

SYNOPSIS.

George Percival Algernon Jones, vicepresident of the Metropolitan Oriental
Rug company of New York, thirsting for
romance, is in Cairo on a business trip.
Horace Ryanne arrives at the hotel in
Cairo with a carefully guarded bundle.
Ryanne sells Jones the famous holy Yhiordes rug which he admits having stolen
from a pasha at Bagdad. Jones meets
Major Callahan and later is introduced to
Fortune Chedsoye by a woman to whom
he had loaned 150 pounds at Monte Carlo
some months previously, and who turns
out to be Fortune's mother. Jones takes
Mrs. Chedsoye and Fortune to a polo
game. Fortune returns to Jones the
money borrowed by her mother. Mrs.
Chedsoye appears to be engaged in some
mysterious enterprise unknown to the
daughter. Ryanne interests Jones in the
United Romance and Adventure company, a concern which for a price will
arrange any kind of an adventure to order. Mrs. Chedsoye, her brother, Major
Callahan, Wallace and Ryanne, as, the
United Romance and Adventure company,
plan a risky enterprise involving Jones.
Ryanne makes known to Mrs. Chedsoye
his intention to marry Fortune. Mrs.
Chedsoye declares she will not permit it.
Plans are laid to prevent Jones salling
for home. Ryanne steals Jones' letters
and cable dispatches. He wires agent in
New York, in Jones' name, that he is
renting house in New York to some
friends. Mahomed, keeper of the holy
carpst, is on Ryanne's trail. Ryanne
promises Fortune that he will see that
Jones comes to no harm as a result of his
purchase of the rug, Mahomed accosts
Ryanne and demands the Yhiordes rug.
Ryanse tells him Jones has the rug and
suggests the abduction of the New York
merchant as a means of securing its return.

CHAPTER X .- (Continued.)

Stubborn as the lock was, persever ance overcame it. George then, as a slight diversion, spread the ancient Yhlordes over the trunk and stared at ft in pleasurable contemplation. What a beauty it was! What exquisite blue, what soft red, what minute patterns! And this treasure was his. He leaned down upon it with his two hands. A color stole into his cheeks. It had its source in an old confusion; schoolboys jeering a mate seen walking home from school with a girl. It was all rot, he perfectly knew, this wishing business; and yet he flung into the sun-warmed, sun-gilded space an ardent wish, sent it speeding round the world from east to west. Fast as heat, fast as light it traveled, for no sooner had it sprung from his mind than it entered the window of a room across the corridor. Whether the window was open or shut was of no importance whatever. Such wishes penetrated and went through all obstacles. And this one touched Fortune's eyes, her hair, her lips; it caressed her in a thousand happy ways. · But, alas! such wishes are without temporal power.

Fortune never knew. She sat in chair, her fingers locked tensely, her eyes large and set in gaze, her lips compressed, her whole attitude one of tennotant despair.

it was time to go up and dress for dinner. Tonight (as if the gods had turned George's future affairs over to the care of Momus) he dressed as if he were going to the opera; swallowtail, white vest, high collar and white lawn cravat, opera-Fedora, and thinsoled pumps; all tl se habiliments and demi-habiliments supposed to make the man. When he reached what he thought to be the glass of fashion and the mold of form, he turned for the first time toward his trunk. He did not rub his eyes; it wasn't at all necessary; the thing he saw, or rather did not see, was established beyond a doubt, as plainly definite as two and two are four. The ancient Yhiordes had taken upon itself one of the po tentialities of its fabulous prototype that of invisibility; it was gone.

CHAPTER XI.

Episodio.

Fortune had immediately returned from the bazaars. And a kind of torpor blanketed her mind, usually so fertile and active. For a time the process of the evolution of thought was denied her; she tried to think, but there was an appalling lack of continuity, of broken threads. It was like one of those circumferential railways; she traveled, but did not get anywhere. Ryanne had told her too much for his own sake, but too little for hers. She sat back in the carriage, inert and listless, and indeterminedly likened her condition to driftwood in the ebb and flow of beach-waves. The color and commotion of the streets were no longer absorbed; it was as if she were riding through emptiness, through the unreality of a dream. She was oppressed and stifled, too; harbinger of storms.

