

CHAPTER VI.

The next evening they are all out on the every sward. The last glimpse of day Sigone. "Death's twin-sister, Sleep," has away, and lets it sink a degree more laz. weet stars come out in the dusky vault above, "spirit-like, infinite." In amongst the firs that stand close together in a Fabian advances with more haste and buge clump at the end of the lawn, great says: shadows are lying that, stretching ever and ever further, form at last a link between the land and the sea.

Mark, addressing the languid young man ers. they had met in the morning, who is comag to them across the grass. didn't you come sooner?

young man in a subdued voice. He glances to Dulce. There his glance rests. It is of their donor. rvident he has found what he seeks.

"Dulce, I think I told you Stephen Gower was coming to night," says Roger, simply. And then Duice rises and watles. him, and, filled with the determination to keep sacred a promise she had made to be particularly nice to Roger's friend, holds out to him a very friendly

band and makes him a warm welcome. Then Portia makes him a little bow, and Julia simpers at him, and presently finds himself accepted by and admitted to the bosom of the family, which, indeed, is a rather nondescript one. After a few "It was the simplest thing in the moments of unavoidable hesitation he world," says Fabian, coldly, "There was

life, after all, isn't half a bad thing. "What a heavenly night it is," says smile can be. "See the ocean down night is magnificent." pointing with a rounded, soft, tween the trees. "How near it seems, ch we know it is quite far away."

the la nearer to you than I am," says

at just now," returns he, echoing her

now beneath the mocabeans."

Like burnished silver," says Portia, dreamily, always with a lazy motion the flowers-how I longed for them, thing. Scipally, I suppose, because they were

Where are they?" asks Roger. 32r remember seeing blue flowers and their maids.

"h! you wouldn't notice them," says er tone that makes Gower lift his head to look at her; "but they were there, nevertheless. They were the very color of the Alpine gentian, and so pretty. We quite fell in love with them, Portia and Portia especially; but we could not get them, they were so low down,"

There was a tiny ledge we might have stood on." says Portia, "but our courage failed us, and we would not try it. 'And quite right, too," says Sir Mark.

"I detest people who climb precipices and descend cliffs. It makes my blood run Then what made you climb all those Swiss mountains two years ago?" asks

Julia Beaufort, who has a talent for saving the wrong thing, and who has quite forgotten the love affair that drove Sir Mark abroad at that time.
"I don't know," replies he, calmly: "I

never shall, I suppose. I perfectly hated it all the while, especially the guides, who were more like assassins than anything I think they hated me, too, and would have given anything to pitch me over some of the passes." Portia laughs.

'I can sympathize with you," she says. "Danger of any sort has no charm me. Yet I wanted those flowers, I think" idly-"I shall always want them, simply

because I can't get them."
"You shall have then in three seconds, if you will only say the word," says Dicky owne, who is all but fast asleep, and who looks quite as like descending a rug-

ged cliff as Portia herself. "I am so glad I don't know the 'word," says Portla, with a little grimace. would be a pity to endanger a valuable

life like yours. Dulce turns to Mr. Gower, You may smoke if you like," she says, sweetly-"I know you are longing for a cigarette or something, and we don't

"Where is Fabian?" she asks suddenly.

peering through the dusty gloom. "Are you there, durling?"

But no one answers her. It seems to them that, tiring of their company, he as taken himself to solitude and the e once more. No one has seen him go, but, during the last few minutes, a cray-black cloud has been slowly wan-

Ferhaps Forms, who is sitting on tuter edge of the group, might have

ing of it.
The runs on. Some one yawas, and
a tries vainly to turn it into a sigh.
built from some distant stacple in the
a slumbering village far below in the ries vaisily to turn it into a sigh.

"Where are you going?"

"To the warren with the others, to have a few shots at the rabbits—they olis slowly, so emply, as though to them that elever more hours have "Very good. Just ask Slyme about the

night. I never saw it thy with such hot haste. That proves I have been happy, does it not?"

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She smiles down upon Mr. Gower, who is still at her feet, and he smiles up only too willingly at her. At this moment a dark figure emerges from amongst the mouning firs, and comes toward them. Portin, whose eyes have been upon this newcomer for a full minute before the others noticed him, only turns her head ily into the cushion of her chair. The first mounting high into the sky, stand out boldly against their azure background.

