

# THE DEAN AND HIS DAUGHTER.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

As Ethel had predicted, within a very few seconds Prince Balanikoff was at the door of our box, looking for permission to come, as a mere matter of form, before lifting the latch.

Of course, I bowed graciously, and mentioned to him to enter; and equally, of course, he was in a moment at my side.

"I hardly expected, Lady Craven," the Prince said, "to find you and Mrs. Fortescue in Paris; and I certainly never dreamed of finding you here of all places in this most charming of cities."

Prince Balanikoff, I need scarcely say, came to breakfast, and did nothing but talk about England, and declare that he had half a mind to live there. The more he saw of the English, the better he got to understand them and to like them. It was a mistake into which foreigners only too easily fell, to assume roughly that the English were all churlish, and difficult to get on with. It is nothing of the sort. All that you needed to do, was to take them in the right way, which meant, of course, to flatter their vanity and play upon their foibles, and they were the easiest people to manage in the world. That the men were brave no one had ever doubted, although they labored under the delusion that the Anglo-Saxon race had a monopoly. Before the Crimean war, they were under the delusion that Russians could not fight. They had actually forgotten how Napoleon himself found the Russian rank and file more than a match for his picked battalions.

The Prince was a Russian, and no doubt "spoke fine," or, to be more exact was a most abominable liar. But that he had made money, or had, at all events, somehow got the control and command of it, was beyond all question; and it was money, after all, or, rather, what money could give me that was the only thing now left for me in a world, the rules of which, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, alter not.

But there was one good influence that kept me back, when I might otherwise have been weak enough to give way. It was the memory of George Sabine, with whom, as with a touchstone, it had long been my habit to test in my own mind every man across whom I came.

How little the world, as it calls itself, knows of the truth! the very man to whom, if the world was to be believed, I owed my ruin, was the one the mere memory of whom kept me from evil, against which I might otherwise have been weak and powerless.

Before very long the inevitable, exactly as I had foreseen it, actually falsified the reputation it has of late years acquired, and came to pass most naturally.

The Prince began to say that he feared he was like all his countrymen, little better than an immense schoolboy (at this period Ethel, with a deprecating murmur, was wicked enough to leave the room); that it was idle to attempt to conceal the fact from himself, and that he was sure he could not possibly hope for a moment to conceal it from me. He knew perfectly well that he was risking my very grave displeasure, and risking it most unwarrantably. I should be most entirely justified if I were to forbid him ever to speak to me again; but he could only throw himself upon my mercy. He never wished again to set foot in Russia. Out of that country he could defy the Czar himself. His Imperial Majesty would utter terrible threats, no doubt, but threatened men lead proverbially long lives and he had for himself no reason to fear that he should form any exception whatever to this most pleasant and wholesome rule—a rule of which all despots are perfectly well aware, and upon which they habitually acted. Whatever articulate expression the anger of the Czar might take, he had long ago made up his mind to leave the country, and in fact, had made all his preparations for doing so. He would be safer perhaps in the United States than anywhere else, for although the relations between Washington and the Imperial Chancellerie were very cordial, the United States had almost most sternly refused to regard political offences as matters of extradition.

For himself, however, he did not care where he went, and would leave the choice entirely to me. All he had to do was to beg me to reconsider my decision. And then he fairly, and without the least dissimulation, lost all control over himself, and urged his affection with a vehemence that almost terrified me by its obvious and painful sincerity.

Here, at all events, there was no acting or pretence. The man was savagely in earnest, and his wild and ungovernable temper was something more than dangerous, it was absolutely terrible.

I did all that I could to quiet him, and, to put the matter as bluntly as possible, to get rid of him. I told him with all the plainness that truth has, when you can bring yourself to speak it out courageously, that I had really loved but one man in my life, and should most certainly never love another; adding, with scarcely equal veracity, that I meant to treasure that man's memory, and to live faithfully as his widow until the day of my death; that I had vowed as much and dare not break my vow; that if I did, the vengeance of Heaven would most certainly overtake me; and then, having no other arguments left that occurred to me as at all likely to be of any avail with him, burst into a passion of tears, which were as genuine as any I had ever shed, and begged him to show a little mercy and leave me at once.