Mechanically she dismissed the carriage at the hotel, mechanically she went to her room, and in this semiconscious mood sat down in a chair, and there George's wish found her, futilely. Oh, there was one thing clear, clear as the sky outside. All was not right; something was wrong; and this wrong upon one side concerned her mother, her uncle and Ryanne, and upon the other side, Mr. Jones. Think and think as she might, her endeavors gave her no single illumination. Four blind walls surrounded her. The United Romance and Adventure company—there could not pos-sibly be such a thing in existence; it was a jest of Ryanne's to cover up something far more serious.

She pressed her eyes with a hand. They ached dully, the dull pain of bewilderment, which these days recur-George did not see her at lunch, and | red with frequency. A sense of time



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"And I refuse to answer. I have

"Not so much, mother, as you had

"Then I shall judge you withou

mercy." Fortune rose, her eyes blaz-

ing passionately. She caught her mother by the wrist, and she was the

stronger of the two. "Can't you un-

derstand? I am no longer a child, I am a woman. I do not ask, I demand!"

She drew the older woman toward her,

eye to eye. "You palter, you always palter; palter and evade. You do not

know what frankness and truth are.

Is the continual evasion calculated to

still my distrust? Yes, I distrust you,

you, my mother. You have made the

mistake of leaving me alone too much

never knew why."
Mrs. Chedsoye tugged, but ineffectu

George, the men who went away and

ever came back? What of your long

disappearances of which I knew noth

ing except that one day you vanished

and upon another you came back? Did

you think that I was a fool, that I

things? You have never tried to

make a friend of me; you have al-

ways done your best to antagonize me.

Did you hate my father so much that,

when his death put him out of range,

you had to concentrate it upon me?

My father!" Fortune roughly flung

aside the arm. "Who knows about

him, who he was, what he was, what

he looked like? As a child, I used to

ask you, but never would you speak.

All I know about him nurse told me.

This much has always burned my

mind: you married him for wealth

that he did not have. What do you

mean by this simple young man across

Mrs. Chedsoye was pale, and the ar

tistic touch of rouge upon her cheeks

did not disguise the pallor. The true

evidence lay in the whiteness of her

nose. Never in her varied life had

the corridor!"

no time to wonder over these

esterday. You refuse to explain?"

some authority still."

"Absolutely!"

ally. "Let go!"

chosen not to see; and in this had ; morally betrayed her. Ah, it rankled, and the injustice of it grew from pain to fury. At that moment, had she known anything, she certainly would have denounced them. Of what use was loyalty, since none of them sought it in her?

The Major was wiser than he knew when he spoke of the hundredth danger, the danger unforeseen, the danger against which they could make no preparation. And he would have been first to sense the irony of it could he have seen where this danger lay.

Why should they wish the pleasant young man out of the way? Why should Ryanne wish to inveigle him into the hands of this man Mahomed? Was it merely self-preservation, or something deeper, more sinister? Think! Why couldn't she think of something? It was only a little pleasure trip to Cairo, they had told her, and when she had asked to go along, they seemed willing enough. But they had come to this hotel, when formerly they had always put up at Shepheard's. A- here again the question why? Was it because Mr. Jones was staying here? She liked him, what little she had seen of him. He was out of an altogether different world than that to which she was accustomed. He was neither insanely mad over cards nor a social idler. He was a young man with a real interest in life, a worker, notwithstanding that he was reputed to be independently rich. And her mother had once borrowed money of him, never intending to pay it back The shame of it! And why should she approach him the very first day and recall the incident, if not with the ulterior purpose of using him further?

all these questions. There was never any answer. Tired out, mentally and physically, she laid her head upon the cool top of the stand. And in this position her mother, who had returned to dress for tea, found her. Believing Fortune to be asleep, Mrs. Chedsoye dropped a hand upon her shoulder.

As a ball strikes a wall only to re-

bound to the thrower, so it was with

Fortune raised her head. "Why, child, what is the matter?" the mother asked. The face she saw was not tear-stained; it was as cold and passionless as that by which sculp-

tors represent their interpretations of "Matter?" Fortune spoke, in a tone that did not reassure the other. "In the first place I have only one real question to ask. It depends upon how

you answer it. Am I really your daughter?" Really my soye stepped back, genuinely astonished. "Really my daughter? The child is mad!" as if addressing an imaginary third person. "What makes you ask such a silly question?" She

was in a hurry to change her dress, but the new attitude of this child of hers warranted some patience. "That is no answer," said Fortune.

with the unmoved deliberation of a prosecuting attorney.

