



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

teeth strongly. It's an old saying that

he goes farthest who shuts his teeth

many pleasurable things in life be-

portcullis rise and the drawbridge fall

to the castle of enchantment. He

strolled over leisurely and pretended

to be interested in the case containing

roidery?" the Major was inquiring.

The merchant picked up the tag

and squinted at it. "It is between two

To George's opinion the gods them-

selves could not have arranged a more

tique and the modern. "You have one good piece of old Bokhara, but it isn't

rare. Twenty pounds would be a good

The Major laughed heartily. "And

just this moment he asked a hundred for it. I'm not much of a hand in

judging these things. I admire them, but have no intimate knowledge re-garding their worth. Nothing tonight,"

he added to the bitter-eyed merchant. "The Oriental is like the amateur fish-

erman; truth is not in him. You seem

to be a keen judge," as they moved away from the booth.

interest. The Major sat down and graciously motioned for George to do the same. "I used to live there; twen-

and three hundred years old, sir."

"Oh, yes, sir."

"How old?"

price for it.'

"This is a genuine Bokhara em-

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. He had stood before the list fully three minutes. Now he turned about face, a singular elation tingling his blood. Once he set his mind upon a order rug which he admits having stolen from a pasha at Bagdad.

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. m, threw the rug inside, and tiptoed along the corridor, stopping for the briefest time to ascertain the number of that room. He felt vastly more guilty in performing this harmless act than in smothering his men-

There was no one in the head-porter's bureau; thus, unobserved and unembarrassed, he was free to inspect the guest-list. Fortune Chedsoye. He had never seen a name quite like that. Its quaintness did not suggest to him. as it had done to Ryanne, the pastoral, the bucolic. Rather it remind-ed him of the old French courts, of rapiers and buckles, of powdered wiga propitious moment. and furbelows, masks, astrologers, love-intrigues, of all those colorful, mutable scenes so charmingly de scribed by the genial narrator of the exploits of D'Artagnan. And abruptly out of this age of Lebrun, Watteau ere, reached an ice-cold hand. If that elderly codger wasn't her father, who was he and what? plain the difference between the an-

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 ing and exquisite a creature! Out apon the thought! He might be her guardian, or, at most, her uncle, but never her husband. Yet (O poisonous doubt!), at the table she had ignored the Major, both his jests and his attentious. He had seen many wives, joyfully from a safe distance, act toward their husbands in this fashion. Oh, rot! If his name was Callahan and here Chedrover, they could not hers Chedsoye, they could not they be tied in any legal bonds. He nissed the ice-cold hand and turned in to the comforting warmth of his

"I suppose it's because I'm inor-dinately fond of the things. I've really a good collection of Bokhara em-broideries at home in New York."
"You live in New York." with mild He had never spoken to young wom te had never spoken to young wom-without presentation, and on these is occasions he had broached the alber, suggested the possibilities of weather, and concluded with an attrophe on the weather at large. It a usually a valedictory. For he was mays positive that he had, acted like bol, and was afraid to speak to the lassin. Never it falled, ten minutes or the girl was out of sight, the wheet and cleverest things crowdthe same. "I used to live there; twenty-odd years ago. But European travel apoils America; the rush there, the hurry, the clamor. Over here they diue, there they eat. There's as much difference between those two performances as there is between The Mikado and Floredora. From Portland in Maine to Portland in Oregon, the same dress, same shops, same ungodly high buildings. Here it is different, at the end of every hundred miles."

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 beneat in acknowledging her familie.

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

As he passed out of sight, Major tle mockery, we send after departing fools. It was plain that he needed another peg to keep company with the first, for he rose and gracefully wended his way down-stairs to the bar. Two men were already leaning against the friendly, inviting mahogany. There was a magnum of champagne stand- with all turbans, and in the peculiar ing between their glasses. The Major ordered a temperate whisky and soda, drank it, frowned at the magnum, paid the reckoning, and went back up-stairs again.

"Don't remember old friends, eh?" said the shorter of the two men, caressing his incarnadined proboscis. 'A smile wouldn't have hurt him any, do you think?"

"Shut up!" admonished Ryanne. "You know the orders; no recognition on the public floors."

"Why, I meant no harm," the other protested. He took a swallow of wine. But, dash it! here I am, more'n four thousand miles from old Broadway. and still walking blind. When is the

"Not so loud, old boy. You've got to have patience. You've had some good pickings for the past three months, it in his steamer-roll; it would be in the smoke-rooms. That ought to soothe you."

"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." "Well, I got it."

"The rug?" "Yes. It was wild; But after what I'd been through I needed something wild to steady my nerves; some big danger, where I'd simply have to get

"And you got it?" There was frank cause he had doubted and faltered, wonder and admiration in the pursy not because he had reached out togentleman's eyes. "All alone, and you ward them and had then drawn back got it? Honest?" He was going to meet Fortune Ched-

"Honest. They nearly had my hide,

soye; when or how were but details. though." And as he discovered the Major him-"Where is it?" self idling before the booth of the East Indian merchant, he saw in fancy the

"Sold."

