THE FATE OF AZUMA;

Or, The South African Millionaire.

CHAPTER XVII.—(Cont'd).

"Well, well, we must see what we can do. Ah, you ladies, when jewels are concerned, you have no hearts. You are all the same."

He took a little case from his pocket, on the white velvet cushion of which reposed three diamonds infinitely more lovely than those he had given away, and he hooked them on to the chain.

"In my country," he said, "we always give the biggest gift to the youngest person present, to-night I think that that is Lady Judith. Please Lady Judith accept a small remembrance of my dinner party, and I hope that one day I may have the pleasure of welcoming you all at "Hidaway" (Hidaway was his place near Johannesburg). He turned and gave an order to one of the servants. So far as he was concerned the incident was closed.

So might a Sultan have given jewels to the woman he had chosen to swell the number of beauties in his harem, or a Pacha have thrown his handkerchief to a dancing girl, and that impression conveyed itself to everyone.

But to Judith it was not repellent. After all, if it were not for the diamonds they would none of them be here to-night.

If he never did propose she would at least have a beautiful necklace, she said to herself, with a touch of humor.

But surely after this he must propose.

When Lieb had joined the women in the next room, the men discussed it for a few moments over another cigar.

"Why that necklace must be worth about twenty-five thousand pounds," remarked Lord Eustace. Lord Glaucourt only said that he supposed that Judith would send it back in the morning. He would certainly suggest that she should.

"A good deal more than that," over here, said the member of parliament.

"It gives one an idea doesn't it of the enormous wealth of South Africa," said Mr. Spencer, who was dying to get some information about the mines.

"Funny thing to do," said Golling with a cigar between his lips. He never could resist saying something disagreeable about Lieb.

But the women themselves didn't think it funny at all. They thought it delightful.

CHAPTER XVIII.

But the day after she had engaged herself to Adolphe Lieb, which was on the third of June, Judith awoke with some of the ominous dread hovering about her which had characterized her former love affairs. She was again seized with that invincible desire to tell her story which had possessed her when she had realized that Sir Hubert Gresham was about to tell her that he cared for her, only, instead, the firm decision that it was the right thing to do was missing, as it had been when she engaged herself to George Danvers, while she tried to persuade herself that this time the millionaire was doing quite well enough for himself, whether he knew or not. She had had too bewildered, too confused, too handicapped, a life, to be able to recognize what aroused this feeling again, to see that it was the man who seemed to exact sincerity, to deserve it. With Sir Hubert it had been her love which dictated sincerity, and her belief in his; now she did not think that she loved, and she had ceased to trust in the love of others. No this time, she would not tell, and something seemed to whisper that this time there would be no hitch of any kind; then why did she feel so anxious, so suspicious sometimes? She even wondered now and then if Madame Dufour had ever said anything about it to Mrs. Golling. At another moment she told herself that she was wicked, ungrateful to those who cared for her, ungrateful to the fates, which at last, if they had not brought her the fairy prince of her dreams, had at least provided her with a colossally rich husband of pleasing personality, and devoted to herself.

Yet, till the moment when he actually proposed, she was given over at times to moments of depression which were almost of despair.

And the feeling was revived with realistic force on the very day of her engagement. He had invited her and her mother on the Sunday afternoon following the dinner, to come and have tea at his house, and to see his pretty things.

Lady Glaucourt had hesitated, no one ever went to his house, but Lady Judith had over-ruled her as usual.

"You'll have to come when I'm there, I suppose," she had said a little brutally, and with a finality which took her mother's breath away. Evidently Judith meant to marry this man.

"But supposing after all that he means nothing."

"Oh, my dear mother."

Her mother's want of perspicuity always irritated Lady Judith.

"Well, of course, if you think, but do you suppose that that woman will be there?"

"Certainly she will be there, she is always going to be there."

Her mother couldn't believe her ears.

"Why, Judith, I never heard anything so immoral, why it's as if you were marrying a Mormon or a Turk or some Mohammedan, or other, who are the people who have lots of wives?"

Judith laughed.

"How absurd you are Mamma, why she's nothing but a sort of servant, a woman who tells his fortune, who advises him about his speculations, he tells me all about it."

"Do you believe all that?"

Lady Glaucourt looked at her incredulously; such innocence on the part of Judith with all her experience was difficult to believe in.

Judith shrugged her shoulders.

