Sunshine After the Storm.

CHAPTER XVII.

TREADING ON A HEART.

(Concluded.)

'Robert, I can neither make beginning nor end of the papers I am copying. I wish you would come to my room and look over what I have done, and tell me how to go on.'

'Oh, not to-night, Amber.'

'But I can copy no further without help. Come, Robert.'

'I really cannot to-night. I am tired out. Do have some consideration.'

'Do you wish me to go on with the work?'

'Please yourself. Work that I have to direct and correct is very tiresome. I might as well do it with my own hands.'

'You had to direct and correct that girl's' copy, I suppose?'

'Of course, at first. For that reason I very naturally dislike to change a person whom I had taught the methods of my work.'

'I do not believe the papers you have given me to copy are of any value.'

Robert was silent.

'One of them is dated ten years ago. As far as I can judge, the results specified are far behind time.'

'They are.'

'And you do not care anything about them!'

'How do you know that, Amber?'

'I am sure of it, Robert. Do you think I am a child or a fool? You have offered me a great insult; first, in supposing I have not intelligence enough to perceive these papers were premature and had been long superseded; second, in using my time and strength as you would use that of a meddlesome imbecile who must be employed on something or anything to keep her out of mischief!'

'I told Clara the situation was all wrong.'

'Oh! Clara is in it also?'

'In it!' What do you mean? Clara told me that you had learned to use a typewriter for my sake and begged me not to disappoint you. Typewriting without stenography is as useless as Chaldaic to me. I did the best I could. I told Clara it was a false position.'

'So both Clara and you have been making a baby of me—giving me a toy to keep me in good humor. And I dare say Clara has told Bessie; and you have complained to St. Ange; and I am a private laughing-stock for as many as Bessie and others like to laugh with. It is a shame! There is no excuse for such treatment!'

'I meant nothing but kindness, Amber. The papers were fading out.'

'They ought to be burned'

'They are interesting records of my first experiments.'

'Put them in the fire.'

'You may put them in the fire if you wish.'

'I thought so. It is intolerable to be fooled by you, Robert! I could have borne it better from any one else.'

'I tell you I meant to be kind.'

'You send the papers to me, as you would give a rattle to a crying baby. You ought to have explained about the stenography. Am I so irrational that I cannot bear the truth? Oh, Robert! Robert!'

'It was wrong. It was a mistake, Amber. I never approved myself for deceiving you. It was always a great trial to further the deceit by noticing the work at all. I do not wonder you detected my indifference to it. I was more than indifferent; I was angry at the position it forced me to take.'

'And I am angry also! You had no right to put me in such a position You ought to have told me the truth.'

'I will tell you the truth now. I dislike seeing you at the typewriter. You are out of your sphere. You are my wife, my friend and my companion You are not my typewriter. You lost caste in my eyes by the mechanical employment; you put yourself among associations derogatory to the ideal I had always kept of you. My wife is my wife; she is mistress of my heart and home. I do not like to see you my servant in any capacity. And the sound of a typewriter in my house is unpleasant to me; it is bringing the office into my hours of rest; and I do not like it at all!'

He spoke with haste and with gathering passion, and Ambrosia perceived that in his eyes she had been altogether wrong in the matter. She understood now the indefinite lowering of his usual fine manner toward her. But all the same, she thought he ought to have let the motive ennoble the act. Love should have glorified the mistake and glorified her in it. But that expectation, though beautiful in theory, rarely if ever succeeds in reality. Even in housekeeping duties, the wife who makes herself a domestic woman is too often treated like a domestic.

After his angry definition of the situation, Robert rose and moved the periodicals about the table and the music on the piano like a man looking for something he had lost. He thought it was his reading-glasses; it was in reality a loss so great that he could not define it. And he was worried and astonished at the attitude of Ambrosia. She contradicted at this hour all his previous conceptions of her character. He had been sure that whenever this explanation came, it would be with a passion of tears and reproaches; and for this ebullition he had prepared himself. But he was not prepared for the dry-eyed anger and the proud look of injury and injustice which enveloped like an atmosphere the beautiful woman sitting motionless before him. He wished her to speak, to make some movement, and she appeared to have forgotten that he was in the room. She was more aggravating than the old, impulsive, demonstrative Ambrosia.

