



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 money borrowed by her mother. Mrs. Chedsoye appears to be engaged in some mysterious enterprise unknown to the daughter. Ryanne interests Jones in the United Romance and Adventure comwhich for a price will arrange any kind of an adventure to order. Mrs. Chedsoye, her brother, Major Callahan. Wallace and Ryanne, as the United Romance and Adventure company, plan a risky enterprise involving Jones Ryanne makes known to Mrs. Chedsoy his intention to marry Fortune. Mrs. Chedsoye declares she will not permit it. Plans are laid to prevent Jones sailing Ryanne steals Jones' letters and cable dispatches. He wires agent in New York, in Jones' name, that he is renting house in New York to some friends. Mahomed, keeper of the holy carpet, is on Ryanne's trail.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

What to do? mused the rogue. On the morrow Mr. Jones would leave for Port Said. Ryanne shook his head and with his cane beat a light tattoo against the side of his shin. Abduction was rather out of his sphere of action. And yet, the suppression of Percival was by all odds the most important move to be made. He had volunteered this service and accomplish it he must, in face of all obstacles, or poof! went the whole droll fabric. For to him it was droll, and never it rose in his mind that he did not chuckle saturninely. It was a kind of nightmare where one hung in mid-air, one's toes just beyond the flaming dragon's jaws. The rewards would be enormous, but these he would gladly surrender for the supreme satisfaction of turning the poisoned arrow in the heart of that canting hypocrite, that smug churchdeacon, the sanctimonious, the sleek, the well-fed first-born. And poor Percival Algernon, for no blame of his own, must be taken by the scruff of his neck and thrust bodily into this tangled web of scheme and underscheme. It was infinitely humorous.

He had had a vague plan regarding Mahomed, guardian of the Holy Yhiordes, but it was not possible for him to be in Cairo at this early date. That he would eventually appear Ryanne never doubted. He knew the Oriental mind. Mahomed-El-Gebel would cross every barrier less effective than death. It was a serious matter to the Moslem. If he returned to the palace at Bagdad, minus the rug, it would mean free transportation to the Arabian gulf, bereft of the most important part of his excellent anatomy, his head. Some day, if he lived, Ryanne intended telling the exploit to some clever chap who wrote; it would look rather well in print.

To turn Mahomed against Percival as being the instigator would be an adroit bit of work; and it would rid him of both of them. Gioconda said that she wanted no rough work. How like a woman! Here was a man's game, a desperate one; and Gioconda, not forgetting that it was her inspiration, wanted it handled with impetus which makes man a prowler. gloves! It was bare-hand work, and | This gift had made possible his sucthe sooner she was made to realize this, the better. It was no time for tuning fiddles.

Manomed out of it, there was a certain English bar in the Quarter Rosetti, a place of dubious repute. Many derelicts drifted there in search of employment still more dubious. Dregs, kettle; outcasts, whose hand and did Mahomed. Once, so close did he tre more. I can get one like it in the the great bell, which was held sacred mineral autunite, which is also found animus were directed against society; come that he could have put his two Sharia Kamel for that amount."

black and brown and white men; not soldiers of fortune, like Ryanne, but their camp-followers. In short, it was there (and Ryanne still felt a dull shame of it) that Wallace, carrying the final instructions of the enterprise, had found him, sleeping off the effects of a shabby rout of the night before. It was there also that he had heard of the history and the worth of the the high cries of the merchants; the Yhiordes rug and the possibility of its theft. He laughed. To have gone upon an adventure like that; with nothing lolling before the khans or caravanbut the fumes of wine in his head!

For a few pieces of gold he might enroll under his shady banner three or four shining lights who would undertake the disposal of Percival. Not that he wished the young man any gold and silver and jewels; amber and harm-no; but business was business, copper and brass; embroideries and and in some way or another he must rugs and carpets; and the pest of fleas, be made to vanish from the sight and the plague of flies, the insidious presence of men for at least two smells.

Ryanne consulted his watch, a cheap gold Longines. A good watch, as every one knows, is always as easily the next, and there he saw Fortune. converted into cash as a London banknote, providing, of course, one is place or in that; and often he had strike. exchanged the ticket for a small bottle with a green neck. Wherever fortune had gone against him heavily at cards. there he might find his latest watch.

