# THE FATE OF AZUMA;

## Or, The South African Millionaire.

CHAPTER XV.

"Dear me, what is all this about? Brr . . rr! how angry everybody looks. I'm really frightened."

The Gollings' party was going on, and Lady Judith had wandered away from the crowd into a little boudoir giving out of a larger salon. It pleased her to affect being quite at home in this house, as if she had possessed herself of the African contingent. She had not so many emotions now but that she had to make the most of them, and she was intelligent enough to know that while everyone scoffed at her new enthusiasm, everyone envied her, for African millionaires are not to be found every day.

Upstairs, mercifully, Lady Glaucourt had forgotten that she wasn't at home, and was receiving her own friends with some show of cordiality, while she occasionally turned towards some acquaintance standing near, whenever she saw anyone approachng whom the Gollings had insisted on asking, and whom she did not wish to know, more than that, whose presence she wanted to ignore; for, in her quiet way, Mrs. Golling had insisted on at least half a dozen acquaintances, and one or two of the firm and their wives. The Duchess was there, and Lord Eustace, and apparently the party was a success, and Judith had come to look for the millionaire.

Lady Judith's little conspiracy with Mrs. Golling had succeeded and he was here to-nght, but it had needed some manoeuvring to get hm to promise to come. He was not offended at not having been asked sooner, but he had an idea that he wasn't wanted. It had been Lady Judith's mission to persuade him that he was.

The luncheon had passed off very pleasantly, enhanced by the presence of Johanna and Madame Dufour, who while she had been the witness of Judith's most agonized moments, yet had a personality which smoothed and bridged them over, rather than brought them to the memory Golling under the impression left in his mind by Lady Glaucourt's words, was a good Glaucourt's words, was a good deal deal more corial than usual to his partner, and Adolphe Lieb himself was awed into admiration of Judith's beauty. Probably because he was a Jew, the Madonna presentment pleased him, and because he was an artistic being her beauty satisfied him. Most of all, her simplicity in a city of complications so far as he was concerned, put him at his ease, for London had not yet proved the Mecca of his dreams. How much this was due to Golling, how much to the stories set afloat about him by his insistence to please himself in the matter of the Kaffir woman, how much because he himself had failed to please, he had not yet analysed. All he knew was that for all his huge fortune he was not having much of a time. This was the first year he had spent a season in London. Hitherto, his visits had been entirely on business, and he had not only met the men with whom he did business, and those of the great who were directly or indirectly concerned with South Africa, with concessions, with companies, with mines. With these he had made a favorable impression. More than one had suggested to his wife that Lieb should be asked to dinner, but always the question arose:

"Isn't there something odd, isn't there a black woman living wth him?" and only the bravest, or those who needed to be friends with him for their own purposes asked him to their homes. So far he had nearly always been entertained by the "he" of the house at a club. For the last two years he had lived at an hotel. Now at last he had his magnificent house in Park Lane which threw all the other houses into the shade. It was a palace, a palace to which the glaringly white stone work and the many porches and terraces gave an Oriental aspect, at least when the sun shone upon it. What it needed to complete the illusion was an arid desert stretched behind it. It is the want of space for its buildings which makes London so hideous. But the house because of its size depressed him, the silence emphasized by its distances; all corridors with doors shut in his face, slammed it seemed to him, at the end of them. It would have been still more for Azuma, Azuma who loved him, who would not leave him, who had convinced him that divided from her his luck would depart.

And hitherto it had seemed so. All that hetouched turned to gold, and always it had been the result of following Azuma's advice. Azuma who was at once a prophetess and a soothsayer, yet who had not the least appearance of a witch.

Old Heinrich Lieb was dead now, but as if with sheltering wings, his advice, his assistance followed on, hovering about his son, and for all that it was only ten years ago, it seemed a long, long time since that memorable day when Lieb had found the money for his son to corner the diamond market. It had not been unfraught with trouble, that great act which had become a matter of epoch in the history of gigantic finance. There had been opposition from everyone, most of all perhaps from Golling, from the two Gollings, who because he had treated them so honorably, mistook, overrated, perhaps the meekness, the acquiescence of the Jew.

"You must let them," his father had said.

"Yes, your father is right." His parents' words had clinched the matter. They had let the Gollings in, but with reservations, and the reservations had constituted a grievance, maddened the Gollings. He, Adolphe, owed it to them, they said, that he had found the mine, and old Lieb with firmness and calm had said to them:

"My son owes nothing to you except your hospitality, for that we are grateful, and for that we offer your son to become his partner in the particular mine which he found while he was your guest."

