

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Creole and Puritan

A Character Study in Three Parts.

By T. C. DE LEON.

PART III.—UNDER SHADOW OF THE SPHINX

Then he turned Said into the deep shades thrown wide and cool upon the sands from the Caliph Bergook's tomb. There stood a wiry, ugly Arab, apparently busy with the thong of his stirrup, but unarmed, and with the bedouin's dingy bournous absent. The man looked up carelessly enough; but a strange gleam of recognition and surprise came into his dull eyes as they glanced first at Latour's face, then at his uniform.

"Salaam alekoum, Effendi," he said gravely.

"Peace be with you, also," Latour answered, in his own tongue. "You seem not of Cairo, but a stranger; and these be hot hours for a journey. Yet your mare shows no fatigue, nor heat," he added, eyeing mare and man closely.

"The mare is a good mare," the Arab answered, forgetting his stirrup mending and vaulting into the saddle.

"Peace be with thee, then, and coolness in thy ride," Latour answered pleasantly. "I also must go my ways. And he slowly turned Said's head, but kept his keen eyes rooted to the other's as he added quickly:

"Which way rode the lady?" The Arab's eyes opened in surprise, and his dark face changed, but he quickly relaxed into stolidity, answering slowly:

"Of what sitta speaks the Effendi? Surely none would ride on the desert under this sun."

Latour rode off without reply. Joining Lord Martindale, he said briefly: "The Arab in there lies, I think. Whether or not, we can learn nothing, and are wasting time."

He opened his field glass and swept the desert carefully. Some three miles southward, the low, black tents of the sheik showed distinctly in the clear atmosphere—even the gleam of a white bournous distinguishable. Out toward the Shoubra road, the great two rows planted by Mehmet Ali now towered still and stonelike in the breezeless glare. Behind them glittered the domes of Cairo; but no speck of life moved on the desert.

Lord Martindale sat silent. Deep anxiety now marked his face; and as the glass fell he cried:

"My God! I can't stand this, you know! Anything is better than sitting still. You know this damned country: do you suspect danger to her?"

"Suspicions are useless; facts are what we want," Latour answered, closing the glass.

"But we might have missed her?" cried the now agitated husband, clinging to that shred of hope.

"Not if she rode to the desert," the Arab answered calmly. Into his quick mind the certainty had come. Still there was one chance that he erred, and, pointing to the Shoubra road, he said shortly:

"Gallop over there. There is bare chance she comes that way. I will take the desert."

Racked with dread, Lord Martindale turned without one word, speeding for the trees. Latour's loosened rein gave signal to Said, who bounded off over the hot sands straight for the Arab tents.

PART III.—CHAPTER VI.

LOCHINVAR IN THE EAST.

Swift as he swept along, swifter rushed to Latour's brain shame, contrition, self reproach, each in turn shrinking in the burning memory of that kiss, still throb- bing through his veins—of the soft pressure that held him to the heart beating so wildly—if so faintly—for him!

Was he responsible for her mad freak? Had memory driven her forth at dawn, dreaming to face the man whose honor she had snatched for his sake?

Exactly what the danger was he could not define. To life or limb, surely none; for the Arab of the desert is not of savage nature, and the first horror—of her capture for sale into some harem—had been dismissed as preposterous. But were her detention only for ransom, the thought of durance among savages, no word of whose tongue she knew, maddened the man grind his teeth in impotence of wrath.

Would the escort arrive in time? Not yet, he knew. Still he turned in saddle and glanced back at the Tombs, now a mile away.

There the Arab sat upon his horse, standing high in his stirrups, his bournous fluttering loose. In his right hand

"Quick! Mount!" he cried to her, he raised his slender lance, hidden while they had spoken, and from its point waved his white turban.

"A signal! I was right!" Latour muttered, forcing his gaze once more on the tents, now fast growing more distinct.

Suddenly his eye caught a living figure on the sand, midway between. With voice and heel he urged his horse to racing speed, the hot air screaming past his ears, though the Khamsin wind were blowing; his eyes riveted on the moving thing, now seen to be a man, staggering onward.

On faster, over the burning sand, for

seconds that seemed hours; and then the man, recognizing him, waved his hand.

"Harris! Alone!" Latour growled through his set teeth. "My God! what have they done to her?"

Again the shovel stirrup gored the racing Arab's side. He was within hail, shouting to the struggling groom in the voice that had carried "Charge!" over the roof of battle down the long brigade:

"Where is she?"

The man screamed something, lost in the rush of wind past Latour's ears; but he saw that Harris was ghastrly, exhausted, with blood streaming down his face. Closer still he came, and again Latour cried fiercely:

"Where is she?" Harris staided himself, pushed back the matted hair from his forehead and shouted: "At the tents!"

