

THE DEAN AND HIS DAUGHTER

CHAPTER XXXII.

As soon as I had settled down I arranged with an advertising agent and announced to the world at large, through the medium of the Times, the Morning Post, and the Saturday Review, that a lady of birth and education desired to reside in the house of a country clergyman. She would, the advertisement continued, bring her own maid if required, and there was no objection to children.

The morning after my advertisement appeared, I received, at a very moderate computation, five hundred letters, each of which offered me the most exceptional advantages. The shower of communications continued for four or five days, although the advertisements were only inserted once.

I felt something of the perplexity which must beset a Civil Service examiner as I opened this mass of correspondence and sorted it out. But the task of selection, when once I set myself to it, proved easy. Ultimately I pitched upon what I may term a selected half-dozen, and of this chosen six again, I decided upon one with whom I would first communicate.

The Reverend Mr. Stockfold was a Lincolnshire Rector, and his Rectory was about ten miles from Boston, and about four from the coast. He was a married man, of course, and had a somewhat large family, but received no boarders or pupils. If I desired it, I could have a large private sitting-room, and, except on Sundays, could, by arrangement, have my meals at my own hours and in my own room. There was a large garden and stabling if I should require it. But he felt bound to tell me that he had hardly any neighbors, and that I must expect to find the place lonely.

"Lonely!" Why, it was the very place I wanted. I should be entirely out of the world, within easy access of London, and should be living under circumstances which would enable me to maintain a practically safe incognito.

My letter went off by the next post with a reference to my bankers. Bankers are discreet persons, never saying more than they need. They, of course, would reply that Mrs. Gascoigne (I still retained my recent nom de guerre) had, to the best of their knowledge, an income considerably exceeding her annual drafts upon them, and that her account was of some standing, and had been favorably introduced.

Such, as I soon afterwards ascertained, was the exact tenor of their letter. I served Mrs. Gascoigne's purpose completely. That good lady, with a heart full of forgiveness and Christian feelings towards all her persecutors, spent a week or two longer in London from which she felt a strange disinclination to tear herself. She purchased books, carefully avoiding anything in the slightest degree questionable. She also procured some country costumes, which were pleasant and elegant, but not at all calculated to arouse hostility or jealousy.

Mrs. Gascoigne—that is to say, I—was favorably impressed by the Reverend Mr. Stockfold, by his wife, and by the numerous olive branches of the Stockfold family. Before the day was over I had found out all about them without telling them a word about myself.

Mrs. Stockfold had been the fourth or fifth or sixth daughter of a cotton lord. Mr. Stockfold, who had taken a second class in Law and Modern History, and could play the flute, had been domestic tutor to one of the cotton lord's sons. When that great magnate had been informed by the young people of the affection which they entertained for one another, he had replied that except in so far as they might involve financial arrangements he never, on principle, took any part in domestic matters. He had no objection, however, to the marriage; and suggested that, instead of tying up a little money in Three per Cents, it would be better by far to buy a living at once, and make arrangements for the speedy withdrawal, on the grounds of ill health or any other, of its immediate occupant.

At last, I said to myself with almost pious gratitude over my evening cup of tea—which, by-the-way, was not at all ungenerously weak—at last I really think I have found rest for the sole of my foot, and people with whom it will be possible to dwell together in unity, and to enjoy a refreshing sense as of the precious ointment which overflowed Aaron's beard, and ran down to the skirts of his clothing.

And yet when I took my previous disasters into account, such good fortune seemed incredible.

