

The Pet from CarP Bagdad

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 The MAN ON THE BOX etc.
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"Ten Pounds," Repeated Ryenne, a Hand in His Pocket.

SYNOPSIS.

George Percival Algernon Jones, vice-president of the Metropolitan Oriental Rug company of New York, threatening for romance, is in Cairo on a business trip. Horace Ryenne arrives at the hotel in Cairo with a carefully guarded bundle. Ryenne sells Jones the famous Holy Yliordes 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. Ryenne 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 Ryenne, as the United Romance and Adventure company, plan a risky enterprise involving Jones. Ryenne makes known to Mrs. Chedsoye his intention to marry Fortune. Mrs. Chedsoye declares she will not permit it. Plans are laid to prevent Jones sailing for home. Ryenne 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 carpet, is on Ryenne's trail.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

What to do? mused the rogue. On the morrow Mr. Jones would leave for Port Said. Ryenne shook his head and with his cane beat a light tattoo against the side of his shin. Abduction was rather out of his sphere of action. And yet, the suppression of Percival was by all odds the most important move to be made. He had volunteered this service and accomplish it he must, in face of all obstacles, or poor! went the whole droll fabric. For to him it was droll, and never it rose in his mind that he did not chuckle saturninely. It was a kind of nightmare where one hung in mid-air, one's toes just beyond the flaming dragon's jaws. The rewards would be enormous, but these he would gladly surrender for the supreme satisfaction of turning the poisoned arrow in the heart of that canting hypocrite, that smug church-deacon, the sanctimonious, the sleek, the well-fed first-born. And poor Percival Algernon, for no blame of his own, must be taken by the scruff of his neck and thrust bodily into this tangled web of scheme and under-scheme. It was infinitely humorous.

He had had a vague plan regarding Mahomed, guardian of the Holy Yliordes, but it was not possible for him to be in Cairo at this early date. That he would eventually appear Ryenne never doubted. He knew the Oriental mind. Mahomed-El-Gebel would cross every barrier less effective than death. It was a serious matter to the Moslem. If he returned to the palace at Bagdad, minus the rug, it would mean free transportation to the Arabian gulf, bereft of the most important part of his excellent anatomy, his head. Some day, if he lived, Ryenne intended telling the exploit to some clever chap who wrote; it would look rather well in print.

To turn Mahomed against Percival as being the instigator would be an adroit bit of work; and it would rid him of both of them. Gloucinda said that she wanted no rough work. How like a woman! Here was a man's game, a desperate one; and Gloucinda, not forgetting that it was her inspiration, wanted it handled with gloves! It was bare-hand work, and the sooner she was made to realize this, the better. It was no time for tuning fiddles.

Manoeuvred out of it, there was a certain English bar in the Quarter Rossetti, a place of dubious repute. Many derelicts drifted there in search of employment still more dubious. Drags, scum; the bottom and the top of the kettle; outcasts, whose hand and feet were directed against society;

brown hands round the infidel's throat. But, patience. Did not the Koran teach patience among the higher laws? Patience. He could not, madly as he had dreamed, throttle the white liar here in the bazaars. That would not bring the Holy Yliordes to his hands. He must wait. He must plan to lure the man out at night, then to hurry him into the desert. Out into the desert, where no man might be his master. Oh, the Holy Yliordes should be his again; it was written.

The cries, the shouts, the tower of Babel reclaimed; the intermingling of the races of the world; the Englishman, the American, the German, the Italian, the Frenchman, the Greek, the Levantine, the purple-black Ethiopian, the naked children; all the color-tones known to art, but predominating, that marvelous faded tint of blue, the Caïrene blue, in the heavens, in the waters. In the eyes.

"Make way, O my mother!" bawled a donkey-boy to the old crane peddling matches.

"Backsheesh! Backsheesh!" in the eight tones of the human voice. From the beggar, his brother, his uncle, his grandfather, his children and his children's children. "Backsheesh, backsheesh!"

"To the right!" was shrilled into Ryenne's ear; and he dodged. A troop of donkeys passed, laden with tourists, unhappy, fretful, self-conscious. A water-carrier brushed against him, and he whiffed the fresh dampness of the bulging goat-skin. A woman, the long, black head-veil streaming out behind in the clutch of the monkey-like hand of a toddling child, carried a terra-cotta water-jar upon her head. The grace with which she moved, the abruptness of the color-changes, caught Ryenne's roving eye and filled it with pleasure.

