

THE DEAN AND HIS DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XVI.

Some days passed, it may have been a couple of weeks when the worst news came to me that I had ever yet received in my life.

It came in this fashion. We did not get our London papers until the following morning, so that their news was always a day old.

Knowing Mrs. Fortescue's love of news of any sort or kind, it was arranged between us that she should have the paper first. If it contained anything to interest me she would tell me so, and I hardly ever looked at it except by her suggestion.

When she and I had finished, we sent the paper up to an old dame in the village, from whom it passed through many hands. Lydall boasts no reading-room, and a newspaper there is a thing as precious as a home letter at the foot of the Himalayas.

One day I missed the paper, and complained that I had not seen it; but the complaint was a passing one, and only received a passing answer. Nor did I trouble myself about the matter.

And yet strangely enough, I felt all that day a curious and almost oppressive presentiment of evil. I could not formulate this uneasiness in any way. I knew of nothing and expected nothing likely to give me sorrow or even trouble; and yet the air seemed heavy as if with coming thunder.

It is the fashion to call this kind of weird emotion, nervousness, which is to adopt the latest device of modern quackery, and to imagine that you have explained a thing, because you have given it a new and somewhat barbarous name.

My nervousness, or whatever it might be, refused to be shaken off, and I resolved to try the effect of a stroll to the Cove. As I neared the beach I passed an old woman, an out-door pensioner of mine in a small way, and stopped to inquire about her rheumatism.

Oh, it was bad, it was dreadfully bad. Could I send her a little more flannel? She didn't want any more brandy; she had plenty left. But a little more flannel would be most grateful. If I had an old blanket now. She did not want to have a blanket from me, but I could give her half of it, and she could make a belt for herself and a couple of pinovers for her chest.

I promised the blanket at once, and told her to call for it that evening; but the old dame broke out afresh.

"What a dreadful thing! Oh dear! oh dear! Such a fine gentleman, and such a fine vessel. There hadn't been such a vessel in the Cove for years. No, not since the great lord came there."

I started, and caught at my heart. Then I fancy my whole manner must have changed, for the ancient dame began to mumble out a long story in the manner of a child in disgrace, and afraid of a beating.

"It was the vessel that had come into the Cove," she told me, "the beautiful steamship, with the captain and all the crew, and the gentleman with the great big dog, as big as a calf. She'd been seen and signalled off the Lizard, but nothing had been heard of her since, and now everybody said she must have gone down. They said so at the Coastguard station. Her casks had been picked up, and her hen-coops; and, worst of all, her longboat had been found upside down.

"She must have been run into by some other vessel, or else she must have run into an old wreck drifting about keel up like old wrecks do. It was very sad; but we were all in the hands of the Lord."

How I managed to shake off the old dame, and how I got home, I cannot recollect. When I first became conscious of what was about me, it seemed as if I were in Sackville Street again, for I was lying in bed, and Ethel Fortescue was by me.

This time, however, her manner was changed. At Sackville Street she made light of everything. Now she was tender and affectionate, but evidently viewed matters gravely. What little comfort she could give me was not much, and yet I clung to it.

"The man, darling Miriam, has a charmed life; and a charmed life is as certain a thing as the Evil Eye. Look at what he has done already. Look at what we know of him, not what he has told us—but for he never talks about himself—but what we have heard. He has faced death over and over again, and has laughed at it. Mark my words, we shall see him yet."

I tried to be comforted, but I am afraid the effort was only too transparent. It certainly was not successful.

"We will have down the Shipping Gazette. I will write to London for it at once. Lloyd's agents telegraph every piece of intelligence from all over the world. Meantime, we must be brave. That is the first duty of a sailor's wife, and we must look forward to the future and not back to the past."

Beyond this comfort she had none to give me, and day after day went by. The Shipping Gazette came, but I could not understand it, nor do I believe that Ethel did. It simply bewildered us.

So we waited on, vainly endeavoring to hope. August passed, and September and October, but all without news. Then we both of us said nothing, for we knew the worst. If the Evangeline had not gone down, she must have reached some port from which I should at once have had a telegram. If she had gone down, and any of her crew or those on board her had been rescued by a passing vessel, or had taken to the boats and been picked up, the news would have been received at Lloyd's long before this.

Every ocean-going vessel, so I found out, signals every other as she passes. Sometimes, if not running against time, they

will even lie to for a quarter of an hour and exchange letters and newspapers.

