THE FATE OF AZUMA;

Or, The South African Millionaire.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Cont'd).

It carried one miles away, this room, for all that it was in the heart of fashionable London. It aroused remembrances of pictures of the interior of mosques, notwithstanding that it had no tessellated flooring, nor barefooted Mohammedans and Bedouins standing in silent prayer on holy carpets. Inspiration seemed to be wafted backwards and forwards, inspiration idyllic, yet mystic, as if it were a casket of great thoughts, of unuttered suggestions. And the silent woman of bronze looked like the linking image of a united past and future, reminding one of Ancient Egyptology, of sphinxes and pyramids and buried sarcophagi, the while she spoke from the heart of antiquity of the great dreams of the future, the great dreams which while they seem so vast as to envelope the world, in reality make it shrink to the size of a crystal ball small enough to lie in the palm of one man's hand, while the room seemed full of delicious odors, the woodful odors of great forests that have been steadily exhaled for all time long before the sphinx and the pyramids. And as they came in, Azuma greeted them in African fashion, and Adolphe said something to her in her own tongue which made her look swiftly at Judith. Her look made Judith feel uncomfortable.

"What did you say to her?" she asked. Something exciting, disturbing, yet scintillating, seemed to come to her in this room, something which resembled the nervous exciting restlessness the desert air brings with it, the feeling of tingling flesh, and nerves pointed like needles which the desert wind, laden with tiny grains of sand, inspires.

Adolphe laughed.

"Ah, you must not ask questions. Azuma and I have many secrets, haven't we, Azuma?"

The girl gave him a swift look from under her dark lashes, which it was impossible to read so much did it seem to contain, adoration, gratitude, wistfulness, doubt, and something else, which Adolphe Lieb alone could read there.

"Oh, do make her tell us our fortunes," Judith exclaimed, stirring her cup of tea and looking around the room, then at Adolphe, then at Azuma, smiling with that wonderful smile of hers which held in it at once so much sadness and such arrogance.

"She doesn't tell fortunes, Lady Judith, do you Azuma?" He said something again to her in a language they did not understand, but Azuma shook her head. He had asked her if she would show them her pebbles, tell them something, but she wasn't going to show off.

"She won't," he said, it's no good." Then he asked her if she would sing?

But the girl looked down shyly, her whole body seeming to writhe in protest against having attention drawn to her.

"Not one little song, Azuma?"

Instead Azuma walked past them, the rings on her feet tinkling faintly, muffled on the thick Persian carpet, and opened a cabinet. The eyes of the three visitors followed her, fascinated, while Judith noted how at home she seemed in the house of the millionaire.

But Adolphe Lieb only smiled, he knew what she was going to do as Azuma took out his violin and brought it to him silently, putting it into his hands and making a gesture which seemed to invite him to do his best to entertain his guests.

"Do you play the violin?" Judith could not tell why it surprised her. Then she remembered that Mrs. Golling had told her that he did.

"How very interesting," Lady Glaucourt remarked, taking another cake from the table, in the semi-ironical tone in which she always commented on what she didn't understand.

"Yes, you must, you must. Azuma was quite right, make him," she said, smiling sweetly at the girl.

And without much protest Adolphe took his violin and tuned it, screwing two strings a little tighter, rapidly, with an accustomed hand. Then he began to play a rhapsodie hongroise, while Azuma squatted on the floor, falling silently, noiselessly into a graceful position, her eyes fixed on her master, absorbed, enthralled.

Could it be that they were in London, in Park Lane? The music, exquisite music which might have brought the performer fame as an artist, seemed to deny that they were, as the notes rose and fell, seeming to seek an exit at the open window, or to feel with tender antennae of sound for breezes which drew in and out, breezes which had come from far away where flowers grew and the sun fought duels, light with light on dancing waters. Now it seemed as if horses galloped, tearing along mountain paths, down hills, down, down; now little rivulets sang and streams gurgled, and fountains plashed, and birds sang, sang in little spurts with chirping, twittering gladness, with spasmodic notes caught upwards to hide the dirge, the dismal wailing dirge, which was the theme of the music, which seemed as if somewhere hearts were breaking, breaking in the sunshine, souls moaning in inner hollow caves, hidden away beneath stratas of shadow, which the sparkling sunshine and the music could not reach.

