An International Romance by Hallie Erminie Rives

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CHAPTER XXVII-Continued.

She round herself in a crowded corridor of the emptying playonuse. The mass of lapanese faces confused her. A door spened at another angle and she passed through it hastily into the open air. The

rapidly in the opposite direction, until an- said, "to make you a proposition. I have made from her window. Thorn was look- life. Then your father in not-living?"

pletely lost.

stone fox at its entrance. It made her think suddenly of the riding crop she had seen Daunt carrying, with its Damascene rack of little candles and chest, barred across the top, set ready to receive the ofshe took a copper coin from her purse and leaned to toss it into the chest.

But her fingers closed on it and she drew back hastily, with a quick memory of one of the tales Haru had told her. She knew suddenly that she stood before a temple of Inari, the fox-god, patron delty of her whose conquests brought shame to households and dishonor to wives. She remembered a song the Japanese girl had sung to the tinkle of her samisen:

Sayonara, Sayonara * * * "

It was the song of the "fox-woman." She slipped the purse hastily back into her pocket.

The fox-woman! As she walked on, for the first time the phrase came to Barbara moment in silence, his fingers crawling and with a sudden, sharp sense of actuality, twitching. Then, with a quick, leopard-like There were fox-women of every race and movement, he went to the wall safe, clime, women who came, with painted opened it and took out what seemed to be smile, between true lovers. What if she a square metal box. In its top was set an herself-what if here in this land that bale- fidicator, like the rangefinder of a camera, ful wisdom were to strike home to har? Its very touch seemed to melt his tey con-Like a keen blade the thought pierced trol. His paleness flushed; his hand tremthrough her and something shy and sweet, bled as he set it upon the desk. new born in her breast, shrank startled and fearful from it.

> CHAPTER XXIII. The Nightless City.

"Madame! She turned, with relief this time, to see a guide.

me and I will find you."

She bade him take her to the gate as quickly as possible and followed him rap- sing stone with an acute longing for the noisy roadway with its careening rick'sha.

good night."

Barbara came on Daunt in the middle He stared transfixed. "What does it of the blook. He had stationed himself in mean" he asked hoarsely. the roadway, towering head and shoulders. The doctor's voice was no longer tone-

anxious face. "Mea culpa!" she cried, and with an of modern war are children's toys." impulsive gesture reached out her hand. He grasped Phil's arm with a force that you! I was actually lost. Isn't it absurd?" tered.

Her slim, white fingers lay a moment not read its meaning, but since then it buys it, to guard the secret for itself, had been given him partly to understand. His thoughtless words-blunderer that he handed satire. Yet to his memory even clever for that ! It must be I-I aloneher hot, indignant voice had been ringingly sweet, for the stars again were golden and Tokyo once more fairyland.

What will the others say!" she said. "They will have missed us long ago." "We will take extra push-men." he said,

"and easily overtake them. We can get rick sha at the next stand." "What did you think," she asked as they

rounded the corner, "when you found I had vanished into thin air?" "I imagined for a while you were pushing me. Then I guessed you had some low

that you would find your way back, so-1 "Thank you," she said softly. "I have

not acted so badly since I was a child. Are you going to shrive me?"

"No-no! It is I. I must do penance. What is it to be?"

He looked at her steadily; his eyes shone with dark fire. In the pause she felt her seart throb quickly, and she laughed with question that had haunted him that day. a sweet unsteadiness. "I am glad you are going to give me none," she said.

"Hut I do," he answered, "I shall, I-The boy Ito, behind them, spoke his name. Daunt started with a stab of then? A fury of popular passion in one recollection and drew from his pocket a folded pink paper, fastened with a blue

"How stupid of me! My wits have gone wool-gathering tonight. Here is a telegram for you. It came soon after we left the embassy, and Mrs. Dandridge, thinking it might be urgent, sent its after us to the ten house. He mineed us, but saw me here on his way back."

