



It Was Ryanne-the Erstwhile Affable Ryanne-

SYNOPSIS.

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George Percival Algernon Jones, vice-president 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 holy Thi-from a pasha at Bagdad. Jones meets major Callatian and later is introduced to Fortune Chedsoys by a woman to whom he had loaned 150 pounds at Monte Carlo some months previously, and who turns out to be Fortune's mother. Jones thes money borrowed by her mother. Mars Chedsoys appears to be engaged in some mysterious enterprise unknown to the daughter. Ryanne interests Jones the money borrowed by her mother. Mars Chedsoys appears to be engaged in some mysterious enterprise unknown to the daughter. Ryanne interests Jones the self. And he recognized him as the beggar over whom he had stumbled is directions, and that the semi-useless orb shot out little stars with every beat of his heart. One of his ears, too, begar to throb and burn. He felt of it. It was is like an ear than a mushroom. It wants a concers which for a some mysterious enterprise unknown to the daughter. Ryanne interests Jones the set is like an ear than a mushroom. It daughter. Ryanne interests Jones in the United Romance and Adventure com-pany, a concern which for a price will arrange any kind of an adventure to or-der. Mrs. 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 Mrs. Chedsoye his intention to marry Fortune. Mrs. Chedsoye declares she will not permit it.

By HAROLD MAC GRATH Author of HEARTS AND MASKS The MAN ON THE BOX ctc. . Illustrations by M.G.KETTNER. . . . COPYRIGHT 1911 by BOBBS - MERRILL COMPANY :

impalpable dust, which had risen and second to strike at the very source followed the caravan all through the of his life.

night, had powdered his clothes, and his face was stained and streaked. His head lay in the sand, his soft Fedora crushed under his shoulders. What with the bruises visible, the rents in his cont, the open shirt, solled, crumpled, collarless, he invited pity; only none came from the busy Arabs. As he slept, a frown there.

When he came back from his snarl and looked about.

van in truth, prepared for a long and gal Arab had need of. Cerle hy Mahomed was a rich man, whether he owned the camels or hired them for that which was under his immediate the occasion. Upon one of the beasts concern, saw the young man's intenthey were putting up a mahmal, a can- tion, and more, read the secret in his opy used to protect women from the face. He was infinitely amused. sua while riding. One Arab, taller,

floating in his glass of wine. Ah, for hither and thither authoritatively. and the girl, and his movement freed the dregs of that bottle now; warmth, Wound about his tarboosh or fez was George's mind of its bewilderment. pumps. He called out. The man rid- to Holy Mecca. This individual brown throat. Mahomed, strong and camel merely gave a yank at the rope. self. And he recognized him as the tual warfare, thrust George back so

Fortune Chedsove! 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 gathered upon his face and remained of his own disordered thoughts. Fortune there? It was not believable. What place had she in this tangled troubled dreams, a bowl of rice, web? He ran his fingers into his hair, thinned by hot water, was given him. gripped, and pulled. If it was a dream He cleaned the bowl, not because he the pain did not waken him; Fortune was hungry, but because he knew that sat there still. Through what tersomewhere along this journey he rors might she not have passed the would need strength; and the recur- preceding night? Alone in the desert, ring fury against his duress caused without any of those conveniences him to fling the empty bowl at the which are to women as necessary as head of the camel-boy who had the air they breathe! He tried to run, brought it. The boy ducked, laugh- but his feet sank too deeply in the ing. George lay down again. Let pale sand; he could only plod. He them cut his throat if they wanted to; must touch her or hear her voice; it was all the same to him. Again he otherwise he stood upon the brink of slept, and when he was roughly and madness. There was no doubt in his forcibly awakened, he sat up with a mind now; he loved her, loved her as deeply and passionately as any sto-His head was clear now, and he ried knight loved his lady; loved her began to take notes. He counted without thought of reward, unselfishten, eleven, twelve camels, a car- ly, with great and tender pity, for unconsciously he saw that she, like he, continuous journey. The sere three pack-camels, laden up of wood ents, and such cooking uten as not frue 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 There were two of them, so it seemed. more robust than the others, moved Quietly he slipped in between George

a bright green cufia, signifying that Unhesitatingly, he flung himself upon the Arab, striving to reach the lean, unwearied, having no hand in the acvigorously that the young man lost two nights gone. Pity he hadn't 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 burnouse. He paused and looked down.





