



CHAPTER XIII—(Continued.)

Partia, sinking further into her dark corner, sickens with apprehension at these words. Suspicion, that now, alas! has become a certainty, is crushing her. Perhaps before this she has had her doubts—vague doubts, indeed, and blessed in the fact that they may admit of contradiction. But now—now...

What was it Slyme had said? That he could either "make or unmake him." That he "had him in his power." Does Slyme, then, know the truth about him? Was it through fear of the secretary that Fabian had acted as his defender, supporting him against Sir Christopher's honest judgment? How quickly he had tried to turn the conversation, how he had seemed to shrink from deeper investigation into Slyme's impertinence!

The door opens and somebody appears upon the threshold. This somebody has had an evident tussle with the butler outside, who, perhaps, would fain have announced him, but having conquered the king of the servants' hall, the somebody advances slowly, until he is midway between the center of the room and the direct glare of the light.

"It is Roger!" exclaims Dulce, suddenly; in an alid a voice, in a voice so full of delight and intense thankfulness that every one is struck by it.

Then Roger is in their midst, a very sunburnt Roger, but just at that his eyes are only upon Dulce, and after a little bit it becomes apparent to everybody that it is Dulce alone he sees; and that she is in fact the proud possessor of all the sight he owns. He has taken between both his cheeks little trembling hands she has extended to him, and is pressing them warmly, openly, without the slightest idea of concealing the happiness he feels in being at her side again.

A little happy smile wreathes her lips as she sees this, and with her white fingers she smooths down the gray sleeve of his coat, as if it were a priceless treasure. Once more, but now restored to his usual self, he looks long and earnestly upon a long-lost priceless treasure, because he does not move, and keeps his eyes still on her as though he would never like to remove them, and makes no objection to his sleeve being brushed up the wrong way.

"It seems like a hundred thousand years since you went away," says Dulce, with a little happy sigh, after which everyone crowds round him, and he is surrounded with extreme joy into the family circle again.

"Think of course, all very delightful, specially to Stephen Gower, who is sitting gloomily upon space, and dejected with something he calls disgust, but might be more generally termed the commonest form of jealousy. The others are all crowding round Roger, and are telling him in different languages, but in one breath, how welcome he is.

CHAPTER XIV.

Jealousy is the lowest, the most selfish, the most poignant of all sufferings. "It is," says Milton, "the injured lover's hell." This monster, having now seized upon Stephen, is holding him in close embrace, and is swiftly crushing within him all hope, and peace, and joy.

To watch Dulce day after day in her cousin's society, to mark her great eyes grow brighter when he enters, is now more than he can endure. To find himself seated where he had been first is intolerable to him, and a shivering feeling that warns him he is being watched and commented upon by all the members of the Blount household, renders him at times half mad with rage and wounded pride.

Not that Dulce slight him in any way, or is cold to him, or gives him to understand, even indirectly, that she would gladly know her engagement at an end. She is both kind and gentle—much more so than before—but he doubts he had every entertained about her having a real affection for him has now become a certainty.

the lake without being seen by either Dare or his companion. Here he declines to stay or converse with any one. Passing by Partia and the two men who are still attending on her, he bows slightly and pretends not to hear Dick's voice, as it calls to him to stay.

"He is like that contemptible idiot who went round with the banner with the sturgeon device," says Dickie Brown, looking after him; "nothing will stop him."

"What's up with him now?" asks Sir Mark, squeezing his glass into his eye, the better to watch Stephen's figure as it hurriedly disappears.

"I expect he has eaten something that has disagreed with him," says Dickie, cheerfully.

"Well, really, he looked like it," says Gower, "a more vinous aspect it has seldom been my lot to gaze upon, for which I acknowledge my gratitude. My dear Partia, unless you intend to go in for rheumatism before your time, you will get up from that damp grass and come home with me."

"Did he—I mean did you—ever—Dulce, will you be very angry with me if I ask you a question?"

"No. But I hope it won't be a disagreeable one," says Dulce, glancing at him, cautiously.

"That is just as you may look at it," says Roger, "but I suppose I may say it after all, we are like brother and sister, are we not?"

"Only we are not, you know," puts in Roger, rather hastily.

"No, of course we are not," replies she, with equal haste.

"Well, then, look here—"

But even now that he has got so far, he hesitates again, looks earnestly at her, and pulls his mustache uncertainly, as if half afraid to go any further.

