

# THE DEAN AND HIS DAUGHTER

## CHAPTER VII.

We stayed on at the Hotel Bristol until after the Grand Prix. Were I to summarize my recollections of this my first visit to Paris, I should say that I found it monotonous. It is a beautiful city no doubt, but it is rather grand than beautiful, and for my own part, I can only say that I very soon tired of it. Or was it that I tired of Sir Henry? Who knows? Perhaps under more favorable auspices things might have been very different.

The endless boulevards, with their immense houses and their rows of trees and their shops, are as wearisome at last in their glaring uniformity as a sea voyage, in the course of which the least speck on the horizon brings every one on deck for want of something better to do. I found some little relief in occasional visits to the further bank of the Seine, to the Jardin des Plantes, and other places.

Old Paris better retains its age, and is correspondingly more precious to the antiquarian than old London. But the exploration of old Paris, as I could have wished to have pursued it, was out of my power. Sir Henry had too many visitors and too many visits of his own to pay, and old Paris was as much beyond my reach as if I had been a thousand miles distant instead of merely separated from it by the Seine.

And so, in the gayest city of the world, my days were practically as dreary as those of the Lady of Chalot in her "silent isle."

I was unfeignedly glad when the time came at last for us to return to St. James' Square, even although there was the terrible certainty of having to face the Very Reverend the Dean of Southwick.

From him I had received a very long and very characteristic letter, obviously intended to be shown to my husband, who politely but firmly declined to be troubled with it.

The expenses of moving into the Deanery had, I was assured, been enormous, and my father had been obliged in consequence to heavily overdraw his account at the County Bank, where they were extremely courteous but at the same time extremely old-fashioned in their manner of doing business.

"When, my dear child," the epistle went on, "we lived so happily together, you and I, in our humble little house at Ossulston, I never knew what it was to be troubled for a few pounds."—Oh, papa! papa!—"Now I can assure you that I am very sorely troubled for a few bank-notes and if you could manage to send me a couple of hundred pounds, or persuade Sir Henry to let me have that amount for a year (through his lawyers, if he prefers it), I should be relieved from a weight of anxiety which is positively overwhelming."

"Pray, my dearest daughter, reply at once. I regret to say that my health, owing to the immense arrears of work left behind him by my predecessor, is absolutely appalling. But I strive to do my duty at any cost or sacrifice to myself, and I keep a stout heart."

"Sir William Bull, whom I have been up to London to consult, recommends a temporary visit to Geneva. He says that unless I have complete rest for a month or two he will not answer for the consequences; and he said this very emphatically."

"He also recommends me to drink Madeira, a wine which it is impossible to procure in the market except at a fabulous price. Perhaps Sir Henry may have a few bottles of it in his ample cellars at St. James' Square."

"I think of you my dearest daughter, night and morning, and my thoughts would indeed be with you all day, did not the multifarious duties of my position render it barely possible for me to snatch even a few minutes for rest and contemplation."

My reply was brief and to the point. I told my father that I enclosed him fifty pounds on my own account, and added that if in future he wanted anything from Sir Henry, whether in the shape of money, or of Madeira, or of anything else, he must make his application directly, as I should positively refuse to be the channel of it.

I certainly afterwards that the cheque was paid into my father's bank the same day on which it was received, and I have no doubt that it was drawn against with corresponding promptitude.

My father acknowledged the check by telegram, taking care to add that he should come up to town as soon as we returned.

We got back about the third week in June. The London season was at its height, and I had scarcely a minute to myself. I had to be present, of course, my sponsor being no less a person than the wife of the Foreign Secretary, while my father, in buckles and silk stockings, figured imposingly at the Drawing Room himself.

The ceremony amused me, and my dress a creation of Pingat's, was unquestionably the smartest seen that afternoon at Buckingham Palace. And that is all I have to say about it.

For the rest, the season tired me. The Dean was perpetually coming to me for money, sometimes descending to what is somewhere termed "the ridiculously small sum of ten pounds." But I invariably met him with a firm refusal, for which I declined to assign my reasons, and at last I fairly wore his perseverance out, and he wrote a long letter in which with abundance of quotations he compared me to Goneril and Regan, and drew a most touching parallel between himself and King Lear.