message to the candle light that shone ican railroads in London. I risk all and "His father has been til for a long notice at the moment that it was the tem- me in this we shall share mike-you and II and in some way the child has heard that hand. It brought her back to the present, ple of the Pox-God whose alms she had And with the winnings we get now we they will have to give it up. It troubles for it was the sound of the organ in the

cool, fateful hand on her mood. turned the leaf, his gaze, wandering pretty little Japanese peri, and fifty more thing?" through the temple doorway, to the candle- besides."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Like the Whisper of a Bat's Wings. On the other side of Tokyo that night street she was now in was narrow, and Dr. Bersonin sat with Phil in his great street she was now in was harrow, and a laboratory. Dinner had been laid on a "What if there are?" larger thoroughfare. It did so presently, round table at one end of the room. This and at the corner she paused till the burn- was now pushed into a corner; they sat ing had left her eyes and her breath came in deep leather chairs with slim liquor evenly. Then she walked back toward the glasses of green creme de menthe on a theater, feeling an impatient irritation at stand between them, with a methyl lamp and eights.

Presently, however, she stopped, pug- Bersonin spoke. His voice was cold and recluse with whom she had talked yester- father lived all his life in the dread of gled. The theater was not there. The measured; the only sign of agitation was day sat a little way inside, while before blindness." street, too, had not the character of the one in the slow, spasmodic working of the blin, in an attitude of deepest attention. A faint sound came from him. She was

other street crossed at right angles. This need of help-of a kind-that you can give ing at him earnestly with his great myopic "He died before I was born." she tried with no better result. In the maze me. It will require certain qualities which of lantern lighted vistas she was com- I think you possess-which we possess in common. I have chosen you because you Just before her, at the side of the way, have daring and because you are not troustood a small temple with a recumbent bled with what the coward calls conscience -that fool's name for fear!"

Phil touched his dry lips with his tongue, I have as little of that as the next man, foxhead handle. In the doorway burned a he replied. "I never found I needed much." Bersonoin continued:

"What I have to say I can say without ferings of worshipers. Above this was sue- misgiving. For if you told it before the pended the mirror which is the invariable fact there is a possibility but one man in badge of a Shinto shrine. It was tilted at Japan who would think you sane; and if an eagle and tossed back the gilmmer of you told after-well, for your own safety, the candle flame. With a whimsical smile you will not tell it then! Your acceptance of my proposition will have a definite effect on your prospects, which, I believe, can scarcely be looked on as bright." Phil muttered an oath. "You needn't

remin me of that," he said with surly emphasis. "I've got about as much prospects as a coolle stevedore. Well, what of it?" Bersonin leaned forward, his hands on the stand. It rocked under his weight. "I have talked of money. I will show you a quick way to gain it-not by years, but by days!-such wealth as you have never "My weapons are a smile and a little dreamed, enough to make your brother poor beside you! Not only money, but power and place and honors. Is the stake big enough to play for"

Phil stared at him, fascinated. "What do you-want me to do?" He

almost gasped the words. The expert looked him in the eye a full

"Wait!" he said. "Wait!" He looked swiftly about the room. His eye rested on the bamboo cage and a quick gleam shot across his face. He opened the wire door and the little bird hopped to his finger. He moved a metal pen rack to the very center of the desk and perched the tiny creature on it. It burst into song, warbling full-throated, packed with melody. "You are lost," he said, "Come with Bersonin set the metal case a little distance away and adjusted it with minutest care.

"Sing, Dick!" he cried loudly; "sing! The song stopped. There had come a thrill in the air-a puff of icy wind on Phil's face-a thin chiming like a fairy He conducted her through a maze of cymbal. Phil sprang up with a cry. The narrow streets and pointed to the building, fluffy ball, with its metal perch, had utterly disappeared; only in the center of the Taking out her purse, she put a bill into desk was a pinch of reddish-brown powder his hand. "Thank you," she said, "and like the dust of an emery wheel, laid in feathery whorls.

above the lesser stature of the native less. It leaped now with an evil exultation. crowds. With him was a Japanese boy, "It means that I-Bersonin-have found who, she noted with surprise, was Ito, one what physicists have dreamed of for fifty of the house servants. Her heart jumped years! I have solved the secret of the love as she saw the relief spring to Daunt's and hatred of atoms! That box is the harness of a force beside which the engines

to him. "What a trouble I have been to made him wince. The amber eyes gift-

"At first I planned to sell it to the highin his. All his heart had leaped to meet est bidder among the powers. I was a them. In the moment of her anger he had fool to think of that! The nation that must wall me in a fortress! That would be the reward off Bersonin-the great Berwas-had seemed to carp at her like a sonin, who had wrested from nature the whining school boy, with cheap, left- most subtle of her secrets! But I am too who holds the key! It shall bring me many things, but first of these is money. must have funds-unlimited funds. The money I despise, except as a stepping stone, but the money you love and must have! Well, I offer it to you!"

