



CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

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

"She knows," he thought, "and will call me back directly. But 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 looked at him as he 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 that she was not so hot and that she was on the strength of this he turned off and went straight to his friend's house in search of the refreshment he needed.

Deffard was lying asleep in the shaded room when Saintone entered, and started up on being rudely shaken.

"Run and come 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 negress, he lit a fresh green cigar.

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

"No."

"Wouldn't she take you?"

"Turned sulkily because I hadn't been to see her. Pretended she knew nothing. I'm sure she goes to these meetings."

"I'll find out somehow if it's only to meet her. Now, what shall I do? They keep it all so quiet among them that it's harder than I thought."

"Pay one of the nigger priests, he'll tell you."

"I don't know," said Saintone, thoughtfully, "besides how am I to find out one? 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 their feasts. 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 devilry started under her roof."

"No harm in trying her," said Saintone thoughtfully. "She must know all about 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."

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

"But—" began Deffard.

"Come on," cried Saintone, and tossing off the remainder of his cigar, he dragged her, he literally dragged her host into the road, down which they walked, away into a suburb of cottages which had sprung up, and was continued to where Dulan'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 loitering 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 Deffard was right, and that this assumed ignorance was the childish cloak for something they wished to hide. He walked right on up toward the open door, from which a showy-looking negress, about middle-aged woman, fair enough for a quadroon. She was slowly 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 tastefully twisted turban fashion about her slightly gray locks was a gorgeous red and yellow silk kerchief.

As the two young men entered, she felt herself bound to rise from her seat to welcome guests of her 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 at the place, and then a big broad-shouldered negro sat in one corner with his arms upon the table and his head down, apparently asleep. In fact his head harmonized so well with the gloom of the place, with its two small windows, shaded by blinds that Deffard did not realize his presence.

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

"Yes; too hot for gentlemen to walk," was the reply, as the two pamp 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-

descended to honor her house with a visit to rest and refresh himself. Then she looked sharply toward the corner and said a few words sharply in one of the West African dialects.

The result was that the negro grew suddenly wide awake, there was a gleam of white teeth, the flash of a pair of opal eyes, and then, his big, slouching broad-shouldered figure was seen framed in the doorway, and they were alone.

"Monsieur Saintone has had something stolen, and he wants Mahme to try and get it back," said the woman.

"Hah! delicious!" said Saintone, setting down his glass half empty. Deffard, uttering a sigh of satisfaction over his, as he sat holding it in his hand.

"The water is just cold and fresh from the spring," said the woman, offering a glass. Then, as they were taken, and she struck a light to offer it in turn, she continued, "Monsieur may speak now. There is no one to hear. Is it money or a watch?"

"Neither, Mahme," said Saintone, lowering his voice. "Look here, my friend and I want to attend one of the Vaudois meetings—a feast of whatever it is."

"Vaudois? Ah, yes," said the woman, in the most unmoved way. "Vaudois? Yes, I have heard of them. In the middle of the island, are they not?"

"Come," said Saintone, raising her be-ringed hands; and her ways and manners were strikingly French. "I sit here always, only leave my chair to go to my rest."

"But the people come to see you."

"Yes, as you have," she said, smiling and showing her regular teeth.

"And you will take us to one?"

"I?" she cried, with a little laugh, but always speaking in a whisper. "What do I know of such things?"

"Come," said Saintone, laying his hand upon her plump fingers; "we are fencing. You know all we want to know."

"Oh, no, no, no, no," she said quickly; "nothing, nothing."

"That will do," said Saintone, mockingly. "I don't mean you to do it for nothing. I want to attend one of the meetings first, and then I mean to join them."

"You! You mean it?" she whispered eagerly.

"Yes, and my friend here, too. Ah, you see you do know."

"Come, don't let Monsieur Deffard, too, want to know of such things?" she said eagerly, and with a very intense look from one to the other.

