

THE DEAN AND HIS DAUGHTER

CHAPTER XIV (CONTINUED.)

I could read the verdict of the jury in the foreman's face before he delivered it for himself and his companions. They found that I had been guilty of adultery with Mr. Sabine on various occasions, and more particularly on that when I had visited the yacht. And the judge without any comment, gave effect to their finding in what Mr. Wylie told me were the usual terms.

I felt stunned, and just remember Mr. Wylie giving me his arm and leading me out of Court.

Here I was a divorced woman, ruined and disgraced for ever, a thing to be shunned and avoided as if plague-stricken, and yet, as I shall have to answer for it in the last day, and in a Court where all hearts are open, as absolutely and wholly innocent of the foul charge brought against me as a child could be.

I only just remember being helped into my brougham and driven rapidly back with Mrs. Fortescue to Sackville Street. The next thing I remember is waking up as if from a long sleep and seeing that the room was darkened and that there were medicine bottles about, and that Mrs. Fortescue was seated by my bedside.

"Now, you are to be perfectly quiet, dearest child," said she; "and you are not even to talk to me. If you do, I shall have to leave you and hand you over to a hospital nurse, which I'm sure you wouldn't like. So lie still and keep quiet."

I smiled languidly and tried to sit up in bed, but found I had not the strength. Mrs. Fortescue, however, managed to prop me up with pillows. Then she sponged my face and hands with Eau de Cologne and water, and gently curled my hair, which I noticed had been cut to about a third of its length.

Then she gave me a glass of champagne and milk.

"This is what you have been living on, my sweet, for nearly a fortnight," she said "and now you must lie down again."

Just as docilely as a child, I did exactly as she told me, and so lay for some hours, as it seemed to me, watching the pattern of the wall-paper and counting the tassels on the fringes of the bed hangings.

Then a stout tall man came who felt my pulse and smiled pleasantly.

"You will soon be able to be moved," he said. "I think we must send you to Torquay, or, at any rate, somewhere south. Meantime you must be kept quiet, and you must drink champagne whenever Mrs. Fortescue here tells you to do so. We all want to get you away from here and to see the roses in your cheeks. But we can't do that until you are strong enough to be moved."

I must indeed have been terribly weak, for this pretty little speech seemed almost as interminable to me as the summing up of the judge himself. It quite tired me out. I remember Mrs. Fortescue handing me a bunch of violets, which I smelt, and then kept in my fingers. "They come from Nice my dear," she said, "where we will go in the winter, if you will only do as you are told, and get strong again. As soon as you can be moved we will leave town, and the sea air will bring back the roses."

Then she sat down and took up a book, nodded at me kindly over the top of it, and began to read, or pretend to read, with admirable industry.

I was now sufficiently recovered to realize that I was indeed far weaker than I had supposed. So I allowed my eyes to close dreamily, and from weakness, for it could not possibly be weariness, fell asleep again.

I found afterwards, what I did not then know, that they had saved my life by morphia, which had been actually forced into my veins through a tiny little syringe with a point no larger than a needle. I found also that for some days my life had been despaired of; that Mrs. Fortescue had never left my bedside that Mr. Sabine had called twice and sometimes three times every day; and that the Very Reverend the Dean had left town for the Cathedral Close on the evening of the trial, and the Sunday after had preached a most affecting sermon, in the delivery of which his voice was frequently choked with emotion, while the eligible widows and spinners, who formed the bulk of the congregation, had sobbed audibly.

The sermon was afterwards printed by special request, and my father had actually the assurance to send a copy of it to myself and another to Mrs. Fortescue, with his own precious autograph on the title page.

"A signature, my dear," said Mrs. Fortescue, "which before he got his deanery, the smallest money-lender in England would not have touched with a pair of tongs."

And I could not help laughing, for I knew that, when we were living at Ossulton, my father was perpetually writing to advertising money-lenders, who never so much as condescended to even answer his epistles.

CHAPTER XV.

We found Torquay a place perfectly intolerable, filled with rich parvenus, and oppressive with its glare of stucco. We were told of pleasant places inland; Totness among others, and Paignton, now a mere suburb of Torquay, were both mentioned. Then glowing descriptions were given us of the magnificent scenery of the Dart and of Dartmouth Harbor. Ultimately we decided upon giving a trial to a place very little known, but certainly none the less desirable on that account. We pitched on Lydall, an extraordinary little village on the Cornwall coast, somewhere about ten miles distant from the nearest railway station.

