

THE DEAN AND HIS DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER X.

Alone at Brighton. Nevertheless, I found the place insufferably dull. I believe its only merit to be easy access from London. An immense amount of nonsense is talked about the air; but I have never been able to see that the air of Brighton is in any way better than any other, or that the Brighton downs are a bit better than any other downs.

Americans, in moments of ill-advised confidence, will tell you that Saratoga itself is an over-estimated place, and that if you are rash enough to try it, you will find it very tiresome and stupid, and, to use their own expression, with no more points about it than any other place.

Brighton, so far as I have troubled myself to enquire into its history, owes its success to the people who have visited it. The Thrales, if I remember rightly, actually persuaded Dr. Johnson to go down there; and Dr. Johnson's opinion of Brighton was by no means a pleasant or a flattering one. Then the Prince Regent went there and built himself the Pavilion; and after this we find Brighton gradually becoming more and more a London suburb. Dr. Blinker has his select academy there for young gentlemen. Big hotels grew up; and, finally, the Brighton of to-day is no more the pleasant little watering-place it once was, than is West Kensington, with its immense avenues of stucco palaces, the dear old Kensington which Thackeray so loved.

For my own part I found Brighton and everything belonging to it, so intolerable that, one evening, in a fit of worse than usual despair, I wrote to Mrs. Fortescue and suggested that a change of air might possibly do her good.

She had been most careful not to lose sight of me since we parted at Cowes; and had, in fact, about twice a week reminded me of her existence, and of her extreme and, indeed, almost sisterly affection for myself.

Consequently I happened to know that she was at this moment quartered on some friends in the neighborhood of Sandringham. She had sent me most glowing accounts of Sandringham itself, and of the exalted personages there, and of the great fun she was having.

So I wrote, pleasantly I hope, but not at all enthusiastically, suggesting that a few weeks at Brighton might recruit her, and spent quietly with myself, prove a pleasant contrast to the vortex of gaiety in which she had lately been plunged.

I received my answer with a promptitude as appalling as that with which our tradesmen down at Ossulston used to respond to my father's airy suggestion that they should send in their accounts.

Mrs. Fortescue was absolutely wearied of Norfolk. She had never been more bored in her life. It had been well enough for the first few days; but she had soon found out that the men talked about nothing except the crops and the partridges; and the women about nothing whatever except the toilette. Their ideas on this subject, she added, were as primitive as their clothes which latter most unquestionably have come out of the Ark.

"It will be the most delightful change my dear Miriam, to be with you once again and to enjoy, if only for the shortest time, complete rest, which my poor shattered nerves sadly need, and a little rational conversation, which I can assure you I need still more.

"I shall start at once, or as soon, at any rate, as I can make a decent pretext for leaving. And, to be with you again, will remind me of the many happy hours we spent together in St. James' Square.

"Pray remember me most kindly to the Dean, who, of course before long will be wearing the mitre. I am getting tired of the pomps, the vanities, of this wicked world; and I wish he would pick me out an eligible second among his Minor Canons so that I could go to choral service twice a day and hear the rooks caw in the Cathedral Close, and walk in the beautiful old cloisters if it were wet, and read 'Holy Living and Dying,' and get the Christian Year by heart, and do my best to forget a very great number of years which I am afraid have been shamefully wasted.

"I do not mind telling you in confidence, that, when I went the other day to have my hair singed, I was told to my horror that there was a grey hair here and there amongst it. Of course, I have had rather more than my fair share of trouble. But even so, dear, one does not like to get old before one's time."

A postscript added that she would not of course bring her maid, as doubtless my treasure, Jackson, would be able to attend to her few simple wants.

The widow was as good as her word, and made her appearance with military promptitude. One fly conveyed herself, and another her trunk, each as long as coffins and twice as roomy. And she was more than ever radiant with delight and enthusiasm.