Phil's heart was beating fast. The tension of the room had increased; a hundred suffocating atmospheres seemed pressing on it. "How-how-" he stammered.

Bersonin took a paper from his pocket, unfolded it and laid it on the stand. It was a chart of Yokohama harbor. A red square was drawn in the margin, and from across the anchorage. With his pencil the doctor wrote two words on the red square "The Boost."

Fhil shrank trembling into his chair. He seemed to see the other looking at him over clinking glasses at the club, while voices spoke from the next room. "What if one of those Dreadnaughts should go down in this friendly harbor!" It came from his lips in a thin whisper, almost without his volition-the answer to the A gleam like the fire of unholy altars

came in Bersonin's eyes. Not one-two! A bolt from a blue sky. that will echo over Europe! And what country; suspicion and alarm in ali. Rumore of war, fanned by the yellow press. The bottom dropping out of the market! It means millions at a single coup, for, in spite of diplomatic quibbles, the market is I'ke a cork. The Paris bourse is soaring. Wall Street will make a new record toagents are awaiting my word, I have many, nara." Sarbara broke the scal and held the Vienna and New York, and steel and Amer- is his bent political sconomy? was the sender and the knowledge fell like way! Money shall be dirt to you. The out it."

starred mirror above the tithe-box, had Phil's face had flushed and paied by been here a while, you will find that simunwittingly seen reflected there, in the turns. He looked at the expert with a ple charity in Japan is not apt to be a painfully exact chirography of a Japanese shivering fascination: "But there are- welcome thing.

telegraph clerk, the signature, "Austen there will be-ben aboard those ships * * "I am beginning to understand already," throat. BWEY.

it on the other's shoulder-its weight Yet hoy they grace them! The iron hand is She led the way along the stepping-stones

"Well?" he said, in a low intense voice, them."

CHAPTER XXV.

The Forgotten Man.

" He shuddered and wrenched his gaze she said, as they walked along the stepping stones, "that these gentle-mannered is to be dedicated this morning. The organ Bersonin put out his great hand and laid people do not lack the sterner qualities, is playing for the service now."

> seem to notice that I am disfigured!" She made no pretense of misunderstand-

Barbara pushed open the bamboo gate lng. "Believe me," she said gently, "it is of the temple garden, then paused. The no disfigurement, But I understand. My again:

in which she had left Daunt. She must great white fingers against the dark wood, stood the diminutive figure on the huge aware, without lifting her eyes to his, that window. They were putting it in place as her ship, eh? Rather singular coinhave taken the wrong turn. She walked "I have brought you here tonight," he clogs whose morning acquaintance she had he was staring at her strangely. "All his when I came a little while ago."

"I must go now," she said. "The chapel

seemed to be pressing him down into the here, but it has the velvet glove. Courtesy to the bamboo gate. As they approached, lations from vernacular newspapers, by member now!" he said in a low voice, chair.

chair. ** sang it to you * * that she could see the figure of the ambassador, eye view of comment and public opinion day!" "More," he answered. "This is the only with Mrs. Dandridge, among the kimone in faraway capitals. country I have seen in the world whose entering the chapel door. In the temple its tom mingled weirdly with the soaring har the mass of detail the leering imps that people, when I walk the street, do not tapping and the dulled, monetonous tommonies of the organ.

With her hand on the paling she spoke the margins of decorous despatches, chuck- and a day!" ling satirically

"One thing I didn't tell you. It was I "Barbara!" they sneered. "Mere acof my father. See, there is the memorial girls, don't they? Arrived the same day in the garden, when I first heard you cidence: What a flush she had when

She was not looking at Thorn, or she Voynich spoke of Phil's brother last night would have seen her face overspread with a at the tea house. Angry? Of course she

Daunt Listens to a Song.

forming intemperate antics.

now! Never * * * never!" CHAPTER XXVI.

