



It Was Ryanno-the Erstwhile Affable Ryanne-

first taste of blood.

a sword-blade along the sky in the

prehended one thing clearly, that they

His sense of beauty did not respond

to the marvel of the transformation.

The dark grey of the sand-hills that

became violet at their bases, to fade

away upward into little pinnacles of

shimmering gold; the drab, formless,

scattered boulders, now assuming

clear-cut shapes, transfused with ruby

and sapphire glowing; the sun itself

that presently lifted its rosal warm-

ing circle above the stepping-off

place-George saw but noted not. The

physical picture was overshadowed by

the one he drew in his mind: the good

The sun was free from the desert's

rim when the leading camel was halt-

ed. A confusion ensued; the camela

following stupidly into one another, in

a kind of panic. Out of the silence

came a babble of voices, a grunting,

clatter of pack-baskets and saddle

bags. George, as his camel kneeled,

alld off involuntarily and tumbled

ngainst a small hillock, and lay there

without any distinct sense of what

was going on round him. The sand.

fine and mutable, formed a couch com-

fortingly under his aching body; and

he fell asleep, exhausted. Already the

impalpable dust, which had risen and

night, had powdered his clothes, and

his face was stained and streaked

His head lay in the sand, his soft Fe-

dora crushed under his shoulders.

rents in his coat, the open shirt,

soiled, crumpled, collariess, he in-

vited pity; only none came from the

busy Arabs. As he slept, a frown

gathered upon his face and remained

When he came back from his

nowhere.

the sea.

daughter. Ryanne interests Jones in the United Romance and Adventure company, a concern which for a price will arrange shy kind of an adventure to order. Mrs. Chedaoys, 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. Chedaoys his intention to marry Fortune. Mrs. Chedaoys declares she will not permit it. Plans are laid to prevent Jones sailing for home. 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 carpst, is on Ryanne's trail. Ryanne promises Fortune that he will see that Jones comes to no harm as a result of his burchase of the rug. Mahomed accosts Ryanne and demands the Yhlordes rug. Ryanne tells him Jones has the rug and suggests the abduction of the New York merchant as a means of securing its return. The rug disappears from Jones when the latter refuses to explain her mysterious actions. Fortune gets a means of securing its return. The rug disappears from Jones when the latter refuses to explain her mysterious actions. Fortune gets a means of securing its resure. Fortune gets a means purporting to be from Ryanne askmysterious actions. Fortune gets a means we purporting to be from Ryanne askmysterious actions. Fortune gets a means age purporting to be from Ryanne asking her to meet him in a secluded place that evening. Jones receives a measage saking him to met Ryanne at 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 shest, and the fact that he could nelther see, nor use his tongue to moist-en his bruised lips, added to the discomforts. Back and forth he swayed and rocked. The pain in his side was gradually minimised by the torture bearing upon his ankles, his knees, cross his shoulders. Finally, when dull despair be was about to give sp and slide off, indifferent whether the camels following trampled him or not, a halt was called. It steaded Some one reached up and unfied the thong that strangled the life in his hands. Forward again. This was a trifle better. He could now case 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, ne thought. He could discern nothing but phaptom-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 uld hear the faint slip-slip as the easts shuffled forward in the fine beavy sand. They were well out into the desert, but what desert was as yet a mystery. He had forgotten to What with the bruises visible, the keep the points of the compass in his mind. And to pick out his bearings my any particular star was to him no more simple than translating Chinese. Far, far away behind he saw a lumi-

nous pallor in the sky, the reflected there. this of Cairo. And only a few hours troubled dreams, a bowl of rice, ago he had complained to the headthinned by hot water, was given him. ter because of the bits of cork He cleaned the bowl, not because he ating in his glass of wine. Ah, for the dregs of that bottle now; warmth, Curse would need strength; and the recurpumps. He called out. The man rid- ring fury against his duress caused things, though apparently seeing only

and a quickened gait.