And another good idea, he mused as he swung the time-piece into his vest-pocket, would be to add the splendor of a small white stone to his modest scarf. There is only one welldefined precept among the sporting fraternity; when flush, buy jewelry. Not to the cause of vanity, not at all; but precious stones and gold watches constitute a kind of reserve-fund against the evil day. When one has money in the pocket the hand is quick and eager to find it. But jewelry is protected by a certain quality of caution; it is not too readily passed over bars and gaming-tables. While the nawnbroker stands between the passion and the green-baize, there's

Having settled these questions to one other, how to spend his time. It Bar before noon. Might as well rambazaars. He might pick up some little curio to give to Fortune. So he after luncheon. beckoned to an idle driver, climbed inif empires hung upon minutes.

food for thought.

Ryanne never wearied of the bazaars of Cairo. They were to him no less enchanting than the circus-parades of his youth. In certain ways, they were not to be compared with trinket, a pendant of twisted goldthose in Constantinople and Smyrna; but, on the other hand, there was pearls, really exquisite and not genmore light, more charm, more color. Perhaps the magic nearness of the sive shops in the European quarters, desert had something to do with it, and there infrequently. The merchant the rainless skies, the ever-recurring wanted twenty pounds for it. Fortune suggestions of antiquity. His lively observation, his sense of the picturesque and the humorous, always close to the surface, gave him that singular cess in old Bagdad. Some years before he had prowled through the narrow city streets, had noted the windings, the blind-alleys, and had never forgotten. Faces and localities were written indelibly upon his memory.

One rode to the bazaars, but walked through them or mounted donkeys. Author of HEARTS AND MASKS Che MAN ON THE BOX etc.

turned.

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 Yhiordes 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 Yhiordes 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 bronze Nubian; the veiled women, the naked children; all the color-tones known to art, but predominating, that marvelous faded tint of blue, the Cairene blue, in the heavens, in the waters, in the dyes.

a donkey-boy to the old crone peddling matches.

"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. "Blacksheesh, 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, eddled and settled; beggars blind and one-eyed squatted in it, children tossed it in play, and beasts of burden shuffled through it.

The roar in front of the shops, the pressing and crowding of customers, gurgle of the water-pipes, the pleasant fumes of coffee, the hardy loafers saries; a veiled face at a lattice-window; the violet shadows in a doorway; the sunshine upon the soaring mosques; a true believer, rocking and mumbling over his tattered Koran;

Ryanne found himself inspectin As for Major Callahan's unforeseen "the largest emerald in the world. langer, the devil could look out for worth twelve thousand pounds," which looked more like a fine hexagonal of onyx than a gem. It was one of the but trustworthy article, costing a dol- curiosities of the bazaars, however, lar, not to be considered as an avail- and tourists were generally round it able asset. He would give it away in force. To his experienced eye, it later in the day; for he had decided was no more than a fine specimen of that while he was in funds there would emerald quartz, worth what any fool be wisdom in the purchase of a fine of a collector was willing to pay for it. From this bazaar he passed on into

And as Mahomed, always close at hand, saw the hard lines in Ryanne's lucky enough to possess either. Many face soften, the cynical smile become watches had he left behind, in this tender, he believed he saw his way to

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 feared 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 Feringhi about to be stretched upon the sacrificial stone. She saw, with gladness, the honey-bee thirling the rose, the plowhis satisfaction, there remained but man's share baring the soil; the morning, the morning, the two or three would be useless to seek the English- hours that were all, all her own. Her mother was always irritable and petuble through the native town and the lant in the morning, and her uncle never developed the gift of speech till

She had the same love of prowling to the carriage, and was driven off as that lured Ryanne from the beaten paths. She was not inquisitive but curious, and that ready disarming

smile of hers opened many a portal. She was balancing upon her gloved palm, thoughtfully, a Soudanese headwires, flawed emeralds and second erally to be found outside the expenshook her head, regretfully. It was far beyond her means. She sighed. Only once in a great while she saw something for which her whole heart sent, in order that he might remain cried out. This pendant was one of under the direct observation of the

"I will give you five pounds for it. That is all I have with me." "Salaam, madame," said the jeweler,

reaching for the pendant. "If you will send it to the Hotel Seshe faltered at the sight of the merchant's incredulous smile.

Illustrations by M.G. KETTNER . . . CO YRIGHT 1911 by BOBBS - MERRILL COMPANY . Both Fortune and the merchant

> "You. Horace?" "Yes, my child. And what are you doing here alone, without a dragoman?"

