French scholar who disappear een years before. The man wa ui of her secluded life has led the girl to

SECOND INSTALLMENT. PARTING IN THE GARDEN. 66 TY THAT about your mother?" he asked her, "Is she-?"

"She is dead," the girl told him, with a drop in her voice.

And after a long moment of silence, "When I was so little-but I remember her, O indeed, I do. She was French, monsieur." "O! And so you--"

I am French-Turk," she whispered back. "That is very often so-in the harems of Cairo. She was so lovely," said the girl wistfully. "My father must have loved her very much; he never brought another wife here. Always I lived alone with my old nume and the governesses.'

"You had-lessons?"

"O, nothing but lessons-all of that world which was shut away so soon. French and English and music and the philosophy-O, we Turks are what you call blue stockings, monsieur, shut away with our books and our dreams. And our memories—we are so young and already the real world is a memory. Sometimes," she said, with a tremor of suppressed passion in her still little tones, "I could wish that I had died when I was very young and so happy when my father took me traveling in Europe. I played games on the decks of the ships. I had my tea with the English children. I went down into the hold to play with their dogs."

She broke off, between a laugh and a sigh. Dogs are forbidden to Moslems-but of course, you know, if you have been here two years. And emancipated as we may be, there is no changing the customs. We must live as our grandmothers lived, though we are not as our grandmothers are."

"With a French mother, you must be very far from what some of your grandmothers

"My poor French mother!" whimsically the girl sighed. "Must I blame it on her-the spirit that took me to the ball? Tomorrow this will be a dream to me. I shall not believe in my shamelessness. And you, too, must forget-

"Forget?" said Ryder under his breath. "Forget-and go. Positively you must go died in her throat.

"It is." There was a light dancing in his hazel eyes. "It is more dangerous every

"But I mean-" her confusion betrayed

"But I mean—that you are magic—black magic," he murmured, bending over the black

The crescent moon had found its way through a filigree of boughs. Faintly its exploring ray lighted the contour of that shrouded head, touched the lovely curves of her arched brows and the tender pallor of the skin about those great wells of dark eyes. From his own eyes a flame seemed to pass into hers. Breathlessly they gazed at each other like dim shadows in a garden of still

tried to slip away. "Truly, I must go! It is cerned. so late-"

Ryder's heart was pounding within him. He did not recognize this state of affairs; it was utterly unrelated to anything that had gone before in his merry, humorous, rather clear sighted, and very young life. He felt dazed and wondering at himself, and irresponsible, and appalled; but deeper than all

else, he felt eager and exultant and strange-ly, furtively determined about something that he was not owning to himself, something that leaped off his lips in the low murmur to her, "but tomorrow night-I shall

see you again-She caught her breath. "O, never again; Tonight has no tomorrow-

"Outside this gate," he persisted, "I shall wait—and other nights after that. For I must know-if you are safe."

See, I am very safe now. For if I were missed there would be running and confu-

He only drew a little closer to her. "Tomorrow night-or another-I shall be wait-

She moved her head in denial, "Neither tomorrow nor another night."

He only drew a little closer to her. "Tonorrow night-or another-I shall come to this door---"

"It must not open to you. It is a forbidden door-forbidden as that fortieth door a shook out the pale, flowered chiffon of her doors in your life, monsieur, that you may open, but this is the forbidden-"

"I shall be waiting," he insisted. "Tomorrow night, or another-

She moved her head in denial.

Again their eyes met. He bent over her. He knew a gleam of sharpest wonder at himself as his arms went swiftly round that shrouding drapery, and then all duality of consciousness was blotted out in the rush of his young madness. For within that drapery was the soft, human sweetness of her; his arms tightened, his face bent close, and through the sheer gauze of her veil his lips pressed her lips.

Some one was coming down the walk. Footsteps crunched the gravel.

Like a wraith the girl was out of his arms. In anger or alarm, his whirling senses could not know, although it was their passionate concern. But his last gleam of prudence got him through the gate he heard her locking

And then, for her sake, he fled.

Nearer sounded the footsteps on the graveled walk, and in frightened haste the girl drew out the key from the gate and slipped away into the shrubbery, grateful for the blotting shadows. At the foot of a rose bush she crouched to thrust the key into a hole in the loose earth, covering the top and drawing the low branches over it.

"Aimée," came a guarded call, "Aimée!" Still stooping, she tried to steal through the bushes, but the thorns held her and she stood up, pulling at her robes.

