

THE DEAN AND HIS DAUGHTER

CHAPTER I.

When I look back at the earlier days of my life, I wonder why I did not follow the example of Bampfylde Moore Carew, and run away with the gypsies. Many of them came through our parish on their way backwads and forwards between the south, and Exmoor and Dartmoor in the north.

Ossulston was I think, the most miserable village in all North Devon. For miles and miles there was not a hedge—nothing but heavy, squat, stone walls. The river ran through the parish, and there was a mill, of course, and a mill-dam with trout in it, which used to lie under the shadow of the old stone bridge; you could lean on the parapet and watch them hanging lazily about the stream, each in its own especial nook.

My father was the Vicar of Ossulston, and I was his only child. The Vicarage was a stone house of eight rooms, roofed with stone roughly chipped into heavy slabs. We kept a couple of cows, some pigs, and of course poultry and ducks. I need scarcely say we had an orchard, but the trees had not been grafted for years, and were long past their prime. We burned wood and turf—being many miles from the nearest railway station, and even from the canal.

Our roof was thickly covered with yellow stonework, houseleek, and other such parasitic plants. In the garden my father allowed old gooseberry and currant trees to run to waste, and there were a few wall-flowers. Once or twice a year my father went to Exeter, coming back with clothes for himself, a supply of tobacco and spirits and rough stuffs, flannel, calico, print, and serge, to be made into garments for his daughter. He used to bring back some ready-made boots and a few other domestic necessities, not to be procured at the village shop.

Of myself, and my education, with the exception of Greek and Latin which he taught me more or less thoroughly, and of anything that might concern me, he took no heed whatever. Except that I had to go to church twice on Sundays, I was as little looked after as an Exmoor colt.

I was happy, however, in my own way. For I could not even remember the loss of my mother, and there was nobody to care or trouble where I went or what I did. When I was six years old, I recollect that I used to steal the fresh eggs early in the morning, make little holes in them with a pin, suck out the contents, and carefully pulverize and bury the shells.

My father often wondered why his hens did not lay as regularly as they ought to have done, but he never seemed to trouble himself as to how I got my breakfast, or, indeed, whether I got any breakfast at all.

In summer there were apples and plums. After dinner I could forage for myself in the kitchen, for my father dined alone. Sometimes I did not see him for several days together. When his own dinner was over, he used to sit in an arm-chair in his room, smoke a long clay pipe and drink spirits and water. When he had enough tobacco and enough spirits, he used to go to bed.

His great occasions were when a neighbouring farmer asked him to dinner. He always accepted such invitations.

"We must be all things to all men," he used to say solemnly. I fancy he gave this precept a somewhat liberal interpretation, for I know now that the peculiar condition in which he used to return home was due to strong waters, and that his late hours the next morning, with his anxiety for dry toast and weak tea, had the same explanation.

I have since heard that he was a disappointed man. He ought to have taken high honors at his university, but instead of that he somehow failed to take a good degree. He ought to have had a Fellowship and a College living, but his claims were passed over. As he got on in life, or rather in years, his friends persistently gave him the cold shoulder. The livings he had been positively promised, and which had been given to other men, were more numerous than the number of pounds in his own wretched stipend.

He once in desperation thought of writing a book on antiquities, county history, and natural history of Devonshire, but he never got further than ordering several reams of foolscap and a big jar of ink, for both of which he was ultimately sued in the County Court, when an order was made against him to liquidate the amount by monthly instalments of four shillings each.

My father was now perilously close upon sixty years of age, but had a pleasant habit of telling everybody that he was somewhere between forty-six and fifty. Age had certainly put a very few traces upon him. Like all selfish men he was thoroughly well preserved, and if he had been a duke, and with dual opportunities for travel, change of climate, and special attention to every minute detail of comfort, might, perhaps, have lived on into his tenth decade. With nothing to worry you, and with plenty of money, it is perfectly possible to trifle with Providence up to an immense age.

His own views of life and his arrangements, so far as they concerned himself, were simple enough. He had his income as Vicar and his bit of glebe, which he prudently let out. During the summer months, when London was empty, he made a clear profit. Some fashionable London preacher would come down and take the Vicarage for three months, undertaking all the responsibilities of parochial service. Out of this temporary transfer my father used to make a comfortable annual sum. In fact he farmed his Vicarage, and the summer months in which he let his house were the season of his fat kine.