"It is only me," in his usual clear, slow

Passing by Portia's chair, he drops into "Ah! here you are, Stephen," says Sir her lap a little bunch of dark blue flow-

"Ah!" she says quickly, then checks "Why herself. Taking up the deeply dyed blossoms, she lays them in her pink palm, They wouldn't give me any dinner un- and, bending her face over them, examtil about an hour ago," says the languid ines them silently. Sir Mark, regarding her curiously from the background, won from Portia to Julia Beaufort, and then ders whether she is thinking of them or

> "Why, those are the flowers we v talking about," says Dulce, with a faint contraction of her brows. "Fabian! Did you risk your fate to get them?"

"Your life!" says Portia, in an indescribable tone, as if the words were drawn from her against her will. I think she had made up her mind to keep utter silence, but some horror connected with Dulce's hasty remark has unbound her She turns her eyes upon him, and he can see by the moonlight that her face is very white.

throws himself at Dulce's feet, and, lean- the ledge Dulce told you of, and plenty ing on his elbow, tells himself country of tough heather to hold on by. I assure you, if there was the smallest danger, I should not have attempted it. And, be-Dulce, smiling down on him. Perhaps sides, I was fully rewarded for any trou she is hardly aware how encouraging her ble I undertook. The view up there to

To Portia it is an easy matter to trans bare arm, that gleams like snow in the late his last remark. He is giving her moonlight, to where the sea is shaing be plainly to understand that he neither seeks nor desires thanks from her! The view has sufficed him.

With the flowers still in her hand, Por-Sower, in a tone that might imply the tin has wandered away from the others, that he thinks the ocean in better and entering the drawing room before than houself.

Sell, not just now," says Dulce, goes up to a mirror and regards herself

A little gold brooch, of Indian work "I suppose we should be thankful manship, is fastening the lace at her box for small mercies; but I wish the Fens om. She loosens it, and then raises the was a little nearer to this place that it is." | flowers (now growing rather crushed and "Portia, can you see Inca's Cliff from drooping) as if with the evident intention this?" asks Dulce, looking at her cousin. of placing them, by means of the brooch. You remember the spot where we saw against her neck. Yet, even with he the little blue flowers yesterday, that you hand half lifted, she hesitates, glances at so coveted. How clearly it stands out her own image again, and finally, turning

away, leaves the brooch empty. Fabian, entering the drawing room at this moment with the others, has had time fting her black fan to and fro. "And to notice the action, the hesitation, every-

Then comes bed hour. The men pre pare to go to the smoking room-the women think fondly of their own rooms

Fabian, lighting a candle, takes it up Portia. They are all standing in the tiance, a line touch of petulance in hall now, beneath the light of the hang ing lamps. She smiles her thanks without letting her eyes meet his, and let him place the candle in her left hand. "Have you hurt this?" he asks, lightly

touching her right hand as he speaks. and there a moment, and there slowty opening her closed fingers, shows

him the blue flowers lying therein. "They are lovely," she says, in a low one, "and I did wish for them. But never-never-do that again."

"Do what again?" "Endanger your life for me." "There was no danger-and you had expressed a wish for them."

CHAPTER VII.

"Where are you going, Uncle Christe pher?" asks Duice, as Sir Christopher enters the small drawing room, booted and spurred as if for a long journey.

Portis, in the distance, is bending ove an easel; Julia is forming some miraculous flower, that never jet was seen by land or sea, on a coarse towel, with some crewel woods; the Boodie is lying on he little fat stomach, drawing diligently with a slate and pencil; Dulce, charmingly idle, is leaning back in a lounging chair

"To Warminster," says Sir Christopher "What shall I bring you girls from that

"Something sweet," says Dulce, going up to him and laying her soft arms loving ly round his neck. "Like yourself," says Sir Christopher

Just at this moment Fabian enters the "Going to drive to Warminster?" he asks his uncle.

"Yes. "Not Bess, I hope?" alluding to a very objectionable young mare in the stables "Yes," says Sir Christopher again "Why not?"

"She is utterly unsafe. About the worst thing in chestnuts I ever met. I took her out myself the other day-rode her straight from this to Grange, and I confess I should not care to do it again Take one of the other horses, and let that beast lie quiet until you can get rid of

her."
"Nonsensel" says Sir Christophe scornfully: "I wouldn't part with her for any money. Ehe is the greatest beauty

"'Willful man must have his way," quotes Fabian, with a slight shrug. fore I go out, shall I look ever the counts with Elyme?", "Where are you going?"

ular daily. "More drunk, do you mean?" says Fa-

bian. There are moments when his manner is both cold and uncompromising "Yes! yes! just so," says Sir Christo-pher, hastily. "But for the melancholy tory that attaches itself to him-and

that, of course, is some excuse for him-I really should not feel myself justified in keeping him here much longer."