"You wield an authority," he said, "more potent over me than that of his Imperial Majesty himself. If I disobey him he can kill me, and were he to set himself to work about the task in anything like earnest would no doubt succeed in it. Well, you can only kill a man once. I have seen men shot. I once saw a wretch of a Pole knouted to death. It was not exactly a pleasant sight; but it was interesting, and

I admired his courage. To use your English ideas, he died game. I think—in fact I am sure—I could do the same myself. But you are condemning me even to a death in life far more terrible than any death, more terrible and more hopeless than even the deepest and darkest Siberian mines in which we leave our worst malefactors to rot. I hardly deserve this of you, nor is it merciful or like yourself. And yet I cannot see what I am to do or to say. I suppose I must accept my fate. My life has never been a bright or a very happy one. I must live it out for as long as the gods may please, and must endeavor when I feel most miserable to think of you."

He bowed and looked at me. I held out my hand, and, with all his own native tact, he grasped it and shook it heartily, but tenderly, in the truest and simplest English fashion, and so went his way.

For the very soul of me I was sorry for the man. And yet I could not see at that moment, at any rate, how I could possibly have acted otherwise or have said or left unsaid a single word.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII

I stayed in Paris for a few days longer, out of mere indolence. There are certain places in the world which tempt you to remain in them. The effort to leave them is as great as that required on a cold frosty morning to virtuously jump out of your comfortable bed and plunge into cold water.

For my own part I cannot believe that Providence intended the world to be unhappy for us. And here let me briefly give my own idea of what the world ought to be. It is the world of which George Sabine spoke to me. It is a world within easy reach of London. It is a world where nobody gives you any worry or bother, and where you on your own part are equally cautious and discreet. There is no post-office, there are no daily papers, there are no fashions, there are no lions to expect to be feted, there is no Opera-house, there is no circulating library. But, for benefit of men, who are always selfish, there are clubs and music-halls. These are frequented by the men alone. No woman shall willingly stay in them for a minute, or visit them a second time.

I continued to think of this world vaguely and indefinitely.

Ethel was delighted at the mere idea of a change. A genuine English country house, like that of the Fox's, opened up unknown possibilities to her. I need scarcely say that I knew the English country house only too well. There are the hot-houses, the kitchen-garden, the stables, and, perhaps, the home farm. Country houses resemble each other as do mountain peaks, or millstones, or telegraph posts, or daisies on the lawn which is spread in their front. How ridiculous it is in these days to talk of going into the country for a change! A railway takes you to the summit of the high, and you are offered a brandy and soda. You reach the apex of the Great Pyramid, having been hoisted up by attendant Arabs, and you find Bass' bottled ale, with a red pyramid on the label, Watling's pork pies, and Blandy's Maderia.

At the beginning of October we found ourselves at The Uplands. It was one of those English country houses for which a Parisian banker would give at any minute a dozen chateaux. It was an old ugly building, to which story after story, room after room, and wing after wing had been added, with no regard whatever to the inexorable requirements of architecture, but simply according to the immediate necessities of the moment.

Behind the house itself plantations of Norway pine stretched up to the turnpike road. From the front of the house down to the river ran a wilderness of lawn, with red geranium and gaudy heliotrope. Then a carpet of turf, as smooth as a billiard-table, brought you to the river's edge, where there were boats and punts, and where under the shelter of her own house lay the little steam launch, which was always ready to start, and to make any number of miles in the hour. And from the bank, if you were so disposed, you could catch perch, or gudgeon, or eels, to your heart's content; while in the big eddies lay antediluvian trout, proof against any snare, and contemptuous of their riparian owners.

We were welcomed with the utmost cordiality. Whatever London may be there is, at all events, little constraint in an English country house within the London radius. Ethel and I were at home at once.

The men staying at The Uplands were pleasant enough. With the women I somehow could not get on. Perhaps there were faults on both sides—the faults being mainly jealousy and suspicion on their side. For I can declare most truthfully as far as I was concerned, that I was entirely innocent of intention to give or willingness to take offence.

They were annoyed by a number of things; by my manner, which was certainly not theirs; by my toilette, which certainly differs from theirs; by my self-possession and reticence, and unwillingness to be pumped or to join in idle gossip for its own sake. We had, to sum up the position, no common interests. And I may fairly say, and without any conceit, that I felt myself very much like the ugly duckling in the wonderful story of Hans Anderson.

