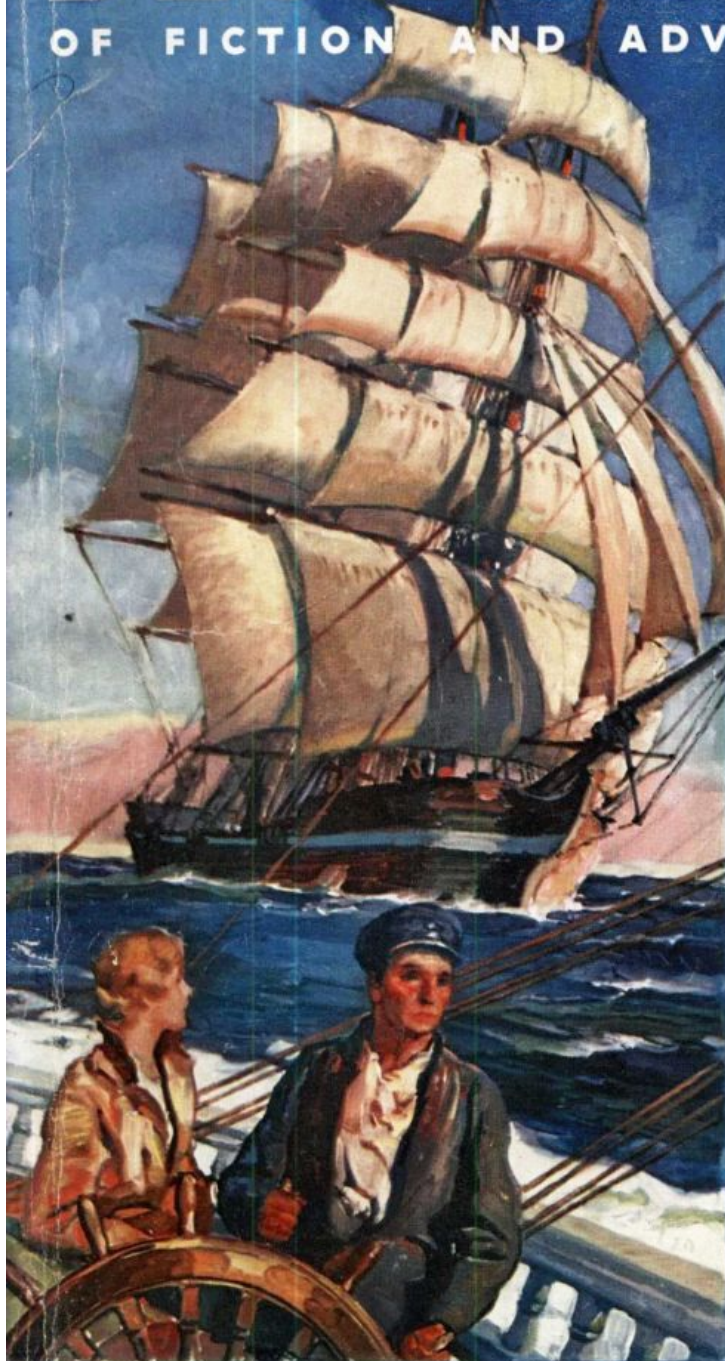


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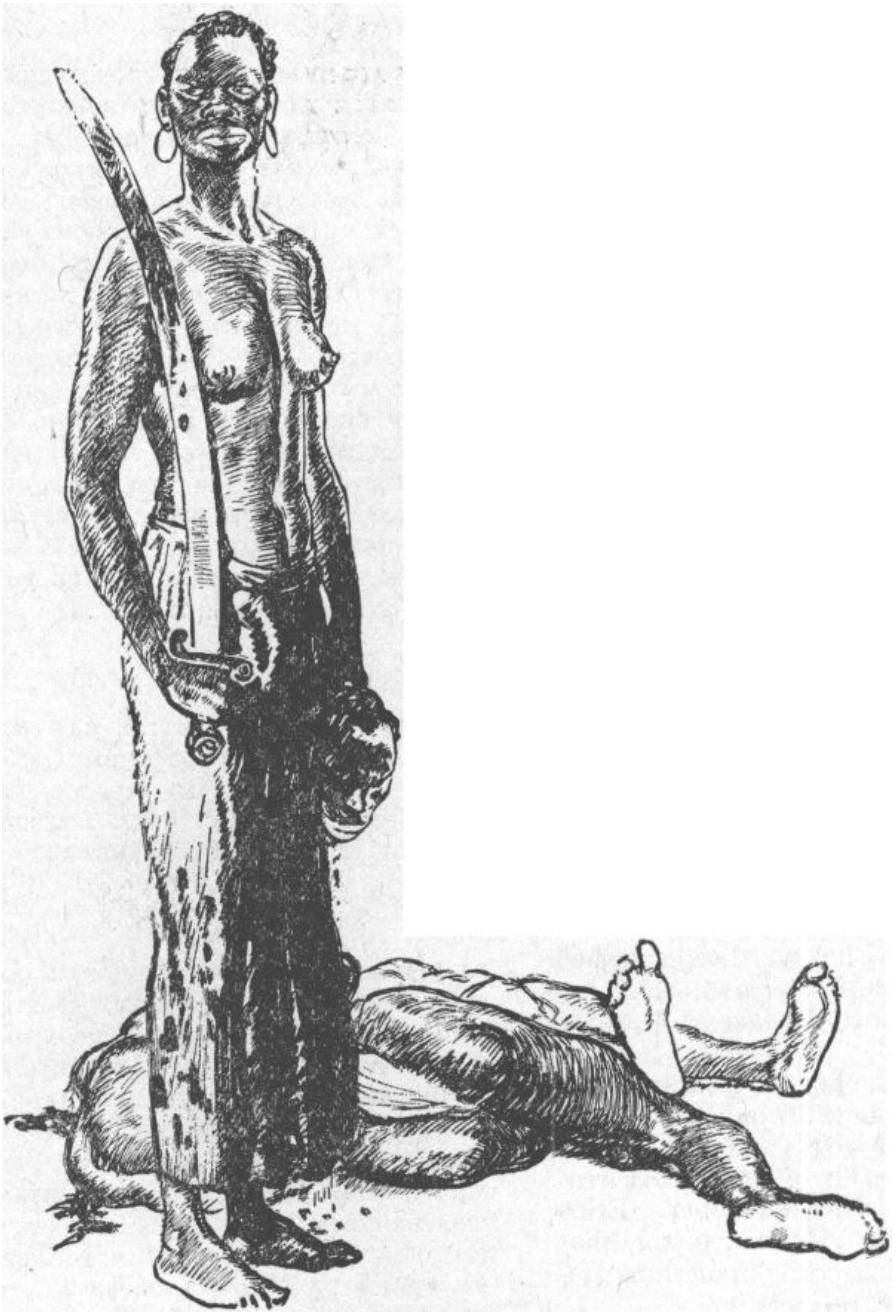
# *Warriors in Exile*

*By*

H. BEDFORD-JONES

Illustrated by Herbert Morton Stoops, aka Jeremy Cannon

*This grim drama of the Foreign Legion's little-known campaign in Dahomey, "The King's Pipe," is the fourteenth story in an already famous series.*



I walked into a blare of voices, a blue cloud of tobacco fumes, a redolent odor of the proper authority, and found myself in a gathering of "*Anciens*" of the Foreign Legion. Corrigan, whom I knew rather well, introduced me to the gang, as one who might be termed a friend if not a brother, and the talk went on. It was raucous and impolite.

“Gimme a *cibiche*—you smoked the last of mine, blast you!”

“I suppose you’ll be sprawling under the table when Sidi Mahomet comes up?”

“Here’s some Pernod; who’ll have a *caoudji* with me? Allah! Don’t take it all, you imbecile—”

However, toleration is the first law of society—toleration of Legion slang, of bawling oaths and insults given and taken in jest, of anything you please. Toleration, which men learn in a hard school.

The oldest man present said the least, until some one called on him for a toast. He was white-haired, thinly erect, vigorous despite his years. Corrigan leaned over to me.

“That’s Wetzler—a Bavarian, I think. He was in the Legion before any of us. He has some of the damndest stories you ever heard! Listen—”

Wetzler stood up, liquor banishing the pallor of his faded, lined cheeks, and raised his glass.

“Clink your glasses, comrades—to the Legion that destroyed the Amazons and dethroned a king, regardless of its own agony!”

If those final words, as I thought, held personal significance, it was lost in a roar of acclaim as the toast was drunk.

“What campaign was that?” some one demanded. “You mean real live Amazons—women fighting?”

“I do,” said Wetzler dryly. “And could they fight! They were the bodyguard of Behanzin, king of Dahomey. They were armed with huge sabers, and when they chopped at a head, it went off *ker-flop*. They got in their daily exercise that way.”