The sea made her feel at least ten years younger. So, at any rate, she declared. She was astonished to find Brighton so little altered. Did Mutton's still exist? Did we still go for morning rides on the downs? And was that charming physician still practising in Royalty Square? And so she rattled on, with a string of disconnected questions, never once waiting for an answer.

I judged it upon the whole to be the safest policy, so far as my own nerves were concerned, to let her run herself down. Ultimately, when she had asked all her questions, and told me all her news, and suggested that after a long journey a cup of tea with cognac in it had been positively ordered her by Sir Humphrey Jorkins, she retired to dress for dinner, leaving me to reflect on what I had let myself in for.

I began almost to repent of my unflinching conduct towards the Dean, and to wish that I had him down with me, and could so play off my two visitors one against the other.

At dinner I need hardly say Mrs. Fortescue, knowing or guessing that there was champagne in the house, declared that she positively required a glass to steady her

nerves after the terrible vibration of the express; so a bottle was produced and two glasses were filled. She finished the remainder herself, and she honestly declares that it made her more loquacious, communicative, and critical than ever.

She put me up to a wrinkle, as she termed it, which was nothing more than the fact that brandy and water is really necessary to "settle" champagne. "Eise, dear Miriam," she added, "the champagne, pleasant and exhilarating as it is, will most infallibly settle you, and leaving you with a terrible headache the next morning."

So she had her brandy and water. The Dean, to do him justice, used to call things that he liked to eat and drink by their proper names. I almost began to wonder whether she would not tell me that her medical man had recommended her a cigar. She stopped short, however, at this particular trial of my patience, and contented herself with two or three diminutive Egyptian cigarettes; and after several attempts to keep herself awake, declared that the journey and the change of air had thoroughly exhausted her, and that she should not be herself again until she had had a thorough night's rest.

It was a somewhat dreary outlook with the certain prospect of a fortnight at least. So I resigned myself to the inevitable, and, as I blew out my candle, could not help wishing I were the man on the Eddystone Lighthouse, or St. Simeon on his column, or even Teufelsdröckh in his garret. Any of these places would have, at all events, the one advantage of affording a sanctuary from Mrs. Fortescue.

A day or two after my guest's arrival, we were walking, or, rather, sauntering in the morning along the King's Road, crowded as usual with its indescribable mixture of Brighton residents and Brighton visitors, flies, Bath chairs, goat chaises, boarding schools in double file, Jews as obtrusive as their own noses, and here and there an Indian Ayah with her baby, when it pleased Mrs. Fortescue to become suddenly, unaccountably, and violently agitated.

"My dear," she exclaimed, "there he is! I declare, there he is! What on earth are we to do?"

"There is who?" I asked somewhat snappishly.

"Why, Mr. Sabine, my love. Look, he has seen us, and is coming up."

Mr. Sabine it proved to be, looking completely himself. He had been knocking about, he explained apologetically, as if he had no business to be in Brighton at all. He had been to all kinds of places, to Deauville, to Hamburg, to Baden, and Carlsbad, and they had all alike tired him out. They were dull and tedious. He had now come to Brighton to get out of the way, and to see what entire rest and the air of the Sussex coast would do for him.

He had brought nobody with him, and had not expected to meet anybody, least of all myself, whom he had supposed to be anywhere rather than in this terrible London-sur-Mer, where the Londoners had succeeded in spoiling everything except the glorious Channel breezes.

Hitherto, his forecast had proved correct. He had found himself as entirely alone as if he were at Margate, or Blackpool, or West-on-super-Mare. He was stopping at the "Old Ship," where there was not a person whom he knew, and he was dividing his time pretty impartially between the tennis court, the Parade, and the downs. It was quite a relief to meet a face he knew. Where were we stopping? Might he vary the monotony of his own existence by looking in to afternoon tea?

So he went on until he had fairly lunched Mrs. Fortescue on the full flood of her small talk. When she showed signs of stopping, he caught the ball, and threw it back to her. And thus, before I could tell how it had all happened or came about, we found ourselves back again in front of my house in Montpelier Road.

