

THE DEAN AND HIS DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Ethel was radiant with good-natured envy of me. I had a splendid income, she said—any income being splendid which is more than sufficient for your wants; so that a clerk in the War Office or a subaltern in a double battalion regiment, with two or three hundred a year, is very often a rich man as compared with a duke whose many thousands a-year are swallowed up in family settlements, interest on mortgages, and the inevitable outgoings of his estates.

The only thing to do, she solemnly assured me, was to show a proper gratitude to Providence by living up to my income, and so judiciously expending it as to get out of it the maximum of enjoyment.

"You have, my dear," she said, "the purse of Fortunatus. Every morning when you wake there is four pounds in it to be seriously spent, and very nearly a pound of loose silver for pocket-money. I consider you ought to be most distinctly grateful for your good fortune."

"I will show my gratitude to the gods," I replied, "by using their favors wisely. Let us get our money's worth for our money. That shall be, as Saïre Gamp has it, our 'mortar.' And we will (figuratively), of course, dear Ethel 'put our lips to the bottle when we are so disposed.' And now, as I do not wish to be bothered, and feel, in fact, uncommonly lazy, I shall leave the campaign to you. Do not worry yourself too much over the choice, as if we avoid the folly of taking a house, we shall always have it in our power to come and go at our will."

"Then, my dear, I think I have the place cut and dried. It is now the very beginning of August. August and September are the two best months in the year, and ought to be spent in the best of all possible places. Now you know, there is Margate, and there is Oban, and there is St. Heliers."

"Are you gone mad?" I asked.

"Not quite, my dear. I was just going to remark that none of these would suit us. There are insuperable objections to each. But I know a place which combines the good qualities of them all, and which is easily accessible."

"Do pray stop skirmishing and tell me, I suppose you have been there, and if so, can describe it."

"Perfectly, my dear. I have been there and I mean to go again, and this time I mean to go with you, and the name of the place is Trouville, and we can amuse ourselves there till the end of the month."

Trouville! I had heard of it, of course, just as I had heard of Saratoga, and with just as little thought of seriously going there. Now I jumped at the idea.

"All right, Ethel. Trouville be it. To avoid further bother, and to prevent the very possibility of our changing our minds, we will say no more about the matter at all to-day, either for or against it, and we'll start to-morrow morning."

"It is a glorious day, Miriam, and we can get a decent fly here at the hotel. Let us do the old-fashioned thing—drive quietly down to Richmond, taking the road through the Park, dine at 'Talbot,' and so come virtuously home."

This little programme was followed out. We had a capital day of it, and so thoroughly discussed our campaign over a very excellent fish dinner, as to leave literally nothing to be settled. Ethel, as I have said, seemed younger, and was certainly more petulant than ever. She insisted on our sitting for an hour over our wine after dinner, greatly to the astonishment of the waiter, and noticing the bewilderment of that functionary, she mischievously drove him nearly insane with wonder by finishing up with a liquor glass of kirschwasser, and solemnly assuring him that it settled your wine better than any liquor she knew.

These little vulgarities somewhat jarred upon me, but I was glad to ignore them for the sake of my friend's many excellent qualities.

Then, in her own language, we paid our shot, and rattled back to town. Next evening we left London for Trouville, via Waterloo and Southampton. When I found myself at Trouville, I was charmed with it.

We put up at the Hotel de Paris, close to the Casino, and with a day to rest after the journey, and to do nothing but rest, and a second day devoted to what Ethel called "settling down into our stride," we found ourselves on the third morning with that indescribable feeling of vitality and energy which can only be enjoyed on the shores of the "Grand, great mother; mother and lover of men, the sea."

It was a very pleasant life. We bathed in the morning; breakfasted off fresh fish, fruit, and ices at the Casino; walked or drove as the fancy took us, or even cultivated the noble art of doing nothing, which, if you do not allow it to engross you and unduly carry you away, is one of the most fascinating pursuits I know, and infinitely preferable to either flirting or bacarat. You never lose your temper over it; you cannot very well lose your money; and should you find it, like other pleasant habits growing upon you, you can very easily give it up.

