

themselves at the one decent hotel,

"Cash in hand?"

"Ryanne, do you really mean

"Weil, we'll go back to the bank

"See that she gets safely back

"Suppose she will not go there?"

"You're only desperate and discour-

"You haven't looked at life normal-

"Solon, you're right. There's that

"You said that it was in self-de-

aged; you can pull up straight."

ly; that's what the matter is."

"Much obliged!"

"It's on my mind just now."

"Yes."

## SYNOPSIS.

and but for Ackermann's charges upon 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 Ryanne arrives at the hotel in
Cairo with a carefully guarded bundle.
Ryanne sells Jones the famous hely Yhiorder rug which he admits having stolen
from a pasha at Bagdad, Jones meets
Major Callaban and later is introduced to
Fortune Chedsore by a woman to whom
he had loaned lib pounds at Monte Carlo
some months previously, and who turns
out to be Fortune's mother. Jones takes
Mra. Chedsoye and Fortune to a polo
game. Fortune returns to Jones the
money borrowed by her mother. Mrz.
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. Mrz. Chedsoye, her brother. Major
Callahan, Wallace and Ryanne, as the
United Romance and Adventure company,
plan a risky enterprise involving Jones.
Ryanne makes known to Mrz. Chedsoye
his intention to marry Fortune, Mrz.
Chedsoye declares she will not permit it.
Plans are laid to prevent Jones zalling
for home. Ryanne steals Jones' letters
and cable dispatches, rie wires agent in
New York, in Jones' name, tinat 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 accosts
Ryanne and demands the Yhlordes rug.
Ryanne and demands the Shanne asking her to meet kim in a secluded place
that evening. Jones receives a message
purporting to be from Ryanne asking her to meet kim in a secluded place
that evening. Jones receives a message
purporting to be from Ryanne asking him to meet Ryanne and Fortune also
are capitives, the former rious eyes. shoddy cotton-wool suit, any? two months' salary?" stick to that proposition?" you. You can pay your own expenses do in regard to Fortune?" Mentone. ever is regarding a woman-but I think she'll listen to you. She wouldn't give an ear to a scalawag like me. This caravan business has put me outside the pale. I've lost caste." CHAPTER XVIII.

The Man Who Didn't Care.

in my dreams." It was the first of February when Ackermann's caravan drew into the unclent city of Damascus. That part fense." of the caravan deserted by Mahomed put out for Cairo immediately they struck the regular camel-way. Fortune, George and Ryanne wer pitiable condition, heart and body weary, in rage and tatters. George. now that the haven was assured. dropped his forced buoyancy, his prattle, his jests. He had done all a mordal man could to keep up the spirits of his co-unfortunates; and he saw that, most of the time, he had wasted bis talents. Ryanne, sullen and morose, often told him to "shut up; which wasn't exhilarating. And Fortune viewed his attempts without sensing them and frequently looked at him without seeing him. Now, all this was not particularly comforting to the man who loved her and was doing what he could to lighten the dreariness of the journey. He made allow ances, however; besides suffering unusual privations, Fortune had had a trightful mental shock. A girl of her depth of character could not be expected to rise immediately to the old level. Sometimes, while gathered about the evening fire, he would look up to find her sad eyes staring at him, and it mattered not if he stared in return; a kind of clairvoyance blurred visibilities, for she was generally looking into her garden at Mentone and wondering when this horrible dream would pass. Subjects for conversation were exhausted in no time. Dig as he might, George could find nothing new; and often be recounted the same tale twice of an evening. Sardonle laughter from Ryanne.

Ackermann had given them up as hopeless. He was a strong, vain, domineering man, kindly at heart, however, but impatient. When he told a story, he demanded the attention of all; so, when Ryanne yawned before his eyes, and George drew pictures in the sand, and the girl fell asleep with her head upon her knees, he drew off abruptly and left them to their own devices. He had crossed and recrossed the silences so often that he was no longer capable of judging accurately another man's mental processes. That they had had a strange and numbing experience he readily understood; but now that they were out of duress and headed for the coast, he saw no reason why they in a paddy-field." should not act like human beings.

upon the sand, under the stars. Once, George awoke as the dawn was gild- the yarning. It will please him." ing the east. Silhouetted against the sky he saw Fortune. She was standing straight, her hands pressed at ner first time in days Ryanne's laughter clever game between two cheats. His sides, her head tilted back-a tense had a bit of the erstwhile rollicking point of view coincided with Forattitude. He did not know it, but tone. she was asking God why these things should be. He threw off his blanket ency (mostly canned) was overlooked. were soundly established. He had and ran to her.

will catch cold."

was ever to be her portion; pity!

