



CHAPTER VIII.

July reigns, vice June, dethroned, but still the roses hold full sway.

Seaton Dysart has come and gone many a time to and from Greyourt, and by degrees a little of the constraint that had characterized his early visits has worn away.

But between him and Vera that first dark veil of distrust still hangs heavily—distrust that, on Vera's side, has taken a blacker hue and merged itself into dislike.

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"What can have brought him at this hour? London must be reduced to ashes," hazards Griselda, her tone now as general as usual.

"It is a rather rude question, but there is so much shame and anxiety in his tone that Griselda forgives him."

"Why should it not be true?" says Vera, coldly. "As a rule, we dine early."

"This is the chop that changeth not. It is not all that one could desire, of course, but if sometimes it might be aspired for."

"Griselda!" interrupts Vera, rising to her feet. "Why should I not speak?" asks Griselda, in a meekly injured tone.

"I feel as if I ought to apologize to you for all this," says Dysart, with a heavy sigh, addressing Vera exclusively.

"I beg you will do nothing," says Vera, quickly. "Nothing. I will not have my uncle spoken to on this subject."

yet it seems to me as if you were bent on compelling my likes and dislikes.

CHAPTER IX. While the two girls were discussing, in a frightened way, the result of Griselda's imprudence, Seaton was having a tussle, sharp and severe, with his father.

"Yes, yes," acknowledges the old man with a frown. "Except for me," hastily; "I alone came to their rescue."

"Why, look you; I would give her even you! You! My son! My one possession that has any good in it!"

"I tell you again that it shall!" shrieks the old man, violently. "What! is the cherished dream of a lifetime to be set aside to suit the whim of a girl, a penniless creature?"

"Here, sir. Be patient. All shall be as you wish. I implore you to think no more of this matter."

"I feel as if I ought to apologize to you for all this," says Dysart, with a heavy sigh, addressing Vera exclusively.

"I beg you will do nothing," says Vera, quickly. "Nothing. I will not have my uncle spoken to on this subject."

"I regret that I must disobey you," says Seaton, courteously, but with determination. "My father's house is in part mine, and I will suffer no guest to endure discomfort in it."

"There is no discomfort now. There will be if you try to alter matters in our favor."

"You mean that you will accept nothing at my hands; is that it?" exclaims he, passion that will not be repressed in his tone; the coldness seems broken up, there is fire in his eyes and a distinct anger.

"Has he been so bad to you as that?" he says; and then, with a profound sigh: "My poor father!"

"My son is willing," says Mr. Dysart, slowly.

At this moment the door is thrown open and Seaton himself enters.

"You know," she cries. Her tone is low, but each word rings clear as a bell. "You know! Oh, coward!" she breathes very low, her slender hands clinched.

"Great heaven! how did you dare so to insult her?" cries the young man, in terrible agitation, addressing his father. He casts a burning glance at him. Dysart cowers before it.

"Out of evil comes good," he says, sullenly, "and I did it for the best." He stretches out his hand to his son. "See, then," he cries, entreatingly, "I did it for you—for you!"

"For me! You ruin the one hope I had, which meant silence—time—and you say it was for my good!"

"You misunderstand me," says Seaton, curbing his passion with difficulty. "I would not have her as a gift on such terms. Is it a slave I want, think you? No, not another word! I cannot stand it to-night. Forgive me, father, if I seem abrupt, but—"

Long after he has gone the old man sits motionless, his head bowed upon his breast.

"Curses her!" he says at last; "the same blood all through, and always to my undoing! Cursed be her lot indeed if she comes between him and me! But that shall never be."

Presently he passes through a door on his right hand, gropes his way along the unlighted passage. Unlocking and entering an apartment here—where the strange old cabinet stands—he fastens the door securely behind him, and goes quickly up to it.

Knocking down beside it he unlocks the secret door, and taking out the withered parchment opens and reads it with a feverish haste. It seems as though he hopes thus to shake the raging thirst for revenge that is tormenting him.

Long he kneels thus, conning each word with curious care, gleaning out the contents of that mysterious document. So lost is he in his perusal of it that he fails to hear the approach of Mrs. Grunch until she lays her hand upon his shoulder.

"What, don't you know it by heart yet?" asks she, derisively. (To be continued.)

WHERE TO LOSE TREASURE. Best and Safest Place Seems to Be in a Paris Cab.

WONDERFUL TIDE CALCULATOR.

Uncle Sam has a wonderful clock at Washington, D. C., which represents the thought and effort of nineteen of the best years of the life of William Ferrell, to whom mariners owe as much, probably, as to any other man.

The clock is a tide-predicting machine. Day after day a woman keeps turning a little handle, causing the hands on the center dial and the smaller ones at each side to revolve until they reach certain figures which indicate the time and height of the tide at all principal seaports on the North American coast.

To attempt to describe the intricate arrangement of this wonderful machine would be futile. Suffice it to say that in a day the woman operator can compute the tides for a month, and she will not have to add or subtract a number—simply take readings as indicated by the positions of the hands on the dial.

To verify the work of this calculator, a machine called a tide gauge is used, which requires no human assistance except to wind the clockwork.

PHASES OF WEATHER STUDY. Medicine Hat, Home of the Blizzard, a Place of Varying Temperature.

Medicine Hat! A name to conjure by.

Every blast from the leeboon of Old Boreas, according to the weather bureau, starts from Medicine Hat.

Medicine Hat is a town of 1,900, is very primitive and unfashionable, and is situated in a deep depression with bluffs surrounding it on all sides.

The weather station is in charge of a typical Westerner, Walter Crosskill by name, just such a character as the artist loves to picture.

The father of Alfred Krupp succeeded to the little foundry in Essen, and he and his son began applying the secret process of transforming steel into the making of guns.

The father died in 1877, but long before that time Alfred Krupp had assumed entire charge of the factory.

The Dangers of Palmistry. If the study of palmistry, which is very general in this country at the present time, were to be pursued only by persons of intelligence and judgment, the results would hardly fail to be good or at least harmless.

It is a fact that a large proportion of these students (and shall we say teachers, also?) are of a literal turn of mind.

When we stop to consider for a moment the class of people who are taking up palmistry all over the country, for the half-dollars and quarters to be picked up, the force of this warning is felt.

It Looked Tough. "Will you carve, Mr. Cleaver?" asked the landlady, as she placed the turkey on the boarding-house table.



AN OUT-DOOR TIDE INDICATOR.

and the pencil draws curved lines upon the paper, exactly reproducing, on a small scale, the fluctuations in altitude of the surface of the water.

Connected with the tide gauge one may often see what is called the tide indicator. This is another clock, so to speak, but the dial records the height of the tide instead of minutes and hours.

The average snowfall at Medicine Hat is ten inches for the year. Snow seldom lies on the ground longer than a day or two and, strange as it may seem of such a northern locality, sleighs are practically unknown.

It is certainly a queer country—a country of strange contradictions and odd conditions. To think that the "home of the cold wave" is more often warm than cold seems queer enough, but it remains a fact nevertheless.

ALFRED KRUPP, Head of Great Steel Works at Essen, the Richest Man in Germany.

Alfred Krupp, manufacturer of guns, is the richest man in Germany, according to the income tax returns.

He has an annual income of more than 20,000,000 marks, and this places him far and away ahead of any other class of rich men in the German Empire.

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When He Forgets. When a young lover figures on whether he can support a wife, he counts in everything except the rent, butcher and grocer, clothes and incidentals.—N. Y. Press.

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