"I don't see what it matters to anyone, as long as it doesn't to me, he says that if he were to part with her, he would lose all his fortune, she brings him luck or whatever it is."

"Hm," Lady Glaucourt's lips seemed to have grown suddenly thinner.

"Those kind of women are supposed to bring luck, I believe."

Judith laughed.

"I am dying to see her, and I hope we shall."

"I hope you will not mention her before me."

This showed that her mother was going.

In the carriage Judith told her mother:

"If we wander away mother, don't follow us, because I believe that he'll propose to-day. I think that is why he asked us."

"I suppose that it won't take long," said her mother a little wearily.

Judith laughed.

"I can't time him, mother, but I'll try to make him do it as quickly as possible, anyhow there'll be lots for you to look at."

"It is so fatiguing looking at other people's things, that is the beauty of one's own, one never looks at them."

Lady Glaucourt was relieved to find that the member of Parliament, who alone was in the secret, had been invited, and told off to keep the mother quiet. He was very fond of Lieb, and quite delighted. He went very little into society, except amongst the phenomena, as he called Lieb, and he had heard nothing.

Judith was immensely relieved to see him, for she had told herself that Adolphe wasn't at all the man to be hurried.

She could see by her mother's expression as they drove through the gates of the magnificent house which were opened by a porter, and got down at the door, that her mother was satisfied with the appearance of things. Lieb met them in the hall with his friend, and took them straight to the drawing-room, then he disappeared, asking them to excuse him.

"Will you forgive me? I have a man there, who has just come from my office. I will give him a letter, and come back in an instant, if you will allow me." While he was gone Lady Glaucourt chatted with Mr. Elliott, and Lady Judith wandered round the room.

"I'm not going to look at a thing till I have had a cup of tea," said Lady Glaucourt. She had reached a time of life when tea was quite one of its great pleasures, because, as she said, if it was fleeting, it at least could be repeated.

"I know you will have that directly he comes back," said his friend in the cheerfully resigned voice of one who knows that he is in for quite two hours of boredom, but who means to make his martyrdom as pleasant as possible to himself and others, for his friend's sake. Lieb was gone longer than he expected, and a sudden feeling of gene fell on the three. Judith realized afterwards that she had felt a sudden return of the old gnawing dread. For something to do, she went to the window. How pretty everything was, a ridge of pink geraniums ending as it were the greenery visible from the Park opposite. It would be good to live here if only—

"Oh," she uttered a little cry and drew back from the window. A man who had apparently just been shown out of the front door, was walking towards the gates, and he looked like, could it be? No, not dressed so shabbily, yes, no, yes. He had looked back for a moment as if he had forgotten something, and she had seen his face and drawn back.

It was Hugh Glover.

At that instant the door opened and Adolphe Lieb returned, and the two sitting there had no time to ask her why she had exclaimed as she turned with a white face to scan his features. Her heart was beating so, that she could not speak.

Why was Hugh Glover here, what had he told him, why had he been so long? Ah, it was the old story, the Third great wave, she would never climb it, never. Her heart, her very soul seemed to die away within her, and in its dying to give birth to groans which tore at her the more, because she dared not utter them. Was it her fancy, or was there a troubled look on his face? If she had been alone with him, she would have stretched out her two hands and said:

"Adolphe, you know, I know that you know, but you must not desert me."

It was quite impossible for a few moments to tell what was passing in his mind. He talked for a few instants to Lady Glaucourt, and he rang for tea. It was quite ready, the butler said, and he, Adolphe, led them to the back of the house. Mr. Elliott pioneering Lady Glaucourt.

"No, not that way, up here, now down that passage, here we are."

"He knows the house better than I do," Adolphe called out to Lady Glaucourt, who was in the front, while he walked beside Lady Judith, Lady Judith silent, horror-struck.

"I never saw such a house, why it's like a huge country house, you really ought to have chairs to take us about, those things on wheels, they have at exhibitions," exclaimed Lady Glaucourt, pausing on the threshold of the door of an Egyptian boudoir, leading onto a terrace, screened from the back of the other houses by flowers and plants interspersed with bird-cages full of birds.

"Now you are going to see Azuma," he whispered to Judith.

Was she mistaken or did he speak just as usual?

Yes, in another moment she was quite sure, and the reaction almost made her faint.

Detaining her by a gesture in the half shadow of the corridor leading to the boudoir he whispered:

"After tea I want to ask you something . . . you remember what I told you about my house, do you remember?"

