THE FATE OF AZUMA;

Or, The South African Millionaire.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued).

"Say I shall be down in a moment."

For one instant as she heard the descending steps of the groom of the chambers, who although he rarely condescended to climb to the second floor, had done so this afternoon and refrained from calling Mademoiselle Louise, the maid, because he felt that something of import was in the air in keeping with the hour and the drawn blinds, with the silence of the big house, she felt as if her heart had stopped beating, as if her head were suddenly wheeling round and round. Then she opened the door and went down the big staircase, which invited, nay insisted, on dignity in the using of it.

He was standng in the doorway of the drawing-room with his arms behind him, looking for her coming.

How would it be half an hour hence?

He took her two hands in his as she reached the landing and drew her into the room and kissed her.

"I may, mavn't I?" he said, and there was the joyousness of a certainty in his voice, the certainty of being loved, as he loved, which bridges over every conventionality, even in Piccadilly, and his words, his voice, his having kissed her, filled her with pain, and a horrible feeling of impotence to carry out her task.

"After all, why should I?" she said to herself. "If you don't, if you don't," said another voice, which had no time to tell everything that would happen, because joy and pain, remorse and terror, hope and diffidence were so mingled that she could not hear what it said. But she knew it was threatening, and that something within insisted on her telling, because of the man who stood there. Any other man it would not have mattered so much, but her good angel was close today, her gobd angel and love were friends and in the face of happiness, she grew strong.

"You know, don't you, that I love you, that I want you to marry me? Oh, Judith . . ." He clasped her hands in his till he almost hurt her, and his strong, true, honest young love was shining in his eyes so that it dazzled hers.

Yet the sheer force of love seemed for the moment to dissipate every emotion in both of them that was not noble; he would not let passion have anything to do with his love for Judith, and she, it seemed to her that sacrifice of self at this moment was the only thing that could raise her to his level.

She looked into his eyes and tried to read there what he would say a few moments hence.

"You do not love me, Hubert?"

Her words were as good as a consent, and he took the intensity of her searching look to be the result of her emotion, although he had pictured a different scene, in which she laid her head on his breast, and nestling up to him, whispered, with girlish timidity the words he wanted to hear.

We all, in our imagination, take our cue from things we have read, and he had read somewhere about a girl who had hid her head in a man's waistcoat, and whispered, "I love you," so that he had to stoop to catch the words.

Instead her eyes seemed drawn to his as if by magnetism.

"Do I? What do you think?"

"Would you still care even if—even if someone told you something about me?"

He did not tell her that several people had told him things of her, advised him to be careful, hinted at her being fast.

But he had not cared. He had always been reckless and daring, but it had been confidence in himself, not recklessness, which had made him spurn all these suggestions, confidence in his own judgment of a woman's character. He didn't believe that Judith was fast, not more than in the way that all her set, and his for the matter of that, went the pace. He wouldn't have cared to marry a woman who wasn't quite up to date, but he didn't believe that she was fast, not in the sense of immoral, and he had put down all that had been said to jealousy, jealousy of the men who didn't want him to marry the prettiest woman in London, jealousy of the women because of her beauty. He remembered that always he had been friends with a girl someone had said something.

"I should like to know who could say anything of you to me."

She gave an odd smile.

"No one could tell you anything worse than I am going to tell you myself."

She sat down on one side of the table, and he knelt, with one knee on a chair, on the other. Between them rose a huge epergne, hideous of design, but very valuable, being fashioned by Boviero, full of roses.

"I won't hear it. I haven't told you yet, 'I want you to marry me, Judith,' and you haven't actually said 'yes,' not in the words I mean."

"I can't, Hubert, unless you hear me."