Next day, in company with two of the girls, I explored the neighborhood. The roads in Lincolnshire, or, at any rate, in this part of it, are perfectly flat. A Lincolnshire farmer driving along in his gig can see and recognize another Lincolnshire farmer coming in the opposite direction at the distance of a mile, or, in clear weather, of a mile and a half. The country is intersected with great dykes full of stagnant water which are crossed by squat stone bridges. The fields are delimited by smaller dykes or scrubby hedges, and sometimes by low walls of rubble. A tree is a rare object, and a clump of trees or a single tree of any size seems to serve as a landmark for all the adjacent neighborhood. The industry of Lincolnshire seems to be entirely agricultural. You see, according to the season, cattle of various ages and crops of various kinds; and there are also any number of windmills, but factory chimneys are happily conspicuous by their absence. I should say that in Lincolnshire a Dutchman would feel more or less at home, were it not for an uneasy sense that the whole place was too large for him and that he had somehow lost his bearings.

Seriously I began to wonder whether the influences of the place might not possibly grow upon me. We had family prayers, I found, at half-past nine o'clock every evening. After prayers everybody went to bed, with the exception of the master of the house, who stopped up to write his sermons. This literary effort used to occupy him about an hour, and at the con-

clusion of his task a quick nose might detect in the atmosphere just the suspicion, and nothing more, of tobacco and Dutch Hollands. But I may be, perhaps, uncharitable. The Lincolnshire coast is notorious for its smugglers, and it is just possible that these worthies laden with schiedam and tobacco, passed the house every night in the course of their business after the majority of its inmates had retired to rest. If so, I never saw anything of them, as I was always in bed and far too comfortable to go to the window.

And here I may add, what I had almost forgotten, that the Rectory walls were thickly covered with honeysuckle and small white roses which thrust themselves in through my diamond-paned window the moment I opened it to admit the morning air.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

On the whole, I found myself fairly comfortable—I might almost say very comfortable, indeed, and I soon began to fraternize with my new friends.

The Rector himself was a meek, amiable man, whose one desire, it seemed to me, was to have as little trouble in life as possible.

Mr. Stockfold was one of those who drift into Holy Orders. What his original views may have been early in life, I cannot undertake to say. I presume that, like his hair, they were more or less colorless; but when he found himself with a University degree, no income, and no probable means of earning one, he had clearly but three courses open to him.

The Rector was at this time fifty years of age, a temperate man, and well preserved, but indolent, and with flaccid muscles. He was a remarkably tall man and his hair was almost as white as an albino's.

All in all he was a better, and, if well dressed, would have been a much more presentable, man than my very reverend father; and, certainly, there was no nonsense and affectation about him. He did not pretend to be anything more than he really knew; and, after my experience, his extreme simplicity was absolutely refreshing.

His wife was ten years younger than himself, and I ought in justice to her to say that she would anywhere have been pronounced by common consent a remarkably handsome woman, although, like most handsome women, and like many who do not possess that excuse, she had a temper of her own which had set its marks on her face, if not on that of her lord and master.

There were eight children of both sexes and of all ages ranging from four to about twenty. I could not see that they were likely to give me any trouble in any way, and the elder girls would no doubt be easily propitiated by small presents of antiquated gowns and other such trifles at which a lady's-maid with any ordinary pretensions to self-respect would turn up her nose.

I could see indeed that they scanned my very simple toilettes not with the eye of criticism, but with wonder and awestruck admiration. Out of mere fun, I came down to dinner one evening in a collar and cuffs of point lace almost worth its weight in black pearls, and certainly worth many times its weight in gold.

They said it was very curious lace, and looked as if it had not been washed for a long time, and then they asked me with genuine curiosity, whether it was real Brussels or only Honiton.

Such is the ignorance—happy ignorance I dare say it may be, and only until recently shared by myself—of a country Rectory in the Shires. Mine it is true, had been a Vicarage; but, as Mr. Weller sagely remarks, the principle is the same.

After I had been ensconced in my new quarters for two or three weeks, I received a letter from Ethel Fortescue.

It was of course the old story. Evidently it had been a rainy day, and she had set herself down with any amount of paper and pens and ink to scribble on about everything that interested herself, and anything that might possibly interest me.

To those who did not know her as I did, an fond, the letter might have seemed incoherent and ambiguous; but I found myself perfectly able, without any great difficulty or trouble, to read between its lines.

