THE FATE OF AZUMA;

Or, The South African Millionaire.

CHAPTER XVII.

London was not half as surprised as Lady Glaucourt thought it would be, when Lady Judith's engagement to Adolphe Lieb was announced. It is wonderful how many people there are who have the characteristics of the ostrich, and imagine that because they bury their heads in the ground, they are not seen. As a matter of fact, everyone understood that Lady Judith had seized her last opportunity by the hair, and that the fact of the presence of the Mascotte of Park Lane, made her trust to his not minding even when he found out, which of course he would do, the mysterious something, which had made her last engagement a disaster.

"Naturally, one knew," said the mother of a plain daughter, "that the Glaucourts couldn't be running those Africans 'pour leurs beaux yeux.'"

As for the Duchess she now took all the credit of having brought it about. "You see, my dear, that I knew what I was about when I asked you to be civil to the Gollings," she said to Lady Glaucourt.

"I must say, my dear Duchess, that I don't see that there is anything to boast about. It is a wretched match for Judith, with her looks."

But the Duchess knew, that to use a vulgar expression "Cornelia thanked her stars," and she even had a long talk with her son Eustace about it, begging him to see that people didn't say anything disagreeable. She was so thankful that Eustace was safe, that she would have done anything to assist this marriage, and she was good natured, and had never wanted Judith to go completely to the wall. She had a certain loyalty to her own class and sex, which is passing away with the younger generation. Some one likened her to an old war horse, and her clothes to old-fashioned trappings.

As for Lord Eustace, he was thankful that he had always been pals with her. "His chief's future wife" as he now called Judith. Now Lieb was called "My chief."

"Nonsense," the Duchess had said, "when you know that you practically run everything. I am sure I don't know what they would do without you." And the dear woman actually believed it.

Strange to say it was Lord Glaucourt, Lord Glaucourt who never expressed an opinion hardly at home, who opposed the idea.

He had a long talk with Judith about it. It was a most distasteful match, he told her, and if he had had any idea of that sort of thing he wouldn't have had him inside the house. As a matter of fact, he had had him to dinner at home, and at the club and liked him very much.

"You seem to forget that he is a Jew," he told her, "putting aside everything else, merely a Frankfort Jew, the son of a jeweller, or something."

Lady Judith had never realized how old-fashioned her father was, and now for the first time she grasped the fact that she and her mother had grown immensely ahead of him, thanks to the knowledge they possessed of her "malheur," which he did not. How could he know, poor dear, that if she didn't marry the South African she would never marry anybody?

"Don't you think, dear father," she said very patiently, "that when a man is as rich as that it hardly matters who he was, it is a case of what he will be, and of course he could go into parliament or do anything. Dizzy was a Jew you know."

But it had been quite troublesome to get him to agree, and the fact that it was so, enhanced her value in Adolphe's eyes. He had had just the kind of interview he had expected with Lord Glaucourt, who, because there was no fault to find with the settlements, had found it pretty roundly, and with little disguise, with the man.

"Of course I will not hide from you, Mr. Lieb," he hated pronouncing the name, "that I am not in favor of this engagement. Money is not everything, don't you know."

"No, I know that it is unexpected good fortune for me," Adolphe had told him in a very quiet and gentlemanlike way. "Lady Judith belongs to a different class to myself, to a different religion. On the matter of religion there will be no trouble. I am afraid that I am not very orthodox, and if there are any children—"

"They will of course be Christians," put in Lord Glaucourt a little hastily.

"Certainly, if Lady Judith wishes it, and I was going to say," he added, "that while I quite realize that Lady Judith could have married anybody, I don't think that any one would make her happier than I can; I can, at least, give her everything in the world she wants."

"Yes of course, that—"

"That is the only thing in my favor," interrupted Adolphe with a frank laugh.