"Oh, I have been through here alone many times. I'm not afraid. Isn't it beautiful? He wants twenty pounds for it, and I cannot afford that."

She had not seen him in many weeks, yet she accepted his sudden appearance without question or surprise She was used to his turning up at unexpected moments. Of course, she had known that he was in Cairo; where her mother and uncle were this secretive man was generally within calling. There had been a time when she had eagerly plied him with questions, but he had always erected barriers of evasion, and finally she ceased her importunities, for she concluded that her questions were such. No matter to whom she turned, there was no "Make way, O my mother!" bawled one to answer her questions, questions

born of doubt and fear. "Ten pounds," repeated Ryanne, a hand in his pocket.

The merchant laughed. Here were a young man and his sweetheart. His experience had taught him, and not unwisely, that love is an easy victim, too proud to haggle, too generous to bargain sharply. "Twenty," he reiterated.

"Salaam!" said Ryanne. "Good day!" He drew the somewhat resisting hand of Fortune under his arm and made for the door. "Sh!" he whispered. "Leave it to me." They gained the street.

The merchant was dazed. He had misjudged what he now recognized as an old hand. The two were turning up another street when he ran out, shouting to them and waving the pendant. Ryanne laughed.

"Ten pounds. I am a poor man, effendi, and I need the money. Ten pounds. I am giving it away." The merchant's eyes filled with tears, a trick left to him from out of the ruins of his youth, that ready service to forestall the merited rod.

Ryanne counted out ten sovereigns and put the pendant in Fatune's hand. And the pleasure in his heart was such as he had not known in many days. The merchant wisely hur ried back to his shop.

"But . . ." she began protestingly. "Tut. tut! I have known you since you wore short dresses and tam-o-

"I really cannot accept it as a gift. Let me borrow the ten pounds." "And why can't you accept a little

gift from me?" She had no ready answer. She gazed steadily at the dull pearls and the flaky emeralds. She could not ask him where he had got those sovereigns. She could not possibly be so cruel. She could not dissemble in words like her mother. That gold she knew to be a part of a dishonest bargain whose forestep had been a theft -more, a sacrilege. Her honesty was like pure gold, unalloyed, unmixed with sophistic subterfuges. That the

occurred to her. "Why not, Fortune?" Ryanne was very earnest, and there was a pinch at his heart.

young man who had purchased the rug

might be mildly peccable had not yet

"Because "Don't you like me just a little?" "Why, I do like you, Horace. But I do not like any man well enough to accept expensive gifts from him. I do not wish to hurt you, but it is impossible. The only concession I'll make is to borrow the money." "Well, then, let it go at that." He

vas too wise to press her. "And can you afford to throw away

ten pounds?" with assumed lightness. "My one permanent impression of you is the young man who was always forced to borrow car-fare whenever he returned from Monte Carlo."

"A fool and his money. But I'm a rich man now," he volunteered. And briefly he sketched the exploit of the Yhiordes rug. "It was very brave of you. But has

honest?" "Honest?" frankly astonished that periment with?"

she should question the ethics. "Oh, I say, Fortune; you don't call it dishonest to get the best of a pagan! Aren't When one has gambled for big stakes, they always getting the best of us?" | it is hard to play for penny points."

Strike the Reader as Being Typi-

cally Russian.

The Kamaoulle 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 de-

posed by a revolt led by Boris Godun-

off, who was afterward proclaimed

czar. The seat of government was

then at Uglich and thither Dimitri was

Boris, fearing that the populace

might awake to the justice of the

claims of the young prince, planned

the assassination of Dimitri. He was

usurper.

Bell of Tragic Memories

Has Remarkable History That Will such as at a coronation or the death of

at their head.

"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. think that evened up things."

"No. And fou 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 spec-

tacles 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 mat-

"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 an; possibility of Mr. Jones coming to harm?"

"Can't say." Her concern for Perci-

val 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 either in jest or in earnest, I will 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 Yhior- assurance. des. I see nothing unfair in the deal, since I risked my life in the first place. "And why must you do these des-

perate things?" "Oh, I love excitement. My one idea

in life is to avoid the humdrum." "Is it necessary to risk your life for

"A strong, healthy man like you ought not to court death."