fittle stars with every beat of his snarl and looked about. the trees than a mushroom. It ten, eleven, twelve camels, a car unwearied, having no hand in the ac-

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sun while riding. One Arab, taller, It was the girl, more robust than the sthers, moved hither and thither authoritatively. that." Wound about his tarboosh or fez was bright green cuffs, 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 two nights gone. Pity he nadn'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 Mohamed's foot been cased in western leather, must have slove 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 was Ryanne, the erstwhile affable; Ryanne of the reversible cuffs: his feet and hands still in bondage, his clothes torn, his face battered and had been a rattling good mix-up, anybruised like a sailor's of a Sunday how; and he accepted the knowledge morning on shore-leave. The sight of rather proudly that the George Perci-Ryanne brightened him considerably. val Algernon, who but lately had en-Although he was singularly free from tered the English-Bar sprucely and the spirit of malevolence, he was, nevhad made his exit in a kind of negligible attire, had left behind one char-ertheless, human enough to subscribe acter and brought away another. Nev- to that unwritten and much denied creed that the misery of one man recer again was he going to be shy: the onciles another to his. And here was tame tiger, as it were, had had his company such as misery loved; here was a man worse off than himself, Dawn, dawn; if only the horizon would brighten up a little so that he whose prospects were a thousand could get his bearings. By now they times blacker. 1 oor devil! And here were at least fifteen or twenty miles he was, captive of the men he had where they had no business to be, were from Cairo; but in what direction? Hour after hour went by; over this seen through George's eyes, Ryanne's liphs and the Koran. outlook was not a pleasant thing t cup-like valley; soundless save when the camels protested or his stirrup clinked against a buckle; all with the somber aspect of a scene from Dante. Several black spots, moving in circles far above, once attracted George; and he knew them to be kites, which will follow a caravan into the desert even as a gull will follow a ship out to sea. Later, a torpid indifference took possession of him, and the sense of pain grew less under the encroaching And when at last the splendor of

ment. A woman; a woman in what awakened in Mahomed's heart. had but recently been a smart Parisian tailor-made street-dress. The woman, rubbing her eyes, bore herself 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 ship Ludwig, boring her way out into of his life.

Fortune Chedsoye!

CHAPTER XIII.

Not a Cheerful Outlook. web? He ran his fingers into his hair. the pain did not waken him; Fortune sat there still. Through what terrors might she not have passed the followed the caravan all through 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, Establishment in the City of London, few days later he invested that oblig 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 unconsciously he saw that she, like he. was all alone, not only here in the was hungry, but because he knew that desert, but along the highways where somewhere along this journey he men set up their dwellings.

Mahomed, having an eye upon all in front and leading George's him to fling the empty bowl at the that which was under his immediate nel merely gave a yank at the rope, head of the camel-boy who had concern, saw the young man's inten-The camel responded with a cough brought it. The boy ducked, laugh- tion, and more, read the secret in his ing. George lay down again. Let face. He was infinitely amused. Presently George became aware of them cut his throat if they wanted to; There were two of them, so it seemed. singular fact: that he could see out it was all the same to him. Again he Quietly he slipped in between George e eye better than the other; slept, and when he was roughly and and the girl, and his movement freed that the semi-useless orb shot out forcibly awakened, he sat up with a George's mind of its bewilderment. Unhesitatingly, he flung himself upon t. One of his ears, too, began to His head was clear now, and he the Arab, striving to reach the lean, be and burn. He felt of it. It was began to take notes. He counted brown throat. Mahomed, strong and

van in truth, prepared for a long and | tual warfare, thrust George back so continuous journey. There were three vigorously that the young man lost pack-camels, laden with wood, tents, his balance and fell prone upon the and such cooking utensils as the fru- sand. He was so weak that the fall gal Arab had need of. Certainly Ma- stunned him. Mahomed stepped for homed was a rich man, whether he ward, doubtless with the generous imowned the camels or hired them for pulse to prove that in the matter of the occasion. Upon one of the beasts kicks he desired to show no partialthey were putting up a mahmal, a can- ity, when a hand caught at his buropy used to protect women from the nouse. He paused and looked down.