Now it seemed to Judith that pain and joy galloped side by side, light and shadow danced together, playing hide and seek, while the surroundings, the whole presentment of the room seemed to make the music speak of Eastern scenes, of deserts, sand upon sand, vaster and vaster like increasing uttermost thought, deserts with waving palms reaching out gigantic denunciating arms to the wind, which blew louder and louder, roared and fulminated and scattered whirlwinds of sand, then fell again lower, lower, softer, softer, a weird lullaby, then sleep, sleep, a sigh. Then silence.

"Ah!" Judith heaved a sigh and for an instant no one spoke.

For an instant, they all seemed caught inmeshed by the spell of the music, then Adolphe Lieb's laugh, his healthy good-natured laugh broke the chrism that had fallen upon them.

He held out the bow and the violin to Azuma, and moved from where he had been standing near the fireplace while he played, towards Lady Judith.

"I have something to show you," he said, "which only you must see, will you come a moment with me?"

"Dear me, how very extraordinary," remarked Lady Glaucourt, "what can it be?"

"Perhaps she will tell you afterwards," he laughed back, as they two disappeared.

And it was in the conservatory, the place he loved to read and write in, with its flowers and plants and tanks of strange tropical flowers, that Adolphe Lieb in answer to her rather nervous question:

"What on earth are you going to show me?" leaning towards her and covering her two hands with his, as she sat on the low seat beside him and looking into her eyes, half whispered:

"I have brought you here to show you my heart."

CHAPTER XIX.

And now a year had elapsed since Judith's marriage to Adolphe Lieb, a year which sometimes seemed as if only a few days had gone by, sometimes as if it was long years ago that Adolphe Lieb had said to her with so much of sincerity, with so much expression of feeling:

"I am going to show you my heart."

It had been a quaint proposal yet it had pleased her because it was so in keeping with the man.

And now to-day they were both in London, in the huge house in Park Lane which since Judith had come to live there had lost much of its newness, its desolate appearance. Gay striped awnings at each window threw little glades of cool shade upon the masses of pink and deep rose-colored geranium in each window. On the air there seemed to hum the noise of busy pleasure which is like the hum of bees, and which in great cities seems to give something of blitheness to labor and of labor to blitheness, which joins with the sunshine and the chirp of sparrows, to carrol forth the tra la la of life. And Judith noticed this morning the contrast between the interior of the beautiful house and the exterior. Glare and sparkle and stir outside, and within cool darkness, and the contrast pleased her. It seemed the image of her life, the contrast of her deeper inner feelings with the superfluity of her daily environment, superfluity of wealth, of social occupation, of va et vient and frou frou and laughter and chatter and transient emotion, and perhaps occasionally a flash of real amusement.

The inside—how cool it was, how given over to breeze and shadow, yes, there was almost a solemnity, a gravity of demeanor in the darkness which the shaded windows threw on the marble staircase, on the panels of different woods in the different rooms, on the great tessellated hall floor, on the porphyry columns which sustained the staircase and the upper corridors, on the carpets which were thick and raised like moss and on the flowers which bloomed everywhere, on the pictures on the walls, the lovely pictures in which the landscape seemed to have been suddenly steeped in twilight, and the eyelids of the men and women in the portraits half closed by the all enveloping shadow growing drowsy, while little canopies over the bird-cages threw tiny stripes of sunlight between the bars, casting the shadow of the bars across the flooring, and catching the radiant plumage in flashing gleams as it did from here and there through crevices between the blinds, on the soft pale yellow dress she wore.

Cool like the inside of a grotto, inviting to repose of thought to introspection, to meditation, while outside, though muffled and dulled like a far-away drum, came the faint roar of a hundred different moving things, reminding of the boiling in a pot of a score of different herbs. She could imagine it all outside, at the back of the house, in South Audley Street narrow and congested, and in Oxford Street, far away to the right; in Piccadilly not so far away to the left, and closer along Park Lane, on the other side of the Park railings behind the greenery a thinner stir, less closely packed, lighter in kind, but still moving always, the panorama of vehicles and humans, heavy and light, ponderous and maliciously diaphanous, great heavily laden wagons, motor cars, and electric cabs and hansoms, open victorias with their burden of butterfly-apparelled women, omnibuses and water carts, here and there an American spider looking like some insect, some monster mosquito darting hither and thither over the surface of a thickly weed-entangled pond, and weaving through, in and out amongst the traffic the human ants, some busily hurrying, some stopping to chat or gaze into shop windows, some leisurely sauntering along, unconcerned with the web and woof of life, watching it from a distance, or through spectacles of illusion, or with criticising, incredulous, scoffing wonder or disdain.

