

As the Caravan Was Passing She Screamed.

SYNOPSIS.

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not quite sure of his route. Fortunately, they found the well. They drank like mad people.

Ryanne, who had discovered a pack of cards in his pocket, played patlence upon a spot smoothed level with his hand. He became absorbed in the game; and the boys gathered - round him curiously. Whenever he succeeded in turning out the fifty-two cards, he would smile and rub his hands together. The boys at length considered him unbalanced mentally, and in consequence looked upon him as a near-holy man.



By judicious inquiries George ascer- | "Ah!" Ryanne was vastly relieved. inined that the trip to Bagdad, barr- He seemed to be thinking. ing accidents, would take fully thirty-

five days. The daily journeys proceeded uneventfully. Mahomed main- Horace Wadsworth, all right. Fortune tained a taciturn grimness. If he knows something about that chapter, almed at Ryanne at all, it was in but not all. Strikes you odd, ch?" contrifling annoyances, such as forget- tinued Ryanne, iron in his voice. "Every opportunity in the world; and Scruples? Rot!" ting to give him his rations unless he asked for them, or walking over the yet, here I am. How much do you cards spread out upon the sand. know, I wonder?"

Ryanne carried himself very well, Had "You took some money from the he been alone, he would have broken | bank, I think they said."

against Mahomed: but he loose thought of the others, and restrained wine and other things. Advice and himself-some consideration was due warning went into one car and out of more than one-half. And what for? concerned, I believe I might trust you hem.

But into the blood of the two men heard of my brother, I dare say. Well, rot! We don't make pearls in the here crept a petty irritability. They he wouldn't lend me two stamps were answered one another sharply, and I to write for the undertaker to come often did not speak. Fortune alone and collect my remains. Beautiful hisseemed mild and gentle. Mahomed, tory! I've been doing some tall thinksince that night she had braved him, ing these lonely nights. Only the let her go and come as she pleased, straight and narrow way pays. Renor once disturbed her. Had she good, even if you are lonesome. When body is hurt. That's all your mother villainies behind closed doors." shown weakness when most she need- I get back, if I ever do, it's a new leaf does." d courage, Mahomed might not have for mine. Neither wine nor cards nor altered his plans. Admiration of cour- women."

age is inherent in all people. So, without appreciating it, that moment It glowed. had been a precious one, saving them finally began anew.

all much unpleasantness. By the twentieth day, the caravan vas far into the Arabian desert, and

carly in the afternoon, they came upon a beautiful casis, nestling like an emerald in a plaque of gold. So many days had passed since the beloved green of growing things had soothed their inflamed eyes, that the sight of this haven cheered them all mightily. Once under the shade of the palms, the trio picked up heart. Fortune sang a little, George told a funny story, and Ryanne wanted to know if they wouldn't take a hand at euchre. In- at the time! Green, green as a paddy deed, that oasis was the turning-point field! I'll tell you who she is, because of the crisis. Another week upon the dreary, profitless sands, and their spir- She is one of the most adroit smugts would have gone under completely. glers of the age; jewels and rare laces. This casts was close to the regular And never once has the secret-service amel-way, there being a larger oasis been able to touch her. Her brother, some twenty-odd miles to the north. the Major, assists her when he isn't But Mahomed felt safe at this distance, fleecing tender lambs at all known and decided to freshen up the caravan games of chance. He's a card-sharp, by a two-days' rest.