"Don't! A brave man would not do

that eluded immediate analysis, turned about. It was time to be off, if he wished to reach Scrapeum the following night. Pursuit he knew to be out of the question, since who beggar over whom he had stumbled was there to know that there was anything to pursue? But many miles intervened between here and his destination. He dared not enter Serapeum in the daytime. Lying upon the canalbank as it did, the possibility of encountering a stray white man confronted him. Every camel-way frequented by Europeans must of necessity be avoided, every town of any size skirted, and all the while he must keep parallel with known paths or become lost himself. Not to become lost himself, that was his real concorn. The caravan was provisioned for months, and he knew Asia-Minor as well as the lines upon his palms. There were sand-storms, too; but against these blighting visitations he would match his vigilant eye and the this man who could accept such a instinct of the camels. The one way kick apparently without feeling or re in which these peculiar storms might entment. He stood up for a better distress him lay in the total obliteraview. One glance was sufficient. It tion of the way-signs, certain rocks. certain hills, without the guidance of which, like a good ship bereft of its compass, he might fall away from his course, notwithstanding that he would always travel toward the sun.

And there was also the vital question of water; he must measure the time between each well, each oasis. So, then, aside from these dangers with which he felt able to cope, there was one unforeseen: the chance meet ing with a wandering caravan headed by white men in search of rugs and carpets. These fools were eternally hunting about the wastes of the world; they were never satisfied unless they were prowling into countries wronged and beaten and robbed. As always breaking the laws of the ca-

The girl was beautiful in her pale. contemplate. But oh! the fight this foreign way; beautiful as the star of pleasantry, his hat was jammed down lating, of the miser, stole over him. one must have been! If it had taken the morning, as the first rose of the over his eyes. He swore as he pulled many had it taken to beat Ryanne the old days that were no more. She accomplishment added to the list of was genuinely sorry for Ryanne, but in the markets. But the accursed in his soul he was glad to see him. Feringhi were everywhere, and these One white man could accomplish sickly if handsome white women were nothing in the face of these odds; but more to them than their heart's blood; two white men, that was a different why, he had never ceased to wonder. matter. Ryanne, once he got his legs. But upon this knowledge he had strong, courageous, resourceful, Ry- mapped out his plan of torture in re-And when at last the splendor of somehow. . . And, if Ryanne Fortune had dimly formed in his the dawn upon the desert flashed like hadn't the rug, who the dickens had? mind, while his blood had burned in And if Ryanne Fortune had dimly formed in his east, grew and widened, George com- in his mind, seeking answers to the him the futility of such a procedure. riddle of Yhiordes rug, subsided even He would have to make the best of a were in the Arabian desert, out of the as they rose. The bundle to the far foolish move; for the girl would general survey of the scene, barely any rate, he would wring one white be a conglomeration of saddle-bags breast. That her health might be ru- there was no alternative, being as he (made of wool and cotton) and blan- ined, that she might sicken and die, kets. It stirred again. George stud- in no manner aroused his pity. This led it with a peculiar sense of detach- attribute was destined never to be