"Who?" "Percival."

"Horace, you're a wonder, if there

years. You're a great man. "Praise from Sir Hubert."

"An authority on several matters." "How much did he give you for it?" "Tut. tut! It was all my own little faunt, Wallace. I should hate to lie to you about it."

"What about the stake I gave you?" Ryanne made a sign of dealing eards.

'You've made a mistake," he inter-"Threw it away on a lot of dubs, posed quietly. "That is Bokhara, but after all I've taught you!"
"Cards aren't my forte." the stitch is purely modern."

The dark eyes of the Indian flashed

"There's a yellow streak in your ide somewhere, Horace."

"The gentleman is an authority?" aar-"There is, but it is the tiger's stripe, "Upon that style of embroidery, abmy friend. What I did with my money solutely." George smiled. And then, without more ado, he went on to ex-

is my own business."
"Will she allow for that?" "Would it matter one way or other?"

"No, I don't suppose it would. Se times I think you're with us as a huge joke. You don't take the game seri-ous 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

ested.

Wallace drew his finger across his throat. Ryanne 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 fatted 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."

"The Ludwig?"

Say, what a Frau she would have

"Say, what a Frau she would have note the right man!"

Ryanne did not answer, but glow-red at his glass.

"The United Romance and Adventure Company." Wallace twirled his glass. "If you're a wonder, she's a marvel. A Napoleon in petticents! If does make a fellow grin, when you look it all over. But this is going the her Amsterlits or her Waterlow And you really got the rug; and on to of that, you have sold it to George A. Jones! Here's...

"Many happy returns," tronically They finished the hottle without the world without the control of the

Fortune Chedsoye, and may Beelsebub er was bandaged. In fact, the face ex-shrive him if he could not manage to hibited general indications of rough control his recalcitrant tongue. of the nose, a freshly healed cut un-Callahan smiled. It was that old fa-miliar smile which, charged with gen-tle mockery, we send after departing 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. Ordi-narily, the few lingering guides would rudely have told him to be off about his business; but they were familiar twist of this one, soiled and ragged though it was, they recognized some prince from the eastern deserts. Presently he strode away, but with a stiffness which they knew came from long

> George dreamed that night of magic carpets, of sad-eyed maidens, of flerce Bedouins, of battles in the desert, of genii swelling terrifically out of squat bottles. And once he rose and turned on the lights to assure himself that the old Yhiordes was not a part of

journeys upon racing-camels.

these vivid dreams. He was up shortly after dawn, in white riding-togs, for a final canter to Mena 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 handler there than in the bottom of his trunk, stored away in the ship's hold. Besides, his experience had taught him that steamer-rolls were only indifferently inspected. You will observe that the luster of his high ideals was already dimming. He reasoned that inasmuch as he was bound to smuggle and lie, it might be well to plan something artistically. He wished now that he was going to spend Christmas in Cairo; but it was too late to change his booking without serious loss of time and money.

He had a light breakfast on the veranda of the Mena House, climbed up to the desert, bantered the donkeyboys, amused himself by watching the descent of some German tourists who had climbed the big Pyramid before beggars who instantly swarmed about him and demanded, in the name of Allah, a competence for the rest of their days. He finally escaped them by footing it down the incline to the hotel gardens, where his horse stood

It was long after nine when he slid from the saddle at the side entrance of the Semiramis. He was on his way to the bureau for his key, when an You couldn't beat that in a thousand exquisitely gloved hand lightly touched of sunlight rips into a fog, suddenly, Not once was it necessary to drag in the number may be necessary.

> "Don't you remember me, Mr. Jones?" said a voice of vocal honey. George did. In his confusion he dropped his pith-belmet, and in stooping to pick it up, bumped into the por-ter who had rushed to his aid. Re-member her! Would be ever forget her? He never thought of her with-out dubbing himself an outrageous ass. He straightened, his cheeks afire; blushing was another of those uncontrollable asininities of his. It was really she, come out of a past he had hoped to be eternally inresuscitant; the droil, the witty woman, to whom in one mad moment of liberality and Galahadism he had loaned without security one hundred and fifty pounds at the roulette tables in Monte Carlo; she, for whom he had always blushed

curity one hundred and fifty pounds at the roulette tables in Monte Carlo; she, for whom he had always blushed when he recalled how easily she had mulcted him! And here she was, serene, lovely as ever, unchanged.

"My dear," said the stranger (George couldn't recall by what name he had known her); "my dear," to Fortune Chedsoye, who stood a little behind her, "this is the gentleman I've often told you about. You were at school "But I haven't. I have often wondered and dered what you must have thought of "My dear," said the stranger (George couldn't recall by what name he had known ber); "my dear," to Fortune Chedsoye, 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 droll? And to think that I should meet him bere!"



"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 passings 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. . . . It wasn't the loss of money that

hurt; it was the finding of dross metal where he supposed there was naught but gold. Perhaps his later shyness dawn to witness the sun rise, and was due as much to this distillusion threw pennies to the horde of blind ing incident as to his middle names. "Isn't it droll, my dear?" the en-

chantress repeated; and George grew redder and redder under the beautiful, grateful eyes. "I must give him a draft this very morning."

