



SYNOPSIS.

e Percival Algernon Jones, vice-ti of the Metropolitan Oriental Rug y of New York, thirsting for ro-is in Cairo on a business trip. Ryanne arrives at the hotel in with a carefully guarded bundle.

CHAPTER III .- (Continued.)

George's romance gathered itself for flight. Perhaps it was love thwarted and the gentleman with the mus-tache and imperial, in spite of his amility, might be the ogre. Perhaps was love and duty. Perhaps her er had gone down to sea. Perhaps for lovers are known to do such gs) he had run away with the her girl. If that was the case, sorge did not think highly of that gentleman's taste. Perhaps d perhaps again; but George might have gone on perhapsing till the crack o' doom, with never a solitary er of the true state of the girl's nd. Whenever he saw an unknown pulse to invent a romance that might

listely after dessert the two rose; and George, finding that nothing more important than a pineapple ice detained him, got up and followed, Mr. Ryanne almost trod on his heels as they went through the doorway into he cosy lounging-room. George iropped into a vacant divan and waited for his cafe a la Turque. Mr.
Ryanne walked over to the head-porter's bureau and asked if that gentleman would be so kind as to point out Mr. George P. A. Jones, if he were anywhere in sight. He thoughtfully, not to say regretfully, laid down .a.

"Mr. Jones?" The porter knew Mr. es very well. He was generous, sted the servants as though of wester the servants as though of were really human beings. Mr. yaune, either by his inquiry or as a result of his bribe, went up seval degrees in the porter's estimate. "Mr. Jones is over there, on the ran by the door."

"Thanka."
But Ryanne did not then seek the enng man. He studied the quarry can a diplomatic distance. No; there as nothing to indicate that George excival Algernon Jones was in any my handicapped by his Arthuresque indide names.

No fool, as Gloconda in her infinite isdom hath said; but romantic, terially romantic, yet, like the timid ather who puts a foot into the water, it cold, and withdraws it. It will

Ryanne presented his card. "How do you pronounce it?" asked eorge naively.

"As they do in Cork." "I never saw it spelled that way be-

"Nothing surprising in that," replied Ryanne. "No one else has, either." George laughed and waited for the explanation.

"You see, Ryan is as good a name as they make them; but it classes with prize-fighters, politicians and bar chemists. The two extra letters put the finishing touch to the name. A jewel is all right, but what tells is the way you hang it round your neck. To me, those additional letters represent the jewel Ryan in the hands of a "You talk like an American."

"I am; three generations. What's the matter?" with sudden concern. George was frowning. "Haven't I met you somewhere before?"

"Not to my recollection." A specuan or woman who attracted his at- lative frown now marred Ryanne's tention, he never could resist the im- forehead. It did not illustrate a search in his memory for such a casualty as the meeting of George. He never forgot a face and certainly did not re-member George's. Rather, the frown had its source in the mild dread that Percival Algernon had seen him some where during one of those indisposi-tions of the morning after. "No; I think you have made a mistake."

"Likely enough. It just struck me that you looked something like a chap named Wadsworth, who was half-back on the varsity, when I entered my freshman year."

"A university man? Lord, no! I was turned loose at ten; been hustling ever since." Ryanne spoke easily, not a tremor in his voice, although he had received a slight mental joit. "No; no college record here. But I want to chat with you about rugs. I've heard of you, indirectly." "From the carpet fellows? We do

a big business over here. What have you got?"
"Well, I've a rug up in my room
I'd like to show you. I want your judgment for one thing. Will you do me

ment for one thing. Will you do me
the favor?"

Since the girl had disappeared and
with her those imaginary appurtenances that had for a space transformed the lounging-room into a stage,
George saw again with normal vision
that the room was simply a common
meeting-ground for well-dressed persons and ill-dressed persons, of the
unimpeachable, the impeccable, the
doubtful and the peccant; for in Cairo,
as in ancient Egypt, there is every
class and kind of humans, for whom
the Decalogue was written, transcribed, and shattered by the turbulent Moses, an incident more or less
forgotten these days. From the tall
of his eye he gave swift scrutiny to
his chance acquaintance, and be found
nothing to warrant suspicion. R was
not an unusual procedure for men to
hunt him up in Cairo, in Constantinopie,
in Smyrns, or in any of the Oriental
cities where his business itinerary ice
him. The house of Martimer & Jaces

by HAROLD Mac GRATI Author of HEARTS AND MASKS.
The MAN ON THE BOX etc. Illustrations by M.G.KETTNER ...