Author of HEARTS AND MASKS Cho MAN ON THE BOX etc. .

Illustrations by M.G.Kettner. .

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the manager, it is doubtful if he would have accepted them as guests; for a more suspicious-looking trio he had never set eyes upon. (A hotel man weighs a person by the quality of his clothes.) Moreover, they carried no anne's ear, keenest then, detected the Certainly he could. It took some luggage. Ackermann went sponsor; vague note of hysteria. If the meat time to compose the cable to Mortiand knowing something of the integ- was tough, the potatoes greasy, the mer; and it required some gold berity of the rug-hunter, the manager vegetables flavoriess, the wine flat, sides. Mortimer must have a fair view surrendered. And when George pre- none of them appeared to be aware of the case; and George presented it, sented his letter of credit at the Im- of it. If Ackermann could talk he requesting a reply to be sent to Cook's perial Ottoman Bank, again it was could also eat; and the clatter of in Naples, where they expected to be Ackermann who vouched for him. It forks and knives was the theme rath- within ten days. had been agreed to say nothing of the er than the variation to the symphony. George felt himself drawn deeper character of their adventure. None of them wanted to be followed by cu- and deeper into those tragic waters

from which, as in death, there is no With a handful of British gold in his return. She was so lonely, so sad pocket, George faced the future hope- and forlorn, that there was as much fully. He took his companions in brother as lover in his sympathy. and about town, hunting the shops for How patient she had been during all clothing, which after various difficul- those inconceivable hardships! How ties they succeeded in finding. It was brave and steady; and never a mur-Ill fitting and cheap, but it would serve mur! The single glass of wine had gone quietly to the other hotel and ill they reached Alexandria or Naples, brought the color back to her cheek written a cable himself, the code of "How are you fixed?" asked Ry- and the sparkle into her eye; yet he which was not to be found in any anne, gloomily surveying George's was sure that behind this apparent book. For a long time he seemed to again about old Mortimer. He would fore his actions became decisive. He "About four hundred pounds. At wait till after he had sent a long tore it up and threw the scraps upon Naples I can cable. Do you want cable. Then he would speak and the floor and hastened into the street, had not a particle of doubt. As mat- walked fast and indirectly, smoking "Would you mind advancing me ters now stood, he could not tell her innumerable cigarettes. He was fightthat he loved her; his quixotic sense ing hard, the evil in him against the of chivalry was too strong to permit good, the chances of the future against upon it. She might misinterpret his an hour he returned to the strange hoand I'll draw a hundred pounds for love as born of pity, and that would tel. His lips were puffed and bleedbe the end of everything. He was con- ing. He had smoked so many cigaas we go. But what are we going to fident now that Ryanne meant noth- rettes and had pulled them so impaing to her. Her lack of enthusiasm, tiently from his mouth, that the dry whenever Ryanne spoke to her in these days; the peculiar horizontality of her lips and brows, whenever Ry-"It's up to you, Percival; it's all up anne offered a trifling courtesy-all about the unfamiliar corridors till he to you. You're the gay Lochinvar pointed to distrust. George felt a from the west. I'm not sure-no one shouldn't she distrust Ryanne?

George concluded that he must acknew what his plans would be. Some ing aloud. one else could do the buying for Mortimer & Jones; his business would be wait near her, to see that she came silvery bough. Nay, nay!" and went unmolested, till against that "And God knows it was. But if I time when she would recognize how

Even Fortune laughed, though Ry- he could send a cable from the hotel.

"How much will this be?" The porter got out his telegraphbook and studied the rates carefully.

"Twelve pounds six, sir." The porter greeted each sovereign with a genuflection, the lowest being the twelfth. George pocketed the receipt and went in search of Ryanne. But that gentleman was no longer

in the billiard-room. Indeed, he had liveliness lay the pitiful desperation be in doubt, for he folded and refoldof the helpless. He had not spoken ed his message half a dozen times beshow her the answer, of which he as if away from temptation. He this step, urge as his heart might the irreclaimable past. At the end of

paper had cracked the delicate skin. He rewrote his cable and paid for the sending of it. Then he poked found the dingy bar. He sat down beguilty gladness. After all, why fore a peg of whisky, which was followed by many more, each a bit stiffer than its predecessor. At last, when puire patience . She was far too loyal he had had enough to put a normal to run away without first giving him | man's head upon the table or to cover warning. In the event of her refus- his face with the mask of inanity, ing Mortimer's roof and protection, he Ryanne fell into the old habit of talk-

