



Sunshine After the Storm.

CHAPTER XI.

Amber as friend and Wife

"I wish to goodness I had!" "Robert, I feel angry with you tonight. Put down your pen and listen to me. You are loved by the brightest and most beautiful of women, and you treat her shamefully. Yes, sir! You treat her shamefully! I have just found her alone in the drawing-room, suffering terribly with nervous headache. It is not right. Indeed it is not."

"She ought not to cry. She knows crying gives her a headache. Besides which, tears drench her moral fiber into a most provoking happiness. I could not trust myself with a crying woman." "She wanted to talk with you tonight. I noticed how prettily she had dressed herself. She was so anxious about dinner being well cooked, so eager for you to be on time. She had been to Bessie Madison's and had a very strange and pretty story to tell you about her cousin's engagement. She was counting the minutes of the last hour for your coming, to have all her pleasant plans and intentions swept away for a cause. And I tell you frankly, Robert, you have a comfoundedly cold, professional way of assuming 'causes' to be the most important thing in life."

"Before I was married, Will, you never found them interfering." "My dear fellow, you never asked me, and I was too polite to tell you the truth. Sometimes I found them very much of a bore." "Oh, indeed?" "Yes, indeed. Outsiders do not usually feel any interest in those parts of the body to which you give Latin names."

"A husband ought to feel some interest in his wife's work. Why do you leave Amber so much alone? No woman could be more interesting." "Interesting? Yes. But I want some solitude. Will, it is an awful thing for two human beings to be always close together. The most dreadful thing about marriage is that it gives another a claim to share every hour of your life. You can talk for hours, Will, about physical evils of overcrowding. I tell you, Will, the mental and spiritual evils

of overcrowding are infinitely worse. Now go away and leave me to attend to my own affairs." "I am going to Europe for six months. You have too long spoiled your sense of obligation to Amber by thinking: 'Oh, Will is there! Will can look after her!' Now, as regards Amber's social requirements, I cannot take your place, and I will not even if I can. I have noticed you, lately, in society you are pleasant enough, but at your own fireside you are a dumb dog. That is not right." "If you have noticed my faults so closely, perhaps you have also seen some faults in my wife?" "Robert, there is a time to wink and a time to see. Amber is in a physical condition which ought to blind you to her faults. You ought to show her many little attentions you forget. You ought to look over little irritations which you resent. If a sick wife speaks two words, you should take one and leave the other." "Bachelors always know how to manage wives, Will. I used to think I did. Get married, Brother Will, marriage opens the eyes of the blind bachelor."

"Amber loves you. Love ought to cover a multitude of faults. She expected to be loved in return, to be petted, to be made much of. Women marry for that very reason." "Bachelor wisdom again, Will. A woman marries, first of all, that she may become her own mistress. The rest follows. She has immediately every right—and a great many wrongs. Her poor husband has neither one or the other. He may not even have an hour or two, to write up one of the most important surgical cases that has ever occurred."

"What is the good of talking, Robert?" Actions speak louder. Go to Amber and kiss her good-night. Now Robert, you need not be valiant or any other soothing herb. Go kiss your wife's tears away; that is the best and one for all." "With this prescription for domestic peace, Will went. He was not dissatisfied with his management of Amber's case. He perceived that he had at least made it impossible for Robert to renege his promise. He had seen him stretch out his hand to the medicine chest, and he knew that, after a shorter or longer period, the patient husband would seek his wife's presence, and that Amber with the culprit in this attitude might be safely left to manage her own defense."

But his heart ached for the fair hopes he had seen bloom so brightly and wither so soon. He walked listlessly from window to window; he took up a book and put it down; he heard Amber's drooped work; he gazed forward, and his eyes met the pictured face of his dead sister. Then he went to his organ, and drew out the stops with a slow and noiseless hand, and the music softly penetrated the room. And by and by his voice melted into it, and Robert, passing the door on his penitential visit to his wife, stopped a few minutes to listen to the melodiously solemn question Will was asking:

"Who will salute me There? Who will come forth to greet? What angel on the golden stair, Will give me 'welcome sweet?'"