"Certainly you are my daughter." "Good. If you had denied it, I should have held my peace; but since you admit that I am of your flesh and blood, I am going to force you to recognize that in such a capacity I have some rights. I did not ask to come into this world; but insomuch as I am here, I propose to become an individual, not a thing to be given bread and butter upon sufferance. I have been talking with Horace, I met him in the bazaars this morning. He said some things which you must answer.

"Horace? And what has he said pray tell?" Her expression was flip pant, but a certain inquietude pene trated her heart and accelerated its beating. What had the love-lorn fool said to the child?

"He said that he was not a good man, and that you tolerated him be cause he ran errands for you. What kind of errands?"

Mrs. Chedsoye did not know whether to laugh or take the child by the shoulders and shake her soundly. "He was laughing when he said that. Errands? One would scarcely call it

"Why did you renew the acquaint ance with Mr. Jones, when you knew that you never intended paying back that loan?"

Here was a question, Mrs. Chedsore realized, from the look of the child, that would not bear evasion.

"What makes you think I never in-ended to repay him?" Fortune laughed. It did not sound rateful in the mother's ears.

"Mother, this is a crisis; it can not be met by counter-questions nor by dippancy. You know that you did not intend to pay him. What I de-

not intend to pay him. What I demand to know is, why you spoke to him again, so affably, why you seemed so eager to enter into his good graces once more. Answer that."

Her mother pondered. For once she was really at a loss. The unexpectedness of this phase caught her off her halance. She saw one thing vividly, regretfully: she had missed a valuable point in the game by not adjusting her play to the growth of the child, who had, with the phenomenal suddenness which still haffles the psychologists, stepped out of girlhood into womanhood, all in a day. What a fool she had been not to have left

into womanhood, all in a day. What a fool she had been not to have left the child at Mentone!

"I am waiting," said Fortune. "There are more quasitons; but I want this one answered first."



This little fool, with a turn of her hand, might send tottering into ruins the skillful planning of months.

"Are you in love with him?" aiming to gain time to regather her scattered thoughts.

"Love?" bitterly. "I am in a fine mood to love any one. My question, my question," vehemently; "my ques tion!

"I refuse absolutely to answer you!" Anger was first to reorganize its forces; and Mrs. Chedsoye felt the heat of it run through her veins. But, oddly enough, it was anger directed less toward the child than toward her own palpable folly and oversight.

"Then I shall leave you. I will go out into the world and earn my own bread and butter. Ah," a little brok enly, "if you had but given me a little kindness, you do not know how loyal should have been to you! But no; am and always have been the child that wasn't wanted." The despair in the gesture that fol-

I have always distrusted you, but I lowed these words stirred the mother's calloused heart, moved it strange ly, mysteriously. "My child!" she said impulsively, holding out her "Not till I have done. Out of the hands.

patchwork, squares have been formed. Fortune drew back. "It is "No." What of the men who used to come too late." to the villa and play cards with Uncle

"Have it so. But you speak of go ing out into the world to earn your own bread and butter. What do you know about the world? What could you do? You have never done any thing but read romantic novels and moon about in the flower-garden. Foolish chit! Harm Mr. Jones? Why? For what purpose? I have no more interest in him than if he were one of those mummies over in the muse-And I certainly meant to repay him. I should have done so if you hadn't taken the task upon your own broad shoulders. I am in a hurry.

I am going out to Mena House to tea. I've let Celeste off for the day, so please unhook my waist and do not bother your head about Mr. Jones." She turned her back upon her daughter, quite confident that she had for the time suppressed the incipient rebel-She heard Fortune crossing the lion. "What are you doing?" petulantly.

"I am ringing for the hall-maid." And Fortune resumed her chair, picked up her Baedeker, and became apparently absorbed over the map of Assuan.

Again wrath mounted to her moth



Moreover, she was distinctly alarmed. unbridle her tongue, much as longed to do so. She was beaten. Not an agreeable sensation to one counted only her victories.

"Fortune, later you will be sorry for this spirit," she said, when she felt the tremor of wrath no longer in her

Fortune turned a page, and jotted down some notes with a pencil. as she was at heart, tragic as she knew the result of this outbreak to be, she could hardly repress a smile at the thought of her mother's discomfiture.

