



SYNOPSIS.

George Percival Algernon Jones, vice-president of the Metropolitan Oriental Rug company of New York, thrifting for romance in Cairo on a business trip.

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

Some one was sitting down beside him. It was Ryanne, in evening clothes, immaculate, blase, pink-cheeked.

"Thanks, thanks to you, I might say, I did some talk hustling, though. Strange, how we love these funeral toggeries. We follow the dance and we follow the dead, with never a variation in color.

"That's too bad," said George contentedly. "But I have already told them."

"The devil you have!" Ryanne dropped her cigarette into the ash-tray. "If I remember rightly, you asked me to 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 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. You've been knocking about here long enough to know something of the tenacity of the Arab and the East Indian."

"You don't believe..."

"There's one of your brickbats. They swung it at the head of the first printer. Prosaic times! My friend, this is the most romantic and bewildering age humanity has yet seen. There's more romance and adventure going about on wheels and steel-bottoms than ever there was in the days of Drake and the Spanish galleons.

The Pet from Carpet Bagdad

by HAROLD MAC GRATH Author of HEARTS AND MASKS The MAN ON THE BOX etc. Illustrations by M.G. KETNER

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 his laughter because Ryanne's face was so serious enough.

"Unfortunately, no. But if you will give me your banker's address I'll be pleased to forward you the prospectus."

"Knauth, Nachod and Kuhne. I 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 returned or exchanged for another?"

"No. It's all chance, you know. The rules of the game are steel-bound. 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, "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 down."

"The stock isn't listed?" again laughing. "Scarcely. One man tells me, 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 Yliordes."

"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 acquaintance.

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



her to give was good enough for me to keep. It is simply that I have been foolish about it, superstitious. 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 Traumerel 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 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, Ltd., 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

other with earnest calculation; Wallace no longer hid his cupidry; Ryanne's immobility of countenance was in itself a tacit admission to the burning of all his bridges that he might become a part of this conclave.

"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."

THE TIME OF HER LIFE. The new colored domestic, fresh from Kentucky, took her first "Thursday afternoon off" and failed to return to prepare the seven o'clock dinner for the family.

Next morning she reappeared rather "dourlike." "Why, Sibbie," said the lady of the house, "you look sick. What is the matter?"

"Yes'm, I done been sick, awful sick, but it was with it. Dat dohiah 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 truth an' no more'n de truth. I bought ten glasses of soda and went to ten of dese movable pictuh shows. My, my, one can't have no sitch time in Kaintucky."—Indianapolis News.

In Fat Beth. Towne—No; Grafton doesn't work at all now.

Brown—He doesn't? Why, when I knew him 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.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Tact. He (tired of dodging)—Would you marry a one-eyed man? She—Good gracious, no! He—Then let me carry your umbrella.—Illustrated Bits.

Embroidery cottons soak them in strong salt water. An excellent tonic for nervous people is to take salt rubs twice a day. As sea salt dissolves slowly, some of it can be kept in solution in a glass jar to be ready when needed.

When a child is inclined to bow legs or to have a weak back, rub it night and morning with strong salt water. 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.

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

SPIRIT IN TUBERCULOSIS WAR

Nineteen Million Dollars Expended Last Year in Fight Against the Dread White Plague.

Nearly \$19,000,000 was spent in the anti-tuberculosis campaign in the United States during the year 1912, according to the fourth annual statistical statement of expenditures in this movement issued by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. The expenditures during the year for sanatorium and hospital construction and treatment make the largest single item in the total, amounting to nearly \$16,800,000.

Collecting Antiquities. Slopy received a card on which was engraved: "Professor Brace, Antiquarian."

"He knew no such person, so his curiosity led him to receive him. "What is your business, professor?" he asked, politely.

"I am a collector of antiquities," answered the old man. "So I imagined. And how can I serve you?"

"By paying a deposit on this little bill you have owed for more than three years."

No Money, No Marriage. "A fortune teller told me that you are going to marry me," said the young man with the prominent nose.

"Did she also tell you that you are going to inherit a very large fortune?" inquired the girl with the matted hair.

"She didn't say anything about a fortune." "Then she is not much of a fortune-teller, and you had better not place any reliance in anything she says."—Washington Herald.

Timely. Joseph Ettor, addressing the Little Falls strikers, cracked a timely joke. "Let us emulate the firmness of the millionaire class," he said.

"Aw, what do they swear off?" a striker incredulously demanded. "They swear off their personal property tax!" was the reply.

False Alarm. "They say that Wombat is a genius." "Nothing to that story. It's a canard. I loaned him a dollar once and he paid me back all right enough."

Improved Some. The Wife—Don't you think marriage has improved you, dear? The Husband—Sure thing. I was an idiot when I married you!

Proper Rescue. "How did you come out of the tilt you had with the beauty doctor?" "Well, I managed to save my face."

And a baby would rather go to sleep than listen to a lullaby.



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Salt used once a day is an excellent dentifrice, tending to keep off tartar. It is said to retard seedling gums.

A half teaspoonful of salt added to a cup of hot water—which many persons take each morning—will make it palatable.

Do not gargle with salt water. Throat specialists consider it injurious to the tender mucous membrane of the nose.

Salt water rots the hair, so never fall to rinse with fresh water after sea bathing.

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