THE FATE OF AZUMA;

Or, The South African Millionaire.

CHAPTER XX.—(Cont'd).

He was sure, certain that she loved him, but he was not satisfied with that. She was to let the world know that she loved him. She was to own that she was happy, satisfied, and above all she was not to make him jealous. It was what she had been trying to do for the last few weeks. Yes, the old Judith had awakened again, the old Judith grown more reckless, because of her security, the old Judith who could not be content with love alone or even passion, who must needs throw down the gauntlet to adventure.

For nothing on earth would he, Adolphe, put up with the position of complaisant husband, because he was not her equal in birth. And because she felt the power of the man, something within her arose to defy him, insidious voices, which had been her undoing when quite a young girl, whispered that it was amusing to play with fire.

There had been more than one scene during the last two months. Once he had taken her away from a dance, and once he had threatened to shut up the house in Park Lane, and take her to South Africa.

"You wouldn't dare," she had said to him, with that indomitable courage which he could not help admiring, the while he tried to dominate her will. "All London would talk of it, they would say I had left you because of that Kaffir woman."

And he had laughed.

But he was not laughing this morning, but he was sad, and when he left the house Azuma had noted the growing gloomy expression of his face. He was not happy, her "Baas," and it was the fault of his wife, this beautiful white woman who was the daughter of a great English chief, but who had no heart. This morning she had been more than usually cold, and laughed at his idea of a family dinner.

"Are we to be as German as all that?" she had said, and he knew that what she meant was that it was not only German, but burgeois, middle-class.

"Do you mind if I want the world to know that I am glad I married you?" he had asked her with his usual tenderness, and she had given expression to the lurking jealousy by the taunting words:

"Are you quite sure that you aren't sorry you didn't marry Azuma?"

Yes, this morning he was aware that there was an atmosphere of strained moods in his beautiful home, strained, principally because Judith refused to be happy, and he had noticed with a species of anxiety, that there was a tacit feud between the two women, that Judith treated Azuma with unveiled dislike, while Azuma's face changed whenever she caught sight of Judith or even heard her voice in the distance. And he knew that this was all that Judith could build her attacks upon him, her irritated phases, her ever-increasing coldness.

He had lavished costly gifts upon her this morning, gifts not only which had cost thousands of pounds, but which each of them denoted the way he thought of her, the trouble he took to please her, the way he anticipated her wishes. But he had grown to realize that he was paying the penalty of unlimited wealth, that he had given her all that a woman could want, or even dream about, that it was no longer by gifts that he could win her, that the tussle now, was between his mind and hers, his pride and hers, his temperament and hers, a clashing of wills in which he would come out the conquerer by force, if necessary, but only when he had exhausted every method of love. Even to-day, their wedding day, this morning, standing within sight of all he had given her, with his kisses on her lips still warm, she had almost quarrelled with him. He had purchased a little gift for Judith to give to Azuma.

"I wish you would give her this yourself," he had said. "She will appreciate it so much, and I want her to remember our first wedding day."

"Oh, my dear Adolphe, for heaven's sake give it to her yourself, she positively hates me, I know, and as for you, why she adores you; for heaven's sake don't ask me to do anything so distasteful. You know that I can't bear the woman."

Now in his office he asked himself whether it was his duty to send her away, his "Hagar," as Judith called her sometimes when she was in a good temper, asked himself this, given over to perplexity and doubt, the while he told himself that the cruelty of doing so would in itself work his downfall, even if there was nothing in the luck she brought him. Had he tried too much, asked too much? that was what he was thinking this morning, the while he knew, knew that when Azuma had gone, she would not be different, she would still treat him with scorn, pretending that she did not love, because it was the creed of her world not to love beneath it.

He had not come to any resolution when he returned to luncheon, but she was in a charming disposition, and his anxieties and doubts were dispelled. She even told him that she had overcome her repugnance, and given Azuma the gift. She didn't tell him how she had given it, how she had almost thrown it at her, as if contact of her dark skin were distasteful and said, "Mr. Lieb wants you to have that, because it is his wedding day," and sailed out of the room again, without waiting to hear what the girl said, or if she liked the gift.