Always struggling to make both ends meet, he somehow contrived to satisfy the problem from his own point of view. For my own part I know no more dull, wretched, miserable being than a stupid man with a few worthless and fourth-rate university credentials, on the strength of which he believes, or has once believed, that he can take the world by storm.

My father had forgotten all that he ever knew, if, indeed, he had ever known anything; and in the private bar-room of the village inn he was, as I knew perfectly well, the general butt of the company. They pretended to listen to him, they treated him to whiskey and water; and when the time came for closing, he was, in consideration of his position, sent home in charge of the stable-boy.

That youth had a very fair alto voice, in virtue of which he sang in the parish choir. It was unpleasant to see him put his tongue in his cheek when my unhappy father stumbled through the words "manifold sins."

These were a few of my youthful trials. So the years slipped away until I was twenty. I kept no account of time; why should I have done so? There was nothing in the past to which I could look back, nor nothing in the future to which I could look forward.

Andromeda, chained up by her hands to the rock, was not more helpless. But she had a chance which I had not. At any moment the sea monster might put in an appearance and devour her. I had no prospect of any such sharp, sudden and merciful end to my sufferings. There I was—chained. Twenty years from now I should be an old woman. And the twenty years showed no hope, prospect, or even chance of release. It was horrible.

One day there came a break in this terrible monotony. My father received a letter which evidently puzzled him. It could not have been a County Court summons, for he anticipated those and knew their contents before their arrival. Neither was it an offer of preferment, in which case he would have at once made his way to Penridge, the nearest railway station, and have done extravagant things in telegraphy; perhaps even have borrowed a couple of pounds, on the strength of the good news, from the landlord of the "Bull Hotel" at Penridge, and so have hurried up to London, by way of taking time for the forelock, and making assurance doubly sure.

Evidently it was none of these things. Equally clear was it that it meant something, and as the something in question could not possibly be for the worse, I was content to wait.

That afternoon, my father, at an earlier hour than usual, betook himself to the room which he called his study. Let me give the inventory of this apartment. There were several battered volumes of Bohn's Translations of the Classics; there were some odd volumes of South, Barrow and Tillotson. There was Stanley's "Sinai and Palastine," an old edition of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica," Alford's "Greek Testament," Harold Browne on the "Arcticles, Paley's "Evidences," and a few stray novels in yellow pasteboard; "Barchester Towers," "The Last Chronicles of Barset," "Dr. Thorne," "Tom Jones," "Peter Simple," and other such ecclesiastical and unecclesiastical romances. On the mantelpiece was a tobacco jar, and by it were one or two clay pipes; there was a shelf with bottles white and black, most of them empty. On rails against the walls, hung in various stages of dilapidation, overcoats, leggings and water-proof garments. There was also an old double-barrelled gun, a powder flask, and a shot belt, for my father, being on terms with the surrounding farmers, considered rabbits a lawful part of the tithe of which the State had iniquitously despoiled him.

I entered this sanctum sanctorum without terror. I was too old for my father to smack me, and there was really nothing else of which I need be in the least degree afraid. But I knew it was his habit to transact important business in the study. Unimportant business, such as the bill of the baker, he used to transact at the garden gate; and so, when summoned to the study, I knew that there was something more important on hand than the weekly patch, or the precise reasons why the old brown Cochon hen should have left off laying.

My father was in an old wooden arm-chair, in which he looked almost venerable. It was close to the table, which gave him an appearance of having that very moment abandoned his work. There must have been in him, at some time or other, some vague instincts of art, for the pose and the surroundings were really clever. As I opened the door I almost seemed to hear a small bell jingle for the rising of the curtain.

My parent arranged his necktie, and ran his fingers through his hair; then he twisted his only ring round upon his little finger, bringing the small brilliant diamond held in its claws into prominent play. Then he cleared his throat and began.

"Take a seat, Miriam," he commenced cheerily, and in a tone of assurance, as if he possessed the secrets of the Universe, and it lay with him only to hold up his little finger and to at once stop the rotation of the earth upon its axis.

