THE FATE OF AZUMA;

Or, The South African Millionaire.

CHAPTER XI.

It had been a feeling of fear of the man which had prompted Judith to manoeuvre with her brother's assistance to get away, and hear what he had to say. She had known his disposition very well once, a long time ago it seemed now, but in truth not so long ago, and to-night the knowledge had seemed suddenly illuminated. Once, in a neurotic fashion, she had been fond of him; now to-night, the very fact that she had been, made her fully aware of characteristics which might tell for evil on her path. Once she had admired his recklessness, his disregard of consequences, his impulsiveness, even his jealousy. To-night, some instinct told her that the latter had been aroused in him by the presence of Danvers. Of the desperate state of his finances, of the slow decadence of his mind, which had been braced up, so to speak, by his wife's existence, by the discipline and necessity of at least conforming to the lower standards of society, those that are enforced by human laws, framed on man's distrust of man's stability of purpose and high endeavor, she knew nothing. Had she known she might perhaps have curbed his impetuosity by money. It might have done more harm, who can tell, if she had dealt with him differently, have laid up for the future a foundation for repeated annoyance and dread, but it would have prevented the rapid crisis which ensued. Whether it would have been better or worse for her, that no one can tell, for the better and the worse that happens to us are not to be understood by the outward aspect of events and circumstances. There are catastrophes which bring joy, and pleasures and successes which bring shame inwardly; and in the days to come it seemed to Judith as if fate had perhaps intended to spare her the living of a daily lie. Yet, too, as the years came and went, moulding, as they do the mind and heart, and seemingly the soul, she told herself that if only she had been loved, she might have been a different woman. Yes, love and forgiveness, those are the great weapons of power over the minds of our fellow men and women, whose uses we are the least acquainted with, which are seldom used in the duels of mind with mind, of temperament with temperament.

"Doesn't this remind you?" he asked, as they stepped out into the moonlight, and the appeal to the past, to the sensuous, to which man so often sacrifices the pure emotions nature intends to evoke by her phenomena of sweetness—passion responding to the silent murmuring of streams and intoxication of the senses to the perfume of guileless flowers, aroused a new passion in her being, the passion of rebellion, of hate, a nauseating revulsion of feeling against the man and the memories he evoked.

He had thought to appeal to the worst in her which had formed the link with the worst in him. He might have been more easily successful if he had chosen other methods. She turned on him coldly:

"If all you wanted to say, was to remind me of what I try hourly, and daily, constantly, to forget, I think we might as well go back to the house."

She spoke daringly, trusting to the fragile honor of the man. He would not dare to speak to others than herself, therefore to-night, the last night on which she would ever speak to him alone, she could dare to have her fling of invective, of expression of hate. Blindly, she sought to-night to break, not only from the enchaining folly of her past acts, but from that subtle restraining fetter of far-away emotions, which seemed to form a link between his past and hers, a secret link which was even more distasteful, more nauseating than the event itself, because that was so indelibly engraven and enhanced with so much pain.

But he could not read the mind of the woman who had never concerned himself with anything but the beauty of the body, and only noted emotion in the women he had pretended or thought to love, in so far as it pleased his own. Had it not been for the anxiety which seemed to wring her mind and to have possessed itself of her whole being, paralysing it with doubt and agony, had she not felt that her future happiness hung by a hair, might at any moment be dashed to the ground, shivered to atoms like a crystal goblet, from which one had hoped to drink, she might have spoken to him more calmly, defied him less, have appealed to the faint remaining shreds of manhood and chivalry, which though rusted and warped, lingered perhaps in splinters, in what had once been at least the outward presentment of a gentleman. As it was, from the very first moment she antagonized him, defied him, and defying lost her cause. He was at least intelligent enough to read between the lines of her assumed superciliousness, the signs of a desperate fear.

"Can we ever forget?" he answered, tentatively.

"One can at least try to."

"I don't try," he answered, laughing, "I try to remember."

The remark irritated her, exasperated her.

"It is hardly a memory to do you credit."

"Well, what harm has it done? apparently none, seeing the very brilliant, and altogether eligible person, who graces Glaycourt to-night as your fiance."