And the dinner had passed off pleasantly enough, and Adolphe had tried to imagine that he had been overanxious, that his love for Judith and over-work, for he was very busy just now with a new scheme requiring all his attention, had made him see things darkly. And now and then his eyes fell on the dazzling figure of his wife at the head of the table, dressed in some sort of green stuff with silver and a magnificent parrure of emeralds and diamonds which had been his anniversary gift, or one of them, with such infinite yearning tenderness, as he pictured himself and her alone an hour or two hence, that Lady Glaucourt intercepting it by accident felt a shock, as if she had seen a vision, the vision of a soul revealed.

"I really believe that Judith is quite happy," she had said to Lord Glaucourt in the carriage, "those lovely emerals and all . . ."

"I like the man, too," her husband had answered, and for the first time it occurred to Lady Glaucourt that the man and the emeralds were indivisible.

They had all gone now, and Judith was seated on her terrace wrapped in a soft dressing-gown with lace tumbling about it which would have been considered almost a sin to stitch upon a wedding gown. For once she had done as he wanted, and given up going out anywhere, though she was bidden to quite a dozen places.

"No, this night is mine," he had said, in that strangely moving way of his, which was half domineering, half caressing, but which rarely failed of effect, although she would never have owned it.

How strange it was that as she sat there and waited, knowing that he would come presently and smoke a cigar on the terrace and be, oh so tender, because it was their wedding night, the anniversary of it, her heart should beat so. Why was it that she always felt like this about him, anxious for him to come to her, yet angry with herself because it was so, venting on him the irritation she felt at having to go through London as the wife of a Jew millionaire, rather than the wife of a man of her own world.

Presently the soft cool evening began to do its work of soothing the nerves, of calming her, the while thought revolved like the tunes of a barrel organ, now sad, now lively, now and then seeming to touch something within which brought physical pain, hideous remembrances like that of the little child who had died in the convent at Paris, hideous yet pathetic remembrances of agony and shame.

The sounds, the sullen roar which had seemed to her so significant in the morning, reached her now as if grown soft beneath the velvet touch of the night, carriages wheeled by in the lane below, and not far away where a party was going on at a house in Park Lane, she could hear the strains of music. Yet to-night she did not regret that she was not with the throng.

Always, there was something of terror mingled with her excursions into society. Now and then she would come across Sir Hubert Gresham, and his stiff bow would give her a feeling of discomfort for the whole evening. Once she had met George Danvers and wondered how he had interpreted her silence, whether he knew. Now and then suddenly, she would ask herself how many of the crowd which surrounded her knew, whether everyone knew and laughed at her pride, at her insolent manner, at her exclusiveness.

Now to-night, she felt a return of her terror, lest one day Adolphe should hear, and the while she longed to have the courage to tell him, and she told herself that because she was she, and he was he, she would never tell; an intense doubt of what he would do if he found out that he had been duped. And with the doubt, a feeling of reliance, of comfort, which seemed emphasized and expressed now and then by comfortable little sounds issuing from the cages of sleeping birds, as they drew closer to each other on their perches.

And while "The Day about to yield his breath,
Utters the stars unto the listening Night"

and thoughts come and go, come and go, pleasurable, tortured, calm, restless, always restrained by the counsel and the consolation with which one's own inner argument always deals with unrest, she hears the outer door of her bedroom open, and across the darkness, for she has ordered the light to be left unturned, she hears Adolphe come in, and passing through her bedroom, step out on to the terrace, and her heart leaps to meet his, unrestrained.

"Adolphe," she stretched her hand to his, as he stooped and kissed her, yielding her lips. Her beauty seemed to fill his being with rejoicing. Yet both knew, he and she, that when the morning came, when the eyes of the crowd were upon her, the scoffing, cynical crowd of her own world, she would treat him with her usual scorn, or wring his heart by seeming not to care for him, worse by pretending to like the admiration and the adulation of other men.

And to-night he had something to tell her, something which would prove his love, something which would put her mind at rest he thought for ever, and which she ought to know, which he would like to tell her tonight, while the mood of surrender was upon her, lest one day she should try his patience too much, and he should be led to tell her in a fit of ungovernable rage. And she, because women are created in that way, because they can never leave well alone, or rest content till they have probed to the core of things, torn leaf from leaf of the rose to see what kind of a core lies within, pulled the sawdust out of the doll, even if the destruction of the doll brings sorrow and despair and bitter grieving tears, because she of all women morbidly enjoyed playing around truths she dared not utter, hurried what he had to tell her what he had not even made up his mind to tell her, much as he wanted to know.