Of course we soon made acquaintances. It would have been almost impossible at the Hotel de Paris to avoid doing so. One was a lively young American from Chicago, a Mr. Harris, with a still more lively wife, who apologized for her idioms on the ground that nobody in the States ever dreamed of talking English except a few stuck-up Yankees from "Boston."

There was an English gentleman in the hotel, with his wife and family, and by the permission of the authorities he posted a notice in the salon to the effect: "On Sunday morning (D.V.) the Reverend George Pontifex will celebrate divine service in the reading-room for members of the English Church, at 11 a.m."

No sooner did Mr. Harris observe this announcement than he took counsel with his wife, and posted up under it another to this effect: "And at the same hour John P. Harris, of Chicago, U. S., will D.V." be found in the billiard-room to play any gentleman his own game, from fifty to five hundred up, for the tables and drinks."

The Harris's were as happy and radiant as children, and Mrs. Harris frankly owned to me that, Saratoga always excepted, Trouville, in her opinion, whipped creation. "Saratoga, madam," she said, "is a place of its own. If you doubt it, go to the Assembly Rooms, and there you'll see with your own eyes the hub of the universe sticking up through the floor."

My income of course, allowed me little luxuries beyond the average limit of comforts. I set up a small victoria of my own, with a presentable coachman; I invested in a Maltese poodle, and at the races at Deauville I think I wore as pretty a frock (a creation of Pingat's) as any woman in the enclosure, although princesses and cocottes were vying with each other; and better still, I was en vaine, or rather Mr. Harris was en vaine for me, for I remember that I won every race, and at the conclusion of the "re-union," was considerably over three hundred louis to the good.

I may mention that I was still passing as Mrs. Gascoigne. I had got used to the name and liked it; and I had, moreover, by this time entirely lost all nervousness. I believe, indeed, that if my father and Sir Henry had turned up together arm-in-arm my composure would have been in no way disturbed, however much such an unholy coalition might have surprised and amused me.

Ethel and I exchanged notes one evening, and found ourselves agreed that we were both not only feeling but looking distinctly better and brighter than when we first left England.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Some few days later we made more new acquaintances. How we first came to speaking at all, and how from that we got on to what are called speaking terms, and so on to better terms still, I do not exactly recollect.

Ethel and I met the Fox's somewhere or other. I think it was at the Casino, and we somehow gravitated towards one another.

It is my own private opinion that Fox pere was something in some big way in the City—a stockbroker, or an underwriter, or a drysalter, or a wharfinger, or a member of the Corn Exchange. He was pronouncedly bourgeois, and very sensibly made no attempt to conceal the fact. His wife pleased me less. I must frankly own that I could not take kindly to her. She was one of the many daughters of an English Earl, with a sufficiently good and old title, and a yearly improving income.

An Earl of Wallingford, in the days of the Regency, had got most disastrously into debt, and had sold his life interest in the family estates for a mere song to the Jews. When he died, the new heir, who was equally extravagant, found that after heavily insuring his life, and taking up all the post-obit bonds which he had given, he had about six or seven hundred a year of his own upon which to live. He went and flattered about with it at Schlossbad-on-the-Rhine, where he one night tumbled down the stairs of the Kursaal and broke his neck.

The next successor was a cousin—a small country clergyman somewhere down in Somersetshire, of whom, until he one day suddenly found himself Earl of Wallingford, no one had ever heard a word more than had been known of the Vicar of Oasulston, until that learned and exemplary man became a Dean.

He was, however, a very respectable good sort of a country clergyman, and finding himself unexpectedly a peer, he ran up to town and consulted some old college friends as to what on earth he was to do, and to express to them over a bottle of port at the "Oxford and Cambridge," his intense regret that he could not commute his peerage for a few thousands down or a good canonry.