The people in the house were to use the ordinary phrase, mixed.

"How do you like Cowes, Mr. Snip?" once asked a prince of the Blood Royal of a most eminent Sackville Street tailor.

"Very well, your Royal Highness," was the answer; "but I find the company a little mixed."

"Bless my soul, Mr. Snip!" the Prince answered, "did you come down here and expect to find us all tailors?"

Well, the society at The Uplands was, no doubt a little mixed, but it did not entirely consist of City people. On the contrary, it was almost as varied as are the hues in a kaleidoscope.

There are two kinds of rich men. Some have immense wealth, but not much ready money. Others have moderate wealth, and, within reasonable limits, any amount of ready money. These are the men, who are able at any moment to write a check in four figures without much anxiety, although a war, or an unexpected turn of the markets may ruin them, and sometimes does. But, as a rule, they are very seldom so ruined, and, upon the whole, have a happy time of

it. Dividends and coupons are far more easily to be collected than is rent. And these two kinds of men were well represented at The Uplands.

The lawn was nearly full. I can only pick the prominent guests. There was a London Rector, with his wife and eldest daughter. His parish was in the City, and he had only ten parishioners. He drew two thousand a year, paid two hundred to a curate, was Chaplain to four or five City companies, and preached at Whitehall upon occasions. But he was a good man, charitable to a fault, and thoroughly sincere.

There was a West-end doctor with an enormous practice. His specialty was latent consumption. You might not have got consumption at present, but he could stake his professional reputation that you would be an incurable victim to it within six months unless you took his advice—his advice being, that you should go to Mentone, stop there as long as you liked, and see him again upon your return.

There was the editor of the Comet, a weekly six-penny paper to which all the tale is contributed, and which crowed each Saturday as loudly as the cock in Noah's Ark would have done, if that patriarch had been weak enough to allow the bird to perch itself upon the roof for that express purpose.

There was also Lord Robert Fitz-Henry, third brother of the Duke of Berkshire, with a large income which he entirely devoted to yachting, never setting foot on shore except for a change. He had taken his screw-steamer, the Miranda, to Spitzbergen and to Cape Horn, to the Straits of Sunda, and to the Bay of San Francisco. He was unmarried; preternaturally tall; bony and muscular; intensely ugly, and with all the generosity and dash of a sailor just paid off.

Last amongst the company was Lord Ashwell, heir presumptive to the Earldom of Cambridge. He was a mild young man, with more promise in him at present than reality; but of promise there was abundance. A trainer would probably have described him as a leggy colt. Leggy colts, however, are apt to develop into dark and dangerous horses. I became somehow interested in Lord Ashwell and took notice of him.

He was close upon six feet and large limbed. Most women would have called him awkward and uncouth. He had a pink face, red lips, a downy moustache, eyes of gray blue, and a mop of crisp yellow curls. He blushed when you spoke to him. He never seemed to know exactly what to do with his hands, and his powers of conversation were most distinctly limited. He was about four-and-twenty. If you had dressed him in a slouch hat, a smock frock, corduroys and ankle-jacks, it would have been impossible to take him for anything but an agricultural laborer, until he had opened his mouth. Then you would have found that you were dealing with an English gentleman, somewhat diffident, but more than usually accomplished, and well read.

Somehow or other I took a fancy to this young man. He was in no way whatever like George Sabine. There was not one point in common between the two. And yet neither would have compared disadvantageously with the other, and I am sure that if they had met by any accident, they would have proved firm friends.

It is a fallacy to suppose that men of the right sort must resemble each other, as closely as do peas or potatoes, or, for the matter of that, pearls. The merit of a man is his individuality. The more he is unlike other men the better, as a rule, will it be worth your while to cultivate him.

About stupid people and wicked people there is a very dreary monotony. Rogues are so like each other that a detective with any experience can single out a pickpocket in the midst of a crowd.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



A Town Mouse.

Jones—Well, my little man, what are you thinking about?  
London Boy (who has never been out of London before)—I'm thinkin' it's time yer mother put yer into trousers.