The houses in Lydall are built of stone, and roofed with slate, both Cornwall products. The walls are of stone, for there are no hedges to divide the fields. The Vicar, who is rich on sixty pounds a year, a stone house, and an acre of salt marsh known as the glebe, is the only man of importance, with the exception of the lord

of the small inn, who is also proprietor of one or two shabby stone villas, which he lets furnished for the season at a very fair price.

To Lydall accordingly we went, and there I once again began to feel myself. A pony carriage, much as I should have enjoyed it, was out of the question. The Cornish roads would kill any decent pony in a week; but there was the Cove, always pleasant and beautiful, and as entirely land-locked as the Bay of San Francisco.

We used to saunter about the lanes, and sit on the beach and distribute figs and sweetmeats among the children, who were grossly ignorant and poverty stricken, but in vigorous health.

Only fancy village children, who have heard the cuckoo all their lives and do not even know its name.

"I have found, my dear," said Mrs. Fortescue one evening, "two exceptions to the uniform and monstrous stupidity of this place."

"Who or what are they?" I inquired. "They are the ostler here at the inn, and an old vagabond who is strongly suspected of being a poacher, but who is one of the most amusing rascals with whom I have ever talked. The ostler is believed to know rather more about French brandy than he generally cares to own. It may be a scandal, for he is a very civil man indeed; but the fact is not a secret here. They say that he was once a gentleman, but he himself is very reticent with regard to his past career."

And so our days passed pleasantly enough. We lived, so Mrs. Fortescue declared, like duchesses, except in the one matter of salon accommodation, and we lived for next to nothing.

"We are not saving money, my dear, we are almost making it," Mrs. Fortescue used to say. "It is a place of enchantment and of perfect solitude."

We were standing, as she repeated this, in the little garden outside our house, which was devoted according to the season to roses, hollyhocks, mignonette, sweet peas, and almost every variety of garden produce.

Suddenly we became aware that Lydall en masse—the men, women, and children—was making its way down to the Cove.

"It can't be the Plymouth boat, Miriam," said Mrs. Fortescue. "That doesn't come to-day. Come along, get your hat." I did as I was told, and we hurried down to the Cove. A steamer was perceptibly nearing straight for the narrow channel. As she grew nearer, we could see the white ensign.

The solitary Coastguardsman politely offered us his glass, and lowered his shoulder to afford a convenient rest for that weather-beaten instrument, which, if village report were but half true, had more than once served him in good stead as a useful and handy substitute for a constable's truncheon.

Mrs. Fortescue took the first peep, and without comment handed the glass to me. I looked through it, and saw standing erect in the very bows of the vessel, and scanning the shore through a field glass, no other person than George Sabine.

Mrs. Fortescue took my arm and tried to hurry me towards our house.

"We shall have to meet, dear child," she whispered; "and the thing had better not be done quite in open vestry. Let us avoid the parson and the clerk, and the churchwarden, and all the other old women as long as we can possibly do so."

But a strange fascination rooted me to the spot, and as the vessel steamed through the narrow little pass between the cliffs into the Cove, I heard the words "let go," called out in a voice that I knew only too well; and immediately afterwards the puff of the engines ceased, and the click and rattle of the cable struck my ear as distinctly as the tick of a large watch.

"We must go in," said Mrs. Fortescue, "and we must leave word or send down word which will look better, that you cannot possibly be seen until eleven o'clock to-morrow morning. Eleven o'clock is always an excellent time."

We went in and gave our instructions. It was exactly as Mrs. Fortescue had predicted. Before ten minutes had passed, Mr. Sabine had called at the house, had had his answer, had left his card with Yacht Evangeline R. Y. S. in the corner of it, and had made his way back to the Cove. "The village will talk, my dear," said Mrs. Fortescue; "but it will all be about the yacht, and everybody will be mad for permission to go on board her. They will be rowing round her till sunset, and with daybreak to-morrow morning, and they will be trying to sell him eggs and butter, and poultry and meat, and all that kind of thing—all of which he will probably have on board. I should not be surprised if the innkeeper did not go alongside with some bottles of British brandy, and his Gospel oath in his mouth that they had never paid duty, which would be strictly true, though not exactly in his own sense. And now you must go to bed at once, or the Cornish roses in your cheeks will be fading to-morrow. Come along, I am lady's maid."