Dust rose and subsided, eddied and settled; beggars blind and one-eyed squatted in it, children tossed it in play, and beasts of burden shuffled through it.

The roar in front of the shops, the pressing and crowding of customers, the high cries of the merchants; the gurgle of the water-pipes, the pleasant fumes of coffee, the hardy loafers loitering before the khans or caravansaries; a veiled face at a lattice-window; the violet shadows in a doorway; the sunshine upon the soaring mosques; a true believer, rocking and mumbling over his tattered Koran; gold and silver and jewels; amber and copper and brass; embroideries and rugs and carpets; and the pest of fleas, the plague of flies, the insidious smog.

CHAPTER IX.

The Bitter Fruit.

Fortune had a hearty contempt for persons who ate their breakfast in bed. For her the glory of the day was the fresh fairness of the morning, when every one's step was buoyant, and all life stirred energetically. There was cheer and hope everywhere; men faced their labors with clear eye and feared nothing; women sang at their work. It was only at the close of day that despair and defeat stalked the highways. So she was up with the sun, whether in her own garden or in these odd and mystical cities. Thus she saw the native as he was, not as he later in the day pretended to be, for the benefit of the Ferinighi about to be stretched upon the sacrificial stone. She saw, with gladness, the honey-bee thrilling the rose, the plowman's share barring the soil; the morning, the morning, the two or three hours that were all, all her own. Her mother was always irritable and petulant in the morning, and her uncle never developed the gift of speech till after luncheon.

She had the same love of prowling that lured Ryenne from the beaten paths. She was not inquisitive but curious, and that ready disarming smile of hers opened many a portal. She was balancing upon her gloved palm, thoughtfully, a Soudanese head-trinket, a pendant of twisted gold-wires, flawed emeralds and second pearls, really exquisite and not generally to be found outside the expensive shops in the European quarters, and there infrequently. The merchant wanted twenty pounds for it. Fortune shook her head, regretfully. It was far beyond her means. She sighed. Only once in a great while she saw something for which her whole heart cried out. This pendant was one of these.

"I will give you five pounds for it. That is all I have with me."

"Salaam, madame," said the jeweler, reaching for the pendant.

"If you will send it to the Hotel Semiramis this afternoon . . ."

But she faltered at the sight of the merchant's incredulous smile.

"I'll give you ten for it; not a piastre more. I can get one like it in the Sharis Kamel for that amount."

Both Fortune and the merchant turned.

"You, Horace?"

"Yes, my child. And what are you doing here alone, without a dragoman?"

"Oh, I have been through here alone many times. I'm not afraid. Isn't it beautiful? He wants twenty pounds for it, and I cannot afford that."

She had not seen him in many weeks, yet she accepted his sudden appearance without question or surprise. She was used to his turning up at unexpected moments. Of course, she had known that he was in Cairo; where her mother and uncle were this secretive man was generally within calling. There had been a time when she had eagerly plied him with questions, but he had always erected barriers of evasion, and finally she ceased her importunities, for she concluded that her questions were such. No matter to whom she turned, there was no one to answer her questions, questions born of doubt and fear.

"Ten pounds," repeated Ryenne, a hand in his pocket.

The merchant laughed. Here were a young man and his sweetheart. His experience had taught him, and not unwisely, that love is an easy victim, too proud to haggle, too generous to bargain sharply. "Twenty," he reiterated.

"Salaam!" said Ryenne. "Good day." He drew the somewhat resisting hand of Fortune under his arm and made for the door. "Sh!" he whispered. "Leave it to me." They gained the street.

The merchant was dazed. He had misjudged what he now recognized as an old hand. The two were turning up another street when he ran out, shouting to them and waving the pendant. Ryenne laughed.

"Ten pounds. I am a poor man, effendi, and I need the money. Ten pounds. I am giving it away. The merchant's eyes filled with tears, a trick left to him from out of the ruins of his youth, that ready service to forestall the merited rod.

Ryenne counted out ten sovereigns and put the pendant in Fortune's hand. And the pleasure in his heart was such as he had not known in many days. The merchant wisely hurried back to his shop.

"But . . ." she began protestingly.