Vessels, so I began to learn, are liable to suddenly founder in mid-ocean without time for the crew even to clamber into the boats, and these chances are especially serious in the case of steam vessels. The boiler may burst and two minutes afterwards not a ripple on the ocean will tell the story.

Or a floating derelict, keel uppermost, as the old dame had suggested, may be crushed into. And then the doomed ship will in a few seconds settle down head first, while the cause of her misfortune, far more dangerous than any iceberg, will float away, circling round about with the ocean currents on her journey of destruction.

At the end of September, we shut up our little house at Lydall and came up to London. We had ceased to talk any longer of George Sabine or of the yacht. All that I could now do was to treasure his memory as that of the best and the dearest friend I had ever had.

Writing now, when years have passed and the bitterness of the grief has died away, I can say honestly that he was the noblest man I ever knew. Truthful, incapable of fear, gentle to tenderness, and entirely unselfish.

For such men these are not the times. I cannot conclude the story of this portion of my life without some mention of a letter which I received from my father.

Commencing with the remark that it was for a Higher Power than that of man to search the human heart, and that nothing was more presumptuous in us than to pass judgment on our fellow-sinners, seeing that we were all equal before the searching eye of Omnipotence, he went on to trace the finger of Providence, as he was pleased to call it, in the fact that the "partner in my guilt" had passed before the last terrible Tribunal, still leaving me time to evince my repentance by appropriate contrition.

His own health, he went on to say, was rapidly failing, and his duties were onerous; but he trusted none the less that the Divine blessing had prospered his labors. If it would give me any comfort so see him he would hurry down at once; but he certainly, after what had passed at our last interview, would not do so uninvited.

It was sharper than a serpent's tooth to have a thankless child; but his own conscience was clear and void of offence, and he supposed that in that fact, and in that alone, he must seek for his consolation.

The epistle, "ad partes infidelium," concluded with some appropriate general reflections, not forgetting a complaint that the present were revolutionary times in which Church and State alike were threatened, and that the Clerk to the Chapter found it impossible to collect the Cathedral rents or to pay the small stipends with anything like the punctuality that could be desired.

My first impulse was to tear this precious document up. My second was to keep it as a curiosity, so that I know, writing now, that I am not doing it an injustice.

We had barely occupied our old quarters in Sackville Street five or six weeks when business of her own called Ethel Fortescue to Paris.

Her tenant had gone out, and she had determined to go back, and either find another or else herself permanently take up her abode as heretofore in her own little flat.

And it was arranged that if she decided on the latter course I should go over and join her for a time before making any final arrangements on my own part.

So matters rested for a week or two.

CHAPTER XVII.

The week or two passed without anything definite occurring, and consequently I, as they say in the City, wound up arrangements in Sackville Street, and started to join Ethel in Paris.

Her flat was a charming little *entresol* in the Rue Royale, and I now began to understand how delightful life in Paris can be if you can only take things light-heartedly.

Our enjoyments were simple and innocent enough; but to me they seemed endless and infinite. We used to explore the quaint suburbs. We penetrated the vistas of the upper Seine. We thoroughly enjoyed ourselves.

Let me explain to any young gentleman about town—a Guardsman, or a clerk at the Foreign Office, or a fashionable curate with an eye to a bishopric—what I mean.

He will tell you that he has lived in London for six or seven years, and knows it thoroughly. Does he? Put him a few of the following questions:

Has he ever been to Rosherville in the season of roses, or to the huge lake of Henden in the season of frost and bearing ice?

He may perhaps own to the "Spaniards," but has he ever dined at "Jack Straw's Castle"?

He will talk about Windsor Forest, but of Epping he is entirely ignorant. He has dined at Greenwich, but Purfleet one of the most charming places in all the Home Counties, is a terra incognita to him.

Why need I pile up a list of names, such as Edmondton, and Ware, and the Rye House? London lies in the centre of the most lovely scenery in England, and yet Londoners are profoundly ignorant of the fact.

"One green field, sir," said Johnson to Boswell, "is to a man of intelligence exactly like any other green field, sir. I and you do not want to look at green fields, sir; let us take a walk down Fleet Street."

Your modern Parisian is as ignorant and as prejudiced as Johnson himself. His state of mind is very much that of the old navigator, who regarded the land as a place where you cashed your advance notes, drew your pay, and went ashore for a spree, and where potatoes were grown, and salt pork and beef reared for the benefit of seafaring men.