"What story?" asks Portia. son has to fly the country. And then broods over that, I think; at least, he has | emits short little shricks of terror. never been the same man since the son,

very unhappy business." "For the father, perhaps. For the son. when he did," says Fabian. He does not speak at all bitterly. Only hope'essly, and

without heart or feeling. "Nobody knows how old Gregory got be managed to elude the grasp of the

"He satisfied the one principal creditor, I suppose?" says Fabian, indifferently.
"Oh, impossible," says Sir Christopher "It came to hundreds, you know; and he hadn't a farthing. Well, good-by; I'm off. Expect me and the bon-bons about dinner hour.

He nods to Portia and Julia, who smile at him in return, and, kissing Dulce, quits the room. Fabian, following him, goes on to the library, and, having desired one of the men to send the secretary, Slyme, to him, sits down at one of the tables and turns over leisurely the pages of accounts

After a brief examination he tells him self 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 Siyme comes in.

"Wait a moment, Slyme," says Fabian without looking up from the figures before him. A moment passes in utter allence. 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 Younge's?

He waits apparently for an answerbut none comes. Lifting his eyes, he fixes them scrutinizingly upon the old man be fore 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 busky are his tones. His eyes grow more restless-mechanically, and as though unconscious of the act, he leans his body stapidly against the bookcase near him.

You are drunk," says fablan, 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 taking employer in increased useful play now and then, reads books which door in his usual slouching fashion, but, as he reaches it, pauses for one instant, lifts his heavy eyes, and lets them rest spon the young man at the distant table. This one instant reveals his thoughts. In his glauce 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 vietim. There is, too, upon Slyme's face a contortion of the muscles, that it would be szerilege to call a smile, that is revengeful, and somehow suggests the possibility that this man, however impotent 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.

The old secretary's countenance for this fateful moment is one brilliant, if wicked, phantasmagoria, in which the ghosts of ong-sustained thoughts appear and disap pear, going from fear and its brother, hatred, to lasting revenge. Then all vanish; the usual sodden look returns to the man's face; he opens the door, and once more, instead of the evil genius be looked a second ago, a broken-down, drunken old creature crosses the threshold, sham bles over the hall, and is lost presently among the many passages.

CHAPTER VIII.

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

"The sweet, keen smell-the sighing ound" of coming night is on the air. The restless ocean is rolling inland with a monotonous roar; there is scarcely sufficient breeze to ruffle the leaves of the huge chestnut that stands near one corner of the old house, not far from the balcony outside the drawing room windows where Mrs. Beaufort and the two girls are sitting.

All is peace until a startling interrup tion occurs. First apon the air the re port of two guns being fired off quickly, 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 breast; and as all on the balcony rise alm ultaneously and press forward to see wha may be coming, Bess and the dog cart turn the corner near the chestnut tree and dash onward toward the lower lawn. Bir Christopher, grim and as full of rage

as the animal in whose power he now finds himself, is still holding the reinsbut more for form's sake than anything else, as he has no control whatever over the infuriated chestnut, that, with red dened nostrils and foam-covered flanks, is rushing madly down the green slope. A sudden rise in the velvet lawn caus-A sudden rise in the velvet lawn causing the dog cart to sway rather much to one side unseats the groom, who is flung somewhat heavily to the ground. Being, fortunately, however, unburt, he rices hastily and runs frantically after the mare, as though in foolish hepe that he may evertake her and be of some service to his measure.

At the lower and, by the le

accounts, by the by, he gets more irreg- a river, small, but swift and turbulent, that flows for two miles through the park, and waving field, and glowing valley, to throw itself finally into the arms of the thirsty ocean. Toward this the horse is rushing madly. Once on its bank, who shall tell what next may happen? will be a mad bound, a crash, a cry, perhaps, that will pierce through all other sounds, and then-

As these thoughts force themselves upon the girls they shudder, and involun-"Oh, well; it all lies in a nutshell. It tarily more closer to each other, Dulce is an old story, too; one has so often covers her face with her hands, as though heard it. A had son-dissipated in per- to shut out some dreadful sight, and a petual hot water. A devoted father, Then low, dry sob escapes her. Portia, deadly one day a very bad story comes, and the pale, is clinging to the balcony rails, and gazing in speechless fear at the chestnut, some time afterward, news comes of his that every instant is bringing nearer to death. Slyme never saw him again. He the fateful goal. Julia, from time to time,