Somebody down the table grunted. “Oh, you mean that old Dahomey Campaign back in ’92! A parade through the jungle for the Legion, a few casualties, and another slice of Africa under the Tricolor!”

Wetzler’s eyes flashed. “It was no parade, my friend. A few casualties? Only a few hundred, true; but ten down with fever or dysentery for every one touched by a bullet. Tremendous losses, a march of sixty days on Abomey, the capital; every day of that march continual fighting, often hand-to-hand. And no jungle, either, but river marshes and tropical brush. And in those days, the Legion had adventurers in its ranks, men who played chess with kings for pawns, men who juggled life and death in either hand, and who laughed when they lost and paid!”

A ripple of applause greeted his peroration. He had something, that old fellow, and every one of us felt the power of him. My friend Corrigan spoke up.

“Wetzler, if there’s a story back of all that, let’s have it. We know the Legion of the war, of Syria, of Morocco; we’re fed up with all that. Dahomey—that’s a new one on me. What’s the story, or is there one?”

More applause. As Wetzler looked around, decision came into his face.

“Yes!” he said almost defiantly. “A story to eat your hearts out—not my story, but that of Bauer. He was in my company; I knew him well. I know what happened to him. He had his head cut off—and yet he served with the Legion for another eight months and was discharged on our return to Algeria.”

“What kind of a joke is that?” demanded a voice. “Are you serious? Or drunk?”

“I repeat,” said Wetzler deliberately, “Bauer had his head cut off, yet was with the Legion in the rest of the campaign and may be alive yet for all I know.”

“Oh! You mean magic, African magic, eh?” put in Corrigan.

Wetzler flashed him a look.

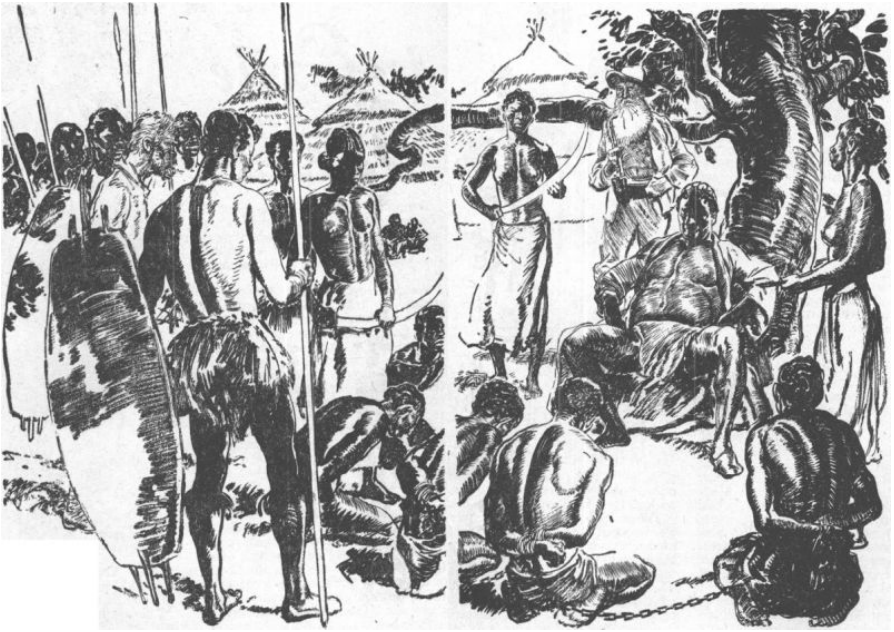
“I do not mean magic. I mean precisely what I say. The story’s never been told, never been known, though snatches of it are in the records; it can do no harm to tell it now, if you want to hear it.”

Everybody yelled assent, for those words of his had us all guessing. He stated a rank impossibility and had thrown out the only possible answer, that of magic or wizardry. And, while the wine of wizardry has always held allure for men, the necromance of the utterly impossible has always appealed peculiarly to the Legion. Yes, he had his audience, no doubt about that!

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He went on to tell about Bauer, one of those contradictory persons who appear destined for a hangman’s noose, yet whose evil natures are lit by flashes of nobility. Bauer had a terrifically bad record, in a day when the Legion was noted for such records. It was no secret that his name was assumed; but as he himself had morosely observed, his whole family was devil-marked.





Bauer was led to where the king waited, with his fearsome bodyguard of black Amazons. Men were kneeling before him—the leaders who had been defeated.

