

"What? Where do you suppose the

"Yesterday she threatened to run

"Run away? Kate, be sensible

"Find out if he is in his room. Go

The Major, perceiving that his sister

"Kate, neither has been in his room

"He has run away with Fortune!"

"The little simpleton defied me yes-

"Oho!" The Major fingered his im-

huge carpets. She entered the recep-

mulle

a chit like Fortune?

was out of breath and temper.

"There's the devil to pay. You heard

turned up? Well, he turned up. He

as the great bridge opened; and

"Sh! not so loud. Kate."

SYNOPSIS.

George Percival Algernon Jones, vicepresident of the Metropolitan Oriental
Rug company of New York, thirsting for
romance, is in Cairo on a business trip.
Horace Ryanns 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 mets
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
put 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 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, her brother. Major
Callahan, Wallace and Ryanne, as the
United Romance and Adventure company,
plan a risky enten, rise 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 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. Ryanne
promises Fortune that he will see that
Jones comes to no harm as a result of his
purchase of the rug. Mahomed accests
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'
room. Fortune quarrels with her mother
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
saking him to meet Ryanne at the EnglishBoar the same evening. Jones is carried
off into the desert by Mahomed and his
accomp little fool went, then?" They both seemed to look upon Fortune as a little fool. away. How the deuce could she run away? She hasn't a penny. It takes money to go anywhere over here. She has probably found some girl friend, and has spent the night with her. We'll soon find out where she is." The Mafor wasn't worried. cernible anxiety. sleeping off a night of it. You know his failing." to the porter's bureau and inquire for both him and Jones." was genuinely alarmed, rushed over to the bureau. No, neither Mr. Ryanne nor Mr. Jones had been in the hotel since yesterday. Would the porter send some one up to the rooms of those gentlemen to make sure? Certainly. No: there was no one in the rooms. The Major was now himself perturbed. He went back to Mrs. Chedsoye. since yesterday. If you want my opinion, it is this: Hoddy has sequestered Jones all right, and is someof a night of it." she cried. Her expression was tragic. She couldn't have told whether it was due to her daughter's disappearance or to Horace's defection. "Did he not threaten?" terday, and declared she would leave perial. "That puts a new face to the subject. But Jones! He has not

CHAPTER XVII .- (Continued.) "We might as well get Fortune's things out of the way, too, Celeste."

Yes, Madame." "And bring my chocolate at half after eight in the morning. It is quite possible that we shall sail tomorrow night from Port Said. If not from there, from Alexandria. It all depends to the booking, which can not be bulletin-board, returned to the windows and watched the feluccas sail

They were drinking silently and mo-

depth of the cavernous trunk. Celeste was no longer surprised; at least she pever evinced this emotion. For twelve years now she had gone from one end of the globe to the other, upon the shortest notice. While surprise was lost to her or under such control as to render it negligible, she still shivered with pleasurable excitement at the thought of entering a port. Madame was so clever, so transcendently clever! If she, Celeste, had not been loyal, she might have retired long ago, and owned a shop of her own in the busy Rue de Rivoli. But that would have meant a humdrum ex-Istence; and besides, she would have grown fat, which, of the seven horrors confronting woman, so madame said, was first in number.

"Be very careful how you handle that blue ball-gown." "Oh, Madame!" reproachfully. "It is the silver braid. Do not

press the rosettes too harshly." Celeste looked up. Mrs. Chedsoye answered her inquiring gaze with s thin smile.

"You are wonderful, Madame!" "And so are you, Celeste, in your way."

At ten o'clock Mrs. Chedsoye was ready for her pillow. She slept fitfully; awoke at eleven and again at twelve. After that she knew nothing more till the maid roused her with the cup of chocolate. She sat up and sipped slowly. Celeste waited at the edside with the tray. Her admiration for her mistress never waned. Mrs. Chedsoye was just as beautiful in dishabille as in a ball-gown. She drained the cup, and as she turned to replace it upon the tray, dropped it with a clatter, a startled cry coming from her lips. "Madame?"