I may add that my father had more than once endeavored to quarter himself at Craven House, declaring that he found hotels expensive, and that the bustle of hotel life upset his nerves. Here, too, I was relentless, and definitely put down my foot. I told him point-blank that any attempt to make himself a permanent pensioner in Craven House I should resist, and that if he found a London hotel too much for his nerves, there was nothing more easy for him than to return to the learned and placid tranquility of Southwick Deanery.

One day I received, amongst my other letters, one the handwriting of which I did not at first recognize. It turned out to be from a Mrs. Fortescue, whom I had met during our stay in Paris, and of whom, so far as I had troubled myself to form any impression at all, I had judged favorably.

The letter ran:  
"Dear Lady Craven,  
"I am coming to town next week, and shall stay at Brown's Hotel in Dover Street. Need I say that I shall take the very earliest opportunity of hunting you up?"  
Then followed a large amount of irrelevant but amusing gossip.

"If you are looking only half so well as you did in Paris, where every living being raved about you, and where you were, I may most truthfully assure you, the sensation of the season, no one will be more delighted than myself to congratulate you on that charm of youth which in your case is hardly in its spring. Sir Henry is the luckiest man in England. I hope he knows it. Does he?"

"Pray let me find a letter from you at Brown's."  
Here at last was a chance of something reasonably distracting. I went straight to Sir Henry, told him of Mrs. Fortescue's letter, and suggested that I should like to ask her to stop with us during her sojourn in town.

My husband, of course, gave his most cordial assent, and in fact was pleased to express his entire approval, and within a very few days Mrs. Fortescue was comfortably quartered under our roof. Her society was in a certain sense a very great relief to me. She saved me the trouble of considering what to do for the day, she kept me from the terrible *ennui* of thinking about nothing, and it is but just to say that she was thoroughly amusing, good natured, and full of a vivacity that was possibly acquired from long residence in Paris.

We breakfasted together, and, indeed, were hardly ever out of each other's sight except on the evenings when I had to dine out.

Mrs. Fortescue was a widow, and her husband had been in the diplomatic service, and had been for some years attached to the English Embassy in Paris. He had entered the service as Queen's Messenger, rising rapidly until he became attaché at Paris. His fortune and rapid advancement were regarded as assured, when he suddenly died.

Mr. Fortescue had been dead some three or four years, and either he had left his wife more comfortably off than his friends expected, or else she must have had resources of her own, for she was certainly not at all pressed for money, although she lived in a handsome apartment in the Rue Royale, and did not attempt, like many ladies in society, to supplement her income by gambling, and not paying when she lost. She did not look more than thirty, and very possibly may not have been more. She dressed with most perfect taste, and was generally taken for a Frenchwoman. I began to wonder to myself why, unless she strongly preferred her freedom, she did not marry again. For she had most of those qualities that seemed to attract men, and, indeed, was before everything a "man's woman."

I liked her without having been at first prepossessed in her favor, and it is only fair to say of her that in an indescribable kind of manner she seemed to grow upon you. After Mrs. Fortescue had been with us some four or five days she told me one morning that she expected a visitor.

"He is a very old friend of mine, my dear," Mr. Sabine, whose acquaintance I first made at Hamburg, and whom I have since met almost everywhere. He is in the very best set, and is popular with every one. You would mostly certainly have met him while you were in Paris, which is his headquarters, only that he was then at Luchon. There are all kinds of stories about him, but I can assure you that most of them are to his credit. The men are jealous of him, of course, for all the women rave about him. But I think that many of the men are afraid of him, for he has been out several times, and it is generally understood that it is not well to quarrel with him. As for the women they literally throw themselves at his head. It makes me laugh, my dear; they might as well attempt to thaw an iceberg. He is one of the few men that I know whom it is impossible to humbug. No flattery, however ingenious, has the smallest effect upon him; he is absolutely impervious to it."

"You have excited my curiosity," I laughed. "When do you expect your paragon?"

"Positively this afternoon. I have told him that I shall be in at five. You really must see him."