She had her object of course, and it was a sufficiently simple one. She wished me to join her at Dinard, where she now was, and afterwards to return with her to Paris, partly because, as she frankly confessed, she was dull and lonely by herself, and partly because she really and honestly would like to see me again and to have me with her for a time.

But I wrote to Ethel to tell her that I meant to stop where I was. "I am very comfortable and happy," I said. "From a merely animal point of view I could not better myself. I never had any great belief in the magical virtues of the climate of France or of any part of it. And the Lincolnshire Fens suits me admirably. I have no excitement here of any kind, and I find beyond question that I am better without it."

Having finished my letter and sealed it I selected a light Indian shawl, sallied out with the girls for a walk, and, to make things certain, posted my letter myself, and took the precaution of registering it—a precaution well worth the twopenny which it adds to the postage.

We went out with baskets, I may add, and returned home loaded with mushrooms, some of which were that evening stewed and flavored with port wine, which the Rector declared to be Carbonell's and to be thrown away on such a purpose. He happened to be wrong, for it was Sandeman's. But I consoled myself with the reflection that there was more where it came from.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

There is one little matter which I had almost forgotten. When I left Easthampton I had told the house-agent, in whose charge I had left my house, to collect my letters and to keep them for me until I wrote for them, maintaining my address a secret.

It now one day occurred to me to have such letters as there might be waiting for me forwarded. I received a perfect batch. There were tradesmen's circulars and letters soliciting a continuance of my highly-esteemed patronage, and so on. There were one or two from acquaintances and dependents which were of no great impor-

ance and hardly called for an answer. But there was also a bundle of letters—one, in fact, and sometimes two, for every day—from Captain Maltby.

They were not brilliant, but they were yet considerably above the average of the conventional plunger. And they were honest and manly, and thoroughly sincere. Maltby, so far as I could clearly make out, was evidently much hurt, if not angry with me, because I had not written to him. Every letter repeated the same complaint. Why did I not write? Surely I could write if it were only a line or two. I was not treating him as he deserved. Then at intervals the expostulation would assume an irritated tone. I had no right, said he, to treat any man in such a way.

Ultimately I discovered, by carefully reading the letters in the order of their dates, that he had gone down from London, and, finding me flown, had hunted up my house-agent who had discreetly declined to give any information as to Mrs. Gascoigne's whereabouts, but had undertaken to forward, without fail to that lady, any letters committed to his charge as soon as he knew her address.

Thus it came about that I now got almost a mail-bag from him, which I kept till night, and perused in bed before finally extinguishing my candle.

When I woke up next morning, my mind was as clear as a mountain lake though the water of which, if you look straight down over the side of your boat, you can see and count the fish roaming and sporting in its depths, while, if you look a-slant, you catch the reflection of the hills and mountains that surround you with the woods at their feet and the clouds wreathed in mist around their peaks.

My letter to him did not take me long. I felt that the shorter I made it, and the more I precluded the possibility of a reply, the better it would be for both of us.

I addressed him as "Dear Captain Maltby." I begged him to consider the past as a sealed book, and not to attempt to reopen it, or to write to me again. Very few letters, I said, had passed between us, and if any of them were still in existence there was no occasion for their mutual exchange. Perhaps they had better be destroyed.

I wished the more earnestly to impress on him that these were genuinely my wishes, because I was very anxious to be always able to think of him pleasantly, and as of a true friend.

So the epistle ended, and unless Maltby were more than human, he must have heartily cursed me as a capricious cold-blooded jilt, and himself as a fool. This, however, I could not help.

The letter had the effect I intended, for I did not hear from Captain Maltby again. I ascertained, however, from inquiries, which I privately instituted, that he was still with the regiment, and would probably continue in it; and that the opinion among his brother officers seemed to be that he was a heartless garrison hack.

And yet in the whole affair I had acted from one motive only, and that was the future welfare of the man I had promised to marry.