"My dear friend, I may say my oldest friend, for long years have not diminished an affection which was commenced at Rugby, continued at Cambridge, and confirmed and consolidated in riper life; my dear friend, I say, Sir Henry Craven, is exhausted by his manifold duties in town, and writes to say that he wants a few days or weeks of entire rest. Of course I have asked him to share our humble roof; his wealth is enormous, his influence immense. I believe that to-morrow he could get me made a Bishop; you may be sure I shall not lose the chance, and you must use your wits to aid me. He is a man of the world, and men of the world are captivated at once by an ingenue. You see, my dear, this place is lonely, desolate, and remote. You have no companions of your own age; you have not these pleasures and innocent enjoyments, which it is the chief sorrow of my life that I am unable to provide for you. And I too," here my father expanded his chest, and assumed an appearance of intense responsibility, "feel myself a laborer in the vineyard whose allotted work has not yet come to his hand. I am wasting my abilities and my time in a small parish, when I ought to be leading public opinion, warning against the errors of the time, and pointing out the true path to take among the many rocks, shoals, gulfs, and quicksands that beset our age. And so, my dear, we must be practical. Get the house in order; get some ammonia and sponge the grease spots out of my Sunday suit; see that my study is put in order, and make the reception-room look as pretty as you can. Juggins, our churchwarden, has a greenhouse, and no doubt Mrs. Juggins will lend you a few geraniums or calceolarias, or something of the kind in pots. And if you have a muslin dress—I believe you have—you had better get it washed

and ironed, for you'll have to dine while Sir Harry is here; and you'll want a little blue ribbon round your waist, and some velvet, or something, round your neck. Here is a two-shilling piece. And now pray be as quick as you can, for money in travelling expenses is no object to Sir Henry. He thinks nothing of ten shillings for a fly. It is odd that the good things of this world should be so unevenly divided. He may be here very shortly. He must on no account find us unprepared."

And herewith my excellent parent strolled away down the village to visit his senior churchwarden, intimating that he wished to accompany him. By a singular and happy coincidence it was one o'clock. Mr. Thacker, a prosperous blacksmith and wheelwright, was just about to dine off bacon and broad beans, with a treacle dumpling to follow. The call of the Vicar was positively opportune. My father and I stayed to dinner, and after it he smoked a pipe with Mr. Thacker, over which they discussed the present average prices of market produce. He also intimated the name and rank of his expected visitor, whereat Mr. Thacker put aside the tobacco pipe, and produced a box of cigars, together with a choice bottle of old Hollands.

"He had always himself," said the churchwarden, "been a hard working man who had paid his own way, every farthing of it, and never been beholden to anybody for anything."

This was a home thrust which made my father gulp his Hollands at the temporary risk of suffocation.

Mr. Thacker added that good men were scarce, and he, for his part, should like to see my father made a Bishop or a Canon at least.

"What does it matter, Mr. St. Aubyn?" he profoundly observed. "Some of us ride to the hounds in pink, and some in black. 'Tisn't those who ride in pink that are always in at the death. Give me a man who knows the country. Look there, the Hollands are your way. It's only April now. Wait till the hunting season. I shall see you in gaiters long before you'll see me in my old tops. When you've got the gaiters you must remember an old friend, and let me have a good Cathedral lease. I never like to trouble a friend, especially a gentleman and a reverend gentleman like yourself, and that little matter of three pound ten last Michaelmas may stand over as long as you like. Here's my hand upon it."

To forego a very doubtful debt of seventy shillings for the prospect, however remote, of an advantageous lease, is not, as things go, a bad speculation. Evidently Mr. Thacker did not think so; for, as his Vicar left, he pressed a sovereign upon him, with some incoherent remarks about the number of turpicks upon the road. He must have forgotten, in his excitement, that his reverend visitor had been a foot passenger, and did not live more than half a mile away.

The gold in his waistcoat pocket imparted elasticity to my father's tread. He hummed operatic airs as we walked back. He had been, in his younger days, one of the leading spirits of a musical club. His head was erect, and his chest expanded like that of a pouter pigeon. Indeed, his enthusiasm was positively infectious, and I began to picture myself the proud possessor of a silk dress, a sewing machine, and a complete set of Tennyson's poems, inaccessible luxuries for which I had often yearned when sitting alone in the twilight upon the kitchen hearth, knitting mittens and stockings for the winter, and sorely puzzled over the stockings in the matter of heel.