"I am simply dying to do so."  
"I am sure you will admit that he is a sort of Admirable Crichton."  
"I hate Admirable Crichtons."  
"You won't hate him. But he is an Admirable Crichton. He can do everything, has been everywhere, and speaks languages of which I do not even know the name."

Five o'clock came, and Mrs. Fortescue and I were sitting over tea in my boudoir, when Mr. Sabine announced. As I rose to welcome him, I recognized in him at once the mysterious stranger of the Opera House in Paris. This was not exactly in itself a circumstance to prepossess me in his favor. But I am bound to say that every moment I remained in his society served to remove the somewhat unpleasant impression that I had previously formed of him.

He stopped, I should say, about half-an-hour. He had not the art but the gift of conversation. The art, as Sir Henry and my father both possessed it, is not uncommon; but the gift is extremely rare.

He was considerably above the middle height, although hardly perhaps six feet. His features I have already described. What now most struck me was his physique. His neck was not short, but very muscular. His shoulders were broad and square. In the glare of the Opera House I had not done him justice. His chest was deep, and he moved noiselessly and with that particular ease of the limbs which is most certainly acquired in the fencing salon, although some few men pick it up elsewhere, as for example, Canadians, who acquire it on the ice.

We chatted upon every conceivable topic, and Mr. Sabine informed me that although his visit had been, strictly speaking, to Mrs. Fortescue none the less he knew Sir Henry intimately, having met him constantly in London and Paris, and also at Vienna and at Moscow if he recollected rightly, and he added with a pleasant laugh, in the Riviera—"No, he was not staying at Monte Carlo, Mrs. Fortescue. Sir Henry has not been all his life in the diplomatic service for nothing. To be geographically exact, it was at Mentone."

Of course it only remained to ask Mr. Sabine to dinner, and soon afterwards he took his departure.

As soon as he was fairly in the street, I saw him, through the curtain, stop to light a cigar, and he then strode away with

that indescribable step of which some few men seem to have caught the habit from the larger beasts of prey—long, noiseless and elastic, giving the idea of immense strength in reserve.

Watch a lion pacing restlessly up and down behind his bars, and you will know what I mean. Riviere, in his picture, "The Night Watch," has given the effect of it with almost magical fidelity.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Mr. Sabine came to dinner, of course. We had a large party that evening, and a still larger reception afterwards. I could not help noticing him among the other men. In his closely-fitting clothes, which showed his square shoulders and deep chest, as clearly as if he had been stripped for a boat race, he seemed to tower above the rest of the company by his head and shoulders at least.

This was merely apparent. It is astonishing what an advantage even a quarter of an inch will give one man over another. The eye, incapable of adjustment, magnifies an inch, or half-an-inch, into a foot.

Achilles was never so tall, or Ajax of such girth of chest as Homer has depicted them, but Homer was not measuring these heroes for their armor. He was describing them as they seemed to an ordinary eye. And so Mr. Sabine; the appearance of immense size and strength was as unmistakable as the crisp, curling hair, the cold steel-gray eye, and the heavy moustache.

And yet there was nothing about it strange or too remarkable. He was not in any way a giant, he was simply bigger and finer than most men are—one in a thousand or a couple of thousand—so symmetrical and compact, that you might well have passed him by in a crowd exactly as you are sure to miss the winner in the preliminary canter, unless you have something better by far than that special information of which Stock Exchange men say that when combined with unlimited credit, it would ruin the very Father of all wiles and artifices.

After this evening, Mr. Sabine called several times. It happened, as he explained, that he was a member of the Travelers' Club, and that St. James' Square was close to it.

He was always amusing, and as full of anecdote and story as the late Mr. Hayward or Charles Greville himself, although he never figured in his own conversation, except as the narrator of what he had seen and was at the time describing.

But he apparently knew all parts of the globe. He had seen the rocky mountains, and heard the thunder of the Zambesi Falls. He had shot white white bear in Spitzbergen, where he had gone cruising in quest of reindeer, walrus, and musk-oxen; and he had rounded Cape Horn and interviewed the barbarians of extreme Patagonia.

I remember Mrs. Fortescue asking him once why he had not written a book about his travels. He replied laughingly, that in those days the writing of travels, like the writing of novels, seemed to have got entirely into the hands of the women, and that the fact could not be helped, although no doubt it was a pity, and the world at large suffered in consequence.

