



Ryanne presented his card.

"I never saw it spelled that way be-

Ryanne. "No one else has, either."

"You talk like an American."

George was frowning. "Haven't 1

"Not to my recollection." A specu-

the meeting of George. He never for-

had its source in the mild dread that

Percival Algernon had seen him some-

where during one of those indisposi-

tions of the morning after. "No: I

"A university man? Lord, no! I

ever since." Ryanne spoke easily, not

had received a slight mental joit.

"No; no college record here. But I

want to chat with you about rugs.

a big business over here. What have

I'd like to show you. I want your judg-

ment for one thing. Will you do me

with her those imaginary appurte-

nances that had for a space trans-

formed the lounging-room into a stage.

George saw again with normal vision

meeting-ground for well-dressed per-

sons and ill-dressed persons, of the

unimpeachable, the impeccable, the

doubtful and the peccant; for in Cairo,

as in ancient Egypt, there is every

class and kind of humans, for whom

the Decalogue was written, tran-

scribed, and shattered by the turbu-

lent Moses, an incident more or less

forgotten these days. From the tail

of his eye he gave swift scrutiny to

his chance acquaintance, and he found

nothing to warrant suspicion. It was

not an unusual procedure for men to

hunt him up in Cairo, in Constantinople

in Smyrna, or in any of the Oriental

cities where his business itinerary led

was widely known. This man Ryanne

might have been anywhere between

thirty and forty. He was tall, well set

he appeared to have been ill-fed re-

Irishman would have been a handsome

man. George could read a rug a league

"Certainly, I'll take a look at it.

end of it. I'm crazy over real rugs.

rare one in existence, or known to ex-

business and safety.

ist. Is it a copy?"

Since the girl had disappeared and

"From the carpet fellows? We do

"Well, I've a rug up in my room

I've heard of you, indirectly."

freshman year."

the favor?"

"As they do in Cork."

George naively.

explanation.

fore.'

SYNOPSIS.

George Percival Algernon Jones, vicepresident of the Metropolitan Oriental Rug company of New York, thirsting for rois in Cairo on a business trip. Horace Ryanne arrives at the hotel in Cairo with a carefully guarded bundle.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

George's romance gathered itself for a flight. Perhaps it was love thwarted and the gentleman with the mustache and imperial, in spite of his amiit was love and duty. Perhaps her lover had gone down to sea. Perhaps (for lovers are known to do such the way you hang it round your neck. The way you hang it round your neck. The way had seen a character of Suleiman the Great, the dreary photograph of it, he knew its history other girl. If that was the case, sent the jewel Ryan in the hands of a George did not think highly of that Lalique. tentative gentleman's taste. Perhaps and perhaps again; but George might have gone on perhapsing till the the matter?" with sudden concern. crack o' doom, with never a solitary glimmer of the true state of the girl's met you somewhere before?" mind. Whenever he saw an unknown man or woman who ajtracted his at- lative frown now marred Ryanne's tention, he never could resist the impulse to invent a romance that might in his memory for such a casualty as

Immediately after dessert the two got a face and certainly did not rerose; and George, finding that nothing member George's. Rather, the frown more important than a pineapple ice detained him, got up and followed. Mr. Ryanne almost trod on his heels as they went through the doorway into the cosy lounging-room. George think you have made a mistake." dropped into a vacant divan and waited for his cafe a la Turque. Mr. Ryanne walked over to the head-porter's bureau and asked if that gentleman would be so kind as to point out Mr. George P. A. Jones, if he were anywhere in sight. He thoughtfully, not to say regretfully, laid down a small bribe

"Mr. Jones?" The porter knew Mr. Jones very well. He was generous, and treated the servants as though they were really human beings. Mr. Ryanne, either by his inquiry or as the result of his bribe, went up several degrees in the porter's estima. you got?" tion. "Mr. Jones is over there, on the divan by the door."