"Fortune's bed!" It had not been slept in. The steamer-cloak lay across the counterpane exactly where Celeste herself had laid it the night before. Mrs. Chedsoye sprang out of her bed and ran barefoot to the other. Fortune had not been in the room since dinner-

"Celeste, dress me as quickly as possible. Hurry! Something has the Major put in an appearance. He pushed the two wondering men inside, happened to Fortune."

Never, in all her years of service, could she recollect such a tollet as he sat down and bade her do likewise. madame made that morning. And never before had she shown such concern over her daughter. It was amaze ed the Holy Yhlordes, and that he at Cairo. Here, it looked so bulky

"The little fool! The little fool!" Mrs. Chedsoys repeatedly murmured fooled Hoddy to the top of his bent. exclaimed the Major wrathfully. as the nimble fingers of the maid flew so far as I could learn, Fortune and over her. "The silly little fool; and Hoddy and Jones are all in the same at a time fike this!" Not that re boat, kidnapped by the Mahomed, and morse of any kind stirred Mrs. Ched- carried out into the desert, headed, know. If they have been kidnaped in soye's conscience; she was simply ex- God knows where! Now, don't get ex- order to recover the rug, whatever

She hastened out into the corridor us, for Hoddy left all the diagrams Chedsoye touched the rug with her and knocked at the door of her broth- with me. We need him, but not so foot, absently. She was repeating in er's room. No answer. She flew much that we can't go on without him. her mind that childish appeal: "You down-stairs, and there she saw him You see, these Arabs are like the Hin- don't know how loyal I should have ing in from the street. He greet- dus; touch anything that concerns been!"

"It's all right, Kate; plenty of room hair off. How Fortune got into it I of Naples. Twelve days later they when I struck a wet spot and the macon the Ludwig. We shall take the aftat dawn to-morrow instead of to- conclusion that they were lovers. All culty over the rug. It had been de time, and we headed for a big teleticing his sister's face.

Author of HEARTS AND MASKS Che MAN ON THE BOX etc. Illustrations by M.G. KETTNER . .

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None of them will come to actual harm. Anyhow, the coast is clear. Kate, there's a big thing in front. No "Have you seen Horace?" with dis-"No. I didn't wait up for him. He's the whole business at the start, but

now I'm going to see it off."

Feverishly Mrs. Chedsoye prepared for the journey. She was irritable to Coleste, she was unbearable to her brother, who took a seat in a forward compartment to be rid of her. It was only when they went aboard the steamer that night that she became reconciled to the inevitable. At any rate, the presence of Jones would counteract any influence Horace might have gained over Fortune. That the three of them might suffer unheard-of miseries never formed thought in her mind. It appealed to her in the sense of a comedy which annoyed rather than amused her.

They were greeted effusively by Wallace, he of the bulbous nose; and his first inquiry was of Ryanne. Briefwhere in town, sleeping off the effects ly the Major told him what had happened and added his fears. Wallace was greatly cast down. Hoddy had so set his heart upon this venture that it was a shame to proceed without him. He had warned him at the beginning about that infernal rug; but Hoddy was always set in his daredevil schemes. So long as the Major had the plans, he supposed that they could turn the trick without Hoddy's assistance; only, it seemed rather hard for him not to be in the sport,

"He told me that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to stick his turned up. We can not move till fist in the first bag of yellow-boys. we find out what has become of him. There was something mysterious in I know. I'll jump into a carriage and the way he used to chuckle over the see if he got as far as the English- thing when I first sprung it on him. He saw a joke somewhere. Let's go Mrs. Chedsoye did not go up-stairs, into the smoke-room for a peg. It but paced the lounging-room, lithe and won't hurt either of us. And that pantherish. Frequently she paused, poor little girl! It's a hell of a world, as if examining the patterns in the eh?"