"That is not a very gallant observation," said Mrs. Fortescue.

"Perhaps not," he replied, "but it is true, nevertheless. And if," he continued, "a man were to-morrow to make some really interesting journey, and to write an exact account of what he had seen and done, no publisher would venture to put his book before the public; and even if a publisher were found, the public at large would put the narrative down as a tissue of falsehoods."

"Do you know," he continued, "what happened in the days of a certain King of Egypt with a terrible name, who sent away some men—a regular scientific expedition, like that of the Challenger—with instructions to sail away through the straits of Gibraltar, then called the Pillar of Hercules, and to keep on following the coast as long as they could? They were away for three entire years, and they came back with a number of stories, which were considered very wonderful. Great honors were conferred upon them. If there had been a Royal Geographical Society in those days, they would most certainly have had its gold medal. But they happened incautiously to state that after a certain period in their voyage, the sun at midday, instead of standing in the due south of them faced about and stood in the north. 'This is nonsense,' said the scientific men about the Court; 'it is contrary to the ascertained laws of nature.' 'It is worse than nonsense,' said the priests, 'for it is downright blasphemy. The sun is a god, and does not go north in the middle of the day to please anybody.' And the King said that the scientific men and the priests were quite right, and he ordered the explorers to confess their falsehood. This they refused to do; so, by way of a warning to future liars, their eyelids were cut off and their heads were shaved, and they were solemnly crucified in the midday sun."

"How dreadful!" murmured Mrs. Fortescue.

"Very dreadful, my dear madam; and that is why I do not tell about what I have seen. I should not be believed if I did. If I were to-morrow to tell some of my fishing friends in Patagonia (who are cannibals by the way, when they have the chance) how we live and dress in London, and how religious we are, and how virtuous and charitable, and otherwise devoid of all the little faults of humanity, why,—here he broke into a gentle ripple of laughter—"they would scrape me to death with cockle-shells and banquet on me afterwards. Oh, no, no, no! Never tell people the strange things which you have seen and they have not. A book of travels! I would as soon write a novel of the domestic affection (in the existence of which, of course, I sincerely believe), or bring out a new edition of Mrs. Glasse's 'Domestic Cookery,' an excellent book if it is somewhat antiquated. No. You must, as Mrs. Glasse is reported to have said, first catch your hare. The bibliophile must first catch his author; and I have no intention as yet, of being caught."

He went away, and that evening, as it happened, Sir Henry, Mrs. Fortescue, and I dined together, en famille.

Sir Henry was even more than usually pompous, patulous, and vacuous. Mrs. Fortescue distinctly set her cap at him, trying, no doubt, to give him the idea that she would be the very perfection of a wife for an ambassador or an attaché, and that he had better have married her than me.

Honestly, there was some truth in the woman's estimate of herself. Besides, I am sure that she had not any serious intention of fascinating Sir Henry herself. All that she wished was to secure his good graces. It was one of her rules in life that you cannot have too many friends.

Sir Henry himself was distracted and correspondingly ponderous. But after dinner he drank a large glass of Tokay, and as it began to course through his veins, he regained the natural speech by the usage of which it is one of Prince Bismarck's grim jokes to bewilder professional diplomatists.

We talked about the forthcoming mission to Constantinople. Mrs. Fortescue began to chatter about Constantinople, and the Bride of Abydos, and the Hellespont, and I allowed her to chatter.

She went so far as to regret that she had not herself been fully behind the scenes in all these great State secrets. She was certain, she assured us, that she had a natural taste—she might almost call it an instinct—for diplomacy, exactly as some people had a taste for music, and could not be kept from becoming composers.

All this bored Sir Henry terribly, and he very adroitly remarked that diplomacy was no doubt a natural gift, as was a correct ear for music, but that as far as his own limited experience had enabled him to judge, it was one of those many gifts which are distinctly hereditary in their nature, and that in the Courts of Europe the diplomatic faculty is considered to be the peculiar heritage of a limited number of families.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## A BIG HORSE.

Peter, 23 Hands, 1,700 Pounds—And He May Be Bigger.