I held a brief council of war that night with Mrs. Peel, our old domestic, in which we rehearsed the household stores, and went into a number of minute economic details.

There is an infinite amount of trouble involved in such small matters as linen, the best china tea service, and the temporary reproduction of almost forgotten household treasures that are resting in lavender and must be furnished up for this special occasion. But my father did not interfere with us, and so upon the whole we settled matters more expeditiously than might have been anticipated.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NO ESCAPING THOSE EYES.

Scientific Explanation of a Peculiarity Noticed in Many Portraits.

How is it that the eyes of some portraits seem to follow a spectator around the room? It is thus explained: Suppose a portrait have its face and eyes directed straight in front, so as to look at the spectator. Let a straight line be drawn through the tip of the nose and halfway between the eyes. On each side of this middle line there will be the same breadth of head, of cheek, of chin and of neck, and each iris will be in the middle of the whole of the eye.

If one now go to one side, the apparent horizontal breadth of every part of the head and face will be diminished, but the parts on each side of the middle line will be diminished equally and at every position, however oblique, there will be the same breadth of face on each side of the middle line and the iris will remain in the centre of the whole of the eyeball, so that the portrait will preserve all the character of a figure looking at the spectator and must necessarily do so wherever he stands.

In portraits the apparent motion of the head is generally rendered indistinct by the canvas being imperfectly stretched as the slightest concavity or convexity entirely deforms the face oftentimes the obliquity is considerable. The deception is, therefore, seen best when the painting is executed on a flat board and in colors sufficiently vivid to represent every line in the face with tolerable distinctness at great obliquities. Distinctness of outline is also most necessary to a satisfactory exhibition of this optical delusion.

W. B. Wamsley, of Ohio, is the owner of a madstone. He gives this history of it:—"The stone was for centuries the property of an Indian tribe in Virginia. They used it to cure snake bites, and it was almost worshipped and kept by a great medicine man. Where it came from originally nobody knows, but there are numerous traditions. Some say it was found in the paunch of a milk-white fawn, other that it dropped from Heaven. One of the early Virginia settlers got it from the Indians and used it during his lifetime. So far more than 2,000 persons have been treated, and scarcely a day passes but patients come."

HEALTH.

Simple Home Remedies.

Half a teaspoonful of table salt dissolved in a little cold water and drunk, will instantly relieve heartburn. If taken every morning before breakfast, increasing gradually to a teaspoonful of salt in a tumbler of water, it will, in a few days, cure any ordinary case of dyspepsia, if at the same time due attention is paid to the diet. There is no better remedy than the above for constipation. As a gargle for sore throat it is almost equal to chlorate of potash, and is entirely safe. It may be used as often as desired, and if a little is swallowed each time, it will have a beneficial effect on the throat by cleansing it and by allaying the irritation. In doses of one to four teaspoonfuls in half a pint of tepid water it acts promptly as an emetic, and in cases of poisoning is always at hand. It is an excellent remedy for bites and stings of insects. It is a valuable astringent in hemorrhages, particularly for bleeding after the extraction of the teeth. It has both cleansing and healing properties, and is a most excellent application for superficial ulcerations.

Mustard is another valuable remedy. No family should be without it. Two or three teaspoonfuls of ground mustard put into a half pint of water acts as an emetic very promptly. Equal parts of ground mustard and flour or meal, made into a paste with warm water and spread on a thin piece of muslin, with another laid over it, form the often indispensable mustard plaster. It is almost a specific for colic when applied for a few moments over the pit of the stomach. For all internal pains and congestions there is no remedy of such general utility. It acts as a counter-irritant by drawing the blood to the surface. In cases of croup, a small mustard plaster should be applied to the back of the neck. The same treatment will relieve almost any case of headache. A mustard plaster acts as well when at considerable distance from the affected part.