And so the chasm widened, and went on widening till the end of time. Mrs. Chedsoye was glad that the hall-maid knocked and came in just then. It at least saved her the ignominy of a retreat. She dresse however, with the same deliberate care that she had always used. Noth ing ever deranged her sense of proportion relative to her toilet, nothing ever made her forget its importance

"Good-by dear," she said. "I shall be in at dinner." If the maid had any suspicion that there had been a quarrel, she should at least be im pressed with the fact that abe, Mrs. hedsoye, was not to blame for it. Fortune nibbled the end of her per

The door closed behind her mothe and the maid. She waited for a time Then she sprang to the window and stood there. She saw her mother driven off. She was dressed in pearl-grey, with a Reynolds hat of grey velour and sweeping plumes: as hand-some and distinguished a woman as could be found that day in all Cafro. The watcher threw her Baedeker, her note-book, and her pencil violently into a corner. It had come to her at last, this thing that she had be striving for since noon. She did not care what the risks were; the storm was too high in her heart to listen to the voice of caution. She would do it; for she judged it the one thing. in justice to her own blood, she mus accomplish. She straightway dressed for the street; and if she did not give the same care as her mother to the vital function, she produced an effect

that merited comparison. She loltered before the porter's b reau till she saw him busily engaged in answering questions of some wom-en tourists. Then, with a slight but friendly nod, she stepped into the bu-reau and stopped before the key-rack She hung up her key, but took it down again, as if she had changed her mind. At least, this was the porter's impression as he bowed to her in the midst of the verbal bombardment. Fortune went up-stairs. Ten or fifteen minutes elapsed, when she returned, hung up the key, and walked briskly toward the side-entrance at

the very moment George, in his fruit-less search of her, pushed through the revolving doors in front. And all time she was wondering how it was that her knees did not given under. It was terrible. She balanced between laughter and tears, hysteri cally.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Dental Training.

Fifteen years from now if I have any teeth left for anybody to fool with I shall hire a certain Chinese boy to do the fooling," a New York sales man fald. "He will be grown up then, I saw him the other day down in Chinatown. He was pulling pegs out of a board with his fingers. The pegs had been driven pretty tight into holes in the board, and it took a good deal of strength to get them out.

"That is a funny game for him to play,' I said to a white man who knows the quarter.

"'Game!' said he. "That is not a game. The boy is going to be a dentist. His folks have made up their minds about that, and he has commenced early to strengthen his fingers They train them that way in China because there they pull teeth with the fingers. He will not pull with his fingers here, but the strength and skill will come in handy, just the same."

Yellow Fever Germ. The theory that mosquitoes convey the disease known as "yellow fever is many years old, but it was not until the year 1895 that it was proven to be true. During that year Major Ronald Ross, working in India along the lines of Sir Patrick Manson's theory, demonstrated that mosquitoes of the genus called anopheles clarifor conveyed the disease. In 1897-98 exthe world established a similar conclusion. It is in consequence of this discovery that the dread disease is w being so largely checked in the untries where it has hitherto been so destructive of human life.

Another drink was taken with a like result, and after about the fourth had been disposed of, he slapped the Tex-an on the back and said:

"When you see Bob, you tell him if he or any of his friends need any money, just draw on me for it, and they will get it."

"Why did you cover that board with paint and lean it against your gate poet?" "That," replied Mr. Growcher, "is a sample for the benefit of the people who won't believe paint is freeh until they have rubbed their fingers across it."—Washington Star. For Unbellevers



(Conducted by the National Christian Temperance Un

INTERESTING TO A FARMER

Closing of Distillery and Brewery Would Set at Liberty Large Amount of Capital and Labor.

(By FROF, JOHN A. NICHOLS.) They cry out that if the liquor traffic is abolished one of the markets for grain will be destroyed and a terrible calamity will fall upon the farmers. But the closing of the distillery and brewery would set at liberty a large amount of capital and labor which would be diverted to other channels of business, including among other things the development of produce and its adaptation to the wants of the people. Many millions of dollars now expended in liquor would be expended in farm produce of various kinds. There is a large proportion of our people who do not consume as much of our farm produce as they need and desire, because of the waste of wealth in the consumption of intoxicants, and if this waste ceased the demand for farm produce would at once increase, Experience has shown that the closing up of the saloons and the outlawing of the liquor traffic has always proved a great benefit to every legitimate industry. A chapter in the history of Ireland furnishes a graphic illustration. During the years 1809-10 and 1813-14 the distilleries of Ireland were stopped on account of the famine, on the ground that these distilleries wasted the grain that might otherwise be used by the people as food. The results were surprising. The consumption of spirits fell off nearly onehalf. On the other hand there was a tremendous increase in the demand for dry goods, blankets, cotton goods, sugar, hardware, crockery, groceries

TO DO AWAY WITH ALCOHOL

and other necessities, thus showing

that a year of scarcity with prohibition

is better than a year of plenty with-

New Regulation in Federal Military Expected to Bring Relief to Evils Complained Of.