"Tut, tut! I have known you since you wore short dresses and tamco-shanters."

"I really cannot accept it as a gift. Let me borrow the ten pounds."

"And why can't you accept a little gift from me?"

She had no ready answer. She gazed steadily at the dull pearls and the flaky emeralds. She could not ask him where he had got those sovereigns. She could not possibly be so cruel. She could not dissemble in words like her mother. That gold she knew to be a part of a dishonest bargain whose forestep had been a theft—more, a sacrilege. Her honesty was like pure gold, unalloyed, unmixed with sophistic subterfuges. That the young man who had purchased the rug might be mildly peccable had not yet occurred to her.

"Why not, Fortune?" Ryenne was very earnest, and there was a pinch at his heart.

"Because . . ."

"Don't you like me just a little?"

"Why, I do like you, Horace. But I do not like any man well enough to accept expensive gifts from him. I do not wish to hurt you, but it is impossible. The only concession I'll make is to borrow the money."

"Well, then, let it go at that." He was too wise to press her.

"And can you afford to throw away ten pounds?" with assumed lightness. "My one permanent impression of you is the young man who was always forced to borrow car-fare whenever he returned from Monte Carlo."

"A fool and his money. But I'm a rich man now," he volunteered. And briefly he sketched the exploit of the Yliordes rug.

"It was very brave of you. But has it ever occurred to you that it wasn't honest?"

"Honest?" frankly astonished that she should question the ethics. "Oh, I say, Fortune; you don't call it dishonest to get the best of a pagan? Aren't they always getting the best of us?"

Boris, fearing that the populace might awake to the justice of the claims of the young prince, planned the assassination of Dimitri. He was one day stabbed in a courtyard. None of the bystanders showed any disposition to aid him. A priest, however, from the cathedral behind, saw the crime and immediately began tolling the great bell, which was held sacred and rung only on unusual occasions.

"If you had bargained with him and beaten him down, it would have been different. But, Horace, you stole it; you admit that you did."

"I took my life in my hands. I think that evened up things."

"No. And you sold it to Mr. Jones?"

"Yes, and Mr. Jones was only too glad to buy it. I told him the facts. He wasn't particularly eager to bring up the ethics of the case. Why, child, what the deuce is a Turk? I shouldn't cry out if some one stole my Bible."

"Good gracious! do you carry one?"

"Well, there's always one on the room stand in the hotels I patronize."

"I suppose it all depends upon how we look at things."

"That's it. A different pair of spectacles for every pair of eyes."

If only he weren't in love with her! thought the girl. He would then be an amusing comrade. But whenever he met her he quietly pressed his suit. He had never spoken openly of love, for which she was grateful, but his attentions, his little kindnesses, his unobtrusive protection when those other men were at the villa, made the reading between the lines no difficult matter.

"What shall you do if this Mahomed you speak of comes?"

"Turn him loose upon our friend Jones," with a laugh.

"And what will he do to him?"

"Carry him off to Bagdad and chop off his head," Ryenne jeered.

"Tell me, is there any possibility of Mr. Jones coming to harm?"

"Can't say." Her concern for Percival annoyed him.

"Is it fair, when he paid you generously?"

He did not look into the grave eyes. They were the only pair that ever disconcerted him. "My dear Fortune, it's a question which is the more valuable to me, my skin or Percival's."

"I don't fail."

"From my point of view it's fair enough. I warned him; I told him the necessary facts, the eventual dangers. He accepted them all with the Yliordes. I see nothing unfair in the deal, since I risked my life in the first place."

"And why must you do these desperate things?"

"Oh, I love excitement. My one idea in life is to avoid the humdrum."

"Is it necessary to risk your life for

"A strong, healthy man like you ought not to court death."

"I do not seek it. My only temptation is to see how near I can get to the Man in the Shroud, as some poet calls it, without being touched. I'll make you my confessor. You see, it is like this. A number of wearied men recently formed a company whereby monotony became an obsolete word in our vocabulary. You must not think I'm jesting; I'm serious enough. This company ferrets out adventures and romances and sells them to men of spirit. I became a member, and the trip to Bagdad is the result. One never has to share with the company. The rewards are all yours. All one has to do is to pay a lump sum down for the adventure furnished. You work out the end yourself, unhindered and unassisted."

"Are you really serious?"