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

him the futility of such a procedure. I swift, decisive battle against the on-He would have to make the best of a set of tears: she smiled, and he was foolish move; for the girl would too far away to see the swimming eventually prove an encumbrance. At eyes. any rate, he would wring one white

A bawling of voices, a snapping of man's heart till it beat dry in his the kurbash upon the flanks of the breast. That her health might be rucamels, and the caravan was once ined, that she might sicken and die, more under way. George looked at in no manner aroused his pity. This his watch, which fortunately had been attribute was destined never to be overlooked by the thieving natives, and found it still ticking away brisk-

The kisweh, the kisweh, always the ly. It was after nine. It was a com-Holy Yhlordes; that he must have, fort to learn that the watch had not even if he had to forego the pleasure been injured. Most men are methodof breaking Ryanne. He was too old ical in the matter of time, no matter

his intention to marry Fortune. Mrs. Chedsoye declares she will not permit ft. Plans are hald 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 rriends. Mahomed, keeper of the holy arpet, is on Ryanne's trail. Ryanne promises Fortune that he will see that Jones comes to no harm as a result of his Ryanne and demands the Thiordes rug. Tyanne tails him Jones has the rug and suggests the abduction of the New York merchant as a means of securing its re-trore. Fortune quarrels with her mother when the latter refuses to explain her mysterious actions. Fortune gets a mea-sage purporting to be from Ryanne ask-mage him to meet him in a secuided place state to meet him in a secuided place make 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 nelther see, nor use his tongue to moisten his bruised lips, added to the discomforts. Back and forth he swayed and rocked. The pain in his side was gradually minimized by the torture thearing 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 steadled him. Some one reached up and untied the thong that strangled the life in his hands. Forward again. This was a triffe better. He could now | case himself with his hands. No one interfered with him when he tore off the bandages over his eyes and nouth. The camels were now urged to a swifter pace.

Egyptian night, well called, he ing circle above the stepping-off thought. He could discern nothing place-George saw but noted not. The but phantom-like grey silhouettes that physical picture was overshadowed by bobbed up and down after the fashion the one he drew in his mind: the good in his mind, seeking answers to the of corks upon water. Before him and ship Ludwig, boring her way out into behind him; how many camels made the sea. up the caravan he could not tell. He could hear the faint slip-slip as the rim when the leading camel was haltbeasts shuffled forward in the fine heavy sand. They were well out into following stupidly into one another, in the desert, but what desert was as a kind of panic. Out of the silence yet a mystery. He had forgotten to came a babble of voices, a grunting, a keep the points of the compass in his clatter of pack-baskets and saddlemind. And to pick out his bearings bags. George, as his camel kneeled, by any particular star was to him no slid off involuntarily and tumbled more simple than translating Chinese. against a small hillock, and lay there.

Far, far away behind he saw a lumi- without any distinct sense of what nous pallor in the sky, the reflected was going on round him. The sand, self up painfully to a sitting posture. lights of Cairo. And only a few hours | fine and mutable, formed a couch comago he had complained to the head- fortingly under his aching body; and night past were as nothing in comwaiter because of the bits of cork he fell asleep, exhausted. Already the parison with this invisible one which anger; but today's soberness showed and he saw only the smile, not the

had been a rattling good mix-up, anyhow; and he accepted the knowledge rather puondly that the George Percival Algernon, who but lately had entered the English-Bar sprucely and had made his exit in a kind of negligible attire, had left behind one character and brought away another. Never again was he going to be shy: the tame tiger, as it were, had had his first taste of blood.

Dawn, dawn; if only the horizon could get his bearings. By now they were at least fifteen or twenty miles from Cairo; but in what direction?

Hour after hour went by; over this huge grey roll of sand, down into that feet and hands still in bondage, his quented by Europeans must of necup-like valley; soundless save when clothes torn, his face battered and cessity be avoided, every town of any the camels protested or his stirrup bruised like a sailor's of a Sunday size skirted, and all the while he must 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

as a gull will follow a ship out to sea. creed that the misery of one man rec-Later, a torpid indifference took posgrew less under the encroaching numbness.

