

The Pet from Carpet Bagdad

by HAROLD MAC GRATH
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The MAN ON THE BOX etc.
Illustrations by M.G. KETTNER
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SYNOPSIS.

George Percival Algernon Jones, vice-president 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 trunkful of goods. Ryanne sells Jones the famous holy Yhlorides rug which he admits having stolen from a pasha at Bagdad. Jones meets Major Callahan and later is introduced to Fortune Chesoye, 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. Chesoye and Fortune to a polo game. Fortune returns to Jones the money borrowed by her mother. Mrs. Chesoye 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. Chesoye, 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. Chesoye his intention to marry Fortune. Mrs. Chesoye declares she will not permit it. Plans are laid to prevent Jones sailing for home. Ryanne steals Jones' letters and cable dispatches. He writes 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 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 accuses Ryanne and demands the Yhlorides rug. Ryanne tells him Jones has the rug and suggests the abduction of the New York merchant as a means of securing its return. The rug disappears from Jones' room. Fortune quarrels with her mother when the latter refuses to explain her mysterious actions. Fortune gets a message purporting to be from Ryanne asking her to meet him in a secluded place that evening. Jones receives a message asking him to meet Ryanne at the English Bar the same evening. Jones is carried off into the desert by Mahomed and his accomplices after a desperate fight. He discovers that Fortune is in the hands of captives, the former is badly battered and unconscious. Ryanne recovers consciousness and the sight of Fortune in captivity reveals to him the fact that Mahomed intends to get vengeance on him through the girl. Fortune acknowledges that she stole the rug from Jones' room. She offers to return it to Mahomed if he will free all three of them. Mahomed agrees to liberate Fortune and one of the men in return for the rug. A courier is sent to Cairo for the rug, but returns with the information that Mrs. Chesoye and her brother have sailed for New York. Fortune spurs offered freedom which does not include her two companions. The caravan continues the journey toward Bagdad. Ryanne tells Jones that Mrs. Chesoye is the most adroit smuggler of the age, and is overheard by Fortune. The three captives are rescued by Henry Ackerman, who is in charge of a carpet caravan. Mahomed escapes. Mrs. Chesoye discovers the absence of Fortune and leaves for New York, taking the girl's belongings with her. Through forged letters Mrs. Chesoye, the major and their accomplices take possession of Jones' New York home. Jones, Ryanne and Fortune arrive at Damascus. Ryanne falls in his resolution to lead a better life. Ryanne secretly leaves for New York. At Jones' solicitation his partner, Mortimer, offers Fortune a home, but she declines. Jones then declares his love and finds that it is reciprocated. Jones and Fortune arrive in New York and go to the Mortimer home. Jones finds Mrs. Chesoye, Ryanne and the rest of the gang in his home with a million in money locked from an adjoining bank packed ready for flight. Jones summons Wadsworth, president of the bank, who it develops is Ryanne's brother.

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued).

"We could have taken every dollar from the vault," said Wallace cheerfully.

"But we couldn't have made our getaway with it," observed the butler, holding his empty glass toward Ryanne, who was acting as master of ceremonies.

"A clear, unidentified million," mused Ryanne. "Into the cars with it; over to Jersey City; on to Philadelphia; but there for Europe; quietly transfer the gold to the various Continental banks; and in six months, who could trace hair or hide of it?" Ryanne laughed.

"It's all right to laugh," said the Major. "But are you sure about Jones? He could have arrived this afternoon."

"Impossible! He left Alexandria for Naples on a boat that stopped but thirty hours. With Fortune on his hands he could not possibly sail before the following week, and maybe not then. Sit tight. I know what I am talking about."

"He might cable."

"So he might. But if he had we'd have heard from him before now. I'm going to tell you a secret. My name is not Ryanne."

"We all know that," said the Major. "It's Wadsworth. Does that tickle your mind any?"

The men shook their heads. Mrs. Chesoye did not move hers.

"Bah! Greatest joke of the hour. I'm Horace Wadsworth, and Arthur Wadsworth, president of the Merchant-Mechanic Bank, is my beloved brother!"

"Ay, damnable wretch!"

A shock ran through them all. In the doorway leading to the rear hall stood George, his revolver leveled steadily. Peering white-faced over his shoulder was the man who had spoken, Arthur Wadsworth.

CHAPTER XXII.

The End of the Puzzle.

The elder brother tried to push past George, but old Mortimer caught him by the shoulders and dragged him back.

"Let me go!" he cried, his voice

sal and high. "Do you hear me? Let me go!"

"Mr. Mortimer," said George, without turning his head or letting his eye waver, "keep him back. Thanks." George stepped over the threshold. "Now gentlemen, I shall shoot the first man who makes a movement."

And Ryanne, who knew something about George, saw that he meant just what he said. "Steady, every one," he said. "My friend George here can't shoot; but that kind of a man is deadliest with a pistol. I surrender."

