



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 Greycourt, and by degrees a little of the constraint that had characterized his early visits has worn away. He has even so far advanced as to be almost on friendly terms with Griselda.

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.

Seaton Dysart's arrivals being only looked for by the girls at about seven o'clock in the evening—just an hour or so before dinner—gave them plenty of time to prepare for his coming. Any day on which he was expected, Mrs. Grunck brought a formal message to Vera from her uncle to that effect. Never yet had their cousin come without the announcement being made; and so thoroughly understood was it that he would not put in an unexpected appearance, that when, after a rather longer absence than usual, an absence extending over all last week and part of this, he turns up at half-past two in the afternoon, his coming causes distinct embarrassment in several quarters.

"What can have brought him at this hour? London must be reduced to ashes," hazards Griselda, her tone now as genial as usual. For one instant a sickening fear that it might be Mr. Peyton's knock had made her blood run cold. There had been a short but sharp encounter between him and her the day before yesterday, and a wild fear that he had come up to have it out with her now, and here, had taken possession of her. At such a moment the advent of Seaton is hailed by her, at least, with rapture.

"Why, what happy wind drove you down at this hour?" cries she, with the friendliest air, beaming on him as he comes into the room.

"It is good of you to call it happy," says he, casting a really grateful look at her as he shakes hands silently with Vera. "In time for luncheon, too, I see, though," with a rather surprised glance at the table, "you don't seem in a very hospitable mood. Nothing to share, eh?"

"We didn't know you were coming, you see," says Griselda, mildly. "And it isn't lunch you see, or rather you don't see, before you; it is dinner."

"What?" says Seaton, flushing a dark red. He has got up from his seat and is regarding her almost sternly.

"Is it true?" asked Seaton, turning to Vera. 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."

"She means that we always dine early except when we know you are coming," supplements Griselda, even more mildly than before.

"And this—" with a hurried glance at the scanty meal, "do you mean to tell me that—that this is your dinner every day?"

"Literally," says Griselda, cheerfully. "This is the chop that changeth not. It is not all that one could desire, of course, but if sometimes it might be altered for—"

"Griselda!" interrupts Vera, rising to her feet.

"Why should I not speak?" asks Griselda, in a meekly injured tone. "I was merely going to add that a fowl occasionally would be a good deal of moral use to us. I have always heard that to keep the temper in a healthy state, change of food is necessary."

"I feel as if I ought to apologize to you for all this," says Dysart, with a heavy sigh, addressing Vera exclusively, "and as if, too, no apology could be accepted. But I shall see that it does not occur again."

"I beg you will do nothing," says Vera, quickly. "Nothing. I will not have my uncle spoken to on this subject. Griselda is only in jest; she speaks like a foolish child. I," folding her hands tightly together, "forbid you to say anything but—"

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"The case seemed hopeless, yet the cabman brought back the diamonds of his own accord. The quaintest part of the story is to come. When told at the prefecture to ask the jeweler for the substantial reward to which he was clearly entitled, he replied:

"No, not I; he was too rude. I hope I may never see him or speak to him again."

All cabmen are not so honest as this, yet a great deal of treasure finds its way to the prefecture, whether everything found in streets and highways, in omnibuses, theaters, cabs and railway stations, is forwarded. In one case an emigrant, who had made his fortune in Canada, and carried it in his pocket in the shape of fifty notes of ten thousand francs each, dropped his purse as he climbed on to the outside of an omnibus.

The conductor picked it up and restored it with its one hundred thousand dollars intact. To be sure, he was rewarded with two thousand five hundred dollars, but the temptation he overcame was great.

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The First Thing.

Munson—What do you think we ought to do with the Philippines?

Brisbe—I'm thinking that it might be a good idea for us to capture them.

"May I ask if—if your son is aware of this arrangement?"

"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.

Roused from his lethargy and stung by her contempt, he would now have made his defense, but with a scornful gesture she waves him aside and leaves the room.

"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, suddenly, "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!"

"I thought to compel her, to frighten her into a consent, and I will yet," cries he, eagerly. "Nay, Seaton, do not look thus upon me. I have not betrayed you without meaning, and all for the fulfillment ETAOIN NU PNUP NUP NUP of your desire—and mine."

"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—"

He seems heartbroken as he turns aside and disappears through the doorway.

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

"Cure 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.

Kneeling 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 slake the raging thirst for revenge that is tormenting him.

Long he kneels thus, conning each word with curious care, gloating over the contents of that mysterious document. So lost is he in his perusal of it that he fails to hear the approach of Mrs. Grunck 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.

If a man must lose his purse somewhere, perhaps the best place is in a Paris cab. Major Arthur Griffiths, writing in Cassell's Magazine, tells some wonderful stories of money recovered after being thus lost. He says that the cabmen of Paris are honest enough—possibly in spite of themselves, for they are a rough lot—and are carefully looked after by the police.

One night a rich Russian, who had gone away from his club a large winner, left the whole amount, ten thousand francs, in a cab. He was so certain that he had lost it irreparably that he returned to St. Petersburg without even inquiring whether it had been given up.