"Horace, old top, what's the use? We'd just like to be good if we could, to revolve round this lonely girl, to ch? But they won't let us. We'd watch and guard her without her be- grow raving mad in a monastery. We poor devil back in Bagdad. I've killed ing aware of it. Of what use were were honest at the time, but we man, Percival. It doesn't mix well riches if he could not put them to couldn't stand the monotony of watchwhatever use he chose? So he would ing green olives turn purple upon the

He pushed the glass away from him and studied the air-bubbles as they hadn't gone after that damned rug, futile her efforts were and how wide formed, rose to the surface, and were

> 'No matter what the game has tollet articles. She hadn't even bashed us, and we've lost out."

"After all leve is like money. It's better to live frugally upon the inter-

est than to squander the capital and go bankrupt. And who cares, any-He drank once more, dropped a half-

severeign upon the table, and pushed excusing himself, he ripped off the placed at the side of his plate. back his chair. His eyes were bloodhad become a slaty tint; but he ing-room, when he wrote a short letter. It was not without a perverted sense of humor, for a smile twisted his lips till he had sealed the letter and addressed the envelope to and nose became stern. George Percival Algernon Jones. He stuffed it into a pocket and went out whistling "The Heavy Dragoons" from the opera of "Patience."

Before the lighted window of a shop he paused. He swayed a little. From a pocket of his new coat he pulled out a glove. It was gray and small dullness of your olive-groves. I shall time he drew it through his fingers, reach New York. With me it is as staring the while at the tawdry trinkets in the shop-window. Finally he sick, he vowed he would be a saint; looked down at the token. He became but when he got well, devil a saint very still. A moment passed; then was he. There used to be a rhyme he flung the glove into the gutter, and about it, but I have forgotten that proceeded to his own hotel. He left Anyhow, there you are. I feel that the letter with the porter, paid his bill, and went out again into the dark, the money. It is contrary to the laws

He was now what he had been two and Adventure Company to refund. months ago, the man who didn't care Still, I intend to hold myself to it.

CHAPTER XIX.

George and Fortune were seated at a good action in my life that wasn't breakfast. It was early morning. At served ill. I'm a soft duffer, if there

ten they were to depart for Jaffa, to ever was one."

I am conceding a point, in regard to

and by-laws of the United Romance

With hale affection.

"What do you think of that?" de-

"RYANNE."

been, somehow or other, they've toothbrush; and it was quite out of would never be aught than guileless; long drift on the ice into the open the question for her to bother him it was not in his nature to divine any-

"Is It Bad News?"

or ten days longer upon this ragged you're not like any other woman in

Alexandria. They could just about your kindness to me.

take the tubby French packet there to |

make it, and any delay meant a week

"Ryanne has probably overslept

out. The one thing that really tickles

me," George continued, as he pared

"is, we shan't have any luggage.

Think of the blessing of traveling

without a trunk or a valise or a

"Without even a comb or a hair-

"It's great fun." George broke bis

After breakfast I'll go and rout him of fright.

the tough rind from the skinny bacon, of foam.

and inhospitable coast.

"Is it bad news?"

She read:

steamer-roll!"

brush!"

tonst.

And Fortune wondered how she spoke of his mother, it altered the could tell him. She was without any clear and boyish note in his voice; way on Aug. 13, 1896, and on the it became subdued, reverent. He emptied the glass and ordered about trifles, much as she needed thing save his own impulses. While another. He and the bartender were them. She would have to live in the he thought he was pleasing her each clothes she wore, and trust that the tender recollection, each praise, was shin's stewardess might help her out in fact a nail added to her crucifixion. in the absolute necessities. self-imposed. However, she never Here the head-waiter brought lowered her eyes, but kept them George a letter. The address was bravely directed into his. In the midst enough for George. No one but Ry- of one of his panegyrics he caught anne could have written it. Without sight of his watch 'which he had

wonders in a tea-cup."

envelope and read the contents. For-"By Jove! quarter to nine. shot now, and the brown of his skin tune could not resist watching him, got an errand or two to do, and for she grasped quickly that only there's no need of your running your walked steadily enough into the read- Ryanne could have written a letter feet off on my account. I'll be back here in Damascus. At first the tan quarter after." He dug into his upon George's cheeks darkened-the pocket and counted out fifty pounds sudden effusion of blood; then it be- in paper and gold. "You keep this came lighter, and the mouth and eyes | till I get back."

