

the prolongation of it, the cunningly graduated crescendo of it to the calculated climax. What a game! For long intervals she would desert him; drop him as if out of her life—for an hour at a time, whilst she gave her waist to other men, and he, from his corner, looking on with glowing eyes. Then would come the quick surprise, the re-possession; the enlacing, the whirling madness, the cries of the violins, the swaying in place to the heart-pitching of the wail. It was as if he alternately were dashed into a black abyss, and raised in intoxicating ascension into blue altitudes of ineffable hope. It was a torturing game—and all of it graduated toward the climax determined by her, already a palpitating reality within her inscrutable soul.

It came as a faint cold light, precursor of the dawn, was filtering through the closed shutters, and a cock crowed outside.

They had been dancing la jota—a native dance which, if dancing is representative of life pursuits, is symbolical of wooing; in which the man and the maid, balancing, waving their arms in airy gesture, flit about each other, advancing retreating, pursuing, fleeing, without touching; till finally the music's last strains threw them into each other's arms. These two had been dancing it long, elusive of each other, sitting about their desire as butterflies about a rose, the fever of the violins rising in their veins; her eyes, like abysses, drew his, her suppleness evaded him; he was mad.

and held almost a tenderness; an irony superb and sombre now came into it. "The mouse," she said, "who killed the lion and would mate with the lioness!" She turned, parted the shuddering throng as a galeon parts the waves; the double doors of her chamber swung open, then slammed shut upon her—and confusion, held tense by her presence, immediately broke out into uproar.

"Kling! Kling!"—in the heated silence the voice of the Major rose with the tone of the man who, dreaming, has come to sudden revelation. "Kling, You brought on this De Ja Rama affair!"

It was two days later. We were riding again along the golden roads, between the palms, beneath the implacable sun.

Kling did not answer. But after a while, very quietly he said, "Mannel was a traitor."

"You found Mannel was playing double and you—" I began excitedly.

He raised his hand as if to quiet an impatient child. "Wait," he said.

We rode on, the Major and I, silent and crushed. After a while Kling jumped his horse across the ditch bordering the road, we followed him into a field, along a curtain of willows, and came suddenly upon a trench.

It was a neat little trench, commanding, through the screen of willows, a sharp turn of the road along which we had been riding. Upon its slight rise six forked sticks were set, ready for

great and numerous rapids, or by one or a series of great falls. Many attempts have been made by natives of India and others to locate the falls, but without success. The distance to be explored is not great, but as the lie of the Brahmaputra is at right angles to and through the greatest range of mountains in the world, the difficulties to be encountered will be of the severest description. The fixing and measuring of these falls is regarded as among the chief unsolved problems of geographical science. Some 30 years ago a native was reported to have gone down the river, but after having been captured and kept prisoner for several years, he returned without any maps or anything but the vaguest reports.

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"The mouse," she said, "who killed the lion. And would mate with the lioness!"

The violins stopped in a last wild cry.

There was a moment of silence; they stood before each other, and her bosom, golden beneath the just, rose and fell, her eyes were slumberous pools of melted jade, and he was very pale; then the violins swung languorously into a slow waltz, and they clasped.

I saw her hand go into her breast and come out flashing; her bracelets clicked. Then with that same nervous little clutch, she drew him close. But this time her hands were behind him, and simultaneously with that imperious movement there was a slight ripping sound, and a soft crunch that was horrible. His head reared back on his shoulders, his arms dropped down along his sides, palms outward, as if in a gesture of surrender, his eyes closed shiveringly; and thus, head back, arms limp, eyes closed, in an attitude of ecstasy, he turned three times slowly with her, still in her arms, and as these opened, whirled and slapped the floor with the whole length of his body.

Kling, the Major, and I—we found ourselves standing about him; on his back, right between the shoulders, the jewelled hilt of a dagger flashed—the hilt, and nothing else.

She stood above him, very stiff, her lids lowered; but beneath their heavy fringes the black light of her eyes oozed downward to this thing at her feet.

"The mouse," she said softly, "the little mouse!" Her voice was weary

murderous barrels. A shining object at the bottom made me lean toward the ground; it was a Mauser cartridge.

"That's what Mannel had ready for us, Major," Kling said. "He's been in league with the Katipunan for weeks."

"You found this out," I broke in, not yet having learned my lesson. "You found this out, and you—"

I stopped before his stolid gaze. And then this lean, humble, obscure, and fanatical servitor of the United States made an extraordinary remark.

"I did nothing," he said. "I simply make use of the passions of man."

Illusive Falls.

In connection with the operations in the Abor country, and the intention of the Indian Government to explore the lower section of the unknown Brahmaputra, an expedition, consisting of two British officers with an escort, has been despatched for the purpose of settling the location of the reported great falls of the Brahmaputra. These falls, according to rumour, are situated about half-way between the northern bend of the river and the plains of Assam. In the unknown section of 130 miles there is a fall in altitude of something like 7000ft. and the river must descend by



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