More cosmopolitan in our tastes, Mrs. Fortescue and I, having our time at our own command, found Paris delightful. We ransacked it, explored it, made our way into the outlying country, and every day discovered something fresh—something of which when we got back to the Rue Royale we invariably found that the recognized guidebooks and authorities had nothing to tell us. In fact, Ethel proposed one evening that we should write a book between us to be called "Undiscovered Paris," dedi-

cate it "Aux Parisiens," and, as the Americans say, "realize on its sale."

And thus our days slipped away delightfully. It was one perpetual holiday with always something new.

Chance at last brought a relief to this happy, dreamy monotony. We had been to some steepchases at Auteuil, and there Ethel met an old friend of hers. Somehow or other all her friends were invariably old friends.

He was a Russian—a certain Prince Balanikoff—to whom it had for some reason or other suggested by the Imperial Chancellerie that a little travel would do his health all the good in the world. Let me describe him under the mixed aspects in which he presented himself to me.

In the first place, as to my own judgment, with regard to some particulars of which I cannot possibly be mistaken.

The Prince was anywhere between thirty-five and forty-five years of age. He was immensely tall and immensely big, with broad shoulders. His features were by no means pleasant. They were markedly Kalmuk. He had a heavy jaw, a low, narrow forehead, thick lips, a nose not so much shapeless as flat—as if some sculptor had first modeled in the clay, and then crushed it in disgust—heavy eyebrows, and little, piercing, almond-shaped eyes.

Where should she go? What could she do? Her original intention fitted back into her brain. "Yes it was true: there was a goodly roll of bills in his inner jacket stolen, probably, but she did not care for that. She selected two and put them in her purse, the rest she hid safely in her bosom. Then she went to the door, and without unbolting it, called to the man outside:

"If I give you some money will you let me out?" she asked coaxingly.

There was a half-stupor reply, and she slipped the bolt and stepped out into the passage.

"Here!" she said, tossing a bill at the wretch's feet. "He may have more about him—go in and see," and as the man hurried with drunken alacrity to act on her suggestion, Nellie fled from the place and did not lessen her speed until she was safe in one of the West-end streets.

Where should she go?—she, a disgraced and wretched woman. She had no home no friends, and only this roll of stolen bills between her and starvation. And then the longing for death and peace came so violently upon her that she was surprised for a moment that she had not thought of it before.

A moment later she emerged from a chemist's shop with a small bottle of poison clasped closely in her hand, and, with a look of almost happiness in her face, walked swiftly along until she came to a parish mortuary near the docks. There was an old man in charge of the horrible place, and the familiar smell of liquor as he came up to her only strengthened her resolution.

"I—I am looking for somebody," she said, timidly.

The old man nodded and turned away. "Look where you please," he said, gruffly; and in another moment he had disappeared behind a thin partition.

For a few moments Nellie gazed around among the discoloured bodies, seeing nothing in their ghastly faces but the appearance of a perfect rest, and when, suddenly, sound of heavy breathing came to her from behind the partition, she knew the man had fallen asleep and the time had come for her to act.

Softly and determinedly she laid herself down upon one of the marble slabs, then lifted the bottle to her lips, and drained its contents to the dregs. There was the sound of the river splashing below her as she lay, and in a few moments her eyes had closed, and the mortuary had received, apparently, a very willing subject.

It was nearly an hour before "Dead Jack," as the students called him, was aroused from his slumbers by the entrance of two physicians.

"Anything new to-day?" one of them called out as he glanced hastily along the line.

But the other had not waited to ask any questions. He was a pale, studious-looking man whose sad face was usually so composed that now, as he suddenly halted in the narrow space, his companion was surprised and even alarmed to notice its appearance.

The sad brown eyes were dilated with horror.

His chest heaved convulsively, and as his companion sprang hastily to his side, he pointed with one trembling hand to where Nellie lay, so pale and silent on the marble.

"My God! it is Nellie!" he said brokenly. Then he summoned all his strength; and bending forward, touched her hand.

"Hurry, doctor! for God's sake hurry with some liquor!" he almost shrieked as he felt her pulse, and then like one to whom science is but a slave to work a master's bidding, he set about restoring her to consciousness. Six months later Carl and Nellie were married in her mother's home.

Luke Fernley had been found dead upon the day of Nellie's escape, and although there was scant congratulation in the fact, still it was proven beyond a doubt that Nellie had been his lawful wife during all that period of incarceration.

It was not until after they had been married some time that Nellie thought to ask this question:

"Whatever made you take up the study of medicine, darling?" and Carl answered with a glance of tenderness into her happy face:

"I am sure I don't know, sweetheart, unless it was to rescue you."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Nature's Sovereign Remedy.

