



CHAPTER VI.

The next evening they are all out on the lawn... "Death's twin-sister, Sleep," has fallen upon the earth... "What a heavenly night it is," says Dulce, smiling down on him...

CHAPTER VII.

"Where are you going, Uncle Christopher?" asks Dulce, as Sir Christopher enters the small drawing room... "I can sympathize with you," she says... "Where is Fabian?" she asks suddenly...

accounts. By the by, he gets more irascible daily.

"More drunk do you mean?" says Fabian... "Yes! yes! just so," says Sir Christopher... "What story?" asks Portia... "Oh, well; it all lies in a nutshell. It is an old story, too; one has so often heard it. A bad son—disipated—in perpetual hot water. A devoted father. Then one day a very bad story comes, and the son has to fly the country. And then some time afterward, news comes of his death. Slyme never saw him again. He broods over that, I think, at least, he has never been the same man since the son, Matthew, left England. It was all a very unhappy business."

After a brief examination he tells himself impatiently that they are somewhat muddled, or have, at least, been attended to in a most slovenly manner. He has just discovered a serious mistake in the row of figures that adorn the end of the second page, when the door opens slowly and Gregory Slyme comes in.

"Wait a moment, Slyme," says Fabian, without looking up from the figures before him. A moment passes in utter silence. Then Fabian, still with his eyes upon the account, says somewhat sharply: "Why, it is altogether wrong. It has been attended to with extreme carelessness. Did you, yourself, see to this matter of Young's?"

"He waits apparently for an answer, but none comes. Lifting his eyes, he fixes them scrutinizingly upon the old man before him, and having fixed them, lets them rest there in displeased surprise. Slyme, beneath this steady gaze, grows visibly uneasy. His eyes shift uncomfortably from one object in the room to another; his limbs are unsteady—the hand resting on the tablet near him is shaking. His face betrays vacancy mixed with a cunning desire to hide from observation the heaviness and sluggishness that is overpowering him. The old man mutters something that is almost unintelligible, so thick and husky are his tones. His eyes grow more restless—mechanically, and as though unconscious of the act, he leans his body stupidly against the bookcase near him."

"You are drunk," says Fabian, with slow scorn—"leave the room." "I assure you, sir," began Slyme. But Fabian will not listen. "Go," he says, briefly, with a disdainful motion of the hand, and in a tone not to be disobeyed. Slyme moves toward the door in his usual slouching fashion, but, as he reaches it, pauses for one instant, lifts his heavy eyes, and lets them rest upon the young man at the distant table. This one instant reveals his thoughts. In his glance there is fear, distrust, and, above all, a malignant and undying hatred—such a hatred as might project itself from the eyes of the traitor upon his victim. There is, too, upon Slyme's face a contortion of the muscles, that it would be scarce to call a smile, that is revengeful, and somehow suggests the possibility that this man, however important he may now appear, has in some strange fashion, acquired a hidden and terrible power over the young man, who a moment since had treated him with such scorn and contumely.

CHAPTER VIII.

The afternoon wanes; day is sinking to its rest. Behind the tall, dark fir—the great gold sun-god blazing through the sky, may still be seen, but now he grows weary, and would fain give place to his sister, the pale moon.

"The sweet, keen smell—the sighing sound" of coming night is on the air. The restless ocean is rolling inland with a monotonous roar; there is scarcely sufficient breeze to rattle the leaves of the huge chestnut that stands near one corner of the old house, not far from the balcony outside the drawing room window, where Mrs. Beaufort and the two girls are sitting. All is peace until a startling interruption occurs. First one of the quick report of two guns being fired off singly, one after the other; then the quick, flinty sound of a horse's galloping hoofs. Nearer they come, and still nearer, with that mad haste belonging to them that suggests unmanageable fury in the brute beast; and as all on the balcony rise simultaneously and press forward to see what may be coming, Bess and the dog cart turn the corner near the chestnut tree and dash onward toward the lower lawn. Sir Christopher, grim and as full of rage as the animal he is, while power he now finds himself, is still holding the reins—but more for form's sake than anything else, as he has no control whatever over the infuriated chestnut, that, with redened nostrils and foam-covered flanks, is rushing madly down the green slope. A sudden rise in the velvet lawn causing the dog cart to sway rather much to one side unseats the groom, who is swung somewhat heavily to the ground. Being, fortunately, however, unharmed, he rises hastily and runs frantically after the mare, as though in foolish hope that he may overtake her and be of some service to his master.

DOINGS OF WOMEN

WOMAN COUNTY PHYSICIAN

WAUKESHA COUNTY, Wisconsin, has a county physician of the gentler sex. This woman is Dr. Maybelle M. Park, who was elected by the county board of supervisors after a spirited contest, her opponents being three male physicians of most conservative antecedents and practices.

Miss Park was born at Dodge's Corners, a village in the southern part of Waukesha County. Miss Park graduated from Carroll College, in Waukesha, and then attended the State University, where she received the degree of bachelor of science in 1891.