Now suddenly she rushed into it all, hardly knowing that she was telling him, what she was saying, tearing her happiness into shreds, as one rips a piece of stuff in two, only the tear made no noise, on the contrary the silence held in it something awful. Was it only the asphalt that deadened the sound of the traffic outside, or had all traffic stopped? The servants—were they all dead, that none came or went? And Lady Glaucourt, was she still asleep? No bell downstairs, no telegraph boy, no shop wagon leaving a purchase at the door, no cry of newspaper boys, only at the back the chirp of sparrows. The room given over to shadow by the drawn blinds, by the awnings outside, given over to a golden, hazy shadow, like the russet rich backgrounds of antique pictures, and the flies on the ceiling seemed stationary as if they listened, her own heart beating seemed to beat in her ears, and the man breathing heavily, leaning forward now, his two hands clutching the table, while he still knelt in the arm-chair, his eyes looking away from her to one of the veiled windows, because he could not bear to meet her eyes, because of the shame he would meet in hers, because of the horror she would read in his.

And between them, murmured like an evil incantation, conjuring up wicked visions, the story, the foul story of a bruised lily, a sullied soul, a virgin soiled.

Never had anything like this been told him, not by a woman of herself, never in such surroundings, beneath the gaze of men and women and children depicted by sublime painters, with the perfume of flowers wafting across a room hung with silken panels over carpets soft as woodland moss and Buhl and Sheraton and jewelled tables, on which reposed knick-knacks, each one of which represented a small fortune. Not from the lips of a woman as fair as this woman.

Why had she allowed it to come to this, was the thought which pierced, why had she not spared him, and spared herself by recoil, rather than by confession?

Men, perhaps because fewer things touch them, or because their upbringing places them in closer contact with reality (while women often concoct emotion in order to cull experience), feel more strongly, when they do feel, than women do, and to Sir Hubert Gresham this seemed the most awful thing he had ever heard, while, without being aware of it, he was telling himself that when this sort of thing happened the woman should go away somewhere, not be seen again, or labelled. What he was also telling himself, unconsciously, was that the horror had for the moment swamped the grief at his own loss. It no longer seemed a loss, since it was no longer a desirable possession.

Never once did the thought of marrying her in despite of it come to him—not once.

And as she told him, the horror of it seemed to strike her for the first time, the nauseating character of it.

As she told him, she seemed to see it all again, the big country house, the moon gleaming through the window curtains, to hear the creak of the ancient boards in the corridor, the footfall nearing the door, to feel again the beating of her heart, the strange numbing of her body, while emotions and desires awoke which seemed like the completion of some novel she had read, with an awful, yet irrevocable climax, and then . . . the months in Paris, where she had gone to study art, they said, and then . . . the return, apparently a girl, yet with the yearning pain of useless, vain motherhood in her heart, and the empty arms which dared not clasp the repudiated guerdon of her pain.

How ghastly it all seemed to-day. Then, the event had seemed to preclude some of the sensibility. Now to-day, nothing remained but its sickening echo, which seemed to call mockingly from jungles thick with poisoned weed, where the sun never penetrated.

Once he uttered almost unconsciously: "But it was not your fault, you couldn't help it . . ."

And hope returned again, fleeting, evanescent, like the sun in March, leaving a dead cold shadow behind. Once he ground his teeth, and muttered: "The brute — the low cur . . ."

Then, at the end of her recital he stood up and came to her, and laid his hand on her shoulder.

"You don't know how sorry I am for you."

And by his very voice, she knew that all was over, and she sat there with her face in her two hands and moaned. In the face of his unready speech, his want of impulse, it seemed futile to plead, to explain even, any further.

"And you know that no one—no one will ever hear it from me—never. It was good of you to tell me—I know what it must have cost you, but . . . but . . . some day things will look brighter." How woefully lame everything he said, sounded, and he wanted to say so much; that he didn't really blame her, that it was not her fault and that she must try and forget. Yet because the words would not come, because the large beautiful room which made the right setting to the woman, seemed to suffocate him, he said only:

"I am sure that you want to be quiet now, to lie down and rest, and try and forget all about it. I'll go now, and then—if you want me at any time, send for me; you know I will always be your friend, don't you?"

And Lady Judith rose. The new expression on her face he could not read, the despair imprinted there by the sudden realization that this was the beginning of retribution. All that he could not read, because for weeks past he had been reading something else, and he could not understand the new hieroglyphics.