"Oh, well, you know, one can't have sentiment in a matter of this kind, you will quite understand that—"

"Yes, I understand," Adolphe replied with quiet dignity, "I understand that the matter lies entirely with your daughter herself, and if she considers the matter and changes her mind," he paused a moment, "it will be a great blow to me, but I shall understand, I do not wish to influence her at all, unless she feels pretty contented."

"I must say," her husband told Lady Glaucourt afterwards, "that he behaved like a perfect gentleman. But a Jew; it sticks, doesn't it?"

"Well, I don't know." Lady Glaucourt thought that the Christians had "stuck" a good deal more till now. Judith was always rather peculiar, don't you know, different from other girls, and she never seems to have quite hit it off with people de notre monde. There was Hubert Gresham, whose mother is just the opposite to a Jew, hands you a tract when you go to lie down, and puts a Bible in your bedroom, and all that sort of thing, and he proposed I know, and Judith wouldn't have anything to say to him," and then that fiasco with Mr. Danvers."

"Yes, I never quite understood that," put in Lord Glaucourt, but there were so many things that he didn't understand that his wife didn't begin to explain. She was quite satisfied with one or two of what Judith called "Mother's useless lies" today, especially as evidently the Jew had pleaded his own cause with some success.

"Of course I suppose that I ought to have seen through it when she accepted that necklace the other day," said her husband.

She didn't tell him that he rarely saw through anything, from a scheme of the Opposition downwards, but it was too good an opportunity to be lost, in which to put forward her own perspicacity and its superiority to his.

"Oh, I have seen it coming for a long time," she told him.

The episode of Judith's accepting the necklace was this:

Three days before he had proposed, Lieb had given the Glaucourts a dinner at the Carlton. Mrs. Golling had helped him. He had wanted to give it at his own house, but Mrs. Golling overruled the proposition. She was always perfectly frank with him.

"I don't think I would do that if I were you," she had told him, "people are so funny, and they have an idea that Azuma—don't you know," she stopped. Delicacy forbade her explaining further.

"But Lady Judith, she quite understands."

"Lady Judith isn't everybody, at least not yet," she said with a smile, "and you want some nice people to meet them." And he had given in.

The dinner had been given at the Carlton, and Lady Glaucourt had consented to accept it, protesting a little because it was Lieb's dinner but, knowing all the time that Judith intended her to go, and to make Lord Glaucourt go, and they had been agreeably surprised at the people they had met. Lord Eustace was there, and the Gollings, of course. No other girl, but Judith. The Duchess would not go, but she had made her married daughter, Lady Adela Spencer, go with her husband, Mr. Spencer, a little insignificant-looking man, who said all the intelligent things of the evening, and who took one so by surprise every time he did, that one expected to hear Lady Adela from the other side of the table, exclaim: "There, that's why I married him," and a friend of Lieb's, his only Briton-born friend, the member of parliament who helped him with his schemes, and who was as at home in South Africa as he was in the House of Commons.

The dinner had nothing different about it to any other dinner, till quite the end, if anything it was rather shorter than most, and as Lady Glaucourt put it afterwards: "We did not drink out of cut diamond glasses or anything of that kind."

"Nor even drink Johannisberg," Judith put in demurely.

"Do you think you ought to have accepted such a valuable present? I mean don't you think it was rather bad taste of him making you so conspicuous before?—I mean it isn't as if you were engaged."

But Lady Judith didn't think it was at all bad taste, she thought it was delightful of him the way he had singled her out.

"I suppose he is going to propose, Judith?"

"Yes, I know he is, he told me so."

"How very odd, what an odd way of putting it I mean."

But Judith didn't explain, she rather enjoyed mystifying her mother, and explaining would have meant to tell her how near he had got to proposing, and how he had warned her that when he ever did propose, it would be in his own house.

"I think I would like to see the place again where I had proposed, if of course, I had been accepted," he had said. "You see if you propose to a girl, say in her home, in a friend's house or an hotel, it might become impossible to visit that place again, but at home always you would be reminded where that happened."