Next morning at eleven we were in our little parlor and seated at the window. Within a minute of the time, Mr. Sabine came swinging up the road with the same long, lithe, panther-like step.

His immense boarhound slouched along after him, and as the master passed through our garden gates, the hound in obedience to a gesture coiled himself up outside them, and lay down with such a dangerous look about him that the crowd of village children and gossips melted away.

I rose to meet him as he entered the room and held out my hand. I was happy and glad to see him, and I know my face must have told him as much.

Then he greeted Mrs. Fortescue, and then he somehow settled himself in a wicker-work chair.

"The sea has thrown me up," he said, "high and dry in this curious little nook. I am told that there is no doctor within five miles, and no lawyer within eight or ten. Also there is no local reporter, and consequently no list of fashionable arrivals. We might almost be at St. Helena or Ascension. It is delightful to be for once in a way in a pretty place, and to have it all to yourself. Mrs. Fortescue, I am shocked to see you here. You ought by this time to have bound the Dean to your chariot wheels, and to be driving with him round the Cathedral Close."

And then we all laughed, a hearty, genuine laugh, that did all of us good.

Presently it was settled that we should take a stroll, and as we passed out through the street we found that public curiosity had subsided. Everybody had gone down to the Cove to stare at the yacht and her crew, and to drive little bargains with them, if possible. And so, as Mrs. Fortescue declared herself unequal to a tramp through the chalk, Mr. Sabine, and I, and Serge, sauntered up the hill together.

Presently we reached a large field of green wheat just beginning to show streaks of gold on the light soil under the keen sun. "Waves of shadow" passed over it, and all Nature seemed alive as we crossed over the little stile.

A lark was singing gloriously, hovering over its nest. A blackbird darted out from the hedge with its noisy shriek close under our feet, and right across our path. Then a shy little field mouse showed itself scuttering about between the ears. And in a beech tree overhead a bright-eyed squirrel sat up and looked saucily at us as he went on shelling his mast.

The twitter of the small birds would have seemed petulant but for the drowsy hum of the insects and the strange whirr of the cornrake, now near, now distant, and obviously trying to lure us from the vicinity of its nest.

We rested at last on another stile which led into a hayfield, that made the air heavy with its wealth of clover. I sat down almost out of breath on the step. Serge coiled himself up at my feet. Mr. Sabine leaned against the top rail shook himself much after the manner of his own hound, and then lit a cigar.

"I am glad to see you," he broke silence; "looking better than I hoped. You must have had a terrible trial, and a wretchedly dull time of it. We have not, however, long to wait. My lawyers tell me that we can be married on this very day four months, which will be the day after what they call the decree is made absolute. Four months seems a long time when you are waiting, but it passes rapidly enough. I suppose it would have been more prudent not to have come near you. But in the first place I could not possibly keep away from you, and in the next place I wish you to know once again from my own lips, that I shall come to claim you. Meantime I would hurry you away with me from here to the South, but I am resolved that no one shall have the chance of speaking evil of your name with the shadow of truth behind it."

"You are very good," I answered chokingly, "far more good than I deserve." And then I burst out crying. Well, he comforted me, of course in his own way, as tenderly as if I was some little village maid who had fallen down on the flints, and torn her clothes, and cut her hands, and knees. And when my tears were dried and I had stammered out something about being foolish, and not feeling very strong, and the heat, and so on, saying just whatever came first, he gave me his arm again, and we strolled down the hill back to the village.

A journey seems always short when it is downhill, and shorter still when it is happy. Mrs. Fortescue had spied us, and was waiting for us at the little cottages by the Vicarage corner. Then of course, conversation began at once; it was commonplace brisk, and cheerful, and principally sustained by Mrs. Fortescue herself.

No power on earth, she declared, would make her go on board the yacht, or allow me to go. It would be unlucky. The gig might come next morning and row us round to the little island, if Mr. Sabine liked, and we could picnic very splendidly. Meantime lunch was ready, and we must come in. It had been waiting some time; but luckily, that didn't matter, as everything was cold and the ice hadn't melted, for the very simple and sufficient reason that there wasn't a knob of ice as big as a walnut for all the Cornish suns to melt.

