## THE DEAN AND HIS DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER III.

Scon after my father had fastened up the roht door, screwed down the windows and insconced himself in the study for a couple of hours of what he used to call meditation, I stole downstairs to take counsel with Mrs.

Now dear old Mrs. Peel was very fond of me. But that evening she was in an aggravatingly practical frame of mind and correspondingly inclined to lecture me very soundly.

She did not see, she told me, what occasion there was for me to trouble myself. It wasn't as if I cared for anybody else like she had once cared for Peel before he took to drink, when he was young and goodlooking, and could thrash any man of his own inches at the Michaelmas goose fair. I might stop on poking about in this little hole of a place, and perhaps never get married at all. Nobody could tell. My father could not live forever, and what was I to do when he died? As for being a governess, governesses, she could tell me, had a far worse time of it than housemaids, and often worse wages into the bargain.

Anything would be better for me than maundering away my life at home. If I married this old gentleman I should be well off and comfortable. Watson had told her that Sir Henry's house in London was like a palace, with one man sitting in a big chair in the hall, in gold livery and a powdered head, who had nothing whatever to do but to open the door. I should have as much money as ever I could want to buy whatever I pleased, and a lady's maid to look after my things, and no tradesmen's bills to worry me.

self my own way. If I had any I could of apoplexy. fuss over them all day long, though she had heard that some fine ladies never even saw their children from daylight to dusk; "and," added the good woman emphatic- papa. I say I have considered the matter ally, "if I were you I'd be even with that for myself, and I have talked it over with old father of yours. I wouldn't let him | Mrs. Peel, exactly as you have talked it inside the house. I wouldn't give him not over with Mr. Thacker. Mrs. Peel so much as a price of a glassof rum. If | thinks --- " money out of my husband I'd put a pretty | ter!" sharp stop to it. He's putting a good thing own sake. He wants you to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for him. Pull 'em, I so." say, and stick to 'em for yourself, and let him have the husks. That's more than he deserves," concluded Mrs. Peel. "It makes me sick to hear him preaching it out about the Scripture moving us in sundry places. I'd move him in sundry places and myself too, if I had the chance. And he knows

And herewith Mrs. Peel tucked up her skirts for work with an air that said, ". have had enough of conversation on a distasteful subject.'

I tried to plead with her for my father, more out of long habits of respect than from a sense that he had been harshly judged, but Mrs. Peel was inexorable.

When I pointed out that he was old, she returned that he was lazy, and old enough to know better. When I urged that he required comforts, she replied with acerbity that he had better work for them like other people did.

It was impossible to mitigate her wrath, and I ultimately had to abandon the task as hopeless, not without a very strong conviction that upon the broad facts of the case her judgment was perfectly sound, and there was very little indeed to be urged with any plausibility in the Vicar's behalf; ar in this frame of mind I went to bed.

I read for an hour or two until I was tired. Then I left .ny candle burning and turned Mrs. Peel's advice over in my mind.

distasteful as at first. It was like most home medicine for children, strong, nasty, and yet wholesome.

father.

course, but that haven of refuge had no take. definite prospect for me, and besides, it Then I walked out into the glorious that I was inventorying this wonderful that I would do my best to try and make disturb my peace of mind. him happy and to follow out his wishes in every possible way, and so throw myself upon his kindness, and make an end of the matter? It really seemed the best course under all the circumstances.

it, I fell asleep just as the sun was breaking | suggested dry toast and a couple of red herand the noisy cry of the April cuckoo began | rings. Knowing perfectly well what this to make itself heard in the orchard, a fav- meant, I felt that should any encounter orite hount of his, as the hedges were thick- occur during the day, I was morally certain ly tenanted by his unhappy victim, the of victory. poor little hedge-sparrow, with its clumsy | So I actually, out of what schoolboys nest and its tiny blue eggs, always at the term "devilment," prepared the herrings ly. mercy of the village schoolboy.

morning, for when I descended to prepare to use Mr. Thacker's elegant expression. his breakfast he was walking up and down "rinse his throat out" with claret and in the lane outside the house with more water, shake up the pillow and bolster,

his most patriarchial manner.

"Good morning, papa."

ian in its freshness and brightness."

