

THE LOVE OF AZALEA

"You have daughters, Madame Yamada."

"Two," she answered promptly.

"Three," said Okido slowly.

The esteemed one was mistaken. The gods had only blessed her with two.

Nay, the gods had been kinder. Were there not three, including her step-daughter?

"Ah, yes." Madame Yamada smiled coldly.

"Let me repeat," he said slowly. "You have daughters."

"Yes;" she allowed the word to escape her lips impatiently. Would the stupid broker never come to his business?

"And I," said Okido, "have a client