

The Pet from Carpet Bagdad

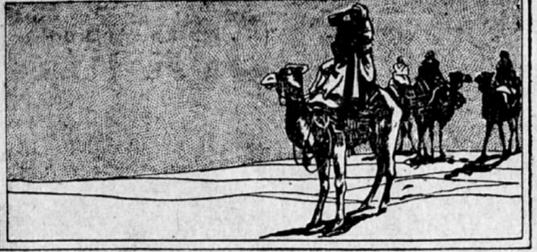
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The MAN ON THE BOX etc.
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SYNOPSIS.

George Percival Algernon Jones, vice-president of the Metropolitan Oriental Rug Company of New York, thrifting for romance, is in Cairo on a business trip. Fortune Ryann arrives at the hotel in Cairo with a carefully guarded bundle. Fortune Ryann, who is famous only to the extent of her name, admits having stolen from a pawn at Bagdad. Fortune Ryann, who is famous only to the extent of her name, admits having stolen from a pawn at Bagdad. Fortune Ryann, who is famous only to the extent of her name, admits having stolen from a pawn at Bagdad.

In Damascus the trio presented themselves at the one decent hotel, and but for Ackermann's charges upon the manager, it is doubtful if he would have accepted them as guests; for a more suspicious-looking trio he had never set eyes upon. (A hotel man weighs a person by the quality of his clothes.) Moreover, they carried no luggage. Ackermann went sponsor; and knowing something of the integrity of the rug-hunter, the manager surrendered. And when George presented his letter of credit at the Imperial Ottoman Bank, again it was Ackermann who vouched for him. It had been agreed to say nothing of the character of their adventure. None of them wanted to be followed by curious eyes.

Even Fortune laughed, though Ryann's ear, keenest then, detected the vague note of hysteria. If the meat was tough, the potatoes greasy, the vegetables flavorless, the wine flat, none of them appeared to be aware of it. If Ackermann could talk he could also eat; and the clatter of forks and knives was the theme rather than the variation to the symphony. George felt himself drawn deeper and deeper into those tragic waters from which, as in death, there is no return. She was so lonely, so sad and forlorn, that there was as much brother as lover in his sympathy. How patient she had been during all those inconceivable hardships! How brave and steady; and never a murmur! The single glass of wine had brought the color back to her cheek and the sparkle into her eye; yet he was sure that behind this apparent liveliness lay the pitiful desperation of the helpless. He had not spoken again about old Mortimer. He would wait till after he had sent a long cable. Then he would speak and show her the answer, of which he had not a particle of doubt. As matters now stood, he could not tell her that he loved her, his quixotic sense of chivalry was too strong to permit this step, urge as his heart might upon it. She might misinterpret his love as born of pity, and that would be the end of everything. He was confident now that Ryann meant nothing to her. Her lack of enthusiasm, whenever Ryann spoke to her in these days, the peculiar horizontality of her lips and brows, whenever Ryann offered a trifling courtesy—all pointed to distrust. George felt a guilty gladness. After all, why shouldn't she distrust Ryann? George concluded that he must acquire patience. She was far too loyal to run away without first giving him warning. In the event of her refusing Mortimer's roof and protection, he knew what his plans would be. Some one else could do the buying for Mortimer & Jones; his business would be to revolve round this lonely girl, to watch and guard her without her being aware of it. Of what use were riches if he could not put them to whatever use he chose? So he would wait near her, to see that she came and went unmolested, till against that time when she would recognize how futile her efforts were and how wide



"Is it Bad News?"