Common baking soda and turpentine is the best remedy for all cases of scalds and burns. It may be used on the surface of the burned place, and when applied promptly the sense of relief is magical. It seems to withdraw the heat, and with it the pain, and the healing process soon commences. It is the best application for eruptions caused by poison ivy and other poisonous plants, as also for bites and stings of insects.

All persons may use milk as an article of diet under nearly all conditions. There are those who say that it makes them bilious, but I think this is a mistake. A person who is sick may take milk with the greatest possible advantage, because it contains, in a form easy of assimilation, all the elements essential for maintaining nutrition. It is the natural ailment of the young animal, and certainly answers a good purpose for the old animal, provided it is used properly, and not poured into a stomach already overfilled, as though it had in itself no substance or richness. New milk may be taken, as far as disease is concerned, in nearly every condition. Perhaps it will require the addition of a spoonful or two of lime water. The addition of a little salt will often prevent the after-feeeling of fullness and the wind on the stomach which some complain of. If marked acidity of the stomach is present, then perhaps a little gentian may be requisite to stimulate the stomach, and it may be necessary to give it in small doses and repeat it often; but ice-cold milk can be put into a very irritable stomach, if given in small quantities and at short intervals, with the happiest effect. It is used in cases of fever which formerly it was thought to feed, and when scalded it was a desirable effect in summer complaint. But it is as an article of diet for people in health who wish to remain in that happy condition, that milk is, or should be, most appreciated. For the midday lunch of those whose hearty meal comes at night, or for the supper of those who dine at noon, nothing is so good. The great variety of prepared cereals give a wide choice of food to use with milk. Bread with berries, baked sweet apples, boiled rice, cracked wheat, oatmeal, hulled corn and hominy, taken with pure, cold milk, make the best possible light meal for children and for all adults who have not some positive physical idiosyncrasy that prevents them from digesting it. The men of the finest health and longest life are the men of simple and regular habits, and milk is their standard article in such a diet.

SOLID PETROLEUM FUEL.

How the Briquettes Are Made and Advantages from Their Use.

Fuel bricks of crude petroleum are extensively used in the Italian navy, and are made as follows: The mixture, which is made in the proportion of 1 1/2 pints of petroleum, 10 per cent. of rosin, 5 1/2 ounces of powdered soap and 1 1/2 ounces of caustic soda, is heated and stirred at the same time. Solidification begins in about ten minutes, and the operation must then be carefully watched. If there is a tendency to remain liquid a little more soda is added. After the mixture has been stirred until the mass becomes nearly solid, the thick paste is poured into the molds, which are placed for ten or fifteen minutes in a drying-stove. The briquettes, which are of the same size and form as those largely used in France and Germany, are then cooled and are ready for use in a few hours.

Sig. Maestracci recommends the addition of 20 per cent. of wood sawdust and 20 per cent. of clay or sand, which makes the briquette both cheaper and more solid.

In trials made in Marseilles on several tug boats the petroleum briquettes furnished about three times as much heat as coal briquettes of the same size. They were burned in the ordinary boiler furnace, without any special preparation, gave out very little smoke, and left little or no ash.

The advantages claimed for the petroleum briquettes are the absence of smoke and a large reduction in bulk of fuel which must be carried, as compared with coal, while the risks attending the carrying of liquid fuel are avoided.

The Sultan of Turkey nearly always dines alone. Tables, plates, knives and forks are eschewed. He uses only a spoon and his fingers, thus fishing out the food from the little saucepans placed on the floor.

WHEAT IN THE FAR NORTH.

It is Grown at Fort Vermillion, 350 Miles North of Edmonton.