The Major admitted that it was: tion-room, came back, wandered off but he did not add that Fortune's welinto the ball-room, stopped to inspect fare or ill-fare was of little or no conthe announcement hanging upon the cern of his. The little spitfire had

during all these aimless occupations anxious, appeared in the companion-

"Fortune Did Not Return to Her Room Last Night."

but a single thought busied her mind: (way. She beckoned them to follow

what could a man like Horace see in her down to her cabin. Had Fortune

It was an hour and a half before answer. Arriving at her cabin she

"Come up to the room." Once there, steamer-roll lay unstrapped, spread

Hoddy speak of the nigger who guard- "I never thought of looking into it

wanted to get out of Cairo before he that I was curious."
turned up? Well, he turned up. He "Why, it's that damned Yhiordes!"

cited. Take it easy. Luck is with will become of them?" And Mrs.

their religion, and they'll have your They took the first good sailing out

out.

arrived? Had Ryanne? She did not

and pointed at the floor. A large

"I only just opened it," she said.

"What the devil is it doing in For-

"That is what I should like

tune's steamer-roll?"

it. No use notifying the police. No | dence, there was a question as to one would know where to find him. whether it was dutiable or not. Being a copy, it was not an original work of art, therefore not exempt, and so forth and so on. It was finally decidnerves. We've got to go to-day. Time ed that Mrs. Chedsoye must pay a is everything. Our butler and first duty. The Major paid grumblingly, man cabled this morning that they very cleverly assuming an irritability had just started in, and that every-thing was running like clock-work. well known to the inspectors. The thing was running like clock-work. way the United States government We'll get into New York in time for mulcted her citizens for the benefit of mulcted her citizens for the benefit of the coup. Remember, I was against the few was a scandal of the nations. A smooth-faced young man ap-

proached them from out the crowd. "Is this Major Callahan?" "Yes. This must be Mr. Reynolds,

the agent?" "Yes. Everything is ready for your occupancy. Your butler and first man have everything ship-shape. I could have turned over to you Mr. Jones'.' "Not at all, not at all," said the Mafor, "They would have been strangers to us and we to them. Our own serv-

ants are best." "You must be very good friends of my client?"

"I have known him for years," said Mrs. Chedsoye sweetly. "It was at his own suggestion that we take the house over for the month. He really insisted that we should pay him nothing; but, of course, such an arrangement could not be thought of. Oh, good-by, Mr. Wallace," tolerantly. We hope to see you again some

Wallace, taking up his role once more, tipped his hat and rushed away for one of his favorite haunts. "Bounder!" growled the Major "Well, well; a ship's deck is always Liberty-Hall."

gage?" Mrs. Chedsoye would have | married a man like this one. A pos

made St. Anthony uneasy of mind; Reynolds, young, alive, metaphorically fell at her feet.

"Plenty of room for it." "I am glad of that. You see, Mr. Jones intrusted a fine old rug to us to bring home for him; and I shouldn't want anything to happen to it."

The Major looked up at the roof of the dingy shed. He did not care to have Reynolds note the flicker of admiration in his eyes. The cleverest woman of them all! The positive And he would not have thought of it touch to the whole daredevil affair! had he lived to be a thousand. "One might as well disembark in a stable," he said aloud. "Ah! We are ready to go, then?"

They entered the limousine and went off buzzing and zigzagging among the lumbering trucks. The agent drove the car himself.

"Where is Jones now?" he asked the Major, who sat at his left. "Haven't had a line from him for a month."

"Just before we sailed," said Mrs. Chedsoye through the window, over the Major's shoulder, "he went into the desert for a fortnight or so; with a caravan. He had heard of some fabulous carpet."

Touch number two. The Major grinned. "Jones is one of the best judges I have ever met. He was off at a bound. I only hope he will get back before we leave for California." The Major drew up his collar. It was a cold, blustry day.

The agent was delighted. What luck a fellow like Jones had! To wander all over creation and to meet charming people! And when they invited him to remain for luncheon, the victory was complete.

Mrs. Chedsoye strolled in and out of the beautifully appointed rooms. Never had she seen more excellent "You have turned your belongings taste. Not too much; everything perover to an expressman?" asked the fectly placed, one object nicely bal

sibility occurred to her, and the ghost of a smile moderated the interest in her face. They might be upon the desert for weeks. Who knew what might not happen to two such romantic simpletons?

The butler and the first man (who was also the cook) were impeccable types of servants; so thought Reynolds. They moved silently and anticipated each want. Reynolds determined that very afternoon to drop a line to Jones and compliment him upon his good taste in the selection of his friends. A subsequent press of office work, however, drove the determination out of his mind.