"I shall never be ungrateful for

"Oh, hang it! You're different;

the world," he blurted; and immedi-

Fortune stirred her coffee and deli-

cately scooped up the swirling circles

"Old maids call that money," he

said understandingly, eager to cover

up his boldness. "My mother used

"Tell me about your mother."

to tell me that there were lots of

ately was seized with a mild species

She pushed it aside, half rising from her chair.

"Fortune, listen. Hereafter I am "It all depends upon how you look at it. For my part, good riddance to George, your brother George; and I do not want you ever to question any bad rubbish. Here, read it yourself." action of mine. I am leaving this "My Dear Percival: After all, I find money in case some accident befell me. You never can tell." He took that I can not reconcile myself to the her hand and firmly pressed it down and much wrinkled. From time to send the five hundred to you when I upon the money. "In half an hour, sister, I'll be back. You did not think it was with the devil. When he was that I was going to run away?"

> "Do you understand now?" "Yes."

While he was gone she remained seated at the table. She made little pyramids of the gold, divided the even dates from the odd, arranged Maltese crosses and circles and stars. Pity, pity! Well, why should she rebel against it? Was it not more than she had had hitherto? What should she do? She closed her eyes. She would trouble her tired brain no more about the future till they reached Naples. She would let this one week

drift her how it would. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Surely Had Liking for Dog

Georgia Wilson, negress, was fined | "But you oughtin't to fight over a \$10 for being disorderly. Charges were | dog. made by Patrolmen O'Hern and Perryman, who told Judge Bacon she wanted to whip a man about a dog. "Would you fight over a dog?" asked Judge Bacon.

"I sho' would ovah dis heah dawg." "Why? Is it a valuable dog?" "Nossah, I guess it han't we'th so much, but I done been habin' dat dawg evah since it wah a houn' pup, and I jes' lak it, dat's all. I haid ruther dat man fight and kick me den

"Did he kick the dog?" "They say he did."

"This man in court?" asked Judge Bacon. "No, I understand," began Officer

O'Hern, "that the man she is talking about claims the dog." "Dat's de troof, Judge; he do. remained motionless before the tent. And wine! Horrible! Doubtless, Ackermann good by and Godspeed, as dawg is mine. When it wah a pup The hand fascinated her. From the when they retired to their native back- he was to leave early for Beirut, upon dat same man he say, 'Georgia, if you ago some experiments of the same

"Judge, dat niggah man, he dun come to mah house an' say if I didn't gib up dat dawg he gwine ter pull mah

halh off." "Did he make any attempt to pull your hair off?" "Nossah; I dun dahed him ter tech

mah feet, and hid undah mah dress. if dat man haid teched me dat dawg would hab chawed his head off."

"Well, I'll have to fine you for cursing and wanting to clean out that neighborhood."-Memphis News Scim-

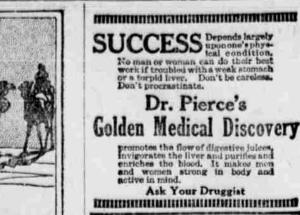
Old and New Violins.

An interesting test of the relative merits of old violins and new was made the other day by the American guild of violinists in session at Chicago. It may be recalled that some years awarded the palm to the new instru- got into disreputa-

ments. This is absurd, of course, for if a Stradivarius costs \$5,000 or \$10, 000, how can it fail to be better than a new violin worth only a few hundred dollars or perhaps less? Yet there is a heretical sect which holds that the superiority of the old Cremona makers is a myth, and the Chicago experiment was meant to settle that point. It proved, however, inconclusive, for while the old violins as a rule carried off the honors the first prize fell to a violin only three years old. Nineteen instruments were enme; dat dawg he stood right twixt tered, including a Nicholas Amati of 1643 and a Jacobus Stainer of 1650.

> Shepherd's Life Not So Bad. W. G. Ayre of Baker and for a number of years known as the sheep king of eastern Oregon, was at Portland recently on a business trip.