After all, what was there in life half so precious as love? Robert knew what memories of love that had been and that had gone away forever were stirring his brother's heart as he sang. A sort of terror about Amber smote him. With all her provoking faults, how could he bear to lose her?—If Will's music had been the result of some well-considered plan to soften Robert's heart and stir into life his tenderest feelings, it would have been the best thing possible. Yet the song was only a personal consolation, and Will had not even a suspicion that Robert had heard and responded to the memories it evoked

of her advantages or evasions of her romantic, handsome lover? There are very few men who do not enjoy these womanly estimates of their dearest friends, and Robert asked, with a sufficient interest: "Is this Jack Madison really so handsome?" Amber made a scornful "mouth" ere she answered: "I saw a photo of him. The face is good enough; but will you try to imagine a man, however handsome, dressed in light trousers and a dark vest and coat?" "I positively refuse to set my imagination such a task," answered the doctor. "Of course a man's legs ought to match his body," continued Amber, with the air of an authority. "Jack Madison really seemed to be cut in two; and I am sure, between the light half and the dark half, he was robbed of an inch in height. Why, Robert, even your high-bred air and dignified carriage could not stand such a separation!"

The doctor first took to his heart Amber's glance of satisfied pride in his appearance, and then hastened to endorse her opinion. He was certain he always must have had an instinctive disapproval of such extremes, and Will had also. If every Will had seen a light-and-dark combination, Robert knew it would have hurt his sense of the fitness of things, and so been fixed in his memory. "Bessie will be here to dinner on Thursday next, Robert, and I do hope you will try to be at home early, dear, and do be at my side. I do not want Bessie Madison to believe she is the only woman in the world who has a lover." Robert promised all she asked. He forgot at that hour that he was a surgeon. He only knew that he was a husband, sitting by the side and holding the hand of the dearest wife and his loveliest woman in the world. To be continued.

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and to hear her gradually begin to talk! In an hour she was telling him Bessie's story, and making him feel so happy that he gladly forgave there was such a thing as a 'case' in the whole world. "And of all the conceited little mortals you ever saw, Robert, my cousin Bessie Madison is 'chief,' was Amber's commentary on the position of Jack's infatuated estimate of his beauty and excellencies has turned his head. She is charmingly certain of herself at all points. She knows everything about everything, and she enjoys the conviction that she is always right and always must be right; and that every one who doubts her is always being right is either jealous

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So it is that we often mount the highest when we do not know where we are going. So it is that the best things in a man's or a woman's destiny, the sweet old song had its mission, and fulfilled it. For Robert was not half subdued when it spoke to him. He was, indeed, on his way to Amber, but his intentions were not purely conciliatory. He meant to "make up" with her, but he also meant to reason with her, unreasonable as she was, and teach her how unjustifiable are her expectations were. After the song, he put himself out of consideration. He forgot that he had wronged his wife. He hurried his steps to her bedside. His kiss opened the dear eyes closed with nervous suffering. Without many words, he whispered his confession and took his pardon from her lips. Then what a joy it was to make his skill minister to her relief. He never crossed her; to smooth the long, bright, loosened hair; to watch the smiles come back to her lip, the sense of rest and peace to the troubled face head.

SCHOOL BOY KILLED Quebec, Jan. 31.—Hand in hand two little boys set out for school yesterday afternoon. Just as they were about to enter the school a slide of ice from the roof descended and one of the boys, Harold Chavanel, 7 years old, was struck by the falling ice. The brother of the victim hastened home to tell his mother, and when he later arrived she found her son dead.

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

Table listing unclaimed letters with columns for names, addresses, and dates. Includes entries for Adams, Mrs. James; Cooper, Miss Rose; James, Jack; etc.

SEAMEN'S LIST.

Table listing seamen with columns for names, ship names, and agents. Includes entries for Penwill, Jacob; Hassell, Augustine; Anderson, Eli; etc.

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Advertisement for GEORGE K. CO. featuring 'A GENUINE BOND PACKED IN CO. NEVER LEAK RO.' and 'George K. Co. St. John's, N.S.' with an image of a product.

Advertisement for 'Greatest Hair' and 'Women's Untried' with text: 'To the Ladies of Worth \$1.00 (The majority of them) All For 60 (to clean up) previous to advertising with our Show Room and for which This is a Great Savings. GIRLS Newest FELT. All magnificent quality. ONLY 60 CENTS. Slaughter of Prices of Ladies Felt Cloth makes this a Regular 70c. Gips only 60c. Women's Tweed Material HENRY Terms: Cash on Delivery.

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