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THE FATE OF AZUMA;

Or, The South African Millionaire.

CHAPTER XVI.—(Cont'd).

The Jews marry early, and had Adolphe continued to live in Frankfort, it is likely that he would have married long ago some daughter of "la haute finance," but something beside business had kept him from it all these years, the instinct hardly defined, that as his money increased so his ideals would expand, and that the wife who would suit Adolphe Lieb, the son of old Lieb the jeweller of Frankfort at five and twenty would not suit the multimillionaire at thirty five. He was conscious not only that he could now make a great marriage but that in a sense on marriage depended his greatness, that he could not realize his dreams alone. Why even the Gollings had made further progress into the heart of London exclusiveness than he had, and he was certain that it was Mrs. Golling's doing. He liked Mrs. Golling very much, and had not minded when she told him that having brought Azuma to London, having her in the house in Park Lane had done him harm. He had even laughed, probably because he felt so innocent, but he had yet to learn that if the world doesn't care how criminal you are if you don't look it, it also doesn't care how innocent you are if you don't look it. And no matter how young or how old, how pretty or how plain, of what race and what color a woman is, no matter what the links that bind them, or if nothing binds them, a man who lives in Park Lane with a woman who is not his wife, must not be surprised if society raises its eyebrows.

In matters of worldly knowledge, Adolphe Lieb was a babe, younger if anything than he had been ten years ago at Frankfort, because business had absorbed him to the exclusion of everything else, and because South Africa and dealings with men outside the pale of cultivated and advanced civilization, had thrown over him something of pristine savagery. Lady Judith was conscious at once of his simplicity of mind, and of the rugged savagery, which had become second nature and which lent him a charm he had not possessed as a young flaneur on the streets of Frankfort.

Yes, they had met at the right moment, and when he saw Lady Judith it seemed to him as if he had just found something that was missing from his house in Park Lane, which he had always known was missing, but which he had not known how to give a name to. So a man might see and recognize a picture which he knows has once fitted into a panel over his own chimneypiece.

Once during luncheon without knowing that he did so, he wondered how a beautiful necklace would look round her neck, which he had had made from the finest diamonds of his mine, a necklace falling in drops in double rows of drops of which one could not see the connecting join, giving the idea of tears rolling down a cheek one after the other, and which lay at his bank, waiting like a guillotine for a neck.

She pleased him, pleased him as of old Rebecca had pleased Isaac. This was the woman of his dreams, and the only thing that troubled him was whether the idea, the fancy, the desires which had outlined themselves during luncheon were destined to end in dreams. Was she always as nice as this to everybody? that was what he wondered. That Lady Judith Roach should marry him for his money, that never entered his head, his only doubt was whether he should ever see her again. And when Mrs. Golling, with her fine perception of the decorous and the pleasant, had left them alone, while she went to the schoolroom and nursery, he liked the way she made him sit beside her on the sofa, while they talked of a hundred things which interested him. Presently he was telling her about the mines, about his anxieties, the special disappointments the crowning mercies, the charm of the Veldt.

He never remembered to have been so drawn out by any woman, forgetting that partly he enjoyed her conversation because he so seldom talked to a woman of the world, or a woman at all, except Azuma, while she, it only occurred to her after he had gone, that she had never before forgotten that she wanted to marry a man, in her interest in the man himself. Yet it was so. Away from her home, from her mother, from the surroundings which, till the end of time, would each one be an association with the terrible past, with the sensation as of skimming the ocean close to quicksands, or instead, taking perilous flights, she had been not perhaps so much her real self as she was now. Now she was more what she might have been, and being an intelligent woman, all he told her interested her, while the way he spoke of billions where others talked of thousands, had a strange fascination, such as she had imagined great wealth would bring, without being quite able to picture it.

Yet she knew that he had no wish to dazzle her by what he told her. The descriptive words fell by accident here and there, when he spoke of the new railway he was building, of his plan to build another town in South Africa.

When he left, Lady Judith tried to find out within herself why she had been actually happy during that hour's talk, and she imagined that it was because by the feeling that the man was beneath her in position, that there would be no striving to catch hold of him, that she had only to put out her hand, that, as she described it to herself, "it was all going so easily." And at the Gollings' party to which they had persuaded him to come, Judith telling him, chaffingly, that if he didn't go she wouldn't, she had seen the quick bright gleam of recognition in his eyes as they met hers again, and they had seemed to resume the conversation where they had left it. That was what gave her a feeling of repose and certainty when she went in search of him, when later he was missing from the bigger rooms, and which gave a note of joyousness to her tones when she exclaimed:

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

Anyone less frightened-looking could hardly be imagined, but the joyousness pierced, as her eyes alighted on Adolphe Lieb, arguing with the Premier's secretary, who seemed really annoyed.