After she had passed this examination with distinguished success, she opened an office in Philadelphia, and also began a course of study in the Post-Graduate School of Homeopathies. She received from this institution the degree of H. M. (master of homeopathies), after which she located in Waukesha.

Queen of the Kitchen. A Pennsylvania woman declares that she would rather be the cook in a fashionable house than be mistress of it. This queen of the kitchen has met with many reverses, but instead of growing old and morose she has grown philosophical and is making the best of life, which she finds isn't half bad.

Strain of Wedding Presents. A bride of a year was recently heard to say that ten of her acquaintances were to be married soon, and that as the parents of all of them had sent her expensive wedding gifts she and her husband were in much perturbation about the customary return. There is food for reflection in her comment that, as they lived in a small rented house and kept but one servant, their valuable silver was stored in the vault where it had been placed at their marriage; that although the gifts represented over \$3,000 the young husband had to struggle for their livelihood; and that the most modest presents they could select for their ten friends would take his whole month's salary.

What Royal Women Weigh. The Empress of Austria weighs less than any other crowned royal lady in Europe, her weight being only 102 pounds, in spite of the fact that her majesty is extremely tall. The Queen of England, when last in Nice, weighed 224 pounds, more than twice as much as the Austrian empress, who is so much taller. The Queen of Italy weighs 196 pounds; the Queen Regent of Spain, 157 pounds; the ex-Queen Isabella of Spain, 258 pounds; and the Queen regent of the Netherlands, 213 pounds.

Editor of London Queen. Miss Elizabeth Lowe, who died recently in London, had been the editor of the London Queen for thirty-three years. Her brother trained his sister in journalistic work at a period when the woman journalist had scarce appeared on the scene. When Miss Lowe took the editorship of the Queen the paper contained sixteen pages; now it numbers from 100 to nearly 150 and is the most important of English papers devoted to feminine interests.

Will War on Whiskey. Kansas University girls belonging to the young women's fraternities have organized a war on whiskey and intoxicating liquors. The use of the letter at parties given by the male students' fraternities at the Lawrence institution will be stopped if the girls to the number of thirty-five, together with the wives of a number of the professors of the institution and a few of the matrons of the city, can prevent. A resolution was passed declaring that at the next fraternal party at which a scent of liquor was detected the young ladies making the discovery was to give a sign, at which all the young ladies present were to at once leave for home in a body.

Curious Customs. A curious marriage custom obtains in the island of Hima, just opposite the islands of Rhodes. The Greeks, by whom it is peopled, earn their living by the sponge fishery. No girl in this island is allowed to marry until she has brought up a certain number of sponges, which must be taken from a certain depth. In some of the other Greek islands this demonstration of ability is required of the men, and if there are several suitors for the hand of a maiden her father bestows her on the man who can dive best and bring up the largest number of sponges.

Talented Hoosier Girl. Miss Mabel Culbertson is a daughter of Indiana of which the State is very proud. Her beauty is simply perfect. Her portrait appears in the "Book of English Beauties" with the Duchess of Sutherland and other handsome and high-born women of these times. But Miss Culbertson is not only a beauty. She is a genius, too. She is a sculptor of great performance and greater promise. She has studied that neglected art in those centers where sculpture has its best high priests to-day. She has exhibited in the Paris salons. She originated the custom of modeling hands and arms of noted people. She did Colonel Inglesoll, Mme. Calve, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and General Lew Wallace in this way. She has wrought in marble the clasped hands of Susan B. Anthony and Elizabeth Cady Stanton. Miss Culbertson is the daughter of the late Dr. J. W. Culbertson, the eminent eye surgeon. Her mother is the daughter of Major Anthony Hillborn, a well-known British officer. Socially Miss Culbertson is much sought for. Her beauty, her genius, her broad understanding, her fascinating manners give her all that is of value for association. Severe critics predict for this young lady a high position in the world of art.

Brave English Woman. During the defense at Fort Gulkistan or Cavagrari in the Samana range, India, by the British troops against an assault of the Afghans, an English woman named Miss Magrath showed conspicuous bravery. She attended the wounded throughout the struggle under an unceasing and heavy fire. Without the least fear she repeatedly went to the front with water for wounded men, and many times knelt down and bandaged the wounds of the fallen soldiers on the spot where they fell. She came out of the struggle without a scratch.

Notes About Women. A woman has made the journey from South Africa to South Dakota to sue for divorce. Miss May Channing Wister has been appointed a member of the Philadelphia Board of Education. The Princess of Wales has no particular liking for outdoor games, excepting croquet, of which she is very fond. Mrs. Joseph Meek, who died recently in Africa, was the Princess Jejele, of the first royal house of the Zulu nation. Mrs. Humphry Ward, who has been writing for only ten years, and has produced very few books, has earned \$300,000. A New York woman has a display advertisement in one of the papers of that city, announcing the granting to her of a divorce from her husband by a North Dakota court. Miss Julia Clark, of Dallas, Texas, is a survivor of the days of '49 in California. She was the only woman in the gold-hunting party which left New Orleans in July of that year.



DR. MAYBELLE M. PARK.



MISS MABEL CULBERTSON.



MISS MAGRATH.