Bauer was a big, strapping fellow with a wide brow, intelligent eyes, powerful features. Beards were then popular, in and out of the Legion. Bauer wore his curly brown beard cut square, just below his chin, and he was hairy to the eyes.

He was given to strange moods of depression or uplift. He could be a joyous singing giant or an unutterable brute; usually the latter. Liquor maddened him, and in a drunken rage he was simply a destroying fury. Nobody loved him except the woman he had married shortly before the marching battalion left Algeria—she was the daughter of a quartermaster at Oran and should have known better. The day they embarked, she showed up with a black eye and bruised lips to wave farewell.

Bauer did not like the prospect of central Africa, and he hated everyone around him; he spent half the voyage in cells, becoming more and more embittered against Lieutenant Friant. Surprisingly enough, he knew a good deal about Dahomey, though he refused point-blank to say how he knew. So extensive was his knowledge that the higher command took cognizance of it and he was frequently detailed to give information regarding maps and routes and customs. But one day, when he was in expansive mood, the colonel put the question to him and he explained:

“One of my family is there, or was. He has written home volumes about the place; the letters have interested me.”

The general hope in the company was that Bauer would remain permanently in Dahomey. He had another year of his enlistment to serve, which meant that he had made life hell to those around him for six years, and they were tired of it.

The Legion battalion formed part of the Dodds column, formed to march up-country and definitely to extinguish King Behazin and his bloody capital of Abomey, just beyond his sacred town of Kana. Behazin had all but pushed the French colony into the sea, was actually



on the outskirts of Porto Novo, and the march would assuredly be a continual fight, at least until the holy town of Kana was taken.

Nor was it any march against black savages. Behanzin had an army of close to ten thousand warriors, trained by Europeans and armed with repeating rifles. Germans were all through this country, and according to barracks gossip German traders had given the king not only arms in plenty, but even a few Krupp guns. What Dodds could do with his little column was problematical. After leaving requisite garrisons, he had only the Legion, a few marines, and native troops—Senegalese and Haussas, some two thousand all told.





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Three days before the march began, Bauer was summoned to headquarters to give information on routes. As there were no roads and the natives could not be trusted, his knowledge was valuable. He came back to barracks, after consuming a few drinks of palm-

wine on the way, and came face to face with Lieutenant Friant, who perceived his condition and curtly ordered him to the guard-house.

Bauer, whom the heady palm-wine had turned into a perfect fiend, furiously tore open his cartridge-pouch, whipped a rifle from the rack, and fired point-blank at the lieutenant. The bullet missed Friant's cheek by an inch and slapped into the mud wall. Half a dozen of the Legion piled on to Bauer before he could fire again. They got him down, but he was foaming at the mouth, raving mad, and not until he was tied up could he be dragged off to the cells.

When he finally sobered up, he could remember nothing that had happened. His fate was perfectly clear, and he accepted it with sullen oaths; court-martial and execution. . . .

The lieutenant, that evening, took his men aside and spoke with them, one by one—all who had witnessed the scene. Next morning came the court-martial. Bauer was brought in, surly, begrimed, with the look of a trapped animal. He mumbled a few inarticulate words and fell silent. For him, all was hopeless. Lieutenant Friant took the stand and spoke simply, clearly, quietly.

"The fault is really mine, for having issued loaded cartridges by mistake. They should have been blanks. In fact, Private Bauer must have supposed them blanks, as these were issued to all the men."

Surprise here, questioning of the other men; they all replied alike. Not, of course, that the officers trying the case were fooled by this talk of blank cartridges. They even eyed Friant and his Legionnaires with a certain cynical admiration, as though wishing him joy of his bargain.

And they were right. Bauer got off with a light sentence of cells and degradation; but far from expressing any gratitude, he cursed the lieutenant bitterly, with brutal and furious oaths, as soon as he could speak freely. And this won no love for him among his comrades.

The march began, and almost came to a sudden end at Dogba, when four thousand of Behanzin's picked troops struck the camp like a whirlwind at five in the morning. It was a complete surprise. The Amazons, strapping black women with huge sabers, led the attack. The camp was penetrated. For a moment all was lost. Commandant Faurax gathered the Legion, and fell dead. Raging, the Legion went into the blacks with the cold steel, met the Amazons hand to hand, cleared the camp of the enemy, and then attacked the four thousand. The black troops were shattered and disappeared in the brush.

Bauer fought like ten, that morning; and in the days of constant brush fighting that followed, bore himself well.