It was a funny idea, but somehow Judith could enter into it. There was very little that he said that she could not enter into. He had said this the night of the party at the Gollings, and then at the Carlton he had asked Judith if she and her mother would come to see his diamonds and curios, and he had felt when she accepted the necklace, that she was to all intents and purposes engaged to him. She would have known it, even if Mrs. Golling had not told her.

"He is intensely infatuated with you, but of course he doesn't think you would marry him." But the incident of the necklace seemed to show that he knew that she would, and she enjoyed his way of making love to her, it was a little unique, and hitherto there had been no fight, no struggle, no interference.

At the end of the dinner, the touch of the Oriental had been introduced, the touch of magnificence, as if he felt that it was necessary to make them feel that dining with a multimillionaire, the richest man in Europe, was not exactly like dining with any one else.

"Pay them for coming," Golling had said, coarsely, with a touch of contempt. Lieb had not been able to put Judith next to him, she sat between Lord Eustace, who kept asking her if she were going to marry Lieb in an undertone, and the member of parliament, whom she found very charming, and every now and then Adolphe threw a look across the table which said plainly, "since I could not have you next to me, I put you where I could see you, and you look lovely."

And when dessert was going on, he had turned to the women and said.

"The worst of fruit is that it won't last, it gets too ripe, or we eat it, now if you ladies will look under your plates you will find the everlasting fruit. That is much better."

He was a little nervous, and the fact of his being so rather emphasized his German accent. Lately Judith had grown to think his accent fascinating.

He had not told Mrs. Golling of his plan, because he felt instinctively that the Gollings were not yet quite sure enough of themselves to be able to advise others, and he knew that women never could resist a jewel. Faust is after all only man's philosophy with regard to woman, expressed.

And underneath each plate, or rather underneath the edge, each woman found a small pear formed of one diamond of exquisite color, with two little green leaves of emerald fastened to the stalk.

"Oh, Mr. Lieb!"

"Isn't this too exquisite?"

"Did you ever see anything so lovely?"

His little attempt at social apostasy had not miscarried. The women were delighted. It made so original an ending to the dinner, and as Judith said to herself, gave one an insight into all his possibilities, and increased the semi-Monte Cristo, semi-Arabian Nights feeling, he always inspired.

But he had his little joke to impart, for Adolphe Lieb, like most Germans, was a good host. He wanted them to remember his dinner, the first he had given in London, and at which Judith had been present.

He drew a gold chain from beneath his plate.

"Now ladies I feel sure that you are all generous, kind-hearted, full of feeling for one another, ready to give up what has pleased you to others. This chain you see has four little hooks with a small green leaf, now these hooks are for the four little pears. You see this way." He held out his hand and they laid the pears in his broad palm looking puzzled, as he hooked them on to the chain.

"By George, I believe he is going to take them back," whispered Lord Eustace across Judith to the member of parliament.

"I bet he isn't," said the member of parliament, who was a staunch friend of Lieb's.

"Well, you see now, here the necklace is perfect, but there is only one necklace. I feel sure that you would all rather the jewel was not spoiled, so you must draw lots and see who is to have the whole necklace—"

Nobody understood for an instant, then the four women burst out.

"Oh, but no, Mr. Lieb, I wouldn't think of such a thing, I couldn't really." "I certainly won't give mine to anybody," said Lady Glaucourt emphatically, and everyone laughed.

"I don't want to, but I suppose one of us must be self-sacrificing." Judith felt as if she were already married to him, and helping to dispense his gifts.

(To be continued.)

Retreat in Order.

Even an extremely aggressive enemy can be conquered by strategy; it is only a question of employing the strategem fitted to the case.

An open-air preacher of East London understood this, and his strategem fitted to a charm. He was addressing a crowd when a soldier who had been drinking came up and ridiculed the service. Finding it was useless to ignore the man, the preacher said:

"Ah! my friend, you're no soldier. No servant of the King would get drunk and interrupt a peaceful service."