The flying Arab steed reached the staggering man. Latour's voice, trumpet clear in the stillness, hurled at him the words:

"Help will come soon!"

As he spoke he half turned in the saddle. The Caliph's Tombs, dim and shadowy now, still glinted the sun from their minarets. But a gasp jumped from his heart to his lips, as he saw a dust cloud rising between.

On, still on, until the Arab camp was plainly seen. And there, was busy movement; but his quick eye told that it was to avoid, not meet, him. Most of the low, black tents were already struck and folded, their agile, sinewy owners moving swiftly among them. Foremost of those still standing was the rather taller tent of the sheik.

Between this and the nearest tent stood a sleepy, low nosed pack camel; while farther off another knoed and lony hands piled tents and baggage in his saddle. The Arab mares, each picketed to a long spear driven in the sand, and with a bag of barley tied about the nose, stood quiet and docile.

Loosening the pistol in his holster, Latour checked his horse by a word, the great stride slackening to a swinging gallop, then coming to a stand at easy halt.

"Peace be with thee, O sheik!" Latour cried.

"And with thee also peace," the Arab answered. He rose and stood silent as Latour advanced slowly within two paces of his man. Then he said: "Alight, O warrior of Ismail the Pasha, and sit beneath my tent."

The whirl and heat had gone from Latour's brain now, replaced by cool, quick resolve. He felt craft must meet craft, and this Arab was an adept. Quiet as though on parade he sat, reaching over to caress the grand neck of the steed that bore him so gallantly, but really listening to his breathing.

The three mile race over the sand, under that blazing sun had scarcely tested the endurance of the Aneyezel blood. Two long, deep breaths he took, then his sides scarce moved, and the man knew he could rely upon his horse if he could but trust his own coolness and sagacity.

"Little time have I to sit, O sheik Mohammed-ben-Zizi," he answered slowly. "Neither have I yet come on my visit to thee. Only on my way to other duties have I chanced near thy tents."

The Arab's brow clouded, and his dull eye grew brighter, as he answered: "As thou sayest, O warrior, so shall it be. Mohammed-ben-Zizi forgets not his salt eat it, but prefers to stand like a falcon upon penance, rather than smoke beneath his tent."

Again the Croile answered very slowly; but his quick ear and quicker eye were busy, and when he finished his plan was formed upon the information both gave him.

"Thou, O son of the desert," he said low and quietly, "art free to do thy ways, but in our army there are rules that none may break. One of these commands that foot may not leave stirrup till duty be accomplished. Still, much do I marvel, O sheik, to see thy tents folded and thy people prepared for travel, while the answer of our sovereign unto the sheik of the Beni-Alli is yet unheard!"

So speaking, Latour noted three things. Before the nearest tent sat an aged Arab, who had risen with the sheik. His extended arm, lean and black, grasped his spear, the bournous falling from it like a curtain before the tent. Moreover, the camel's pack saddle had been replaced by an ant strap on him for a seat. At last he noticed one mare, picketed apart, a bournous strapped around her, biting and whinnying loud beneath his hood. Said raised his head, pricked his ears forward and nickered in reply, but his rider appeared not to note as the sheik replied: "Yesterday said I to thee, O warrior of Ismail-ben-Ibrahim, that thy ruler of Misraim is no king of the Beni-Alli! For what thou seest here, the way of the Bedouin is the way of the wind. He goeth—even as he cometh—howso he listeth."

"Then, ere thou goest, O sheik," Latour said gravely and quietly, "in the name of my king, Ismail Khedive of old Egypt, speak these words!" He paused an instant. Thus far all had been spoken in the low, guttural Arabic. Backing Said two paces, Latour now raised his clear voice, crying in resonant English: "Courage, Edith! Speak no word, but come—quickly!"

"What Sheitan's gibberish!" The sheik's exclamation of wonder was cut short. For, gliding by the old Arab, Edith raised her proud head in the sunshine. The bloodless olive face spoke nothing of fear; the defiant eyes softened only as they met Latour's, and her leaving bosom forced the whisper: "Adrian! Then I am safe!"

Latour felt she was close to him, but his eyes never left the sheik's face. Knowing well the dual Arab nature, he watched eagerly which of its moods would sway the chief, and his breath came easier as he saw that craft, not force, would first be tried. For instead of snatching his spear Zizi only stared a moment at the woman.

"What jugglery is this, O warrior?" he asked, with cunningly simulated wonder. "Truly might I deem thee one of the wicked Jinnis, that dost summon

strange forms from the sands of the desert. In the name of Sheitan, speak! Who is she?"

