



"And Yet This Moment He Asked a Hundred for It."

SYNOPSIS.

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.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.) Some light steps, a rustle, and he wheeled in time to see a woman open a door, stand for a minute in the full light, and disappear. It was she.

There was no one in the head-porter's bureau; thus, unobserved and unembarrassed, he was free to inspect the guest-list. Fortune Chedsoy, he had never seen a name quite like that.

The Major—for George had looked him up also—was in excellent trim for his age, something of a military dandy besides; but as the husband of so young and exquisite a creature! Out upon the thought!

He had never spoken to young women without presentation, and on these rare occasions he had broached the weather, suggested the possibilities of the weather, and concluded with an apostrophe on the weather at large.

Cooperation lifted in various channels, and finally became anchored at Jewish. Here the Major was at home, and he loved to make above all other scenes. He proved to be an engaging old fellow, had circled the globe three or four times, and had had an adventure or two worth recounting.

teeth strongly. It's an old saying that he goes farthest who shuts his teeth longest. He was going to test the precept by immediate practice. He had stood before the list fully three minutes. Now he turned about face, a singular elation tingling his blood.

"This is a genuine Bokhara embroidery!" the Major was inquiring. "Oh, yes, sir." "How old?"

"Upon that style of embroidery, absolutely," George smiled. And then, without more ado, he went on to explain the difference between the antique and the modern. "You have one good piece of old Bokhara, but it isn't rare. Twenty pounds would be a good price for it."

"I suppose it's because I'm inordinately fond of the things. I've really a good collection of Bokhara embroideries at home in New York." "You live in New York?" with mild interest. The Major sat down and graciously motioned for George to do the same.

George agreed, conditionally. (The Major wasn't very original in his views.) He would have shed his last drop of blood for his native land, but he was honest in acknowledging her faults.

The pet from CarP Bagdad by HAROLD MAC GRATH Author of HEARTS AND MASKS The MAN ON THE BOX etc. Illustrations by M.G. KETNER. COPYRIGHT 1911 by BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY.

Fortune Chedsoy, and may Beelzebub shrive him if he could not manage to control his recalcitrant tongue. As he passed out of sight, Major Callahan smiled. It was that old familiar smile which, charged with gentle mockery, we send after departing fools.

"Don't remember old friends, eh?" "Shut up!" admonished Ryanna. "You know the orders; no recognition on the public floors."

"Well, it doesn't. Here I come from New York, three months ago, with a wad of money for you and a great game in sight. It takes a week to find you, and when I do . . . Well, you know. No sooner are you awake, than what? Off you go to Bagdad, on the wildest goose-chase a man ever heard of. And that leaves me with nothing to do and nobody to talk to. I could have cried yesterday when I got your letter saying you'd be in today."

"And you got it?" There was frank wonder and admiration in the pure gentleman's eyes. "All alone, and you got it? Honest?" "Honest. They nearly had my hide, though."

"Where is it?" "Sold." "Who?" "Percival." "Horace, you're a wonder, if there ever was one. Sold it in a thousand years. You're a great man."

"No, I don't suppose it would. Sometimes I think you're with us as a huge joke. You don't take the game serious enough." Wallace emptied his glass and tipped the bottle carefully. "You're out of your class, somehow."

"Yes. You have always struck me as a man who was hunting trouble for one end." "And that?" Ryanna seemed interested. Wallace drew his finger across his throat. Ryanna looked him squarely in the eye and nodded affirmatively.

"I don't understand at all." "You never will, Wallace, old chap. I am the prodigal son whose brother ate the fattest calf before I returned home. I had a letter today. She will be here tomorrow sometime. You may have to go to Port Said, if my plan doesn't mature."

er was bandaged. In fact, the face exhibited general indications of rough warfare, the skin broken on the bridge of the nose, a freshly healed cut under the eyelid, a long strip of plaster extending from the ear to the mouth. There was nothing of the beggar in his mien. His lean throat was erect, his chin protrusive, the set of his shoulders proud and defiant.