I made no reply, and he went on: poet, Virgil. Sir Henry mistook him for sallied out for an objectless walk. I stop- ly obliged to you. I suppose it would be Horace the other day, but I thought it wis. ped here and there in the village to chat ungracious to refuse them. er not to correct him. Virgil loved the with parishioners and, as the phrase is, to | "I hope, my dear Miss St. Aubyn, that country as fondly as I do myself, and, like take notice of their children. myself, would have preferred to spend his To take notice of a child in the country myself, and I really believe that I am a days in it among his flowers and his books. you must first pat it on the head, and then judge of pearls, although they are ladies' But the Fates were too strong for him, and shake hands. The child thereupon will jewels; not that I wear jewelry, except in yet see you at its summit." ordained that he should go to Rome and be hang its head down and thrust its left the shape of a neckpin. the ornament of the most brilliant Court thumb into its mouth. This stolidity is "You are very kind, Sir Henry, but the world has ever known. It is so always. more apparent than real, and is only due I have not as yet looked at any of the Man proposes, and Providence, which to shyness. Even a butcher, unless history things." knows better than man, disposes for him, be grossly inaccurate, becomes utterly He laughed pleasantly. "Time waits chus, Apollo, virorum," either of which re- ed to see him and always expressed fear We are but potter's clay.

thrust out his right leg, contemplating it best-looking man she knows, and kisses which in my foolish days I used to say was fondly, and evidently with black silk stock. him then and there, under the very eyes of | meant for slaves, is now my stern warder,

ing indeed, and that breakfast was ready kindly oblige her by voting for the oppo- shine." for him, and with that we went indoors to site candidate. or tea and toast.

When he had done justice to this repast, my father cleared his throat, arranged his necktie, and took up his position, and with it his parable, upon the hearthrug.

"I suppose, Miriam," he commenced, "that you have some idea of the nature of the important communication which I have to make to you."

"Oh, yes, papa," I replied defiantly, "and so has the whole village by this time. You and Mr. Thacker were talking it all over in the lane last night at the top of your voices. Every one in the village knows by this time that the forty pounds you owe Mr. Thacker can wait, along with the three pounds ten, and that he is to be paid when you have married me to Sir Henry Craven and got your Deanery. I dare say they are talking about it now in the taproom at the 'Goat and Compasses,' and saying what a lucky thing it is that everybody will be paid at last without having to go to the County Court for their money.'

My father winced smartly, but recovered himself with great promptitude and marvellous solemnity.

"Good news, my dear child," he said, "travels fast; and it may well be that in this little place, where I am known and time before you were born, if it wasn't be- forgotten to speak about your dear father, respected, the visit of Sir Henry may be understood to have a significance of its own. But I am anxious this morning to discuss matters with you reasonably and in a proper spirit, and to lay my views before you as to your future, and, I may say, my own as well, fully and clearly."

"Then you may save yourself the trouble papa. I have considered the matter for myself, and have fully made up my own mind."

My father turned purple, and evinced If I had no children, I could busy my other strong symptoms of a sudden attack | She was a Plymouth woman, and people | literary labors to which his life has up to "You cannot possibly mean to tell me

-- " he burst out. "Pray do not get black in the face,

he came bothering about, I'd have him | "Good heavens!-Mrs. Peel! What can ordered off, and if he come trying to screw | that ignorant woman know of such a mat-

"Mrs. Peel thinks that upon the whole in your way," she went on, "just for his I had better marry Sir Henry, and I have

> My father collapsed into his favorite arm chair, and gasped for breath.

Smoothy's, and before I go I will tell Mrs. face. Peel to bring you in the rum and some hot water. You look as if you needed a gentle | Sabey, who talked about everything except | that we did not meet again for the remain- orating fragrance of yellow soap. der of that day.

spirits and water.

I for my own part knew that for some Peel and I had tea together.