"The life of a sheep herder has been much maligned," he said, "because during the summer months a more delightful life in the open air could not be imagined. This is especially true in Baker county, where the streams are full of trout and quail are abundant. It is far from being hand her gaze traveled to the man porches, they retold with never-end- his way to Smyrna. Fortune went to want dat no count pup you can hab sort were made in Paris, with the unspection of header with never-end- his way to Smyrna. Fortune went to want dat no count pup you can hab sort were made in Paris, with the unspect comfortably under his settling himself comfortably under his ing horror of having witnessed such bed; Ryanne sought the billiard- him. I done tuk de pup home and expected result that listeners not having witnessed such bed; Ryanne sought the billiard- him. I done tuk de pup home and branches that for some unknown reason has knowing what sort they were hearing that for some unknown reason has



Dr. Pierce's

Ask Your Druggist

HARDLY.



nights I could not sleep at all. After scratching it to relieve the itching it would burn so dreadfully that I thought I could not stand it. For nearly a year I tried all kinds of salves

and ointment, but found no relief. Some salves seemed to make it worse until there were ugly sores, which would break open and run. "One day I saw an advertisement of Cuticura Remedies. I got a sample of the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment and began by washing the sores with the Cuticura Soap, then applying the Cuticura Ointment twice a day.

nicely that no scar remains." (Signed) Mrs. Anna A. Lew, Dec. 17, 1911. Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L. Boston."

I noticed a change and got more Cuti-

cura Soap and Ointment and in a few

weeks I was cured. It has healed so

Thirteen Not Unlucky for Him. Dr. Nansen has good reason to regard thirteen as a lucky number. The crew of the Fram, in which he made the most successful of his expeditions, consisted of thirteen men, who all, To him it was a theme never lack- after an absence of three years, reing in new expressions. When he turned to their homes in perfect safety. Dr. Nansen arrived back in Norsea Moreover, during the voyage, as the doctor records, "Kirk presented us with thirteen pups, a curious coincidence-thirteen pups born on Dec. 13, 1893, for thirteen men."

> Bear's Grease and Baldness. In a recent volume of reminiscences the writer states that baldness is much more common now than in his early days, and ascribes the modern man's loss of hair to the decrease in the use of "bear's grease." pomade was made principally of lard colored and scented, but "hairdressers, many of whom called themselves professors," used to advertise 'the slaughter of another fine bear,' exhibiting a canvas screen depicting in glaring colors a brown animal of elephantine proportions expiring in a sea

of gore." In Delaware. Black-I understand your father made money in the whaling industry. Brown-That's right. He was sheriff, and was paid for doing stunts at

the wipping-post. Not Much.

"Do you believe in auto hypnotism?" "Well, I've never seen one hypnotized yet."

It is easy for a pretty girl to manage a husband during the courtship.

## Solves the Breakfast Problem

A bowl of crisp, sweet

## Post **Toasties**

makes a most delicious meal.

These crinkly bits of toasted white corn, ready to serve direct from package, are a tempting breakfast when served with cream or milk, or fruit.

The Toasties flavour is a pleasant surprise at first; then a happy, healthful

"The Memory Lingers"



"Ryanne, Do You Really Mean to Stick to That Proposition?"

he'd have been alive today. Oh, damn | and high the wall of the world was,

They still put up the small tent for of us. We'll ask Ackermann. For an eternal question. What a drama Fortune, but the rest of them slept God knows where we'd have been to she had moved about in, without unday but for him. And let him do all derstanding!

best of the steak and wine!" For the Ryanne look upon smuggling as a

The manager, as he heard the guin- come very near being culpable him-"Fortune, you mustn't do that. You eas jingle in George's pocket, was self. True, he would not have been dick dat dawg." filled with shame; not over his origi- guilty of smuggling for profit; but "I cannot sleep," she said simply, nal doubts, but relative to his lack none the less he would have tried to He took her by the hand and led of perception. The tourists who sat cheat the government. His sin had her to the tent. "Try," he said. Then at the other tables were scandalized found him out; he had now neither he did something he had never done at the popping of champagne-corks. the rug nor his thousand pounds. before to any woman save his mother. Sanctimonious faces glared reproof. He kissed her band, turned quickly, A jovial spirit in the Holy Land was his mind, disjointedly, as the dinner and went over to his blanket. She an anachronism, not to be tolerated. progressed toward its end. They hade

it all: let's go back to the hotel and | That mother of hers! To his mind order that club-steak, or the best imi- it was positively unreal that one so tation they have. I'm going to have charming and lovely should be at a pint of wine. I'm as dull as a ditch | heart strong as the wind and merciless as the sea. His mother had been "A bottle or two will not hurt any everything; hers, worse than none,

George did not possess that easy "And while he gabs, we'll get the and adjustable sophistry which made tune's; it was thievery, more or less The dinner was an event. No dell- condoned, but the ethics covering it

All these cogitations passed through Pity, pity! that a scene and having heard such laughroom and knocked about the balls; raised him. He is a big daws now
while George asked the manager if and I also likes him."