> Holy Yhiordes; that he must have, even if he had to forego the pleasure | ride. His heart ached to see her. He of breaking Ryanne. He was too old to start life anew; at least, too old to stir ambition. He had wielded authority too many years to surrender it swift, decisive battle against the onlightly; he had known too long his set of tears: she smiled, and he was golden flaked tobacco, his sherbet, too far away to see the swimming his syrupy coffee, the pleasant loaf- eyes. ing in the bazaars with his merchant | A bawling of voices, a snapping of friends. To return to the palace, to the kurbash upon the flanks of the confess to the Pasha that his carelessness had lost him the rug, would re more under way. George looked at George, his brain in tumuit, a flerce suit either in death or banishment; his watch, which fortunately had been tigerish courage giving fictitious and so far as he was concerned he overlooked by the thieving natives, strength to his body, staggered toward had no choice, the one was as bad as and found it still ticking away briskher. It was a mad dream, a mirage the other. So, if the young fool who ly. It was after nine. It was a comof his own disordered thoughts. For had bought the rug of Ryanne told fort to learn that the watch had not tune there? It was not believable the truth when he declared that it been injured. Most men are method-What place had she in this tangled had been stolen again, then Ryanne ical in the matter of time, no matter knew where it was; and he could be how desultory they may be in other gripped, and pulled. If it was a dream made to tell; he, Mahomed, would at things. There is a peculiar restful-

The kisweh, the kisweh, always the

Mahomed, moved by some feeling



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

tend to that. And when Ryanne con- | ness in knowing what the hour is, fessed, the girl and the other would whether it passes quickly or whether be conveyed to the nearest telegraph- it drags. post. That they might at once report

more beyond that. his camel; and by way learn yet, but in his present mood he gentleman came down for a smoke. was likely to proceed famously. He was incapable of sitting upon a camel's back.

Next, George saw Fortune, unresisting, placed upon the camel, under little comfort against the day's long called out bravely to her to be of good cheer. She turned and smiled; and he saw only the smile, not the

camels, and the caravan was once

Further investigation

the abduction to the English authori- that his letter of credit was undisties did not worry Mahomed. Not the turbed and that he was the proud posfleetest racing-co el could find him, sessor of six damaged cigars and a and behind the walls of the palace box of cigarettes. Instantly the of Bagdad, only Allah could touch thought of being days without tobacco him. He had figured it all out closely, smote him almost poignantly. He was and he was an admirable strategist an inveterate smoker, and the fact In his way. Revenge upon Ryanne for that the supply was so pitiably small the dishonor and humiliation, and the gave unusual zest to his craving. He return of the rug; there was nothing now longed for the tang of the weed upon his lips, but he held out man-Before George had the opportunity fully. He would not touch a cigar or of speaking to Fortune, he was raised cigarette till nightfall, and then he from the sand and bodily lifted upon made up his mind to smoke half of If Ryanne was without the soother, five natives to overcome him, how Persian spring; and he sighed for up the brim. Swearing was another so much the worse for him. The six cigars he would not share with the into such a shocking condition? He would have brought a sultan's ransom transformations. He had a deal to archangel Michael, supposing that

Forward, always forward, winding readjusted the hat in time to see Ry- in and out of the valleys, trailing over anne unceremoniously dumped into the hills, never faster, never slower. one of the yawning pack-baskets, his Noon came, and the brilliance of aftarms and legs hanging out, his head ernoon dimmed and faded into the lolling against his shoulder, exactly short twilight. Were they never goanne would get them both out of it gard to Ryanne. The idea of selling like a marionette, cast aside for the ing to stop? One hill more, and time being. A man of ordinary stam- George, to his infinite delight, saw a ina would have died under such treat cluster of date-palms ahead, a mile The jumble of questions that rose anger; but today's soberness showed ment. But Ryanne possessed an ex- or so; and he knew that this was to traordinary constitution, against which be the haven for the ship of the desyears of periodical dissipation had as ert. The caravan came to it under yet made no permanent inroads. More the dim light of the few stars that main traveled paths, in the middle of side of Ryanne stirred. He had, in his eventually prove an encumbrance. At over, he never forgot to keep his chin had not yet attained their refulgence. up and his waist-line down. They put | Under the palms were a few deserted set a glance upon it, believing it to man's heart till it beat dry in his him into the pack-basket because mud-houses, huddled dejectedly together, like outcasts seeking the nearness rather than the companionship of the co-unfortunates. Men had dwelt here once upon a time, but the plague had doubtless counted them out, one canopy. At least, she would know a by one. They made camp near the well, which still contained water. Prayers. A wailing chanted forth toward Mecca. "God is great. There