"Your father's gone out to visit Mr. Thacker," said that lady, "and I reckon he won't be back till late. P'r'aps Thacker will have to see him home. If I was you, happier and brighter frame of mind than It did not upon mature reflection seem so miss, I'd go to bed and have a good night | that in which I had set out. The publicopin-

I took her advice and proceeded upstairs to certain that you can get at it truthfully, by Sir Henry beyond all doubt was a gentle- night of it, for I lay awake, sometimes read- guides to be selected in this bewildering man. I had before me a life of entire free. | ing and sometimes dreamily thinking mat. | world. dom, with every possible comfort. Certain. ters over, until long after the swallows had ly it would be far pleasanter to be mistress | begun to twitter in their nests above my | noon, Sir Henry returned, accompanied, of of Craven House than to drag on year | window; and I was not at all sorry when | course, by the faithful Watson, who had | after year as domestic help, or as the ad- Mrs. Peel came up in the morning charge once again of a multiplicity of packvertisements now call, "lady help" to my | with a cup of really strong tea and some ex- ages, the bulk of which were at once quisitely crisp toast, which she pressed upon | brought up to my little room. There was the promised Deanery, of me, and in fact insisted upon seeing me

was too evidently part of the stipulated morning air, and as I crossed our threshold consignment, like Marguerite her jewels, my price to be paid for my acquiescence. Had resolved that, for the remainder of the day, tather came up and found me seated by the I not better boldly tell the old gentleman at any rate, I would enjoy myself in my window placidly darning the heel of an old that I could not promise to love him, but own way, and allow nothing whatever to stocking.

## CHAPTER IV.

My father, I found, would prefer to have And having ultimately resolved to adopt his breakfast in his own room, and had

and toast myself. When they were ready My parent must have risen early that I felt pretty confident that my father would than his usual air of humility and self-den- turn round in bed and again resign himself am doing so, you would like to stop and all, but for you. I have still," and he ran of the girl was carried to her home. A to the sleep of the just.

she brought down the tray, informed me, with a broad grin on her features, that "It is a lovely morning this, almost Ital- the master did not seem at all himself, and rose at my entrance with a good deal of had said that he would ring for his hot grace. water when he wanted it.

shamefaced and sheepish if a Duchess takes | for her favorites, my dear Miss St. Aubyn. And my father rubbed his bands and him by the whiskers, tells him he is the I am not in that happy number. Time, ings and buckled shoes in his mind's eye. his wife, at the same time asking him to as inexorable as Sir Hudson Lowe himself. Amongst others I went to see old Mrs

Daller. This old lady was the widow of your father that I have everything to hope, the late village carrier, whose son, resigned | and I need only ask for my own part that

fairly prospered upon it. a great deal. Superstitious and ignorant and how you please. It is a pleasure for me people were afraid of offending her, and it to know that I shall always be able to gratify was sometimes whispered that she knew your wishes. If you like travel you have more of the forbidden arts than did all the only to say so, and I will immediately regyrsies who passed through the village in | sign any engagements that might otherwise the course of the year.

hand and pretending to read the lines in its | your mind, my lawyers shall see that it | sion was that he had been murdered. Gov-

"Look," she said, "the line of life is clear. | deal with it, improve it or alter it according A long life for you, my dear : but there are | to your taste, without the idle formality of many crosses in it. See, there are more applying for my consent." body knows, nobody knows." And she let stand your generosity, and shall not tax my hand drop again.

I remained staring at her. The old dame rocked herself backwards and forwards with a distant, dreamy look in her eyes, Christian virtues, I am sure, so you need and began again:

had a hard time of it."

of a fisherman and a naval reserve man. will enable him to finally complete the said she had Spanish blood in her. She now been devoted, with what I may be was tall and swarthy, with crisp black hair, perhaps allowed to term most inadequate and did not look her age, which was con- recognition." siderably over forty.

addressed herself to it at once.

us. If he had, it might have been another | Deanery. thing. Be true to yourself, my dear, and But there was another side to the questhere are lots among us will be true to you tion, and a very practical one. Once safe for your own sweet sake, and for that of in his Deanery, my father, having no antold her only this morning that I shall do your dear mother in heaven, where she's noyances of his own, would cease to annoy past all trouble. Why, if she'd been alive, me. He would be as much upon a comyour father would never have dared to make fortable, well-aired, and well-ventilated a bargain over you in this kind of way, just | shelf, as a mummy in the British Museum.

homewards.

