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It's no use picking the winner when
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How can one be a wise virgin with
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which none of them except the pro-
fessor had ever seen before, coming
now and then so close that they could
almost feel her hot breath, and Lenora
felt somewhat vaguely disturbed by the
glitter of her eyes.

Suddenly Laura leaned forward.
"Look at the professor," she whis-
pered.

They all turned their heads. A queer
change seemed to have come into the
professor's face. His teeth were
gleaming between his parted lips, his
head was thrust forward a little, his
eyes were filled with a strange, hard
light. He was a transformed being,
unrecognizable, perturbing. Even
while they watched, the girl floated
close to where he sat and leaned to-
wards him with a queer, mocking
smile. His hand suddenly descended
upon her foot. She laughed still more.
There was a little exclamation from
Lenora. The professor's whole frame
quivered. He snatched the anklet
from the girl's ankle and bent over it.

She leaned towards him, a torrent of
words streaming from her lips. The
professor answered her in her own lan-
guage. She listened to him in amaze-
ment. The anger passed. She held out
both her hands. The professor still
argued. She shook her head. Finally
he placed some gold in her palms. She
patted him on the cheek, laughed into
his eyes, pointed behind and resumed
her dance. The anklet remained in the
professor's hand.

"Say, we'll get out of this," Quest
said. "The girls have had enough."

The professor made no objection.
"Congratulate me," he said. "I have
been a collector of Egyptian gold orna-
ments all my life. This is the one
anklet I needed to complete my collec-
tion. It has the double mark of the
Pharaohs. I recognized it at once.
There are a thousand like it, you
would think, in the bazaars there. In
reality there may be, perhaps, a dozen
more in all Egypt which are genuine."

They all looked at one another.
Their relief had grown too poignant
for words.

"Early start tomorrow," Quest re-
minded them.

Lenora, a few nights later, looked
down from the star-strewn sky which
seemed suddenly to have dropped so
much nearer to them, to the shadows
thrown across the desert by the dan-
cing flames of their fire.

Laura rose to her feet.

"Say, I'm going to get a drink," she
announced.

The dragoman who had been hover-
ing around, bowed gravely and pointed
towards the water bottles.

She took the horn cup from the
dragoman.

"Have some yourself, if you want
to, Hassan," she invited.

Hassan bowed gravely, filled a cup,
and drank it off. He stood for a mo-
ment perfectly still, as though some-
thing were coming over him which he
failed to understand. Then his lips
parted, his eyes for a moment seemed
to shoot from out of his dusky skin.
He threw up his arms and fell over on
his side. Laura, who had only sipped
her cup, threw it from her. She, too,
reeled for a moment. The professor
and Quest came running up, attracted
by Lenora's shriek.

"They're poisoned!" she cried.

"The Veedemzo!" Quest shouted.

"My God! Pull yourself together,
Laura. Hold up for a minute."

He dashed back to their little en-
campment and reappeared almost im-
mediately. He threw Laura's head
back and forced some liquid down her
throat.

"It's camphor!" he cried. "You'll be
all right, Laura. Hold on to yourself."

He swung round to where the dra-
goman was lying, forced his mouth open,
but it was too late—the man was dead.
He returned to Laura. She stumbled
to her feet. She was pale, and drop-
ping of perspiration were standing on her
forehead. She was able to rise to her
feet, however, without assistance.

"I am all right now," she declared.

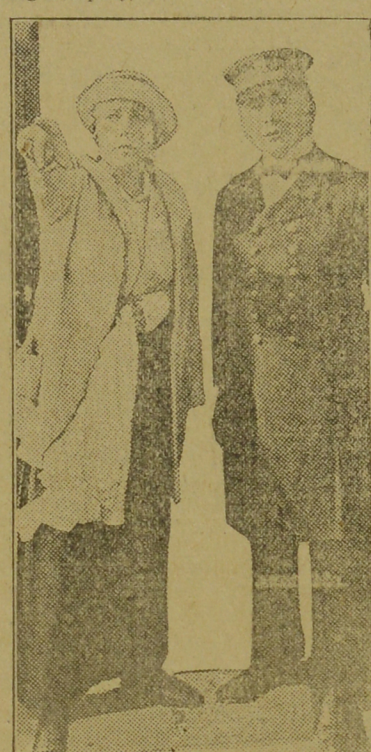
Quest felt her pulse and her fore-
head. They moved back to the fire.