the game as you are would have little

you see, I am flat broke. Come; what

do you or I care about a son-of-a-gun

"What do you want for it, suppos-

had been a long time since occasion

Ryanne narrowed his eyes, carefully

know. It is beyond any set price; it

is worth what any collector is willing

to pay for it. I believe I know the

kind of man you are, Mr. Jones, and that is why, when I learned you were

would become like a miser over his

gold. You would keep it with your

emeralds (I have heard about them,

"You haven't killed any one?" whis-

pered George,
"I don't know; perhaps. Christian-

ity against paganism; the Occidental conscience permits it." Ryanne made

a gesture to indicate that he would

Mr. Jones deemed advisable to make. But George made none. He rose hastily, sought his knife and, without

so much as by your leave, slashed the twine, flung aside the paper, and threw

the rug across the counterpane. It

was the Yhiordes. There was not the slightest doubt in his mind. He had

heard it described, he had seen a photograph of it, he knew its history

and, most vital of all, he owned

Against temptation that was rob

and energetic and alluring (like the

man who insists upon your having a drink when you want it and ought not

havior? Collectors are always honest

before and after that moment arrives when they want something desperate-ly; and George was no more saintly than his kind. And how deep Ryanne and his confederates had delved into

human nature, how well they could read and judge it, was made manifest

in this moment of George's moral re-

lapse. Bagdad, the finns, Sinbad, the Thou-

sand and One Nights, Alibaba and the "Good night." George passed down the corridor to the adjoining room.

And now, bang! goes Pandora's box.

CHAPTER IV.

An Old Acquaintance.

That faculty which decides on the lawlessness of our actions; so the noted etymologist described con-

had necessitated her presence.

of a Turk?" drolly.

"No. I'll tell you more about it out of Egypt." These were set phrases when we get to my room."

"Corpe on, then." George was now gaining. "One might as well carry quite willing to discuss rugs and carround a stolen elephant."

"But a man who is as familiar with

threw off his coat and relighted his cigar, which, in a saving mood, he had allowed to go out. He motioned George Having gained the room, Ryanne

be seated.

"Just a little yarn before I show you is rug. See these cuffs?"

"It take it to New York myself, but to be seated. the rug. See these cuffs?"

"You will observe that I have had to reverse them. Note this collar? Same thing. Trousers-hems a bit frayed, coat shiny at the elbows." ing it's genuine?" George's throat was Ryanne exhibited his sole fortune. dry and his voice harsh. His con"Four sovereigns between me and a science roused herself, feebly, for it "Four sovereigns between me and a fail."

George became thoughtful. He was generous and kind-hearted among those he knew intimately or slightly, but he had the instinctive reserve of the seasoned traveler in cases like this. He waited.

"The truth is, I'm all but done for. And if I fail to strike a bargain here with you. . . Well, I should hate to tell you the result. Our consul would have to furnish me passage in Cairo, I came directly to you. You home. Were you ever up against it to would never sell this rug. No. You the extent of reversing your cuffs and turning your collars? You don't know what life is, then."

George gravely produced two good too); draw the curtains, lock the igars and offered one to his host. doors, whenever you looked at it. Eh? cigars and offered one to his host. There was an absence of sound, You would love it for its own sake, broken presently by the cheerful and not because it is worth so many crackle of matches; two billowing thousand pounds. You are sailing in clouds of smoke floated outward and a few days; that will help. The Pasha upward. Ryanne sighed. Here was a is in Constantinople, and it will be cigar one could not purchase in all the length and breadth of the Orient, a the theft, or the cost," with a certain Pedro Murias. In one of his doubtfully prosperous epochs he had smoked them daily. How long ago had that

"Yonder is a rug, a prayer-rug, a holy to the Moslem as the idol's eye is to the Hindu, as the Bible is to the Christian. For hundreds of years it submit to whatever moral arraignment never saw the outside of the Sultan's palace. One day the late, the recently late, Abdul the Unspeakable Turk, gave it to the Pasha of Bagdad. Whenever this rug makes its appearance in Holy Mecca, it is worshiped, and none but a Sultan or a Sultan's favorite may kneel upon it. Bagdad, the hundred mosques, the old capital' of Sulelman the Great, the dreary Tigris and the sluggish Euphrates, a muezzin from the turret calls to pray-er, and all that; eh?"

George leaned forward from his chair, a gentle terror in his heart. "The Yhiordes? By Jove! is that the Admiration kindled in Ryanne's science, grown innocuous in the long

eyes. To have hit the bull's-eye with so free and quick an aim was ample proof that Percival Algernon had not possted when he said that he knew

"How did you come by it?" George temanded excitedly.

"Why do you ask that?" "Man, ten-thousand pounds could not purchase that rug, that bit of carpet. Collectors from every port have been after it in vain. And you mean to tell me that it lies there, wrapped in butcher's paper?"