"I do not seek it. My only temptation is to see how near I can get to the Man in the S oud, as some poet calls it, without being touched. I'll make you my confessor. You see, it is like this. A number of wearied men recently formed a company whereby monotony became an obsolete word in our vocabulary. You must not think I'm jesting; I'm serious enough. This company ferrets out adventures and romances and sells them to men of spirit. I became a member, and the trip to Bagdad is the result. One never has to share with the company. The rewards are all yours. All one has to do is to pay a lump sum down for the adventure furnished. You work out the end yourself, unhindered and unassisted.'

"Are you really serious?" "Never more so. Now, Percival Aladventure, but the practical side of him has made him hold aloof. I told him about this concern, and he refuses | treasurer. to believe in it. So I am going to undertake to prove it to him. This is confidential. You will say nothing, I

"He will come to no harm physical-

"Lord, no! It will be mild and innocuous. Of course, if any one told him that an adventure was toward for his especial benefit, it would spoil all. I can rely upon your silence?" She was silent. He witnessed her

indecision with distrust. Perhaps he had said too much. "Won't you promise? Haven't I al-

ways been kind to you, Fortune, times when you most needed kindness?" "I promise to say nothing. But if any harm comes to that young man,

never speak to you again." "I see that, after getting Percival Algernon into an adventure, I've got to cicerone him safely out of it. Well, I accept the responsibility." Some days later he was going to recall this

"Sometimes I wonder . . ." pensively.

"Wonder about what?"

"What manner of man you are." "I should have been a great deal better man had I met you ten years ago.

"What? When I was eleven?" with



"He Will Come to No Harm Physically?"

ing more to you than something to ex- from this channel.

"Truth, sometimes I don't know, Fortune. Sometimes I don't care.

Furious at this tacit expression of

priest should be tortured and executed

and that the bell should be taken down

and placed beside the body of its

The czar then decreed that the bell

dicate its disgrace.-Harper's Weekly.

Luminous Metal Discovered.

it ever occurred to you that it wasn't these excitements? Is your life noth | a levity intended to steer him away

"You know what I mean," he swered, moody and dejected. She opened her purse and dropped

the pendant into it, but did not speak (TO BE CONTINUED.)

gal because of its shining character. He finds that it closely resembles ar tificially prepared salts of uranium. and that its luminosity is due to spon-

Destroying Weeds In Ponds. Copper sulphate is often used for

its luminosity.

ringer. This order was fulfilled, and destroying the scum-like weeds in the bell was beaten with clubs by the ponds. But precautions must be ta- and Col. J. H. Wharton. entire populace, the Czar Boris being ken, for unless the right proportion of sulphate is used any fish which may should be exiled to Tobolsk and that be in the pond will be injured. The one of its hangers be removed to inproportion of copper sulphate used in the ponds at Kew Gardens is one part For generations the peasants of verized state is placed in a porous bag Cornwall have handed down a legend and dragged through the water until that at night there may be seen a dissolved. The water in St. James's one day stabbed in a courtyard. None faintly luminous metal among the Park, London, it might be mentioned, miramis this afternoon . . ." But of the bystanders showed any dispositive brought from the mines of the has for two summers been kept free tion to aid him. A priest, however, county. A British scientist has proved from scum by this method.-London from the cathedral belfry, saw the that this story is by no means based Mail.

crime and immediately began tolling on imagination. A specimen of the Don't lie to be entertaining-only lie and rung only on unusual occasions, in Wales, was sent to him from Portu- when it is profitable.

IMPORTANT WORK IS DONE

OF CONFEDERACY OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

CONVENTION OF THE DAUGHTERS

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 vices 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 gernon has always been wanting an of crosses; Mrs. U. R. Brooks, Columbia, auditor; Mrs. J. A. Burton, Newberry, registrar, and Mrs. M. J. Perry,

> A number of reports and other routine business was disposed of, containing little of geneal 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

> Who Will Be Judge of First Circuit? St. George.—The suestion is almost daily being asked throughout this and the other jufficial 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 king the po ndidates actively se tion. 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.

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 taneous radio-activity. The light it a sanitarium under the care of the sheds is stronger than that of nitrate Convention. The debate that precedof uranium. Upon parting with its wa. ed the action of the Convention was reproach, the czar commanded that the ter of crystallization the metal loses 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. Wilkins, A. McA. Pittman, M. W. Haynsworth, J. H. Mitchell, Louis Birstow

> Two Killed in Automobile Wreck. Columbia .- T. Hugh Meighan and William S. Stewart were killed and William Watson, Theodore Bell and to from 750,000 to 1,000,000 parts of William C. Swaffield were seriously water. Sulphate of copper in a pur 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.