"Thanks." But Ryanne did not then seek the young man. He studied the quarry from a diplomatic distance. No: there was nothing to indicate that George Percival Algernon Jones was in any way handicapped by his Arthuresque

middle names. "No fool, as Gloconda in her infinite wisdom hath said; but romantic, terribly romantic, yet, like the timid bather who puts a foot into the water, finds it cold, and withdraws it. It will all depend upon whether he is a real collector or merely a buyer of rugs. Forward, then, Horace; a sovereign has already dashed headlong down the far horizon." The curse of speaking his thoughts aloud did not lie heavily upon him tonight, for these cogitations were made in silence, unmarked by any facial expression. He proceeded across the room and sat down beside George. "I beg your pardon," he be-

gan, "but are you not Mr. Jones?" Mildly astonished, George signified him. The house of Mortimer & Jones that he was.

"George P. A. Jones?" George nodded again, but with some heat in his cheeks. "Yes. What is up, blond and smooth-skinned. True, it?" The girl had just finished her coffee and was going away. Hang this fellow! What did he want at this mo-

If Ryanne saw that he was too much, as the French say, he also per- off, as they say, but he was a child in ceived the cause. The desire to shake George till his teeth rattled was instantly overcome. She hadn't seen him, and for this he was grateful. "You are interested in rugs? I mean old ones, rare ones, rugs that are bought once and seldom if ever sold

"Why, yes. That's my business." orge had no silly ideas about trade. He had never posed as a gentleman's and I know something about every on in the sense that it meant idle-

Author of HEARTS AND MASKS Che MAN ON THE BOX etc. : Illustrations by M.G. KETTNER COPYRIGHT 1911 by BOBBS - MERRILL COMPANY:

copy, and no appraiser would know

I'd take it to New York myself, but

you see, I am flat broke. Come; what

"What do you want for It, suppos-

had been a long time since occasion

know. It is beyond any set price; it

emeralds (I have heard about them.

too); draw the curtains, lock the

"I don't know; perhaps. Christian-

ity against paganism;, the Occidental

But George made none. He rose

hastily, sought his knife and, without

so much as by your leave, slashed the

twine, flung aside the paper, and threw

the rug across the counterpane. It

slightest doubt in his mind. He had

and, most vital of all, he owned a

Against temptation that was robust

navior? Collectors are always honest

when they want something desperate-

ty; and George was no more saintly

the corridor to the adjoining room.

And now, bang! goes Pandora's box.

CHAPTER IV.

An Old Acquaintance.

not wholly without cunning. She rare-

ly stands boldly upon the track to flag

us as we come. She realizes that she

might be permanently ditched. No; it

and energetic and alluring (like the

good copy of it.

Ryanne narrowed his eyes, carefully

of a Turk?" drolly.

"No. I'll tell you more about it out of Egypt." These were set phrases when we get to my room." "Come on, then." George was now gaining. "One might as well carry quite willing to discuss rugs and car- round a stolen elephant."

Having gained the room. Ryanne the game as you are would have little threw off his coat and relighted his difficulty. Your integrity is an estabcigar, which, in a saving mood, he had lished fact, on both sides of the water. allowed to go out. He motioned George You could take it to New York as a

"Just a little yarn before I show you | the difference. It's worth the attempt. the rug. See these cuffs?" "Yes."

"You will observe that I have had do you or I care about a son-of-a-gun to reverse them. Note this collar? Same thing. Trousers-hems a bit frayed, cost shiny at the elbows." Ing it's genuine?" George's throat was Ryanne exhibited his sole fortune, dry and his voice harsh. His con-"Four sovereigns between me and a science roused herself, feebly, for it

George became thoughtful. He was thad necessitated her presence. generous and kind-hearted among those he knew intimately or slightly, balancing the possibilities. "Say, one but he had the instinctive reserve of thousand pounds. It is like giving it the seasoned traveler in cases like away. But when the devil drives, you this. He waited.