The advance was stubbornly contested. The enemy cut off the lines of communication and the supply service was disrupted. The marsh-lands along the river were horrible, the higher brush beyond was sun-smitten. Sickness began to make heavy inroads. The convoys bringing up water were attacked daily. Colonel Dodds reluctantly decided to return to Akpa, reorganize the column, evacuate the sick and wounded, firmly establish the service of supply, and then finish the job. Kana and the capital, Abomey, were not far now.

Behanzin, at this recoil of the column, imagined it in defeat, and his black troops harassed the line of march night and day. The Senegalese suffered most. As usual, they had their wives and families along; not to fight, but to prepare their food, help in carrying their loads, take care of them if ill or wounded, and so forth. These people suffered. So did the coolies who formed the transport. So did the Legion, for that matter, since food had run out. The horses disappeared. The splendid mules brought from Algeria, worth upward of a thousand francs there, did not survive long here; those not killed by the climate went into the pots of the Legion.

It was a terrific march under the sun of the equator. With Akpa almost at hand, the crisis came when, for lack of porters, the Senegalese tried to carry the litters of the sick and wounded. They crumpled up. The column was halted, with a spatter of rifle-fire along front and rear where the blacks were attacking. It was Bauer who, with a rolling volley of oaths, broke ranks and waved an arm at his comrades.

“Come along, come along!” he bawled furiously. “Let the Senegalese fight for a bit. The Legion’s good for other things.”

The others got his idea, advanced on the litters, and the astonished officers beheld the Legion doing coolie work for the sick and wounded, all the rest of the way into Akpa.

Oddly enough, in all this marching and fighting, as the food failed and sickness hit, Bauer kept up to the mark. It was observed that he always had lemons on hand, would trade anything for lemons. He had kept his knowledge to himself, which made the other men furious, but lemons not only kept one in health here, they also gave a grateful breath to the sick and wounded. The very odor was enough to make a feverish man smile gratefully.

So, if Bauer was blessed for one deed, he was cursed for another; and he gave back curse for curse like a snarling beast. No one was sorry when he disappeared.

It came just before they reached Akpa. A furious tornado hit the column; black clouds, terrific wind that kicked up a dust-storm until they struggled blindly; finally rain in sweeping torrents. And all the time the “*pick-pock!*” of rifles along the skirmish lines where the native troops fought off the harassing blacks. Private Bauer was pricked off on the list of missing.

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Fighting gusty rain and wind that bent trees and almost carried a man from his feet, Bauer stumbled into a gully, was knocked senseless, and revived to find himself being hauled out by grinning black soldiers. He fought, and was rewarded by a long slave-yoke of wood fastened about his neck, nearly bending him double with its weight, whips stinging his legs to urge him on.

In this fashion, he finished the march; not to Akpa, but to Abomey—a city of mud walls where heads grinned on spikes, of thatched huts and huddled mud houses, of the mud and timber palace of King Behanzin, fronting on a great market-square.

When they took off the yoke, Bauer flew at the blacks around him, hoping to make them kill before they tortured. He fought with the insensate ferocity of a beast, caught a spear from the nearest man, killed three of them before a club knocked him over. Then he was bound, and with blood besmearing his face and beard, was led through the huge square to where the king waited, among his five hundred wives and his fearsome bodyguard of black Amazons.

A heavy black man wrapped in an old green silk dressing-gown, features wooden, cruel, impassive. A number of men were kneeling before him, an Amazon beside each one; these were leaders of his regiments whom the column had defeated. Behanzin lifted his hand. The sabers of the Amazons whirled, and the heads of the kneeling men dropped to the earth. The ground was blood-stained for yards around, from other executions.

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Bauer was marched forward. Wiping the blood from his eyes, he saw the white-clad figure of a European among the group behind the king—a massive, heavily bearded man. This man spoke rapidly with the king, who gave a curt order. Instead of being handed over to the Amazon killers, Bauer found himself led away to a hut. Except for a chain that bound his ankle to the center-post of the hut, he was left free. Bowls of food were brought in. An

Amazon stood guard at the door, and he was left in peace. Like the animal he was, he ate, washed the blood from his face, and fell asleep.

When he wakened, it was sunset, and a man sat smoking and watching him. It was the European he had seen behind the king.

Bauer sat up and blinked. The man was smoking a long native pipe whose bowl and stem were heavily and beautifully ornamented with worked silver. It caught the eye instantly.

“Ah!” exclaimed Bauer. “That’s a pipe, a real one!”