I heard too, that he was likely almost immediately to obtain his majority. I dare say this was true. The longer you wait the more rapidly promotion comes to you. It is the luckless subalterns for whom, under the present system, military life considered as a career seems absolutely hopeless.

And now to return to myself. I soon began in spite of my first impressions to find my life in the Fens intolerable. I had nothing so complain of with regard to the Rector or the Rector's wife, or with any member of their numerous family. Indeed their very kindness, and good-nature, and desire to make my life pleasant was, in my present irritable state of mind, almost more exasperating than would have been a daily succession of little quarrels.

But an irresistible desire came over me to join Ethel Fortescue, and, as the phrase goes in its most harmless sense, knock about with her a bit. Where we might go, what we should do when we got there, and how long we should stop, I was quite content to leave to her.

And so having written to her at some length, begging her to come and see me out of charity, I found myself in the train for London, and ultimately once again in that colossal caravanserai, the Langham Hotel, where I secured three charming little rooms en suite on the entresol.

It is a long journey from the Fens to London; but yet the change of air, and the rapid motion of the train seemed, if anything, to freshen me, and that same evening, I actually, by way of contrast to the quiet life I had lately been leading, concealed my features, as well as I could, in a thick mantilla, and took my seat alone in a small private box at the Gaiety, where I fairly laughed over some ridiculous opera bouffe of which, by the next day, I had almost forgotten the name.

The morning after, while I was occupied with my anti-toilette cup of chocolate, Ethel Fortescue made her appearance, looking younger than ever, and more than usually, even for her, busy and important.

It was hardly noon, and I was not inclined to get up. A long railway journey does not so much tire you at the time. But it takes it out of you the next day. So, instead of getting up, I received my guest in my bed-room, where we soon found ourselves comfortably chatting over the past and present, and discussing the probabilities and possibilities of the future.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Peanuts as Food.

During the past year or two experiments have been made in various ways by German officers with peanut flour and dried and roasted peanut grits as food for soldiers as well as for horses in the German army, but, although no symptoms of injury to health resulted from the use of these articles, they were not adopted as a part of the army ration. The troops showed an unconquerable dislike to food prepared from peanut flour or grits, and its frequent use is not considered healthful or nourishing. An investigation of the merits of peanut food articles was also made in the imperial navy, and their value as a diet for invalids was tested, but their use was not sanctioned.

I hold it a religious duty to love and worship children's beauty; with heavenly looks they make us sure the heaven that made them not be pure.—Campbell.

THE BUTTER TRADE.

Ontario is the Premier Butter Province of the Dominion—The Trade With Great Britain Reviving.

In 1877 Canada exported to Great Britain 12,997,380 pounds of butter, valued at \$2,746,630, a fraction over 21 cents a pound. In 1887 the value of the export was only \$757,661, a remarkable falling off in a decade. But in 1893 the export had risen to 6,076,757 pounds, valued at \$1,118,614, a fraction over 18 cents a pound. These figures show that the butter trade between this country and Great Britain is reviving, though still some distance from the mark of sixteen years ago. There is no good reason why Canada should not make a better showing than this, with Ontario as the premier butter province. All the conditions favorable to wide expansion of production are supplied in this province. The land, the water, the stock and Governmental encouragement all invite ventures in this industry which, if intelligently carried out, must result in renewed prosperity in the agricultural districts. From exchanges we glean the gratifying information that many farmers are turning their attention to the dairy and leaving the cultivation of 50 cent wheat to those who find profit in it. It is clear to everyone who is observant of events that "change is in all things," and that

METHODS MUST CHANGE

also to meet new and unexpected conditions. No longer can the farmer derive profit in the paths which his father trod to well-doing; competence does not now follow the rotation of crops as it once did. There are too many tillers afield, too many acres reclaimed from disuse to warrant the opinion that the cultivation of cereals alone will again become so profitable as it once was.