Then, as the older Golling insisted, becoming almost abusive, the other man had turned and said:

"Very well, then, my son will give up that mine, you can buy it of him at the price he gave for it."

It was a daring offer and one which took the younger Lieb's breath away, but the older man knew what he was about. He knew that the Gollings had not the money to buy the mine, far less to exploit it, and old Golling had given in. What they could never forgive was that he made no further proposals, while every few months Adolphe devoted the proceeds of the first mine to buy up another, till every mine worth speaking about, belonged to him, belonged to the firm of Golling and Lieb, while only the control of the first one belonged in any way to Golling.

"If you once let them know how many diamonds you have," the older man had warned him, "they are such fools, those two, that they will launch them all on the market in order to realize a big fortune, and they will ruin the diamond trade. You have enough diamonds now to sell for three generations, and by that time you will have found other mines."

And the old man had been right in every one of his prognostications, and at every turn almost, Adolphe Lieb had had reason to rejoice at the fact that with the other mines Golling, father and son, had nothing to do. As he had perceived when he had stayed with them as a boy, they were neither business-like nor scrupulous, and the very crisis of Lieb's power lay in the fact of the name for honesty borne by the Lieb's.

"I'd rather see Lieb himself," was the oft-repeated remark when any business transaction was on foot, and once or twice Lieb had tried to buy Golling out. He didn't like the association of the name, and because Golling recognized that it was a source of annoyance, even more than because he recognized the prestige the linking of the names gave him, Golling had clung to the original contract and refused the most alluring offers to be displaced. At one time Adolphe had found himself, after his father's death, with the two Gollings arraigned against him, and without his father's clairvoyant intelligence to guide him. More than once he had just escaped some nasty situations invented by them to entangle his credit, or sully his financial reputation, and always, it seemed to him, it had been Azuma who saved him. And Golling, having the advantage of being English, and married to an English wife, had established himself in London three years before Lieb, in order to spread abroad his propaganda of hate. Then a year after old Lieb's death, the elder Golling and his schemes had vanished together, in the enfolding arms of death, and Lieb had found the son, because of their earlier friendship perhaps, a little easier to deal with, at least so it seemed to him.

And it had pleased the younger Golling to go about London proclaiming that the scheme had been his, and that if it had not been for a low Jew trick it would be Golling and Golling, instead of Golling and Lieb, and that he would have been the richer man.

Then one day Lieb had his eyes opened by the woman who seemed to preside over his destiny, the while he led a life in which she had so small a part.

Golling had told him that if he would finance the Jameson raid England would be grateful, that the government would recognize his services, the services which, whoever set them on foot, and the truth will never be known till the grave gives up its dead, was the first herald of the Boer war. Golling had come all the way from London to tell him this at his lovely Villa near Johannesburg, and it seemed to him after reading letters from people whose names he did not know, that it must be true.

That night remained indelibly impressed on Adolphe's mind, the night on which ambition had flaunted herself in his face, following on the heels of wealth, and whispered that if he did this thing he would be like a king.

On just such a night as this, Azuma had awakened him from sleep and told him to follow her, and he had followed her to the very foot of the rainbow, it seemed to him, where he had found the pot of gold.

Golling had left him but an hour ago in order to sleep at Johannesburg and catch a morning train.

The very fact that he had come all this way merely to spend the day had impressed Lieb, Lieb who cared nothing for London, who had been caught by the spell of the veldt.

"Why didn't you cable me? I would have come, I could have seen all these people," Lieb had said, and Golling had given signs of impatience.

"Oh, you wouldn't have come, I knew that."

And all that Golling had said lingered around him while he could still hear the feet of his horses ringing out on the white road.

It was a gigantic scheme, and yet why did it not seem to inspire him, why did he hold back?

England, a grateful England, crouching at his feet. At last there seemed some reason for his wealth, some purpose, some goal, a glorious one for all his ambitions.

"Baas, Baas." She still always called him that, although he had taught her English and German, and could now at least understand her own language.

"Baas, Baas," so she had always called him, and she crept on to the wide verandah.

"Yes, yes," he spoke a little impatiently, he was encased in thought, impervious to all outer impressions.

"England asks me to do this," he murmured, almost aloud, and her dark eyes sought his face.

She pointed to the moon.

"Just like that it was the night Azuma took you up there."

