

Gish Dewar's Wager

How He Made a Wish
Come True.

By CLARISSA MACKIE

A party of American sightseers was dawdling about in Cairo. There were a Mrs. Carleton, her son, Richard, and Miss Maud Raymond. They had ascended the Nile and seen the wonders thereof, and now they were looking for trinkets to take home with them to America. They had drifted into a bazaar where anything could be bought from an amulet to an idol.

Gish Dewar sold trinkets in the bazaar.

All day long he sat in the shadow of his striped canopy, looking sad and mysterious. His dark eyes never questioned the passing crowds, nor did he importune the tourists to buy as did his fellow merchants, who talked about him.

"Who is this Gish Dewar?" asked Ali Benamid, the shoe dealer.

"A stranger who has pushed himself forward, a lazy one who does not haggle. He sets a price upon his wares; and one may buy or not! Every day he loses customers."

"The rich Americans pause to buy. See, Gish Dewar is almost asleep!"

It was true that Gish Dewar's turbaned head was drooping somnolently, even while three Americans paused before his stall.

"The old beggar's asleep, Maud," laughed the man carelessly. "Let us go on."

"But, Dick," protested the pretty girl. "I do want one of these curious filagree bracelets and one of these long chains of blue-green Egyptian scarabei. Aren't they lovely. Mrs. Carleton?" turning to the white haired woman who accompanied them.

"Yes, my dear, but this little brooch like a coiled snake appeals to me. Oh, Dick," to her son who was obviously bored, "do awake the man!"

Dick Carleton stifled a yawn and prodded Gish Dewar in the ribs with his walking stick.

The turbaned head flew up and a pair of liquid dark eyes blazed at him in hot anger.

But Gish Dewar's voice was silkily smooth.

"Excuse, effendi," he murmured; "you would buy?"

"Yes, this bracelet, now?" Maud Raymond held the filagree trinket in her fingers.

The eyes of Gish Dewar gazed not at the bracelet. He was staring at the girl's little hands, white and ringless.

"How much?" insisted the girl with a note of impatience in her voice.

"A hundred piasters," muttered the seller of curios.

Miss Raymond took out her purse and paid for the bracelet, and, having priced the scarabei chain and finding it too costly, they were about to move on when Gish Dewar brought out a small copper box and opened it.

"Here, effendi," he said, "are amulets to wear."

Dick Carleton looked them over. One of onyx, set with a large pearl, attracted him.

"I like this one," he said. "It will make a unique watch fob."

Gish Dewar became urgent.

"It protects the wearer against dan-

gers by sea and it protects one from false friends!"

There was a sneer in his tone that sent the blood to Dick's pale face.

"You talk too much, my man," he said coldly.

"Perhaps my lord is sensitive. I am a poor man. I meant no harm! The charm guards one against danger and from false friends! See, my lord, I must speak truthfully!"

Gish Dewar's brown hands went out in a flashing gesture that startled Maud Raymond, so familiar was it. She peered down at the face of the curio dealer, but it was in deep shadow. There was a glimpse of dark eyes, an aquiline nose, a pointed beard. She felt a vague disappointment as she turned away.

There was something in gesture and voice which had reminded her of Elmer Winn, but Winn was in China, had been for five years, and she uttered a sad little laugh at her own folly. How could a sun dried Egyptian be Elmer Winn?

Dick was snapping angrily at the curio dealer.

"Keep your rubbish!" he said insolently, flinging the amulet on the carpet before Gish Dewar. "I dare say it was made in New York, any way!"

"Dick, do be careful!" cautioned his mother. "You never know what these foreigners will do!"

Maud stood aloof regarding Dick with contemptuous eyes. How like him, to haggle with a humble merchant in an Egyptian bazaar! By nature Dick was small and mean and tyrannical.

"Oh, my lord is mistaken!" returned Gish Dewar, with deadly courtesy in his tones; "my lord is mistaken. The amulet was not made in the place he calls New York. It came from the tomb of Prince Ammenara, a nephew of Rameses II. of a time long past when my lord's ancestors were poor peasants working in the fields!"

Dick was stuttering with rage. He felt that Maud was secretly amused at the truthful words of the Cairene merchant.

"You can keep the money," laughed Dick rudely, turning away.

Gish Dewar gathered the 500 piastres into his strong hands and shook them musically.

"I will wager my lord 500 piastres that I will return this money to him at the moment of his greatest humiliation, for he has been a false friend."

Dick laughed harshly and followed his companions. His good looking face wore a scowl. His thoughts were unpleasant enough.

"What did the fellow mean?" he asked himself. "What the deuce did he mean by talking about 'false friends'?"

Mrs. Carleton was apologizing for her son's bad temper.

"I am afraid it is the tropical sun," she said, striving to reassure the girl whom Dick wanted to marry. Maud was her goddaughter and Mrs. Carleton had counted upon this European trip to bring about the desired engagement.

They went along the bazaar, and while Dick and his mother picked out a silky rug, Maud hurried back to Gish Dewar. He was sitting there in that motionless, meditative attitude.

He glanced up sharply at sound of her light step and then drew back into the shadow.

In the sunlight her face shone with its wonderful tints of cream and pink, gray eyes, black lashed and cool, and shimmering golden hair.

She was wasting a wonderful smile upon the poor merchant.

"I will buy the amulet," she said softly, taking money from her purse. "Hurry, please!"

Gish Dewar opened the copper box,

(Continued on next page)

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