George dreamed that night of magic carpets, of battles in the desert, of genti swelling terrifically out of squat bottles. And once he rose and turned on the lights to assure himself that the old Yhordes was not a part of these vivid dreams.

He was up shortly after dawn, in white riding-togs, for a final canter to Mens House and return. In two days more he would be leaving Egypt behind. Rather glad in one sense, rather sorry in another. Where to put the rug was a problem. He might carry it in his steamer-roll; it would be handier there than in the bottom of his trunk, stored away in the ship's hold.

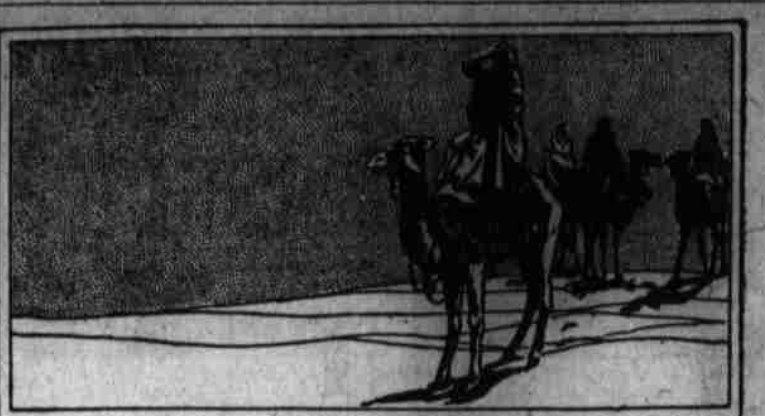
It was long after nine when he slid from the saddle at the side entrance of the bureau for his key, when an exquisitely gloved hand lightly touched his arm. "Don't you remember me, Mr. Jones?" said a voice of vocal honey.

George did. In his confusion he dropped his pith-helmet, and in stooping to pick it up, bumped into the porter who had rushed to his aid. Remember her! Would he ever forget her? He never thought of her without dubbing himself an outrageous ass.

"My dear," said the stranger (George couldn't recall by what name he had known her); "my dear," to Fortune Chedsoy, who stood a little behind her, "this is the gentleman I've often told you about. You were at school at the time. I borrowed a hundred and fifty pounds of him at Monte Carlo. And what do you think? When I went to pay him back the next day, he was gone, without leaving the slightest clue to his whereabouts. Isn't that dreadful? And to think that I should meet him here!"

"So that's the job, is it?" replied the man of courage, and broke into a cold perspiration and a run for the door simultaneously. "I came, sir, in answer to your advertisement. You said you wanted to employ a man who was a total stranger to fear."

"I have found bullets in Mexico and machines in Cuba." "Good!" "I helped to defend the missionaries against the Sioux, and I was present at the siege of Fort Arthur."



"This is the Gentleman I've Often Told You About."

was, he had written her, following minutely her own specific directions and inclosing his banker's address in Paris, Naples and Cairo; and for many passages of moons he had opened his foreign mail eagerly and hopefully. But hope must have something to feed upon, and after a struggle lasting two years, she rendered up the ghost.

"But . . . Why, my dear Madame," stammered George. "You must not . . . I . . ."

Fortune laughed. Somehow the quality of that laughter pierced George's confused brain as sometimes a shaft of sunlight rips into a fog, suddenly, stiletto-like. It was full of malice.

CHAPTER V. The Girl Who Wasn't Wanted. If any one wronged George, defrauded him of money or credit, he was always ready to forgive, agreeing that perhaps half the fault had been his. This was not a sign of weakness, but of a sense of justice too well leavened with mercy.

"I am glad to meet you, Mr. Jones," and in the sad eyes there was a glimmer of real friendliness. More, she extended her hand. It was well worth while, that hundred and fifty pounds. It was well worth the pinch here and the pinch there which had succeeded that loan.

