

WAR LORD LOST AT SEA

Earl Kitchener Goes Down With Ship.

ON WAY TO RUSSIA

Warship Hampshire Carrying Minister and Staff Sunk by Mine or Torpedo—All Lost.

London—Admiral Jellicoe, commander of the British grand fleet, has reported to the admiralty that the British cruiser Hampshire, with Earl Kitchener, British minister of war, and his staff aboard, has been lost off the West Orkneys. The Hampshire was sunk either by a mine or a torpedo. Admiral Jellicoe reports there is little hope that there were any survivors.

Earl Kitchener was on his way to Russia. The names of the members of Earl Kitchener's staff have not yet been learned. Sir William Robertson, chief of the imperial staff, is in London.

Accompanying Earl Kitchener as his staff were Hugh James O'Breine, former councillor of the British embassy at Petrograd, and former minister at Sofia; O. A. Fitzgerald, Earl Kitchener's private military secretary; Brigadier General Ellershaw and Sir Frederick Donaldson.

Admiral Jellicoe's report to the admiralty follows: "I have to report with deep regret that His Majesty's ship Hampshire, Captain Herbert J. Savill, R. N., with Lord Kitchener and his staff aboard, was sunk Monday at about 8 p. m., to the west of the Orkneys either by a mine or a torpedo.

"Four boats were seen by observers on board to leave the ship. The wind was north, northwest and heavy seas were running. Patrol vessels and destroyers at once proceeded to the spot and a party was sent along the coast to search, but only some bodies and a capsized boat have been found. As the whole shore has been searched from the seaward I greatly fear that there is little hope of there being any survivors.

"No report has yet been received from the search party on shore. H. M. S. Hampshire was on her way to

PRESIDENT CHINESE REPUBLIC IS DEAD

Peking—Yuan Shi Kai, president of the Chinese republic, died Tuesday. Premier Tian Chi Jui immediately advised Li Yuan Hung, the vice president, of his succession to the presidency.

Yuan Shi Kai had been ill for several days with stomach trouble, which was followed by a nervous breakdown. Quiet prevailed in the capital. The death of the president apparently solves the heated political problem. Li Yuan Hung's succession to the presidency meets the demands of the leaders in the Southern provinces.

British Lose Late Gains.

British Headquarters in France—The British and Germans are fighting hard in the region of Ypres, where last Saturday the British in hand-to-hand encounters recaptured most of the trenches the Germans had taken from them previously in the sector from the Ypres-Comines canal to Hooge Point. In the face of repeated attacks the British have been unable to retain the bulk of the recaptured ground, but still are fighting strenuously to keep what they have and to recapture what they have lost.

Flood Menaces Wichita.

Wichita, Kan.—Packinghouse whistles sounded warnings to citizens Tuesday night to flee to high grounds. Every policeman in the city, the entire fire department and every available boat and motorcar were pressed into service to rescue families marooned along the creeks in the northern part of the city. The Little Arkansas river left its banks and is flooding a large portion of the city as the result of a heavy rainfall. The rainstorm was general throughout Western Missouri, Eastern Kansas and Oklahoma.

\$711,828 Awarded Indians.

Washington, D. C.—Judgment against the United States for \$711,828 was rendered by the Court of Claims in favor of the Mille Lac tribe of Chippewa Indians, Minnesota, in consideration of lands and timber taken by the government, homesteaders and the state of Minnesota. The judgment is based on an award to the Indians of credit for 31,692 acres of land and \$202,318 on account of value of timber cut from the lands with interest.

Pablo Lopez Is Executed.

Chihuahua City, Mex.—Pablo Lopez, Villa's chief lieutenant in the raid upon Columbus, N. M., Tuesday paid the penalty for his crimes. He faced a firing squad of constitutionalists soldiers at Santa Rosa.

Italians Repulse Attack.

Rome—Austrian attacks in the Lagarina valley, where a vigorous attempt was made to carry the important Italian positions at Coni Zugna, were repulsed with heavy losses, the war office announces.