George immediately began to show Fortune little attentions. He fixed her man at cards. Never makes any false saddle-bags, spread out her blanket, moves, but waits for the quarry to ofbrought her some ripe dates of his fer itself. That poor child has always own picking, insisted upon going to been wondering and wondering, but the well and drawing the water she was to drink. And oh! how sweet and truth. Brother and sister have made "No, thanks; I am getting along set out upon a voyage of discovery; cares? The father, so I understand, afteen minutes went by. In the sev- that she should fall in love with Jones them all. She has as much heart as shadow. A smile lifted the corners of "What's in your mind?" cried Ry look the part of a hero. His coat was anne peevishly. "If it's anything variously split under the arms and Some one is sure to come along and across the shoulders; his trousers wring it, to jab it and stab it." were ragged, and he walked in his cloth pads like a man who had gout in both feet. A beard covered his face, and the bare spots were blistered and peeling. But there was youth in Percival's eyes and youth in his heart. and surely the youth in hers must some day respond. She would know this young man; she would know that adversity could not crush him; that "Grilled sweets, coffee, Benedictine. the promise of safety could not make a coward of him; that he was loyal "And a magnum of '1900' to start off and brave and honest. She would with!" Ryanne, with a sudden change know in twenty days what it takes the of mood, scooped up the cards and average woman twenty years to learn, flung them at George's head. "Do you the manner of man who professed to want us both to become gibbering love her. Ryanne left the game unfinlabed, stretched himself upon the George ducked. He and the boys ground. Oh, the bitter cup, the bitter cup! Round the fire that night, the camel boys got out their tom-toms and reeds and the eerie music affected the white people hauntingly and mysteriously For thousands of years, the high and low notes of the drums (hollow earthen-jars or large gourds covered with brittle palm-leaves against one angoat-skin at one end) and the thin, metallie wall of the reeds had echoed no longer sounds. They stared at across the deserts, unchanged. Fortune always remembered that of men who had come unexpectedly

"Do you persist in denying it?" "I might deny it, but I shan't. I'm

tion.

"Right O! Wine, Percival; cards,

leorge. Silence. The fire no longer blazed;

"Who is Mrs. Chedsoye?" George

"First, how did you chance to make her acquaintance?"

Some years ago, at Monte Carlo." "And she borrowed a hundred and fifty pounds of you."

'Who told you that?" quickly. 'She did. She pald you back." Yes.

"And she hadn't intended to. You poor innocent!"

'Why do you call me that?" "To lend money at Monte Carlo to a woman whose name you did not know you're bound to learn sooner or later. one of the best of them. He tried to

teach me, but I never could cheat a she never succeeded in finding out the



church, think nothing of beating | No, I don't believe you have. Some Uncle Sam out of a few dollars, Here's ancestor of your father's has been re-Jones, for instance; he would have tried to smuggle in that rug. Isn't that right, Jones?"

"Of course!" cried George eagerly, though scarcely knowing what he said. "I'd have done it."

"And you wouldn't call Percival a thief," with a forced laugh. "It's like alone, there will be no protection; and this, Fortune. Uncle Sam wants al- you will find that men are wolves together too much rake-off. He doesn't generally, and that the sport of the give us a scrure deal; and so we even up the matter by trying to beat him. plainer?"

"It is stealing," with quiet convic-

"It i:n't, either. Listen to me. Suppose I purchase a pearl necklace in never go back to Mentone. And all Rome, and pay five-thousand for it. Uncle Sam will boost up the value yourself, Horace; and so far as I am the other. Always so, ch? You have To protect infant industries? Bally anywhere, States; our oysters aren't educated up inely, "But I can't help you. If I to it." His flippan y found no re- had a sister or a woman relative, I sponse in her. "Well, suppose I get could send you to her. But I have no that necklace through the customs one but my brother, and he's a worse without paying the duty. I make scoundrel than I am. I at least work twenty-five hundred or so. And no- out in the open. He transacts his

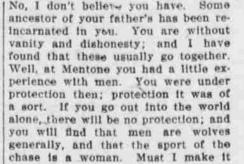
> "It is stealing," she reiterated. How wan she looked! thought

"How can you make that stealing?" Ryanne was provoked.

"The law puts a duty upon such hings; if you do not pay it, you steal. | lend her money? A thousand times, Oh, Horace, don't waste your time no! And he could not ask her to in specious arguments." She made a marry him; it would not have been gesture, weariness personified. "It is fair to either. She would have misstealing; all the arguments in the understood; she would have seen not world can not change it into anything else. And how about my uncle who ther she nor Ryanne suffered more in fleeces the lambs at cards, and how about my mother who knows and permits it?"

Ryanne had no plausible argument o offer against these queries.