For he had determined to return to America with a pound or two on his letter of credit, and the success of this determination was based upon many a sacrifice in comfort, sacrifices he had never confided to his parents. It was not in the nature of things to confess that the first woman he had met in his wanderings should have been the last. As he took the girl's hand, with the ulterior intent of holding it till death do us part, he wondered why she had laughed like that.

They chatted for a quarter of an hour or more, and managed famously. It seemed to him that Fortune Chedsoy was the first young woman he had ever met who could pull away sudden barriers and open up pathways for speech, who, when he was about to flounder into some cul-de-sac, guided him adroitly into an alley round it. Not once was it necessary to drag in the weather, that perennial if threadbare topic. He was truly astonished at the ease with which he sustained his part in the conversation, and began to think pretty well of himself.

At last, when he left them to change his clothes and hurry down to Cook's, to complete the bargain for the Yhordes, he had advanced so amazingly well that they had accepted his invitation to the polo-match that afternoon. He felt that invisible Mercurial wings had sprouted from his heels, for in running up the stairs, he was aware of no gravitative resistance.

These were what may be called the beginnings of the theory of evolution. In 1859 Mr. Darwin came along with his "Origin of Species," which he supplemented (in 1871) with his "Descent of Man." In 1873 Haeckel published his "History of Creation," since which way the theory has worked its way throughout the reading world. It is generally conceded that evolution is not necessarily atheistic.

Ray T. Baker, warden of the Nevada Penitentiary, is abolishing, with success, all the brutalizing rules of the old-time prison system. Mr. Baker's prisoners lead healthy, industrious lives. They study and they work. And on leaving prison they engage in honest labor. "Our institution," Mr. Baker said in a reporter, "isn't much like a reformatory. I once visited in my youth. 'A very strange thing happened in this reformatory back in '93,' a warden said to me. 'Test! And what was that?' I asked. 'One of our prisoners,' he replied, 'reformed.'"

Wolf put forth his theory of "epigenesis" in 1784. Lamarck in 1809, propounded the theory that all animals had been developed from "mollusks." In 1859 Darwin of Kewbury undertook to prove that all mammals were developed from a "mollusk egg" but a hundredth of an inch in diameter.

LAND OF THE LONG LEAF PINE

Latest News of General Interest That Has Been Collected From Many Towns and Counties.

Raeform.—At a mass meeting of the citizens of the town a unanimous vote was taken for the purpose of amending the town charter.

Elizabeth City.—Declaring that J. Penton Towe, a prominent young business man of Chapanock, had ruined his sister, Murdon Stokely shot him through the brain and coolly awaited the officers on the scene of the killing.

Scotland Neck.—An election has been called for a vote on school bonds here on Tuesday, April 1, for an issue of not more than \$18,000 to pay the indebtedness incurred some time ago in erecting the present school building.

Greensboro.—The city commissioners of Greensboro have ordered a police census of the town to determine just how many people reside in the corporate limits and likewise to obtain other information of importance.

Charlotte.—According to an agreement reached by those interested in the "Made in Charlotte" exposition held last year, and the Greater Charlotte Club, there will not be a concentrated exposition given here this May 20.

Charlotte.—That the \$50,000 school bond issue will successfully run the gauntlet of the legislature and likewise the request for an election on the proposal, to increase the city school tax from 20 to 30 cents is the news that comes from Raleigh.

Fayetteville.—A unique and probably the only monument of its kind in the South has just been erected in old Cross Creek cemetery, this city, only a few feet from the soldiers' shafts which was reared by the patriotic women of Fayetteville. It perpetuates the memory of nine brothers who enlisted in the Confederate army in 1861.

Spencer.—A young man having in his pocket an envelope addressed to J. H. Johnston, Bessemer City, but otherwise unidentified, was found beside the railroad track, near the city limits of Lexington, after the passing of No. 35, the back of his head crushed and it is thought that he fell off No. 35, was knocked off or ran down.