The day had dawned sultry, with a promise of summer humidity, and Paunt was I thought no one but liaru and I was here. not surprised to find the barometer per-

That morning had seen his first trial of

his new fan-propeller, and the glider's ac- you were humming" She looked at him with a quick intake tion had surpassed his wildest expectation. of breath, then for answer began to sing, The flight, of which Barbara had caught in a voice that presently became scarce a slimpse from Thorn's garden, had been more than a whisper: against a sluggish upper current—but even that failed to bring its customary glow. Thereafter he had spent a long morning immersed in the work of the Chancery: the study of a disputed mining concession in Manchuria; a report on a contemplated issue of government bonds; a demand for a passport by a self-alleged rational, with spirits free nestled in creams pink block. a longer one than usual-quite twelve miles

away from me-I shall never have you a rhythm htat seemed to fit her thought-

slow and infinitely tender. "You!" he cried.

orable Fly-man!"

passport by a self-alleged national with girl's face nestled in creamy, pink blos-

She turned with a startled movement

"Fairly caught," she answered. "I don't often revert far enough to climb trees, but

that dissolved into low, delicious laughter.

Will you come and help me down, Hon-

"Wait-"he said. "What was the sons

a foreign accent and a paucity of natural- some-a sweet, shy, flushed face under a ization papers; the daily budget of trans- mass of curling, gold-bronze hair. "I re-"I am flattered!" she exclaimed. "The

But today Daunt could not exercise with day before yesterday you had forgotten that you ever saw poor little me! It was plagued him. They peered at him over the Mrs. Claybourne, of course, that you sang edge of the code-books and whispered from to! Yet you were my idol for a long month

"It was to you ' he said unsteadily. "I didn't know your name. But I never forwho built the chapel. It is in the memory quaintances often name steam yachts for got the song. I remembered it that night

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Island of Enchantment.

They walked together around the curving road, leaving Haru with the teabasket, "Patny would have come," Barbara had said. "but she is in the clutches of her dressmaker." And Daunt had an-

swered, "I have a distinct regard for that

Chinaman! His black mood had vanished, and the icering imps had flown. In the brightness of her physical presence, how baseless and foolish seemed his sullen imaginings! What man who owned a steam yacht, knowing her, would not wish to name it the Barbara?

The sky was duller now. Its marvelous haze of blue and gold had turned pallid, and the sun glared with a pale, yellowish effrontery. A strange sighing was in the air, so faint, however, that it seemed only the stirring of innumerable leaves, the resinous rasping of pine needles and the lisping fall of the flaming petals from the century-old camella trees, that stained the ground with hot, bleeding red. At a turn in the road stood a stone image of Jizo, with a red paper bib about its neck. Before it lay three small rice cakes; somewhere in the neighborhood was a little sick child, 3 years old. At its base were heaps of tiny stones, plied by mothers whose little children had died.

They went laughing like two children, down the zigzag stone steps, past innumerable uomitei-crimson-benched "resting houses," where grave Japanese pedestrians sat eating stewed cels and chipping hard-boiled eggs-to the rocky edge of the tide, which now rolled in with a measured. sullen booming. He pointed to a gloomy fissure which ran into the mountain at a "O maiden, journeying to Holy Ben-

ten," he said, "behold her shrine!" "How disillusioning!"

"People find love so, sometimes," She slowly shook her head, "Not all of them," she said softly. "I am old fashioned enough not to believe that." Her brown eyes were wistful and a little troubled, and her voice was so adorable that he could have gone on his knees to her.

"We will ask Ben-ten about it," he said. "Oh, but not 'we!" she cried. "I must go alone Don't you know the legend? People quarrel if they go together.'

"I can't imagine quarreling with you. I'd rather quarrel with myself." "That would be difficult, wouldn't it?" "Not in some of my moods. Ask my

head-boy. Today, for instance-" "Well?" For he had paused. "I was meditating self-destruction when I met you." "By what interesting method, I wonder?"

"I was about to search for a volcano to "I thought the nearest active crater is 100 miles away."

"So it is, but I'm an absent-minded beg-She laughed, "May I ask what inspired today's suicidal mood?"

"It was-a telegram." "Oh!" She colored faintly. "I-I hope it held no bad news."

