



The Get from Calp Bagdad

by HAROLD MAC GRATH
Author of HEARTS AND MASKS
The MAN ON THE BOX etc.
Illustrations by M. G. KETNER
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It Was Ryanne—the Erstwhile Affable Ryanne—

SYNOPSIS.

George Percival Algeron Jones, vice-president of the Metropolitan Oriental Gas Company of New York, thinking for romance, is in Cairo on a business trip. Fortune Chedsoye arrives at the hotel in Cairo with a carefully guarded bundle. Ryanne sells Jones the famous holy Ylhorides rug which he admits having stolen from a death 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. 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 Company, a concern which for a price will arrange any kind of an adventure to order. Mrs. Chedsoye and the New York Callahan, Wallace and Ryanne, as the United Romance and Adventure Company, plan a risky enterprise involving Jones. Ryanne makes known to Mrs. Chedsoye his intention to marry Fortune. Mrs. Chedsoye declares she will not permit it. Plans are laid to prevent Jones sailing for home. Ryanne steals a price to some friends. Mahomed, keeper of the holy carpet, is on Ryanne's trail. Ryanne promises Fortune that he will see that Jones comes to no harm as a result of his purchase of the rug. Mahomed accuses Ryanne and Fortune of the Florida rug. Ryanne tells him Jones has the rug and suggests the New York merchant as a means of securing its return. The rug disappears from Jones' room. Fortune queries her mother when the latter refuses to explain her mysterious actions. Fortune gets a message purporting to be from Ryanne asking her to meet him in a secluded place that evening. Jones receives a message asking him to meet Ryanne in the English Bar the same evening. Jones is carried off into the desert by Mahomed and his accomplices after a desperate fight.

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)
The wind blew cold against his chest, and the fact that he could neither see, nor use his tongue to soothe his bruised lips, added to the discomfort. Back and forth he swayed and rocked. The pain in his side was gradually diminished by the torture bearing upon his ankles, his knees, across his shoulders. Finally, when in dull despair he was about to give up and slide off, indifferent whether the camels following trampled him or not, a halt was called. It steadied him. Some one reached up and unhooked the thing that strangled the life in his hands. Forward again. This was a trifle better. He could now see himself with his hands. No one interfered with him when he tore off the bandages over his eyes and mouth. The camels were now urged to a swifter pace.
Egyptian night, well called, he thought. He could discern nothing but phantasm-like grey silhouettes that bobbed up and down after the fashion of corks upon water. Before him and behind him; how many camels made up the caravan he could not tell. He could hear the faint slip-slip as the beasts shuffled forward in the fine heavy sand. They were well out into the desert, but what desert was as yet a mystery. He had forgotten to keep the points of the compass in his mind. And to pick out his bearings by any particular star was to him no more simple than translating Chinese.
Far, far away behind he saw a luminous pallor in the sky, the reflected light of Cairo. And only a few hours ago he had complained to the head-walker because of the bits of cork floating in his glass of wine. Ah, for the drugs of that bottle now; warmth, revival, new courage!
Curse the luck! There went one of his pumps. He called out. The man riding in front and leading George's camel merely gave a yank at the rope. The camel responded with a cough and a quickened gait.
Presently George became aware of a singular fact: that he could see out of one eye better than the other; and that the semi-useless orb shot out little stars with every beat of his heart. One of his ears, too, began to throb and burn. He felt it. It was as if a red-hot iron were being pressed like a mushroom. It

van in truth, prepared for a long and continuous journey. There were three pack-camels, laden with wood, tents, and such cooking utensils as the frugal Arab had need of. Certainly Mahomed was a rich man, whether he owned the camels or hired them for the occasion. Upon one of the beasts they were putting up a mahmal, a canopy used to protect women from the sun while riding. One Arab, taller, more robust than the others, moved hither and thither authoritatively. Wound about his turboosh or fez was a bright green cufia, signifying that the wearer had made the pilgrimage to Holy Mecca. This individual George assumed to be Mahomed himself. And he recognized him as the beggar ever whom he had stumbled two nights gone. Pity he hadn't known, and pitched him into the Nile when he had the chance.
Mahomed completed his directions, and walked leisurely toward George, but his attention was not directed toward him. A short distance away, at George's left, was a man, stretched out as if in slumber. Over his inert figure Mahomed watched. He drew back his foot and kicked the sleeping man soundly, smiling amiably the while; a kick which, had Mahomed's foot been cased in western leather, must have stove in the sleeper's ribs. Strange, the victim did not stir. Mahomed shrugged, and returned to the business of breaking camp.
George was keenly interested in this man who could accept such a kick apparently without feeling or resentment. He stood up for a better view. One glance was sufficient. It was Ryanne, the erstwhile affable Ryanne of the reversible cuffs; his feet and hands still in bondage, his clothes torn, his face battered and bruised like a sailor's of a Sunday morning on shore-leave. The sight of Ryanne brightened him considerably. Although he was singularly free from the spirit of malevolence, he was, nevertheless, human enough to subscribe to that unwritten and much denigrated that the misery of one man reconciles another to his. And here was company such as misery loved; here was a man worse off than himself, whose prospects were a thousand times bleaker, a poor devil! And here he was, captive of the men he had wronged and beaten and robbed. As seen through George's eyes, Ryanne's outlook was not a pleasant thing to contemplate. But oh! the fight this one must have been! If it had taken five natives to overcome him, how many had it taken to beat Ryanne into such a shocking condition? He was genuinely sorry for Ryanne, but in his soul he was glad to see him. One white man could accomplish nothing in the face of these odds; but two white men, that was a different matter. Ryanne once he got his legs, strong, courageous, resourceful, Ryanne would get them both out of it somehow. . . . And if Ryanne hadn't the rug, who the dickens had?