BRITISH CLAIM GERMANY'S LOSS IN NAVAL FIGHT WAS HEAVIER

London—The British admiralty Monday issued a statement saying there was the strongest ground for the belief that the British navy in the battle with the Germans off Jutland last week had accounted for a total of 18 German men-of-war, and that there was nothing to add to or subtract from the original announcement of the British losses.

The statement gave the German losses as two battleships, two dreadnaught battle cruisers, four light cruisers, nine torpedo boat destroyers and a submarine.

The pessimism which prevailed as a result of the admiralty's original statement of losses, which is considered to have been needlessly candid and conservative in underestimating the extent of the German losses, as compared with those of Great Britain, has been greatly lessened by the latest statement.

A dispatch from Copenhagen says rumors are current in Hamburg that two additional German warships besides those announced in the German communication—the battleship Westfalen and the battle cruiser Lutzow—were sunk in battle. A wireless dispatch received here Saturday from Berlin said the German admiralty admitted the loss of the Westfalen.

The admiralty statement declares that the German losses in the fight were not only relatively, but absolutely, greater than those of the British. Maintaining its practice of caution, the admiralty still refrains from giving the names of the lost German ships.

The official list of the casualties among officers shows that hardly a single officer of the line escaped from the British cruisers sunk in the battle. An additional casualty list of petty officers shows that 43 of them were saved from the Queen Mary, Invincible, Fortune, Ardent and Shark. None was saved from the Indefatigable, Defence, Black Prince, Tipperary, Turbulent, Nomad or Nestor.

Great Oriental Freight Cargo and San Francisco Pier Burn

San Francisco—Five thousand tons of freight from the Orient, which were unloaded Sunday from the Shinyo Maru No. 2, a Japanese freighter, and a concrete pier recently erected by the state at the mouth of Islais Creek, were destroyed in a spectacular blaze of unknown origin here early Monday.

The Shinyo and the General Forbes, another freighter, which were tied to the pier, were slightly damaged before they could be removed from the fire's reach. Steamship men said the loss would reach close to \$800,000.

The Shinyo arrived Wednesday, but the cargo was not touched until Sunday, when its owners granted the demands of the striking longshoremen. The boat was emptied at 11 o'clock Sunday night three hours before the fire started.

Two coal barges and several box cars were also damaged. One of the barges, the Melrose, the largest on the bay, which was tied to the pier, drifted out into the stream with her cargo ablaze when her moorings burned. She bumped another coal barge, which was anchored off the pier. Both burned freely until fire tugs flooded the coal. Later the two broke loose and drifted down the bay with their cargoes smoldering. Tugs caught up with them off the Ferry building.

Several narrowly escaped being burned. Customs Lieutenant Patrick Barrett and a pier watchman were on the pier when the fire started. The flames spread rapidly and drove the two men aboard the Forbes.

When the fire broke out, Japanese swarmed from the Shinyo's forecastle and spread over the ship, seeking refuge. One jumped overboard, but his mates hauled him back on a life preserver.

From nearby cities and from far out sea the sheets of fire and the glare could be seen. The blaze was the most spectacular and destructive that has visited the local waterfront in years.

Shackleton Relief Fixed.

London—Plans for the relief of Lieutenant Sir Ernest Shackleton, who, with several of his men, is marooned in the Antarctic, were completed at a meeting of a committee of the Royal Geographical society. A relief ship will sail from London by August 1 for Weddell Sea by way of Buenos Aires and the Falkland Islands. The ship probably will follow the plan of the Aurora, the auxiliary bark of the Shackleton expedition, which drifted from her moorings, and will be fitted out in Buenos Aires.

Alaska Flood Takes Span.

Nome, Alaska—Open water in Bering Sea was visible Monday for the first time since November 12. The United States coast guard cutter Bear is expected to arrive next week with mail. A freshet in Snake river, which winds through Nome and empties into Bering sea, destroyed the bridge across the stream, demolished many bulkheads and damaged vessels of the mosquito fleet. Warm weather in the interior sent a torrent of water down the river under the ice, which was lifted suddenly.