Asheville.—The resignation of Adjutant General Lawrence W. Young as their regular weekly meeting. Adjunct clerk of this city was accepted by the Asheville board of aldermen at their regular weekly meeting. Adjutant General Young tendered the resignation several weeks ago although it was not accepted because of the desire of the city council that he sign certain bonds which were issued during the time that he was the clerk.

Kinston.—A rural directory of Lenoir county, the first yet published for public use, is just from the press. The directory is a comprehensive work, covering fully the various rural deliveries routes radiating from Kinston and LaGrange. Explanatory notes show whether the persons listed are tenants or landlords. Twenty-five hundred of the books have been printed, and distributed in the farm homes throughout the county. An increase in the number may be necessary.

Asheville.—After being out for 60 consecutive hours the jury in the case of the State against John Huff a negro charged with the murder of Patrolman McConnell on July 4, 1911, came into the court with the announcement that it was unable to reach a verdict and Judge Steven C. Bragaw, thereupon ordered a mistrial. Huff was returned to the county jail where there is incarcerated another "John Huff" alias Wes Brewer, also a negro, who six months ago was tried for the killing of McConnell.

Charlotte.—Much interest centers in the bill that has been introduced in the legislature authorizing the commissioners of Mecklenburg county to issue bonds aggregating \$115,000 with which to fund its floating indebtedness, build a new county jail and construct certain highway bridges. The basis of this action as recapitulated in the preliminary sections of the proposed bill and will prove of interest to residents of the city and county as indicating just what is the financial status of the county.

Asheville.—Following the announcement of the superintendent of city schools to the effect that phonographs will be installed in all of the public institutions of learning, comes the call of the Central Labor Union for a mass meeting for the discussion of the situation here.

Spencer.—Preparations are being made for the opening of a new post-office at East Spencer. The office has just been authorized and W. J. Hatley appointed postmaster. The citizens of East Spencer have been without a mail service since the free delivery was stopped last fall.

Wilson.—The police seem to have landed the bad negro who has caused so much trouble in the east end of Wilson. Bud Taylor, a stranger here, but evidently with a record, is in jail charged with three attempts at hold-ups in one day.

Washington.—The Standard Mirror Company and the Snow Lumber Company of High Point have complained to the interstate commerce commission of high, unreasonable discriminatory and unfair rates on glass from Pittsburg and Toledo against the Pennsylvania, Lake Shore and Michigan Southern.

Southern Pines.—A wing of the Gladman Sanitarium, near Southern Pines, was destroyed by fire. Prompt action by the fire company saved the main portion of the building. The patients were carried out from high beds and rescued.

Raleigh.—The senate passed the anti-trust bill with several minor amendments. One amendment that came from the senate committee strikes out the words "as much as 50 per centum in quantity" from subsection five, so that it will be unlawful to buy or sell any article in bulk or in quantity.

Hitherto Stranger to Fear

But Now He Had Run Against Something That Caused His Nerve to Forsake Him.

"I came, sir, in answer to your advertisement. You said you wanted to employ a man who was a total stranger to fear." "Are you a brave man?" "I am, sir. I have given proof of my courage in many parts of the world."

Evolution Less

Wolf put forth his theory of "epigenesis" in 1784. Lamarck in 1809, propounded the theory that all animals had been developed from "mollusks." In 1859 Darwin of Kewbury undertook to prove that all mammals were developed from a "mollusk egg" but a hundredth of an inch in diameter.

Dog Policeman Travels Best

An Irish terrier named Jerry, which has developed a wonderful capacity for police work, is now stationed at Scrutton, England. The terrier, owned by a sergeant of the Metropolitan police, knows all the "beats" in the district, and always accompanies his master when making patrol by cycle. Jerry's "specialty" is in the capturing of stray dogs. These he lures in a friendly manner to the police station, and then mounts guard at the gate until the delinquent receives official attention.

Champagne Bottles

Great skill is required in manufacturing champagne bottles, which must be almost mathematically even in the thickness of the glass. The glass must be perfectly smooth and the necks exact in every particular to insure perfect corking.