He had exhausted now the fulness of his vocabulary of love, reminded her of the days which seemed so distant and yet so close when he had fondly loved her and dared not tell her, and yet felt that if she did not marry him no other woman would ever satisfy him. He had reminded her of nights like this in South Africa, when the still moon had been the only witness of his passion, when he had played to her upon their wide verandah, and the voice of the jackal far away had seemed to answer with a wailing call.

He was her lover to-night, an ardent, picturesque, poetic lover, and his voice thrilled her. Here, far away from everybody, with the consciousness of revels going on in this place and that where she was expected and would not appear, with a hot breeze almost like that of the desert raising here and there a leaf from a plant, or the laces from the wrist which lay so close to his lips, she allowed herself to glide along the stream whose murmuring fascinated her at night, while in the broad daylight she repudiated it, afraid almost of whither it might lead to. Yes, it was her own voice which invited him to tell.

"And then, when, when did you feel that you could speak to me, what led you to propose that day? Was it Azuma who told you that I would bring you luck?" A faint jealousy, a touch of cynicism pierced again, and he shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

"Oh, Azuma," he didn't want to talk about Azuma, she never could understand the part Azuma played in his life, or pretended not to.

"It was a coincidence, a chain of thought, perhaps."

"Something I said then, you hadn't meant to propose that day, not the day we came to tea, the day you played the violin to us."

She gave a little inward laugh at the idea of how certain she had been that day that he would propose, how little after all one could read what was going on around one, guess at the thoughts of others. She might after all have come and gone and he said nothing. . . .

"I had not intended to do so unless something occurred to make me think that you would accept me. I shouldn't have liked to have been refused you know."

"And what made you think I would accept you?"

"Something someone told me."

"Someone told you?"

Why did something clutch at her heart as he spoke, why did the vision of Hugh Glover flit through her mind? Hugh Glover, seedy-looking, shabby, fallen, and content to have become half messenger, half tout to the Golling and Lieb Company, through Mr. Lorraine's introduction and influence. Hugh Glover, who hovered daily around her husband's office and whom she had forgotten, yet who to-night seemed to jump out at her with renewed threats. How was it that he had kept silence all this time?

Something of the old horror returned, the gnawing anxiety, the nausea. And by the glow of the many lights, which while their radiance did not fall direct upon them, while they themselves were almost in darkness on the foliage-screened terrace, yet seemed to be illuminating the whole world outside, he could see the strange pallor which passed over her face, and his grasp tightened on her fingers.

"Yes, you remember that I excused myself, went away, kept you waiting?"

"Yes, yes . . ." her voice, how faint it was, her lips—how dry they felt, while her heart seemed to stop beating.

"I have always thought that it was Golling who sent him, Golling's last bad turn," he gave a bitter laugh.

She was looking away from him, one look, one word, might betray her, and she might after all be mistaken, she could not think even, only she must keep quiet, keep quiet silence to the end.

And he too hesitated, hoping that she would tell him herself, surrender all her past to him, as she had surrendered her future, so that she could live anew, rest on his love. Yet that she did not do so did not surprise him, it was natural that any woman, even without Judith's pride, should nurse the terrible secret of her life till the end.

"What on earth could anyone have told you?"

To herself her voice sounded like that of someone else far away.

"He, a man told me that once you had been very unhappy, that a great wrong had been done you, that you had had a child."

(To be continued.)

A GERMAN "TEA PARTY" ON THE WESTERN FRONT

In this picture the Kaiser and his brother, Prince Henry of Prussia, are seen on a visit to the headquarters of General von Heeringen, who is in command opposite Rheims. The three sat down to tea and discussed the plans of campaign.

What Italy Gives the Allies

When Italy joined the Allies another figure was added to the column which will ultimately disprove the doctrine of force alone which the Kaiser adopted.

In explaining what he considered the perfidy of Italy, Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg said in a speech before the Reichstag:

"Germany's word guaranteed the Austrian concessions and there was no occasion to distrust the offer."

The fact that Germany guaranteed the Austrian offers seemed to the German Chancellor sufficient. To most of the rest of the world that guarantee would not be held so. If the Teutonic allies lost, they would not be in a position to guarantee or deliver anything to Italy. If they won they might not be in a disposition to do so. However, the war should come out, the German guarantee of the Austrian promises was a slender reed for the Italians to lean on, particularly with Belgium staring them in the face.