It is the afternoon of the next day, and as the sun has come out in great force, and the mildness of the day almost resembles spring in its earliest stages, they are all about the place, strolling hither and thither, withersover pleasant fancy guides them.

Roger and Dulce, after lingering for some time in the winter garden looking at the snowdrops, and such poor foster-children as have thrust their pallid faces above the warm earth, that like a cruel stepmother has driven them too early from her breast, have moved slowly onward, until they find themselves beside a fountain that used to be a favorite haunt of their long ago.

Dulce stands herself upon the stonework that surrounds it, though the water is too chilly to be pleasant, she toys lightly with it with her little fingers, just tipping it coquettishly now and then, with her eyes bent thoughtfully upon it, as it sways calmly to and fro beneath the touch of the cold wind that passes over it.



MANAGING HUSBANDS.

LEARN to rightly manage yourself before you attempt to manage a husband. Never by word or action say or do that which may lessen your husband's respect for you. Ever maintain a gentle dignity, avoiding sarcasm, nagging, jests which reflect upon his personal appearance or conduct. Study his disposition and tastes, also your own, and govern yourself accordingly. Be ever ready to compromise. Be patient, but not cringing; keep your proper footing with your husband; he will respect you the more, if you assert your rights with gentleness and tact. It is not wisdom to weakly yield to unreasonable whims.

Respect his feelings and appreciate his attentions. Keep home comfortable and cheery, properly care for his clothing, rightly attend to his meals. Do not waste time by recounting the trifling annoyances of the day when something of importance about the household demands his attention. Wait, if possible, until he is properly fed and rested a bit before you seek his counsel. Be actuated always by the spirit of love, as well as wife affection, bearing and forbearance, and there is no fear of failure with the average man, who is a reasonable being.

Young Cabinet Lady. Miss Helen Long, youngest daughter of the Secretary of the Navy, who recently christened the American built Japanese warship Kasagi after the unique oriental method of liberating a person as she pronounced the name, must be really reckoned among the cabinet ladies, for Mrs. Long is so much of an invalid that she is unable to do her full share of entertaining, leaving a good part of these duties to be borne by her handsome and talented step-daughter.

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Another of Baron Rothschild's peculiarities is to conceal his benevolence. He is said to give away a great deal of money, but if the man who receives it ever mentions the fact so that it comes to the baron's ears, he is not likely to get any more. His contributions to general benevolence are always anonymous or pass through the hands of the rabbi.—Chicago Record.

Bought an Education with Milk. Many boys and men have worked their way through college, but so far as is known, Indiana holds the only one who milked his way through. Martin A. Quinn was a ragged farm hand when he made up his mind to get a college education, and set about obtaining the means.

He began by trading with his neighbors until he owned a pig, which he raised and sold to buy a calf. The calf grew into a cow, which was sold, and more pigs and calves bought. By the time he was 18 Quinn had earned \$200. With this money he bought six good milk cows, which he shipped to Chicago, riding along in the freight train to care for them. He reached the city with his cows and \$11 in cash. Leaving his cows at the stock yards, he went straight to the University of Chicago and matriculated. Having done this, he sought the steward of the college, told his story and laid a proposition before him. Milk was costing the college 25 cents a gallon. Quinn agreed to furnish it at 20 cents.

The deal was made and the young undergraduate dairyman went to seek a place to house his herd. One was found, and arrangements for pasture made. For four years Quinn cared for those cows, milked them every morning at 4 o'clock, strained the milk and carried it to the steward. From it he averaged \$3.00 a day, and on this he lived and furnished food and shelter for the cows. When he graduated this year he sold the cows for \$180, with which he bought books to study law at Lafayette, Ind.—New York World.

Will Be the Fastest Boat Afloat. There is now being constructed in the Ayer shipyards, New York, a boat that will, if the expectations of the designer are realized, be the speediest vessel afloat. Charles D. Mosher is the designer of the new boat and he also planned the Ellipse, which is now the fastest, it having covered a measured mile in 1 minute and 35 seconds. It is expected that the Viper, as the new vessel will be known, will be able to attain close on to 45 miles an hour, a record which would be most remarkable.