Ice Sweeps Alaska Town.

Nome, Alaska—Council City was almost completely swept away by floating ice cakes from the Neukluk river late Sunday. Many buildings in the lower part of the town were demolished. The ice jammed in a canyon a short distance below the settlement, causing the water to back up, and, with its burden of heavy ice, to flood the streets. A blizzard raged here also, and sluicing operations which began a few days ago, were suspended.

Marines Are Reinforced.

San Diego, Cal.—The Fourth regiment of Marines, stationed here, has left for New Orleans, where it will embark for Haiti and Santo Domingo on the transport Hancock. It is understood the Fourth regiment will supplement the marines already on duty in the turbulent island republics.

WORLD'S DOINGS OF CURRENT WEEK

Brief Resume of General News From All Around the Earth.

UNIVERSAL HAPPENINGS IN A NUTSHELL

Live News Items of All Nations and Pacific Northwest Condensed for Our Busy Readers.

The mayor of Boise, Idaho has been ousted by recall.

Austrian troops are aiding the Germans in the Verdun battle.

Carranza's note demanding withdrawal of American troops is considered offensive at Washington.

Twenty persons were killed or wounded in an outbreak at Maracaibo, Venezuela, against General Garcia, who has been appointed president of the state of Zulia.

The planting of 600 acres of land in the Rocky Mountains, and although records are meager, the rainfall is known to vary from 10 to 40 inches, the snowfall from 20 inches to 30 feet—in the higher altitudes the snow comes as late as mid-June or as early as the late of August; the killing frosts occur every month in the year. The temperature is also known to vary from 30 degrees below zero to 120 above. Practically the entire forest is at elevations from 4000 to 10,000 feet.

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The topography is rough, characterized by deep, precipitous canyons, and jagged peaks. Although over 70,000 acres of alienated land exist within the forest boundaries, taken up under the homestead and timber and stone acts, it is claimed that most attempts at agriculture have proven failures, and a large per cent of the private lands have either been abandoned or are being held for their timber and grazing value.

In view, therefore, of these circumstances, and with the exception of small isolated tracts, aggregating 2742 acres left for later examination, the secretary has classified the entire area of the Whitman national forest as chiefly valuable for forest purposes and not suited to agriculture or listable under the act of June 11, 1906.

27-Year Wait Is Rewarded.
Marshfield—George W. Suydam, who has a secret preparation for preserving woods, waited 27 long years before realizing on his knowledge of chemicals. Nearly 30 years ago Mr. Suydam, who is a resident of Denmark, Curry county, prepared with his process a number of different woods and placed them away with woods of the same variety to see what time would do with each of his keepsakes.

Now that the woods have been examined and passed upon by experts, it is found that those which were treated 27 years ago are as well preserved as when they were put away, while the wood which was not treated has rotted away and decayed.

L. E. Swan, of Detroit, Mich., hearing of the successful preservative, came to Curry county and, after an investigation, purchased a half interest in the secret process and will finance its exploitation.

Voters Order Irrigation.

Vale—Land owners in the Malheur valley voted 84 to 11 Saturday to organize an irrigation district, which contemplates construction of a dam at Riverside, holding 200,000 acre-feet of water. Government engineers have reported it to be the most feasible and cheapest project in the West and 25,000 acres of new land will be put under cultivation.

Ten thousand acres are owned by the Oregon Western Colonization company, of St. Paul. Directors are George McLaughlin, R. E. Weant, James Harvey, C. W. Mallett, A. W. Trow, and treasurer, T. W. Halliday.

Stockmen Plan Picnic.

Carlton—At a meeting of the executive committee of the Carlton Board of Trade, there were present a number of breeders of fine stock and a temporary organization of the Carlton Stockmen's Picnic association was made and preliminary arrangements were made to hold the first annual picnic in Carlton on Saturday, June 17. The stockmen and the board of trade are co-operating in arranging for the picnic. There will be barbecued beef, mutton and pork, and the usual picnic dinner provided.