The man said he was a soldier, and asked the preacher to test him.

"Very well," was the reply. "I will. Now, then. Attention!"

This the soldier did as well as his condition would allow.

"About—turn!"

This order was also obeyed, though with some trouble.

"Quick march!"

And off went the valiant soldier, marching down the road at a quick pace, while the preacher resumed his address.

Laws Made in Germany.

Most of us have felt sorry for the hardly-used Belgians, who are imprisoned for failing to salute or for laughing at a soldier, but it is only what the Germans themselves have to put up with.

A worthy citizen of Berlin was once imprisoned for a week because he laughed at the sight of a fat policeman chasing a student who had dined not wisely but too well; while a woman was fined twenty shillings because she told a clumsy man, who trod on her foot in a 'bus, that he walked like a hen.

Of course, one of the most henious offences is to laugh at an official; but the unhappy citizen is fined for doing something, and another day for not doing it. A motorist went slowly through a little town in the evening without sounding his bell, as no one was about; fined. A week later he sounded it well; fined for doing it too vigorously.

If you hang your bedclothes out of window; fine. If they drop out as well; double fine—two offences. If you run for a tram, and board it in motion; more money goes to the police exchequer. So much is forbidden, it is surprising that it does not extend to fining.

Interested.

"Your name, please, Miss."

"Iona Carr."

"Oh, do you? What make?"

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CHERRY JELLY

From a recipe of Charles Francatelli, Chief Cook to Queen Victoria. Published in 1865.

Clean 2 lbs. cherries and a handful of red currants, and bruise stones and kernels in a mortar; place in small preserving pan with 1 lb. John Redpath's sugar loafe and ½ pint spring-water; boil on the stove-fire about five minutes, taking care to remove scum as it rises; pour into a beaver jelly-bag and filter in usual way. Mix juice with two ounces clarified isinglass. and pour into jars or mould.

PRACTICAL FARMING

Starting a Dairy Herd.

With the average farmer the cheapest and most satisfactory way of starting a dairy herd is to select as foundation stock good grade cows and a pure bred bull of one of the strictly dairy breeds. The grading up will be most rapid when the predominant blood in the grades correspond with the blood of the sire, writes Mr. John Michels.

A foundation of this kind, of course, does not produce stock that can be registered, but by continuing the use of good, pure-bred bulls of the same blood, stock is soon obtained which, so far as milk and butter production are concerned, very closely approaches in value that of pure breeding.

To start with a pure-bred herd is practically beyond the means of the majority of farmers. Furthermore, there is an objection to placing well-cared-for, pure-bred cows under average conditions as to feed, care and management, because under any such change the attainment of satisfactory results would be practically impossible. Where there is a gradual infusion of pure blood, as in the case of grading up a herd with pure-bred sires, the new blood is gradually accustomed to the change of environment, the herdsman is given the necessary time to change his methods to meet the requirements of pure-bred cattle.

Where the dairyman understands the management of the pure-bred stock and has the means with which to buy the right kind, a pure-bred herd may be started to good advantage.

One of the chief dangers in starting with a pure-bred herd is the lack of funds to procure the right sort of animals. Instead of buying a pure-bred bull and a number of pure-bred cows of common merit, it is better policy to buy relatively cheap grade cows, and to add the money thus saved to that originally set aside for the bull. This extra money is likely to be the means of securing a bull of outstanding merit.

Whether the cows be grades or pure-breds, it is of the highest importance in building up a dairy herd to secure a pure-bred bull of real merit. Unless the bull is descended from good milkers, it is folly to expect him to produce good milkers, no matter how fine or ideal he may be as an individual.

It is, furthermore, of importance to remember that a herd cannot be successfully built up unless the bulls that are successively used belong to the same breed. If the grading up is begun with a Jersey bull the process must be continued uninterruptedly by the use of Jersey blood.