A species of powerlessness of argument seemed to creep over her. No, apparently outwardly, no harm had been done, since she was making a brilliant marriage, in keeping with her position, her beauty, even her wealth, for she would have a good sum settled upon her by her father. Of the inward harm, of the shame, even the remorse, which, if it were not in proportion with the event, was yet the deepest feeling she had ever experienced, the turning of her brief girlhood into secret matronhood; the matronhood without the compensation; the lie lived in some measure through life; the subterfuge, the fraud, if she married without confession; the loss of the one man she had really cared for; the new prostitution, tolerated because committed with the sanction of the Church, if she married this man whom she liked but did not love; the bitterness of her heart; the souring of her disposition, the mistrust and hate of her fellow men and women, the heavy burden in place of the light carelessness of girlhood, all this he could not know.

And had she told him, he would have taunted her, and told her maybe that she was of those made for rapids, not for serene waters, and that the commonplace sweetness of maiden life would not have suited her, that she herself had challenged fate, and that pretending to regret was to play the part of hypocrite.

Yes, he was right, outwardly she was unharmed, then what did she complain of?

Yet, once more she essayed to show defiance.

"I don't suppose that it was to discuss a very distressing and regrettable incident, in which you played a part most men would have regretted all their lives, that you told me you wanted to speak to me. Please tell me what you have to say as quickly as possible. Mr. Danvers is going away to-morrow morning, and I want to return to the house as soon as possible."

"So am I going away to-morrow morning."

She was silent. The similarity of what the two men were going to do, did not seem to have any reference to the subject. Then suddenly he changed his tone.

"I suppose that you are glad that I am going away to-morrow Lady Judith."

She looked away from him, as she answered, shrugging her shoulders a little:

"I wonder at your having had the impertinence to come."

The word impertinence roused his anger. Who was she, to speak to him like that?

"Oh, well, if it comes to that, Lady Judith, your brother asked me, and . . ."

"Of course he doesn't know." The words escaped her, and were intended to convey that if her brother had known, he would have, of course, been the last person invited even for a night to Glaycourt. But it brought him quickly to the point he wished to discuss.

"I suppose that nobody knows," he half whispered, and the sense of a secret between them, the implied bond of a common knowledge, unshared by the world, made her flesh and her soul recoil. She did not answer.

"Of course, you'll have to tell Danvers . . ."

As he spoke he looked up at the sky, leaving his words to sink into her mind. They had reached the end of the gravel path, and both, by tacit consent, turned into the rhodendron grove.

"By George, this is exquisite."

"I wish you would make haste and tell me what you wanted to say, Mr. Glover."

"Mr. Glover—? Well, women are . . ." Here he broke off. "Where does that lead to?"

"To another path like this one."

She answered impatiently. At any moment Danvers might come and look for her, and she didn't want him to find her here with Hugh Glover. Yet, something seemed to warn her that what had to be uttered, had better be said as far from the house as possible. She turned down the side path, and he followed her. Here a little square had been cut in the forest of bushes, and a fountain placed, with a seat opposite. It formed a resting place between two paths, and was associated with many things in Lady Judith's mind. Here she had often come as a child to cry when she had been punished. Here too she had heard more than one declaration of love, and here, of late, she often spent a quiet hour reading, when she had not understood what was passing in her heart, because it was too full for utterance. She was glad to-night that she had never brought Sir Hubert or Danvers here. It seemed to set them apart.

"The old boy looks cold, doesn't he?"

She raised her eyes for one instant to follow the direction of his eyes. "The old boy," was his name for a bronze faun, whose satyr-like face seemed to be grinning at them from the foliage around, while a pale reflection from the moon made a bald patch on his head, and caught the drops of water falling from his mouth, as if it fain would wrench their pure crystal whiteness away from it. Glover could see that she was impatient to go, and it pleased him to make her wait.

Here, far away from human sound, her beauty brought back some of the desire, which had wrought her woe. He changed completely in tone.

"Look here, Judith," he began confidentially, throwing one arm over the back of the stone seat, and linking it with the other by clasping his two hands together, "you know you can't marry him without telling him, and you know that when you do it will be all up; you had much better send him away while it's still all in your hands, and marry me. You know it's the right thing, anyway. My wife is dead, and I am free now, don't cher know, and well—I suppose we shall both feel much better for doing the right thing. I always meant to, but I wasn't free till the other day."

