

SYNOPSIS.

rgs Percival Algernon Jones, vicedent of the Metropolitan Oriental
company of New York, thirsting for
noe, is in Cairo on a business trip,
oce Ryanne arrives at the hotel in
with a carefully guarded bundle,
no sells Jones the famous holy Yhirug which he admits having stolen
a pasha at Bagdad. Jones meets
r Callahan and later is introduced to
me Chedsoye by a woman to whom
d loaned 150 pounds at Monte Carlo
months previously, and who turns
to be Fortune's mother. Jones takes
Chedsoye and Fortune to a polo
Fortune returns to Jones the
y borrowed by her mother. Mrs.
toye appears to be engaged in some
prious enterprise unknown to the
ster.

CHAPTER VI (Continued.) Some one was sitting down beside him. It was Ryanne, in evening clothes, immaculate, blase, pinkcheeked. There are some men so happily framed that they can don readymade suits without calling your atten tion to the fact. George saw at once that the adventurer was one of these fortunate individuals,

'Makes a rather good picture to look at; eh?" began Ryanne, rolling a fiake-tobacco cigarette. "Dance?" "No. Wish I could. You've done quick work," with admiring inspection. "Not a flaw anywhere. How do you do it?"

"Thanks, Thanks to you, I might say. I did some tall hustling, though. Strange, how we love these funeral toggeries. We follow the dance and we follow the dead, with never a variation in color. The man who invented the modern evening clothes must have done good business during the day as chief-mourner."

"Why don't you send for your luggage?"

Ryanne caressed his chin. "My luggage is. I believe, in the hands of the enemy. It is of no great importance. I never carry anything of value, save my skin. I'm not like the villain in the melodrama; no incriminating documents, no lost wills, no directions for digging up pirates' gold."

"I suppose you'll soon be off for America?" George asked indifferently. "I suppose so. By the way, I saw you at the game today."

"No! Where were you?" "Top row. I am going to ask a to your ears, but I know those two ladies rather well. I kept out of the way till I could find some clothes. The favor I ask is that you will not tell them anything regarding the cfrcumstances of our meeting. I am known to them as a globe-trotter and

"That's too bad," said George con-

the Holy Yhlordes was given; Mahomed-Ei-Gebel, the Pasha's right-hand, a shelk in his own right."

"But you haven't got the rug now. "No, Mr. Jones, I haven't; but on the other hand, you have. So, here we are together. When he gets through with me, your turn."

George laughed. Ryanne grew houghtful over this sign. Percival Algernon did not seem exactly wor-

"Aren't you a little afraid?" "I? Why should I be?" inquired George innocently. "Certainly, what ever your Arab friend's arguments may be, moral or physical, I'm going

to keep that Yhlordes." . Was he bluffing? Ryanne wondered. Did he really have nerve? Well, within forty-eight hours there would come a test.

"Say, do you know, I rather wish you'd been with me on that trip-that is, if you like a rough game." Ryanne said this in all sincerity.

"I have never been in a rough game, as you call it; but I've often had a strong desire to be, just to find out for

myself what sort of a duffer I am." Ryanne had met this sort of man be fore; the fellow who wanted to know what stuff he was made of, and was ready to risk his hide to find out. His experience had taught him to expect nothing of the man who knew just

what he was going to do in a crisis. "Did you ever know, Mr. Jones," said Ryanne, his eyes humorous, "that there is an organization in this world of ours, a company that offers a tryout to men of your kidney?"

"What's that? What do you mean?" "What I say. There is an established concern which will, upon application for a liberal purchase of stock, ar range any kind of adventure you wish.

"What?" George drew in his legs and sat up. "What sort of a jolly is this?"

"You put your finger upon the one great obstacle. No one will believe that such a concern exists. Yet it is a fact. And why not?"

"Because it wouldn't be real; it would be going to the moon a la Coney Island."

"Wrong, absolutely wrong, If I told you that I am a stockholder in this company, and that the adventure favor of you. It may sound rather odd of the Yhlordes rug was arranged for my special benefit, what would you say?

"Say?" George turned a serious countenance toward the adventurer. "Why, the whole thing is absurd on the face of it. As a joke, it might go; but as a genuine affair, utterly impossible."