She pointed in the direction of the mine, which lay miles away, a different place now, with its machinery, and its crowd of miners' huts, to what it had been ten years ago, and yet because it had been his first, Adolphe had built his house beneath the shadow of the mountain which sheltered it.

He threw away his cigar, walked to the front of the porch, folded his hands behind his back and looked into the night.

"Yes, Azuma, that was a wonderful thing that you did." And then speech deserted him. Outside the night seemed to throw its witchery upon him, while within surged a tumult of thought too great for utterance.

"What did he say, the white man?"

She hated Golling, and Adolphe laughed.

He did not count her inquisitiveness impertinence. She always asked him about his affairs, and he could trust her, he knew it, above everyone in the world. He told her what had passed.

"And he has told you lies, lies."

"Are they lies?"

He turned suddenly.

"I will tell you."

She drew from her belt a little bag and knelt on the verandah.

And laughing, Adolphe seated himself on the parapet of the verandah and watched her. How often she had done this and he had laughed, yet always she had been right.

And she drew from the bag a quantity of little white pebbles, that gleamed in the darkness like marbles, bones she had told him they were of great African chiefs, and the bones of the dead could speak of the future.

Always when she did this, she reminded him of the way she had piled up his few coins on her lap that night and said, "plenty, plenty, very much." And because she had been right that time, because she had established her power of bringing luck once, she had obtained an ascendancy over his superstitiousness, so that he had interwoven her image with all his dreams of wealth and power. Then she stepped across the verandah descending the steps with her bare feet, with catlike, rapid tread, and began scraping the sand from the front pathway over which the hated Golling had trodden.

He had seen the performance so often, that he never paid any attention to her till she was ready. Instead, with a sceptical smile, he lit a cigar. Now she returned, and laid the little white balls in patterns on the verandah floor just where the moonbeams lay across it, and poured the sand upon them, a little after the fashion of the sand readers of the desert. Now she took a stick from the corner and beat the floor close to the pebbles and the sand fell into queer shapes, into numbers, as if they had been cunningly put together by devising fingers.

(To be continued).

**Skull Cap with Horse Hair Brushes—Latest from Paris.**

A very chic-looking toque is this skull cap of straw by Cora Marsan of Paris. Shadow checked taffeta runs through vertical bands of straw, and surmounting the brim are two horse hair brushes set in ornate cups.

### Why He is Disliked.

"I know why nobody loves a fat man."

"Why is it?"

"Because when anything goes wrong with the car he can't crawl under to fix it."

### Heard on the Train.

"What book is that you are reading, Jim?"

"'The Sorrows of Satan.'"

"Well, I'll say this for you, Jim; you always do take an interest in the troubles of your friends."

Only six thousand Europeans are included in the population of the island of Ceylon, which totals well over four millions.

## RED CROSS WORK.

### What Our Boys at the Front Most Need.

Toronto, June 1.—The following official announcement has been made by the National Service Committee:—

Canadian soldiers at the front need comforts over and above the supplies provided for them by the Government. Letters from the front are full of appreciation of the soldiers in the Canadian Contingent for comforts sent to them through the Canadian War Contingent Association, of which the National Service Committee is a representative in Canada.

In this connection, an interesting letter has been received by Mrs. Plumptre, Secretary of the National Service Committee, from Mr. J. G. Colmer, Hon. Secretary of the C.W.C.A.

In the course of his letter Mr. Colmer says:—"The arrangements of the War Office for the supply of clothing and food to the troops are excellent, and the men are able to get what they require as and when it is needed from the official stores. This information comes from the Government, and it is confirmed by our communications from the front, both by letter and in person. There is no doubt, however, that large and regular supplies of socks and colored handkerchiefs will be welcomed in addition to the Government supplies, for reasons that are obvious, and also other extra comforts which cannot be obtained from the Government stores, and it is just such articles that we are sending to them."

Mr. Colmer states that the following articles or money to provide them are specially needed: Tobacco, pipes, cigarettes, matches, soap, cocoa, cake, toilet paper, writing paper, bootlaces, bachelor buttons, insect powder, games, boxing gloves, football, and baseball outfits, magazines, books, newspapers.

"While we shall no doubt receive regular supplies of socks from Canada through the good offices of the National Service Committee and others," continues Mr. Colmer, "money will also be very useful to use for the purchase of the other articles that have been specified and enable requirements of the kind to be supplied promptly and regularly.