"I don't know how many times," said a young father, "I have heard my seven-year-old son say from his little bed to his mother sitting beside him: 'Mamma, my tooth aches,' and I don't know how many times I have heard his mother say to him (he never will let her do anything for him and all she can do is to sit by him and soothe him) 'Well, dear, why don't you go to sleep? If you go to sleep it would stop aching. Somehow this always seems very funny to me, though the little 'un takes it very seriously and I believe his mother does too. Pretty soon I hear him say to his mother, 'Will it stop aching if I go to sleep?' and I hear his mother say, 'Yes, dear,' and after a while everything is quiet, and then I know that the youngster has taken nature's infallible cure for the toothache—and for many other of the aches and ills of life—he has gone to sleep."

BICYCLE RIDERS MAY CHOOSE

To Hunch Their Backs or Sit up Straight—A Grand Reform in Road Wheels.

A middle-aged gentleman sat watching a string of expert bicyclists shoot past at top speed. The forms of the riders were bent away forward on their wheels, their heads were lowered, and they exerted all their leg power in racing their steel steeds.

The elderly gentleman turned to a companion, who is also in middle life.

"I never could ride in that style," he said. "I should think they would build machines that a rider could sit up straight on and take things leisurely. everybody doesn't want to shoot ahead at that breakneck pace."



The middle-aged speaker expressed a view of bicycle riding held by many who are unfamiliar with the exercise and the construction of the machines.

All first-class bicycles are built nowadays so that they can be readily altered from the low-handled "racer" to a high handle, easy going "roadster," upon which the rider sits upright. The transformation is effected by an adjustable handle bar that can be raised or lowered at will.

"The machine for the rider who wishes to ride leisurely and with comfort," said an expert, "should have a turned-up handle and a seat set upon springs. If the wheel has the turned down handle, the bar would have to be raised so high in order to enable the rider to sit upright that the handles



would interfere seriously with the balancing and steering of the machine. It would make it wobble.

"The nearer the handles are to the framework of the machine the easier it is for the rider to keep his balance and steer. The lowering of the handles to this position increases the ability of the rider to speed the machine, because when he bends over he gets a better hold on the pedals and is able to exert more power in forcing the wheels ahead. And when his body is thrown forward, with the head down, there is less resistance to the wind.

"Elderly or leisurely riders would find the upright position more to their comfort and liking, and that is why all good wheels are made so that either position can be taken. As I said before, it is a mere matter of raising or lowering the adjustable handle bar.

"Speeders all prefer the bar with the turned-down handles, and those who do not care for speeding select the turned-up handle bar. That is all the difference there is to the two styles of riding."

The accompanying pictures illustrate both positions.

On the Capture of Constantinople.

There can be no question that it would be civilized in agreement with the usage of civilized nations for Russia to commence war against Turkey with an attempt to seize on Constantinople by a sudden and unlooked-for attack; though it may be very well questioned whether Constantinople would necessarily fall in consequence of the appearance of a hostile fleet before it. Twelve years ago the English fleet could silence the batteries of Alexandria, but could not take possession of the town.

The defenses of Constantinople are enormously superior to those of Alexandria, and the Turkish ironclads cannot be left altogether out of the reckoning; but even if these are overcome, the Turkish soldier may be relied on for obstinacy in the defence of a position, and the hostile occupation of a town with a million of inhabitants is not a task which a General on shore would likely undertake; to an admiral, unsupported by a land force, it is an absolute impossibility.

The capture of Constantinople by a coup de main of such a nature is scarcely conceivable; and though, with command of the sea, any number of men might be landed along the beach between the Derkos and the Bosphorus, it is not with a small army that such an enterprise could be undertaken; and the quantity of shipping required for the transport of a very modest one would preclude all attempt at surprise. There is certainly no shipping in the Black Sea sufficient for the transport of 40,000 men, a force ludicrously inadequate for the task.

Smallest Woman on Earth.

Since the death of Lucia Zarate, the "Mexican midget," the title of being the smallest woman on earth has fallen to Mile. Paulina, a native of Holland. She is now nearly 18 years of age, is but twenty inches high and weighs a few ounces less than nine pounds. Unlike most midgets (who are usually hideous monstrosities) she is remarkably pretty and accomplished, speaking four different languages fluently.

Among the splendid collection of tablecloths owned by Queen Victoria is one covered with a design of the field of Waterloo, with the figures of Wellington and Napoleon faithfully portrayed.

YOUNG FOLKS.