"What has Mr. Lieb done?"

The way she seemed to protect him from the aggressiveness of her own class, her radiance (for she looked radiant to-night), the way she seemed to envelope him with the same camaraderie which she assumed towards Mr. Du Cane pleased him. He raised his eyes to hers, with an expression of mischief, as if he appealed to her to come and save him from the rating he was getting, and the look pleased her. If only his ancestry had not been quite so ancient and more Saxon, he really would have been quite like any other man, she told herself.

"Come here and persuade him to listen to me." In Lady Judith's presence the Premier's secretary dropped the aggressive tone which was almost a bullying one, in which he had been talking to Adolphe Lieb. It was impossible to withstand Lady Judith's beauty, even when one didn't approve of her morals, and of late she had found herself entering an older clique, a more serious one, perhaps, anyhow one which suited the new pose, which had succeeded the hesitations of a jeune fille, and which gave something almost matronly to her appearance. She was more like a young married woman now, and she was intelligent enough for men of intellect to enjoy a battle of argument with her.

"I don't know whether I shall, perhaps it would be far better if you listened to him."

She came nearer, and her look seemed to say to Adolphe:

"Don't mind him; take your own line."

"He won't believe that if he persists in his Cape to Cairo project that we shall all be plunged in a second African War."

"Perhaps he isn't at all certain that you political people aren't always glad of a war if you can only pull it off properly."

Adolphe Lieb laughed, and the secretary looked very annoyed. He was one of those men who are so fussy and important about things that nobody can control, that when anything occurred which he might have controlled, nobody paid any attention to him. He was dreadfully serious, and Judith's flippancy annoyed him. He had come here to-night on purpose to meet this man, and to bring him round to his opinion, he had not wanted to give the meeting the importance of an interview at a club but this opportune party of the Gollings, fostered by Lady Glaucourt, had seemed just exactly the thing. Now Lady Judith took off from the solidity of the discussion. Women were always so dreadfully unreliable. To Mr. Du Cane she seemed almost like a traitress to her own country.

"After all, I suppose that in time there will be railroads everywhere," she went on, "and if Mr. Lieb likes to take the trouble, why not?"

She smiled sweetly at Adolphe Lieb who stood away from the conversation as it were, listening to these two, who belonged to the same world, dealing with the things which he alone understood.

"It will mean a rising of the whole of Egypt against it, and we shall either lose Egypt or——"

"Or have to take it."

Adolphe Lieb put in the words suddenly with a flash of fire.

"Which would mean war with the world," put in the secretary coldly.

"War with the world, oh, Mr. Lieb, that you must not allow."

"I, what have I to do with it? I merely suggest what I know we shall have to do presently, it is for the Government to accept or refuse," he shrugged his shoulders.

At that moment a group of people entered, chatting and laughing. Golling was amongst them and Mr. Du Cane turned towards him with relief. Golling was so much easier to manage, but then as everyone knew, Golling would have sold his soul to belong to the Carlton Club.

"Come away from such serious topics."

Lady Judith could hardly have torn him from the group that was advancing towards them, and from the tiresome secretary, with more outward display, if she had taken him by the coat with her hands and pulled him.

It was positively indecent, a woman had said who was of the little party; disgusting.

But she and he understood each other. If there was no love, there was at least that complete entente which might lead to it, and as for him, he could only explain her friendliness to him by the sincerity of liking. She had no reason to be so nice to him since she was so beautiful, he thought, since she held a position which had made the Glaucourts of sufficient importance to be sought out by the Gollings to run them in London.

And the breezy way in which she had dealt with the Premier's secretary had given him an insight into the immense potency of a woman of the world in assisting a man's career. Somehow to-night, he could imagine them both sitting together on the terrace of the house in Park Lane, screened from the eyes of the crowd by panels of green leaf, or driving together, and discussing the great schemes which his brain thought out, which he was equipped now to deal with, and which, for all Azuma's intelligence, had been restrained, limited in their vastness by her savagery and want of tuition.

Judith had led him to a little room, within another of medium size, which gave from the large room on the ground floor. It led into a conservatory where a fountain plashed, and tall plants gave an illusion of summer, summer and country seen through mists and fogs, perhaps through tears, but she was too engrossed with the present for the plash of water to remind her of the past, the small room, the low divan, on which he threw himself by her side, seemed to hem them in from the world beyond. Far away the voice of a prima-donna engaged to sing for the night at an increased fee of a hundred pounds, if she agreed not to insist on being listened to, sounded like a cry from someone perishing in a distant sea, while occasionally through the open doors one could hear a laugh, or the sound of a man's or a woman's voice, as they came or went up and down the stairs.