take the tubby French packet there to Alexandria. They could just about make it, and any delay meant a week or ten days longer upon this ragged and inhospitable coast. "Ryann has probably overslept. After breakfast I'll go and rout him out. The one thing that really tickles me," George continued, as he pared the tough rind from the skinny bacon, "is, we shan't have any luggage. Think of the blessing of traveling without a trunk or a valise or a steamer-roller!" "Without even a comb or a hairbrush!" "It's great fun," George broke his toast. And Fortune wondered how she could tell him. She was without any toilet articles. She hadn't even a toothbrush; and it was quite out of the question for her to bother him about trifles, much as she needed them. She would have to live in the clothes she wore, and trust that the ship's stewardess might help her out in the absolute necessities. Here the head-waiter brought George a letter. The address was sent for George. No one but Ryann could have written it. Without excusing himself, he ripped off the envelope and read the contents. Fortune could not resist watching him, for she grasped quickly that only Ryann could have written a letter here in Damascus. At first the tan upon George's cheeks darkened—the sudden tension of blood; then it became lighter, and the mouth and eyes and nose became stern. "Is it bad news?" "It all depends upon how you look at it. For my part, good riddance to bad rubbish. Here, read it yourself." She read: "My Dear Percival: After all, I find that I can not reconcile myself to the dullness of your olive-groves. I shall send the five hundred to you when I reach New York. With me it is as with the devil. When he was sick, he vowed he would be a saint; but when he got well, devil a saint was he. There used to be a rhyme about it, but I have forgotten that. Anyhow, there you are. I feel that I am conceding a point in regard to the money. It is contrary to the laws and by-laws of the United Romance and Adventure Company to refund. Still, I intend to hold myself to it. With hale affection, "RYANN." "What do you think of that?" demanded George hotly. "I never did a good action in my life that wasn't served ill. I'm a soft Juffer, if there ever was one."

SUCCESS Depends largely upon one's physical condition. No man or woman can do their best work if troubled with weak stomach. Don't procrastinate. **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery** promotes the flow of digestive juices, invigorates the liver and purifies and enriches the blood. It makes men and women strong in body and active in mind. **Ask Your Druggist**



HARDLY.

"It must take courage to go up in an airship." "It does, but not near so much as to come down in one." **BREAKING OUT ON LEG** Hilltop, Kan.—"About two years ago I began to notice a breaking out on my leg. At first it was very small but soon it began to spread until it formed large blotches. The itching was terrible and almost constant. Many nights I could not sleep at all. After scratching it to relieve the itching it would burn so dreadfully that I thought I could not stand it. For nearly a year I tried all kinds of salves and ointments, but found no relief. Some salves seemed to make it worse until there were ugly sores, which would break open and run. "One day I saw an advertisement of Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment and began by washing the sores with the Cuticura Soap, then applying the Cuticura Ointment twice a day. I noticed a change and got more Cuticura Soap and Ointment and in a few weeks I was cured. It has healed so nicely that no scar remains." (Signed) Mrs. Anna A. Law, Dec. 17, 1911. Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston." Adv.

Thirteen Not Unlucky for Him. Dr. Nansen has good reason to regard thirteen as a lucky number. The crew of the Fram, in which he made the most successful of his expeditions, consisted of thirteen men, who all, after an absence of three years, returned to their homes in perfect safety. Dr. Nansen arrived back in Norway on Aug. 13, 1896, and on the same day the Fram emerged from her long drift on the ice into the open sea. Moreover, during the voyage, as the doctor records, "Kirk presented us with thirteen pups, a curious coincidence—thirteen pups born on Dec. 13, 1893, for thirteen men."

Bear's Grease and Baldness. In a recent volume of reminiscences the writer states that baldness is much more common now than in his early days, and ascribes the modern man's loss of hair to the decrease in the use of "bear's grease." This pomade was made principally of lard colored and scented, but "hairdressers, many of whom called themselves professors," used to advertise "the slaughter of another fine bear," exhibiting a canvas screen depicting in glaring colors a brown animal of elephant proportions expiring in a sea of gore.

In Delaware. Black—I understand your father made money in the whaling industry. Brown—That's right. He was sheriff, and was paid for doing stunts at the whipping-post. **Not Much.** "Do you believe in auto hypnosis?" "Well, I've never seen one hypnotized yet."

Solves the Breakfast Problem

A bowl of crisp, sweet **Post Toasties** makes a most delicious meal. These crinkly bits of toasted white corn, ready to serve direct from package, are a tempting breakfast when served with cream or milk, or fruit.

The Toasties flavour is a pleasant surprise at first; then a happy, healthful habit. **"The Memory Lingers"**



"Ryann, Do You Really Mean to Stick to That Proposition?"