Onward flies the mare with Sir Chris-Matthew, left England. It was all a topher. Nearer and nearer to the brink of the stream they draw; now they are he had more than ordinary luck to die be of little use, and the panting groom opponents being three mule physicians of liquor was detected the young lady and two young men who are following him will only be in time to witness more practice closely the disaster. All sceme, indeed, hopeless, when a man, springing from behim out of the country so cleverly," says hind the thick laured hedge that grows on Wankesha County. Miss Park graduthe right, rushes forward, and, seizing sted from Carroll College, in Wanke-Bess by the head by sheet force of mind sha, and then attended the State Uniand body, forces her upon her haunches. "It is Fabian!" says Portia, in a voice

sharp with fear. There is positive agony in her tone. And now ensues a struggle between man and beast; a struggle sharp but short. The beast, frightened, or perhaps

with fury exhausted, it may be, compelled against its will to acknowledge the supe rior power of mind over matter-gives way, and after a good deal of prancing stands tolerably quiet, though still trembling from excitement and violent tem By this time the groom, with Gower and Dicky Browne, have joined them.

(To be continued)

Foot Weariness.

a great many years ago the old-fashloned back-country housekeeper learned that when she had work to do that involved a great deal of standing on her feet in one place she was the gainer by folding a piece of carpet on a rug and says the New York Ledger.

not be introduced with safety or con | degree of H. M. (master of homeoboards for the men to stand on has beer | Waukesha. found of great value in the saving of strength. In offices where men are con A Pennsylvania woman declares that ness and the ability to accomplish

greater amount of labor.

Circus Man's Recollections. "Giants?" said the old circus man fence. That was a part of the street these, but then I am well fed and comment in advance with the owner of the earlier than the 'lady clerk,' nor sit up fence, and had a panel loosened, at later, and my room is more comfortthat the giant wouldn't wreck tot able than hers, and I am quite sure my much of the fence in picking up the work is not half as thresome nor as dis part he wanted to use. When the agreeable Besides, when I have squarhat and pick up the piece of fence-it she." always looked as if he had tremendous strength, too-and raise it up and comt his hair with it. And then he would out the big comb down again and put were to be married soon, and that as tickled the people immensely. And he expensive wedding gifts she and her because you wouldn't believe it."- as they lived in a small rented house New York Sun.

Peaches with Banana Skins, William P. Winter, a retired carpen er, who lives at 826 North Carey street, Bultimore, has entered heart and soul into the wizard business with remarkable results. In a cozy little back yard of Mr. Winter's home grows a peach tree that has produced annual crops of luscious fruit for a number of years. Two years ago Mr. Winter grew weary of the conventional covering of the peaches in his limited orchard, and determined at least to produce a peach pounds, in spite of the fact that her minus that objectional nap or down. He began a series of experiments, and of England, when last in Nice, weighed that year produced a peach clothed in 224 pounds, more than twice as much the ordinary raiment of the banana; as the Austrian empress, who is so

but, not satisfied with the result of his startling assault on nature, he has sue 196 pounds; the Queen Regent of ceeded in producing a crop, which is just now ripe, that looks for all the bella of Spain, 258 pounds; and the world like a tree full of apples. The skin of the fruit is perfectly smooth pounds. and of a dark red hue, shading gradnally into a yellow that Mr. Winter ciaims is a remnant of the banana skin. "Next year," said he, "I'll have an

orange skin on them." Quite Plain. German art gallery. Peasant Woman (noticing an artist copying one of the old masters)- Why do they paint this picture twice?

Her Husband-Why, that's quite dain. When the new picture is done they hang that on the wall and throw the old one away.-Tit-Bits. There is another story going aroun

that we don't believe: that a mothe



ners, a village in the southern part of a body.



vantage. Where these substances can She received from this institution the 'Miss Culbertson is the daughter of the venience a light platform of rather this pathics), after which she located in

Queen of the Kitchen.

stantly on their feet thick manilla mat she would rather be the cook in a fashting is helpful in avoiding that extreme lonable house than be mistress of it. weariness to which active people are This queen of the kitchen has met with subject. Wearing loose shoes with a many reverses, but instead of growing thick insole of felt is recommended old and morose she has grown philowhen floors are extremely hard and sophical and is making the best of life, unyielding. A little attention to some which she finds isn't half bad. She of what appear to be the minor details manages to take in the opera from the of life will oftentimes repay the pains balcony or from the gallery, sees a good are beyond the comprehension of her mistress, feeds on the fat of the land, and all without the worry of being a tine lady.