So we went in and lingered over lunch, and were really as happy, and I can honestly say as innocent, in all our happiness as children.

How the time passed I cannot tell; but I know that the shadows were lengthening rapidly, and the swallows flying low as we sauntered down to the Cove.

We saw the boat pull off. We watched Mr. Sabine spring on to the deck, and we waved our farewell to him from the sands before we turned back.

"You ought to be a very happy woman, my dear," said Mrs. Fortescue, as she sat in the twilight in her chair before the empty hearth, with her tumbler of brandy and soda-water. "I am tired of telling you that I wish I were half as happy as yourself. You are rid of that insufferable old prig, Sir Henry; you are rid of that canting old humbug, your father; and there is a man madly in love with you, of whom any woman might be proud, and for whom none woman out of every ten would give their heads and ears. I shan't alter my opinion, and I can't add to it; and I've finished my brandy and soda, and it's high time for all good people to be in bed."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

KILLED BY A TOMBSTONE.

Eustache Robillard Meets With a Horrible Death at Ottawa.

An Ottawa despatch says:—Eustache Robillard aged 20 years, who lived with his mother and brother at Janville, met with a horrible death about 10 o'clock on Friday morning. For seven years he had been a carter for B. Brown, proprietor of the marble works in George street. On that day he had to take a heavy tombstone to Bearbrook. Near Blackburn a traveler found his horses standing still on the road and Robillard dead, his head sticking from between two spokes of one of the wheels and his body caught in the wagon. His neck was broken, and from the appearance of the road it was deduced that the horses had gone some yards without the wheel, in which the deceased's head had caught, turning, and had then stopped, owing to the heavy strain on them. Deceased was subject to fits.

No Credentials Needed.

Maid—"Gentleman in the parlor wants to see you ma'am."
Mrs. De Avnoco—"A gentleman?"
Maid—"Oh, yes, ma'am, he's a real gentleman. He chucked me under the chin, ma'am."

The new steam tug John J. Long was launched at Collingwood last week.

Poets' Corner.

For Her.

For her the sweetest blossoms should breathe a perfume rare,
For her the tenderest music should come floating through the air;
For her the choicest treasures should deck and pave the way,
And in the brightest beams of sunlight at her feet in glory play.

For her the blushing rosebud should discard its cruel thorn,
And for her heaving bosom other eager searchers scorn;
For her a pure contentment should throw strong arms about,
And circle her, while pleasure shuts all care and sorrow out.

For her I'd make the journey through this land of hope and tears,
A lasting day of smiling love, devoid of doubt and fears;
Her faith should glow resplendent, should be a lovelit dream,
While 'round her rays of happiness forevermore should gleam.

They Are Dead.

(From Outlook.)

There was a man who never told a lie—
But he'd died;
Never said it was wet when the weather was dry—
Never said

He'd caught fish when he hadn't caught one,
Never said he'd done something that he hadn't done,
Never scolded his wife, and never got mad,
And wouldn't believe that the world was so bad.
A resister of men, a defender of woman,
Who believed the divine, and in that which was human;
Meek as Moses—he never was understood,
And the poor man died of being too good.

There was a woman who never had gossiped a bit—
She'd died, too;
Who hated all scandal, nor listened to it;
She believed in mankind, took care of her cat,
Always turned a deaf ear to this story or that;
Never scolded her husband—she never had one;
No sluggard was she, but rose with the sun;
Never whispered in meeting, didn't care for a bonnet,
Or all of the feathers that one could put on it;
Never sat with the choir, nor sang the wrong note;
Expressed no desire to lecture or vote;
For the poor soul was deaf as a post—also dumb;
You might have called forever, and she wouldn't have come.

And she's dead.

Alone.

Alone when the day is dawning,
Alone when the night dew falls;
Under the veil of the bridal,
Under the gloom at the pall,
Behind impenetrable barriers
To work out its life of dole,
From its first faint cry till the hour to die
Is the doom of each mortal soul.

First tender thought of the mother
Who brings us forth in pain,
As she looks in the eyes of her offspring
Some clue to its soul to gain,
"Of what is my baby thinking,
With that gaze intent and wise?"
But ever remains the mystery,
And never a voice replies.

Alone is the child in his sorrow
Over the broken toy,
Alone is the stricken lover,
Mourning a vanished joy;
Alone is the bride at the altar,
Alone the bridegroom stands,
With his hidden life between them,
That and their plighted hands.