When, however, he came to look into things, he found that he was not so badly off as he had expected. It is true that every acre had been sold that could by any possibility be got at, and that the encumbrances were something appalling. But when things had been thoroughly looked into by the eminent firm of Snayle, Crawley, Dodger & Slug, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, it was discovered that a good deal still remained to be pulled out of the fire. Agricultural depreciation was no doubt one factor in the case; but so too, had been urban extension, and a considerable amount of land round about Shepherd's Bush and Uxbridge and other such places was found to be available for building purpose at an immediate profit.

Thus, then the present Lord Wallingford was far richer than many peers who held their estates uninterruptedly from the days of the Tudors or even the Plantagenets.

Lord Wallingford's third daughter, Lady Aletheria Letitia Sophonisba Langley—who was considered a beauty, and whose claim to the distinction lay chiefly in the fact that her portrait by the President of the Royal Academy, who had been pleased to take a fancy to her and to paint her in consequence, found itself hung one fine May morning in one of the best positions at Burlington House—was a sufficiently good-looking, good-natured schoolgirl, being indeed for her kindliness, an immense bundle of the most negative attributes in the world.

When he went to his bankers he was always ushered directly into the partner's private room, and I believe he valued this outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace more than any other earthly honor. At least that was my impression, judging from the number of times he informed me of this important fact.

With all his oddities and even failings he was a well-meaning man, and, according to his own lights, fairly good-natured and just.

Our friendship ripened rapidly. I did not flirt with my worthy City merchant. In the first place I really respected him too much, and in the second place the very idea of anything of the sort would have been ridiculous in itself. But I did all that I could to make myself agreeable to him without in any way arousing the jeal-

ousy of his wife, and I think I may claim that I fairly succeeded.

He talked about me and wearied other people; and he talked to me and I am bound to say wearied me. He complimented me (guardedly) upon my personal appearance, and unreservedly upon what he pleased to term, with something of the air of a valuer and appraiser, my "accomplishments." I, of course, fooled him to the top of his bent, even venturing so far towards the extreme limit of mendacity as to felicitate him on his markedly Parisian accent.

Then the Fox's left Trouville for home, and as the place was emptying, Ethel and I took Paris in our way homeward, staying of course in her little entresol in the Rue Royale, and enjoying ourselves in our own way, but most harmlessly and decorously withal. Finding ourselves in Paris it followed almost necessarily, from the new association of ideas, that we should one day fall to talking about Prince Balanikoff. Ethel returned to the charge vigorously. I had been very foolish in the matter, she said; and she had told me so all along and she thought so still.

The Prince had acted most honorably, and had told no lies whatever. There could not be a doubt that he had throughout spoken the entire truth, and was devotedly attached to me. He had thoroughly proved himself a gentleman by refraining from giving me the least trouble or annoyance when we met at Monte Carlo. Thus Mrs. Fortesque.

"A Russian gentleman," she added, "when he is a gentleman, is without his equal; and I can only say that life is far too short to warrant any of us in throwing away so splendid a certainty as that which you are recklessly tossing aside. If poor Sabine were alive, it would be quite another matter. I should be the last to urge the cause of the Prince, or for the matter of that, of the great White Czar himself. No woman in her life ever really loves more than one man. But we are dealing now with facts, and not with the strong rich wine of the first and last love. Look at the facts, Miriam, and your sound common sense will show you that my own view of the case is the correct one, the most sensible, and, in every way, the best."

Instead of arguing the matter with her, to which I did not feel at all equal, I suggested a drive. We visited the *latterie* in the Bois, and got out and sauntered for awhile in the neighborhood of the cascade. Then we drove pleasantly back to the Rue Royale. Ethel mounted the stairs, and hurried to the balcony.

"It's a sin to stop in," she said, "on this glorious day, and to sit here tiring one another. Let us turn out again; dine in the open, anywhere you please—in the Champs Elysees, I vote—and then go to the Hippodrome. The divine spirit of youth is upon me once again and I want to see the horse-riders. Yes, we will go to the Hippodrome."