I was about to say that I was obliged to ask him in. This, however, would not be strictly the truth, for I was if anything, glad of the chance.

He was, anyhow, a relief to Mrs. Fortescue's persistent babble, which was becoming as wearisome as that of Tennyson's brook. He needed no pressing but came in at once, and stepped quite naturally into the part of a tame cat. He showed us how to make tea in the Russian fashion, and to drink it with little slices of lemon instead of cream and sugar. He rallied Mrs. Fortescue on her weakness for an occasional cigarette. He told us how Russia is the only country in the world where you get champagne; because it forestalls for years in advance the entire yield of the champagne district; the only country in the world where fresh caviare is to be procured, and the only country where you get genuine tea, because Russian tea is brought overland by caravan, and so does not lose its aroma in the course of a sea voyage.

The more he talked, the more it became impossible to avoid contrasting what he had to tell us with the terrible platitude of Sir Henry. And I began at last indelicately to wonder whether he might not be possessed of some secret mission from St. Petersburg, and so probably knew far more about my husband and his foibles than he might choose to reveal.

The idea was amusing, if a little far-fetched, and I could almost fancy I heard Sir Henry himself ponderously declaring, as if it were a new discovery doing himself infinite credit, that Mr. Sabine was evidently a most highly-educated young man, with exceptional abilities and powers of observation, who must have spent many years of his life in travel, and have mixed in the most exclusive circles.

When Mr. Sabine at last took his departure, Mrs. Fortescue was comparatively youthful with radiance.

"Did I not always tell you, my dear Miriam? Is he not marvellous? I believe there is nowhere he has not been, nothing he has not done, and nothing that he cannot tell you all about. I sometimes wonder whether he is not the Wandering Jew himself, of whom they tell you at Venice, where he last condescended to show himself that he was the most accomplished and fascinating person in the world. You have never read the 'Wandering Jew,' I suppose. I know that Mr. Sabine always brings him to my mind. Only they say the Wandering Jew is indiscreet at times, and apt to let out who he is and where he has been. Catch Mr. Sabine letting out anything about himself. Why, he does

not even keep a servant for fear the fellow should chatter about where he has been and what he has done. I am sure that there cannot be any other reason, for he has plenty of money. At Vienna he ran horses in his own name, and had over some of the best English jockeys; and at Paris last year, towards the very end of the season, when we were all grumbling about the heat and wishing ourselves at the North Pole, it turned out that he had actually gone right up to Spitzbergen and the Kara Sea in a yacht of his own, and had shot white bears, and had speared walrus and driven a sledge of Esquimaux dogs, and seen the sun in the sky for weeks at a time."

"He seems a very wonderful man," I remarked.

"Next time he comes, mention Patagonia. I am sure you will find he has been there, like dear Lady Florence Dixie, and seen the cannibals, and in all probability, if he were to own to it, shot a number of them, which would be quite justifiable seeing that they are terrible creatures who have no religion, and do not cook their food, and murder you, if they get the chance, by strangling you with a piece of rope and a big stone at each end of it. I declare, my dear, that, fascinating as he is, he sometimes makes me, in spite of myself, feel quite uneasy and almost creepy."

Of course I could only reply, that for my own part I saw nothing so very terrible about Mr. Sabine, and did not consider that Mrs. Fortescue need be under any immediate apprehension.

"It's not myself, my dear," said Mrs. Fortescue, nodding her head most sagely and emphatically. "It would be vanity on my part to pretend as much. But you should be very careful with him, Miriam. I am quite sure that he is a very dangerous man; not at all the man," she added, "for a Devonshire village, or even a Cathedral town, and I doubt whether there is much that he could learn even in Vienna itself. Perhaps Sir Henry may be able to give him a wrinkle or two on his return from that shockingly wicked city. Constantinople, which they say combines all the vices of the old world and the new, without a single redeeming virtue from either. If anybody could be a match for him, it would most certainly be Sir Henry."