"I may tell you that we are in daily communication with the officers commanding the different units. They let us know regularly what articles they would like to have, and we sent out consignments several times a week, and will continue to do so as far as our resources will permit. Everything we send out to France is addressed to the officers commanding, and is distributed by the Quartermaster or some other officer to the men as the cases or bales are received.

"We are receiving," concludes Mr. Colmer, "the most cordial cooperation from the military forwarding officers, both on this side and in France, and considering everything, the transporation service is being performed splendidly. There is some delay of course in the conveyance and in the delivery of our consignments, but it is a marvel to all of us that it is done so well, and our shipments appear to be arriving with fair regularity at their destination."

A graphic description of the terrible conditions existing in Serbia at the present time is given by Captain E. N. Bennett, commissioner in Serbia for the British Red Cross Society and St. John's Ambulance Association. Those who read what Captain Bennett says about the terrible ravages of typhus and other diseases in the cities and towns of Serbia cannot fail to realize that urgent assistance must be given if the lives of the civilians as well as the soldiers are to be saved, and if the infection is not to spread all over the world.

The following is a description of an Austrian prisoners' camp, where 750 Austrians have been collected: "Disease has fallen like a blight upon the camp. At an earlier date one doctor was in charge of this camp, but he is now struck down with typhus and various forms of infectious malady are raging unchecked. Typhus, dysentery, smallpox, diphtheria, have swept over the place with devastating effects. Last week only 20 men out of 750 could stand on their feet. The silence of the camp is broken only by sighs and groans, but when a stranger comes in sight the sick raise themselves if they can and cry pitifully, "For the love of God give us water, give us bread."

There they lie in utter wretchedness. Here and there one finds a mattress, here and there a little straw, but the bulk of the sick men are stretched out on the muddy ground. Their clothes are foul and alive with the vermin which spread the deadly typhus. The Serbs are kind to these prisoners, but when the grip of typhus or enteric has fastened upon him the Austrian takes his chance with the rest, and this chance is sometimes a sorry one.

Since the commencement of the war 63 Serbian doctors have died in the course of their unequal struggle with disease. One young man of 23, a medical student, died recently. Another Serbian doctor recently died of typhus, and as he was being buried his young wife died at home of the same dread malady.

This heart-rending description of conditions existing in one of our allies' countries cannot fail to touch the generous hearts of the Canadian people. Surgical supplies and comforts of all kinds are sorely needed, and these may be sent to 77 King Street East, Toronto, whence they will be forwarded to Lady Boyle, who is in charge of the Serbian Red Cross Society in the absence of Madame Grouitch in the United States. Donations for the Serbian Relief Fund may be sent to Sir Edward Boyle, Bart., 63 Queen's Gate, London, S.W., England.

And many a man who is capable of giving good advice isn't capable of earning his salt.


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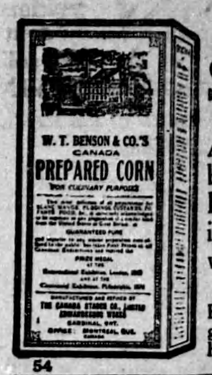


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### Why Yeast Is Needed.

Why is yeast used in bread? This question may sound foolish to most housewives, but let them try to answer it scientifically before passing judgment.

In the dough from which bread is made there is a lot of sugar, which contains carbon, hydrogen and oxygen. It is necessary to ferment this sugar to make bread edible, and yeast is used because it has the power to do this.

It is made from the plant having this quality. Fermenting sugar is equivalent to burning it, and there are two results. One is the formation of carbonic gas. A great deal of this gas is caught in the dough in the form of large or small bubbles, and some of it escapes into the air. The part that cannot escapse causes the dough to rise and make bread light.

The holes in the bread are the little pockets which held the carbonic acid gas. The effect of the bubbles is to lift the body of dough so that the heat can penetrate readily and bake it properly.

### How Microbes Sour Milk.

If it were possible to keep milk from the air it would not turn sour. But the mischievous microbe, say those who study its ways and ravages, is constantly in the air, alive, though invisible, and ready to drop into the milk when it can.

But how do microbes turn the milk sour? you ask. Well, they are very fond of sugar and delight in gratifying their liking by turning the sugar in milk into an acid which sours the milk.

Warm milk is particularly inviting to the microbe and favorable to its operations. The microbe does not get along well under chilling conditions, and that is why the sweetness of the milk can be preserved if it is kept cold.

Boiling milk changes the sugar in such a way that the microbe cannot feed upon it.

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