Road Fund Contributed.

Dallas—In an effort to secure the location of the West Side Pacific Highway through McMinnville, Amity, Perrydale, and Dallas, a joint meeting has been held between the automobile clubs of McMinnville and Dallas. Citizens of Perrydale and vicinity raised \$2500 by contribution to improve the road between Dallas and Perrydale.

Bankers Organize Group.

Ashland—Organization of Group 4, Oregon State Bankers' association, embracing Jackson, Klamath, Curry, Lake and Josephine counties, was perfected here this week and adjourned, after electing J. W. McCoy, cashier First National Bank of Ashland, chairman; W. H. Gore, of Medford, vice chairman; Marshall Hooper, Grants Pass, secretary and treasurer. Meetings will be held semi-annually.

NEWS ITEMS Of General Interest About Oregon

Secretary Classifies Lands in Whitman National Forest

Portland—Announcement is made by the district forester, George H. Cecil, Portland, Ore., of the classification, by the secretary of Agriculture, of practically all the lands within the boundaries of the Whitman national forest in north eastern Oregon. A net area of approximately 879,218 acres is embraced in this classification, and a small area of 2742 acres is left for examination later.

The Whitman national forest lies in the Blue mountains, and, according to the report, consists mainly of a large body of positive forest land. The report shows that there is a stand of about four billion feet of valuable commercial timber within the forest, fifty per cent of which is western yellow pine. There is also a considerable stand of young timber and inferior species which has a high value for watershed protection for the streams which are used for irrigation outside the national forest.

This forest, it is said, has little agricultural value, and is isolated, scattered tracts only could be used for farm purposes. The soil, although fertile, is rocky and shallow, and although records are meager, the rainfall is known to vary from 10 to 40 inches, the snowfall from 20 inches to 30 feet—in the higher altitudes the snow comes as late as mid-June or as early as the late of August; the killing frosts occur every month in the year. The temperature is also known to vary from 30 degrees below zero to 120 above. Practically the entire forest is at elevations from 4000 to 10,000 feet.

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The Red Mirage

A Story of the French Legion in Algiers

By I. A. R. WYLIE

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"Madame, it's Abou-Yakoud who ventures before you," he said in his soft Arab French. "Abou-Yakoud, who has seen Mecca and who reads Destiny as an open book. Give me your hand, madame. For a little franc, I will tell you good and evil—what was and what is to come."

Sylvia Arnaud started slightly and turned. "You shall not come in here," she said impatiently, and yet without a childish touch of hesitation. "Begging is forbidden. Now be gone!"

She tossed a handful of money on to the white stone flags. Each coin rang out like a note of jangling laughter, which still echoed after her as she passed into the shadows of the gateway.

Abou-Yakoud bent and gathered the nickel pieces from the ground. When he looked up again he stood straight and erect, and the beard had vanished. "Gabrielle!" he said softly.

She turned a little. The warm glow of evening was on her face and softened the stern lines to a mild and noble serenity.

"I know," she said. "Your voice betrayed you. And then—sooner or later I felt that you would come, though for what purpose God knows."

"Let us hope he does not," he answered sardonically. "I am here on my own business, and my own business has no sanctity about it. I must keep close, if I am to win through to the things I want."

"The things you want?" she echoed with deep sadness. "What are they now, Stephen?"

He knelt on the marble edge of the fountain and caught her hand. "Gabrielle!" he repeated hoarsely.

She looked down at him. Her free hand she laid quietly upon his.

"You are cruel to yourself," she said. "Why have you come, Stephen?"

"God knows. I have lied so much in all these ghastly years, Gabrielle. I have lied most of all to my own conscience. I have called you an episode—a folly. I have heaped contempt on you, on my memory of you, and always you have risen as now—the one pure thing that I have loved, my one virtue, my own fidelity."