That in the streets, and yonder in the Park the throng of men and women, the little children seeking to imagine themselves in pastures of green and gold, riding, driving, teuffing, chatting, walking, laughing, and the air seeming to condense emotion and sound into one great roar of life which rolled in subdued, restrained thunder over the great city from one end to the other, giving the impression that rolled it over the whole world and under it, coming back again in dense coagulated waves, thick, heavy with smoke and dirt and stench of decay as the sea is laden with shell and weed, to roll over it once more, again and again, in endless—flux and reflux of eternal muffled sound.

And this morning she seemed given over to meditation because it was her wedding day, and Adolphe had insisted in German fashion that they should have a family party. Her father and mother and brother were coming, and other relations who had at one time been cold, but who had become tremendously related, since her marriage, a few intimate friends, and of necessity the Gollings. What she wondered this morning was why Adolphe wanted to celebrate this day, whether he was sincere in rejoicing over it? It seemed to her as if it were not possible that he should. She went further and asked herself whether she herself rejoiced or not.

A year, how quickly it had gone, yet how full it had been. She had behaved very well at first, insisted on going during the honeymoon to Frankfort to see his old mother and sisters, and been very nice to them, not giving herself airs, but taking them by storm by her charm and beauty and winning simplicity. Sometimes she had wondered since, what had prompted her to do all this, it was so unlike her, that she could not herself discover whether she had done it as in a dream, or because she was herself, her real self, the while she had been conscious of something motherly and tender and protective in old Frau Lieb which was missing in her own mother.

Then they had spent the winter in South Africa returning later by Cairo, and Judith had felt the charm of the Veldt and been delighted with the house Adolphe had built there. She had even taken an interest in the Mines, and in his great schemes of cornering the diamonds, and in Cairo she had been an interested participator in the conversation and discussions with high government officials, with the Khedive, and expert engineers on the feasibility of establishing a Cape to Cairo railroad, and throughout the whole ten months, for they had been away ten months, stopping at Paris on their way home, lingering everywhere that pleased them, Judith had felt the allurement, the strange satisfying content and elation which his gigantic wealth brought to her, and he had begun to reap some of the benefits of her position, while he wondered at her ready acquiescence in many matters. Yet, now it seemed to Judith that why she had enjoyed these months, why she rejoiced in this first anniversary of their wedding, was because she had glided with the stream and been satisfied to be happy.

(To be continued.)

New Millinery Model From Paris.

An undyed satin toque trimmed with rabbit ear bows of black velvet. Sorelli, of Paris, considers this one of the smartest creations of the season. The lower hat is a straw turban with broad band of blue, taffeta trimmed with large silk poppy on either side.—Designed by Eliane.

WOMAN DOCTOR DOING FINE WORK

ORGANIZES AND MANAGES MILITARY HOSPITAL.

Dr. Louisa Garrett Anderson Has Served Prison Term as Suffragette.

Since September Miss Louisa Garrett Anderson, an Englishwoman of note as a suffragette, has been doing great things for the wounded. Early in the war she and the British Government felt mutally shy of one another, and her first hospital was opened under French authority. Her next hospital was at Wimereux, where she was among her own people, and where the rations (most incontestable of all evidence of recognition) supplied to her patients were the official rations of the British soldier.