One or two things, at any rate were toler- money and influence. hours, at any rate, I should have nothing ably clear, and I could see them without any to trouble me; so, on my return from egotism. Everybody in the village sym- my father, whom we found in the garden Smoothy's, I got through my household pathized with myself however much opinion looking every inch a patriarch, and most work, had my dinner in the kitchen with might be divided as to the most prudent patriarchally engaged. Mrs. Peel, and then went out for a long course for me to adopt, and nobody what- There was an immense show about him of stroll in the lanes. When I returned, Mrs. | ever sympathized in the slightest degree | buckets, and watering pots, and shears, with my father, or believed for a moment | and as he heard our steps approaching, he that he was guided by anything except his distracted himself from his labors, and own personal purposes and objects.

On the whole then, 1 reached home in a chief.

Next day, somewhat late in the after-

After the lapse of about half-an-hour, during which I presume it was supposed

"Miriam, my dear," he said reproachfully, "Sir Henry has returned."

"Yes, papa, I am aware of it."

shifted his legs.

consummate taste."

them, papa; but I do not want them, and I am not going to look at them myself." My father stamped his foot impatient-

"Miriam, I insist that you at once look thank Sir Henry for them."

downstairs.

Old Sir Henry, who was in the parlor,

"You have brought me down a number "O fortunati nimium !' he was a great | For my part I caught up my hat, and of presents, Sir Henry, and I am extreme-

you like the pearl necklace. I selected it

"I am sure I hope so, Sir Henry." "I understand," he went on, "from

unto the heavenly will, as the quaint old | it will be my one object to show my devoepitaph runs, kept on the business still, and tion to you in every possible manner. You A FORTUNE TELLER SAYS THAT will be, my dear Miss St. Aubyn; entirely Mrs. Daller had the reputation of being a your own mistress. You shall live-that "wise woman," which in the country means is to say, we will live-where you please, She had heard the news-as who had not? you need only choose your own place, and cardine to transact some business and mys-

than my poor old eyes can count. But there | "You are very kind Sir Henry-are too is money, and plenty of it, and people dying | kind," I answered, "I am sure that I shall of love for you, and heaps of friends. And have everything which a woman needs to that little cross just at the end is a thing I make me happy; but I have no fancy of don't understand myself. Some people say my own at present, and would sooner wait it means a second husband-but there, no to consider these things. I quite under-

Sir Henry laughed pleasantly. "You will never tax any of my few only remember that the choice rests en-"I knew your poor mother, my dear. | tirely with yourself. Meantime, my old I've talked to her about you many's the head was so full of ourselves that I had fore you were thought of. And you havn't whose immense abilities and energy have got her here now to go to. Well, you do been too long ignored. He has been, I am what I say, Miss Miriam. Marry this old happy to say, appointed to the Deanery fossil. You're a child still, and he won't of Southwick. The stipena is not largelast, I dare say. Better that than poverty a mere fifteen hundred a year-but there coming at the door and love flying out at | is a most comfortable Deanery with large the window. Marry him, and make his grounds. In fact, the Dean of Southwick guineas spin. It will be a good thing for is, if the clergy are to be believed, far more the reverend gentleman. Poor man, he's comfortably off than the Bishop himself. And your father will now have that leisure My last visit was to Mrs. Sabey, the wife | which he has so long desired, and which

I solemnly declare, as I write these Mrs. Sabey, like the rest of the village, words, that I could hardly keep from knew all about my matrimonial news, and laughing out loud. Knowing my father an fond I knew exactly what his literary "We can't afford," she said, "to lose you labors had been, and what they were yet, Miss Miciam; and even if we could, worth, and what they would be likely to the right man hasn't come to take you from come to in the otium cum dignitate of a

"And so," I added with a laugh, "you as is he were buying and selling in market. I had no longer any affection for him. may make your mind happy, papa, about Put your foot down, my dear, and keep it But I still retained the sense of duty, and the Deanery. I am going down into the down. And look here, the tea is waiting I knew that when I had once seen the little village to make some little purchases. I for Sabey. Just have a cup along with me. | black rosette in the front of his hat, I dare say our credit now is re-established at | Sabey will be glad of the sight of your | should have performed the operation known to men of business as making up the balance So I had a cup of very nice tea with Mrs. and putting your pen through the pages.