The brother was struggling. "The telephone! The telephone! I demand to call the police. This is accessory to the fact! I tell you, let me go!"

"Mr. Wadsworth," replied George, "if you do not be still and let me run this affair, I'll throw the pistols to the floor, and your brother and his friends may do as they bally please. Now, step back and be quiet. Stop!" to Ryanne, whose hand was reaching out toward the table.

"Don't shoot, Percival; I want only a final glass of wine." Ryanne calmly took the slender stem of the glass between his fingers, lifted it and drank. He set it down empty. From his outside pocket he drew a handkerchief and delicately dried his lips. He alone of his confederates had life. It was because he alone understood. Prison wasn't starting him in the face just yet. "Well, Arthur, old top, how goes it? Nearly got your money-bags, didn't we? And we surely would have but for this delicious vintage."

"Damn you and your wine!" roared the Major, shaking with rage. This adventure had been no joke to him, no craving for excitement. He wanted the gold, the gold. With what would have been his share he could have gambled at Monte Carlo and Ostend till the end of his days. For the first time he saw long, black bars of iron running up and down a window. And all for a bottle of wine!

"Damn away, old sport!" Ryanne reached for the bottle and filled his glass again. "Percival, I'm blamed sorry about that olive-tree of yours." He waved his hand toward the bags. "You can see that my intentions in regard to refunding that hundred pounds were strictly honorable. Now, what's on the ticket?"

"I suppose your luggage is outside in the automobiles?"

"Right-O!"

"Well, I need not explain my reasons; you will understand them; but I am going to give you all two hours' time. Then I shall notify the police. You will have to take your chance after that time."

The circling faces brightened perceptibly. Two hours—that would carry them far into Jersey.

"Accepted with thanks," said Ryanne.

"I refuse to permit it!" yelled the brother. "Mr. Jones, you will rue this night's work. I shall see that the law looks into your actions. This is felony. I demand to be allowed to telephone."

"Percival, for heaven's sake, let him!" cried Ryanne wearily. "Let him shout; it will soften his voice. He will hurt nobody. The wires were cut hours ago."

Mortimer felt the tense muscles in his grasp relax. Arthur Wadsworth grew limp and reeled against the jamb of the door.

"You had better start at once," George advised. "You three first," with a nod toward Wallace (his bulbous nose now lavender in hue), the butler and the first-man. "Forward march, front door. Go on!"

"What about me?" asked Ryanne.

"In a moment," George could not but admire the man, rascal though he was. There was a pang of regret in his heart as the thought came and went swiftly: what a comrade this man would have made under different circumstances! Too late! "Halt!" he cried. The trio marching toward the door came to a stop, their heads turned inquiringly. "Here, Mr. Mortimer; take one of these guns and cover the Major. He's the one I doubt." Then George followed the others into the hall and ironically chided them God-speed as he opened the door for them. They went out stupidly; the wine had dulled them. George immediately returned to the library.

Neither Fortune nor her mother had stirred in all this time. A quality of hypnotism held them in bondage. The mother could not lower her glance and the daughter would not. If there was a light of triumph in Fortune's eyes, it was unconsciously there. And no one will know the full bitterness that shone from the mother's. She could have screamed with fury; she could have rent her clothes, torn her skin, pulled her hair; and yet she sat there without physical sign of the tempest.

On her side, Fortune knew, that had there been a single gesture inviting

gold; nor that the banker had not even thanked them for their labor. The first impulse of the banker had been to send the story forth to the world, to harass and eventually capture his brother; but his foresight becoming normal, he realized that silence was best, even if his brother escaped. If the depositors heard that the bank had been entered and a million taken from the vaults, there would naturally follow a terrific run. When the last bag had been taken out of the library and the banker and

the police had gone, the bell rang. George went to the door. A messenger handed him a small satchel and a note. There was to be no reply.

The note was from Ryanne. Briefly it stated that the satchel contained the emeralds. There had been some difficulty in forcing the Major to surrender them. But that much was due to George for his generosity. Later in the day he—George—might inform his brother—Horace—brother that the coup hadn't been a total fizzle. They had already packed away in suit-cases something like two hundred thousand dollars in bills of all denominations. "Tell that dear brother of mine to charge it to our account. It will be less than the interest upon a million in ten years. To you, my boy, I add: Fortune favors the brave!"

"George," said Mortimer, "you will not mind if I forage round in the kitchen? A bottle of beer and a bit of cheese would go handy. It's almost my breakfast time."

"Bless your heart, help yourself!" And George turned to Fortune.

"Ah," she cried, seizing his hands, "you will not think ill of me?"

"And for what?" astonished.

"For not speaking to my mother. Oh, I just couldn't; I just couldn't! When I thought of all the neglect, all the indifference, the loneliness, I couldn't! It was horribly unnatural and cruel!"