The jumble of questions that rose in his mind, seeking answers to the riddle of Ylhorides rug, subdued even as they rose. The bundle to the far side of Ryanne stirred. He had, in his general survey of the scene, barely set a glance upon it, believing it to be a conglomeration of saddle-bags (made of wool and cotton) and blankets. It stirred again. George studied it with a peculiar sense of detachment. A woman; a woman in what had but recently been a smart Parisian tailor-made street-dress. The woman, rubbing her eyes, bore here up painfully to a sitting posture. She was white. All the blows of the night past were as nothing in comparison with this invisible one which seemed to strike at the very source of his life.
Fortune Chedsoye!

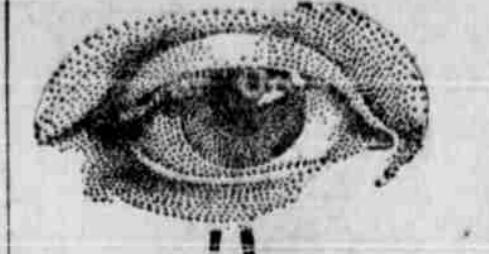
CHAPTER XIII.
Not a Cheerful Outlook.
George, his brain in tumult, a fierce tigerish courage giving fictitious strength to his body, staggered toward her. It was a mad dream, a mirage of his own disordered thoughts. Fortune there? It was not believable. What place had she in this tangled web? He ran his fingers into his hair, gripped, and pulled. If it was a dream the pain did not awaken him; Fortune sat there still. Through what terrors might she not have passed the preceding night? Alone in the desert, without any of those conveniences which are to women as necessary as the air they breathe! He tried to run, but his feet sank too deeply in the pale sand; he could only plod. He must touch her or hear her voice; otherwise he stood upon the brink of madness. There was no doubt in his mind now; he loved her, loved her as deeply and passionately as any storied knight loved his lady; loved her without thought of reward, unselfishly, with great and tender pity, for unthinned by his love, he saw that she was all alone, not only here in the desert, but along the highways where men set up their dwellings.
Mahomed, having an eye upon all things, though apparently seeing only that which was under his immediate concern, saw the young man's intention, and more, read the secret in his face. He was infinitely amused. There were two of them, so it seemed. Quietly he slipped in between George and the girl, and his movement freed George's mind of its bewilderment. Unobtrusively, he flung himself upon the Arab, striving to reach the lean, brown throat. Mahomed, strong and unweary, having no hand in the ac-



Saw Fortune, Unresisting, Placed Upon the Camel, Under Canopy.

tual warfare, thrust George back so vigorously that the young man lost his balance and fell prone upon the sand. He was so weak that the fall stunned him. Mahomed stepped forward, doubtless with the generous impulse to prove that in the matter of kicks he desired to show no partiality, when a hand caught at his bur-nouse. He paused and looked down. It was the girl.
"Don't! A brave man would not do that."
Mahomed, moved by some feeling that eluded immediate analysis, turned about. It was time to be off, if he wished to reach Serapeum the following night. Pursuit he knew to be out of the question, since who hegar ever whom he had stumbled two nights gone. Pity he hadn't known, and pitched him into the Nile when he had the chance.
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For this is the baking powder that "makes the baking better."
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VERY LIKELY.
Hazel—Some folks don't know what's good for them in this world. Henry—Yes, but they're better off than the people that know and haven't the price to get it.
Prospective Customer.
Small Girl—Teacher, did you say the lord makes babies, too? Sunday School Teacher—Yes, indeed. Small Girl—About how much does he charge for one, 'cause I want a baby brother awful bad.
Has To.
"Do you really believe in this home rule business?"
"Of course I do. Ain't I married?"
Its Style.
"The child actress in that piece has a part which fits her like a glove."
"Yes, so to speak, a kid glove."
Some people are as unpopular as a last year's popular song.

Tavern Also a Pawnshop

Establishment in the City of London, England, in Enjoyment of Unique Privilege.
A time-honored London (Eng.) city tavern, the Castle, at the corner of Cowcross street, facing Farrington street, enjoys the unique distinction of being also a fully licensed pawnshop. Over the door in the bar, which gives access to the landlord's private room, and thrown into bold relief by the official document behind it, the historic three-sphered symbol is discernible. Any one may here negotiate a loan upon his personal belongings without being under the necessity of first calling for refreshment. Formerly the house had a special pledge counter resembling the modern "Bottle and Jug" department, but this is no longer in evidence.
This strange combination of business dates from the reign of George IV, who, after attending a cock fight at Hockley-in-the-Hole, applied to the landlord of the Castle for a temporary accommodation on the security of his watch and chain. By royal warrant a few days later he invested that obliging boniface with the right of advancing money on pledges, and from that time down to the present a pawnbroker's license has been annually granted to the Castle. This history is mentioned once or twice by Dickens in his novels.
Aid to the Unlucky.
"I try to be an efficient city directory," said the hotel clerk, "but balk of recommending a beauty doctor to women guests."
"That is one of the first things they want to know. Churches, theaters, even dressmakers can wait a few days, but the beauty doctor is an immediate necessity. Unfortunately, they do not get much satisfaction out of me. Any number of beauty specialists leave cards for distribution, but so many of them have been mixed up in lawsuits that I feel squeamish about delivering their cards. To satisfy my own conscience and the women at the same time I hand out a bunch of advertisements with the remark that I guess they are about all alike."

CONSTIPATION
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