The importance of the dairy sire is recognized in the expression: "The bull is half the herd." Usually, however, the bull is more than half the herd, either for good or bad. In the case of common or grade cows, for example, the pure-bred bull may count for three quarters or more, of the herd by reason of his greater prepotency. To so great an extent does the bull determine the improvement or deterioration of the herd as to call for the utmost caution in his selection.

In the case of a dairy bull, especially a young bull, his chief value is determined by the performances of his ancestry. The points of greatest importance to consider in his pedigree are the following: (1) The merit of his mother and his sire's mother; (2) The merit of the daughters of his sire and grandsire; (3) The value of the daughters of his dam and his grandam; (4) The value of his sisters, if he has any; and (5) the value of his own progeny, if he has any. The farther back consecutively good records can be traced the more valuable the animal. It should always be remembered, however, that near ancestors count for a good deal more than those more remotely related.

With a first-class bull at the head of the herd, rapid improvement is effected by selecting and retaining calves from only the best milkers, at the same time culling out those cows whose records have not been satisfactory. This word cannot be done to best advantage unless records are kept of the quantity and quality of milk from each cow for a whole lactation period.

Where all of the cows in the foundation stock are grades, none of the calves, of course, can be registered. It is desirable, therefore, to add to the herd from time to time, as means permit, some good pure-bred cows of the same blood as the bulls that have been used. This has the advantage of enabling the owner to dispose of his calves to better advantage.

The purchase of cows, however, is always attended with the danger of introducing contagious diseases into the herd. For this reason, the buying of the cows should be carried on in a limited way only. It is, of course, always in order to buy cows when the object is to add to the herd pure-bred individuals of exceptional dairy merit. But the practice of buying cows should never be carried to the point of making it the principal means of replenishing the herd, especially since the latter can be accomplished much more satisfactorily by raising the calves from the best cows.

A Seasonable Hint.

The wise man moves next door to a family whose income is less than his.

RIGHTS OF WAR PRISONERS.

Crime Against Nations to Ill-Treat Those Captured.

According to reliable reports, Germany is violating the rules formed by the leading nations at The Hague convention, and shamefully ill-treating British prisoners of war. This is a crime against the law of nations, which emphatically states that warring forces treat their prisoners in a humane fashion.

The object of internment is solely to prevent prisoners from further participation in the war, and unnecessary limitation of liberty, unjustifiable severity, ill-treatment and indignities are forbidden. The rooms in which prisoners of war are accommodated must be as healthy and clean as possible, and they should not be situated in prisons or convict establishments. Captives must be given the same scale and quality of rations, quarters and clothing as the troops of the government which captures them, and prisoners must be paid wages for any work they may do. The latter must have no connection with the operations of war, but may be carried out for municipal authorities or for private persons at a reasonable rate of pay.

In no way must a prisoner of war be used for the purposes of aiding the military activities of the nation which captures him. A prisoner is not bound to reply to any questions except those which concern his name and rank, and he is not expected to betray military secrets. He cannot be punished for giving false information about his own army. All personal belongings of prisoners of war, except arms, horses and military papers, remain their property.

To safeguard prisoners of war from being ill-treated, The Hague rules decided some years ago that a bureau of information relative to captives must be formed at the commencement of hostilities in each of the warring states. Each nation engaged in the European struggle has such an institution, whose purpose is to reply to all official inquiries concerning war prisoners, in addition to keeping a careful record of what happens to every captive. Each prisoner has a history sheet, which gives his name, age, place of origin, rank, wounds and place and date of capture. When peace is signed, such records will be exchanged among the belligerent nations. While hostilities are in progress it is not obligatory for a nation to furnish particulars of the number of prisoners captured. It must, however, keep the enemy informed as to the sick and wounded who have been taken captive.

Never in Funds.

"Blivins reminds me of the letter 'e'."

"Why so?"

"Because he's always out of 'cash' and invariably in 'debt.'"

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