"Yes, Mirlam?" she said faintly, and desperately freeing herself, she hurried forward towards the dark, bulky figure of her old nurse, emerging now into the moonlight.

"Alhamdolillah—Glory to God!" ejaculated the old woman, but cautiously under her breath. "Come quickly-he is here-thy father! And thou in the garden, at this hour! But come," and urgently she gripped the girl's wrist as if afraid that she would vanish again into the shadows of the shrub-

Aimée felt her knees quake under her "My father!" she murmured, and her voice

Had he discovered? Had some one seen tried to beat down her fear, to think quickly, to rally her force, but her swimming senses were still invaded with the surprise of those last moments at the gate, her heart still beating with the touch of Ryder's arms about her, of that long, deep look, that kiss-be-

yond all else, that kiss! Little rivers of fire were running through her veins. Shame and proud anger set up their swift reactions. O, what wings of wild, incredible folly had brought her to this! To be kissed like—like a dancing girl—by a man, an unknown, and American!

How could he, how could he! After all his kindness-to hold her so lightly. And yet there had been no lightness in his eyes, those And then, as from a palpable clasp, she eager, shining young eyes, so gravely con-

> But she could not stop to think of this thing. Her father was waiting.

"He came in like a fury," the old nurse was panting, as they scurried up the walk together, "and asked for you-and your room empty, your bed not touched! O, Allah's ruth upon me, I went trotting through the house, mad with fear. Up to the

word that you were are sing, that he should not know the only child of his house was a

"But there is no harm in a garden." breathed the girl, her face hot with shame.

you no maids to attend you?"

Like conspirators they fied up the staircase, and then with fumbling haste the old nurse dragged off the girl's mantle and veil, muttering at the pins that secured it. She in the old story. There are thirty and nine rumpled frock and gathered back a strand of her dark, disordered hair.

sought her.

For a moment the girl put the warm rose of her cheek against the old woman's dark,

using the Turkish word for familiar old

With a sound of mingled vexation and affection Miriam pushed her ahead of her into

buff carpet the little gilt chairs and sofas of a stage scene in a French salon. French tric lamps, French the music upon the chic rosewood piano.

had overlooked them in changing the act. two window balconies of closely carved old wood, solidly screening mashrubicych, jutted out from one cream tinted wall, and above a banner embroidered in silver with a phrase

swelling shirt bosom, a red fez upon his

At his daughter's entrance he turned quickly, with so sharp a gleam from his full, somewhat protuberant black eyes that her

guilty heart fairly turned over in her. It made matters no more comforting to

She would deny it all, she thought desing but the garden. She would admit the

ing acquiescence that kept life soft and com-

And now it suddenly struck Aimée, through her tense alarm, that his smile was not a spontaneous smile, but was silently, uneasily asking his daughter not to make something too unpleasant for him, that something that had brought him here, at an unprecedented midnight, that had kept him waiting until she, supposedly, should rise

and dress. If it were not then a knowledge of her

The relief from that fear made everything sisted to save her.

## by Mary Hastings Bradley

she added to herself under her breath, my name would weigh a feather's dif-

"My dear child, I have news, really in the contrary," and the pacha's eyes tant news for you. I I have not bee cussing your future," said Tewfick Pa staring with stern nonchalance ahead d delighted to indulge a laugh, "he has determinedly unaware of her instant still eputation of good looks. He is much ing of attention, "I have by no means neglectful of it. Today-indeed, tonig autiful and golden-did you meet him

onight, my father?" Aimée went on, in ight audacity which he had loved to he smiled, but his glance went un-

ot at all. This is a serious affair, you stand—the devil of a serious affair!"

> accents of his candor. But again he was tation. This man was He boggled over the word, then got it out resonantly. A man he knew well. Not a young man, perhaps-certainly he was not going to hand his only daughter to any boy, a mere novice in life!--but a man who could give her the Not only a rich man.

and for the first time



name, he brought out at last, was di Bey. He was a general in the armies

was a long moment before she could ndi Bev. A general. Why, that was a er father had disliked; more than once d dropped resentful phrases of his airs, rrogance, had recounted certain clashes

now he was planning—no, seriously

that it made any difference. Old or black or white, general or ghikar, mean nothing in her life. She would one of him, none of him. Never would adure the humiliation of being handed

ke a toy, an odalisque, a slave. at had happened? She could only suphat her father had been overcome by vealth of the general's on which he de her such a speech. Or perhaps his e of Hamdi had been founded on notht resentment of Hamdi's airs of suy, and now that the bey was conding to ask for her hand her father's ed appeasement was rushing into acceptance. Anything might be pos-Tewfick Pasha's eternally youthful

told her frightened heart that she was raid. Her father would never really r. And she would never surrender to egradation; for all her fright and all iching from defiance she divined in some hidden stuff of resistance, ous to endure, some strain of daring had made her brave that wild escatheir fairyland of freedom? Was that young man in the Highland dress, that unknown American, was he back there dancing with some other girl?