"Yes, perhaps I had better lie down now a little." She smiled, almost laughed, and he wondered how she could! She held out her hand. He held it for one moment, then he dropped it.

In another moment he had gone. She heard his step across the tesselated hall, she heard the footman, who always sat there, open the door, and she heard it slam again. She had one impulse to rush to the window to see the last of him, as he walked past in that breezy way of his, with his coat-tails flying like wings, bearing him onward to triumphs untold. But she couldn't. She had turned to stone inwardly outwardly. The terrible drama was over, and it seemed a tame ending that she should walk across the room and mount the stairs again, as if she had only been entertaining a caller. But there was a less tame ending than even she suspected.

When the door slammed on Sir Hubert Gresham, it closed on another, a new and more awful Lady Judith, a Lady Judith with a dead soul within her.

CHATPER V.

"He did come, didn't he?"

It was not till they were seated in their victoria, one of those high backed ones which were, by the bye, invented and made the fashion (like so many other things which respectable and even very religious women imitate), by a "cocotte" in Paris, that Lady Glaucourt put the question which her lips were burning to ask Lady Judith. Except for a slight pallor, that could have been attributed to the heat of the day, which, notwithstanding the hour, seemed to have concentrated in dusty haze of glare on the constantly impeded traffic of Piccadilly, there were no traces of the half hour of mental and almost physical agony Judith had spent in the drawing-room, and she was looking away into the street with an almost insolent look, as if she questioned the right of great wagons to stop them at every turn, and criticized the policemen, and the Board of Agriculture, or whatever government department looks after the traffic. For England is peculiar in that the name of its department has rarely anything to do with its occupation. One would never be surprised to hear that it was the business of the Home Secretary to attend to Foreign missions, and the expatriation of emigrants, or of the War Minister to inspect school books and almshouses. And Lady Glaucourt, as she asked the question looked a little diffidently at her profile. The loveliness of it had lately ceased to have as much effect on her mother, as its expression of feeling.

There was not much love lost between mother and daughter. On one side there was the sense of having failed, for Lady Glaucourt was much more worldly than she intended to be; and on the other, a sense of want of appreciation of the readiness with which she had responded to her mother's neglect. And between them the impenetrable veil of the terrible secret which could only have been pierced by one of those complete surrenders of emotion on both sides, which both were far too well-bred to give way to. On the one side there should have been anguished remorse, and on the other despairing shame, but there was neither.

Lady Glaucourt had suspected, but she had never known for certain. Only she had agreed to allow her daughter to go and study art in Paris, much to everyone's surprise.

But since she allowed her to go, it was characteristic of Lady Glaucourt that she saw to it that the episode passed off with a certain decorum. Judith had been accompanied by exactly the right sort of person, and the story had never transpired.

When the girl returned, her mother referred to the episode once and for all.

"It is all very disgraceful," she had said, "and I trust it may never occur again. Please remember that I know nothing about it, that I do not wish to know, so that if anyone ever asks me I can speak the truth when I say that I know nothing."

There had bee; no tears, and the mental and physical anguish the girl had passed through seemed presently to belong exclusively to Paris, to some strange metaporphosis of herself resembling a transfiguration and which had nothing whatever to do with London or Piccadilly, or even her life. Her father lived and died without knowing. He was the kind of man a family keeps everything disgraceful from, and it was wonderful, considering what a very fine character he had, that so many disgraceful things did happen in his family without his knowing it. If he had known he would never have held up his head again.

And to her mother's question, which irritated her, because she knew it was coming, she answered:

"If you mean Sir Hubert Gresham, yes, he came."

"Of course I mean Sir Hubert. Well—"

A block, which this time Judith thought a merciful interposition, brought them alongside of a carriage with another mother and daughter whom they knew. The momentous question gave way to the usual remarks.

"Did you ever see such a thing?"

"No, we are not going."

"Gone off dreadfully, don't you think?"

"She? Oh, dreadful. They say he is in despair."