"For the same reason that hundreds of others do," replied Saintone quietly. "Come, I shall pay you to see us through it all."

"No, no, it is impossible. There are no such things."

"Yes, there are. Come, no nonsense."

"And if there are they must be dangerous to these people. It is some spying trick. Who sent you here?"

"It is no spying trick, Mahme. I tell you I mean to join them for the change and excitement of the thing. Come, now, what will it cost?"

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

Deffard started, and looked aghast, but Saintone laughed.

"Nonsense!" he said. "I am not afraid. Come, don't let us 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."

"Perhaps," said the hostess; and her looks and ways were so intense that Saintone forgot to let her see the gold in his pocket, as he felt that this was no common woman with whom he had to deal. "But no, it is impossible. You laugh, but the risks are terrible. I tell you that if they thought strangers were among them, these strangers would never come away alive."

"Give it up," whispered Deffard. "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 of that. I'll pay you I mean to join them—to be one of them."

"What for?" said the woman, with her eyes lighting up and gazing into his searchingly.

"Because I feel that the black party are being oppressed and trampled down, both by the whites and the colored people; because I consider we ought here to be all equal under one good government."

"And because Monsieur Etienne Saintone wants to be that government, and he is a great leader, as his father did before him," said the woman, in a quick, sharp whisper.

Saintone stared at her, so sudden had been the change.

"Nonsense!" he said, "but what do you know about it?"

"That he was shot—perhaps in trying to do what his son wishes."

"Look here," began Saintone, angrily. "There are people outside, and they have big ears," said the woman, quietly. "Yes, I know. Well, then, I'll be frank with you."

"Better so."

"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 large."

"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 said slowly.

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

"Ah?" said the woman, wrinkling her brow, and gazing at him strangely.

"I shall join the Vaudois, and study the position and wants of the black race—fight for them, in fact."

"And go to their feasts and drink yourself drunk, and join in all their strange revels?"

"Mahme, I am a gentleman, the son of a gentleman," said he, young man proudly. "I know myself. Now, then, you stand high among the people—the black race."

A vivid color came into the woman's face, and her eyes flashed, but she made no sign, and Saintone did not notice the change in the obscurity of the long, low, shadowy room as he went on.

"Now, then, will you take me to the first of these feasts and let me see all?"

"No."

Saintone laughed to himself, and thrusting his hand into his pocket, he took out a gold piece and placed it in his palm, holding it out over the buffet counter.

"There," he said, "I told you I did not want you to do it for nothing. Take us

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 Deffard 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 bar.

"There," he whispered, "ten. More than you will make for me in a week's place in weeks, now you will take up."

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 spoke, when Mahme's hand darted down upon his and closed upon the coins, planning his 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 feast or meeting these people have?" said Saintone, coolly, "convinced that we see everything."

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

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

"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, "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, drawing his glass and relighting the cigar which had gone out. "Come, Jules, old fellow, we are refreshed and ready to continue our walk," he said aloud.

"Adieu, madame—Mahme, I mean."

He raised his hat, Deffard followed his example, and followed him out into the sunshine, and past the smiling negress 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 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 metal 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 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 stocked with western ideas that he invented a sort of European-Japanese dress which gave him great fame. He was the first male dress 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.

By the Aid of Electricity.

Experiments have been tried with the object of ascertaining the effects of the electric current on cane juice. A German scientist reports that a better product is obtained at much less cost and labor. The precise method is not given, further than the statement that a current of electricity is passed through the cane-juice, purifying and cleansing it far better than any known process of clarifying has hitherto done.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

PRIQUE, the national Mexican drink, is a dangerous intoxicant, and Mexico may pass a law making it punishable by death to raise cactus, from which pulque is made.

It is proposed to prohibit the sale of glass lamps for burning kerosene in England, on account of the danger of their exploding. They killed twenty-five people in London last year.