At length he went to the door, opened it and, as he stood with the handle in his hand, said: 'Good night, Amber! I hope you will have forgotten this little affair by the morning.'

She did not move nor answer him; but when he had closed the door, she whispered: "*Forgotten—this little affair—by the morning!*"

Robert did not see his wife in the morning at all.

Her maid said she had been restless all night and had not fallen asleep until the hours for rising. But the circumstance did not trouble Robert much. He was thankful to be rid of such a disagreeable deception; and he fully expected the domestic storm would blow over before night. He knew it was Ambrosia's reception day, and doubtless something would happen to make her forget his offense.

Yet he found it impossible to be at peace with himself. The look on his wife's face, when he told her to put the papers in the fire, haunted him. It was the look of a proud woman who had received a lash. He wished too he could forget her eyes: the reproach and the wounded love in them were troublesome. What had he done wrong, he asked himself, fretfully. And something within him answered: "Put your foot on a woman's heart. That is all." And it was not a pleasant thought to carry all day with him.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Viper in the Breast.

We shape ourselves the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our future's atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.
—Raphael.

There are hours in every life that are transforming, and Ambrosia had come to such a fateful time. Something had happened, and she was a different woman. She could now see the Ambrosia that "had been" as others doubtless saw her, and she frowned at the phantom woman. Her memory was busy, though she did not take note of its labor; and she felt a weight of sorrow upon her heart, though she asked not whether it was the bearing of the old sorrow or the boding of some new harvest of tares.

Worn out with the tumult of the night, she slept long and heavily; and when consciousness returned her first remembrance was of a certain look in her husband's eyes when she answered his question about St. Ange. At the time she had taken no special note of it, but the first thought of the morning is often a revealing thought, and she knew now that this look was the most important thing that had happened. Robert was at last jealous. He might not yet be aware of the feeling; but he was jealous. There was no doubt in the glance he gave her, when she said of St. Ange: "I dismissed him."

She was correct in her judgment. Those three words had roused instant and voluntary queries in Robert's heart. Why did Ambrosia dismiss him? Had the conceited fellow presumed too far? If so, could such presumption have come without previous unwarrantable license? Why was he not awakened? Was it possible that Ambrosia's antipathy was an affected one? "At any rate," he thought, "dishonor comes too near when it even dares question a woman at all."

At the time he had refrained himself from giving any voice to his suspicions, because they were so startlingly new to him that he could not determine whether they were worthy of consideration or not. But he did know that Ambrosia would resent them in a way which would very likely induce unpardonable recrimination. So he took the doubt and the queries arising from it to bed with him, and slept the sleep such companions give.

(To be continued.)