"Is not my uncle a thief, and is not my mother an abettor? I do not know of anything so vile." Her figure grew by the reflecting misery in hers, she boyishly. drooped, as a flower exposed to sudden cold. "I think the thief in the night much honester than one who you not call it that? Don't lie, Horace; it will only make me sad."



"I understand," her chin once more resolute. "I shall become a clerk in a shop. Perhaps I can teach, or become a nurse. Whatever I do, I shall men are not bad. You're not all bad

"And God knows you could!" genu-

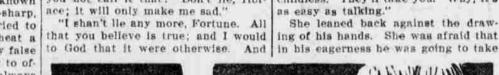
George listened, sitting as motionless as a Huddhist idol. Why couldn't he think of something? Why couldn't he come to the aid of the woman he loved in this her hour of trial? A fine lover, forsooth! To sit there like a yokel, stupidly! Could he offer to love but pity, and refused him. Netspirit than he did at that moment.

"Jones, for God's sake, wake up and suggest something! You know lots of decent people. Can't you think of some one?

But for this call George might have continued to grope in darkness. Instantly he saw a way. He jumped to less erect. To George's eyes, dimmed his feet and seized her by the hands,

"Fortune, Ryanne is right. I've found a way. Mr. Mortimer, the president of my firm, is an old man, kindly cheats at cards. A card-sharp; did and lovable. He and his wife are childless. They'll take you. Why, it's as easy as talking."

She leaned back against the drawing of his hands. She was afraid that



CHAPTER XV .- (Continued.) When camp was made that night mitted humbly. "It will not hurt us it found the captives untalkative. The strl and the two men sat moodily about the fire. Fatigue had dulled of tobacco. I'd trade the best dinner their bodies and hopelessness their minds. The men were ragged now, unkempt; a stubble of beard covered their faces, gaunt yet burned. George had lost his remaining pump, and as his stockings were now full of holes, he had, in the last flicker of personal pride, wound about them some castoff cloths he had found. There was Ryanne. not enough water for ablutions; there

By and by, Ryanne, without turning shan't forget this bit of tobacco." his head, spoke to George. "You say you questioned the courter?"

Yea.' "He says he showed the note to no

one?" "Yes."

"And so no one will try to find us?"

given the same answers.

reach the well that night. It was a your club-steaks in old N. Y.?" terrible day for them all. Even the beasts showed signs of distress. And emnly discussed the cooking here and the worst of it was, Mahomed was there upon the face of the globe.

Between Fortune and George conversation dwindled down to a query and an answer.

"Can I do anything for you?" nicely."

To-night she retired early, and George joined Ryanne's audience.

"It averages about nine cards to the play," he commented.

Ryanne turned over an ace. Ten or eral attempts he had falled to score the full complement.

George laughed.

worth telling, shoot it out, shoot it out!

"I was thinking what I'd do to a club-steak just about now."

Ryanne stared beyond the fire. club-steak. Grilled mushrooms. "Sauce Bordelaise. Artichokes."

'No. Asparagus, vinalgrette.'

'What's the matter with endives?" "That's so. Well, asparagus with

butter-sauce."

and cigars." idiots?"

gathered in the fluttering paste-boards.

'You're right, Percival." Ryanne adto talk out loud, and we are all brooding too much. 1 am crazy for the want ever cooked for a decent clgar." George put a hand reluctantly into his nocket. He brought forth, with extreme gentleness, a cigar, the wrapper of which was broken in many places. "I've saved this for days," he said. With his pen knife he sawed it delicatcly into two parts, and gave one to

'You're a good fellow, Jones, and was scarcely enough to assuage thirst l've turned you a shabby trick.

"It's the last we've got. The boys, you know, refuse a pull at the water- George. pipe; defiles 'em, they say. Funny beggars! And if they gave us tobacco, we shouldn't have paper or pipes."

"I always carry a pipe, but I lost it in the shuffle. I never looked upon smoking as a bad habit. I suppose

Ryanne had asked these questions it's because I was never caught before since it knocks up a chap this way to admire in the field. Up and away at dawn, for they must for the lack of it. Where do you get

And for an hour or more they sol-

music stopped and the boys left the prisoners to themselves, George and conception of the spiritual.