The Good-Bye Kiss.

Off to school with a good-bye kiss—
Said little Johnny Lowe—
"There's nothing will keep a fellow good
Like a mother's kiss, I know."

"If I should fight and swear,
Like little Tommy Bliss,
I'd be ashamed when I start to school
To receive my mother's kiss."

"If I should be a bad, bad boy,
I wonder what I'd say
When mother kisses me and says,
'Now be a good boy to-day.'"

"So I guess our Heavenly Father
Knew what he was about,
When he gave the boys a mother to kiss—
He did beyond a doubt."

—[Edith Wickham.]

"The Blessed Bees"

Once upon a time—not so very long ago—a gentleman who had a beautiful garden thought it would be very nice to have some bees; so he bought six or seven hives and placed them in the loveliest corner of the garden, under an old apple tree. There was a large bed of mignonette and a small field of clover hard by.

The bees seemed to like their new home very much, and went to work gathering honey, and buzzing the while in the cheeriest way.

Now the gentleman not only wanted the honey that the bees would make, but he wished to watch the habits of the bees as well, and before giving you the story, I am going to tell one sad little truth and a few facts about bees. A working bee lives only six weeks after he begins his work in the spring. But during that six weeks he works early and late to gather honey-dew and store it away in the hive for you and me, and for the young bees to eat the following winter, when they dare not stir out of the hive. Bees will travel on the wing six or seven miles to find food or water if they cannot get it nearer home. One working bee can make only about one teaspoonful of honey during its lifetime; so it takes an army of bees to fill one hive full of honey.

Now for the story. The gentleman had heard that it was a common thing for beekeepers to use manufactured honeycomb in their hives. It is made from beeswax, after the honey is extracted, pressed into large sheets and fastened in frames twelve inches square, and then hung in the hives. The bees make the cells deeper, fill them with honey, and cap them over with thin white wax, to keep the honey in the cell and to keep it clean and sweet. You see that the bees can make a little more honey if they do not have to stop to make the comb. Honey made in manufactured comb is called extracted honey. It is taken from the comb in a machine made for that purpose. Then the comb is hung in the hive, and the bees fill it again. So the gentleman put this kind of comb in three hives; but in the other hives he left the bees to make the good old-fashioned kind of "honey in the honey-comb," that is so sweet and beautiful.

One morning the gentleman found that the bees around one of his hives were flying wildly in and out, making an angry buzzing the while. He at once knew that something was wrong, and that the bees were talking about it.

The gentleman went to the hive and took off the top and looked in, and found that one of the large sheets of the manufactured honey-comb was broken across, and the honey dripping down on the floor of the hive. The gentleman thought at once of a way to help the bees. He pressed the broken comb together, and back into its place in the frame, and then took clean white twine, and ad the comb into the frame, and hung it back in the hive. Then he went a short distance, and watched and listened to see what the bees would do and say. The bees flew into and out of the hive and soon grew quiet, and commenced their cheerful happy buzzing, without one note of anger.

The next morning the gentleman went out again very early, and found the bees quiet and happy; but he saw something that surprised him very much. In front of one of the hives the short grass was white with a fine fuzz or lint. He examined it closely and found that it was fine white cotton lint. He said to himself:

"This is the hive that has the mended honey-comb in it. I will look in."

He took off the top of the hive again, and what do you think he found? The bees had mended the broken comb with beeswax, and then these bright little things had cut all that twine into bits of fine lint, and carried it out of the hive, bit by bit, and there was not the least thread of lint left on the honeycomb or in the hive.

Not Appreciated.

At the moment when we were most deeply convinced of our own importance, it may be that the spectator who should be admiring us is animated by quite a different feeling. It was an engine-driver who told the following story of himself:—

One day our train stopped at a small wayside station in one of the most rural counties in England, and I observed two country boys in "homespun" curiously inspecting the engine, and occasionally giving vent to expressions of astonishment. Finally one of them approached, and said:—

"Master, be this a injin?"
"Certainly. Did you ever see one before?"
"No, master. Me and Bill 'ere comed down to the station to see un. 'S that the boiler ther?"

"Yes, that is the boiler."
"What do ee call that place you're in?"
"This we call the footplate."
"An' this big wheel—what's this fer?"
"That's the driving-wheel."
"That big thing on top I s'pose is a chimney?"

"Precisely."
"Be you the man what runs the mill?"
"I am," I replied with self-complacency. He eyed me closely for a moment; then, turning to his companion, said, "Bill, it don't take much of a man to be a driver, do it?"