It is notorious that drinking and drunkenness are great evils connected with army life. It was to protect the soldiers from this debauchery that the canteen was abolished. To further stimulate them to lead temperate lives an order has been issued by the federal government which reads as

follows: "Provided, that no officer or enlisted man in active service, who shall be absent from duty on account of disease resulting from his own intemperate use of alcohol or drugs or other misconduct shall receive pay for the period of such absence from any part

of the appropriation." This new regulation in our federal military service is expected to bring relief at least in some measure, to the evils complained of; also it is regarded as another step toward abolishing the use of alcoholic beverages in the army entirely.

BLOW TO PERSONAL LIBERTY

reon Has Inherent Right to Self Liquor or Buy It in Saloon, Says Supreme Court.

The Supreme Court of the United States says that no person has an inherent right to sell liquor, and now the supreme court of the state of Washington declares that no person has an inherent right to buy liquor in a saloon. In its decision the court said:

."Just as the right to engage in the liquor traffic is not an inherent right in any citizen, neither is it an inherent right in any citizen to treat another in a lcensed saloon which is under the control of the police power being exercised by a municipality. Whatever the right of the citizen may be elsewhere, he has no inherent right even to buy liquor at such a place.

Another blow to "personal liberty," as interpreted by the liquor trade and 'ts friends!

Insuranse Rates.

Insurance companies in Great Britain, America, Sweden, Norway and Germany are discriminating against those who drink, even in moderation. The insurance companies in Germany have issued leaflets and posters showing the detrimental effects of alcohol on the human body. Many insurance companies place total abstainers in a eparate division, insuring their lives on cheaper rates. It is manifestly unjust to require that total abstainers shall pay higher insurance rates on account of the losses caused by the drinkers insured by the same com-

Not What He Meant. "Now, Pat," said a magistrate to an old offender, "what has brought you here again?"

"Two policemen, sor," was the re-

"Drunk, I suppose?" queried the magistrate sternly.
"Yes, sor," said Pat, "both ov
thim."

Close Many Bars. More than 12,000 bars have been closed in Galicia, Austria-Hungary, in

a year. Money on Drink.

At the temperance conference held recently at Moscow, Dr. Sajias pointed out that the average American workman only spends on drink 3.5 per cent. of his carnings, the German workman 14.5 per cent. and the Russian workman 26.7 per cent.



was lacking; for luncheon hour came and passed without her being definite by aware of it. This in itself was a pussle. A jaunt, such as she had taken that morning, always beened the edge of her appetite; and yet, there was no craving whatever.

Where was her mother? If she would only come now, the cumulative doubts of all these months should be put into speech. They had treated her as one would treat a child; it was neither just nor reasonable. If not as a child, but as one they dared not trust, then they were afraid of her. But why? She pressed her hands together, impotently. Ryanne, clever as he was, had made a slip or two which he had sought to cover up with a jest. Why should he confess himself to be a rogue unless his tongue had got the

utly did not enjoy the hour. | was lacking; for luncheon hour or



"Certainly You Are My Daughter."

powerless! That alertness of mind, er's head. She could combat anger, that mental buoyancy, which had always given her the power to return a volley in kind, had deserted her.

Prosperity Came in Jumps

Good Story From Which Private John Allen Drew a Rule to Guide His Conduct.

seech at a banquet at which he was

make a before-dinner speech but none after dinner."

ner speech was quits out of the or-dinary, and was asked for his rea-ton for desiring to make his speech before dinner, he told the following

Bill had a brother Bob, who had gone to Texas quite a while before, and reports said that he was enjoying a fair share of worldly prosperity. When a Texan, from the town in which Bob had located, came to Tupelo, he looked up Bob, who said to him:

ily, and things are against me some-how, and if he can give me a little assistance it will be greatly appre-ciated."

clated."

He continued on this strain for some time so that the Texan to relieve the situation proposed that they have a drink. The drink was disposed of, and Bill was choosed up considerably; began to tell what a good grop he would have this year, six