"We are within a dozen miles or so
of the Mongar village," Quest said
grimly. "Do you suppose that fellow
could have been watching?"

They all talked together for a time
in low voices. The professor was in-
clined to scout the theory of Craig hav-
ing approached them.

"You must remember," he pointed
out, "that the Mongars hate these fel-
lows. It was part of my arrangement
with Hassan that they should leave us
when we got in sight of the Mongar
encampment. It may have been meant
for Hassan. The Mongars hate the
dragomen who bring tourists in this
direction at all."

They talked a little while longer and
finally stole away to their tents to
sleep. Outside, the camel drivers
talked still, chattering away, walking
now and then around Hassan's body in
solemn procession. Finally, one of
them who seemed to have taken the
lead, broke into an impassioned stream
of words. Soon they stole away—a



"Craig!" She cried, "Craig! I Saw
His Face There."

long, ghostly procession—into the
night.

"Those fellows seem to have left off
their infernal chattering all of a sud-
den," Quest remarked, lazily, from in-
side the tent.

The professor made no answer. He
was asleep.

CHAPTER XXIII.

IN THE DESERT.

Quest was the first the next morn-
ing to open his eyes, to grope his
way through the tent opening and
stand for a moment alone, watching
the alabaster skies. He turned laz-
ily around, meaning to summon the
Arab who had volunteered to take
Hassan's place. His arms—he had
been in the act of stretching—fell to
his sides. He stared at the spot
where the camels had been tethered.
Incredulously. There were no camels,
no drivers, no Arabs. There was
not a soul nor an object in sight ex-
cept the stark body of Hassan, which
they had dragged half out of sight
behind a slight knoll. High up in the
sky above were two little black specks,
wheeling lower and lower. Quest
shivered as he suddenly realized that
for the first time in his life he was
looking upon the winged ghoul of the
desert. Lower and lower they came.
He turned away with a shiver.

The professor was still sleeping
when Quest re-entered the tent. He
woke him up and beckoned him to
come outside.

Quest pointed to the little sandy
knoll with its sparse covering of grass,
deserted—with scarcely a sign, even,
that it had been the resting place of
the little caravan. The professor gave
vent to a little exclamation.

The Professor hurried off towards
the spot where the encampment had
been made. Suddenly he stood still
and pointed with his finger. In the
clear, almost crystalline light of the
coming day, they saw the track of the
camels in one long, unbroken line
stretching away northwards.

(To be continued.)

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NEWS FOR THE NEEDLEWOMAN.

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so plentiful just now that many
women do not consider it extrava-
gance to add a new frock or two
to her summer dresses, even though
mere desire, not a need, inspires
the purchase. The handy woman
never had greater encouragement
to try out her own ideas in style
design than during the present
season, because such infinite vari-
ety obtains in cut and color of
fabric combination that it is diffi-
cult for anyone with the slightest
knack at sewing or with artistic
ideas to go very far wrong.

The double tunic is suggestive
of a style line that is to be given
considerable prominence in the first
showing of all frocks. Advance
bulletins and advance models carry
out an illusion of brevity in length
and breadth of skirts, while they
are in reality longer and narrower
and longer than those generally
favored at present, and the long
tunic adds very materially in this
illusion the underskirt being rea-
sonably close-fitted and modestly
long while the upper skirt or tun-
ic

is given a decided flare. The hos-
iery display of the past season or
two will not be looked on with
favor in the fall, as practically all
frocks brush lower than the boot
tops.

RECIPES WORTH TRYING.

Cherries—To every pound of
washed and stemmed cherries al-
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the sugar into a porcelain preserv-
ing kettle and just enough water
to dissolve it. Boil and skim, add
cherries, boil five minutes. Pack
fruit in pint jars, fill with sirup,
and screw on rubbers and tops. In
vert over night, and if no air bub-
bles show about the edge of cov-
ers, seal with paraffin and store in
a cool, dark cupboard. Fig, pears
or pineapples may be canned with
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