"The truth is, I'm all but done for. is worth what any collector is willing And if I fail to strike a bargain here to pay for it. I believe I know the with you. . . . Well, I should hate kind of man you are, Mr. Jones, and to tell you the result. Our consul that is why, when I learned you were would have to furnish me passage in Cairo, I came directly to you. You home. Were you ever up against it to would never sell this rug. No. You the extent of reversing your cuffs and | would become like a miser over his turning your collars? You don't know | gold. You would keep it with your what life is, then."

George gravely produced two good eigars and offered one to his host, doors, whenever you looked at it. Eh? There was an absence of sound, You would love it for its own sake, broken presently by the cheerful and not because it is worth so many crackle of matches; two billowing thousand pounds. You are sailing in clouds of smoke floated outward and a few days; that will help. The Pasha upward. Ryanne sighed. Here was a is in Constantinople, and it will be cigar one could not purchase in all the three or four weeks before he hears of length and breadth of the Orient, a the theft, or the cost," with a certain Pedro Murlas. In one of his doubt- grimness. fully prosperous epochs he had smoked "How do you pronounce it?" asked them daily. How long ago had that pered George. been?

"Yonder is a rug, a prayer-rug, as holy to the Moslem as the idol's eye conscience permits it." Ryanne made is to the Hindu, as the Bible is to the a gesture to indicate that he would "Nothing surprising in that," replied Christian. For hundreds of years it submit to whatever moral arraignment never saw the outside of the Sultan's Mr. Jones deemed advisable to make. George laughed and waited for the palace. One day the late, the recently late, Abdul the Unspeakable Turk. "You see, Ryan is as good a name as they make them; but it classes gave it to the Pasha of Bagdad. Whenever this rug makes its appearwith prize-fighters, politicians and bar ability, might be the ogre. Perhaps chemists. The two extra letters put ance in Holy Mecca, it is worshiped, Tigris and the sluggish Euphrates, a muezzin from the turret calls to prayer, and all that; eh?" "I am; three generations. What's

George leaned forward from his chair, a gentle terror in his heart. man who insists upon your having a "The Yhlordes? By Jove! is that the Yniordes?"

Admiration kindled in Ryanne's eyes. To have hit the bull's-eye with period of the young man's good beforehead. It did not illustrate a search so free and quick an aim was ample proof that Percival Algernon had not boasted when he said that he knew something about rugs. "You've guessed it."

"How did you come by it?" George lemanded excitedly.

"Why do you ask that?" "Man, ten-thousand pounds could not purchase that rug, that bit of car-"Likely enough. It just struck me pet. Collectors from every port have that you looked something like a chap been after it in vain. And you mean named Wadsworth, who was half-back to tell me that it lies there, wrapped on the varsity, when I entered my in butcher's paper?"

"Right-O!" Ryanne solemnly detached a cuff was turned loose at ten; been hustling and rolled up his sleeve. The bare muscular arm was scarred by two a tremor in his voice, although he long, ugly knife-wounds, scarcely healed. Next he drew up a trousersleg, disclosing a battered shin. "And there's another on my shoulder-blade, the closest call I ever had. A man science. It fell to another distinwho takes his life in his bands, as I have done, merits some reward. Mr. science makes cowards of us all. Ay, Jones, I'll be frank with you. I am a kind of derelict. Since I was a boy, I tracked for any special desire that dehave bated the humdrum of offices, of shops. I wanted to be my own man, to go and come as I pleased. To do this and live meant precarious exploits. This rug represents one of them. I am telling you the family secret; I am showing you the skele that the room was simply a common

ton in the closet, confidentially. I stole that rug; and when I say that the seven labors of our old friend is far safer to run after us and catch qualms, little chaps, who started buz take back the rug and refund the Hercules were simple diversions compared, you'll recognize the difficulties had to overcome. You know some thing of the Oriental mind. I handled the job alone. I may not be out of the jungle yet."