"How should I know aught of her?" the Croile answered, with wonder equal to his own. "But if this verily be a Frankish woman who hath lost her way upon the desert and been rescued by thy people, then will I return with her to the friends who must now be seeking her."

A strange smile writhed the thin, black lips of the Arab. Adept in dissimulation, even beyond the Levantine Greeks, his race ever honor craft in others. He saw the loophole of escape offered by the other's words; but he only answered calmly:

"If thou canst show me him who hath brought the infidel woman beneath our tents, by Allah do I swear to punish him!"

"It is well," Latour rejoined quickly. "Then she may go with me to El Kahireh."

"And wherefore?" replied the Arab, again with his ugly smile. "Safe is the Frank klanum under the tents of the Beni-Alli. Let the Ghaour seek his own. As I learn, the Ingleeze prince from whose harem she cometh can lavish gems and diamonds upon this plaything."

He broke off suddenly. Craft had carried him too far; and, as he realized that he had trapped himself, Mohammed-ben-Zizi's brow knotted and his eye shone with an evil gleam.

"Not knowing if he breathed, so great was the tension on his nerves, yet with brain coolly alert, Adrian Latour had borne this trying interview. Still his eye never quitted the sheik's, but the hot blood of his race rushed to his heart with a wild joy, for he felt that time was past for parley, and now—for action!"

As the sheik ceased his left hand swiftly switched the bournous back, baring the low, hairy, muscular right arm. But ere he could grasp his spear the Arab stopped spellbound, as though he gazed into the eyes of the cobra d'capello. For, quick as was his gesture, quicker still was that which flashed the pistol through the air.

"One word—one sign—is death!" whispered Latour, in Arabic.

Then bringing his left foot in the stirrup the Croile stretched his right one to the woman at his side.

"Quick! Mount!" he cried to her. "Your life—more—depends upon your courage!"

Edith placed her foot on his, grasped the cantle of the saddle, and swung up lightly on the horse without one word.

All had passed so rapidly, so calm and low had been the spoken words, that the stoical Arab had never looked toward him. And now, as the absent pistol unlocked Mohammed-ben-Zizi's voice, their wondering rush was too late.

As he had felt Edith settle upon the horse—and with wondrous presence of mind pass her left hand round him, not to shake his pistol arm—Latour called out to Said, and the noble horse sped away over the past he had come.

"Hold fast! Steep low to the right!" Latour cried, bending his own body to the left to give her room. "They may hurl the spears!"

But no sound whizzed by their ears save the wind of their own rush; and, after a few more bounds, the man raised himself and glanced back. At the tents all was wild confusion—men running for their picketed steeds and tearing the bags from their noses; the sheik himself foremost among them.

Under his raised hand Latour scanned the desert. The dust cloud rose more distinct, yet fell two long ways away. But it now advanced more rapidly, as though his need were known. Again he twisted round to scan the camp, now nearly a mile behind. Mounted Arabs had rushed from it, on their fresh mares, spreading out wide over the sand, as is their wont in chase—many a white bournous trailing on the wind, and sharp spears glittering in the sun. Before him the moving dust cloud was still four times their distance away; yet the soldier did not urge his horse out of the even, steady gallop; each stride as regular as though he carried no extra weight.

On they pressed, steadily and in silence, for a half mile more. Then the strained ear of the man caught the cries of numerous pursuers gaining on him. Far to the right and left the cries were clear, while those behind grew fainter, and he knew that the fleetest steeds were deployed to hem him in more surely. Still Latour did not urge his horse, confident that the grand steed could do, and saving him for yet more urgent need.

"Courage!" he whispered to the woman behind him. "The waste that breath. Aloud is nearing us."

He said no more. For dull, but surely, away to the right he caught the muffled thud of hoofs upon the sand.

They were gaining rapidly! Had he let them come too near?

Once more he urged the horse slightly with touch of stirrup, the sensitive animal responding with new strength, faster, faster still, until the level sands seemed flying backward past them! On at that tearing speed for a half mile! Then the distant dust cloud, still half a mile away, opened and showed the Egyptian troops charging at speed.

A great gasp of relief broke from Latour's breast; for the double weight, at speed, told heavily on Said, who labored in his stride. And just then, for the first time, Edith spoke.

"Look to the right," she said quietly and low.

Twisting round, Latour beheld the sheik, scarce three hundred paces off, almost even with him, his magnificent mane bounding along at racing speed. Plainly, he had shaken off the rest in that great burst of speed; but the sheik's mare would not be left, spite of the wide distance she made.