A freak of nature and world wonder in the shape of a horse drew many of the curious to a lively stable in Seattle the other day. This specimen of the equine kind is unquestionably the tallest in the world. It is, in fact, a colt, not yet three years old, measuring the enormous height of 22 hands—7 feet and 4 inches. In weight this horse wonder tips the scales at 1,700 pounds.

Peter (that is his name) is a gelding, and was foaled in Minnesota in June, 1891. He is of Norman stock, and a beautiful dapple gray in color. What is almost remarkable as his huge proportion is the fact that his dam and sire were not above the average size of that breed of horses. Another colt from the same dam and sire, a year younger than Peter, but proportionally as large, if not larger, died some months ago.

Peter, as evidenced by his weight, is a well-proportioned animal. His limbs are clean cut, and the head, body, and neck of good form. He is, as is the case with many colts, a little bit swaybacked, but this imperfection, horsemen say, will disappear with age. The hips are a little higher than the highest point of the shoulders, from which the height and measurement is usually taken.

Should the horse grow to maturity, it is not unreasonable to expect that he will attain fully six inches more in height and develop proportionately otherwise, carrying a weight possibly of 3,000 pounds. A gelding seldom attains its full height until seven years old, while mares generally mature two years younger.

There is nothing of record which equals the height of the colt in question. Several years ago, however, there was a horse on exhibition in Toronto, Canada, which weighed 2,800 pounds.

Peter is physically sound and healthy. At such an age, growing with the rapidity that he is, he could not retain much flesh, though he might be said to be in good trim for work. His carriage is good and movement far less clumsy and awkward than might be expected of an animal of such proportions.

## Married in a Baby Carriage.

A remarkable wedding took place at the Bristol Registry office the other day. The bride, a prim woman of forty-three, wheeled into the office in an old-fashioned perambulator the bridegroom, a crippled man of forty-five, who from his birth had not been able to walk. He followed no occupation. When supported on his feet, so contorted were his legs that he was only thirty-six inches high. He asked that he should be married in the perambulator. Besides the usual question the astonished officials asked the bride if she really knew what she was about. She replied that she was fully aware of what she was doing, and she wondered what the crowd of people outside were laughing at, as it was only a wedding. The parties made the usual declaration as to no lawful impediment to their union, and they were duly married, and as the bride wheeled away her newly won husband the happy couple were followed by a large crowd who pelted them with rice.

## Largest of Their Kind.

The largest bronze statue in the world is that of Peter the Great at St. Petersburg, Russia, weight 1,100 tons.

The deepest coal mine is near Lambert, Belgium, depth 3,490 feet.

The greatest bee owner on earth is Harbison, of California, who owns 6,000 hives.

The Czar of Russia holds the largest individual estates, 100,000,000 acres.

The deepest hole ever bored into the earth is an artesian well at Pesh, Hungary, which was driven to a depth of 8,140 feet.

The largest flower is the "Rafflesia" (named in honor of Sir S. Raffles), which is a native of Sumatra. The diameter often exceeds 9 feet.

The Mordella beetle has the greatest number of distinct eyes, a single specimen possessing as many as 25,000 facets of vision in his compound eye.

The largest bird's nest is that built by the Australian jungle fowl, usually about 20 feet in diameter and 15 feet high.

## Strength of Britain's National Guard.

The annual return of the Volunteer Corps of Great Britain, just issued, shows that on the 1st of November, 1893, there were 261,432 volunteers, including light horse artillery, engineers, infantry, and medical staff corps, as against 261,689 on 1st November, 1892; there being, however, an increase of 1,809 efficient in 1893, giving a percentage of 96.21 of efficient to men enrolled.

## A DEAD DOG'S FUNERAL.

Two Maiden Ladies Wish Their Pet Buried in Style.

The extravagance into which the pet dog mania has occasionally led wealthy and fashionable people in New York have often furnished food for mirth or criticism, but a case of recent occurrence in Toronto fully rivals anything of the kind transpiring in New York.