What was it he had said? Tomorrow night, and another night, he would be there, in the lane. As if she would come! As if she would demean herself, after his rude affront to steal again to the gate, like a gardener's daughter!

Her thoughts were so full of him. And now she had this new horror to face, this marriage to Hamdi Bey. Did her father dream she would not resist? It was against such a danger that she had long ago stolen a garden key, a key to the outer world in which she had neither a friend nor a piastre to save her.

"My dear father," she said entreatingly, please do not tell me that you really meanthat you really think you would like tothat you would consider—this man."

He turned on her a sudden direct, confessing look

"Aimée. I have arranged this matter." He added heavily, "Tonight. That is what came to tell you.'

In the silence that settled upon them he finally ceased his effort to ignore her shocked dismay. He abandoned his airy pretense that the affair could possibly evoke her enthusiasm. He sucked at his cigaret like a rather sullen little boy

"I have always indulged you, Aimée," he said at last, without looking around at her. "I hope you are not going to make me infernally sorry."

"I think you are m-making me inf-fernally sorry," said an unsteady little voice.

He looked about. His daughter was sitting very still upon the gilded sofa beneath the banner of Mahomet; as he regarded her two great tears formed in her dark eyes and ran

With a sound of impatience he jumped to his feet and began to pace up and down the

This, he pointed out heatedly to her, was what a man got who indulged his daughter. This is what came of French and English governesses and modern ideas. After all he had done-more than any other father! To sit and weep! Weep-at such a marriage! What did she expect of life? Was she not as other women? Did she never look ahead? Flad she no pride, no ambition-no hopes? Did she wish never to marry, then, to become an old mees like her English com-

"I am but 18," she said quiveringly. "O, my father, do not give me to this unknown-

"Unknown-unknown! Do I not know

"But you promised-"

Angrily he gestured with his cigaret. Do I know what is good for you or do I not? Have I your interest at heart-tell me! Am I a savage, a dolt---

"But you do not know what it is to be unhappy. I beg of you, my father. I should die with such a life before me, with such a man for my husband. I am too French, too

what would you have in France?" he demanded with the bursting appearance of a man making every effort to restrain himself within reasonable bounds. "Would not your parents there arrange your marriage? You might see the fiancé," he caught the words out of her mouth, "but only for a time r two-after the arrangements-and what is that? What more would you know than what your father knows? Are you a thing to be exhibited—given to a man to gaze at and appraise? I tell you, no. You are my daughter. You bear my name. And when you marry you marry in the sanctity of the custom of your father-and you go to your husband's house as his mother went to his

Timidly she protested, "But my mother-

'Do not speak of your mother! If she were here she would counsel gratitude and obedience." He turned his back on her. "This is what comes," he muttered, "of this

. He pitched away his stub as if he were casting all that he hated away with it.

She had never seen him so angry. Helplessly she felt that his vanity and his word were engaged with the general more than

Was it still the same night? Were the she had dreamed. She felt a surge of panic violins still playing, the people dancing in at the immensity of the trouble before her.

"But, my father, if you love me---' 'No, my little one, if you love me!"

With sudden assumption of good humor over the angry red mottling his olive cheeks, he came and sat beside her, putting his arm about her silently shrinking figure.

"I am a weak fool to stay and drink a woman's tears, as the saying goes," he told her, "but this is what a man gets for being good natured. But, tears or not, I know what is best. Come, Aimée, have I not ever

He patted her hand with his own plump one where bright rings were sparkling deep in the encroaching flesh. Aimée looked down with a sudden wild dislike. That soft, ished nails, which thought it could pat her so easily into submission

It was nothing to him, she thought, chokingly, whether she was happy or unhappy. He had decided on the match-perhaps he had foreseen her protests and plunged into ies!-and he was not stopped by any thought of her feelings.

After all her hopes! After all he had

But she cold herself that she had never been secure. Beneath all her trust there had always been the slant fear, slipping through the shadows like a serpent. Some instinct for character, more precocious than her years, had whispered through her fond blindness, and initiated her into foreboding.