"But . . . Why, my dear Madame," stammered George. "You must

ity of that laughter pierced George's confused brain as sometimes a shaft

CHAPTER V.

The Girl Who Wasn't Wanted. If any one wronged George, defraud-ed 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. Humanity errs in the one as much as in the other, doubtless with some benign purpose in perspec-tive. Now, it might be that this charm-ing woman had really never received his letter; such things have been known to go astray. In any case he

meet him here!"

That her name had slipped his memory, if indeed he had ever known lit, was true; but one thing lingered incandescently in his mind, and that there which had succeeded that loan.

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 won-dered why she had laughed like that. The echo of it still rang in his ears And while he could not have described it, he knew instinctively that it had been born of bitter thought.

They chatted for a quarter of an

For he had determined to return to

America with a pound or two on his letter of credit, and the success of

hour or more, and managed famously. It seemed to him that Fortune Chedsoye was the first young woman he had ever met who could pull away Fortune laughted. Somehow the qual-for speech, who, when he was about to flounder into some cul-desac, guided to flounder into some cul-desac, guided sudden barriers and open up pathways threadbare topic. He was truly astentained his part in the conversation and began to think pretty well of himself. It did not occur to him that when two clever and attractive women when two clever and attractive women set forth to make a man talk (always excepting he is dumb), they never fail to succeed. To do this they contrive to bring the conversation within the small circle of his work, his travels, his preferences, his ambitions. To be sure, all this is not fully extracted in fifteen minutes, but a woman obtains in that time a good idea of the ground plan.

Two distinct purposes controlled the

Two distinct purposes controlled the women in this instance. One desired to interest him, while the other sought to learn whether he was stupid or only

her the full benefit of the doubt.

"You mustn't let the matter trouble you in the least," he said, his helmet now nicely adjusted under his arm. "It was so long ago I had really forgotten all about it." Which was very well said for George.

"But I haven't. I have often wondered what you must have thought of me. Monte Carlo is such a place! But I must present my daughter. I am Mrs. Chedsoys."

"I am glad to meet you, Mr. Jones;" and in the said 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.

Shy.

At last, when he left them to change his clothes and hurry down to Cook's, to complete the bargain for the Yhiordes, he had advanced so amaxingly well that they had accepted his invitation to the pole-match that afternoon. He felt that invisible Mercurial was a ware of no gravitative resistance. That this anomaly (an acquaintance with two women about whom he knew nothing) might be looked upon askance by those who conformed to the laws and by-laws of social usages, worried him not in the least. On the contrary, he was thinking that he would be the envy of every other man out at the club that afternoon.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Hitherto Stranger to Fear

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

"I came, sir, in answer to your ad-ertisement. You said you wanted compley a man who was a total tranger to fair." Tanger to tear."

"Are you a brave man?"

"I am, sir. I have given proof of y courage in many parts of the

"So that's the job, is it?" replied th

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 Hackel published his "History of Creation," since which time the theory has worked its way throughout the reading world. It is generally conceded that evolution is not necessarily atheistic.

LAND OF THE LONG LEAF PINE

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

Raeford.—At a mass meeting of the ditizens of the town a unahimous vote was taken for the purpose of amend-

ing the town charter Elizabeth City.—Declaring that J. Fenton Towe, a prominent young bus-iness man of Chapanoke, had ruined his sister, Murden Stokely shot him through the brain and cooly awaited the officers on the scene of the kill-

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 \$16,000 to pay the indebtedness incurred some time ago in erecting the present school building. Greensboro.—The city commissioners of Greensboro have ordered a

mine just how many people reside in the corporate limits and likewise to obtain other information of import-Charlotte.—According to an agree-ment reached by those interested in the "Made in Charlotte" exposition held last year and the Greater Char-

lotte Club, there will not be a con-

police census of the town to deter-

centrated 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 erectedin old Cross Creek cemetery, this city, only a few feet from the soldiers'-shafts which was reared by the pa-, triotic women of Fayetteville. It perpetuates the memory of nine brothers who enlisted in the Confederate army

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 run

down. Asheville.-The resignation of Adjutant General Lawrence W. Young as their regular weekly meeting. Adjucity 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 delivery 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 him adroitly into an alley round it throughout the county. An increase

> Asheville -- After being out for 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 announceme that it was unable to reach a verdict and Judge Steven C. Bragaw, thereupon ordered a mistrial. Hull was returned to the county jail where there is incarcerated another "John Huff" alias Wess 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 \$215,000 with which to fund its floating indebtedness, build a new county jail and construct certain bighway bridges. The basis of this action as recapitu-The basis of this artion as recapita-lated 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 announce-

ment of the superintendent of city schools , to the effect that phonographs will be installed in all of the

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 postomic 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 negre who has caused so much trouble in the east and 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 Saow Lumber Company of High Point have complained to the interstate commerce commission of high unreasonable discriminatory and unlawful rates on glass from a titaburg and Toledo against the Pennsylvania, Lake Shore and Michigan Southern.