Two maiden ladies domiciled on the east side of Jarvis street, who are possessed of considerable down town property, had a pet dog "Laddie" on which they lavished more than an ordinary amount of the affection which spinsters are traditionally wont to bestow on their canine favorites. On Friday last their pet sickened, and in spite of restoratives applied, in the way of copious draughts of brandy, and the calling in of at least two physicians, went the way of all flesh, canine as well as human. His mistresses were inconsolable, and resolved to give the body of their departed pet a costly funeral. They procured a gorgeous silk-lined coffin, made of antique oak, with silver handles, in the highest style of the undertakers art, and endeavored to procure a cemetery permit in one of the city cemeteries. This, however, was refused, but the ladies, not to be balked of their intention, resolved to dispose of poor Laddie's remains in their own family vault in Mount Pleasant Cemetery.

## French Shepherds on Stilts.

On the barren, sandy "Landes" in the south of France, the sheep and pigs do not live in clover, nor does the shepherd fare luxuriously. The people are full of queer notions. They assert that potatoes cause apoplexy, that milk is unhealthy, that wheat bread spoils the stomach, and that onions, garlic and rye bread a week old, in their country, is the best and most healthy diet. The shepherds walk on stilts, eat on stilts, and if they do not sleep on stilts, they rest on stilts for hours together by



LANDES SHEPHERDS AND THEIR FLOCKS.

means of a stilt rest. This is a long, stilt like stick, having a crescentic curve at the top to fit the back. Thus with the stilts stretched out to right and left, and this stick in the rear, they are well braced. The stilt-walkers manage to go through the deep and shifting sands at the rate of six or seven miles an hour. The dress of the shepherd is rough and quaint. He wears a sheepskin with the wool on, in form of a loose hooded coat.

## INTERESTING IF TRUE.

Tactics by Which the Chaparral Cock Destroys Its Reptile Enemy.

Paisano, or countryman bird, ground cuckoo, and road-runner, are local names for the chaparral cock of the far Northwestern States and Territories. This alert, fierce-looking bird, with a body about the size of a bantam rooster, has a strong bill three or four inches long, and long powerful legs and feet. It is of a mottled color, with a long pheasant-like tail. It starts unexpectedly from the mesquite or chaparral that border the lonely trail and runs swiftly in advance of the traveler, never leaving the road in its running, and easily distancing his horse.

This bird, with, so far as known, no objectionable traits, has some habits that commend it to humanity; it eagerly hunts and eats centipedes and scorpions, and it follows and destroys the rattlesnake by a method peculiarly its own. Waiting its time until it can catch the reptile asleep in its coil, the roadrunner drags branches of dry cactus to it so as completely to surround the snake with a thorny, impassable circle. Then the bird stirs up the serpent by rolling a piece of cactus upon it or pelting it with sticks and pebbles. The aroused reptile, unable to pass the thorny barrier, turns at last in blind rage to strike its fangs into itself and die of its own venom while its tormentor dances about it with every demonstration of exultation.

## They Fear a British Invasion.

As England in times past has suffered from scares of invasion from France, so France, or at least a part of it, is now exciting itself by fear of an invasion from England. The peninsula of Contentin, is the weak spot in France's defence, and no less an authority than Admiral de Cuverville regards the situation as so grave that he has contemplated resigning his office as naval prefect of Cherbourg unless steps are taken to strengthen the lines. There is, it seems, an admirable and undefended beach, where troops could be easily landed, Cherbourg taken in the rear, and Normandy be laid open to invasion. As forty-two French deputies have signed a document protesting against this risk being allowed to continue, the chances are that the French Finance minister will have to recognize the political, if not the military, danger of the situation and provide more defences against the designs of perfidious Albion, whose Chancellor of the Exchequer is being bothered to strengthen the navy lest the frightened Frenchmen should invade England.

## A King Attacked With Cancer.

Cancer of the larynx, almost identical with the disease with which the late Emperor Frederick of Germany was afflicted, has established its hold upon King Humbert of Italy. This has been known for some time among the intimates confidants of the King, but it is only recently that the secret has been divulged. The news of his affliction cannot but create much uneasiness as regards the political situation, both at home and abroad, owing to the dictatorial attitude which has been of late assumed by Premier Crispi, who seems bent upon securing for himself supreme power in Italy.