"Hush, Stephen, we have buried our dead."

"You have—I cannot. I tried. At first it was remorse that would not let me—the knowledge that I have ruined you—dishonored you—"

"That is not true," she interrupted proudly. "No woman—no man—has ever been dishonored by one action. Honor is not a possession to be lost or broken. It is ourselves—what we are. If you had dishonored me I should be different; but I am not different. I have grown stronger—that is all. I see clearer. I am happy."

"Happy? And your name—your position—your people—all lost?"

She smiled faintly. "Those griefs are old and healed, Stephen. I have a name and a position. They are my own, and I am a little proud of them. I owe you my knowledge of myself and my own strength—some hours' illusion, a broad outlook, a deeper understanding of other women's failures. Let that suffice between us."

"I cannot," he sprang up with a wild gesture of protest. "It is not remorse that haunts me. I am not the man to feel remorse. I have loved and half despised you. Then—that night when I came back and found that you knew me for what I was—a liar, a cheat, a common spy, to be bought and sold by every man—and had left me on the very eve of my atonement to you—then I knew my own madness. From that hour I wanted you."

"It's too late, Stephen," she said, "too late. I have buried my dead, dear. I cannot call the dead to life. We are free and we stand alone. We must go our ways, Stephen."

"I won't plead, Gabrielle. I know you better." Then suddenly he turned and stumbled blindly into the darkness of the passageway.

CHAPTER XI.
Behind the Mosque.

Colonel Destin rode through Sidi-Bel-Abbes, and many of those he passed looked after him. One or two of his observers were soldiers wearing a red and blue uniform of the Legion. They saluted first and grimaced only after a cautious interval.

"Nam 'un Petard! Will the devil never grow old?"

Women looked after him—Arab women from behind mysterious veils, and Europeans—all with the same feminine interest in what is strong. For Colonel Destin sat his horse with grace and ease, and the slight erect figure carried the years lightly. How many the years were no one knew.

Thus he rode slowly through the pleasant shaded avenues, skirting the nigger quarter, till he reached the plateau. There he drew rein, his keen eyes sweeping the low girde of olive trees and clustering native hovels to the far side, where the mosque rose up in stately purity against the turquoise sky. Through the graceful archway a double line of Arabs drifted backward and forward in a soft-flowing, unbroken stream of worship, and suddenly Colonel Destin set spurs and galloped over the hard clay, scattering the stragglers to right and left.

"Madame Arnaud!"

She turned with a little start of surprise, and freezing herself from the cumbersome red slippers which encased her inflexible feet, she came to meet him, her hand outstretched in gracious welcome.

"Why, Colonel Destin! You?"

"There's no one here for whom it is

necessary to play comedy," he answered with brutal directness. "You had my note?"

"Yes—" She crimsoned and faltered and he swung himself to the ground, looping the bridle over his wrist.

"We must get away from the crowd," he said in the same curt, imperative tone. "It is fairly quiet behind the mosque. Take my arm. The rough ground is excuse enough."

"If anyone saw us they would think—"

"Nothing that is not true, madame." She hesitated, half resentful, half afraid.

"I am beginning to ask myself what is the truth, Colonel."

"That is what I have come to tell you."

They walked on. Overhead, from the high towers of the mosque, an Arab chaut drifted down to them through the quiet air—

"I extol the greatness of the Lord, of God the most high—"

They were quite alone now. On their right the white walls sheltered

them; to the left the open sunscorched plateau. Colonel Destin stood still and faced his companion.

"Well," he said, "have you nothing to say to me?"

"I? She lifted her lustrous brown eyes to his in simple inquiry. "What should I have to say?"

"Your husband is safe."