And when at last the splendor of the dawn upon the desert flashed like he was, captive of the men he had a sword-blade along the sky in the east, grew and widened, George comprehended one thing clearly, that they were in the Arabian desert, out of the insin traveled paths, in the middle of nowhere.

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-

The sun was free from the desert's ed. A confusion ensued; the camels

ment. A woman; a woman in what had but recently been a smart Parisian tailor-made street-dress. The

woman, rubbing her eyes, bore her-She was white. All the blows of the

It was the girl. out as if in slumber. Over his inert

"Don't! A brave man would not do figure Mahomed watched. He drew back his foot and kicked the sleeping that."

man soundly, smiling amiably the while; a kick which, had Mohamed's that eluded immediate analysis, foot been cased in western leather, turned about. It was time to be off, must have stove in the sleeper's ribs. If he wished to reach Serapeum the Strange, the victim did not stir. Mahomed shrugged, and returned to the be out of the question, since who business of breaking camp.

George was keenly interested in this man who could accept such a tervened between here and his destiwould brighten up a little so that he kick apparently without feeling or re- nation. He dared not enter Serapeum sentment. He stood up for a better in the daytime. Lying upon the canalview. One glance was sufficient. It bank as it did, the possibility of enwas Ryanne, the erstwhile affable countering a stray white man con-Ryanne of the reversible cuffs: his fronted him. Every camel-way fremorning on shore-leave. The sight of keep parallel with known paths or be-Ryanne brightened him considerably. Although he was singularly free from the spirit of malevolence, he was, nevertheless, human enough to subscribe follow a caravan into the desert even to that unwritten and much denied as well as the lines upon his palms onciles another to his. And here was against these blighting visitations he was a man worse off than himself, instinct of the camels. The one way whose prospects were a thousand in which these peculiar storms might times blacker. Poor devil! And here distress him lay in the total obliterawronged and beaten and robbed. As certain hills, without the guidance of seen through George's eyes, Ryanne's which, like a good ship bereft of its

outlook was not a pleasant thing to compass, he might fall away from his contemplate. But oh! the fight this course, notwithstanding that he would one must have been! If it had taken always travel toward the sun. five natives to overcome him, how many had it taken to beat Ryanne tion of water; he must measure the into such a shocking condition? He time between each well, each oasis. was genuinely sorry for Ryanne, but So, then, aside from these dangers in his soul he was glad to see him. with which he felt able to cope, there One white man could accomplish was one unforeseen: the chance meetnothing in the face of these odds; but ing with a wandering caravan headed two white men, that was a different by white men in search of rugs and matter. Ryanne, once he got his legs, carpets. These fools were eternally strong, courageous, resourceful, Ry hunting about the wastes of the anne would get them both out of it world; they were never satisfied unsomebow. . . . And if Ryanne less they were prowling into countries hadn't the rug, who the dickens had? where they had no business to be, were always breaking the laws of the ca-The jumble of questions that rose

liphs and the Koran. The girl was beautiful in her pale, riddle of Yhlordes rug, subsided even be a conglomeration of saddle-bags would have brought a sultan's ransom kets. It stirred again. George stud- Feringhi were everywhere, and these ied it with a peculiar sense of detach- sickly if handsome white women were el's back. more to them than their heart's blood: why, he had never ceased to wonder. mapped out his plan of torture in regard to Ryanne. The idea of selling Fortune had dimly formed in his

therity too many years to surrender it Mahomed, moved by some feeling

awakened in Mahomed's heart.

his syrupy coffee, the pleasant loafing in the bazaars with his merchant friends. To return to the palace, to following night. Pursuit he knew to confess to the Pasha that his carelessness had lost him the rug, would rewas there to know that there was anysult either in death or banishment; thing to pursue? But many miles inand so far as he was concerned he had no choice, the one was as bad as the other. So, if the young fool who had bought the rug of Ryanne told the truth when he declared that it had been stolen again, then Ryanne knew where it was; and he could be made to tell; he, Mahomed, would attend to that. And when Ryanne confessed, the girl and the other would be conveyed to the nearest telegraphcome lost himself. Not to become post. That they might at once report lost himself, that was his real con the abduction to the English authoricern. The caravan was provisioned ties did not worry Mahomed. Not the for months, and he knew Asla-Minor fleetest racing-ce el could find him, and behind the walls of the palace There were sand-storms, too; but of Bagdad, only Allah could touch him. He had figured it all out closely, session of him, and the sense of pain company such as misery loved; here would match his vigilant eye and the and he was an admirable strategist in his way. Revenge upon Ryanne for the dishonor and humiliation, and the return of the rug; there was nothing tion of the way-signs, certain rocks, more beyond that.