The instant his car carried him out of sight, a strange scene was enacted The butler and the first man seized the Major by the arms, and the three executed a pas-seul. Mrs. Chedsoye eyed these manifestations of joy ston-

"Now then, what's been done?" asked the Major, pulling down his cuffs and shaking the wrinkles from his sleeves.

"Half done!" cried the butler. "Where's that wall-safe?" the Major

vanted to know. "Behind that sketch by Detaille." And the butler, strange to say, pro-

nounced it Det-1. "Can you open it?" "Tried, but failed. Wallace is the

nan for that." "He'll be along in an hour or so."

"Where's Ryanne?" "Don't know; don't care." The Maor sketched the predicament of their

fellow-conspirator. The butler whistled, but callously. One more or less didn't matter in such an enterprise.

When Wallace arrived he applied his talent and acquired science to the wall-safe, and finally swung outward the little steel door. The Major pushed him aside and thrust a hand into the metaled cavity, drawing out an exquisite Indian casket of rosewood and mother-of-pearl. He opened the lid and dipped a hand within. Emeralds, deep and light and shaded, cut and uncut and engraved, flawed and almost perfect. He raised a handful and let them tinkle back into the casket. One hundred in all, beauties, every one of them, and many famous.

And while he toyed with them, pleased as a child would have been over a handful of marbles, Mrs. Chedsoye spread out the ancient Yhiordes in the library. She stood upon the central pattern, musing. Her mood was not one which she had called into being; not often did she become retrospective; the past to her was always like a page in a book, once fin- the nourishment from food that is put into ished, turned down. Her elbow in it. Price 25 cents. All Druggists. one palm, her chin in the other, she stared without seeing. It was this house, this home, it was each sign of riches without luxury or ostentation. where money expressed itself by taste and simplicity; a home such as she had always wanted. And why, with all her beauty and intellect, why had she not come into possession? She knew. Love that gives had never been hers; hers had been the love that receives, self-love. She had bartered her body once for riches and had been fooled, and she never could do it again. . . And the child was overflowing with the love that

gives. The flurry of snow outside in the court she saw not. Her fancy reformed the pretty garden at Mentone, inclosed by pink-washed walls. Many a morning from her window she had watched Fortune among the flowers, going from one to the other, like a bee or a butterfly. She had watched her grow, too, with that same detachment a machinist feels as he puts together the invention of another man. Would she ever see her again? Her shoulders moved ever so little. Probably not. She had blundered wilfully. She should have waited, thrown the two together, maneuvered. And she and any doubts he might have enter- rare bit of Capo di Monte, there a had permitted this adventure to obsess her! She might have stood within this house by right of law, motherhood, marriage. Ryanne was in love with Fortune, and Jones by this time might be. The desert was a terribly

lonely place. She wished it might be Jones. And immediately retrospection died away from her gaze and actualities resumed their functions. The wish was not without a phase of humor, formed as it was upon this magic carpet; but it nowise disturbed the gravity of her

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"You See, Mr. Jones Intrusted a Fine Rug Us to Bring Home for Him."

agent. These were charming people; | anced against another. Here was a tained were dissipated. And why piece of Sevres or Canton. Some should he have any doubts? Jones houses, with their treasures, look like was an eccentric young chap, anyhow. museums, but this one did not. The An explanatory letter (written by the owner had not gone mad over one Major in Jones' careless hand), subject; here was a sane and prudent backed up by a cable, was enough collector. The great yellow Chinese authority for any reasonable man. "Everything is out of the way," said knew enough about carpets to realize

"Then, if you wish, I can take you the precious woods, priceless French ready when you arrived.'

the Major.

right up to the house in my car. Your and Japanese tapestries, some fine butler said that he would have lunch paintings and bronzes; the rooms "Very kind of you. How noisy New adventure; echoed with war and trag- expression. York is! You can take our hand-lug- edy, too. And Fortune might have I

print long before this," said the au-

Plenty of Time to Reform "There's a thing that has happened | of how a bank once paid me \$5 too to several acquaintances of mine that | much; of how I poisoned an old womwonder has not found its way into an's cat; of how I stole a boy's marbles; of how I lied about a man, and of the way I cheated a poor drayman

carpet represented a fortune; she

this fact. Ivories, jades, lapis-lazuli,

were full of unspoken romance and

came back into the road again."-Ex-

| speaks of him as "one of the best and most hard-worked types of humanity, so we will willingly revise our estimate and stand corrected. Incidentally Lord Kitchener tells us that the population of the Soudan was about nine millions before the Mahdist rebellion, that after the rebellion it was reduced to two millions, and that it is now over three millions. The trifling reduction of seven millions of people was due to war and starvation. That is to say, they were killed.