In this view labor exerted in this direction is misapplied, if not wholly lost, and the farmer, if he would have adequate return for his toil, must depart from the beaten track of his forefathers and search out new and more promising fields. Butter making is a branch of agriculture which invites labor and proffers a return which cannot be hoped for from wheat growing. If we consider what has been done with cheese; that we have become so proficient in this manufacture that our product ranks in excellence with any in the world, and is so favorably thought of that Great Britain took upwards of \$13,000,000 worth from us in 1893, we see the result of intelligent application in a special line. The butter market invites the same effort and gives assurances of even more satisfactory returns if we may judge by the experience of other countries where the industry has been established.

LACK OF KNOWLEDGE

of the manufacture is met by both the Dominion and Provincial Governments, who, in addition to the practical instruction imparted in travelling dairies, are prepared to furnish full printed information on application, and lack of means to undertake the manufacture can be met by combinations among farmers to establish creameries where the work may be done at small individual outlay for equipment. The farmers who take this course early will be the first to reap the profit of it.

The increase in dairying has renewed interest in another line of production to which little attention has been given in Canada considering its importance, and that is the raising of hogs. While it would pay farmers to turn their grain into pork, there is always a hope that prices will rise and the grain in store is treasured in consequence, but where dairying is carried on there is no lack of flesh-producing food for hogs, the skim milk refuse of the dairy affording nourishment which will show its weight and bring its price in a few months. Butter for exports and hogs for the home market means money in the farmers' pockets and a prosperity in which all will share.

A Mysterious Projectile.

The so-called magnetic shell, which has been used at the trials of English armor plates at Okhta, near St. Petersburg, Russia, has made an extraordinary record. The shell was fired at soft St. Chamond plate at right angles, and the penetration was 10½ inches; another shell penetrated 16 inches. One shell was discharged at a six-inch Harveyized plate, at an angle of 20°; the projectile passed through the plate and backing and fell about 400 yards beyond, a performance which filled the scientific experts present with amazement.

Further trials will be made, but for the present no plates of the requisite strength are forthcoming, those already used, which were manufactured specially for the purposes of the trial, being so shattered as to be useless for future tests. The general impression among military experts is that the magnetic shell is not a new shell at all, but simply a new invention adaptable to any modern projectile.

One of the shells that had undergone the secret process was exhibited. Although it had passed through one of the armor plates, it was in an undamaged condition, and, as it showed no traces of fastening whereby the new invention could be attached to it, the spectators concluded that the improvement must be a cap of softer metal held on to the top of the shell by magnetism. This nurses the hard part of the shell at its impact, and so helps it to penetrate the surface of the plate until it reaches the softer metal behind. This, at all events, is one of the guesses at the principle of the novel projectile.

Once.

A newspaper funny man has invented not an absolutely fresh, but a comparatively new, joke upon a very old subject.

Miss Timid was talking about her own nervousness, and her various night alarms. "Did you ever find a man under your bed, Mrs. Bluff?" she asked. "Yes," said that worthy woman. "The night we thought there were burglars in the house I found my husband there."

British and Foreign.

The brown or tan shoe has ceased to be fashionable for women in Paris.

Belgium has 229 monasteries with 4,775 monks; and 1,546 convents, with 25,323 nuns.

The highest point reached by a railroad in the Western hemisphere is the tunnel on the C. & O. R. R., Peru—13,645 feet above the Pacific.

The County Court Judges of England have passed a new rule enabling them, without loss of dignity, to wear straw hats during the hot weather.

In Bavaria and Wurtemberg a woman may not contract a second marriage until the end of the tenth month of widowhood, and precisely the same restriction prevails in Belgium.

The shilling automatic opera-glass boxes in the European theatres have been so successful that the company providing them means to reduce the charge by exactly one-half.

In Serbia marriages can only be celebrated between sunrise and noon, the bride and bridegroom must be completely fasting, and only one couple may be married at the same time.