is no God but God." George had witnessed prayers se often that he no longer gave attention to the muezzin calling at eventide from the minaret. But out here, in the blank wilderness, it caught him again, caught him as it had never done before. A shiver stirred the hair at the base of his neck. The lean bodies, one not distinguishable from the other now, kneeling, standing, sweeping the arms, touching the forehead upon the rug, for even the lowest camel-boy had his prayer-rug, ceaselessly intoning the set phrases-George felt shame grow in his heart. Was he as loyal to his God as these were to theirs?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

be misled. Buy Calumet. It's more ntcal - more wholesome - gives best results. Calumet is far superior to sour milk and soda. VERY LIKELY. folks Hazel-Some

b of big-can baking powder. Don't

Keep

Your Eye on that

Can

When

Buying

Baking

Powder

For this is the

baking powder that "makes the

baking better."

It leavens the

food evenly

throughout; puffs it up to airy light-ness, makes it de-

lightfully appetiz-

Remember, Calu-

met is moderate price-highest in

Ask your grocer for Calumet. Don't take

RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARDS

BAKING POWDE

quality.

substitute.

don't know what's good for them in this world. Henry-Yes, but they're better of 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 part which fits her like a glove."

Some people are as unpopular as ast year's popular song.

Yes, so to speak, a kid glove."

Tavern Also a Pawnshop *

England, is in Enjoyment of Unique Privilege.

A time-honored London (Eng.) city street, enjoys the unique distinction of being also a fully licensed pledge shop. 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 refrshment. Formerly the house had a special

is no longer in evidence. This strange combination of bustness 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 they are about all alike.

ing boniface with the right of advancing money on pledges, and from Dickens in his novels.

Aid to the Unlovely. "I try to be an efficient city direc-

of recommending a beauty doctor to women guests.

cards for distribution, but so many of you have seen every day all your life. them have been mixed up in laweuits Why not? 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

"Then they can pay their money and take their choice, and if they lose their hair and complexion they can't come back on me for damages.

What You Don't Know. Here are some things you probably that time down to the present a don't know, yet they are simple, every pawnbroker's license has been annual- day things with which we have been tavern, the Castle, at the corner of ly granted to the Castle. This hostel- familiar from babyhood. Take a pen-Cowcross street, facing Farrington ry is mentioned once or twice by cil and write down from memory the figures on your watch dial. Simple? Yet you are pretty certain to make at least two mistakes. You've seen pennies and two-cent stamps all your tory," said the hotel clerk, "but balk life. White down from memory the words and figures on a one-cent plece and a two-cent stamp. Can you do it? "That is one of the first things they Ten to one you can't. Perhaps you want to know. Churches, theaters, can repeat, without mistake, a long even dressmakers can wait a few days, poem or song that you have read only but the beauty doctor is an immediate a few times. Nearly anyone can do necessity. Unfortunately, they do not that, but you cannot repeat correctly pledge counter resembling the modern get much satisfaction out of me. Any from memory the few words or fig-Bottle and Jug" department, but this number of beauty specialists leave ures on stamps, coin and watch that

> Evils Worse Than War. There are things worse than war-The passions that lead to war; selfishness, ambitions these are the supreme evils.

CONSTIPATION



Munyon's Paw-Paw Pills are unlike all oth er laxatives or cathar tics. They coax the liver into activity by gentle methods, they do not scour; they do INYON'S not gripe; they do not weaken; but they do start all the secretions of the liver and stomach in a way that soon puts these organs in a healthy condition and

corrects constipation. Munyon's Paw-Paw Pills are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves. They invigorate instead of weaken; they enrich the blood instead of impovering it; they enable the stomach to get all ourishment from food that is put into Price 25 cents. All Druggists.

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