He looked into her eyes, "I hope not." he said. Something else was on his tongue, when "Look!" she exclaimed. "How strange the sea looks off there!" A sinister, whitish bank, like a mad drift

of smoke, lay far off on the water, and a tense, whistling hum came from the upper air. A drop of water splashed on Daunt's wrist. "There's going to be a blow," he said. "The seaweed gatherers are all coming in, too. Hen-ten will have to wait, I'm ufraid. See-even her high priest is forsaking her!" From where they stood steps were

roughly hewn into the rock, winding across the face of the cliff. Heside these, stone pillars were socketed, carrying an iron chain that hung in rusted festoons. Along this precarious pathway from the cavera an old man was hastily coming, followed by a boy with a sagging bundle tied in a white cloth, "That parcel, no doubt," said Daunt, "contains the day's offerings. Wait! You're not going?" For she had started down the steps.

She had turned to answer, when, with the window with a tender radiance, gilding the her, by the way? Two days? Really, spattering them with drops that struck the rock as if hurled from a sling full of melted metal. Barbara had never in her life experienced anything like its ferocity. It both startled and angered her, like a personal affront Washington which must be delivered in

Daunt had sprung to her side and was shouting something. But the words were indistinguishable; she shook her head and went on stubbornly, clinging to the chain, a whiri of blown garments. She felt him grasp her arm.

was trying to run away-from something "Go back!" she shricked. "It's-bad-Kamakura an immediate answer to

As he released her there came a second's menacing luit, and in it she sprang down and to kill the time he stroked far down the curved beach. Daunt knew a tea the steps and ran swiftly out along the pathway. He was after her in an instant, couse on the very lip of the cliff, the Kinkl-ro-"Inn of the Golden Turtle"-and overtaking her on a frail board treatle that spanned a pool, where the cliff was perpendicular. Here the wind, shaggy with In the heavy beat the low the roof looked spums, hurled them together. Daunt threw cool and inviting. Tall soft-eyed tris were standing in its garden overlooking the an arm about her, clinging with the other water, and against the green their velvety hand to the wooden railing. Her hair was leaves made vivid splashes of golden blue. a reddish swirt across his shoulder and her On a dead tree two black craws were breath, panting against his throat, ridged his skin with a creeping delight. The rocks quarreling and cherry-petals powdered the beneath them through whose fissures the sky, seemed to wrap everything in a tongues of water ran screaming, was the color of raspberries and tawny with seaword. There was only a wetrd, yellow halflight, through which the gale howled and souffied, like dragons fighting. A slather had once leved. He pushed open the gute

I wave licked the bulsted framework. she caught was: "Must-cave-next full-She nedded her head and her lips smiled at him through the confused obscurity. A thrill swept her like silver rain. Pulse on pulse, an emotion like fire and snow in one

(To Be Continued.)



HARU AND BARBARA.

a handle like a lorgnette. classics and the true divinity of the uni- him?" It is too sweet for youthful teeth. One of these days you will be carried to a dentist, an esteemed person with horrible the lane, where, beyond the bedge, a man tools, prior to the removal of a small hell, was passing, half-singing, half chanting to containing several myriads of lost souts, himself in a repressed, sepulchral voice.

from the left side of your lower jaw!" Barbara's foot grated on a pebble and girl," she added, "so I know really very he rose with a startled quickness. The little about nim." youngster bent double, his face preternaturally grave. Thorn thrust the glass into space where the roofs sank out of sight-

his sleeve and smiled. He also knows many damnable facts about of a day at Fort Logan when a brave figures which they teach in school. He Young lieutenant had crashed to death be- asked. "And Buddhists believe the spirits has just propounded a question that Con- fore her eyes in a shuttered acroplane.

from a low temple entrance. She did not you-nothing. Yet if you join hands with time," Thorn replied. "He keeps a shop, that evening denied. She had guessed who shall got more. Trust me to know the him, for he can't imagine existence with new chanci across the way.

pleasure cities of every continent shall be "What a pity! I would be so glad to- pression on Thorn's face. He seemed, And alas, on Daunt's also. For, as she your playgrounds. You shall have your do you think I could give them some-He shook his head. "After you have

eye, through a heavy glass mounted with She glanced at him as she spoke, for his whiteness like that of death. He stood as if was! What engaged girl likes to have the "My son," he said, "why will you persist was a deep furrow in his forehead which chapel's eastern side, striking through its ticing on another man? And how about suddenness of an explosion, a burst of burned into the side street. But I felt this a fine, needle-like ray pointed out in eating ame, when I have taught you look like open casements, lighted the fridescent rose- the telegram? How long have you known wind fell on them like a flapping weight.