CHAPTER XVIII.
The Man Who Didn't Care.
It was the first of February when Ackermann's caravan drew into the ancient city of Damascus. That part of the caravan deserted by Mahomed struck out for Cairo immediately they struck the regular camel-way. Fortune, George and Ryann were in a pitiable condition, heart and body weary, in rage and tatters. George, now that the haven was assured, dropped his forced buoyancy, his pratfalls, his jests. He had done all a mortal man could to keep up the spirits of his co-unfortunates; and he saw that, most of the time, he had wasted his talents. Ryann, sullen and morose, often told him to "shut up," which wasn't exhilarating. And Fortune viewed his attempts without smiling them and frequently looked at him without seeing him. Now, all this was not particularly comforting to the man who loved her and was doing what he could to lighten the dreariness of the journey. He made allowances, however; besides suffering unusual privations, Fortune had had a frightful mental shock. A girl of her depth of character could not be expected to rise immediately to the old level. Sometimes, while gathered about the evening fire, he would look up at her and eyes staring at him, he would wonder if he had done it. He would wonder if he had done it. He would wonder if he had done it.

and high the wall of the world was. That mother of hers! To his mind it was positively unreal that one so charming and lovely should be at heart strong as the wind and merciless as the sea. His mother had been everything; hers, worse than none, an eternal question. What a drama she had moved about in, without understanding! George did not possess that easy and adjustable sophistry which made Ryann look upon smuggling as a clever game between two cheats. His point of view coincided with Fortune's; it was thievery, more or less condoned, but the ethics covering it were soundly established. He had come very near being culpable himself. True, he would not have been guilty of smuggling for profit; but none the less he would have tried to cheat the government. His sin had found him out; he had now neither the rug nor his thousand pounds. All these cogitations passed through his mind, disjunctly, as the dinner progressed toward its end. They bade Ackermann good-by and Goodspeed, as he was to leave early for Beirut, upon his way to Smyrna. Fortune went to bed; Ryann sought the billiard-room and knocked about the balls; while George sat the manager if

Surely Had Liking for Dog

Georgia Wilson, negress, was fined \$10 for being disorderly. Charges were made by Patrolmen O'Hern and Perryman, who told Judge Bacon she wanted to whip a man about a dog. "Would you fight over a dog?" asked Judge Bacon. "I sh'ud' you v'ght o'er de heah dawg." "Why? Is it a valuable dog?" "Nossah, I guess it han't w'eth so much, but I done been habin' dat dawg evah since it w'ah a houn' pup, and I jes' lak it, dat's all. I had ruther dat man fight and kick me den deek dat dawg." "Did he kick the dog?" "Yes, he did." "This man is court," asked Judge Bacon. "No, I understand," began Officer O'Hern, "that the man she is talking about claims the dog." "Dat's de troof, Judge; he do. De dawg is mine. When it w'ah a pup dat same man he say, 'Georgia, if you want dat no count pup you can hab him. I done tuk de pup home and raised him. He is a big dawg now and I also likes him."

ments. This is absurd, of course, for if a Stradivarius costs \$5,000 or \$10,000, how can it fail to be better than a new violin worth only a few hundred dollars or perhaps less? Yet there is a heretical sect which holds that the superiority of the old Cremona makers is a myth, and the Chicago experiment was meant to settle that point. It proved, however, inconclusive, for while the old violins as a rule carried off the honors the first prize fell to a violin only three years old. Nineteen instruments were entered, including a Nicholas Amati of 1643 and a Jacobus Stainer of 1650. **Shepherd's Life Not So Sad.** W. G. Ayré of Baker and for a number of years known as the sheep king of eastern Oregon, was at Portland recently on a business trip. "The life of a sheep herder has been much maligned," he said, "because during the summer months a more delightful life in the open air could not be imagined. This is especially true in Baker county, where the streams are full of trout and quail are abundant. It is far from being a hermit's life, and the only thing against the occupation is its name, that for some unknown reason has got into disrepute."

he'd have been alive today. Oh, damn it all; let's go back to the hotel and order that club-steak, or the best imitation they have. I'm going to have a pint of wine. I'm as dull as a ditch in a paddy-field. "A bottle or two will not hurt any of us. We'll ask Ackermann. For God knows where we'd have been today but for him. And let him do all the talking. It will please him." "And while he sabs, we'll get the best of the steak and wine!" For the first time in days Ryann's laughter had a bit of the erstwhile rollicking tone. The dinner was an event. No delicacy (nearly named) was overlooked. The manager, as he heard the guinea single in George's pocket, was filled with shame; not over his original doubt, but relative to his lack of perception. The tourists who sat at the other tables were scandalized at the popping of champagne-corks. Fortune's face glared reproach. A slight spurt in the Holy Land was an acknowledgment, not to be tolerated. And what! Horrible! Doubtless, when they retired to their native beds, they would with never-ending horror of having witnessed such a scene and having heard such laughter upon the second day.