Alone lies the wife, with the canker
Of blight in her baby's heart;
Alone is the husband dreaming
Of balked ambition's smart;
And so from the birth to the burial,
From the first to the latest breath,
In crowded streets on lonely steeples,
The soul goes alone till death.

The Flower of Sorrow.

The ash flower of sorrow sprung
Regardless of degree;
'Mid gloom and pomp and glitterings
It blooms with pallid glee.

The tears that fall on faces fine
A pang far keener know
Than those on beggar cheeks ashine,
Or over rags allow.

And Love the comforter, alas,
With healing on his wings,
The lordly palace door doth pass
To soothe the beggar's stings.

An Ill Wind, etc.

The present condition of the coal industry in the United States has no doubt been the cause of a great deal of trouble and loss, but on the principle of the old proverb about an "ill wind that blows nobody any good," it has at any rate been the means of drawing attention to our Canadian resources in "black diamonds." An illustration of this is seen in the increased activity of the mines of the Nova Scotia coal district. Despatches show that the rich Joggings region has come in for a good share of orders from Boston and Portland, its natural field of export and the probability seems to be that the coal famine in the States will give a final impetus to Canadian coal such as has long been desired. Nova Scotia has a good home output, but the position she is now taking in the American market gives her a fine opportunity of demonstrating the superior quality of her fuel, and the wedge thus inserted will not be withdrawn.

A DESPERATE AFFRAY.

Men Fight With Scythes and Pitchforks Around a Corpse.

A Dublin despatch says:—An old woman who owned half an acre of ground at Nenagh, county of Tipperary, died Friday without leaving a relative or specifying an heir. Her neighbors quarreled on Saturday over the possession of her land. Some 30 men fought with scythes and pitchforks round her hut. Eventually they broke down the door, upset the body and beat each other with the candles, which had stood round the body. When the fight was ended two men lay dead at the doorstep and five others were too severely wounded to walk from the scene of the conflict. A farmer named Dwyer, living near Nenagh, was killed in another agrarian quarrel on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Cane of Newmarket, recently celebrated their golden wedding.

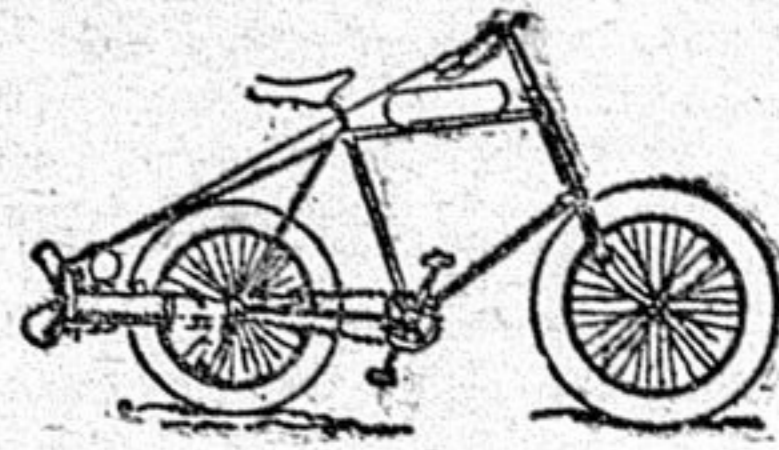
Detroit firemen offer the use of their fire-tug to Windsor whenever it may be needed.

LEGS NOT A NECESSITY.

The Motor Cycle Drives Itself—A Gallon of Coal Oil Throws Muscle in the Shade.

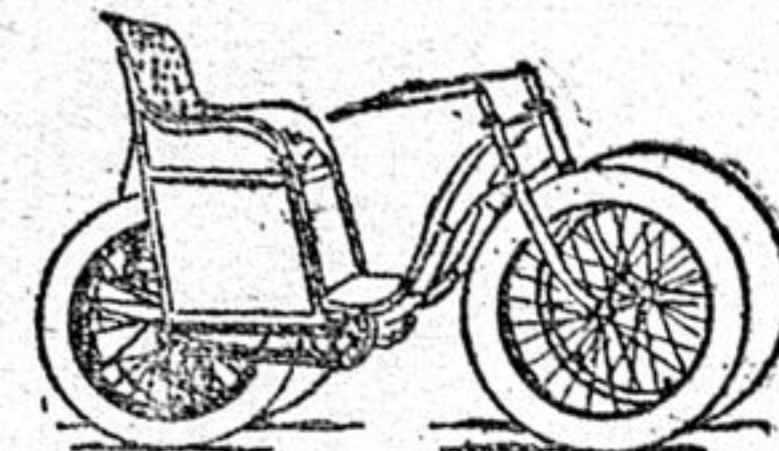
The latest conception of the inventive geniuses who cater to the requirements of the wheel world is the motor cycle. The novelty is intended to take the place of buggies and carriages and is designed to be of service at all seasons of the year and in every kind of going.