"Oh, Desiré! Yes, I had forgotten about it almost. It was an accident. He thought I was about to be attacked. He is so nervous and excitable, and the night was dark. He explained it all—"

"Yes, Captain Arnaud explained everything." There was a block of stone beside him and he set his foot upon it, leaning forward so that the faces were on a level. "Madame Arnaud! Do you really think I believe you or in you? My child, if your husband had acted as you say, he would have been cashiered for an intoxicated incapacity; but he gave me his explanation. It was an explanation which men among themselves—some men—understand and accept—madness on account of a woman. I let your husband go free. Do you thank me?" She made no answer. The graceful knowledge of his power was gone. Her eyes hung on his with the blankness of a will in abeyance. "You do not thank me," he went on deliberately. "You would like to. You would like to play the role of the faithful wronged wife. But I am the one person before whom you cannot act, either to yourself or to others. I have seen through you, and your little shallow soul knows it. All artifice between us is useless. Do not move—stay there!" He caught her hands and held them in a grip of iron.

Will Sylvia be strong enough to resist the fierce fire of sensual temptation which Colonel Destin holds to her scorching soul? Will she fall into a moral abyss?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Saved From Bull by Watch.

John F. Beck of New Providence owes his life to a watch which he wore when he was attacked by a bull while driving the cows and the bull into the stable. The animal suddenly turned on him and knocked him down and began to horn him. The horn was imbedded in the watch and the animal was driven off by a farmhand. The watch acted as a shield—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Pineapple Industry Large.

The pineapple production of the Hawaiian Islands for 1915 will approximate 2,500,000 cases of canned product, so experts report. Years ago the pineapple canneries threw away the cores, parings and trimmings as refuse. Nowadays the one-time refuse is converted into a mash from which pineapple juice is extracted, the cores are cut into cubes and used in the manufacture of glace fruit, and no part of the pineapple is lost.

CHAPTER X—Continued.

"I tried to kill him," he said quietly but distinctly, "and I mean to kill him. That is the only change."

"Is that any change? Has it taught your fair, pure young wife to love and honor you?" He ground his teeth together without answering, and she went on, her voice grown suddenly harsh and contemptuous. "You are a fool, Desiré. You are a fool, like all men. What is there in this one woman that you should care? She is pretty, but others are prettier. I have seen her, for it amused me to have a glance at the wonder who could drive two men to the devil. And what is she? A charming doll with a child's eyes and a sparrow's brain. What else?"

The girl rose. She took one of the long-stemmed pipes from the table and lit it at the brazier. The red embers glowed up on her face, where was written a sadder inscrutable bitterness. She came back and placed the pipe in his inert hand.

"There," she said simply. "That is what you have come for. Forgetfulness."

He nodded. Silently he covered back among the ragged cushions and with half-closed eyes began to smoke. In the hovel there was perfect silence. As the minutes passed the subtle magic perfume sleeping beneath the rank sweetness awoke, the turning dreams

and fancies came out from among their shadows and moved lightly to and fro in the brightening circle of freight. Arnaud smiled wistfully at them. Little by little the terrible lines of pain drawn about his features passed, leaving them a white peace. A sigh broke from his loosely parted lips.

"Sylvia—Sylvia—my wife—"

His head dropped back—the strange-stemmed pipe slipped from his powerless fingers and fell with a soft thud to the floor. The woman bent over him and kissed him. A single tear, drawn from a well of savage pity, had dropped on the untroubled brow.

"God of our fathers," she whispered from between clenched teeth, "Thou knowest I am an abas—rotten to the heart—but thou knowest also I am not so bad as the woman who sent this man to me."

She knelt down, and with her dark head against the sleeper's knee watched and waited.

All was quiet. But on the other side of the curtain an Arab crouching beside the brazier awoke. There was a slight smile about his lips as though his dreams had brought him food for amused reflection, and with a quick glance at his motionless companion he got up and slipped out into the street.

It was now toward evening and the great heat of the day was broken. At a white-walled villa on one of the broad avenues he glided through a Moorish doorway into the passage. Before him lay the courtyard where two women talked, their low voices mingling musically. At last he came out into the light. His manner was inimitable in its suggested homage and a hundred unspoken flatteries.

CHAPTER X—Continued.

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