



CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

He turned and strode out of the doorway, smoking carelessly, leaped over the low fence, and went slowly back along the track.

"She knows," he thought, "and will call me back directly. Bit put out. Well, I have neglected her, but—"

He laughed to himself, and went on, longing to look back, but no voice recalled him.

Had he turned his head he would have seen nothing, for Genie had drawn back further into the back of the room, and watched him from there.

"Why does he want that?" she said, thoughtfully, and she shook her head, as she watched till Saintone was out of sight, nothing being farther from her thoughts than the intention of calling him back.

Meanwhile Saintone walked slowly on, with an angry feeling growing in his breast.

"She is one of them. She as good as owned to it one day. Then she has a reason for refusing and for being so cold. Well, perhaps I can manage without her after all; but what does she mean?"

He went thoughtfully back to the town, making the discovery suddenly that he was hot and thirsty, and on the strength of this he turned off and went straight to his friend's house in search of the refreshment he needed.

Defrard was lying asleep in the shadowed room. Saintone entered, and stood up on being rudely shaken.

"Hum and some water," said Saintone, throwing himself into a chair, and as soon as he had partaken of a hearty drink from the glass brought in by a grinning negro, he lit a fresh green cigar.

"Well," said Defrard, drowsily, "found out all you wanted?"

"No."

"Wouldn't she take you?"

"Turned sulky because I hadn't been to see her. Pretended she knew nothing. I'm sure she goes to their meetings, and I'll find out somehow if it's only to meet her. Now, what shall I do? They keep all so quiet among them that it's harder than I thought."

"Pay one of the nigger priests, he'll let you into it."

"I don't know," said Saintone, thoughtfully; "besides what am I to find out? Their meetings are forbidden by the law, and as soon as I begin to make inquiries they'll grow suspicious."

"I know," Try fat Mahme out yonder at the store."

"What does she know?"

"More than you think. She's mixed up with them. Finds them in rum for parties. I believe that, quiet as she is, she is one of them—sort of priestess. At any rate, she's a regular confidante of all the blacks about here. They go to her and meet at her place, and hatch half their schemes there. I believe nearly all the bits of deviltry started under her roof."

"No harm in trying her," said Saintone thoughtfully. "She must know at all events where they meet. Yes, I think you are right, but she wouldn't speak. Too much mixed up with them."

"Open her mouth with the golden key."

"Right, I will. Come along."

"It's," said Defrard, shrinking.

"Yes; come on at once. She shall take us to one of their feasts, and we'll see what it's like. I think that it's worth the trouble."

"But—" began Defrard.

"Come on," cried Saintone, and tossing off the remainder of his refreshing drink, he literally dragged his host into the road, down which they walked away into a suburb of cottages which had sprung up, and was continued to where Dulat's home had once stood, the pretty erection being superseded now by a plain, business-looking building, about which, and under the shade of the trees, quite a little crowd of blacks were lolling and idling about, some smoking, some drinking, and all the rest doing nothing after the fashion of a free negro with all his might."

To a close observer the result of their appearance was amusing. The negroes, who had been laughing and chattering together like so many children, became silent, their faces grew stolid and sleepy, and all appeared to be utterly ignorant of the approach of the two creoles.

Saintone knew their ways too well to notice this more than to feel convinced that Defrard was right, and that this assumed ignorance was the childish cloak for something they wished to hide.

He walked right on toward the open door, from which a showy-looking negro of two or three-and-thirty came to meet them, and pointed to seats in the broad veranda, by a long, rough table.

"No," said Saintone, carelessly. "Too hot out here. We'll come inside."

He walked into a low, long room, half general shop, half cabaret, where a broad counter stretched across one end and clumsy imitation of the French fashion. Behind it, seated on a raised cushioned chair, was a stout, good-looking middle-aged woman, fair enough for a quadroon. She was showily dressed, and wore, half hidden in the thick folds of her neck, a great necklace; several rings were embedded in her fat fingers, and rather tastily twisted turban fashion about her voluminous gray locks was a gorged red and yellow silk kerchief.

As the two young men entered, she felt herself bound to rise from her seat to welcome guests of a better class than those to which she was accustomed, smiling and bowing as they both raised their straw hats; but she sat down again directly, an example followed by the visitors at a table close to the end of the buffet, a glance around showing them that place was quite empty, save that a big broad-shouldered negro sat in one corner with his arms upon the table and his head down, apparently asleep. In fact his hands were clasped over the gloom of the place, with its two small windows, shaded by blinds that Defrard did not realize his presence.

"Hot day for walking, madame," said Saintone. "Give us two cool drinks."

"Yes, too, for gentlemen to walk," was the reply, as the two plump hands busied themselves with a bottle, glasses and a great pitcher of cold water. "Here, where is that girl?"

"No, no, don't call her," said Saintone, rising. "I'll take them. Madame is quite well?"

As he spoke he leaned toward her, pointing quickly at the negro in the corner, and signed toward the door.

The hostess grasped his meaning quickly enough, as she replied with politeness that she was never better than she was now, when a real gentleman con-

both, and I will give you that."

The woman shook her head and drew back.

Saintone laughed again. "Be quiet. I won't," he said, in reply to a whispered prayer from his companion to give up. Then, taking out a second piece he placed it on the first. "Now will you?" he whispered.

The woman's eyes glistened with a singular look of greed, but she shook her head.

Saintone placed a third piece on the others without avail. Then a fourth a fifth, and on and on till nine glistening coins were lying in a little pile; and the woman shrank from them, and tried to avert her eyes, which kept on returning as if by the strong attraction of the bright metal.