Yes, she remembered so well that little runnels of joy seemed to fill themselves in her being, and to bring delicious thrills.

"You have said so many things," she answered evasively, laughing a little from sheer relief of mind, and moving after the others.

"This time I shall only say one thing," he spoke gravely.

And the silence seemed to him as if she had answered.

And here standing near the tea table stood Azuma, Azuma dressed in fantastic dress by her master, somewhat after the fashion of an Arab woman, with long draperies of exquisite embroidered stuff and round her arms and ankles bracelets, of brut jewels uncut, barbarous, but of incalculable value. The light from a window of Murano glass threw rainbow tints across her, giving something weird and unhuman to her appearance, while little odd patches of light from the afternoon sun made high lights on her dark skin as if she were made of polished bronze. And she stood, too, as if she were made of bronze, motionless, yet a little defiantly, while her eyes seemed to scan Lady Glaucourt's ample figure with wonder, and to fall with sudden swift inquiry upon Judith as she entered the room.

This was the room in which sometimes of an evening Azuma brought him his "cibouk" and came herself to squat at his feet and tell him the story of her pebbles. Against the wall, beneath an Indian cabinet, stood a tray on which she spread her sand, while she gave him counsed about his investments, prophesied about the Stock Exchange or whispered of future great enterprises. It was a room whose beauty you could not gauge at once on account of its discreet adornments, but it grew upon you like the mind of a person of intellect who is reserved, but whom you grow steadily to admire. The first impression it made upon you was that it was dark, dusky like Azuma's hair, yet conveying the illusion of gold dust upon it, like her hair too. The walls were of violet wood, grey brown, or black grey, or grey black, the color of forest shadows, with its own faint perfume exhaling slowly, like suppressed scented sighs. But as you remained in the room you saw that there were other things upon the wall, the wall which somehow reminded you of a dark scarab of Egypt. Presently your eye detected faint dead gold traceries let into the wood so delicately, that they were like graceful writing on burnt paper, like the hieroglyphics on the scarabs, yet barely discernible except where the light touched them revealing secrets of craftmanship. And rising nearly two yards in height around the room a wainscotting of trelliced mussharabeah, of the old apple pattern which is now extinct, while over the two doors and windows hung curtains of rich brocade, deep dull red with delicate embroideries of gold. Why was it that the impression it made upon Judith was that of the inside of an exquisitely prepared coffin, panelled rooms had made that impression on her before, but the darkness of this wood emphasized the fancy?

(To be continued.)

HUMORS OF AMATEUR ARMY.

How Lord Kitchener's Raw Recruits Were Made Into Fighting Men.

Rifleman Patrick MacGill, of the Irish Rifles, author of "Children of the Dead End," has written a jolly little book about "The Amateur Army," giving glimpses of every stage in the training, from raw "rooky" to finished fighter, based on his own experiences. One day, out of curiosity, he asked some of his mates why they enlisted. "Well, matey," said his friend, the good-natured cockney, grinning sheepishly, "I done it to get away from my old gal's jore —now you've got it!" Another type in the most democratic army in history was a pale, intelligent youth who knew Nietzsche by heart. "He glanced at me coldly as he answered, 'I enlisted because I am an Englishman.'" Here is a comic incident of the last general inspection. While standing easy, the men compared their razors, to find that 30 per cent. of them had been made in Germany.

There are a few good stories illustrating the humors of billeting, a process which at first proved rather a strain upon the patriotism of the aloof, reclusive middle-classes. One day an officer asked a hostile elderly citizen, full of paunch and English dignity, how many soldiers he could keep in his house:

"Well, it's like this——," the man began.

"Have you any room to spare here?" demanded the officer.

"None, except on the mat," was the caustic answer.

"Two on the mat, then," snapped the officer, and a pair of tittering Tommies were left at the door.

To the adventure of the billet he soldier finds the working classes the most sympathetic. They understand him, and make him welcome. In the houses of the well-to-do he feels out of it. As one Tommy put it: "There's nothing we can talk about with the swells, and 'arf the time they be askin' us about things that's no concern of theirs at all."

The young officer in the new armies, who is perfectly amazing in his intelligence, adaptability, and thorough grasp of detail, is the butt of perpetual pokes and biting sarcasm during his training. "Shout!" yelled the adjutant to "Eyeglass," the platoon sergeant, whose voice was so low that his men could not hear the command. "Don't mumble like a flapper who has just got her first kiss. It's not allowed on parade." Another man who gave a platoon the wrong direction in dressing was told "to be careful, and not shove the regiment over." A fiery Welshman's snub for getting unreasonably angry with two of his men for a slight mistake was conveyed in the remark that "he had only got them on appro'."