There is nothing new under the sun—not even bloomers. A party of tourists happened on a bunch of Tigger Indians, the very owners of the red remnants, and found the women attired in veritable bloomers. What will the new woman say now?

From official statistics collected in Baltimore it appears that only one person of every ten who die leaves property, and that two-thirds of the property owners hold only 10 per cent. of the property. In the same connection the Boston Herald notes the fact that in Massachusetts savings banks four-fifths of the depositors have only a quarter of the deposits.

Mr. CORTWELL, of London, in the course of a paper read before the Scientists' Convention at Springfield, Mass., predicted that in 1930 the population of the big cities of the world would approximate the figures: London, 8,344,000; Paris, 3,308,585; New York, 6,337,500; Berlin, 3,422,231; Chicago, 7,797,640; Philadelphia, 1,856,100; St. Petersburg, 1,470,833.

A recent paper gave an account of an arrangement of electric wires, by which in India a man hoped that a snake intending to enter his house would receive a fatal shock; and we can see what a blessing such an arrangement would be, when we learn that in 1893, 21,213 human beings and 5,193 cattle were killed in India by snake bites, notwithstanding 117,120 snakes were killed in the course of the year.

The English Society for the Protection of Birds appears to have made a total failure of its crusade against the cruelty of feathers in the female tail. The British plume is composed of bird-of-paradise feathers and osprey tips, and one firm in London has decorated 720,000 British females with these evidences of cruelty. The fashion, however, will not last, as the supply of birds is almost exhausted.

Here is a modest allusion to Chicago in the News of that city: "She has been burned out of existence in a day and fastened on the ashes; she has built a dreamland for the world to play in and thought little of the achievement; she has essayed a drainage canal, and before the people merely know of it the bulk of the gigantic enterprise is completed and the glorification exercises are over. This is not boasting; it is a modest recording of a glittering, sparkling, radiating fact. It is a meekly testimonial of the grand, whooping, erup, rip-roaring vastness of the greatest aggregation of human souls ever brought together under one municipal canopy."

The Toledo Blade gives the testimony of a druggist that calisaya drunkards are rapidly increasing in number. He says: "The unfortunate victims of the calisaya habit ignorantly think that in Calisaya they have found a drink which has the stimulating effects of whiskey without any of its physical penalties, when the fact is that they are practically only adding the spur of quinine and soda at the same time, and the result is a deadly poison."

A man with a calisaya jag is sincerely to be pitied. He is just a little short of being a raving maniac. His ears ring like an anvil from the effects of the quinine, while his blood riots through his brain like a mill race at the bidding of the alcohol.

COMMANDER MCGIFFEN, of the Chinese battleship Chen-Yuen, at the fight of the Yalu, agrees with Captain Mahan, historian of the fighting ship in all ages "that the result of the conflict shows that armor was a better protection than is always indicated by the experiments on the testing ground, and that it holds its own against the heaviest projectiles when it is to the time it is possible to hurt against it. But with this success for thick armor comes the failure of minor steel protection. The gun shields and conning tower of one and two inches of steel were simply man traps." On board the Tsi-Yuen, the consort of Commander McGiffen's flagship, the Tsen-Yuen, the conning tower, pierced by a comparatively light projectile, did not protect one of its inmates, and was itself torn to shreds.

The North Atlantic Pilot Chart, issued by the Hydrographic Bureau at Washington in July 1891, publishes the following easily remembered lines: June, too soon; July, stand by; August, look out you must; September, remember; October, all over. The Bureau admits that the collection of further data it had on hand at that time indicates a necessity for a revision of the chart, and publishes the further statement that the especially dangerous months for the following easily remembered lines: June, too soon; July, stand by; August, look out you must; September, remember; October, all over. The Bureau admits that the collection of further data it had on hand at that time indicates a necessity for a revision of the chart, and publishes the further statement that the especially dangerous months for the following easily remembered lines: June, too soon; July, stand by; August, look out you must; September, remember; October, all over. 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