“King Behanzin’s pipe,” said the visitor in German. “He gave it to me, as a mark of his favor. So you don’t know me, Herman?”

Bauer’s mouth fell open. His blue eyes widened. A low cry burst from him.

“You! No, no—not you, Hans! It cannot be—you’re dead—”

The other smiled, leaned over to him, embraced him swiftly.

“So, brother Herman, I find you in the French army, the Legion! Yes, the last I heard from home, you had enlisted.”

Bauer drew away. That touch of affection was more surprise than anything else; a remnant of boyhood, perhaps, when affection had existed.

“Ach!” he grunted, meeting the cold blue eyes, cold as his own. “And you, Hans! How is it that you’re not dead? After your last letters came, there was word of your death.”

“Politeness.” Hans was of the same general build and air as his brother, had much the same voice. Without the beard, perhaps the two men would not have looked so much alike. The beard of Hans was a little more grizzled than the square-cut beard of Herman Bauer, but it was full, sweeping over his chest.



“So you don’t know me?” Bauer’s mouth fell open; a cry burst from him: “No, not you, Hans! It cannot be—you’re dead—”

“Politeness to the family,” he went on cynically. “I had an argument with my superior regarding a serious shortage in the funds of the trading-company. It came to blows. He got the worst of it, naturally, and I decamped. I was with an English company on the Niger for a year, then came over on my own to Dahomey. I did well. Officially, of course, I’m dead. Here I’m Hans Schmidt, trader, assistant to the king, counselor, what you like! I’ve handled a lot of deals for him, such as bringing in guns and powder and cartridges. If I ever get out of this country, I’ll be well off. That’s in some doubt, thanks to your damned French. How I’ll get out, without my identity being learned, is a problem. And now you have to turn up to complicate matters!”

“Complicate matters?” repeated Bauer.

“Yes. The king wants your head to put over the gate. I got him to postpone taking it until tomorrow, so I could get information out of you in regard to the French column. But tomorrow

—” And he shrugged as he resumed smoking.

Bauer stared, and gulped hard.

“Eh? But if you’re in favor with him, you can have me held as a prisoner, exchanged, anything!”

“Nothing,” said the other, with a terrible finality. “No prisoners in this war, my honest brother. Behanzin wants a white head above his gate, and means to have it. With it, he’ll win the war—so the fetich priestesses have told him. He’s already convinced that the column has retired, beaten.”

“Bah! Merely to reorganize, get rid of the sick and wounded, and make a dash for Kana and this accursed place.”

Hans nodded. “So I thought, myself. And I must get away before your French reach here; they’d hardly treat me with consideration. Luckily, I speak French perfectly, also English, and my money’s safe out of the country—”

“My God!” said Bauer. “And that’s all you think about, when I’m to die tomorrow?”

“Be sensible,” the other said coolly. “You’ve been dead, to me, for a long time. We needn’t prate about brotherly love. I’d help you if I can, but it’s out of the question. Even if I got you away from this town, you’d never get ten miles without being run down. I hope your comrades in the Legion have more affection for you than the folks at home. Or are you still a mad dog?”

Bauer snarled in response, and Hans laughed a little.

“The same, eh?” he resumed lightly. “You’ve never redeemed yourself and the family name, and you never will. I would if I could; but you’d not. That’s the difference between us, my brother.”

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“Yah!” jeered Bauer. “And you couldn’t even if you would! You’re officially dead at this minute!”

Hans chuckled amusedly. “Right; a good joke, too! However, I could clear out of here, go to Canada or America, and become a new man—simply because no one would ever be looking for me. I’d have money. I could go into business—”

“Why don’t some of these blacks kill you?” snapped Bauer. “How can it be safe for you here, especially if Behanzin gets defeated by the whites?”

Hans held up the beautiful silver pipe.

“This—you see? The king’s pipe is known everywhere; it’s a sort of safeguard. No one would dare touch me, if I showed it.”

“Then, why couldn’t you let me take it and slip out of the damned place?”

Hans shook his head thoughtfully. “That has occurred to me; quite useless. Your escape would be discovered. Your charming guard is changed every three hours, and in three hours you’d not get far. In fact, if I save you from torture, I’ll be doing all in my power.”

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He was quite calm about it, quite definite. Beneath his impassive mien, however, was an equally definite stirring of anxiety, even emotion. Bauer divined this, and suddenly comprehended. If any earthly thing could be done to save him, his brother would do it; there simply was nothing. Next moment, this was proven.