One glance toward the approaching cavalry—no nearer seemingly in the brief interval—and his hand instinctively stretched for his pistol. A dead shot, even at speed, he could easily drop the Arab out of saddle. But that would be declaration of war, and he was far from the pasha's officer; the Arabs so far having done no hostile act. Without time to question her, he had assumed Edith's capture; but he was certain no violence had been shown her.

Through his brain all this flashed like lightning; then over it all rose the glad- lator-spirit, somewhere hidden in us all, more backward glance showed the Arabs pulling up, a thousand yards behind, hopeless of reaching him before the escort. Only the tall old chief could hope this, and—now even with Said—he bore down on his quarry in circling swoop.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

inglers eat tar drops to get the correct pitch.

A FEW FUNNY UNES.

Jillson, who is pretty well up on colors, says it is only natural for a man to feel blue when he hasn't a red.—Buffalo Courier.

"Was I once founded by Rome?" inquired a pupil of the teacher. "No, my son," replied the wise man. "It was Juliet who was founded by Rome."—Drake's Magazine.

A conductor on the Market street line recently became the father of twins—a boy and a girl. They were christened "Oscar" and "Car-o-line."—Philadelphia Record.

The Indians always sing before a fight. So do the opera singers.—Yonkers Statesman.

It is doubtful if culture will ever be able to make a man stop snoring in his sleep.—Rum's Horn.

Much as a woman loves her husband, she always hopes her daughter will marry better than she did.—Athenian Globe.

Woman lends the world. She used smokeless powder for ages before men ever thought of adopting it.—Tit Bits.

A man can sit patiently on the banks of a stream all day and wait for the fish that never bites, but he can't keep his temper when he gets home and finds that his family dined out and supper isn't ready.

A friend—Why doesn't the man pause and reflect? His wife—Reflect nothing! He isn't bright enough to reflect.—Detroit Free Press.

This is the time of year when young married men waste a great deal of nervous energy and high aspirations in making a good home.—Milwaukee Journal.

Muggins—So you made your debut as an actor last night, eh? How did you get on? Footline—Oh, I got on all right, but I couldn't get off quick enough.—Philadelphia Record.

A Pittsburg reporter tells about a yawning oil well. Somebody must have been boring it.—Texas Sittings.

Letter carriers may be seen collecting letters at midnight, but this doesn't explain why some late mail doesn't arrive till near morning.—Philadelphia Times.

The heavier a man's head becomes the more it swims.—Galveston News.

"That's the end of it," as the boarder said to the landlady when she gave him the tail of the chicken.—Exchange.

Waggo—Why don't you get a bicycle, Pat? Pat—Bicycle nothing. When I want to walk, I prefer to do it standin' up.—Grip.

Jillson says the owner of a menagerie may occasionally lose track of some of the other animals, but he invariably has all his leopards noticed.—Buffalo Courier.

Many a man who boasts loudly about the "wrong of society" and the "inequalities of our social system" always lets his wife carry the baby.—Chicago Tribune.

There is much tenderness in this seemingly cruel world, but the butcher rarely finds it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Nothing succeeds like distress," remarked the beggar as he counted his coin at the end of the day.—Fun.

SURE CURE FOR PILES.

One box cures blind, bleeding and itching Piles. One box has cured the worst cases of ten years' duration. No cure, no pay. After using KIRK'S German Pile Ointment, it absorbs tumors, always the itching, acute pain, gives relief. Dr. KIRK'S German Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box warranted. Sold by Druggists and sent by mail on receipt of price. Write to J. Mack & Co., Wholesale Agents, San Francisco.

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FRAUDULENT LOTTERY SCHEMES

Clever Devices and Bogus Circulars by Which Many People are Being Swindled.

NEW ORLEANS, La., June 23, 1911.—Since the Louisiana State Lottery Company removed to Honduras and resumed business under the name of the Honduras National Lottery Company, the patrons of this great concern have been eager bait for clever operators, and every month thousands of people are taken in by lottery schemes which purport to be the original Louisiana State Lottery.

The modus operandi is to send a bunch of tickets to some prominent person, including a complimentary ticket good for \$500. The party is instructed to sell one-fifth of the ticket to some other well-known prominent person, and keep the other four-fifths for himself. Another condition is that the party must remit \$100 in payment for tickets, at least three days before the "drawing."

In order to make the offer appear genuine, a circular of the Honduras National Lottery Company is enclosed with the address of J. H. Lombard & Co., New Orleans, La., carefully stamped in red ink over the address of Paul Conrad, Puerto Cortes, Honduras, C. S., care Central America Express, Port Tampa City, Fla. As a matter of fact, the Honduras National Lottery Company has no agents in New Orleans, and Lombard & Co. never had any connection with this company. The New England States are flooded with the bogus circulars, and a number have already been swindled.—Boston (Mass.) Herald, June 23.

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