"As for being a saleswoman in a store "Oh, yes, we've had some big men it or a typewriter or a clerk, I wouldn't the show at one time and another. One like it-at least, I would rather be of the biggest we ever had use to comt where I am," she says, "My weekly inhis hair with a section of a picket come may not be as large as some of show when we made the parade in a fortably sheltered without cost and town. Usually we had an arrange without price. Nor do I have to rise show came along to this spot the giant ed accounts at the end of the month, I would step up to the fence, take off his have more money in my pocket than

Strain of Wedding Presents

A bride of a year was recently heard | art. to say that ten of her acquaintances on his hat and move on. This always the parents of all of them had sent her certainly was a big man, sure; but we husband were in much perturbation had a bigger man once. I wouldn't dare about the customary return. There is tell you how big this other man was food for reflection in her comment that, and kent 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 majesty is extremely tall. The Queen much taller. The Queen of Italy weighs Spain, 157 pounds; the ex-Queen Isa-Queen regent of the Netherlands, 213

> 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

Editor of London Queen

devoted to feminine interests. Will War on Whisky. Kansas University girls belonging to the young women's fraternities have orover made a daughter marry a mas ing liquors. The use of the latter at parties given by the male students' fra-

WOMAN COUNTY PHYSICIAN | ternities at the Lawrence institution will be stopped if the girls to the num-AUKESHA COUNTY, Wis- ber of thirty-five, together with the consin, has a county physi- wives of a number of the professors of cian of the gentler sex. This the institution and a few of the mawoman is Dr. Maybelle M. Park, who trons of the city, can prevent. A resowas elected by the county board of su- lution was passed declaring that at the within a few yards of it; soon help will pervisors after a spirited contest, her next fraternity party at which a scent of most conservative antecedents and making the discovery was to give a sign, at which all the young ladles pres-Miss Park was born at Dodge's Cor ent were to at once leave for home in

Curious Customs.

A curious marriage custom obtains in the island of Himla, 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 sultors 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 Meb 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 placing it on the floor under her feet versity, where she received the degree. Miss Culbertson is not only a beauty. of bachelor of science in 1801. The en- She is a genius, too. She is a sculptor It has taken the business men a long suing autumn she matriculated at the of great performance and greater promtime to learn just what a great many Woman's Medical College of Pennsyl- ise. She has studied that neglected art of the grandmothers and aunties of vania at Philadelphia, and graduated in those centers where scupiture has its this world knew very long ago-name in the three years' course. She then best high priests to-day. She has exly, that people who stand in one place took the Pennsylvania State examina- hibsted in the Paris salons. She origfor any length of time would save s tion, one more dreaded by the young insted the custom of modeling hands great portion of their foot and leg wear M. D. than any other college order and arms of noted people. She did Coliness if they arranged for something After she had passed this examina oned inglesoff, Mme. Caive, Ella Wheelsoft on the floor. One sensible maz tion with distinguished success, she er Wilcox, and General Lew Wallness spread a thick coating of tan bark or opened an office in Philadelphia, and in this way. She has wrought in marthe floor of his warehouse; another also began a course of study in the ble the clasped hands of Susan B. Anused sawdust and found it a great ad Post Graduate School of Homeopathics. thony and Elizabeth Cady Stanton.



late Dr. J. W. Culbertson, the eminent eye surgeon. Her mother is the daughter of Major Anthony Hilborn, a wellknown British officer. Socially Miss Cuibertson 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

Brave English Woman. During the defense at Fort Gulleten or Cavagrari in the Samana range. India, by the British troops against an



woman named Miss Magrath showed conspicuous bravery. She attended the wounded throughout the struggle under an uncessing and beavy fire. Without the least MISS MAGRATH. fear she repeated-

assault of the Afra-

dis, an English

ly went to the front with water for wounded men, and many times knell down and bandaged the wounds of the fallen soldiers on the spot where there She came out of the struggl 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 be appointed a member of the Philadel phia 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 Jejesi, 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

A New York woman has a display advertisement in one of the papers of that city, announcing the gratning to her of a divorce from her husband by a North

Dakota court. Miss Julia Clark, of Dallas, Texas, is a survivor o' the days of '40 in Calle fornia. She was the only women the gold-hunting party which less M Orleans in July of that year.