Of course she had her way. We dined pleasantly enough together, and, not lingering as men do over our wine, found ourselves ensconced in a comfortable loge at the Hippodrome, and neither too late nor too early for the best part of the performance.

The old King of Hanover's immense barouche had just driven into the arena and deposited Mlle. Celestine, the Amazonian Queen of the Electric Wire, and we were critically contemplating that lady's massive proportions and masculine muscles, when Ethel touched my elbow, and whispered: "Look at her, my dear. Keep your eyes on her. Prince Balanikoff is here, with his glasses levelled dead at us. He will be round in a minute, and, of course, we must be properly surprised."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

BRITISH TROOPS IN INDIA.

The Health of the Troops is Very Good Considering the Climate.

A recently issued governmental report gives some interesting statistics concerning the health of British troops in India. A royal commission appointed in 1863 reported that the death-rate of white troops in that country had for some years averaged sixty-nine in the thousand, that this terrible expenditure of human life was unnecessary, and that the death-rate might, by certain practicable reforms, be reduced to twenty, and ultimately—when the general sanitary condition of the country was improved—to ten per thousand. The former of these standards was reached in the decade 1870-9, and near approaches to the latter have been made in subsequent years, notably in 1883, when the death rate was 10.8. The most recent experience, however, is of a less encouraging character. In 1892, for instance, the report for which has just been issued, the death rate was 17 in the thousand, as against 14.17 in the decade, 1882-91; the ratio of "admissions to hospital" was 15.17 per thousand, as compared with 14.48 in the same decade; and the ratio of "constantly sick" was 84 per thousand, as compared with 74 per thousand in the earlier period. The ratio of invaliding alone shows a slight improvement, having fallen from 26 per thousand in 1882-91 to 24 per thousand in 1892. Eliminating the accidental character of single years by a comparison of longer periods, it appears that the death rate of the decade 1881-90 was 14.24 per thousand, as compared with 19.34 per thousand in the decade 1870-79; that the ratio of admissions to hospitals showed a fractional improvement, 14.71 per thousand for the latter period, as against 14.75 in the earlier; and that the ratio of "constantly sick" rose from 60 in the thousand to 73. In making the comparison it has to be remembered that in the decade 1881-90 large malarious regions, Burmah and Beloochistan, were added to the British Empire, and that recent changes in the terms of service have brought the soldier into the country at a younger age, and remove him from it just as he is becoming acclimatized.

Time to Get Ready.

Astronomer (enthusiastically)—"A great comet is coming."

Young Lady (excitedly)—"Isn't that glorious! I am just dying to see a really great comet. When will it be here?"

Astronomer (delightedly)—"In 1911."

A MIGHTY WARRIOR DEAD.

He Expected England Would Give Him a Gunboat Because He Gave the Princess Louise a Bracelet.

Capt. George, head chief of the Chehalis Indians, who died recently in British Columbia, was in his day a mighty warrior. Until four years ago he was known as Capt. Bob, but for some reason unknown he changed his name to Capt. George. Every year he accompanied his tribe down to the salmon fishing to watch over their morals and see that they did not spend their earnings recklessly. He had great influence with the Siwash, and his word was law with them on all occasions. He was a staunch adherent of the Roman Catholic Church, and his death which was signalled all along the river, has caused general mourning among the tribe. Capt. George had the honor, some twelve or thirteen years ago, on the visit to New Westminster of the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise, of presenting her Royal Highness, on behalf of his tribe, with a pair of silver bracelets and some baskets of Indian make. In return, he received the thanks of the Marquis and Princess, their photographs, and that was all. George looked upon the bracelets and baskets as a gift of enormous value, and fully expected to receive a warship in return. He could not believe that the viceregal couple meant to give him nothing more than the photos, and for many months he daily watched for the arrival of the big war vessel that was to make him the skookum hvas tyhee of the whole Pacific coast. A year passed away, and then another, but no ship came, and Capt. George finally abandoned all hope, and in revenge, never lost an opportunity of regretting the valuables he had wasted on the Marquis and Princess, and telling his friends what a delate cultus pair they were. To his dying day he thought he had been shamefully treated. Capt. George was considered a mighty warrior in his youth, and if the truth is told, he hurried many a Douglas brave to the happy hunting grounds. This was before the gold excitement in 1858. George's mode of fighting was to make a trip into the enemy's country with a few chosen warriors, and lie hidden until they could pounce upon a party inferior in number to themselves. Usually he surprised and butchered his enemies while they slept, but occasionally when commanding an overwhelming force, he tackled them in daylight. He was a terror to the Douglas tribe, and greatly feared by them, and hated beyond expression as well. The old Indians tell some frightful tales of Capt. George's early depredations, and while his own tribe mourn the death of their chief, the Douglas Indians are glad to know that he has gone at last. So bitter is their feeling even now that not long since a party of them went to Indian Agent Devlin and kicked up a row because the body of the hated chief was allowed to remain close to where they are encamped. The body of Capt. George has been boxed up and placed in a tree until the fishing season is over. Then it will be taken in state to the Chehalis village and interred with all the pomp and ceremony due to the chieftain of the royal and kingly line of Chehalis.