This was a real weight off my mind. Bestimulant." And I dropped him a curtesy my troubles, until Sabey came in fresh from sides, my father would make a capital Dean, and ran cut of the room. I need not say the pump, and bringing with him an invig- inasmuch as he would say nothing, do nothing, live thoroughly up to his decanal in-Sabey, who stood in wholesome dread of come, and look portentously solemn. My Late in the afternoon my father went his wife, said as little as possible. I re- father, at any rate, would be no longer a down into the village and, to use his own mained a short time longer chatting with trouble to me. In fact, in the sinecure expression, "mixed with his parishioners," the two about every detail of village cares of his new office, he would probably that is to say, he sat in the bar-parlor of gossip, except that which most closely con- forget all about me. After all, there are the "Goat and Compasses," and drank hot cerned myself, and so at last departed certain advantages in marrying well, especially if you marry a man who has both

Matters thus settled, we went in quest of

mopped his forehead with a large handker-

"Adam," he observed sweetly, "was a tiller of the ground, and agriculture is the ion of even the smallest circle is, if you are only | most ancient of honorable pursuits. It is

> once effected, I could immediately retire. Henry had better tell it to you himself." Sir Henry at once assumed what has been Just as she was about to board a car

termed "the deportment of a plenipotentiary," and in fact, his very first words were wonderfully diplomatic.

My father coughed, and in his own manner | waste of time. You have my dear St. | to the street car had been in the house but "But, my dear Miriam, you have not | Deanery of Southwick. It has been filled | scream from the street. The next moment even looked at the things he has brought by illustrious predecessors, and you will there was a rapid discharge of a revolveryou. Most beautiful things and chosen with add a new lustre to the stall. In these five shots in all. The people in the neigh-"I did not know that you had looked at appointment like your own, which is the girl lying on the sidewalk gasping her preeminently safe, will be received with an last. Over her stood Father O'Grady, who universal chorus of welcome. Nolo episco-

"Good morning, my child," he said, in | So of course it turned. Mrs. Peel, when stepped through the door and went straight | years left in which, to the best of my in the left temple. humble abilities, to serve my Queen, my

"You have still many years before you, my dear St. Aubyn," Sir Henry laughed back, "and it is out of our Deans, as no one knows better than yourself, that Ministers of the stuff. Before he could repeat the pick our Bisheps, unless some unusally operation the bottle was snatched from his gross favoritism should be exercised. You hand by the policeman. When asked what have had your toot on the first step of the | it was he swallowed, O'Grady said: "Oh. ladder far too long, but Miriam and I will it's only medicine for a cold." He was

ed wisely and divinely." And I wonder, O'Grady has been in the city he has hauntwith Thackeray, that he did not also say, ed the neighborhood of the girl's home and "Propria que maribus," or "Mars, Bac- called several times. Each time she refus-Never, probably, was a mere matter of that O'Grady would find out where she buying and selling more shamelessly and at | worked. the same time more decorously conducted.

It began to dawn upon me at last, that I remarked that it was a very fine morn- forego his strictly Tory principles, and to But evidently my days are to end in sun- an ambassador may, under circumstances, be occasionally worth the salary which he draws.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## MISSING ANGUS MATHIESON.

HE WAS MURDERED.

She Does Not Agree With Government Detective Rogers-Arrested by the Police, But Subsequently Released

For Lack of Evidence. Five or six months ago Angus Mathieson, detain me. If you should prefer England a young farmer near Ripley, went to Kin--and she laughed over it, catching up my | if, when you have tried it, you find it to | teriously disappeared. The general impresbecomes yours absolutely, so that you can ernment Detective Rogers was sent up to investigate and came to the conclusion that Mathieson had either committed suicide or left the country in consequence of an entanglement with a young woman.

