens, Clinton, corresponding secretary; Miss Martha Washington, Charleston, historian; Mrs. John Cart, Orangeburg, recorder of crosses; Mrs. U. R. Brooks, Columbia, auditor; Mrs. J. A. Burton, Newberry, registrar, and Mrs. M. J. Perry, treasurer.

A number of reports and other routine business was disposed of, containing little of general interest but of some concern to the ladies in closing up the work of one of the most successful conventions in the history of the organization.

The visitors were guests at a reception tendered by the Confederate college chapter at the "Home" building on Broad street. The function proved a very enjoyable affair.

Care of Seed Corn.

Charleston.—Prof. F. H. Jeter, assistant director of the South Carolina experiment station, issues the following bulletin on the care of seed corn: It has come to the notice of the station that from time to time in the spring on a number of farms in the state, there is a scarcity of good seed corn. The question of how to prevent such a deplorable condition then arises, and the usual advice given for meeting this poor seed corn situation is to test the germinating power of each ear. This is good advice when it does not become a yearly habit; but the germination test is very discouraging unless the seed corn is gathered and dried early in the fall, thus causing the seed to retain full productiveness which the germination test cannot restore or even properly reveal.

Who Will Be Judge of First Circuit?

St. George.—The question is almost daily being asked throughout this and the other judicial circuits in the state, "Whom will the general assembly elect to the position of Judge of the first circuit to fill out the unexpired term of Judge Robert E. Copes, who resigned in the early part of September?" So far there are two candidates actively seeking the position. One of the known candidates at present for the position left vacant by the resignation of Judge Copes is P. T. Hildebrand of Orangeburg. The other candidate is M. S. Connor of the Dorchester county bar, who has been practicing at the county seat for the past 14 years.

Failed to File Annual Report.

Columbia.—Commissioner Watson said that 50 manufacturing concerns have failed to file with his department the annual report required by law from these concerns on or before December 5. "Unless these reports are filed by them, I shall be forced to resort to legal processes," said the commissioner, "and I therefore wish to give a final warning to the delinquents." "This course is made absolutely necessary," says a report sent out by the commissioner October 14, as a warning, "as the law requires that all reports shall be printed and reported to the general assembly by January 3, 1913.

No Official Announcement.

Lexington.—Information received from Leesville that the directors of the People's bank, which closed its doors recently, are not ready to make any official announcement. Members of the board, it was stated, went to Columbia on business connected with the affairs of the institution, but if they succeeded in finding anything new it has not been made public. Dr. E. J. Etheredge is still missing, and nothing that would give any light on his present whereabouts has been learned.

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