"Come now, my dear," she said heartily, 'this is a surprise, of course, but after all you will find it is for the best-much for the

His voice died away. After a long pause, 'You may make the arrangements," she told him in a still, tenacious little voice, "but you, cannot make me marry him. I comfort. will never put on the marriage dress. Never wear the diadem. Never stir one step within

A complete silence succeeded this declaration. He got up violently from beside her. She did not dare look at him. He was going away, she thought. It would be the beginwould do, but she knew that she would en-

And the gossip of the harems would be her protection. Her opposition, bruited through those feminine channels, would not be long in reaching Hamdi Bey. And no man could today be so callous of his pride or the world's opinion that he would be willing to receive

such a revolting bride. Did her father think of that, that poor, pale power of hers? He stood irresolute, as if meditating a last exhortation, and then suddenly turned on her the haggard face of

"Would you see me ruined?" he said pas-

Sharply he glanced about the room, at the far, closed doors where it was not inconceivable that old Mirlam was lurking, and strode over to her and began talking very jerkily and huskily over her bent head.

"I tell you that Hamdi is making this a condition-it is the price of silence, of those "Ah, your mother! Too French, are you? papers back. He came to me tonight. I knew that hound of Satan had been smelling about, but I could not imagine-as if, be

At that, she lifted her stupefied head. Her father, with the face of a cornered fox! She caught her breath with the shock of it. Her lips parted, but only her mute eyes asked their startled questions.

Hurriedly, shamefacedly, with angry resentments and self-justifications, he was pouring a flood of broken phrases at her. She caught unintelligible references to narrow laws and the imbecile English, to impositions binding only upon the fools. And then the word hasheesh.

Sharply then the truth took its outlines. Her father had been smuggling in hasheesh. Hamdi Bey had discovered this, and Hamdi Bey, unless silenced, had threatened be-

The danger was real. English laws were stringent. Vaguely the horros loomed-arrest, trial. Even if he escaped the law the scandal was ruin.

Small wonder that her father had come flying upon the wings of his danger and its deliverance, small wonder that his brow was wet and his lips dry and his eyes hard with

Thrown to the winds now his prefense of affection for Hamdi Bey! He hated and feared him. The old fox had done this, he declared, to get a hold upon him, for always there

And the bey had heard, of course, of the beauty of the pasha's daughter. Some cousin had babbled. And undoubtedly the rumor of that beauty-Tewfick Pasha received his inspiration upon the moment, but that was not gainsaying its truth—had determined the bey to find some vulnerable hold.

He was like that, a soft voiced, sardonic devil! And this accursed business of the hasheesh had served his ends. Tonight he had come with his proofs.

"So you see," muttered Tewfick Pasha, what the devil of a serious business this is. ingratiating hand, with, its dimples and pol- And how any talk of-of unreadiness-if you were not amiable, for example, to his cousin when she calls upon you-might serve to anger him. And so-"

Significantly his glance met hers. Her eyes fell, stricken. The color flooded her trembling face. She quivered with confused it, so as to be committed against her entreat- pain, with shame for his shame, with terror and fright, with a hot, protective compassion that tore at her pride.

She struggled against her dismay, trying for reassuring little words that would not come. Her heart seemed beating thickly in

She never knew just what she said, what little broken words of pity, of understanding, of promise, she achieved. But her father suddenly dropped beside her, with an abandon reminiscent of the enfant gâté of his Paris days, and drew her hands to his lips, kissing their soft, quiescent palms. She drew one away and placed it upon his dark head from which the fez had tumbled.

For the moment she was sorry, as one is sorry for a hurt child. And her sorriness held her heart warm, in the glow of giving

She had need of that warmth. For a cold tide was rising in her, a tide of chill, irresist-

For all the years of her life-for all the

The remaining hours of Jack Ryder's night might be divided into three periods. There was an interval of astounding exhibaration coupled with complete mental vacancy, during which a figure in a Scots costume might have been observed by the astonished Egyption moon striding obliviously along the silent road to the Nile, past sleeping camels and snoring dhurra merchants—a period during which his sole, distinguishable sensation was the memory of enchanting eyes, of a voice low and lovely, of a slender figure in a muffling tcharchaf, of the touch of soft lips beneath a gauzy veil.

This period was succeeded by hours of utter incredulity, in which he lay wide-eyed on the sleeping porch of McLean's domicile, and stared into the white cloud of his fly net and questioned high heaven and himself.