Some time later he was again in Paris, and a friend urged him at least to satisfy himself as to whether the missing money had been taken to the lost property office. He went and asked, although the limit of time for claiming lost property had almost expired.

"Ten thousand francs lost!" said the official. "Yes, it is here;" and after the proper identification the packet was restored to him.

"What a fool that cabman must have been!" was the Russian's only remark. The comment spoke ill for public morality in Russia.

On another occasion a jeweler in the Palais Royal left a diamond parure worth eighty thousand francs in a cab. The police, when he reported his loss, gave him little hope of recovering the treasure. Not only were diamonds worth sixteen thousand dollars a great temptation to the cabman, but worse still, the loser did not know the number of the cabman, having picked him up in the street instead of taking him from the rank; and more unfortunate yet, he had quarreled with the driver, for which reason he had abruptly left the cab.

"Absurd!" she says, contemptuously. "Call it so if you will," with an offended flush from his dark eyes, "but regard it as a fact for all that. You will marry your cousin, let me assure you."

"That I certainly shall not," decisively.

"That you certainly shall. Did you not know that your marriage with my son was the last wish, the last command of your father?"

He is lying well, so well that at first the girl forgets to doubt him.

"My father?" she says, with much amazement. "He never so much as mentioned my cousin's name to me."

"To me, however, he did. Do you wish to see the letter?"

This is a bold stroke. Vera hesitates—then, "No," says she, steadily. "Even if my father did express such a wish, I should not for a moment accede to it. I shall not marry to please any one, dead or living, except myself."

"So you now think. We shall see," retorts she, in an icy tone.

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Uncle Sam—Yes, Miss Columbia, we will take good care of our storm-stricken wards.—Williamsport (Pa.) Grit.

THE DREYFUS TRIAL.

Some Dramatic and Sensational Features of the Evidence.

Dramatic and sensational as was Thursday's session of the Dreyfus court-martial, it yielded less substantial advantage to the defense than the friends of truth and justice anticipated. The political character of the trial was strongly emphasized. For the first time the court itself directly intervened to shield and protect the military witnesses. The refrain so familiar at the Zola trial, "this question will not be put," was frequently heard during Labor's attempt to cross-examine Mercier, the chief of the conspirators. Besides, many of the questions which counsel did put and which the court could not decently rule out as irrelevant Mercier simply declined to answer, being sustained by the presiding officer in his refusal.

All that Labori succeeded in showing was that Mercier was intriguing with Paty de Clam on the very eve of the present trial, that he inserted an alleged incriminating document in the secret dossier which he had illegally held and that he had tried to prevent the defense from knowing its contents. This document Col. Journaud was forced to rule out. All the rest of the scathing cross-examination related to the trial of 1894, now known to have been flagrantly lawless and unfair, and had no bearing on the question under inquiry except as tending to prove the existence of prejudice and conspiracy.

At the opening of Friday's session of the court-martial, a doctor's certificate to the effect that it was impossible for Du Paty de Clam to be present was read. M. Labori asked the court that an official physician be sent to examine De Clam, but Col. Journaud refused:

M. Gobert, handwriting expert of the Board of France, was called. Gobert told how he was originally called by the war office to examine the bordereau. After comparing it with specimens of Dreyfus' handwriting he declared that from first to last it was not the work of accused.

Gen. Gonse was called to confront the witness. Gonse said that Gobert was wrong in the details of his testimony, whereupon the expert earnestly demonstrated the correctness of all he had said. Gonse retired discomfited, but intimated that Dreyfus had known the witness in the bank. Dreyfus denied emphatically that he had ever known Gobert.

The rest of the day's session was given over to the testimony of M. Bertillon, head of the anthropometric department of the Paris police, and who maintains that he has proved Dreyfus was the author of the bordereau.

Bertillon came into court accompanied by four soldiers carrying charts, portfolios, compasses, logarithm tables, photographs, etc., which looked like the properties in a comic opera. The audience burst into laughter at the sight. The judges themselves looked dismayed as the procession approached the platform, and all those in the court who did not have to be there fled from the room. The rush for the doors was noted by Bertillon, who remarked that it took intelligent people to understand what he was going to demonstrate.

After arranging his paraphernalia about him on tables and chairs, the witness began by stating that the bordereau had been produced by the forces of nature, but that somebody must have written it. This was given in the manner of a man announcing a great discovery. M. Bertillon continued by declaring that the bordereau had been traced by Dreyfus, who had cleverly imitated his own handwriting. Then Bertillon proceeded to give the exact measurement of each pen stroke, and showed the court a large diagram resembling the plan of a fortress.

This he claimed proved mathematically that Dreyfus was guilty. The witness stopped constantly to untie packages and surround himself with a mysterious apparatus to the increased bewilderment of his auditors. Bertillon proceeded to demonstrate his whole system, which, with its ratios and angles, was understood by no one in the court. The table in front of the witness was filled with charts which came inexhaustively from numerous pouches. Bertillon's exhibition discredited the whole expert system. His reasoning was based on taking as a fact some charge against Dreyfus which was unsupported by evidence and then arguing in a circle.

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