She Knew.

"I am collecting for the suffering poor."

"But are you sure they really suffer?"

"Oh, yes, indeed. I go to their houses and talk to them for hours at a time."

Cause for Dislike.

"I don't like that man."

"Don't like him? Why, my dear fellow, you don't know him!"

"That's why I don't like him. He refuses to meet me."

FRENCH WOMAN AVIATOR WAS CHASED BY A TAUBE AIRSHIP

Helene Dutrieu is probably the only woman aviator who has participated in the present war. Her aeroplane was chased in mid-air by a German Taube. This woman took part in the aerial defence of Paris, but she is now in the United States.

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On the Farm

Drag the Roads.

"When the smiles of spring appear
Drag the roads;
When the summer time is here,
Drag the roads;
When the corn is in the ear,
In the winter cold and drear,
Every season of the year,
Drag the roads.

"When you've nothing else to do,
Drag the roads;
If but for an hour or two,
Drag the roads;
It will keep them good as new;
With a purpose firm and true.
Fall in line; it's up to you—
Drag the roads.

Caring for the Little Calves.

Everybody has a way of doing things and this is my way of taking care of the calves.

I have ten good cows which I raised myself, and I found out that to raise good cows you must begin at the beginning. No good results will come from a half-starved, stunted calf.

I let the calf suck the cow the first two days. It is better for him and the mother, too, and the calf is more apt to get all the milk than I would be, thus getting it out of the cow's bag and into the calf's stomach where it should be, with less trouble and better results.

At the end of this time I milk the cow and feed the calf; tie the calf where it cannot see its mother, and if the weather is cold I wrap something round her when the barn doors are open. Never allow a calf to shiver if you want it to keep well.

For the first two weeks I feed new milk as soon as milked, and then I begin to mix in separated milk by degrees, adding at first a third, then a half and when a month old I give all separated and take care to have it warm.

Buckwheat shorts and bran are good, but never put them in the milk. Have a small box nailed in a convenient place on the manger or side of the wall and fill with dry feed. The calf will soon learn to help itself.

When six weeks old put clover hay within reach; this will aid the digestion and increase growth.

If eggs are plenty break one or two in the milk, and you will be surprised at its sleekness.

Flies are the worst things to stunt the growth of calves as they take so much blood, and the young animals should be protected from the pests.

I tried spraying last summer with fair results, but I did not depend entirely upon this. I put my calves in the barn every afternoon during the warmest weather and gave them hay.

Another thing that stunts the growing heifer is dehorning. I avoid this by rubbing on caustic potash when the horns first start, first clipping away the hair. It will smart for a while but that is all and no horn will ever grow.

My heifers usually come in when 2½ or three years old and make excellent cows, and this is how I raise them.—N.A.B.

Stop and Think First.

Before buying new machinery, it is well to consider the following questions:

Will the use of the new machine give me a larger net return from the crops on which it is used?

Will the new machine reduce the demand for man labor?

Where a machine is required only a few days each year, can it not be rented more cheaply than purchased?

Will the money to be invested return more in some other way?

Has the machine been thoroughly tried by others and found satisfactory.

Her Mistake.

The small girl walked thoughtfully into the house from the vegetable garden.

"Mother," said she, "have green gooseberries legs?"

Mother laughed.

"Of course they haven't, darling. What made you think so?"

The child looked more solemn than ever as she replied:

"Well, then, I've been eating caterpillars!"

He Struck at That.

Mike was employed as handyman at a big ship-building yard in the North of England. On him fell most of the disagreeable jobs, and he was much in request for lifting the heaviest weights.

On the eve of a recent launch, when the huge vessel was standing ready on the stocks for the morrow's great event, Mike went to the foreman and demanded his pay.

"What for?" asked his foreman, in astonishment. "Surely you're not thinking of leaving us?"

"'Deed, and I am," replied Mike sourly. "Since I've been here I've done some heavy lifting, but"—and he pointed first to the finished ship, and then to the barricade on the bank of the river—"I'm hanged if I'm going to lift that thing over the fence to-morrow."

Only one Englishman has ever been elected Pope of Rome.

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