Famous Diamonds. Mrs. William Astor has paid \$125,000 for the famous diamonds known as the "Indian Twins." They are cut cushion shape, weigh eight and one-half carats each, and are of a pale blue color, so full of fire that many perfect stones seem lusterless by comparison. "The Twins" were the property of Warren Hastings when he was Governor General of India.

Won't Mind the Doctor. A prominent physician, who has what is termed a "fashionable" practice, recently told some of his troubles to a friend in a burst of wrath over a case of a society woman. "When anemic girls, sleepless women and dyspeptic children are brought to me, I feel like going out of business," he declared. "I have one patient, a girl of 18, who might as well go to a fortune teller for advice for all the benefit she will ever get from a doctor. I give her a scolding and draw up a set of rules for her to live by, prescribing certain things to eat, certain times to sleep, certain hours for exercise, give her a tonic and dismiss her.

"Do you think that girl improves? Not she. In a fortnight she trails into my office, pallid and melancholy. I haven't the heart to scold her, but I anticipate her answers to my questions. Has she taken the tonic? Oh, yes, she hasn't missed a dose. Has she eaten pastry or lobsters or drank ice water or ice cream soda? Well—once or twice. Has she eaten the oatmeal and raw beef and drunk the hot water and beef tea? Yes. She doesn't add once or twice, but her p...

Woman of Numerator.

The only woman dog enumerator in the world is Mrs. Sarah A. Richard, of Kansas City, Kan. The canine census taker has the further distinction of working without pay, the fruits of her work being turned over to the public library. Her duties are to see that the owner of every dog in the city pays the proper municipal tax. She was appointed by the Kansas City, Kan. City Council at the instance of the Federation of Clubs, one of the strongest women's organizations in the State.

For a long time the question of dog taxes had been a boisterous to the city. Some people paid and some didn't, and it was next to impossible to force the delinquents to obedience. The condition of things was somewhat bettered when the dog taxes, through an ordinance, were turned over to the public library, and the library was given charge of the collection. The Federation of Clubs, which is at the helm of the Library Association, was consulted as to what was the best means to remedy the evil. It was the federation that suggested the idea of appointing Mrs. Richard to take charge of the dog taxes. It was decided to call the office Mrs. Richard was to hold that of "city dog enumerator," as it sounded better than "dog impounder." Since that time the question of dog taxes has been solved.

Women's Pockets. Ladies fifty years ago, when going on a journey by stage coach, carried their cash in their under pockets. There were no railroads opened in Wales then, and people who had not a close carriage either went in the mail coach or in a post chaise. Farmers' wives and market women wore these large under pockets. I remember my Welsh nurse had one wherein, if she took me out cowslip picking, or nutting, or black-berry gathering, she carried a bottle of milk and a lot of biscuits or a parcel of sandwiches, often a clean pinafore as well. Her pocket on those occasions was like a big bag. I was very proud when she stitched up a wee pocket for me to wear under my frock out of some stuff like bed ticking, similar to that of which she made her own big pockets.—Notes and Queries.

Their Beautiful Hands. To American women belongs the distinction of having the smallest hands in the world. Next come the women of Austria, Spain, France and Italy. Russians have long but beautifully shaped hands, while those of Spaniards are often spoiled by the thickness of the fingers, which are apt to round at the tips. The hands of aristocratic Englishwomen are apt to be well shaped, but are somewhat long and frequently hard. No one, perhaps, takes such good care of her hands as the French woman of fashion. German women usually have large flat hands, with fat fingers.

About the Baby. Except for the christening robe, the baby's dresses, slips and wrappers are all made quite plain, but of the finest French nainsook. When laces and embroideries are used, only those of daintiest pattern and finest quality are in good taste. Plain flens at the bottom, hand-finished or hem-stitched, are simple, babyish and always in good taste. In most dresses the trimmings are confined to the yoke, neck and sleeves, with perhaps a band of trimming to mark the waist-line. Many have the fullness at the back held in with a sash of the same material starting from each side of the fullness in the front of the waist, which makes a garment easy to launder and fashion—Woman's Home Companion.

Modish Wedding Ring. The fashionable wedding ring is engraved with ornamental chasing and enriched with precious stones. Fanciful ideas are allowed full play in the choice of emblematic stones. They are made to spell "Amor" by means of an amethyst, a moonstone, an opal and a ruby.



MISS HELEN LONG.



ABOUT THE BABY.