"Right-O!" Ryanne solemnly detached a cuff and rolled up his sleeve. The bare muscular arm was scarred by two long, ugly knife-wounds, scarcely healed. Next he drew up a trousers-leg, disclosing a battered shin. "And leg, disclosing a battered shin. "And there's another on my shoulder-blade, the closest call I ever had. A man who takes his life in his hands, as I have done, merits some reward. Mr. Jones, I'll be frank with you. I am a kind of derelict. Since I was a boy, I have hated the humdrum of offices, of shops I wanted to be my own man, to go and come as I pleased. To do this and live meant precarious exploits. This rug represents one of them. I am telling you the family secret; I am showing you the skeleton in the closet, confidentially. I stole that rug; and when I say that the seven labors of our old friend Hercules were simple diversions comhave hated the humdrum of offices, of shops I wanted to be my own man, to go and come as I pleased. To do this and live meant precarious exploits. This rug represents one of them. I am telling you the family secret; I am showing you the skele ton in the closet, confidentially. I stole that rug; and when I say that the seven labors of our old friend Hercules were simple diversions compared, you'll recognize the difficulties I had to overcome. You know something of the Oriental mind. I handled the job alone. I may not be out of the jungle yet."

George listened entranced. He could readily construct the scenes through which this adventurer had gone; the watchful nights, the untiring patience, the thirst, the hunger, the heat. And yet, he could hardly believe. He was a triffe skeptical. Many a rogue had made the mistake of playing George's age against his experience. He had made nome aerious hunders in the carry stages of the business, however; and everybody, to gain something in the end, must lose something at the start.



with a thick, blue hase; and through this the elder man eyed the younger. The sign of the wolf gleamed in his eyes, but without animosity, modified as it was by the half-friendly, halfcynical smile

"I'll risk it," said George finally. having stepped off the magical carpet, as it were. "I can't give you a thousand pounds tonight. I can give you three hundred, and the balance tomorrow, between ten and eleven, at

balancing the possibilities. "Say, one thousand pounds. It is like giving it away. But when the devil drives, you "That will be agreeable to me." George passed over all the available cash he had, rolled up the treasure and tucked it under his arm. That somewhere in the world was a true believer, wailing and beating his breast and calling down from Allah curses upon the giaour, the dog of an infidel, who had done this thing, disturbed George not in the least.

"I say," as he opened the door, "you must tell me all about the adventure.

It must have been a thriller."
"It was," replied Ryanne. "The story will keep. Later, if you care to

"Of course," added George, moved by a discretionary thought, "this trans-action is just between you and me." "You may lay odds on that," heart-"Well, good night. See you at Cook's in the morning."

us. A disgression, perhaps, but more pertinently an application. Temptation then no longer at his

strange scenes had it mutely witnessed, scenes of beauty, of terror? It
shone under the light like the hide of
a healthy hound.

The nerves of a smoker are generally made apparent by the rapidity ofhis exhalations. These two, in the
several minutes, had filled the room

It was the the the the two the fact that never before had the purchaser of
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Against these specious arguments in Against these specious arguments in favor of becoming the adventurer's abettor and accomplice, there was first the possible stain of blood. The man agreed that he had come away from Bagdad in doubt. George did not like the thought of blood. Still, he had collected a hundred emeralds, not one of which was without its red record. Again, if he carried the rug home with his other purchases, he could pull it through the customs only by lying, which was as distasteful to his mind as being a receiver of stolen

against the purchase; and it was not likely that a man who was down to shoulder, George began to have reversing his collars and cuffs would



# thousand years gone. Ryanne, the room and its furnishings, all had vanished, all save the exquisite fabric patterned out of wool and cotton and knotted with that mingling love and skill and patience the world knows no more. He let his hand stray over it. How many knees had pressed its thick yet pliant substance? How many trange scenes had it mutely with the purchaser of He paused, with his hand upon the

door-knob of his room. If he didn't keep the rug, it would fall into the hands of a collector less scrupulous. To return it to the Pasha at Bagdad would be pure folly, and thankless. It was one of the most beautiful wearings in existence. It was as priceless in its way as any Raphael in the Vati-can. And he desired its possession in-tensely. Why not? Insidious phrase! Was it not better that the world should see and learn what a wonderful craft the making of a rare rug had been, than to allow it to return to the sordid chamber of a harem, to inevitable ruin? As Ryanne said, what the deuce was a fanatical Turk or Arab



It Was the Yhlordes.

is far safer to run after us and catch
Forty Thieves; George was transported mentally to that magic city, standing between the Tigris and the Euphrates, in all its white glory of a teachers survive their first terms. (To BE CONTINUED)

### Poor as a Church Mouse

Bending with difficulty to collect a

prevention of the liberty on which the government is founded.