> A FORTUNE TELLER APPEARS. So the matter rested until a woman styling herself Madame Kewley of Port Huron, clairvoyant, made her appearance at Ripley, and rumors began to circulate as to admissions she had made in connection with Mathieson's disappearance. It was decided to arrest the woman, and she was arraigned before Mayor Tolmie. Three witnesses were called, but their evidence went to show that they had their heads read by her and that there was no "fortune

telling" about the performance. The bench had therfore no recourse but to acquit the lady, and this they did. Whereupon Madame paced smilingly up to the conrt, and in thankfulness of heart held out her dexter hand to the bench, in order of seniority. But Magistrate Baker declined her thanks, and told her in plain, unvarnished terms that, had the evidence borne out the charge, he should have been

obliged to commit her to the common jail. The verdict was really one of, " Not guilty, but don't do it again." Mayor Tolmie said that, while the case had not been proven, he was of the opinion that there was something serious behind it all. He then questioned her regarding her connection with the Mathieson case. She denied having said that he was murdered, she denied having said she had met the men who did the deed, she denied having had a contract with the friends of Angus Mathieson to find the body, she denied having posted money that she could find it: All she would admit was that she had a "dream" that he was murdered, that his body was weighted with railroad iron and sunk in the lake. She likewise had an "impression" that he was in a certain part of the lake and she consequently had a buoy placed there.

So far as any suspicions against three men were concerned she has said only what she had dreamed and heard.

When the trial was over John Mathieson, a brother of the missing man, stepped up to the bench and told Magistrate Barker that all he asked was that she be given a fair trial. She claimed to be able to locate the body and if she could she should be given a chauce to do so. If she failed, then let them prosecute her. In the meantime he was determined to see whether or not there was any virtue in her art.

## A COLD-BLOODED MURDER.

He Shoots and Kills a Pretty Girl and Attempts Suicide.

A Cincinnati despatch says :- Mary Gilmartin, a pretty clerk, was shot and instantly killed this morning while on her way to work. The man who committed the murder was arrested and gave his name as George Keed, aged 30, but letters in his pocket identified him as a Catholic priest named Father Dominick O'Grady. Insane jealousy of the girl and her desire to get rid of his unvelcome attentions caused the

LATER DETAILS. Miss Gilmartin was born and raised in the only form of business in which our canon | Sligo county, Ireland, where several of her my room, but I did not exactly have a good no means the worst of the many possible law allows the clergy to occupy their few brothers were educated for the priesthood. leisure moments. I am, as you see, toiling | One of her brothers is a professor in the in my vineyard, and rearing the familiar | college of Mayncoth, and the other is Father fruits of the earth for my humble table. M. S. Gilmartin, of Chicago. She was edu-Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, cated in a convent in Sligo county, and there than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." | became acquainted with the priest whoafter-I felt it incumbent upon myself to open wards murdered her. Miss Gilmartin came the talk, knowing that, this achievement to this country in September, and four months later Father O'Grady followed her. "We have very good news to tell you, At 6.30 a.m. she left home, accompanied by papa," I said. "It is so good, that Sir an old lady, who walked a short distance with her and then returned home.

O'GRADY FOLLOWED HER.

She turned around, got off the car and "Among relations," he said, "as I sup. started home. O'Grady overtook her on pose we may now consider ourselves, the Chestnut street, when he stopped her. The customary and tedious formalities are a old lady who accompanied Miss Gilmartin Aubyn, placed at your acceptance, the a few minutes when she was startled by a days of Radicalism and haphazard, an borhood rushed from their houses and saw was still trying to discharge his empty pari is a very pretty saying, but nolo de- revolver. He snapped the trigger several canari will not, I am sure, be in your mind." times, glanced at the gun, looked at his "Nor is it for a moment," replied my victim a moment, administered a brutal at these things, and then come down and father. "How can I thank you, my dear kick, and then, stumbling over the body, Craven? To some men their reward comes | walked rapidly toward John street, but "That will do, papa. I will come down late in life, and to others early. I should was captured by three citizens just as he and thank him at once. Perhaps while I possibly never have reaped my reward at reached that thoroughfare. The dead body look at the things yourself." And I his fingers through his hair, "some few tiny stream of blood trickled from a hole

When the murderer was taken to the Church, and my country. What more Central station a small vial containing a red could a man desire?" and he smiled sweet- fluid was taken from him. When the vial was laid down he quickly grabbed it, drew the cork out with his teeth and

SWALLOWED A MOUTHFUL

hurried off to the City hospital in a patrol "All things," said my father, "are order- | wagon and jumped out. Ever since

> For years Peterboro' has had more hetels in proportion to population than any other town in Canada, and after May 1st. next. 18 hotelnd four shop licenses will be the limit.