"Never more so. Now, Percival Algernon has always been wanting an adventure, but the practical side of him has made him hold aloof. I told him about this concern, and he refuses to believe in it. So I am going to undertake to prove it to him. This is confidential. You will say nothing, I know."

"He will come to no harm physically?"

"Lord, no! It will be mild and innocuous. Of course, if any one told him that an adventure was toward for his especial benefit, it would spoil all. I can rely upon your silence?"

She was silent. He witnessed her indecision with distrust. Perhaps he had said too much.

"Don't you promise? Haven't I always been kind to you, Fortune, times when you most needed kindness?"

"I promise to say nothing. But if any harm comes to that young man, either in jest or in earnest, I will never speak to you again."

"I see that, after getting Percival Algernon into an adventure, I've got to electrocute him safely out of it. Well, I accept the responsibility." Some days later he was going to recall this assurance.

"Sometimes I wonder . . ."

"Wonder about what?"

"What manner of man you are."

"I should have been a great deal better man had I met you ten years ago."

"What? When I was eleven?" with



"He Will Come to No Harm Physically!"

these excitements? Is your life nothing more to you than something to experiment with?"

"Truth, sometimes I don't know, Fortune. Sometimes I don't care. When one has gambled for big stakes, it is hard to play for penny points."

a levity intended to steer him away from this channel.

"You know what I mean," he answered, moody and dejected.

She opened her purse and dropped the pendant into it, but did not speak.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TASTY MAPLE SUGAR ROLLS

Confection That is a Luxury Where the Supply of the Saccharine Delicacy is Assured.

In maple sugar regions delicious little baking powder biscuits or rolls are made of this saccharine delicacy. To make the rolls take a quart of bread dough after it is moulded for the last rising and knead into it one cupful of grated maple sugar, a quarter teaspoonful of soda and a teaspoonful of butter. Let it rise, then mold again and cut out in small rolls. Let these rise for fifteen minutes and bake in a quick oven.

In making maple biscuit prepare an exceptionally rich, tender baking powder crust. Roll out about half the thickness of an ordinary biscuit and shape with a small cutter much larger than a silver dollar. The top to a small baking powder can or the cover to a tea caddy make good cutters. As each biscuit is cut out, cut in halves again, sprinkle small bits of the maple sugar over one-half of the biscuit dough, moisten the other half and press it over the first. Lay close together in the pan in which they are to be baked, so they will rise instead of spreading. Brush over with milk or melted butter and bake in a quick oven until they are brown but not hard. Serve as soon as ready.

WASH DISHES IN WOODEN TUB

Best Possible Utensil That Can Be Enjoyed, for Reasons Given Herewith.

Small wooden tubs are best suited for the washing of fine dishes, as they offer no hard surfaces or protruding handles upon which to mar or crack the most delicate articles. If the ordinary pans are used, take the precaution to turn the handles in such a position that they are out of the way in lifting the dishes from one pan to the other. Place in the bottom of each pan a pad made for the purpose, or fold a towel. There should be a pan or tub of warm rinsing water in which a little mild, pure soap has been dissolved, a deep receptacle holding plenty of hot water, and a draining basket holding a soft pad or folding towel.—Today's Magazine.

Making Apple Pudding.

Three cupfuls corrod, pared and quartered apples, grated rind of one lemon, quarter of a cupful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls lemon juice, half a teaspoonful of salt, three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one heaping cupful of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, and one cupful of milk. Mix the sugar, lemon rind, lemon juice, flour, salt, baking powder, milk and well-beaten eggs. When smooth add the apples; pour into a buttered baking dish, and bake in a moderate oven for one hour. Serve hot with wine sauce. For the wine sauce: Cream half a cupful of butter with one cupful of sugar, then add four tablespoonfuls of whipped cream and one tablespoonful of sherry wine.

Left-Over Sandwiches.

Sandwiches left over from an afternoon tea or reception need not be looked upon as just so much wasted material. The careful hostess utilizes them in many ways.

Ham sandwiches can be transformed into a breakfast dish simply by toasting them to a golden brown and pouring over them a cream sauce into which have been stirred minced ham and parsley. Where a more hearty breakfast dish is desired allow one patched egg to two small sandwiches, arranging the eggs on the toast before covering with the cream sauce.