George listened entranced. He could readily construct the scenes through which this adventurer had gone; the watchful nights, the untiring patience, the thirst, the hunger, the heat. And yet, he could hardly believe. He was a trifle skeptical. Many a rogue had made the mistake of playing George's age against his experience. He had made some serious blunders in the early stages of the business, however; and everybody, to gain some thing in the end, must lose something

at the start. "If that rug is the one I have in mind, you certainly have stolen it. cently. A little more flesh under the And if it's a copy, I'll tell you quickly cheek-bones, a touch of color, and the enough."

"That's fair. And that's why," Ryanne declared, "I wanted you to look at it. To me, considering what I the matter of physiognomy, whereas have gone through to get it, to me it Ryanne was a past-master in this re- is the genuine carpet. To your expert gard; it was necessary both for his eye it may be only a fine copy. I know this much, that rare rugs and paintings have many copies, and that some But I tell you frankly," went on George, "that to interest me it's got to be a very old one. You see, it's a this is the real article, I want you to brides. little fad of mine, outside the business take it off my hands," the adventurer finished pleasantly.

> "There will be a hue and cry." "No doubt of it,"

"And the devil's own job to

thousand years gone. Ryanne, the Among these qualms there was none room and its furnishings, all had van- that pleaded for the desolate Turk or ished, all save the exquisite fabric pat- his minions whose carelessness bad

of the expert, preliminaries to bar-"But a man who is as familiar with a healthy hound.

The nerves of a smoker are generalhis exhalations. These two, in the several minutes, had filled the room with a thick, blue haze; and through ly stolen. this the elder man eyed the younger. The sign of the wolf gleamed in his door-knob of his room. If he didn't eyes, but without animosity, modified keep the rug, it would fall into the as it was by the half-friendly, half- hands of a collector less scrupulous. cynical smile.

having stepped off the magical carpet, as it were. "I can't give you a thousand pounds tonight. I can give you in its way as any Raphael in the Vatithree hundred, and the balance tomerrow, between ten and eleven, at Cook's."

"That will be agreeable to me." George passed over all the available ash he had, rolled up the treasure and tucked it under his arm. That somewhere in the world was a true believer, wailing and beating his breast and calling down from Allah curses upon the glaour, the dog of an infidel, who had done this thing, disturbed

"I say," as he opened the door, "you must tell me all about the adventure. It must have been a thriller." "It was," replied Ryanne. "The tory will keep. Later, if you care to

George not in the least.

hear it."

"Of course," added George, moved by a discretionary thought, "this transaction is just between you and me." "You may lay odds on that," heart-"Well, good night. See you at Cook's in the morning."

"You haven't killed any one?" whis- us. A disgression, perhaps, but more pertinently an application.

terned out of wool and cotton and made the theft possible. For all George knotted with that mingling love and cared, the Moslem might grind his skill and patience the world knows no forehead in the soulless sand and more. He let his hand stray over it. make the air palpitate with his plaints How many knees had pressed its thick to Allah. No. The disturbance was yet pliant substance? How many due to the fact that never before had strange scenes had it mutely with he been wittingly the purchaser of nessed, scenes of beauty, of terror? It stolen goods. He never tried to gloze shone under the light like the hide of over the subtle distinction between knowing and suspecting; and if he had been variously suspicious in regard to ly made apparent by the rapidity of certain past bargains, conscience had found no sizeable wedge for her demurrers. The Yhiordes was confessed-He paused, with his hand upon the

To return It to the Pasha at Bagdad "I'll risk it," said George finally, would be pure folly, and thankless. It was one of the most beautiful weavings in existence. It was as priceless can. And he desired its possession intensely. Why not? Insidious phrase! Was it not better that the world should see and learn what a wonderful craft the making of a rare rug had been, than to allow it to return to the sordid chamber of a harem, to inevitable ruln? As Ryanne said, what the deuce was a fanatical Turk or Arab to him?

> Against these-specious arguments in favor of becoming the adventurer's abettor and accomplice, there was first the possible stain of blood. The man agreed that he had come away from Bagdad in doubt. George did not like the thought of blood. Still. he had collected a hundred emeralds, not one of which was without its red record. Again, if he carried the rug home with his other purchases, he could pull it through the customs only by lying, which was as distasteful to his mind as being a receiver of stolen goods.