And with this parting stab in the back both for Sir Henry and for myself, my good friend retired to divest herself of her war paint, and see what a night's sleep could do towards temporarily repairing the inexorable ravages of time.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Farewell.

It is said to be an old story, this of a man named Doherty, who was drilling with his squad of recruits in London. Doherty was nearly six feet two in height, and at that time the sergeant-major was a man whose height was only five feet four. On this day he approached the squad looking sharply about him for some fault to find.

All the men squared up except Doherty, and the sergeant-major at once accosted him.

"Head up there, man!" called he. Doherty raised his head slightly.

"Up higher, sir!"

The head was raised again. Then the sergeant-major managed, by standing on his toes, to reach Doherty's chin, and he poked it higher, with the remark:

"That's better. Don't let me see your head down again!"

By this time everybody was interested at seeing Doherty staring away above the sergeant-major's head, when a voice from above said, in a rich brogue:

"Am I to be always like this, sergeant-major?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Then I'll say good-bye to ye, sergeant-major, for I'll never see yez again!"

THE CHEESE OUTLOOK.

Expansion of the Trade.—Cheese Opened Higher This Year than Last.

According to official returns there was \$172,000,000 invested in dairy farming in Canada last year, and, as it is admitted that a gross return of \$13,000,000, or nearly 8 per cent, was made to farmers by the manufacture of cheese alone, beside the returns from butter, eggs, milk and live stock, it can readily be seen that the lines of the dairy farmer in Canada have fallen in pleasant places.

That the profitable nature of the cheese trade is being daily more recognized is shown by the amount of expansion it exhibits. New factories are starting in districts hitherto unsupplied, and the development of territories affording a good supply of milk, which have hitherto been debarred by their distance from established factories, is thus being proceeded with. The fact that there were factories which paid their patrons from \$500 to \$700 each for their milk has shown the farmer how lucrative this branch of his labor is. In the County of Leeds the cows during the cheese season averaged \$37 a head. Our farmers have learned to produce the largest quantity of milk in the most economical manner, and, considering that prices for cheese opened fully a cent per pound higher this year than last, in spite of the prospects of a much larger May make, it looks as if they would reap much larger returns. The estimate of \$16,000,000 for this one branch of dairy farming does not seem to be far out of the way after all. There is an increasing disposition of the English importer to purchase direct at the country market, and no doubt there is a tendency to bring the producer and consumer more closely together in cheese, as in everything else; but it has not yet reached such dimensions as to interfere with the trade of our buyers and exporters.

THE CHAMPION MONOPLY.

Standard and Russian Oil Trusts Said to be About to Join Forces.

The two greatest monopolies in Christendom, the Standard Oil Trust of America and the Russian Oil Trust of Russia, are about to effect a new division of the world. The Standard Oil Company is negotiating with the Russian Government through a committee a formal treaty, the immediate effect of which will be to raise the price of a necessary of life to the people of the whole world. This treaty exists at the present in the form of a "memorandum agreement," drawn up and signed by all the members of "the syndicate of the Russian petroleum refiners with the consent of the Minister of Finance," and waits but upon the fulfillment by the Standard Company of one condition. One great foreign refinery, that of Mannheim, refuses to join the trust, and one or two American associations, chiefly the Independent Producers Oil Company have not yet surrendered to the Standard combination. Until either the Mannheim refuses to buy crude oil of the Producers Company, or the Producers Company refuses to sell to Mannheim refineries, the monopoly will still lack a little of being absolute, and the Russian men will refuse to approve the treaty. This treaty was the result of a meeting of Russian refiners held in St. Petersburg at the request of the Russian Minister of Finance some time previous to October, 1893. The purpose of this meeting was primarily to bring about an agreement in the nature of a trust and under the direction of the Government between the producers and refiners of petroleum in the district of Baku, Russia, practically the only petroleum district in the world outside of the United States, under the date of October, 1893, the basis of such an agreement was finally reached and put in writing. The representative of 62 per cent. of the Russian output, and the representatives of the Standard Oil Trust participated in the conference. Another meeting was held in St. Petersburg on February 1, when the details were perfected and signatures attached to the memoranda of agreement. Since that date nearly all the Russian refiners had added their signatures to those of the men who participated directly in the conference.