"No," quietly. "I admit that it



"And You Aren't Afraid to Admit 18?"

"But I have already told | sou

ret round it. It was

"Did you ever hear of such a thing?" cried the mother merrily. Fortune searched her face keenly. "The United Romance and Adventure Company! He must have been joking. What did you say his name is?"
"Ryanne. Joking is my idea exactly," George agreed. "The scheme is to plunge the stockholder into a real live adventure, and then let him pull himself out the best way he can. Sounds good. He added that this rug business was an instance of the success of the concern. There goes the music. Do you dance, Miss Chedsoye?" sounds absurd, yes; but ten years ago they'd have locked up, as insane, a man who said that he could fly. But think of lest summer at Paris, at Rhoims, at Frankfort; the Continental air was full of flying-machines. Bah! It's pretty difficult to impress the average mind with something new. Why shoukin't we cater to the poetic, the romantic side of man? We've concerns for everything also. The fact is, medicarity is always standing behind the corner with brickhats for the initiative. Believe me or not, lift. Jones, but this company enters. The proof is that you have the rug and I nds absurd, yes; but ten years ago

HAROLD MAGGRATI Author of HEARTS AND MASKS. The MAN ON THE BOX etc. Illustrations by M.G.KETTNER ... COPYRIGHT 1911 by BOBBS - MERRILL COMPANY than a man can do. They gave me | She couldn't have suggested any the rug. Your bones, on such a quest, thing more to his liking. And so, would have been bleaching upon the after a little hurrying about, the two young people went outside and began to promenade slowly up and down the banks of the Tigris." "What the deuce is this company called?" George was enjoying the conmole. Their conversation was desulversation immensely. George had dropped back into "The United Romance and Advenhis shell and the girl was not equal

ture company, Ltd., of London, Paris,

"Have you any of the company's

pleased to forward you the prospec

"Knauth, Nachod and Kuhne.

am shortly leaving for home. Better

send it to New York, I say, suppose

a chap buys an adventure that is not

up to the mark; can be return it or

"No. It's all chance, you know.

The rules of the game are steel-

bound. We find you an adventure;

"But, once more suppose a chap gets

little too rough a game, and doesn't

turn up for his dividends; what then?"

andly "the stock reverts to the gen-

"In that event." answered Ryanne

George lay back in his chair and let

"Well, well; we'll say nothing more

about it. But a moment gone you

spoke as if you were game for an ex-

"I still am. But if I knew the ad-

venture was prearranged, as you say,

and I was up against a wall, there

would be the inclination to cable the

Ryanne himself laughed this time.

That's a good idea. I don't believe

the company ever thought of such a

contingency. But I repeat, our busi-

ness is to give you the kick-off. After

that you have to fight for your own

"Scarcely. One man tells another,

You send me the prospectus. I'm

"I certainly shall do so," replied

rather curious to have a look at it."

Ryanne, with gravity unassumed. "Ah! Here come Mrs. Chedsoye and

her daughter. If you don't mind, I'll

make myself scarce. I do not care

to see them just now, after your hav-

ing told them about the stolen

"I'm sorry," said George, rising

"It's all in the game," gallantly.

neuver his way round the crush to-

old fellows used to say, he little

dreamed that destiny, one of those

things from Pandora's box, was pre-

acquaintance.

"And what has been amusing you,

saw you laughing."
"I was talking with the rug chap.

He's a droll fellow. He said that he

"That is foolish. I rather enjoy

"Sometimes," with a dry little

smile. "I believe we have met him,

mother. There was something fa-

miliar about his head. Of course, we saw him only from a distance."

"A little." Fortune was p

go his laughter. "You are mighty

and New York."

was serious enough.

exchange it for another?"

eral fund."

ploft.

downs."

laughing.

Yhiordes."

eagerly.