"No, he was dark. I am like my mother." of inquiry. "My mother died, too, when I was a little

to the foliaged slope of Aoyama. Suddenly painted from this-the only picture I have lower buy. In his heart he knew that he "I am experimenting on this oriental raw a farili. a curicusty complex motion, ran of my father." material," he said, "to illustrate certain over her. Above those far freetops, sailtheories of my own. Ishikichi-San, though ing in alow, sweeping, concentric circles, a slave to the sweetment dealer. Is a she saw a great machine, like a giguntic name carved on its lid. "Barbara-Barbara learned infant. He can write forty Chinese vulture. She knew instantly what it was, Fairfax!" he said. She thought his lips characters and recits ten texts of Moncius, and there flushed before her the memory shock under the gray mustache.

fucius was too wise to answer: 'Why is If Daunt were to fall-what would it poverty?" Not being so wise as the Chi- mean to her! In that instant the garden ness sage I attempted its elucidation. Thus about her, Thorn, the blue sky above. morrow. In London, consols are at 92. My endeth our lesson today, Ishikichi. Sayo- faded, and she stared dismayed into a guif see it through a hundred existences!" in whose shadows furked the disastrous, for that is safer. I shall spread selling. Barbara looked after him smilingly, "Is the terrifying, the irreparable. "I love glad you think that," she said. orders over five countries-British bonds in linkicht in straitened circumstances? Or him: I love him!"-it seemed to peat like a temple hell through her brain. Even to herself she could never deny it again?

She became aware of music near at Looking up, she was struck by the ex-

recollection. It brought to her mind that I can not but remember such things were. That were most precious to me!

tone had been muffled and isdistinct. There frozen to marble. The morning sun on the fact paraded-especially when she's pracdull yellow aureole about the head of the now!" Thorn was looking away from her, toward Master and giving life and glow to the The weekly government pouch had closed face beside Him-dark, beardless and pas- at noon, and pouch days were half holisignately tender-at which Thorn was star- days, but Daunt did not go to the eming, with what seemed almost an agong, bassy. An official letter had arrived from

"St. John," she said softly, "'the dis- Kamakura. Daunt seized this excuse, ciple whom Jesus loved." She drew from plunged feroclously into tweeds and an She was looking out across the wide the bosom of her dress the locket she al- hour afterward found himself in a rallway ways were and opened it. "The face was His hand twitched as he took it. He looked at it iong and earnestly-at the At Kamakura an immediate an ionicoming.

> "You-are a Buddhist, are you not?" she of the dead are always about us. Do you think-perhaps-he sees the Chapel?" He put her locket into her hands hastily "God?" he said, as if to himself. "He will

In the Chapel the bishop's gaze kindled paths like pink hall. The hase, sifting from as it went out over the kneeling people. "We beserch Thee, that in this place now vast, shimmering well. At the hedre he set opart to Thy service, Thy hely name panced an instant. Some one, somewhere, may be worshiped in truth and purity was humming, low-voiced, an air that he

Her eyes were molet and shining. 'I am

The voice of the bishop carried across and went on into the treratious radiance. the lane and entered the window of a Then he stopped short. temple loft, where a man sat, still and Barbara was sented above him in the gray and quiet. He threw himself on his fork of a low camelia tree, one arm laid listening, to be held captive by some dire face with a terrible cry.

brough his generations."

She rose with a sudden swelling of the in all these weary years! You have grown across the bay, and the hummed song had

out along a branch, her green gown blend-"My child!" he cried in a breaking voice, inc with a bamboo thicket benind her and "My little, little child, whom they have her vivid face framed in the blossoms. She robbed me of-whom I have never known sat. chin in hand, looking dreamily ou

carriage thudding gloomily toward the

that nevertheless traveled with him.

he bent his steps laxily in its direction.

thrilled and citiled her.