Sir Richard Musgrave celebrated herd of short-horns at Eden Hall was sold off Aug. 10. The herd was one of the finest in the north of England, having been established seventy years ago and increased and improved in 1874.

The brig St. Andrea at Constantinople, from Salonica, is exciting great curiosity. The Captain, officers, and crew are all monks of Mount Athos, and while visitors are kindly received, women are not admitted. The brig flies the Russian flag.

London is agitated over the threatened downfall of a great institution which for years has excited the daily wonder of travellers. The County Council proposes to abolish the cab radius, which extends for four miles from Charing Cross, and to have but one scale of fares for the whole county of London.

Residents of Thatto Heath, St. Helens, England, are concerned over what was apparently a shower of frogs ortoads. After a sharp shower the road between Thatto Heath Library and the reservoir was literally black with frogs. They were alive, and quickly made their way into adjoining fields.

A novel shaving record has been established by a Hungarian barber. He made a bet of 100fl. that he would, on a railway journey of twenty-nine minutes, from Pestiyan to Neustadt, shave fifteen men without cutting them. The bet was more than won, for he actually shaved three more men than the stipulated number.

Mr. H. Weld-Blundell has just returned from a complete round of the coasts of the Libyan desert, including that of Siwah, where are the ruins of the temple of Jupiter Ammon, which Alexander the Great visited. The complete tour had previously only been made by the German traveller Rohls. Mr. Weld-Blundell travelled over 12,000 miles on camels.

The British Admiralty is to try an innovation in transporting seamen. The Gibraltar, a first-class cruiser, is to be manned by a crew which will take it to Australia and there relieve the crew of the Orlando, the flagship of the station. The crew of the Orlando will then take the Gibraltar home. Thus the Government will save the expense of a troop ship; the officers and men will be the regular discipline of the navy, and the new cruisers will be tested by a long voyage.

A painter named George Campbell, aged 45, met with his death by falling from the roof of a house in Edinburgh in a peculiar way. He was visiting some friends there, and climbed out of the window for a lark, but alarmed by the steepness of the roof on to which he stepped he clutched at the window sill to get in again. The wood of the sill gave way, and he fell to the ground, a distance of four stories, sustaining such injuries that he died shortly afterwards.

A newly issued blue-book on marriage and divorce abroad contains one fact amongst many others not generally known in this country. By the laws of Russia a man or woman must marry before 80 years of age or not marry at all, and they are also prohibited from marrying more than four times. The blue book is naturally full of information as regards the "prohibited" degrees. The Brazilian law permits the marriage of uncle and niece, aunt and nephew, first cousins and of brothers-in-law with sisters-in-law. In Italy the uncle and niece alliance is valid, and in France it is open to the President to remove the prohibition against marriages between the deceased wife's sister and her brother-in-law, and between uncle and niece and aunt and nephew.

ITEMS FROM AUSTRALIA.

Freezing the Rabbit and Sending Him Back to England.

In the cargo of the Australian steamer Arawa, which arrived at Victoria, B. C., Sunday, was a consignment of timber used in Australia for paving streets, and which has been sent here to be used as a sample.

The latest news from the Coolgardie gold fields is that three men have returned from Mount Margaret with 150 ounces of gold each. They give excellent accounts of the country, saying that there is plenty of water and feed.

The Government of New South Wales intends to introduce the Australian rabbit into English markets by shipping them in a frozen condition. They hope thus to get rid of the pest which was introduced from England.

The New Zealand House of Representatives have passed a motion limiting the time of speech to half an hour for each speaker, and not allowing any member to speak in committee more than four times or longer than ten minutes.

A party headed by a surveyor, named Bradshaw while exploring in Western Australia last month, were attacked by a band of blacks in a narrow defile. A black servant of the party was speared and the rest had a narrow escape.

By the steamer Maori King the experiment of shipping live cattle to England has been tried. Twenty head have been shipped. Cattle were worth £4 10s. in Australia, but it is thought they will bring £15 to £20 in England.