Maple Parfait.

Pour one cup of hot maple syrup into the well-beaten yolks of six eggs, cook over boiling water until thick, remove from the fire, beat until cold, fold in one pint of cream beaten until stiff, flavor with one teaspoonful of vanilla, turn into a mold and let stand packed in salt and ice from four to five hours. Chop finely one cup of blanched almonds, cook in oil until brown and drain. Sprinkle the parfait with the nuts before serving.

Green Peas With Ham.

Boil and drain a quart of young peas; shred finely two rashers of raw ham, and fry them for a few minutes with a small piece of butter. Add two small, green onions, finely chopped, and the peas; moisten with three tablespoonfuls of bechamel sauce, two of cream, and season with salt, pepper and a pinch of sugar. Let all simmer for a few minutes longer, turn out on a hot dish, garnish with fried bread croutons, and serve hot.

Catawba Pudding.

Whip one pint of chilled double cream until solid, and gradually mix in one cupful of unfermented grape juice and the same amount of powdered sugar. Add as additional flavoring a tablespoonful of orange juice and freeze as if for ice cream. Repack in a melon mold and serve unmolded on a glass platter, sprinkled with chopped pistachio nuts.

Save Soap Ends.

Never throw away old pieces of soap. They can be used for making soap jelly for washing flannels, blouses, etc. Put by the pieces till you have a good collection, then pour on enough boiling water to just cover them, and still dissolved. Keep in a jar and use as required.

Cake Omelet.

Mix together two large spoons of flour and half a pint of milk, free from lumps. Add four eggs, well beaten, and a little salt. Bake in a small pan, in a hot oven, till there is no depression in the center, which will be in about twenty minutes. Serve immediately.

Hard Gingerbread.

One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one-half cup of milk, one-half teaspoon of soda, two teaspoons of ginger, flour enough to roll thin. Cut in squares and bake quickly.

Stiffening Old Hair Brushes.

Old hair brushes which have become soft can be made quite hard and firm by dipping them in a strong solution of alum.

Bell of Tragic Memories

Has Remarkable History That Will Strike the Reader as Being Typically Russian.

The Kamoule Koloko, or "Bell With the Ear Torn Off," had a most romantic history. In the sixteenth century Prince Dimitri, the rightful heir to the Russian throne, was deposed by a revolt led by Boris Godunov, who was afterward proclaimed czar. The seat of government was then at Uglich and thither Dimitri was sent, in order that he might remain under the direct observation of the usurper.

Boris, fearing that the populace might awake to the justice of the claims of the young prince, planned the assassination of Dimitri. He was one day stabbed in a courtyard. None of the bystanders showed any disposition to aid him. A priest, however, from the cathedral behind, saw the crime and immediately began tolling the great bell, which was held sacred and rung only on unusual occasions.

gal because of its shining character. He finds that it closely resembles artificially prepared salts of uranium, and that its luminosity is due to spontaneous radio-activity. The light it sheds is stronger than that of nitrate of uranium. Upon parting with its water of crystallization the metal loses its luminosity.

Furious at this tact expression of reproach, the czar commanded that the priest should be tortured and executed and that the bell should be taken down and placed beside the body of its ringer. This order was fulfilled, and the bell was beaten with clubs by the entire populace, the Czar Boris being at their head.

The czar then decreed that the bell should be exiled to Tobolsk and that one of its hangers be removed to indicate its disgrace.—Harper's Weekly.

Destroying Weeds in Ponds.

Copper sulphate is often used for destroying the scum-like weeds in ponds. But precautions must be taken, for unless the right proportion of sulphate is used any fish which may be in the pond will be injured. The proportion of copper sulphate used in the ponds at Kew Gardens is one part to from 750,000 to 1,000,000 parts of water. Sulphate of copper in a pulverized state is placed in a porous bag and dragged through the water until dissolved. The water in St. James's Park, London, it might be mentioned, has for two summers been kept free from scum by this method.—London Mail.

Luminous Metal Discovered.

For generations the peasants of Cornwall have handed down a legend that at night there may be seen a faintly luminous metal among the rocks brought from the mines of the county. A British scientist has proved that this story is by no means based on imagination. A specimen of the mineral autunite, which is also found in Wales, was sent to him from Port-

Don't lie to be entertaining—only lie when it is profitable.