"Another?"

"Appendicitis."

"All married women."

"Chamberlain furious, they say."

"Twenty thousand pounds."

"Constance Morland?"

"Marlborough House."

"Paquin."

It was not till they got far away beyond the parks on the way to the garden party at Roehampton to which they were driving, that her mother asked the question again, this time more pointedly.

"Do you mean to say that he said nothing?"

"He said a great deal."

"You are always so provoking, Judith. Of course, since you want the dots on the i's, I mean did he propose? Certainly after the way you both talked on the terrace at the Bradmere's, one felt that there could be nothing left for you to talk about unless he proposed."

Judith gave a little bitter laugh.

"It seems that there was something left to talk about, for we talked for quite an hour, and then he went."

"Went, and didn't propose."

Lady Glaucourt's face expressed all her disappointment, and with the feeling that after all her mother had a right to know, and that whatever anguish it was to her to talk about it, it would have to be got over, and that this time was as good as any other, Lady Judith went on:

"Yes, he proposed."

Inwardly Lady Glaucourt ejaculated: "Thank goodness."

"So you are engaged, dear; I am very glad." She laid her hand on Judith's without affection, but with appreciation.

"No, I am not engaged, if I had been I would have told you."

A moment of terrible silence, while Lady Glaucourt tried to find adequate words in which to express her disappointment, while Judith felt that her mother guessed. Then in lower tones, insistent, almost whispered, uttered with dry lips:

"Was it—was it about that?"

"Yes, it was about that." Lady Judith spoke too, with dry lips, her voice was hard, and she emphasized the word "that" bitterly. It would always be "that" now in her mind. Surely her mother had no need to ask. But she had long ago realized that their relations to each other were different to that between herself and other women, only from the fact, that her mother dared ask her more cruel questions than anyone else. At that instant when her mother failed to spare her, she hated her.

Yet, the fact that she had told her, that there was nothing more to come, calmed her a little.

"But how on earth did he know?" Lady Glaucourt asked presently.

"I told him."

Lady Glaucourt sat up in the carriage for a moment and stared at her daughter's face.

"You?"

"Yes, I told him; I had my reasons."

"Good heavens!"

Two carriages passed them with friends in both, and, as they passed, Lady Glaucourt poked the groom with her parasol.

"Aren't we going very slowly, George?"

The coachman whipped up the horses, and soon they were beneath the dust of the carriages in front of them.

"Stop, stop!" Lady Glaucourt poked George again in the ribs. "We can't stand that dust!"

George was accustomed to pokes, and had a folded piele of cardboard under his waistcoat in the place Lady Glaucourt always chose. Once more the coachman reined in his horses. He, too, had grown patient with the whims of women.

"You will have to marry Hugh Glover."

"That I will never do," said Lady Judith, as they pulled up in the queue of carriages within the gates of the beautiful house, which, for all its magnificence, was yet suburban, and while suburban, was beautiful as a castle in Spain.

"Well, I don't see what else you are going to do," said her mother, taking a beautiful wrap of black lace from the groom's hands. Lady Judith followed her mother into the garden with the sweetest smile on her lips. This, she told herself grimly, was her first appearance in public in her new role.

(To be continued.)

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PROF. ADAM SHORTT.

Since Youth His One Real Interest Has Been Economy Study.

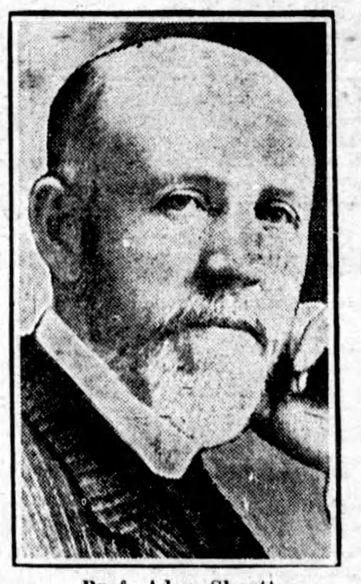
Prof. Adam Shortt, of the Civil Service Commission at Ottawa, is generally described as "Canada's leading political economist."