The mutual shyness having been dispelled, the War Office asked Miss Garrett Anderson to return home and make a hospital in London. Out of her own resourcefulness, experience, and initiative she makes her hospital. It has five hundred beds; it is to be in working order in record time; it is to be wholly self-sufficient—that is to say, Miss Garratt Anderson herself is wholly self-sufficient. How has she come by the necessary ability? Not, certainly, by the fostering foresight of a paternal Government. No count was taken before the war of the possibility of a woman doing the things she is doing, and even after the war was well in hand there was still no effort made to secure the services of the whole group of extraordinary young Englishwomen to which she belongs. She now holds authority equal to that of a Major in the R.A.M.C., and the Press is eager to give her the salute. She rather relishes the humor of the situation when she tries to persuade the public, against its will, that she is not a Major—that no woman can hold a commission in his Majesty's Army.

Once in Jail.

She remembers that the only time before the war when the authorities showed any special interest in getting and keeping hold of her was when a magistrate, not without comments, sentenced her to six weeks' imprisonment. For forty years her mother and her aunt had worked with all propriety, for the cause of Women's Rights. After that space of time, the ridicule of Parliament and the booings of medical students—of students beaten on their own ground—palled on the younger generation, and a window was broken. Some good, as it happened, came of the incident—and the sentence. Miss Garrett Anderson's articles on the conditions and management of women in prison make, with Lady Constance Lytton's papers on the same subject, an invaluable basis for reform.

The family record is an extraordinary one. Her mother, Dr. Elizabeth Garrett Anderson, was one of the first women doctors. She began her medical studies in 1860; and though the College of Surgeons and the College of Physicians refused to admit her to their examinations, she obtained a license to practise from the Society of Apothecaries in 1865. Paris had fewer prejudices than London and, passing the medical examinations of its University, she received her M.D. degree. Later on, when England realized that she was not to be denied, honors were not lacking, and her daughter's degree is a London one.

H.M.S. Warrior, launched in 1860, was the first ironclad.

Bees suck over 200,000 flowers for every ounce of honey.

During our wars with Napoleon our Navy captured or destroyed 683 French ships.

When a young man Sir Hiram Maxim contemplated becoming a prize-fighter.

A cock-crowing competition was held in Paris ten years ago, the utterer of the greatest number of cock-a-doodle-does in a quarter of an hour being proclaimed champion chanticleer.

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Selected leaves from the finest plantations, famous for teas of subtle deliciousness.
SALADA is *fresh* and *free from dust.*

BLACK, MIXED OR GREEN B 77

PRACTICAL FARMING

The Handy Barn.

Good barns cost money, but when the farmer once knows that by the proper construction of his barn and other outbuildings, he can save the work of a man, it will readily become clear to him that the investment will pay big interest in the long run.

There are a few things that are absolutely necessary in the farm barn. It must be well lighted, well ventilated, easy to keep clean, so arranged as to economize space, so as much stock as possible can be housed. It should be easy of access, and its location should be such as to insure a well-drained barnyard. With the above features incorporated into the farm barn, the sort or style of the building matters not.

A Well Braced Long Ladder.

Farmers who have occasion to use long ladders often find them weak and dangerous when set up at the proper angle. This can be overcome by a wire brace. Get a blacksmith to make two V-shaped irons, and fasten them to the side sills with small bolt. Bore small holes through sills at each end. Take two pieces of No. 9 wire and fasten to the sills at one end by passing through the holes and forming a lock by turning the end back through the holes over small iron pins, then pass the wire over the V-irons, drawing them tight with a lever and fasten at the other ends in the same way. This brace will more than double the strength of the ladder and add but little expense.

Making Good Butter.

The essentials in the making of good butter can be secured by anyone who will take a little pains. There has been so much discussion of the subject of caring for milk and cream through the columns of the farm papers that it really seems that a better grade of butter could be made now with modern equipment than at any time in the past. And if a high-grade article can be produced, and it is sent to market packed in a dainty manner that will appeal to the eyes as well as to the tastes of the buyers, it will sell at a price that will assure the producer a good margin of profit.

Ten Good Poultry Rules.

1—Provide fine grit, charcoal, shell and bone from the start.
2—Give grass range or plenty of green food.
3—Have fresh, clean water always available.
4—Feed only sweet, wholesome foods.
5—Avoid damp and soiled litter.
6—Disinfect brooders frequently.
7—Test all beef scrap before feeding.
8—Keep chickens active by allowing them to become hungry once daily.
9—Feed moist mash sparingly.
10—Keep dry mash always before the chicks.

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