MARRIAGE IN BURMAH.

The Tie is Easily Formed and Quite as Easily Dissolved.

A chapter in the Burmah census report, dealing with what is called the "civil condition" of the people, gives much interesting information regarding marriage in that country. From the tables marriage appears to be much less common than in India, but this is said to be due to the fact that there is no child marriage among the Buddhists and nat worshippers, who form the bulk of the population. Moreover, in Burmah marriage is generally the result of mutual affection between the parties after they have reached years of discretion.

On the other hand, marriage is more common there than in European countries, for the tie is more easily formed and more easily dissolved, while motives of prudence have not the same weight. Destitution is almost unknown and the wants of life in the temperate climate of Burmah are more easily satisfied than in the colder countries of northern Europe. A young Burmese couple can start life with a da and a cooking pot. The universal bamboo supplies the materials for building the house, lighting the fire, carrying the water from the well, and may even help to compose the dinner itself.

The wife is usually prepared to take a share in supporting the household, and thus she has gradually acquired a position of independence not always enjoyed by married women elsewhere. It has been decided that under the ancient Buddhist custom prevailing in Burmah a husband cannot alienate property jointly acquired after marriage without the consent of his wife. Few marriages take place where either party is under 15, and the usual age is between 15 and 25. Polygamy now practically no longer exists, although in ancient times the Burmese were polygamists as well as slaveholders. "Most Burmese have only one wife and few more than two. The first, or head wife, is usually the choice of the husband in his youth."

The ease with which divorce is obtained is said to be one of the causes why polygamy is so rare. The terms of divorce are based on ancient rules, one of which is that the party wishing the separation can take his or her property and no more; the other party takes all the rest, including the children. The safeguard against caprice in husbands is not merely public opinion, which condemns too frequent divorces, but the self-respect of women, which prevents them from marrying a man who has divorced his wives too freely.

The privilege of perfect freedom in this respect is said to be rarely abused. "Divorce is very rare, a fact attributable equally, perhaps, to the high position occupied by women in Burmese society, the care with which marriage contracts are entered into and the extreme evenness of temper which characterizes both sexes."

THE HEAT OF THE SUN.

It Is Twelve Thousand Six Hundred Degrees Fahrenheit.

How hot is the sun? That is a question that astronomers and physicists have been trying for years to solve, and they are not yet satisfied that they know the true answer. In fact, it may be said, they are certain they do not know it, although they are able to report progress, from time to time, in the direction of the truth.

The most recent trustworthy investigation is that of M. De Chatelier, who fixes the effective temperature of the sun at twelve thousand six hundred degrees Fahrenheit. It may, he thinks, be either hotter or colder than that figure indicates, to the extent of eighteen hundred degrees either way.