"I understand, heart of mine. Say no more about it." And he put his two hands against her cheeks and kissed her. "Never shall you be lonely again, for I am going to be all things to you. Poor heart! Just think that all that has passed has been only a bad dream, and that it's clear sunny morning; eh?" He held her off a ways and then swept her into his arms as he had done on board the ship, roughly and masterly. "And there's that old rug! Talk about magic carpets! There never was one just like this. But for it I shouldn't even have known you. And, by Jove! when the minister comes this afternoon!"

"This afternoon!"

"Exactly! When he comes, you and I are going to stand upon that beautiful, friendly old rug, and both of us are going to be whisked right away into Eden."

"Please!"

"Silence."

"How brave you are!"

"? Oh, pshaw!"

"Would you have shot one of them?"

"Girl, your Percival Algernon couldn't have hit the broad side of a barn." He laughed joyously.

"I knew it. And that is why I call you brave."

And when the pale gold of winter dawn filled the room, it found them, hand in hand, staring down at the old Yhlorides, the magic old Yhlorides from Bagdad.

THE END.

Lucky to Get Anything.

The law of the land had spoken, and the verdict was \$5,000 damages.

Freddie came into the house one day and said that the woman next door had offered him a penny if he would tell what his mother had said about her.

"I'm so glad you didn't tell," remarked his mother. "I wouldn't have her know for anything that I even mention her. You're a wise little boy, my dear."

"You bet, I am," returned Freddie. "When she offered me the penny I told her that what you said was something awful and it was worth half a dollar."

Red Cross Ball Blue will wash double as many clothes as any other blue. Don't put your money into any other. Adv.

Ready Answer.

"Be mine. I cannot live without you."

"Bah," said the heiress. "You have lived without me for years."

"True," retorted the duke, "but the cost of living has got me at last."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, etc. a bottle 25c.

Begin With It.

"Why are people so much disgusted with any one who informs upon another?"

"Why shouldn't they be?"

"Didn't every mother's son of us begin life as squalers?"

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Very Plain Criticism.

Children are not always grateful beings, and they are notably hard to entertain. At a birthday party a kindly natured adult had toiled hard in the effort to amuse the children by means of parlor magic, ventriloquism, burlesque dancing and the like. The other adults present were highly amused, and some of the children designed to chuckle mildly. The mother of the hostess, however, felt that full justice had not been rendered, so before announcing refreshments she took pains to thank the entertainer, and to call the attention of the youngsters to his gifts.

"Mr. Mank is very funny, isn't he, children?" she concluded.

From the rear of the room came a small, shrill voice:

"Yessum, but not so funny as he thinks he is!"

Tact; Son Gets Down to Tacks.

Henry, age five, had two younger brothers. Henry's father had just moved, and was busy laying the kitchen linoleum. In order to facilitate the work he gave Henry the task of furnishing him with tacks. The little fellow worked faithfully for half an hour. Suddenly, however, he turned to his father and said:

"Papa, you like me best, don't you?"

"Oh, I like all my boys," said the father.

"But don't you like me a little bit better than the others?" queried Henry.

"I like all my boys equally well," answered the father.

"Well, papa," said the lad, after a moment of reflection, "what's the use of my handing you these tacks then?"

Unnamed Heroine.

The anniversary is responsible for the publication of many reminiscences concerning the sinking of the Titanic. What the survivors and the chroniclers most like to dwell upon is the heroism displayed by passengers and crew aboard the vanished liner. There are tales of Major Butt, the Strausses, First Officer Murdoch and many others, who showed fine metal in the hour of disaster. But there goes quite unmentioned, as she went almost unmentioned a year ago, the little English woman who said to the officer who would have thrust her into a lifeboat: "Oh, no, sir, I'm only a stewardess."

Right Course.

The late Edward Dowden was being discussed in Philadelphia.

"Dowden's style was ponderous and somber," said a sonneteer, "but I often met him in Dublin, and his talk, unlike his writing, sparkled with true Irish wit."

"I once told him of my many vain efforts to swear off, and of my resolve, none the less, to make another trial."

"Right!" said Professor Dowden. "Right! Turn over a new leaf. You needn't mention to any one the number of the page."

Young Financier.

Freddie came into the house one day and said that the woman next door had offered him a penny if he would tell what his mother had said about her.

"I'm so glad you didn't tell," remarked his mother. "I wouldn't have her know for anything that I even mention her. You're a wise little boy, my dear."

"You bet, I am," returned Freddie. "When she offered me the penny I told her that what you said was something awful and it was worth half a dollar."

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I feel better than I have for years. I recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all who suffer as I did.—Mrs. M. ZEUNER, 1045 New Jersey Street, Lawrence, Kansas.

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Burns, Mont.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me of awful backache which I had suffered with for months. I was so weak I could hardly do my work and my head and eyes ached all the time. Your Compound helped me in many ways and is a great strengthener. I always recommend it to my friends and tell them what a grand medicine it is for women. You may use my name for the good of others."—Mrs. JOHN FRANCIS, Burns, Montana.

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