“A message to Akpa?” he suggested. “If the French knew any white prisoners had been taken, they might—”

Hans shook his massive beard. "I sent off word this morning," he said quietly. "My messenger was turned back."

Bauer drew a deep breath and nodded.

"I see. Well, brother, I thank you; I understand. . . . Shall I see you again?"

Hans nodded.

"In the morning, yes. It won't be until noon; we'll have until then. Meantime, I'll try everything in my power. I've tried everything except threats—it isn't healthy to try threats with Behanzin. But I'll try them. Are more troops coming up to join your force, do you know?"

"A detachment of marines, yes."

"Good. Perhaps I can make the fool see reason. You know," he added gravely, "this king is what we, at home, would call a monster. He thrives on blood. *Aufwiedersehen!*"

Bauer found himself alone again. His eyes followed the square-shouldered figure, with the silver pipe in its hand.

Noon tomorrow, then. And now the evening was at hand. He remembered how the Amazons had lopped off those heads, each at one swift, sure stroke. He fumbled in his pocket for tobacco, and rolled a cigarette. His few belongings remained intact, for he had nothing that attracted black cupidity. He smoked thoughtfully, calmly. After all, no man could have a quicker, cleaner death—if only there were no torture!

When Hans, the following morning, came stooping into the hut and straightened up, the attitude of the two men was just the opposite of what it had been the previous day. Now it was the khaki-clad Bauer who was impassive, phlegmatic, absolutely cool; now it was the white-clad Hans who was nervous, agitated, his eyes bloodshot, his fingers unsteady as they clasped the silver pipe. At sight of the pipe, the Amazon on guard had admitted him at once.

"I've just been with Behanzin," he burst out. "There was a scene—a hell of a scene! He damned near had his women slice me on the spot! I used threats. I told him the French were being reinforced. The fat fool's been drinking. He's just killed twenty native prisoners, a couple of your Senegalese in the group. He's sending for you in ten minutes. *Ach, Gott!* It's frightful. I'm helpless—"

"Forget it, brother," Bauer said quietly, and smiled. "There's something you can do for me, if you will; change clothes with me. Then put on your white coat again, so you won't be in French uniform."

Hans stared at him. "Eh? Why?"

"I should like to die in clean garments, brother. It's a fancy of mine."

Hans obeyed, with tears glittering on his beard. He donned the army boots, the torn khaki trousers and shirt. His hand struck something in the shirt pocket.

"What's this?"

"My papers. Keep them." Bauer lit his last cigarette. "Now do something else for me."

"Anything. My God, if there's anything—"

"You'll do it? Give me your word of honor, brother."

"Of course!" said Hans in a shaken voice. "What, then?"

---

Bauer smiled. "Calm yourself. You want to get out of this country; well, I'm showing you the way. Cut your beard square, like mine—you see? You have the clothes, the papers. You have the silver pipe which will get you safe away from here. Go back and join the Legion in my name—say that the blacks captured you, but you got away—"

“Herman! You’re insane!”

“Quite the contrary. Half the Legion speaks French with an accent or speaks it very poorly. You’ve been a soldier. No one would question you for a moment. I’ve got a bad record; well, turn it into a good record, Hans! You couldn’t manage it under different circumstances, perhaps, but here, on campaign, it’ll go off like clockwork. Shave your beard entirely, if you like, later on. I’ve always worn a beard in the Legion—”

A tramp of feet. A dozen of the Amazons were marching up. He rose, calmly, and put out his hand.

“They’re here. Good-by, brother! Oh, I forgot to tell you—so many things—”

They gave him no time to tell anything. The two men, embracing, were roughly jerked apart. Hans fell with his face in his hands, sobbing. Bauer marched out proudly and calmly, and everything was drowned in the yelling voices of the thousands of black folk thronged in the great square before the palace.

Next time Hans saw the face of his brother, it was on a spike above the palace gate. It speaks well for him, perhaps, that he risked a great deal to get that head down, and took it with him when he went by night, and buried it.

---

Some days later, Bauer came staggering into camp. The column was advancing from Akpa; he was picked up muttering in fever, and his appearance was regarded as miraculous. His story was disjointed, incoherent, but he had suffered much. And he had learned a great deal about the army of King Behanzin, about the fortifications at Kana, about everything the superior command most needed to know.

True, he had forgotten a great deal about things closer to hand. When he met Lieutenant Friant, the young officer halted and held out his hand.

“I’m glad you got back, Bauer,” he said frankly, curiously. “Congratulations!”