Ryanne talked. "I never forget faces," began

"No? That's a gift."

"And I have never forgotten yours. was in doubt at first, but not now." "I never met you till that night at the hotel."

"That's true. But you are Horace Wadsworth, all the same, the son of a dozen times and George had always without it. And it is a bad hahit, the millionaire-banker, the man I used

> 'You still think I'm that chap?" "I am sure of it. The first morning you gave yourself away."

"What did I say?" anxiously. "You mumbled foot-ball phrases."

cool that water was, after the gritty a handsome, living, and many a time I flat liquid they had been drinking! have helped them out. There; you Just before sundown, he and Fortune have me in the ring, too. But who and Ryanne paused in his game of pa- married Fortune's mother for love; tience to watch them. There was she married him for his money, and more self-abnegation than bitterness he hadn't any. Drink and despair disin his eyes. Why not? If Fortune re- patched him quickly enough. She is a turned to her mother, sooner or later remarkable woman, and if she had a the thunderbolt would fall. Far better heart, she would be the greatest of than to go back to the overhanging this beetle," as he flipped the green iridescent shell into the fire. "But, after his lips, a sad smile. Percival didn't all, she's lucky. It's a bad thing to have a heart, Percival, a bad thing. "The poor little girl!"

"Percival, I'm no fool. I've been watching you. Go in and win her; and God bless you both. She's not for me, she's not for me!"

"But what place have I in all this?" evasively. What do you mean by that?"

"Why did Mrs. Chedsoye pay me back, when her original intention had been not to pay me?" "You'll find all that written in the

book of fate, as Mahomed would say. More, I cannot tell you." "Will not?"

"Well, that phrase expresses it." They both heard the sound. Forune, her face white and drawn, stood immediately behind them.

CHAPTER XVI.

Mahomed Rides Alone.

It was as if the stillness of the desert itself had encompassed the two men. In their ears the slither of the other and the crackle of the fire were Fortune with that speechless wonder

night. Wrapped in her blanket, she upon a wraith. What with the faint exploits. But not at cards, Fortune; of a sudden, she had become so weak. had lain down just outside the circle, glow of the fire upon one side of her and had fallen into a doze. When the and the pallor of moonshine upon the cheat. other, she did indeed resemble man's

Ryanne was first to pull himself to

gether. "Fortune, I am sorry; God knows am. I'd have cut out my tongue rather than have hurt you. I thought

you were asleep in the tent." "Is it true?"

"Yes." Ryanne looked away "I had not quite expected this: the

daughter of a thief." "Oh, come now; don't look at it

that way. Smuggling is altogether a little then as she spoke. "My dear Fortune," said Ryanne, different thing," protested Ryanne,

(Women were uncertain; here she calling into life that persuasive was, apparently the least agitated of sweetness which upon occasions he the three.) "Why, hundreds of men could put into his tones, "have you tent. and women who regularly go to ever thought how beautiful you are?

not at cards. I'm not that kind of a "Thank you. I should have known der the existing conditions was a some time, and perhaps only half a thing quite possible. "Will you go to truth. Now I know all there is to them? Why, they will give you ev-

fore her and studied them. "I shall love you as . . . as you ought to never go back. "Good Lord! Fortune, you must.

You'd be as helpless as a babe. What could you do without money and comfort?"

"I can become a clerk in a shop. It

I am.

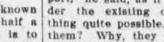
"I shall tell you when we reach port." And with that she fied to the

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

I've been a partner in many of their | her in his arms. She wondered why, "I'll cable the moment we reach port," he said, as if reaching port un-

be loved!"

Fortune was too deeply absorbed by her misery to note how near George had come to committing himself. "Thank you, Mr. Jones; thank you. will be honest. Bread at Mentone I am going to the tent. I am tired. would choke me;" and she choked a And I am not so brave as you think



"She is One of the Most Adroit Smugglers of the Age."

know." She held her hands out be- ery care in the world. And they will

Ryanne turned away his head.

"But will you?"