She was looking away from him, as he spoke, watching the little spray of water falling into the basin, then jumping upwards, a sifted fine spray, touched with moonlight here and there, ironical, delicate, seeming to mock at solitude, full of vitality in contrast with the sleepiness of the night; and at his words, even in the moonlight, he could see how every muscle of her face contracted. How pale she had grown. The thought flashed through him that it was dangerous for a woman to be as beautiful as she was, that it ceased to be beauty, and became a species of signal of destruction like that of some contour of magnificent rocks dreaded by seafarers, or that of the siren herself, alluring, singing to men, and combing her golden hair, to the sound of stifling water, garotting sighs. A woman revelling, not so much in her beauty, as in the disaster it worked. But he exaggerated her desire to destroy, her wish to allure. Just now, if she and he had known it, she pined for virtue, for the record of purity. When a woman is beautiful and not particularly good, men always think that she must be supremely wicked. Nobody is supremely wicked, and women have always, to the end, some of the inconsequence of children. When they haven't, when they are entirely unscrupulous, entirely calculating, then they are not entirely women. Women prefer to be good. Often Judith had moaned to herself:

"If I could only be loved, how happy and good I would be."

American women are no better instinctively than other women, but they are better wives because they are more beloved by their husbands than the women of other countries.

To night it seemed to him that he and she were tarred with the same brush, that together they could govern the world; that apart, each would feel that one side of his or her advantages was not being brought into use. She, the woman, how much better for her to marry a man who knew, who could never reproach her. And for him, he could not begin to count up the advantages for himself.

"Marry you—" She gave a little mocking laugh, which emphasized the scorn in her voice. "If you were the only man in the world I wouldn't marry you. I simply hate you."

She had not seen the importance of temporizing with him to-night, of all nights. She still clung to the fallacy of women of the present century, which is built up on old traditions, which are perhaps false, on the reading of novels, recounting of ancient chivalry, which probably, like the chivalry of old Virginia, existed more in the mind of the novel-writer than in the people of old-fashioned days. She still imagined that he would never, never speak; and to-night her one ambition was to show him once and for all time, that she had no more use for him in this world, that if she had once seemed to care for him, it had been because she had not understood life, because she had been almost a child. In her anger, an anger which had been gathering force all these months, she got up from her seat, and in her deep, musical voice, which, because it was restrained by the passion of agonized fury within, the fury of having missed the sweetness of life through this man, which made her mind almost like that of one speaking from the depths of hell, who realizes the rapture of heaven, the lost joys bartered for a few moments of pleasure, of passion, fleeting ones in any case, not worth the loss, it sounded as if it were throbbing, as if it would break her throat, the while the words fell fluent, well-chosen, refined, even though the import of them was insult. She wanted to insult him; if she didn't to-night, she would never be happy. If she had been a woman of another class, another race, she would have stabbed him; this man who had robbed her of her purity, and who now came, she felt it, not from sense of right, but because, through his own spoiling of her, he hoped to win on the rebound; a bride, who given another destiny would have been as far above him as the moon, sailing beyond those fleecy white clouds to-night, seeming to touch only the tips of the tree-tops, the crests of mountains the peaks of hills, and not to dwell on those with anything like abandonment or even intimacy.

But because stabbing him through the heart was out of the question, to-night it was delightful to stab his sensibilities, to thrust poisoned arrows of the tongue at him, to stand there, conscious that she had caught her beauty away from him, bestowed it elsewhere, that, as a star detaches itself after thousands and thousands of years at last, from the influence of another star which has impeded its progress, or hampered its individuality, and sails untrammelled, disdainful on a plane of its own, gathering its satellites independently on its way, regardless of the shining mesmerism before which it once bowed, at whose beck and call it once moved powerless, acquiescent, unresisting. Wrought up, a little excited perhaps by the brandy and soda, followed by the wine she had taken at dinner, but more than all under the influence of her sudden awakening to the enormity of it all, awake to the risk she was running in leaving her betrothed on the last night before he left in order to meet this man at this hour, in this lonely corner alone, with a fearful feeling of her own impotence against fate, she was for a moment like a wild animal. A wild animal pacing stealthily with subdued snarls and controlled snarling, before it finally makes up its mind to spring. And as she paced the small space between himself and the fountain, now and then standing erect against the back ground of dark leaves, the moonlight outlining now a leaf, now some feature, now a fold of the sheen of her evening dress, giving something undulating to her appearance, as if she moved in waves, which caught now the light, then sank again into furrows of shadow, the hour, the mysterious quiet the whole scene, as she lashed him with her tongue, a very Maenaed, something arose within him which was like the fury of a lion with his mate, something which invited to dominate her, capture her, rend her if need be, but to control.