Prof. Shortt was born in an old Ontario mill village called Kilworth, on the banks of the Thames, near London. His father was a miller. Later the village disappeared altogether, although another hamlet which sprang up some miles distant bears the name Kilworth Bridge. As a boy the coming political economist was a hard worker. He was a good student at the High School at Walkerton, and he "put himself through" Queen's, as most university students did in those days, by teaching school. After graduation at Queen's he went, in 1884, to Scotland and took post-graduate work at Glasgow and Edinburgh Universities, repeating his record at Queen's by becoming in each institution a medalist in philosophy. His long vacations he spent tramping through Great Britain and continental Europe picking up first-hand knowledge of Old World social and industrial conditions. His interest steadily concentrated on political economy, and, returning to Canada, he was, in 1889, appointed lecturer in political science at Queen's, and three years later he became professor in the same subject, the chair eventually being endowed by the late Senator Gowan and other admirers of Sir John A. Macdonald, whose name it bears.

Meantime, in 1886, Prof. Shortt married Elizabeth Smith, M.D., who has herself become well known for her services in directing the interests of Canadian women into helpful channels.

His Books.

Prof. Shortt is a well-known writer on economic and historical subjects. Some years ago he contributed to the Journal of the Canadian Bankers' Association a series of articles on the development of the Canadian banking and currency systems which represented an immense amount of research and which were much discussed. Perhaps his best-known contribution to current problems is his "Imperial Preferential Trade from a Canadian Point of View," a study of the British fiscal situation. It revealed his belief in freedom of trade, coupled with recognition of the fact that wide variations of industrial and social conditions make it impossible to maintain that any one fiscal system is expedient for all times and places, and also his faith in the efficiency of autonomy as the only enduring basis of Imperial co-operation and unity.



Prof. Adam Shortt.

In his Life of Lord Sydenham in "The Makers of Canada" series, Prof. Shortt describes the course of events in the momentous days of the establishment of responsible government in Canada. In collaboration with Dr. Doughty, the Dominion Archivist, he edited a collection of constitutional documents on the period from 1763 to 1791, many of which are made accessible for the first time. A second volume deals with the period from 1791 to 1841. These works led to the selection of Prof. Shortt and Dr. Doughty as joint editors of a new ten-volume history of Canada.

When the first Labor Commission was formed under the Lemieux Act, Prof. Shortt was appointed chairman, his colleagues being Wallace Nesbitt and J. G. O'Donoghue, to apply the Act in the dispute in April, 1907, between the Grand Trunk Railway and its machinists.

In 1908 Prof. Shortt was appointed one of the Civil Service Commissioners under the new Act, the idea being to take a step forward in the direction of the abolition of the patronage system, to "take the civil service out of politics."

Of late years Prof. Shortt has done a good deal of speaking at Canadian clubs and other gatherings. They say he never reads a novel. His chief hobbies are gardening and wood carving.

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HOW PARIS WAS SAVED BY THE ENGLISH.

By Chas. M. Bice.

The inside facts about the famous retreat from Mons in Belgium, are slowly coming out as the war progresses. "Retreat" is a word which no Englishman likes to pronounce, but it has gained an honorable meaning by recent exploits.

The retreat of General French and his army from Mons, is, one of the grandest and most brilliant military achievements in the world's history. It adds a brand new page to British gallantry, and puts the name of Sir John French on the highest pinnacle for military accomplishments.

The charge of the Germans against his little army was the mightiest and fastest cyclone of the great struggle — that sweep towards Paris beats anything the annals of war have ever known. The Allies and Germans had just touched "mits," in the parlance of pugilistic nomenclature, before the onslaught began, and then the enemy with overwhelming numbers and equipment, rushed in with a tornado of blows they had been saving up for over forty years.

Germany had calculated that this first round would be a knock-out, and probably no army in all history has ever taken the beating and lived through the milling, keeping its legs and head, as did the English army through the thirteen awful days in which the Germans put in their lightning strokes.