How far north wheat can be grown on this continent—that is, in Canada—is still a matter of doubt. The present limit of settlement is practically the North Saskatchewan river, or say as far as the fifty-fourth parallel of latitude. In this North Saskatchewan country there appears to be no more climatic difficulties to contend with in growing wheat than are encountered in Manitoba, 300 miles further south. Wheat has been successfully grown, however, 300 miles north of the North Saskatchewan, or a total of 600 miles north of the famous wheat country of southern Manitoba. A news item has recently been published which directs attention to the fact that wheat is grown several hundred miles north of the present limit of settlement. Last week the plant for a small flour mill arrived at Edmonton, in Alberta territory, which it is intended to take 300 miles north of Edmonton, for the purpose of establishing a mill at the Indian mission station of Fort Vermillion. The plant will be hauled in wagons across the country from Edmonton to the Athabaska river, and thence down the river to Fort Vermillion when navigation opens. Vermillion is about 350 miles north of Edmonton, and about 550 miles north of Winnipeg. It is near the fifty-ninth parallel of latitude, or in nearly the same latitude as Churchill, on Hudson Bay. There is no regular settlement in this distant northern region, and agriculture has been confined to experiments at the mission stations among the Indians or at Indian trading posts. It is claimed that wheat has been successfully grown at some of these mission stations for years, and the fact that a flour mill is to be established at a station so far north as Vermillion, indicates that the mission people have faith in the capabilities of the country. Small flour mills have previously been established at some of these mission stations north of the Saskatchewan, and the Indians are being taught to cultivate the soil; but this is the most northerly mill yet undertaken. If wheat can be successfully grown as far north as Vermillion, the wheat area of Western Canada will be shown to be even vaster than has been calculated upon in the past.

LATE BRITISH NEWS.

The Cunard Company have declared a dividend for 1893 of two per cent.

A Mr. Samuel Lewis is said to have won over \$80,000 at trente et quarante at Monte Carlo in four days recently. Another player, a Hungarian, won \$30,000 there one day last month.

The gold product of West Australia last year was double that of the previous twelve months. The total export for the year was 110,391 ounces. The prospects for the present year are most promising.

Some high prices were realized for postage stamps at a four days' sale in London two weeks ago. A Madrid two reals brought \$100; a Geneva double stamp, \$110; a Cape of Good Hope error penny stamp, blue, \$210, and a Canada 12-penny, black, \$250. The proceeds of the entire sale amounted to about \$13,000.

A proposed law that any new building erected in London shall have its front not less than twenty feet from the middle of the street has brought out the fact that there are in the heart of the city thirty-two miles of streets less than forty feet broad. If the principle were generally applied, on a plan of reconstruction of streets, land to the value of about \$40,000,000 would be sacrificed.

For the first time in the history of the English university boat races a married man, Sir Charles Ross, rowed in one of the crews this year. He was married two years ago.

The hard times have been severely felt in religious circles in England. The Additional Curates' Society, which furnished funds to provide curates for poor parishes where adequate clerical services are not available, has had greatly to curtail its grants, withdrawing 170 grants in a total of 1,162. This will deprive as many curates of a large part, if not the whole, of their income. The society hopes for better times this year.

The waiters employed in the British House of Commons have been forced to rise and oppose a labor member, Mr. Cremer, in his endeavor to abolish the tip system in the House restaurant.

Strong sentiment is expressed by commercial bodies in the British Straits Settlement in support of the request made by Hong Kong for the coinage of British dollars, of the same weight and fineness as the Mexican dollar, as an easement of the silver situation.

Two new cruisers are to be built for the British navy, each of which, it is claimed, will have greater horse power, by several thousands, than any other war vessel afloat. They are to be named the Powerful and the Terrible, and will have 25,000 horse power with natural draught, which is estimated to give a speed of 22 knots.

Australia is greatly bothered just now by an Indian question. The Chinese immigration evil has been checked by strong restrictive measures and the imposition of a heavy head tax. There is now a great and growing influx of Afghans, Pathans, and other Asiatic tribes from the odd corners of India, and these people have become a peril and nuisance in many ways.

Big Threats.

"The captain of the Italian Anarchists"—or, at least, a man who gives himself that high-sounding title—has fallen foul of the police. He is a Bavarian tailor, named Singer, and he had addressed several letters to a rich Nuremberg widow, demanding that she should deposit 20,000 marks in gold at a certain place by a certain time, unless she wished to see her chateau blown up with dynamite and bombs. It was added that 30 men, with two hundred-weight of dynamite and ten bombs, were ready to do it. The police were informed of the fact, and they succeeded in finding out the man, whom they arrested. He was prosecuted and confessed his guilt, but declared that the whole thing was only a silly joke. The judge, however, took a very serious view of the case, and sentenced the joker to 18 months' penal servitude and five years' loss of legal rights.