Intoxication From Tea.

Although Cowper speaks of "the cups that cheer, but not inebriate," there is evidence of the intoxicating power of tea. In China tea is rarely used until it is a year old because of the peculiar intoxicating property which new tea possesses. Three or four grains of theine are contained in less than half an ounce of good tea, and may be taken in a day by most full-grown persons without any unpleasant effects; but if twice this quantity, or eight grains a day, be taken, the pulse becomes more frequent, the heart beats more strongly, and trembling comes on. At the same time the imagination is excited, and after awhile the thoughts wander, visions begin to be seen, and a peculiar state of intoxication comes on. All these symptoms are followed by and pass off in a deep sleep. Whether the tannin in tea contributes in any degree to its exhilarating or narcotic action is not known. That it does aid in the exhilarating effect which tea produces is rendered very probable by the fact that a species of tannin is the principle ingredient in the Indian betel nut, which is so much prized in the East, and which is said to produce a mild and agreeable intoxication. Mate or Paraguay tea, prepared from the leaves of the Brazilian holly in the state in which it is commonly used for a stimulating beverage, also intoxicates.

THE PACIFIC ROUTE.

Promoter Huddart Will Soon Start for Ottawa.—The Prospects of an Imperial Grant.

A London despatch says:—Mr. James E. Huddart, the chief promoter of the Canadian Pacific mail route to Australia, via England, says that the British Government has not promised to grant a subsidy to the new line, but he was very hopeful that they would grant one. Mr. Huddart says the expectation is to put ships on the new line as fast as they can be built, the vessels of the Atlantic and Pacific lines to be owned by the same company. He will sail on June 9th on board the steamship New York on his way to Ottawa. Mr. Huddart expects that each vessel sailing from Canada will carry 4,000 carcasses of Canadian chilled beef to England, as the new ships will be deeper and correspondingly more commodious than any now existing. The most important detail yet remaining to be carried out is the selection of a British port, which will doubtless be Southampton, Milford Haven or Liverpool.

A Costly Girdle.

The most famous "jewel," as it may be called, in New York society, is the "stomacher" belonging to Mrs. John Jacob Astor. This is a superb combination of gems arranged in the form of a girdle, or pointed front piece, to be worn over a lace dress front, or for an ornament to the front of a décolleté corsage. It is very large, and is composed of the finest gems obtainable in the world. It was the wedding gift of Mr. Astor to his bride, and was selected with more than ordinary taste, or it could never have been worn in public. But so well are the gems blended and so perfectly do they harmonize with a fall of white lace, that young Mrs. Astor looks "perfectly sweet" when she has it on, although her friends say that she wore it for the first time with many misgivings for fear it would look like a grand display of wealth. Its cost was not far from \$1,000,000.

The smallest soldier in France is Louis Benadot of Luret, who is only two feet four inches in height. He is a dwarf with a slight moustache. When he presented himself to draw his number out of the conscription urn, it was discovered that his head did not reach to the top of the table on which the urn was placed, so a gendarme held him up by the collar to enable him to put his hand in the urn.

ABOUT THE HOUSE.

An Ideal Wife.

The ideal wife is certain to prove herself God's best gift to man. She must be not only a helper, but a suitable companion in whose society the husband finds a foretaste of the delights of heaven. She will be a woman in the truest sense—not a dress-maker's figure for the display of fine raiment. A woman endowed with the spirit of nobility, and moved by love to reverence all things good and true. Deep in sympathy with all that is noble; equally intense in hatred against all that is base. A generous, pure-souled, tender-hearted woman. Poor men have become giants in goodness and virtue through the love and care of such women.