"Was it tiresome of me to bring you away, did you want to go on discussing Cape to Cairo, or whatever the thing is?"

"No, I was very glad, I couldn't understand him; he seemed to want the railway, and yet not to want it."

"I suppose that he wants the railway but not the war."

"Ah, they are always ready for war. You were quite right, Lady Judith, only I know that they would like me to do it, and then if anything goes wrong to put it on to me."

Lady Judith laughed.

"You mustn't let them frighten you into anything," she said demurely, and he laughed. He wasn't the kind to be frightened, yet he took what she said as she meant it. She seemed to say clearly:

"Because you are not one of us, they will, of course, try and get everything out of you, wring you dry like an orange, and throw you away."

"I want someone to take care of me," he said laughing.

"Yes, I really think you do."

"I shall always consult you first."

"You are laughing at me."

"No, indeed I am not, I think that you would always advise a man very wisely.

She half closed her eyes as she uttered the next words, as if she were alarmed at her own audacity, fearful of how he might take it.

"They say that you are very well advised."

"Oh Golling, I never take his advice."

"I didn't mean Golling. I meant—well, are you going to be very angry if I tell you what I meant?"

"Do I look angry?"

His manner, his words, his voice, were almost caressing, they seemed to say:

"Could I ever be angry with you?" And she thought that his blue eyes, "so unjewish," she said to herself, forgetting that some of the most beautiful eyes in the world have belonged to Jews, were very, very pleasant to look into.

"Well you know everyone says that you have an adviser, a woman adviser too, a dark lady you brought from South Africa."

There was a moment's silence. It had never seemed to matter so much whether he had or not, as to-night with Lady Judith beside him.

He wondered why she had mentioned this, whether it was in order to warn him of the attitude of London, or whether it was the barrier which would come between him and her, whether she was trying to break it down, whether she was asking for an explanation, and in the face of her friendliness, it seemed as if she had a right to know.

For a few seconds as he told her the story of Azuma, his loyalty swerved ever so slightly. Rather than lose this woman, Lady Judith Roach, he would part with Azuma, he thought; then as he talked, his strength came back, he would never, never part with Azuma, never. It would kill her, it would bring him ill-luck, it would be infamous. He loved her, loved her as he might have loved a dear sister, whom some abnormal phenomena had produced with a dark skin, but he would never turn her away.

The Jews are more moral than other men; when they are not, they invariably look after their mistresses. An Abraham casting out a Hagar and an Ishmael, with nothing but a cup of water, would not be tolerated by modern Judaism, but Azuma was not his mistress. Delicately he told Lady Judith this, and she thought it was the most wonderful story she had ever heard. It fascinated her.

"I feel somehow that all my good fortune is connected with her, that if I were ever to treat her badly, to send her away, I should lose my money, my luck." He laughed a little nervously. There was no knowing what effect his story would have on this beautiful girl, with the Madonna's face.

"No, it would be very wrong of you. You must never, never part with her, not even if—if you married, don't you know. After all a woman who really likes you would not wish you to do so. Why she is evidently your mascotte, and one day you really must let me see her."

He breathed a sigh of relief.

(To be continued.)

Corporals in the Life Guards used to be commissioned officers, ranking with the senior lieutenant of other regiments.

The Farm

Types of Farm Wells.

The farm well, especially a shallow dug well, should be located somewhat above the barns, buildings yards and stock pens, or at least in such a position that the surface drainage from all possible sources of animal and vegetable contamination is away from the well. The location should also be as far removed from these sources as convenience will permit, writes Mr. R. W. Trullinger.

Properly to safeguard wells against outside contamination, first, all sources of contamination should be removed as far as possible. If local conditions and prices will permit, it is a good idea to provide impervious floors with watertight drains for farm buildings and stock pens. Under the same conditions concrete manure pits might well be provided not only to prevent the liquid manure from polluting the neighboring soil, but to save the manure. No garbage, manure or rubbish should be dumped into sinks or basins in the immediate neighborhood and these should be fenced off and kept free from polluting matter. The house should be provided with some method of sewage disposal, while slops and garbage from the kitchen should be put into tightly covered garbage cans and disposed of by burying in the fields, burning or feeding to pigs. The use of privy vaults and leaching or overflowing cesspools should be absolutely avoided, since they are likely to be sources of the worst contamination. Every farmer should become acquainted with the various types of wells and the best methods of protection, and the well should be so protected as to exclude filth from all those sources of contamination which it has been impossible to remove or have been overlooked.