Find Valuable.Fresco in Ruins. One of the latest and most interesting things uncovered during the new excavations at Pompell under the direction of Professor Spinazzola, is a fresco which is regarded as the best found. It was one of the ornaments of the facade of a house situated in the main public thoroughfare, of which the roof was in almost per-

COLD IN THE HEAD

is the First Chapter in the Nistory of Chronic Disease.

A cold in the head is the first chap-ter in the history of disease and death. This has been so often repeated that there are few people indeed who have not witnessed many examples of it. A cold in the head is rarely severe enough to confine a vigorous person to the house. As a rule, it ends in recovery without any treatment. This has led many people to regard a cold in the head as of no importance. It is a terrible mistake, however, to pass by a cold in the head as a trivial mat-ter. Every case should be treated.

Those who have used Peruna for such cases will testify unanimously that a few doses is sufficient to remove every vestige of the cold. How much better it is to treat a cold in this way than it is to allow it to go on and on for weeks, perhaps months, leaving effects that will never be eradicated. Yet there are those who neglect to take Peruna for a cold in the head

take Peruna for a cold in the head. This neglect is due to the false notion that a cold in the head is hardly worth

noticing. A cold in the head is in reality a case of acute catarrh. It ought to be called so, in order to awaken people from their lethargy on this subject. In a large per cent, of cases cold in the head will end in chronic catarrh. Unless properly treated with some such remedy as Peruna, perhaps 50 per cent, of cases of cold in the head will

lay the foundation for chronic catarrh.

A tablespoonful of Peruna should be taken at the very first symptom of cold in the head. Usually where the •old is not very severe a tablespoonful of Peruna before each meal and at bed time is sufficient. It may be necessary, however, where the attack is more serious, to keep strictly in the house and take a tablespoonful of Peruna every hour. Younger people, feeble or delicate women, should take a teaspoonful every hour.

Somewnat Contradictory. I have often wondered how it is that, while each man loves himself more than his neighbors, he yet pays less attention to his own opinion of himself than to that of others.-Marcus Aurelius.



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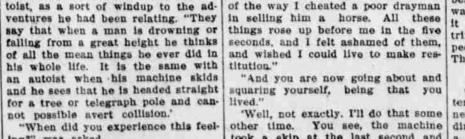




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ing?" was asked. "About a month ago. I was going along the highway at a clip of 50 miles an hour, when-"

"You said 50." "I did, and it was 50, though, of course, if I had been arrested I should have sworn that it was under 20. I was making nearly a mile a minute on train for Port Said. She sails her with Hoddy and jumped to the Street. There was some trifling diffi- with the steering gear at the same What's up?" suddenly this Mahomed wants is the rug; and clared; but as Mrs. Chedsoye and her graph pole. In five seconds I thought Lord Kitchener in his first report has extremely great, for the ter's face. he is going to hold them till be gets brother always declared foreign resi- of how I beat a farmer out of a dollar; a good word to say for the fellah. He very fresh and harmonious.

took a skip at the last second and

Soudanese Almost Exterminated.

The general opinion of the Egyptian fect condition. It represents the fellaheen is not a flattering one. We Pompeian Venus standing erect have generally looked upon him as a crowned with a diadem in the midst beast of burden whose only idea of of flying Cupids on a chariot drawn retaliation for the blows showered by four Indian elephants. Seen from upon him is to find some one even the front, the representation of these more abject than himself and repeat animals is strikingly realistic. The the castigation with interest. But archaeological value of the fresco is Lord Kitchener in his first report has extremely great, for the colors are