“Thank you, Lieutenant,” said Bauer awkwardly, but with a friendly glow in his blue eyes. “Thank you! It is like coming back from the dead.”

The officer looked after him curiously. Assuredly, the fellow had changed!

Others found it so, too. In little ways, on the march, he just didn’t know his way around; he was awkward, fumbling, uncertain. He seemed to have forgotten many things. All this was natural, with the touch of fever that was on him. The remarkable point was the difference in the man himself. All the old snarling animal had disappeared. Bauer was a man now, human. Doubtfully, hesitantly, some of his comrades began to like him a little. . . .

They plunged directly into brush fighting. The column hammered straight on for Kana, the holy city of Dahomey. This was defended with desperate courage; the battle lasted three whole days, but the French were fully informed of the intrenchments, the disposition of Behanzin’s army, and the terrain ahead. The hand-to-hand fighting was severe. The Amazons died with ferocity, but they died.

Bauer got his ticket home—a bullet tearing through his chest, that landed him in a litter. As the wounded waited for the convoy to start back with them, Lieutenant Friant came staggering along, escorted by two men. An access of fever shook him. He was pale and flushed by turns, and halted, unable to go another step, while his men went to search for a litter.

“Ha, my lieutenant!” said Bauer. “Here’s something that’ll do you good.”

Painfully, he twisted about, got a hand to the musette under his head, and drew out a lemon. The officer seized it with a gasp of gratitude, then checked himself.



“No, no! You need it more than I do, Bauer.”

“Bah!” Private Bauer laughed a little, his white teeth flashing through that square, bushy beard of his. “I detest lemons, my lieutenant!”

And Friant bit into the yellow fruit with a sigh, as he sank down on the litter provided for him. He died three days later. . . .

Bauer? Oh, he was tough! He got sent back to the base, and on to Porto Novo, and his wound healed in time. He had not even lost his pipe—a long pipe of beautifully worked silver about the wooden bowl and stem. One of the officers, recognizing it as native work, offered him a large sum for it, but Bauer only laughed.

“Pardon, but I can never part with this pipe! It is more than money to me. Where would I get another like it?”

“Where, indeed!” sighed the officer regretfully. “However, Bauer, when you get back to Algeria and your wife has a woman’s say about that pipe—my offer stands good!”

This was Bauer’s first intimation that a wife awaited him in Algeria.

---

And there, to the general surprise of everyone, Wetzler ended his story abruptly. Voices poured at him to continue, demanding to know one thing and another. He held up his hand, with a shrug.

“Comrades! You say the Dahomey campaign was a parade, eh? Well, let me tell you something. We came back to Oran, and before we had reached the Zouave barracks where the Dames de France had arranged a feast for us, we began to go to hospital. It’s the truth! Not one of us was the same man. For weeks afterward, the men of the Legion were taken off to hospital—”

Corrigan lifted a lusty voice.

“Devil take your hospitals! What we want to know is what became of Bauer? And the wife of his brother?”

Wetzler shook his head. “I don’t know. At the end of his enlistment he left the service. I imagine he married the wife who was waiting for him—surely, a woman would know the truth! Well, that’s all.”

It was disappointing. We had expected some grand climax, and there was none to the story. . . .

When the party broke up, Corrigan drove home with me.

“If you’re so damned interested in what happened to Bauer,” he said to me, “why don’t you ask Wetzler yourself? There’s no doubt the old rascal knows, but he simply won’t tell. He has a tailor-shop out on the west side of town somewhere—look it up in the telephone-book. Herman H. Wetzler is the name.”

Well, I looked it up, found the address, and drove out there. I was curious enough to put the question to him.

I had to park at some little distance from his tailor shop, which was a small but comfortable-looking establishment. So I left the car and walked along to the shop, and paused to look in the window.

What a lucky pause that was! Inside, showing samples to a client, I saw Wetzler’s spare, trim figure. A gray-haired woman came from the back room with some question. He turned to her, smiled, kissed her cheek affectionately, and came back to his client. And as he did so, I saw that he held a pipe in his hand—a long-stemmed pipe, of queer design, stem and bowl covered over with silverwork of curious form.

As I looked at it, the truth flashed upon me. This was the pipe of King Behanzin, of course!

So I went away without asking any question. I knew the answer already.

**Another vivid story in this remarkable series will be a feature of our next issue.**

[The end of *Warriors in Exile* #XIV—*The King's Pipe* by Henry Bedford-Jones]