Fortune?"

it's up to you to make good."

good company, Mr. Ryanne."

firm for more instructions."

as I tell you, and so on."

aper with you?" George repressed not caught him by the arm. "Thanks. I'm clumsy."
"It's rather difficult to see them in his laughter because Ryanne's face "Unfortunately, no. But if you will the moonlight; their rags match the give me your banker's address I'll be pavements."

to the task of drawing him out. Once he stumbled over a sleeping

beggar, and would have fallen had she

The Egyptian night, that sapphirine darkness which the flexible imagination peoples with lovely and terrible shades, or floods with mystery and ro-mance and wonder, lay softly upon this strip of verdure aslant the des ert's face, the Valley of the Nile. The moon, round, brilliant, strangely near, suffused the scarred old visage of the world with phantom silver; the stones of the parapet glowed dully, the pave ment glistened whitely, all things it touched with gentleness, lavishing beauty upon beauty, mellowing ugliness or effacing it. The deep blue Nile, beribboned with the glancing lights from the silent feluccas, curling musically along the sides of the frostlike dahabeahs and steamers, rolled on to the sea; and the blue-white are-lamps, spanning the Great Nile bridge, took the semblance of a pearl necklace. From time to time a caravan trooped across the bridge into

"Do you care for poetry, Mr. Jones?"

"I? I used to write it." "And you aren't afraid to admit it?" "Well I shouldn't confess the deed o every one," he answered frankly. We all write poetry at one time or another; but it's generally not constitutional, and we recover."

"I do not see why any one should be ashamed of writing poetry."

"Ah, but there is poetry and poetry My kind and Byron's is born of kin-"The stock isn't listed?" again dred souls; but he was an active genius, whereas, I wasn't even a passive one. In all great poets I find my own rejected thoughts, as Emerso says; and that's enough for my slen der needs. Poets are rather un fortable chaps to have round. They are capricious, irritable, temperamental, selfish, and usually demand all the attention."

The little vocal stream died up gain, and once more they listened to the magic sounds of the night. She stopped abruptly to look over the parapet, and his shoulder met hers; after that the world to him was never go-

ing to be the sai George saw him gracefully ma-Moonlight and poetry; not the safest channels to sail uncharted. The ward the stairs leading to the bar. girl was lonely, and George was lone-Really, he would like to know more ly, too. His longing had now assumed about this amiable free-lance. As the a definite form; hers moved from this to that, still indefinitely. The quickness with which this definition had come to George rather startled hlm. paring a deeper and more intimate His first sight of Fortune Chedsoye had been but yesterday; yet, here he was, not desperately but consciously Mr. Jones?" asked Mrs. Chedsoye. "I in love with her. The situation bore against all precepts; it ripped up his preconceived ideas of romance as a gale at sea shreds a canvas. He felt had met you somewhere, but con- a bit panicky. He had always planned cluded not to renew the acquaintance, a courtship of a year or so, meetings, since I told him that his adventure in able expectations, little junkets to the aters and country places; in brief, to meeting men of his stamp. Don't you, witness the rose grow and unfold. Somewhere he had read or heard that courtship was the plummet which sounded the depths of compatibility. He knew nothing of Fortune Chedsoye, save that she was beautiful to his eyes, and that she was as different

saw him only from a distance."

"I do not think there is any real harm in him," said George. "What made me laugh was a singular proposition he set before me. He said he owned stock in a concern called "The United Romance and Adventure company;" and that for a specified sum of money, one could have any adventure one pleased."

"Did you ever hear of such a thing?" cried the mother merrily, Foral harmonic and that she was as different from the ordinary run of girls as yonder moon was from the stars.

Again she stopped, leaning over the parapet and staring down at the water swirling past the stone embankment. He did likewise, resting upon his folded arms. Suddenly his tongue became alive; and quietly, without hesitancy or embarrassment, he began to tell her of his school life, his life at home. And the manner in which



to keep. It is simply that I have been foolish about it, supersensitive. I should have laughed and accepted the thing as a joke; instead, I made the fatal move of trying to run away and hide. But, taking the name in full," lightly, "It sounds as incongruous as playing Traumerel on a steam-plano."

He expected her to laugh, but ther heart was too full of the old sche. This young man, kindly, gentle, intelligent, if shy, was a love-child. And An offspring, the lonellest of the lonely, the child that wasn't wanted. Many a time she had thought of flinging all to the winds, of running away and hiding where they never should find her, of working with her own hands for her bread and butter. Little they'd have cared. But always the rebel spirit died within her as she stepped outside the villa gates. To leave behind for unknown privations certain assured comforts, things of which she was fond, things to which she was used, she couldn't do it, she just couldn't. Morally and physically

she was a little coward. "Let us go in," she said sharply. Another moment, and she would have

CHAPTER VII

Ryanne Tables His Cards.