"You are infamous, infamous," she repeated, "no woman, no man, ought ever to speak to you again, to touch your hand, you ought to be hounded from every club, chased from society, branded the bully, the infamous coward that you are."

And partly because his situation was so nearly what she described, because he did not recognize the daunted, disappointed, yearning motherhood that shone in her eyes, he took her fury for the terror of dismay at his interference, for a recognition of the fact that all the cards were in his hands.

"Marry you—I would rather the whole world knew," she told him, holding her head high, "than marry you."

He had not completely mapped out his programme yet, he had not fully made up his mind to spoil her game, to ruin her life, but he had intended to come to some arrangement with her. It would be blackmail, but because she would never dare to tell about herself, she also would never be able to tell about him, never. Only to reach a compromise she would have needed to be in a calmer spirit, to meet him with suggestion, with patience, at least to have appealed to his better self, instead of arousing his worst. Instead she had set a fuse to all that was most evil, most reckless, most daring, and he was a man to whom nothing mattered, who had no one to consider but himself, and who, when he considered himself, saw grimly that soon there would be very little left to consider. His complete downfall was imminent, and he knew that he had not enough friends for the world not to rejoice. The hate, the loathing of Judith was but the replica of the hate and loathing of other women, who, while they held their tongues now, would laugh over his fall, and sing triumphantly because horse and rider had been thrown into the sea. More than all, by her challenge, she had awakened the fighting spirit which lies in almost every man. She dared him, and he accepted the challenge. She had declared war. It was too late to suggest a truce, and when her voice ceased its low passionate murmuring, in which she had seemed like a hissing serpent, striking at him with poisoned fangs, he said, with a calm, which seemed the culminating wrong of all:

"I don't mean you to marry that man, Lady Judith, if you don't marry me, you shan't marry him. You'll have to come off your high horse, my lady."

Now when it was too late, when, without ending in disaster, the hour itself proclaimed that there was no time to enter upon a discussion of compromise, she saw that she had used blunt-edged tools, blundered with methods to which this man was accustomed, and failed to deal a fatal blow.

"How are you going to prevent me?"

Still she dared him with retort, while something within her died away. So had her ancestors defied death, while it stared them between the eyes, bold crusaders, and knights of old, and brave soldiers, who had built up the name of her house, the while they had felt already the axe of the enemy at their roots, and laughed him to scorn with their dying breath.

The game was lost, no doubt, but thank God, there was no compromise. Then it was that he uttered the words which echoed on the night's stillness, and conveyed so much, as they reached the ears of her brother and betrothed.

"You'll have to marry me, my lady, when that fellow Danvers knows!"

(To be continued.)

Bad Luck.

A third marriage is considered unlucky in certain parts of India. A fourth marriage is not. So when a man wishes to become a benedict after two previous trials and still evade superstition he evokes a very clever scheme.

Mr. Man of India goes through a ceremonial with a bird or animal or flower as the bride in order that his next wife will be the fourth and not the third venture. Though this may sound ridiculous to many of our American people is it any more so than the lengths to which persons in this country will go to avoid the number 13 or "unlucky days" and other household bogies?

Playing It Safe.

"George, I will promise to obey on one condition."

"What is that, my dear?"

"That before the ceremony takes place you will promise me never to command."

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A Side-Tragedy of the War in Serbia.

A wounded Serbian soldier attacked by typhus fever and unable to proceed further on his journey. This is not an unusual sight under the existing circumstances in Serbia.

How to Prevent Mold in Butter.

The important losses in butter through the growth of mold upon the tub lining, wrapper, or in the butter itself, which injures the saleability of the produce, have led experts to investigate this subject. Mold in butter is usually found in three forms: (1) Orange-yellow areas with some growth of mycelium under the surface. (2) Smudge or dirty green areas, either entirely inside the butter or with some surface growth. (3) Green-surface colonies, either upon the butter, causing decomposition, or upon the container or wrappings which will injure the appearance of the butter.