The ideal wife need not be rich. She should be thrifty, however, and have learned how to wisely spend the money committed to her charge. To do this she should be able to cook and sew, and systematically direct the affairs of a household. It is a misfortune when women, otherwise helpful as wives, fail entirely in this particular.

Our wife need not be beautiful in appearance. It is noteworthy that the most of the best women in history have been plain-looking. We do not object to a lovely woman shining at the head of our table; lips like cherries ripe, and fresh cheeks like the June roses; we do not object, yes, would prefer this, but beauty is no necessity for an ideal wife. She must not be ugly. No noble woman is ugly. She cannot be.

Nor need the ideal wife be intellectually clever. What is of more importance than cleverness or perfect education is—the desire to know more. Here many wives fail. They have gone the usual course of study, and are satisfied. This is a mistake. Let the wife constantly desire to know more, and then she will be a fellow-student with the husband. What interests him will interest her. Besides, if in the course of events, "wife" is written "mother," she will then have a modern stock of knowledge at the service of her children. Nothing so undermines parental authority as the fact that the children are so advanced as to be able to correct the grammar and history of their parents. The moment the children feel they know better than their parents certain of the elements of education, all authority is at an end. An ideal wife, should, therefore, ever be desirous of adding to her stock of knowledge.

She must, of course, love her husband with all the earnestness of love. We assume he is worthy of such devotion. His welfare and good name are precious in her eyes. What adds to his comfort and manliness she will try to give as far as lies in her power. Men are looking anxiously for women who approach within measurable distance of this "ideal"—women whom they can love and cherish and work for, and from whom they will get a heart's devotion in return.

Feather Beds.

Before putting away a feather bed it should be cleaned and aired well. When the ticking is soiled in spots remove the stains with ammonia water and soap. Dip a soft cloth into the ammonia and water, rub the spots with good soap, then rub with the cloth until the stain has disappeared. If the spot still remains after this treatment, scrub it briskly with a small, stiff scrubbing brush, rinse well in clean water and wipe with a clean, dry cloth. Place the bed in the air until perfectly dry, but never on any account, put it where the sun will shine on it, as sun draws out oil from the feathers, and will in a short time destroy them. If there is an attic store room it is an excellent place for putting away a feather bed for the summer. Have a clothes line across the room and over this hang the bed. Open the windows frequently to air it. If it must be placed away in a closet or box take it out a few times each month in a room, open the windows and let in the air. In the country some housewives cleanse a feather bed by putting it out on the grass when expecting rain and allowing it to get saturated, then when the rain ceases letting it remain, turning it and changing its position frequently until thoroughly dry.

Salted Almonds.

These are not difficult to make at home. After the nuts are shelled pour boiling water over them and let them stand two or three minutes, when they blanch very easily; then place them on flat tins or dishes and put them into the oven until they are a light brown, stirring them frequently so that they may brown evenly, and taking great care not to let them get too dark. When they are sufficiently brown remove them from the oven and let them get thoroughly cooled; then take the white of an egg, without beating, put it into a large dish and turn the almonds into it. Stir until the almonds are covered with the egg, then spread once more upon the plates, and with a fine wire strainer sprinkle the salt over them evenly on both sides. Use the finest table salt. Return the almonds to the oven, stir them frequently. When cold they are ready for use.

A Tree That Shines.

Comparatively few people are aware of the existence in Nevada of a luminous tree of large proportions. The Indians have always entertained a wholesome dread of this tree, and have a number of legends connected with it, some of which are clearly founded on the biblical story of Moses and the burning bush. As a result of their superstition the tree has come to be known as the "witch tree" and is quite a source of interest among people for miles around. It is a valuable landmark at night as it can be seen half a mile away, and the phosphorous substance which exudes from it is so powerful that it is possible to read a few words of print held close to it.