During this time Mrs. Chedsoye, the major, Messrs. Ryanne and Wallace, officers and directors in the United Romance and Adventure Company, Ltd., sat in the major's room, round boudoir-stand which had temporarily been given the dignity of a table. The scene would not have been without interest either to the speculative physiognomist or to the dramatist. To each it would have represent ed one of those astonishing moments when the soul of a person comes out into the open, as one might express ft, incautiously, to be revealed in the expressions of the eyes and the mouth. These four persons were about going forward upon a singularly desperate and unusual enterprise. From now on they were no longer to fence with one another, to shift from this topic to that, with the indirect maneuvers of a house-cat intent upon the quest of the Friday mackerel. The woman's face was alive with eagerness; the oldest man looked from one to the you men crave your tobacco.

uggling," said the major, with "Smuggling," said the major, with prudent lowering of voice, evidently continuing some previous debate, "amuggling is a fine art, a keen sporting proposition; and the consequences of discovery are never serious. What's a fine of a thousand dollars against the profits of many successful excursions into the port of New York? Nothing, comparatively. For several years, now, we have carried on this ousiness with the utmost adroitness Never have we drawn serious attention. We have made two or three blunders, but the suspicions of the se-We have made two or three cret-service were put to sleep upon Here is a gem, let us say, worth on this side a thousand; over there we sell it for enough to give us a clean profit of three or four hundred. Forty

ought to be enough for any reasonable erson. Am I right?" Mrs. Chedsoye alone was unresponsive to this appeal.

per cent upon our investment. That

"I continue, then. We are making enough to lay by something for our old age. And that's the only which never loses its luster. But this affair!"

"Talk, talk," said Mrs. Chedsoye impatiently. "My dear Kate, allow me to relieve

my mind." "You have done so till the topic is

threadbare. It is rather late in the day to go over the ground again. Time is everything just now." "Admitted. But this affair, Kate, is

big; big with dangers, big with pitfalls; there is a hidden menace in every step of it. Mayhap death; who knows? The older I grow, the more I cling to material comforts, to enterprises of small dangers. However, as you infer, there's no going back now." "No," assented Ryanne, his mouth hard; "not if I have to proceed alone."

She smiled at him. "You talk of danger," speaking to the major. "What

danger can there be?" "The unforeseen danger, the danger of which we know nothing, and therefore are unable to prepare for it. You do not see it, my dear, but it is there,

nevertheless. Wallace nodded approvingly. anne shrugged.

"Failure is practically impossible. And I want excitement; I crave it as



to tail her of his school life, his life at home. And the manner in which he spoke of his mother warmed her; and she was strangely and wonderingly attracted.

"Of course, the mother meant the best in the world when she gave me Percival Algernon; and because she meant the best, I have rarely tried to hide them. What was good enough for might become a part of this conclave.

"It's the Excitement of Getting it and Coming Away Unscathed." and there we are, Kate. It really isn't the gold; it's the excitement of Percival Algernon; and because she meant the best, I have rarely tried to hide them. What was good enough for might become a part of this conclave.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Salt Put to Varied Uses

The Time of Her Life.

The new colored domestic, fresh from Kentucky, took her first. Thursday afternoon off, and falled to return to prepare the seven o'clock distant to prepare the seven o'clock distant for the family. Next morning she reappeared rather "domeie." "Why, Sibble," said the lady of the house, "you look sick. What is the matter?" "Team, I done been sick, awai clek, but it was with it. Dat dollah you given me, I spent every cant of it an' I done had de time of my life. What I done with it? Well, missue, I tell de trut un' no more o de trut. I hought ten glasses of soda and went to two of dose movable pictuh shows. My, my, one cain't have no sich time in Kalniucky."—Indianapolis News.

In vat Borth.

Towne—No; Grafton doesn't work at all now.

Browne—He doesn't? Why, when I knew him he usessed to be a young man with considerable push.