It was an all but irresistable onslaught. If General French had stood his ground and fought, in all probability it would have been a clean knock-out, for he had greatly inferior numbers, if he ran it would be a complete rout and probably annihilation.

Foot-work and a cool head, side-stepping and protecting his body would have been the tactics of a great ring fighter. French followed these tactics exactly. But the thing that makes Britain gasp, and will make the world wonder when apprised of the details of that great retreat from Mons, was not a prize fight, but the most frantic and terrible rush of the greatest and best disciplined army the world has ever known. For a man to have kept his head in all that, as if the event were a mere prize fight, with only a knock-out at stake, instead of the annihilation of 80,000 men, is the thing that the world will wonder at. It was on August 22, 1914 that the English and Germans first met in battle at Mons, the English having only arrived on the scene the day before, and were informed by the French that "There are not more than two German corps in front of you." General French and his men had just come to the scene and he had taken the Frenchmen's word for it. Sunday afternoon came the surprise. A courier brought a message to General French from Joffre, the French General. It said in effect; "Four German army corps are coming up against you. We have fallen back." The strong French line had gone and was 30 miles in the rear. French's army of 80,000 held out against the oncoming tide of Germans.

Ten thousand Custer Massacres all rolled into one were at hand or a rout such as history has never before known. Some must stay and fight, while the others fall back and prepare the trenches. The herculean task may be realized when we consider that there was artillery to move and thousands of tons of supplies and ammunition to be transported in autos.

There were horses to save, and the roads would hold only so much traffic, and there must be no jams, cool heads must plan it all. Some must fall far behind and dig trenches, so that the retreating army could hide and put up their daily and nightly fight with the Germans.

Others must have time to eat and sleep, and the wounded must be taken care of. All these things were done perfectly and no general in history ever had such a perilous retreat to direct. General French was dashing about everywhere in his auto, and measuring the physical force his little army had left. He knew not only the exact strength of his own army but the strength of his apponent as well.

The lightning blows sent in by the Germans were terrific, the Ninth Lancers were mowed down like grass, the 8th Hussars were almost wiped out. Bullets flew around General French as around the most ordinary soldier. For thirteen days in this great running battle, he kept his men as cool-headed almost as himself. At last the English reached the Marne.

This gave them a chance for much needed rest, but the Germans were tired out, to. The cool foot-work of the English had exhausted them, they were tired out trying to hit the tiny foe which always eluded their blows.

The German general, Von Kluck, made his mistake, he turned his flank to the English, intending to pass before them, and move over to join the army of the German Crown Prince and advance on Paris. French was watching, and saw that Von Kluck had dropped his guard and had exposed his jaw, and the lightning English sparrer, the man whose fists were armies, struck like a flash. The Germans, off their guard, received a blow they could not parry. They lost hundreds of big guns and thousands of men. The French were doing their part, 60,000 soldiers in taxicabs and autos came to back up the English, but General French's blow had taken the nerve all out of the Germans, and their retreat became an ignoble rout. Thus was Paris saved and the German plans completely frustrated by a mere handful of England's first expeditionary force.

CHAS. M. BICE.

Denver, March 30, 1915.

"It's so long since you called that I was beginning to think you were forgetting me," said Miss Pechis, as she entered the parlor. "I am for getting you," said the youth; 'that's why I came to-night. May I have you?"

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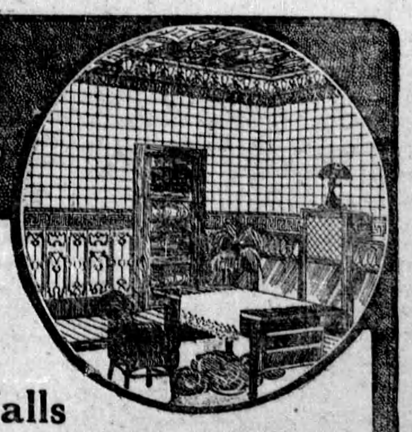

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