In the selection, location and sinking of a well, it is always a good idea to consider permanence in addition to safety. This will depend on the kind of well used, and one should be acquainted with all types and methods of sinking. The well should penetrate to levels below that of the groundwater surface in the dryest seasons.

Dug wells are generally circular excavations three to six feet in diameter. They are adapted to localities where the water is near the surface, especially where it occurs in clayey material and requires extensive space for its conservation.

Bored wells are wells bored with various types of augurs from two inches to three feet in diameter, rotated or lifted by hand or horsepower. They are usually lined with cement or tile sections with cemented joints and often with iron tubing. They are adapted to localities where the water is at medium depths and to materials similar to those in which open wells are sunk. Punched wells are small holes usually less than six inches in diameter sunk by hand or horsepower by dropping a steel cylinder slit at the side so as to haul and lift material by its spring. They are adapted to soils in which water occurs within 50 feet of the surface, but not at much greater depths. These wells should be lined with tile, iron tubing or sheetiron casing. Driven wells are sunk by driving downward small iron tubes, usually 1¼ to 4 inches in diameter and provided with point and screen. They are especially adapted for use in sand and similar porous materials carrying considerable water at slight depths and are particularly desirable where the upper soil is likely to be polluted.

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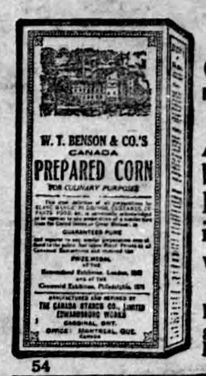

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EPIDEMIC OF TYPHOID.

Fever is Raging Among Troops and Civilians in Asia Minor.

An epidemic of typhoid fever is raging among the troops and civilian population of Asia Minor, according to reports from Constantinople. Seventy-five physicians already have succumbed to the disease.

There is imminent danger that the Constantinople water works system will be compelled to suspend operations because of a shortage of coal and the output of flour mills has been restricted for the same reason, with the result that there is an insufficient supply of bread. The situation is said to be so serious that many German families are leaving the Turkish capital.

Honest Confession.

Marjorie—Everybody seems to notice whether you go to church.

Madge—Yes, dear, that's the only reason I go.

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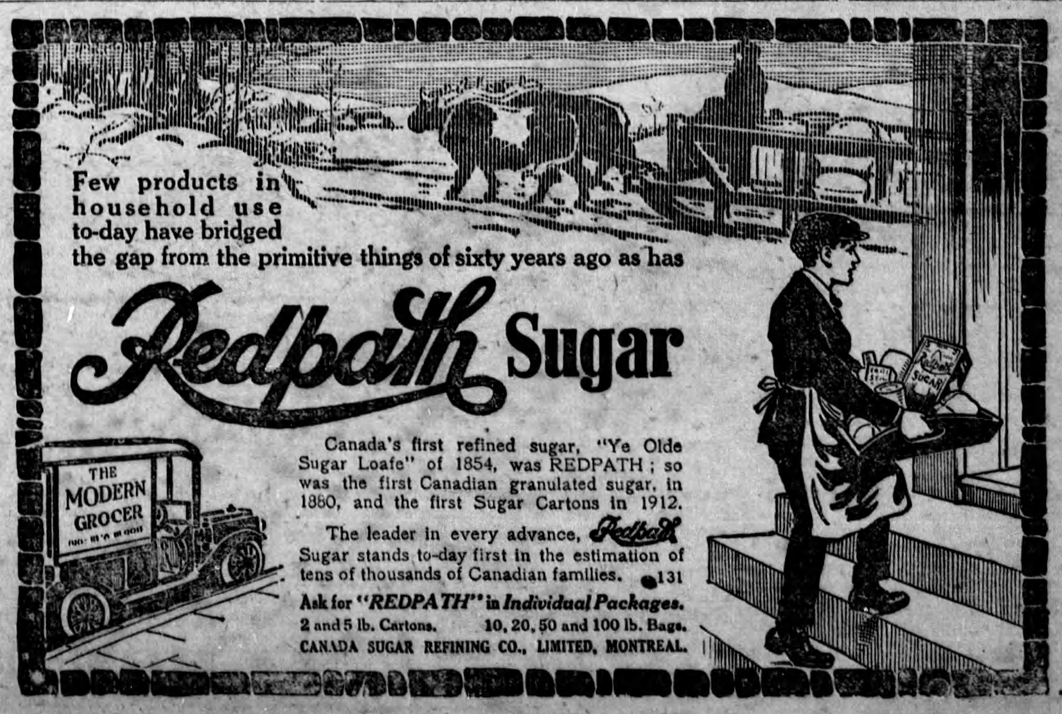

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