## INTERNATIONAL

(By E. O. SELLERS, Director of Evning Department The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)

#### LESSON FOR MARCH 2

GOD'S COVENANT WITH ABRAM

LESSON TEXT—Gen. 15:5-18.
GOLDEN TEXT—"He is faithful that promised,"—Heb. 10:33.

Until within recent years it was frequently asserted that Abram's battle, as recorded in Gen. 14, "had not one whit of proof," yet the archaeologists have not only reconciled the apparent discrepancies but have proven beyond a question the accuracy of the record. Abram's victory over the four confederate kings is a story rich with typical suggestions.

I. "After These Things." vv. 1-7. God's word (v. 1) came to Abram not only as a counsel but for assurance as well. So, too, our assurance is his word, I John 5:13. In the midst of the uncertainty and the strife, for we must remember Abram never pos-sessed the land, God appeared to him in a vision and said, "Fear not." See Isa, 41:10. There in the midst of foes (Jas. 2:23) God promised to be to Abram a shield and an exceeding great reward. A "shield" for there is to the Christian life a militant side. Eph. 6:13, 14, I Tim. 6:12. A "reward" which was far more rich than any given by man. See 14:21, Prov. 10:22

#### Abram Was Human.

But Abram was, after all, human, and we read in verse 2 his question about descendants, he being as yet childless. Even so, however, Abram was willing to count the child of his steward as fulfilling the promise of God. Not so, with Ged for the promise (12:3) was to include Sarah also. God very clearly makes this plain in verse 4, the heir was to be Abram's indeed and not the child of another. But not only is Abram to have an heir but the land in which he was sojourning as a pligrim was to be his and his seed to be as the stars for multitude.

"And he believed." The great test to this faith came later. Heb. 11:19, but here in this first distinct scriptural history of faith 've find set forth those principles that have governed through all time. (1) The acceptance of the word of God, e. g., to have our trust built upon or supported by the word of Jehovah, see Isa 30:21; (2) to act upon that faith so that our course in life manifests the belief of the heart. Abram had already obeyed (12:4) thereby manifesting his faith. We need to remember that all of this was centuries before Moses gave the commands and so Abram's faith was not in the keeping of rules and regulations, but the simple acceptant God's word, Rom. 4:16-18. Thus there is set before us two principles. (1) the Master's right to obedience, John 13:13, and (2) the servant's right to direction in service, Isa. 6:8-11.

God's covenant, 12:1-4, is confirmed in seven ways, 1, Posterity, (a) nat-ural, "earth," (b) spiritual, "heaven," (c) also through Jahmael, Gen. 17:18-20: 2, Blessing, both temporal and spiritual; 3, great name; 4, Be a blessing, Gal. 3:13, 14; 5, "I will bless them that bless thee;" 6, "and curse them that curse thee; 7, the families of the earth blessed through Abram, e. g., through Christ, Gal. 3:16,

"And he believed in the Lord" (v. Abram built upon the naked word of God, he simply looked at that and that alone, Rom. 4:20, R. V. All God asks of us is for us to take him at his word. So it is that as we take his word. So it is that as we take his word about Jesus, he reckons that faith to us as righteodeness; no matter how unrighteodeness; no matter how been see Rom. 4:3-6; Gal. 3:6-7. The one think that God demands is that we believe him and his word.

II. "Whereby Shall I Know." YY.
S-18. The weakness of human faith indicated by Abram's question (7 8) is
answered by God giving to him directions for the prepara son of a sacrifice. Abram did not really doubt
God's word (7, 6), but he did desire a
confirming sign. Many today are
looking for assuring aigns from God
when his bare word shruld be enough.
Asking for signs is not always safe.
Luke 1:18-20, but as in Abram's case.
God does give us a pledge a sign of
our inheritance, 2 Cor. 1:22, Eph. 1:14.
God gave Abram, after he had explictily followed his directions, a symboile vision of himself. Someone has
suggested that the ville birds of prey
(y: 11) are symbolic of Satan, and II. "Whereby Shal I Know." YY. suggested that the vile birds of prey (v. 11) are symbolic of Satan, and Abram, driving them away, a symbol of one victory over svil, Jan. 6:7. God is siways nearer to man and best reveals himself when we are in the midst of sacrifice. Ged tells Abram of those days of servitude on the part of his descendants widle they are to be in Egypt, of God's hidgment to be brought upon that had and of their ultimate deliverance.