He had already paid a goodly sum against the purchase; and it was not Temptation then no longer at his likely that a man who was down to shoulder, George began to have reversing his collars and cuffs would

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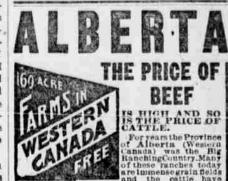
Frenzied Arithmetic. Three-year-old Amy, who has a very lively little brother, was being put through a lesson in arithmetic by her uncle. She had successfully added one and one, but stuck at two and one.

"Your mamma," said her uncle, "has two children. If she had one more, what would that make?" ""O," cried Amy, "that would make my mamma cwazy!"-Woman's Home companion.

She Believed Him. She-Do you love me more than

ever, dear? He-Oh, yes, more than never, darling

A brave man is always ready to "face the music"-provided it isn't that old tune from "Lohengrin."



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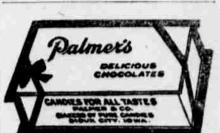
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It Was the Yhiordes.

Forty Thieves; George was transport- zing into his moral ears with all that money. The Yhlordes was his, haped mentally to that magic city, stand- maddening, interminable drone which pen what might. So conscience snuffed ing between the Tigris and the Eu- makes one marvel however do school- out her red lantern and retired. phrates, in all its white glory of a teachers survive their first terms.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Poor as a Church Mouse

Since Confetti Came Into Use, the Saying Has More Meaning Than

The sexton of a fashionable New York church was sweeping into a large mound the bright purple, red and yellow discs of confetti which littered the church entrance and steps.

at Former Times.

"This month," he said, "I have had already 35 weddings in my church. And at every one of these weddings paper confetti was thrown at the bride instead of rice.

"The confetti fashion is very weicome to us sextons. When rice was used our churches were overrun with time popular education had steadily mice. The saying, 'As poor as a gained ground. The free school sysone is being hooked, sold, bamboozied, found an ample food supply in the that the free public schools began to night." sandbagged, every day in the week. If rice that was sprinkled over the get itself firmly rooted in the British

"Now that rice has been aban-

Bending with difficulty to collect a the old sexton added: "Of course, these bits of paper are

up than rice. But, even so, I hope the confetti fashion has come to stay."

Public Schools.

In antiquity the masses of the people grew up in ignorance of things literary. Public education-the education that exists for the masses of the people-began, practically, with John Calvin's rule in Geneva, from which church mouse,' was then meaningless. | tem had its beginning in Great Brit-Why, in my church, where weddings ain, about the year 1780, with Robert night." are so popular, several hundreds of Raikes and his Sunday school movemice-fat chaps they were, too- ment. It was not until 1860, however, plays a double-header and we work to-Isles. In this country from the start the idea of universal education was starved out. They couldn't live on never ceased 'o be fundamental with or more times a day at a set hour us, as absolutely necessary to the every day or only on designated days.

prevention of the liberty on which the government is founded.

Odd Case of Friendship. At the present time a most unusual

few obstinate pieces of the bright pa- case of affection between a domiciled per confetti that stuck to the floor, and a comparatively wild animal is to be witnessed at the little English hamlet of Spoonley, near Market Drayton. much more awkward for me to sweep On the farm of Mr. William Woodburn for a week or two past, a small rough somewhat vicious terrier from the farmstead has been noticed gambolling in the fields with a large well-developed hare. Such an attachment is most uncommon.

> Happens Sometimes. "Get off and let's go to the ball

game. "I got off the other day. Can't repent so soon.' "Then we'll go to the theater to-

"Can't do that either. The office

Ingenious Alarm Clock.

A French jeweler has brought ou. 318 3rd Street doned for paper confetti, these mice championed by Jefferson and other an electric alarm clock that will ring have all disappeared. They were leaders among us, and the idea has a bell or perform other services one