The tires are fully four inches in diameter and vibration is reduced to a minimum. The motive power is produced by coal oil, and as soon as the rider takes his seat securely the machine does the rest. A gallon of oil will drive the single-seat motor 200 miles, while twice the quantity will send the new four-wheeled contrivance a similar distance with three passengers aboard.



FOR ONE TO RIDE ON.

The four-wheeler seems destined to a long lease of popularity. It practically consists of two ladies' bicycles connected by a carriage seat in which three passengers can seat themselves comfortably. The speed can be controlled at the operator's will, but just how fast a "scorchier" may send it along will not be known with any degree of accuracy until the practical speed trial is held on some date in the near future.



A BICYCLE BUILT FOR TWO.

The designer has been long before the public with his airship theories, and now that he has got down to terra firma the chances are that his ideas will be found of practical utility. Experts who have examined the two types of cycle shown in the accompanying cuts think they are destined to play a prominent part among the season's inventions. Should a tithe of the inventor's hopes be realized, the public must be prepared to see citizens gliding along with far less waste of energy than is required to climb an elevator stairs. With a motor cycle, a gallon of coal oil, and a box of matches, the veriest cripple will be able to hold his own with the most muscular prodigy bestriding a wheel.

Beneath his Dignity.

The churchwardens of an English village had placed an organ in their little church, and in the delight of their hearts they told the archdeacon what they had done at his next visitation. He fell in with their enthusiasm, and advised them to have a grand opening, at which Doctor C.—a well-known musician—should be present.

The advice was easily taken. Placards were posted, and the service was advertised in the local papers. The all-important day arrived, and with it Doctor C., who was at once shown up into the singing-loft where stood the instrument in a case brilliant with gilded pipes known to the profession as "dummies."

"But where is the keyboard?" inquired the great man who had already been somewhat disconcerted at the size of the organ. "Oh," said the churchwarden, "we turn un round w' that there," pointing to the handle.

The amazement and indignation of Doctor C. were beyond words. He had been invited to open a hand-organ!

Death of the Sultan of Morocco.

Muley Hassan, Sultan of Morocco and "Prince of True Believers," has gone the way of all flesh, and his oft-times obstreperous subjects, instead of mourning his death seem disposed to fight over his throne. During his life he was a fine specimen of the Oriental despot, a stalwart, handsome man, wearing "the shadow'd livery of the burnished sun" with imposing and regal dignity. His court ceremonies were filled with barbaric splendor, and his authority was absolute over all his dominions so far as he was able to enforce it, his actual power over the more distant of his tribesmen being extremely vague. This condition of affairs was the cause of constant complications with the foreign consuls, who held him responsible for all the excesses of his uncontrollable subjects. What effect his death, violent or otherwise, may have upon existing international conditions remains to be seen, but it seems probable that "the Morocco question" will again come up for his consideration of the powers of Europe.

Spread of Tuberculosis.

It is hard for an old-fashioned farmer on an isolated farm to bring himself to believe in the widespread prevalence of tuberculosis among cattle, and still harder for him to realize that fatal germs, that will eventually carry off tender infants, can hide themselves in the innocent looking milk. But not so very long ago a dairy, not far from New York city, was suspected of the infection. Specimens of milk from twelve out of twenty-five cows were found to contain tubercle bacilli, and portions of this milk was injected—with thorough aseptic proportions—into a healthy Guinea pig. The animal gradually emaciated, and in three weeks died. The autopsy showed cheesy tubercles at the centres of the mesenteric and inguinal glands, and the liver and spleen were teeming with miliary tubercles. The dairy from which that milk came was promptly condemned by the Health Board.