

She had said never a word. She was a proud woman but as he turned towards her with outstretched hand to say good-bye she shrunk further back into the shadows. There he heard a sob—a pitiful little sob that refused to be choked. He looked dazed.

"Helen!" he exclaimed.

He stumbled on her side, put his arm about her and drew her into the firelight. Her hands covered her face and he drew them away. Then he looked down into the moist eyes—down—down—deep down, till he became drowned in them.

"God!" he cried.

Her lip quivered, but her eyes were steady. Then he understood, and drew her close to him that she might hide her face in his breast. And she sobbed on, great joyful sobs that took the fever out of her, leaving a sense of tired peace—a peace infinite, and wide as Heaven itself is wide.

Two hours later the editor of the weekly was looking puzzled over a telegramsigned "Paul D. Benson," containing the single word "No."



BEZOBRAZOFF

The Russian admiral who is playing hide and-seek with Kamimura.

JAPANESE ARMY COMMANDERS AND THEIR NEW CHIEF



Gen. Oyama

Gen. Nodzu

Gen. Kuroki

Gen. Oku.

Gen. Noghi