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Bryan, Thos., Blackmarsh Road
Barrett, Arch, retd.
Bran, Miss Janie, Brine St.
Bradbury, E. J.
Blake, Miss Beatress
Barron, Mrs. Frank, South Side
Brennan, Mary Joseph, Cochrane St
Bennett, T. P., Cochrane St
Benson, J. J., retd.
Brien, Thos., Blackmarsh Rd.
Bugden, Frederick, care G. P. O.
Buckley, Miss Alice, Playmouth Rd.
Buckley, Mrs. Wm., New Gower Street
Bruce, Richard, Flower Hill
Burns, Miss T., —— Street, 26
Byrne, Geo. T., retd.
Butt, Allan, Bulley St.
Budden, Mrs. Laura, New Gower Street
Bergman, Ben
Butler, Mr. and Mrs. John
Brien, Mike, Simms' St.
Brown, Miss E. B.
Butt, Mrs. George, Forest Road
C
Caines, John
Clarke, Ella, card
Clarke, F. S., card, Water Street
Caine, John, late Badger Brook
Cain, John, Water St. West
Chafe, Frederick, Playmouth Road
Chaplin, Miss G., care W. Chapman
Sarroll, Capt. James
Clarke, Edith, Gower St.
Clarke, Mrs. B., care Mrs. Lynch, Barter's Hill
Collins, Miss Lizzie, Gower Street
Cooney, Mrs. James, card, Water Street
Coady, John, Lime Street
Crocker, Samuel, late s.s. Invermore
Cooke, Miss, Balsam St.
Cossman, Otto, late Sydney, C.B.
Cooper, Miss Rose
Costello, Master Martin, card
Cooper, Mr., care Wm. Frew
Crockwell, Lawrence, George's St.
Crocker, Samuel, late Port aux Basques
Cunningham, J. M., care Post Office
Crocker, Miss Annie
Cummings, Mrs. John, Duckworth Street
Canning, A. J.
Chafe, Beatrice, Forest Rd.
Cooper, Miss, late Royal Stores
Connelly, Patk.
D
Dwyer, Miss Lizzie, Rennie Mill Road
Devine, Dan
Driscoll, Sarah, retd.
Dillon, Mrs. Mary, Fergus Place
Downton, Mrs. Sarah, card
Doyle Wm., late Bonavista Branch
Dixon, J. F.
E
Emerson, Mrs. Wm., card
Escott, Mrs. Mark, retd.
Edmonds, Miss Mary, John Street
Ezekiel, Thomas, retd.
F
Fry, Joseph, care Bishop & Sons
French, J., St. John's
French, Wm.
Fitzpatrick, Miss Minnie
Fitzpatrick, H.
Forsyth, Mary, retd.
Flynn, Blanche, New Gower Street
G
Gahan, Miss Elsie
Gallagar, Frank
Greening, Mrs. A., slip, Long's Hill
Gillis, J. A., late Bonavista Branch
Gibbons, Mark
Good, Mrs. Lizzie, retd.
Gorley, Mon. Joseph, slip
Gush, Wm., care G. P. O.
H
Hannon, John A.
Halliday, Miss, Mt. Scio
Hayes, Mrs. John P.
Harris, Mrs. Wm., P. O. Box 139
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Henebury, W. J.
Healey, Miss May, care Thos. Healey
Heal, G. E.
Hillyer, Miss Jane, LeMerchant Road
Hynes, Thomas, card
Hutchings, Mr. & Mrs. J. F.
Hutchings, Leonard, late Woods' Island
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Hart, John G.
Holman, Edward, Brazil's Square
J
Jones, G. A., Dunford St.
Johnson, Mrs. John C., retd.
Janes, Miss Mary, care Miss Dwyer
Johnson, Conrad, card
Janes, Jack, Adelaide Street
James, Rev. E. R., card
K
Keough, Bridget, North Side
Kennedy, James J., York Street
Kavanagh, John, card, late Norris' Arm
Kavanagh, Mary Ann, retd.
King, H., retd.
King, Mrs. M., care G.P.O.
King, Jack J., card
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L
Lake, Mrs. J.
Langton, Edward
Lawlor, Francis, card
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Little, Dr. John
Lacey, Roland, care Gen'l Delivery
M
Marks, S., card
Martin, Bric, card, Williams' Lane
Mayer, C., card, Duckworth Street
Miller, John, Hutchings' St.
Morrissey, Thomas, Barter's Hill
Molloy, Michael, retd.
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Munnue, Hugh W., St. George's St.
Mullowney, John, late Trinity
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Murphy, P. J., retd.
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McDonald, Edward, Water St. West
McBean, W., card
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Newberry, Miss Annie
Noseworthy, Alice, Prince's Street
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O'Neil, J., card.
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Okley, Mrs. James, late Trinity
Oliver, Mrs. Ellen, retd.
O'Brien, W. J., card, Duckworth Street
O'Brien, Miss Ellen, card
O'NeillO'Neill, eter, Blackmarsh Road
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Perrin, Lizzie, card, New Gower Street
Phelan, E. W., Water St.
Phelan, James, slip
Penny, J. W., care G.P.O.
Penny, Mary, retd.
Penny, Sarah, King's Bridge Road
Pike, Miss M. H., slip
Peddigrew, Wm., retd.
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Pike, Miss M., slip
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Reid, Mr., care G. P. O.
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