Previous to this investigation of M. De Chatelier the temperature of the sun had been fixed at eighteen thousand degrees Fahrenheit by Rosetti, and that result was looked upon by many leading astronomers as probably the nearest to the actual fact of any that had yet been obtained.

It will be noticed that the latter estimate takes off several thousand degrees, but this is a trifle compared with the falling off from the estimates of the temperature of the sun made by some of the earlier investigators. The celebrated Secchi at one time maintained that the solar temperature was not less than eighteen million degrees Fahrenheit, but he himself afterward found reasons for dropping down to two hundred and fifty thousand degrees. Such estimates of the sun's temperature as one hundred thousand degrees, and fifty thousand degrees were favorably regarded a few years ago.

If M. De Chatelier's result is approximately correct, then we can, perhaps, begin to get some thing like a comprehension of the heat of the solar furnace, since it approaches comparison with temperatures that we can produce artificially. The highest artificial temperature has been estimated by Professor Young at about four thousand degrees Fahrenheit.

But it must be remembered that there are certain arbitrary assumptions, which may or may not be correct, involved even in the most careful investigations of this subject, and that, at any rate, the sun is undoubtedly much hotter underneath than is at its glowing and visible surface.

CURIOUS BEQUESTS.

Some Curious Provisions Found in English Wills.

Curious bequests! Assuredly there have been a good many of them in this world—most of them unjust. Strictly, we suppose we should speak of bequest with regard only to personal property, and talk of "device" for the realty, just as the "testament" should deal with the personal, and the "will" with the real, but the greater in both cases has long ago included both, and bequest it may therefore be. There is a refreshing quaintness about some of the old bequests. Walter le Tailleur, for instance, in 1305, according to the will recorded in the City of London Court of Husting, left "to Richard his son the reversion of a tenement held by Richard le Bakere for life, receiving yearly, immediately after the testator's death, a rent of half a mark, and weekly one penny part, in respect of the said tenement." He also left fourpence to London Bridge. There is, however, a spirit of geniality about this will which is very different to that of the man who left his son in law "one penny to buy him a whistle."

One man leaves his money to his son "on condition that he shave off his moustache;" another leaves his to his nephews "on condition that they rise at 4 o'clock in the summer and five o'clock in the winter;" another leaves his to a friend "on condition that he always wears black;" another that the fortunate man should always wear a mourning ring. "Surely" they say, "we can do as we like with our own"—and they do it, at least to their own satisfaction. There was John Reed, for example, who left his head "to be prepared so as to be used as the skull of Yorick in the play of Hamlet by Shakespeare," having evidently felt the inconvenience of not having an article of the kind in stock. There was Dr. Wagner, who left his limbs to different friends for dissecting purposes; there was Dr. Ellerby, who left his heart to one man, his lungs to another, and his brain to another, to be preserved from decomposition, and pleasantly added, "If either of the gentlemen named fail to execute this, I will come and torment them until they shall comply" thus reminding us of the Mr. Zimmerman who desired, in 1840, to be buried plainly and in a decent manner, "and if this be not done I will come again—that is, if I can!"

The Australian Horse.

A London syndicate has entered upon a new Australian experiment, which will make the Australian horse an object of commerce in England. The first shipment of horses will soon arrive in London from Sydney, and if the animals find a ready market, the trade will be rapidly extended. As Australian horses are much below the English ones in price in the colony, and as on their arrival in England, they are much more likely to rise towards the English market level than to drag the price of the English horses down to their own, a profitable business probably lies before the syndicate. Losses caused by the voyage are not expected to be great. This new Australian venture will hardly be of a nature to draw a groan from the British farmer; but as a scheme in contemplation for importing frozen pork from the same colony, whose cupidity or commercial enterprise has been aroused by the large profits made by New Zealand on its importation of bacon into England, the home agriculturist may well believe that the whole world is conspiring against him for his ruin.

The Maiden's Wish.

"I'd like to be a fine, large back check," remarked the girl who was very pretty but poor.

"Why?" inquired her companion.

"Because its face makes it valuable."