> Before George had the opportunity of speaking to Fortune, he was raised from the sand and bodily lifted upon his camel; and by way of passing

up the brim. Swearing was another accomplishment added to the list of transformations. He had a deal to learn yet, but in his present mood he was likely to proceed famously." He readjusted the hat in time to see Rylolling against his shoulder, exactly well, which still contained water. like a marionette, cast aside for the time being. A man of ordinary stamina would have died under such treatment. But Ryanne possessed an ex-

as they rose. The bundle to the far foreign way; beautiful as the star of years of periodical dissipation had as to the muezzin calling at eventide side of Ryanne stirred. He had, in his the morning, as the first rose of the yet made no permanent inroads. Moregeneral survey of the scene, barely Persian spring; and he sighed for over, he never forgot to keep his chin the blank wilderness, it caught him set a glance upon it, believing it to the old days that were no more. She up and his waist-line down. They put him into the pack-basket because done before. A shiver stirred the hair (made of wool and cotton) and blan- in the markets. But the accurated there was no alternative, being as he was incapable of sitting upon a cam- bodies, one not distinguishable from

> Next, George saw Fortune, unre- sweeping the arms, touching the foresisting, placed upon the camel, under head upon the rug, for even the low-But upon this knowledge he had canopy. At least, she would know a est camel-boy had his prayer-rug, little comfort against the day's long ceaselessly intoning the set phrasesride. His heart ached to see her. He George felt shame grow in his heart. called out bravely to her to be of Was he as loyal to his God as these mind, while his blood had burned in good cheer. She turned and smiled; were to theirs? - 1

to start life anew; at least, too old how desultory they may be in other to stir ambition. He had wielded au- things. There is a peculiar restfulness in knowing what the hour is, lightly; he had known too long his whether it passes quickly or whether golden-flaked tobacco, his sherbet, it drags,

investigation Further revealed that his letter of credit was undied turbed and that he was the proud post sessor of six damaged cigars and a box of cigarettes. Instantly the thought of being days without tobacco smote him almost poignantly. He was an inveterate smoker, and the fact that the supply was so pitlably small gave unusual zest to his craving. He now longed for the tang of the weed upon his lips, but he held out manfully. He would not touch a cigar or cigarette till nightfall, and then he made up his mind to smoke half of either. The touch, selfish and calculating, of the miser, stole over him. If Ryanne was without the soother. so much the worse for him. The six cigars he would not share with the archangel Michael, supposing that gentleman came down for a smoke.

Forward, always forward, winding in and out of the valleys, trailing over the hills, never faster, never slower, Noon came, and the brilliance of afternoon dimmed and faded into the short twilight. Were they never go-

ing to stop? One hill more, and George, to his infinite delight, saw a cluster of date-palms ahead, a mile or so; and he knew that this was to he the haven for the ship of the despleasantry, his hat was jammed down ert. The caravan came to it under And there was also the vital ques- over his eyes. He swore as he pulled the dim light of the few stars that had not yet attained their refulgence. Under the palms were a few deserted mud-houses, huddled dejectedly together, like outcasts seeking the nearness rather than the companionship of the co-unfortunates. Men had dwelt anne unceremoniously dumped into here once upon a time, but the plague one of the yawning pack-baskets, his had doubtless counted them out, one arms and legs hanging out, his head by one. They made camp near the

> Prayers. A walling chanted forth toward Mecca. "God is great. There is no God but God."

George had witnessed prayers so traordinary constitution, against which often that he no longer gave attention from the minaret. But out here, in again, caught him as it had never at the base of his neck. The lean the other now, kneeling, standing,

(TO BE CONTINUED.)