Had he really done this? Had he actually caught and kissed this girl, this girl whose name he did not know, whose face he had never seen, of whom he knew nothing but that she was the daughter of a Turk and utterly forbidden by every canon of sanity and self-preservation?

In the name of wonder, what had posmystery of the unknown? If he had never really kissed her he might have convinced himself that he had never really wanted to. But having kissed het-

He looked upon himself as a stranger. A stranger of whom he would be remarkably wary, in the days and nights to come, but a stranger for whom he entertained a sort of secret, amazed respect. There had been an undeniable dash and daring to that

During the third period he slept.

When he awoke, late in the morning, and descended from a cold tub to a breakfast room from which McLean had long since departed, he brought yet another mood with him, a mood of dark, deep disgust, and a shamed inclination to dismiss these events very speedily from memory. For that shadowy and rather shady affair he had abandoned the merry and delightful Jinny Jeffries and got himself involved now in the duty of explanations and peacemaking.

What in the world was he going to say?

[To be continued.] [Copyright: 1919: By Mary Hastings Bradley.]

TRIBUNE.

shameless one, devoid of sense,"

lightning cut the clouds.

brought him.

there has been a consummation of my

It is not to every daughter that a fa

may hurry with such an announcemen

breathe again. It was her marriage that

"Do not speak of your

but the eternal menace

that she had always to

dread. But how many

times had he prom-

ised that she should

have no unknown hus-

dition! How many times had she in

And now he was off on some tange

which it would need all her coaxing

divert him. With wide eyes painfu

tent, her little, jeweled fingers very

their locked grip in her lap, the color

ing from her cheeks, she sat waith

What was it all? Had he really

upon something? Upon some one?

her position and the responsibilities

and his inabilities to prevent their r

ish reticences and reluctances which

nnocent youth so exquisite, while

his daughter hung her head and w

what he would be saying if he knew t

had broken every canon of seclusion

vention, had talked and danced with

she flinched even from the thought

had caught her and kissed her-!

His astonishment would be so horr

And if he knew, moreover, that the

She told herself that she was disgra

eyes and lean back and dream on abou

But she must listen to her father.

talking now about the powers of wea

merely the nominal riches of his se

precarious political affiliations, but so

taining, invested, and invulnerable w

Unexpectedly Aimée laughed. "He

THE CHICAG

life. She had a dreamy desire to cle

dreams of Europe, of bright, free rom

band, imposed by tra

mother."

Her first feeling was a merciful relief.

"Tonight was so not---" "Is there no oreeze upon the roof?"

"But the roses-"Can roses not be brought you? Have "I am tired of being attended. Can I never

Alone in the garden! A pretty talk! Eh, I will tell thy father, I will have a stop put knew nothing then of the ball! She to this-hush, would you have him hear?" she admonished, in a sudden whisper, as they opened the little door at the foot of the dark

well of spiral steps.

"Say that you were on the roofs," she be-

wrinkled one.

"But you are good, Dadi," she said softly,

the drawing room. It was a long, dark room, on whose soft, were set about with the empty expectancy were the shirred, silk shades upon the elec-

And then, as if some careless property man gilded sofa, upholstered in the delicate fabric of the Rue de la Paix, hung a green satin

Tewfick Pasha was at one side of the room. filling his match case. He was in evening dress, a ribbon of some order across a rather

have Miriam packed from the room. perately. No, she would admit it, and implore his indulgence. She would admit noth-

ball. She would never admit the young man. With conscious eyes and flushing cheeks, woefully aware of dew drenched satin slippers and an upsettingly hammering heart, Aimée presented the young image of irreso-

To her surprise there was no outburst. Her father was suddenly gay and smiling, with a flow of pleasant phrases that invited her affection. In his good humor-and Tewher slip out? Or recognized her at the ball? fick Pasha liked always to be kept in good The panic stricken conjectures surged humor-he had touches of that boyish charm through her in dismaying confusion. She that had made him the enfant gate of Paris into a rambling speech about her and Vienna as well as Cairo and Constantinople. An enfant no more, in the robustly rotund forties. His cheerful self-indulgence her, and about his very tender affect demanded still of his environment that smil- her and his understanding of all tho

else bearable. She was even able to enterain, with a certain welcome, the alternative alarm that he had decided to marry againthat nightmare from whose realization the unknown gods (or more truly, the unknown goddesses of the Cairene demimonde!) had as-

very plain," she declared, her face b There was a furtive excitement about him ing with mockery, "if you take so le