"Give it up," whispered Defrard again; but, with his teeth hard set, and a look of stubborn determination increasing in his countenance, Saintone took out another coin and added it to the little pile still held out upon the counter as she said.

"There," he whispered, "ten. More than you will make here in this wretched place in weeks, now will you take us?"

A sudden spasm seemed to convulse the woman's face, and in spite of her heaviness her action was quick as lightning. The coins had hardly rested there till he had spoken, when Mahme's hand darted down upon his and closed upon the coins pinning him upon the counter as she said hoarsely:

"I take no risk of what happens. If they kill you, your blood be upon your own head. I have warned you."

"You will take us both to the first fair or meeting these people have," said Saintone coolly, "contrive that we see everything."

"Everything?" she whispered, with a look of awe in her eyes.

"Everything, even to the sacrifice," he said, with a mocking look at her.

She nodded.

"And if I want you to hurry on my initiation you will help me in that?"

She nodded again.

"That's right," he said, withdrawing his hand. "When shall we come?"

"To-night," she whispered; "two hours after it is dark."

"So soon? Am I to swear secrecy?"

said Saintone, with a mocking laugh.

"There will be no need," replied the woman meaningly. "You will not tell tales after; for you will be one of them, and it would be betraying yourself."

"But if I do?"

"Those who fight against the serpent die. Now go."

"Yes, we will go now," said Saintone, taking his glass and relighting the cigar which he had gone out to smoke. "Julie, old fellow, we are refreshed and ready to continue our walk."

"Adein, madame—Mahme, I mean."

He raised his hat, Defrard followed his example, and followed him out into the sunshine, and past the smiling negroes and one group of blacks, who once more went through their scene of assumed ignorance of their presence.

(To be continued.)

WEALTH IN TEETH FILLINGS.

Dentists' Offices Yield Quite a Sum a Month.

The gold which is taken from teeth which have been filled or which is filed or scraped from the gold used in making tooth-crowns or new gold fillings is no inconsiderable item for a dentist to consider. A New York dentist recently told a reporter that the sweepings from his carpet netted him \$35 in a single month. The little scraps of gold that remain after many operations are gathered in bottles and sold at a fair price to the dealers from whom gold is obtained. In some cases the gold is mixed with some other metal, or with dust, but all of it has a commercial value. The price paid by dealers is, of course, much less than that asked for the sheets of gold bought by the dentist.

Gold is used in dental operations is of several degrees of fineness. Fourteen-carat gold has its uses in the making of tooth plates, and other finer gold is also used. A purchase of gold to the value of several hundred dollars at one time is not unusual with a busy member of the profession. Where assistants are employed by a dentist in the manufacture of teeth, the amount which they are to use is weighed out to them and a record is kept of the amount which is used. The sweepings from the laboratory often contain much valuable metal. Even the coats of those who are at work on the gold are carefully brushed and many particles of the precious metal removed and preserved. A vial containing bits of gold mixed with other metals did not present an attractive appearance when it was recently shown in a New York dentist's office, but the contents of the vial were said to be valued at \$25. The dentist, of course, does not allow any reduction in the amount of his charges on account of the small bits of gold which he may preserve from a sheet which is set aside for use in a particular case, but when taken in the aggregate the small pieces of shining metal have a considerable value.

Japan's First Queue Cutter.

"At 'tiffin' here a few days ago I met a remarkable Chinese gentleman, a Mr. Yano Jiro. In his early life Mr. Yano was attached as a samurai to the house of the tycoon. As a youth he conceived a strong desire to see something of the western world. He had seen the marvels which Commodore Perry presented to Japan in 1854, and he wished to see more. He went traveling. He visited France, and returned home by way of the United States. At that time he wore a complete Japanese dress, the old queue and two swords. He was an object of great interest wherever he went. On his return home he was so stocktoned with the laboratory ideas that he invented a sort of European-Japanese dress which gave him great fame. He was the first male fashion reformer in Japan, and the style which he introduced was subsequently followed by the full European costume in some quarters. Not only this, but one of the first things that Mr. Yano did on reaching home was to cut off his queue. He thinks that he was the pioneer in this direction, for the government caused him to be at once punished by confinement in his own house for quite a period. To-day the queue has no place in Japan. I have only seen about a half-dozen in use in all my travels here.—Col. Cockerill's Japan letter to New York Herald.

"I do want to try and take some position among my people."

"And stand up on the shoulders of the blacks? Well, they are very hard."

"You take an unfair view of the matter, Mahme. My father was a brave man, and one of the great patriots of the country."

The woman half closed her eyes, and nodded her head slowly.

"And I, his son, wish to tread in his steps."

"Give it up," whispered Defrard. "She is right. I've heard that before."

"The very reason why I shall go," said Saintone, coolly, "only they had better not begin. But there will be nothing to do."

"It is a spying trick, Mahme."

"I tell you I mean to join them—to that."

"Perhaps they are. Come, no nonsense."

"And if there are they must be dangerous. Fine gentlemen cannot join with these people. It is some spying trick. Who sent you here?"

"It is a spying trick, Mahme. I tell you I mean to join them for the change and excitement of the thing. Come, now, what will you cost?"

"Perhaps your life—and his," said the woman in a low whisper, that was startling in its intensity.

Defrard started, and looked aghast, but Saintone laughed.

"Nonsense!" he said. "I am not afraid. Come, don't let me waste time. Tell me what it will cost to see the whole business of one of their meetings. You see you know all about it."

"For the health of the hostess; and her looks and ways were so intense that Saintone forgot her half ludicrous form and dress as he felt that this was no common woman with whom he had to deal. "But this is impossible. There are no such things."

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