Towns — All that's changed now.

stock agent, Atlanta, Ga. Both Dr. Sorrell and Dr. Lowe have had years of practical experience in animal husbandry work. Both have been in the service of the United States government and are thorough ly conversant with conditions throughout the Southeastern states. The duties of these men will be to advise farmers as to feeding, breeding and caring for live stock under conditions that exist in the territory along the Southern Railway, to assist farmers in organizing live stock clubs and associations, to give practical demonstrations, and to be at the service of farmers without any cost to them, giving any information, rendering assistance, and co-operating in any manner that will tend to aid and encour-

EXPERT LIVE STOCK

Are Employed by the Southern Railway to Aid the Farmers Along Its Many Lines. Atlanta, Ga,-To give practical aid to live stock growers along its lines, the Southern Railway Company has secured the services of two experts in animal husbandry: Dr. Walter Sorrell, who will be stationed at Greensboro, N. C., and will work in Virginia, North and South Carotina; and Dr. C.

D. Lowe, who will be stationed at Chattanooga, Tenn., and will work in Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, Ken-tucky, and Mississippi. They will be

known as assistant live stock agents

and will report to Mr. F. L. Word, live

## SILO REDUCES FEED COST

age the raising of more and better

live stock.

How to Build a Good One With Ordin ary Farm Tools Told in Southern Railway Folder.

How the average farmer, using ordinary farm tools, at an expense of only \$65,00 can construct a silo with a capacity of 55 tons—enough sliage to feed 20 cows 40 pounds per day for four months—is told in a booklet just gotten out by the Live Stock Department of the Southern Railway, a copy of which will be mailed free to any farmer addressing request for same to Mr. F. L. Word, Live Stock Agent, Southern Railway Building, Atlanta,

"Where there is Live Stock on the Farm There Should be a Silo" is the title of this booklet which tells of the advantage to the farmer of having a silo and the great saving which enables him to make in the cost of winter feeding for his live stock. The figures given are taken from the practical experience of a Tennessee farmer who built a silo on the lines indicated twenty years ago, who finds it as good as new, today, and feels that it has paid for itself many times over every year.

Secretary of Agriculture Wilson has recently declared that the Southeastern states constitute the ideal section of the United States for live stock raising and must be looked to in future years for the nation's food supply. To stimulate interest in the live stock industry and to aid farmers to successfully follow this line, the Southern Railway has established its Live Stock Department which is giving undivided attention to this work.

Washington. - Statistics and estimates received by the United States geological survey from all plants known to produce blister copper from domestic ores and from all lake mines indicate that the copper output of the United States in 1912 exceeds that of any previous year in the history of the industry. Not only is the total output the largest ever recorded, but six of the large copper-producing state-Arizona, Michigan, Utah, Nevada, New Mexico, and Alaska-have each exceeded all former records of production, while Montana and Tennessee have nearly equaled their previous record productions.

The figures showing smelter production from domestic ores, which have been collected by B. S. Butler, of the geological survey, represent the ctual production of most of the companies for eleven months and an estimate of the December output.

Taft Order May Be Revoked.

Washington.-President Wilson's adriners have hit upon solutions of two of the political problems confronting the Administration, which promised to be most troublesome—what kind of Democrats shall get plums from the political tree and how thousands of Democrats can be given a fighting chance at least to get near the tree. Within the next few days Postmaster General Burieson is expected to pre-sent for the President's consideration a plan which will open to Democrata the 35,060 third and fourth class postmasterships covered into the civil service recently ordered by Mr. Taft.

Wanta Aid of Progressive Forces.

Washington.—President Wilson began his campaign for the support of progressive Republicans in the new Congress. He arranged to consult with Sanator LaFollette at the White House when legislative policies, including tariff and conservation measures will be discussed. The president will consult the progressive Republican group in Congress freety sud endeavor to obtain their aid in pushing through progressive legislation. The conference with Senator LaFollette will be the forcement of other conferences.

People of Napolesa.

San Francisco.—While the Critten den Hemorial Society of San Francisco was reuning down a reputed grandeon of Napoleon Bonaparte in Los Angeles, other decendants of the great Corsican came to light around San Francisco Bay. All are children of the late John Gordon, a San Francisco jeweler, who the Crittenden Society affirms, was a son of Napoleon, born at St. Helma. Agitation against the responsi of Instinction