Experiments in producing molds artificially in samples of butter indicate that a growth of mold in or about butter is favored by excessive curd, by "leaky" butter, or by wet surfaces, wet wrappings or highly moist air. If butter molds readily, it is an indication of insufficient salting, as salt up to 2.5 to 3 per cent. is sufficient to prevent mold or reduce it to a negligible amount. The growth of molds, moreover, is largely reduced by keeping the butter at low temperatures. Improper storage temperatures, accompanied as they frequently are with moist conditions, are favorable to mold in butter. Unsalted butter is more subject to deterioration from microorganisms than salted butter. Successful storage of such butter is therefore dependent upon scrupulously clean, dry refrigeration. Cellars and ice refrigeration rarely furnish conditions which will prevent mold in unsalted or slightly salted butter, although it may be delayed or reduced. Butter properly made and normally salted (up to 2.5 to 3 per cent., equivalent to the use of a 12 to 15 per cent. brine)., will not show mold under reasonably careful handling.

Investigators in summarizing results emphasize the fact that well-washed butter is less subject to mold than that with an excess of curd, but the essential factor in molding seems to be water, not protein.

"Leaky" butter from which milky water exudes and collects in the wrapper or container furnishes the best conditions for the beginning of mold growth. From these wet areas colonies may spread to the butter itself.

Mold, the investigators find, will not grow upon the surface of a piece of butter exposed to air at ordinary humidities. The water in the butter is not sufficiently available to the mold to support the development of a colony unless evaporation is reduced by a high-moisture content of the surrounding air. In closed packages, wet or damp cellars, or carelessly packed masses with cracks or fissures in which moisture collects, mold may seriously injure the appearance of the packages or acually induce great changes in the butter itself.

Green molds may damage normally salted butter if cracks and open spaces are left by bad packing. Other investigators have found that paraffining the tubs or boxes prevents mold on the container and the liner by preventing the escape of water which would not leave the air space necessary for mold growth.

Very moderate salting prevents the appearance of the orange-yellow patches and the smudges. The green molds affect normally salted butter only when it is held under conditions of temperature or moisture that are favorable to mold growth.

Alfalfa Hay for Hogs.

A trial in feeding hogs on alfalfa hay was carried on at the North Dakota Experiment Station by W. H. Peters, Animal Husbandman. The alfalfa hay was cut into half-inch lengths and was fed both dry and steamed. The hogs were also fed a grain ration of barley shorts and tankage. One lot was fed only the grain feed, while with other lots the grain ration was reduced and alfalfa supplied in its place, the aim being to make the alfalfa-fed hogs to gain as much as the all-grain lot. With young pigs the saving in cost due to the alfalfa was 50c per 100 pounds gain on the dry alfalfa, and 40c when the alfalfa was steamed. With the fattening hogs, the saving was $1.70 per 100 pounds gain for lot fed the dry alfalfa, and $2.70 when the alfalfa was steamed.

Brood sows were also fed alfalfa hay. When the alfalfa was fed the grain ration (barley and oats) could be reduced one-third to one-fourth, and the sows did well on it. No difference was noticeable between their litters and those from the sows fed all grain.

The growing pigs were fed one-fifth to one-sixth as much alfalfa as grain, this being the amount that they would readily eat and keep making as good gains as the all-grain lot.

Of the dry alfalfa the fattening hogs eat one-sevenh as much as of grain ration, and of the steamed alfalfa one-sixth as much. The hogs did not eat as large a proportion of the alfalfa as was expected. It, however, reduced the cost of making the gains so that it was well worth while. The price put on the feeds was one cent per pound for the grains, two cents for tankage, and the alfalfa $10 per ton.

The observations of the trial indicate: First, that in order to get hogs started to eating alfalfa hay in winter it is necessary to limit the grain to such an extent that the hogs must eat hay or go hungry. Second, that, when handled in this way, they will very readily take to the hay, and a limited amount of hay can be fed very satisfactorily, securing just as good results, just as good gains, and at less cost than where grain alone is fed. Third, that the greatest advantage to be gained in feeding hay in the winter is the saving of grain and lowering of the cost of feeding.

Bix—Does your wife ever go to the club for you when you are out late? Dix—No; but she goes for me when I get home.

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