A nation cannot go through the world invading other people's rights and breaking its own word, trusting only in the mailed fist of its land forces and fleet, without losing nearly all its friends. And no possible army and navy can recompense a nation for the loss of the friendship of the rest of the world.

But from whatever combination of reasons Italy entered the war, its action has a great significance both from military and political points of view.

The deciding military point in the war is the pressure that the Allies can put upon the German lines in France. Every man added to the Allies' line or every man taken from the German line helps the Allies, and vice versa. When Turkey entered the war 250,000 men were called from the Allies' line to take care of Turkey. This was all gain to Germany. When Italy joined the war 500,000 men left the Austrian-German lines. This was gain to the Allies. Of course, part of these men were on the Austrian frontier all the time, but they will now have to be continually reinforced and fed with ammunition.

On the sea, too, the Italian fleet, which is more than a match for the Austrian fleet, will make the marine preponderance of the Allies greater than ever.

Politically, the Italian declaration of war set a precedent for Roumania, which covets a slice of Austrian territory that is inhabited by Roumanians as Italy covets Austrian territory that is peopled by Italians.

The Italian declaration of war took half a million men from the German-Austrian lines against France and Russia, and establishes a precedent for Roumania to do likewise, not to mention releasing a portion of the Allied fleet which had been blockading the Adriatic.

Did a Marathon.

"So papa jumped from his chair when you asked him for my hand. And what did he say?"

"I'm not sure he said anything."

"Not sure? Didn't you hear anything?"

"No; but perhaps I was travelling faster than the sound of his voice."

Few tips come to the waiter who sits down while waiting.

There's a Flavour of Distinction in every cup of

"SALADA"

—something intangible but truly entrancing. Skilful blending of the finest 'hill-grown' teas and scrupulous cleanliness in preparation is the secret. This flavour constitutes the individuality of SALADA and will never change, no matter how costs may rise. B 79

PRACTICAL FARMING

Poultry Alphabet.

A utility bird is rarely worth doctoring, the axe being an excellent surgical instrument to apply to sick fowls.

Balanced rations supply maximum of nourishment with minimum of waste.

Cull closely, for it does not pay to board idlers.

Do not attempt too much to accomplish thoroughly.

Every insect left to mature will decrease the profiits of the flock.

F-i-l-t-h spells failure.

Good stock is the best foundation but it must be handled with common sense.

Hens are not magicians; so cannot maunfacture eggs unless given the proper materials.

Indolence and poultry-breeding make a combination which would bankrupt a wealthy financier.

Just a little observation will prove that the I-know-it-alls never make successful poultrymen.

Kindness shown to fowls pays in increased egg-supply.

Lice multiply rapidly in uncleanly surroundings.

May chicks pushed to maturity, make fall layers to fill in the time when earlier hatched birds are resting.

No mixed flocks can give the satisfaction of a single breed.

One's favorite breed is usually the best with which to win success.

Pullets should be separated from cockerels as soon as sex can be distinguished.

Quickly kill the chicks which are dwarfed or crippled when hatched.

Rush young birds towards maturity if you wish large profits.

Select breeders early and dispose of all other male birds.

Try to waste no feed, either by over feeding, careless methods, or one-sided diet.

Unless you give your flock regular care, they do not pay to keep.

Very few poultrymen know so much that they can learn nothing from the experience of others.

Hens are Profitable Assets.

Possibly no farm live stock pays as big a profit for food as do hens. Seems strange, but true, that one egg will pay for the keep of a dozen hens one day.

A hen if given a chance to forage will find a large part of her feed and during certain seasons of the year will be able to lay a goodly number of eggs without any further feed. This fact has caused the hen in a great many instances to be neglected and shift largely for herself. Of course when thus disregarded she cannot be expected to be as profitable as when given good care and attention.

The refuse from the kitchen can be profitably turned into eggs rather than given to some worthless cats and dogs. The table scraps are excellent diet for fowls. Care must be exercised in feeding refuse from the kitchen or the outcome may be fatal. If foods where large quantities of salt were used in their preparation are given to the fowls they may gorge themselves on this salty food and great loss of fowls may be encountered. One party who had salted a quantity of sweet corn found late in the spring that this corn was no longer wanted for cooking purposes and thoughtlessly threw it to the chickens. An excessive amount of it was eaten and in a few hours many of the fowl had died. In much the same way a farmer lost a fine bunch of young chickens by feeding them salted mash potatoes.