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Sunshine After the Storm.

CHAPTER XIII.

"WHO IS ST. ANGE?"

(continued)

The scene in its most thrilling details was instantly photographed on her vision and memory. Doctor Carter was standing with his back to the door, talking in a low, monotonous voice. Meta was sitting at a table, writing down in stenographic signs the matter of his talk; and Doctor St. Ange, with his sleeves rolled up to his elbows, was putting something strange into a chemical bath. Ambrosia looked steadily at Meta for a moment. The girl was beautiful, and she took the look with the utmost composure. Then Ambrosia spoke to her husband in a charming tone, and the doctor turned slowly round and seemed for a moment dazzled by the interruption. He had to make an effort to change the scientist into the husband; but he made it with a grand concession, and then instantly dismissed his assistants, but St. Ange managed to drive home to Ambrosia's heart, with a single plying look, a suspicion and a death.

Then the walk which was the ostensible cause of the visit was taken. It was not a thing to be repeated. Robert tried to be interested, Ambrosia tried to be amusing; but when a man has a medic-scientific paper on his mind, how can any woman charm him, charm she never so wisely? Ambrosia saw that all her bright sayings lost their wit in the unresponsive mental atmosphere. They were not seen through at all, or they were recognized so late as to have lost their point, or they were taken seriously and disputed.

Also the east wind rose and the dust came in unpleasant swirls. It blinded their eyes and soiled Ambrosia's delicate cloth costume. It looked a long way home. A cab seemed better than the walk back again. Ambrosia said so, and Robert gladly indorsed the opinion. "The wind is so unpleasant," he added, in excuse, and Ambrosia answered:

like words out of season. St. Ange left them drop—perhaps purposely. The doctor made some excuse to appreciate at least their intent, and then there was again a pause. When St. Ange left, Ambrosia had become reckless. Right time or wrong time, she was determined to know all about the girl in the laboratory.

"Who is that girl I saw in your office this afternoon, Robert? You never named her to me?" "She is a granddaughter of Mrs. Ryan's."

He was writing something on a slip of paper. He looked up to answer the question and then began to write again. It is difficult to question a man lost in an alien subject, but Ambrosia was becoming every moment more and more resolved to have her suspicions attended to.

"Put down your writing and talk to me, Robert. I am curious about the girl. How did you come to know her?" He answered with some vexation: "Oh, in the most natural way in the world. I advertised for a stenographer. I told Mrs. Ryan that I had done so, and there might be a number of persons to see me between five and six o'clock about the position. She said instantly she had a granddaughter staying with her who was an expert and out of employment, and would I please give her a trial. The girl was there ready to begin work. I tried her all day and found her singularly satisfactory. Indeed, I might seek New York through and not come across another woman, or even man, so quick to catch my ideas and so able to transfer them. I consider Meta a great help, a find, a treasure in her duties."

"Why did you not tell me about her?" "I never thought it would concern or interest you. I have changed my boy's office for you. I never thought of telling you I had done so."

man in Meta's place. I will tell you the truth: I am unhappy to have any woman so near to you—a pretty young woman, too."

"Now you are jealous, Amber; and it is a contemptible passion, because I give you no cause—not the slightest."

"I am jealous. I confess it, Robert. How would you like some handsome man sitting with me for hours at a time, watching my eyes and my lips for every word I speak?" "Has not the delightful St. Ange been with you constantly, playing to your playing, singing to your singing, dancing with you, reading with you?"

"I would have been better pleased if you had objected to such familiarity. I hate the man. I took precious care that he was never alone with me. If you are jealous—I repeat your own words—it is a contemptible passion, for I give you no cause, not the slightest."

"I have not accused you. I do not object to St. Ange being with you. I have perfect confidence in you. Give me the same honorable privilege I give you."

you to alter or to advise or to interfere in any way."

"You will do precisely as you wish in all household arrangements. This house is your kingdom, in it you may be as autocratic as you desire. You may remember, however, that Mrs. Ryan is hired by the year and that you must pay her wages to the last of next March, whether you keep her or not."

"To-morrow she leaves my house."

"I wish I were here, with all my heart. Now, Amber, I have a most important subject on my mind, and I positively refuse to be further disturbed. I can tell you that I would not have left it for any human being but yourself, this afternoon. No, I would not. If the President of the United States had asked me to walk with him, I would have excused myself. No one but a woman and wife would have put herself and her pleasure before such universal interests as now occupy my mind."

"You should have told me about the universal interests. And, perhaps, a little confidence and explanation might have made Meta more endurable."

"To be continued."

UNCLAIMED LETTERS, REMAINING IN G. P. to FEB. 7th, 1911

Table with columns A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, R, S, T, U, V, W, X, Y, Z listing names and addresses of unclaimed letters.

SEAMEN'S LIST.

Table with columns A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, R, S, T, U, V, W, X, Y, Z listing names and details of seamen.

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