

Triumphs of M. Jonquelle

by MELVILLE DAVISSON POST
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The Laughter of Allah

Begin Here Today

JONQUELLE, greatest of French detectives, tells the story of a strange and famous Englishman and tells it without giving the man's name. But the conqueror of the Soudan, who later met his death so tragically in the North Sea, was known to all.

It was the love story of the man who lived and died in mystery. The great man was riding through Cairo, his thoughts on his vestrosities in Khartoum. Suddenly he noticed a white woman accompanied by the resident doctor and her maid, enter a hotel.

He learned she was once a great beauty in the United States for and her maid enter a hotel. She looked exhausted and in her face one read the tragedy of failure.

Go On With the Story

Meanwhile the doctor after a word of direction, left the woman at the second floor, and she entered her apartment with the maid. She took off her hat, went over to the window and sat down. She leaned on her elbows, looking out her face in her hands, her heavy hair falling over her thin blue-veined fingers.

The maid came with excited remonstrance. Madame must go at once to bed. The doctor had ordered it. Madame was taking a chance for her life. Her lungs would congest. She would die immediately! In spite of the dry atmosphere there was a certain dampness from the Nile at evening.

But the woman gave no attention. She sat quite motionless, looking down at the man on the gray Arab, at the edge of the Place Esbekiya. She could see only the white helmet, the firm shoulders, the nervous horse, and the sun in the street beneath it. She could not see the man's face but she knew the features of it.

For some days he had been a distinguished figure in the city. Under the visor of the helmet she could reconstruct the face, with some dominating eyes of sword-blade, and the features that in repose seemed modeled over iron.

And there arose in her an appalling sense of loss—a ghastly sense of having been trapped and cheated. Here was the destiny for which she was born into the world, and she had been turned another way into the pit. Ah, God! If she had only had this bronze wall behind her, how far and how wonderfully she would have gone!

Meanwhile the riot of sound and color poured along the Street Kamei Pasha, drifted across the Place Esbekiya, and entered the Rue Muski on the way to the Forum of the Caliphs. Now and then, one, exhausted, dropped out of the mad current and fell in the street, swathed in his burnoose like a corpse.

The whole square of the Place Esbekiya was sown with these motionless figures.

Suddenly, far off in the border of the garden of the Esbekiya a faint figure arose from among these ghastly groups, as in a garden of the dead—a creature infinitely old, matted with hair and naked under his burnoose. He extended his arm, and his voice

drifted with the vague wind northward as from the desert. It came to the man sitting the gray Arab as from a remote distance; a voice carried on the wave crest of innumerable sound; a long, wailing desert cry, weird, eerie, the words stirred over and blurred.

"O Sirdar! I will give it to you. . . I will give it to you. And may it crucify your soul!"

The voice trailed off in a thin, indistinguishable whine, and the emaciated creature sank down under his burnoose.

The man looked up and about him like one who hears a whispering in the sky. Then he turned his horse and rode on slowly in the wake of the procession. He followed it east into the Rue Muski.

The horse picked its way along, careful to avoid the exhausted madman who lay everywhere.

The rider gave the horse no attention. He rode with the reins slack in his fingers.

As the Rue Muski entered the Neuve, the horse, to avoid a camel stepped on the caftan of an exhausted dervish, lying in a heap like a relaxed dead man. The hook barely touched the garment, but the drugged crazed creature beneath it suddenly rolled over and buried his teeth in the horse's leg above the fetlock. It was the quick, savage lunge of an infuriated dog. The horse bolted, and to keep him from going headlong into the crowd, the rider turned him into aside street.

But he could not master the maddened horse. The beast was wild; the iron bit clamped into its jaws as if cemented into a stone. As though infected by a virus, the horse was now as crazed as the drug-drunken dervish. Nevertheless, the horse did not get away.

He fought down the narrow street and out through the native quarter of the city, but the rider controlled him, and but for an accident, would have got him in hand. A water-skin had broken in the street, and when the plunging horse struck the wet earth he fell.

That thing all happened in a flash, and the man was thrown out of the saddle. As he arose a native servant, in livery handed him his helmet which had rolled into a neighboring doorway. A motor-car had stopped and a woman was out in the street beside him.

"Oh, she cried, 'are you hurt?' The voice had the soft liquid tones of some southern country. He was not in the least hurt and he hastened to say it.

The car was new and smart—the sort of wonderful thing one sees at eleven in the Rue de la Piaz. The woman was extremely young a mere girl, he thought, for the lines of her slim figure were not yet rounded out.

It was amazingly good in a suit of white Chinese silk heavy as duck and cut, in a half sporting style, with a plaited coat, belt and patch pockets, by a first-class London tailor.

The girl was blushing slightly. Her eyes, colored like the velvet hull of an Italian chestnut, were wide under long lashes curling up. "It was a nasty cropper," he said.

"The horse went down like a shot. Fortunately the helmet got the blow."

And he pressed out the pieces of broken cork.

"I thought you were killed," she said. Then she turned toward the car. "Let me take you up."

He could not very well refuse and he got in. Besides, his horse was nowhere to be seen, and his faded helmet would make him conspicuous in the street.

It was precisely sunset and from a thousand minarets the muezzin was calling out. The whole city was flaming pink as though covered with wings of innumerable flamingoes. The horse had fallen as if entered a great square before a mosque.

When they were seated they fell immediately into a pleasant talk. The charming thing about the girl was her perfect freedom. There was not a pretense in her. She gave a boundless confidence. She was wholly absorbed in the thing she talked about.

Almost at once they were on a friendly footing and, the man found himself speaking of things which he had never before discussed with anybody—trifling, intimate things which touch life here and there.

She loved a jar-fly and a trum-



"I THOUGHT YOU WERE KILLED," SHE SAID.

petive, she said. If she could only see the trumpet-vine and hear the jar-fly, she always became at once inexpressibly happy, no matter in what mood. She tried to intimate the sound, putting out her lips.

And he told her that a cock crowing in the afternoon strangely saddened him, like certain desolate landscapes that impressed the beholder with the end of all things. It made him unutterably lonely. He was not usually lonely, but that note, sounded in the sun, could chance him like a witch word.

The motor-car which had endeavored to enter a great boulevard crowded with natives, made one or two turns and finally stopped before a narrow, iron gate in a high wall studded with spikes. The driver explained that he could not reach the main entrance. The crowd was strangely obstinate and would not make way for the car.

To go in with the girl seemed to the man inevitable. She offered a cup of tea and would send him on when the streets were opened. The crowds brought out by the sacred carpet would presently scatter.

Besides, in the fascination of her

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delightful chatter, he was seeing just then a slim little girl, mostly eyes, on the veranda of a big, old house in a southern state of America surrounded by magnolias through which you caught the glimpse of white washed cabins.

She was lying down, with a foreign illustrated paper before her, writing a letter to a hero.

He could see every detail so vivid as the narration. She kept putting back a wisp of lock of hair that constantly fell down. Her lips were stained with red paint from the penholder where she had chewed it over a difficult word and her frock was daubed with ink where she had wiped her thumb.

He knew the worship of heroes at that age for he had a Latin grammar in which was pasted a picture of Nelson, finger pointed with halos. And he had a warm, bewildered feeling, as though the very day and hour of that fascinating time were restored.

The place they entered was enclosed by the great wall set with spikes. It was native in its architecture outside, with a flat roof, but inside it was a white man's house, with a drawing room on the second floor.

They saw no servant as they went in, although the house was lighted in the drawing room no one answered the bell, and the girl went out to discover the reason.

(To Be Continued)

VICTORIA, B. C., Nov. 21—A motion by the provincial government calling upon the dominion government to prohibit immigration of Asiatics into Canada, was adopted by the British legislature last night.

Donations of Jellies and Jam for Cook Hospital to Be Received Next Tuesday

Appeal Made for Contributions to Add to Cheer of Hospital Patients.

By J. A. L.

Next Tuesday has been set by the Woman's Hospital Association as the day for donations of jellies and jams for the patients in Cook Hospital. It is an annual custom of the Woman's Hospital Association to make this public appeal for home made preserves, jellies, and jams for the trays of the sick who are confined by their illness to the rooms and wards of the hospital.

Last year the appeal was met with exceptional generosity, and many sick patients, who numbers hundreds of persons during the year, had reason to be grateful to the women of Fairmont and the surrounding towns for their kind donations, as well as to the committees in charge who gave their time to the assembling and collecting of the splendid variety of stuff contributed.

This year a receiving station will be located in each ward in the city and in Belleview, Monongah, Farmington, Worthington, Barrackville and perhaps other

nearby points. Many women will have only one glass of jelly to spare from their fruit cupboard and will not wish to take the time to make the trip to the hospital with the single contribution, but if a receiving station is near, these gifts of one or two jars of jelly or jam will be taken there gladly and in this way every woman can make some contribution. One glass of jelly, or one jar of preserves or jam, does not look like a very large gift, but it is pointed out that such contribution will give several patients a delightful and tempting addition to a tray from which their uncertain appetite might otherwise turn away, so no matter how small the gift it will be gladly and thankfully received and sent on its way to Cook Hospital.

Every jar of stuff contributed is used absolutely for sick patients alone unless otherwise marked by the donor. Last year some contributions were given by some thoughtful women for the nurses' table. These jars were marked by those who gave them especially for that purpose, but not one single jar is ever touched by any other than a sick patient unless specific directions are given by the person who makes the donation, so those who give to the Woman's Hospital Association can rest assured that every jar they contri-

bute will go to tempt some sick appetite unless they make an extra contribution for the nurses and mark it as such.

Those patients who have friends in the community are not likely to suffer for lack of home dainties to make tempting addition to the hospital trays, but many, many sick persons enter Cook Hospital who are far from their kindfolk, or who have no one who can supply these things. A sick person is a person on a diet, one whose appetite is variable and hard to please, and there is a child-like pleasure on the face of a patient at the sight of something that pleases them on their tray.

The Woman's Hospital Association hopes for a generous donation. The first two weeks of this month eighty-eight patients entered Cook Hospital for treatment. This will give some idea of the need to be supplied. A hospital is not a pleasant place to be, and the hospital association believes that the women of the community realize this, and will be glad to personally contribute a little cheer in the shape of home made jellies and jams from their fruit shelves. Next Tuesday is the day.

school. An invitation to attend has been extended to the community.

Revival Services.

The revival services being held at the local church were terminated Sunday night. The services were in charge of the Reverend Mr. Leatherby.

Personals.

The Misses Jennie and Mae Kerr visited their grandmother at Plum Run Sunday afternoon.

Miss Geneva Collins was the guest of Miss Wilda Fetty Sunday.

Miss Bessie Kerr was the guest of Miss Troy Toothman of Laurel Run Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Hughes and children, Pauline and Fay, visited relatives in Shinnston Sunday.

ANCHORAGE Alaska, Nov. 20—Superintendent Evan Jones was overcome by fumes when the Eva Jones coal mine near here was set ablaze today by a backfire. Every body in the mine escaped. Government officials are assisting fighting the flames. The mine, which is the only one in operation reached by a spur from the Alaska Railroad, has been supplying the road with fuel.

EAST RUN

Health Improves

Mrs. Sarah Criss, who has been ill at her home for the past week, is improving in health.

Box Supper.

A box supper will be held at the Laurel Run School Friday night. The affair will be managed by Hugh Brand, the teacher of the

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