### A Royal Godmother.

The Empress of Austria was the other day making an excursion in the neighborhood of Campiglio, where she is at present staying, and called at a farm house, where all the inmates were in festive attire, but appeared in a rather melancholy turn of mind. Her majesty perceived this, asked the reason and was told that a baby born three days before was to be christened that day, but the godmother had not come, for which reason the ceremony could not take place. The empress then declared that she would take the place of the godmother, and when the poor people, who did not know the empress, asked the name they must give their little girl she replied: "My name is not much used in this country; it is better, then, to give the child the most beautiful name which Christendom knows—that of Mary." It was only on the following day, when a servant brought a handsome present in money and an entire outfit for the babe, that they knew that their little girl had for grandmother the Empress of Austria.

### Fine Art.

"You couldn't let me have a ten-dollar bill for five minutes, could you?"  
"For five minutes?"  
"Yes, I want to flash it up to that cheap Fanilworth, while I touch him for ten." Then I'll bring yours back to you."

## PERSONAL POINTERS.

some Items About a Few of the Great Folks of the World.

Mrs. George W. Childs, widow of the Philadelphia editor, has arranged for the building of a palatial mansion in Washington.

Doctors have declared that the heart of Zimmerman, the famous bicycle rider, is fully two inches longer than the average size of hearts.

Prince Adolphus of Teck, the brother of the Duchess of York, is to marry a daughter of the Duke of Westminster, who owns most of London.

The German Emperor, in spite of his lame and useless arm, is an excellent horseman. His attendants have to help him into the saddle, but once there he can master any horse.

Blondin began to toddle across a rope when he was 4. At the age of 8 he performed before the King of Italy. Since then he has appeared in all parts of the world, and has earned as much as \$500 a performance.

"Wood's Hotel," one of the few remaining buildings of London that are associated closely with Charles Dickens, is about to be demolished. In one suite of rooms in the building Dickens passed through some of the many vicissitudes of his life.

M. Pierre Loti, the French novelist, will not read a daily newspaper, scarcely ever writes a letter, invariably turns interviewers away from his doors, and does his work in a room which is away up on the top of a tower, and can be reached only by a single ladder.

The King of Siam is said to be a well-educated ruler, having been tutored by an American lady who was governess to his brothers, and who, after her long experience at the court of Siam, wrote a delightful book about what was then almost an unknown country.

Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop, the noted traveler, is one of the British subjects now in Corea. She is alone, and according to her last letters was not enjoying herself, having found the Coreans the most disagreeable set of savages she ever encountered, wide though her experience has been.

A London illustrated newspaper, wanting to have a likeness of the Emperor of China, sent out a commission for a photo, but received a reply that there was no possibility of obtaining such a portrait, as anyone who was caught in the act of photographing His Majesty would be beheaded.

Prince Roland Bonaparte, the naturalist who married the daughter of Blanc de Monte Carlo, is building himself a palace on the Trocadero ridge near the Grevy villa, from which he will have one of the finest views in Paris. The architecture is the Frenchified Italian style of the First Empire.

Edward Bulwer Lytton Dickens the youngest son of Charles Dickens, the novelist, has been living in Australia since 1865. He was his father's favorite, who always spoke of him as a "noble boy." He has taken to politics, and is a member of Parliament for Wilcannia New South Wales.

New York laws forbid anyone giving food or shelter to the English sparrow, but Dr. Houghton, the pastor of the Little Church Around the Corner, defies this law. In the big tree around the church and rectory he provides food and cotes for the assertive little bird, and in that one spot in the city there is always a colony of the despised little creatures.

Among the titled Jews of England in this century the Jewish Chronicle mentions, Sir Samuel Montagu, Sir Albert Sassoons, Sir Moses Montefiore, Sir Julian, Sir Francis, and Sir James Goldsmid, Sir Anthony and Sir Nathaniel Rothschild, Sir George Jessel, Sir David Salomons, Sir Augustus Harris, and Lord Beaconsfield.

Mr. Maxim's quasi success with his flying machine has led to a controversy as to who is entitled to the honor of first constructing a model that would raise itself. Thomas Moy, an Englishman, claims that he accomplished this feat as far back as 1879, and that Mr. Maxim's results are not so sensational as commonly supposed.

M. Durnof, the aeronaut who first opened communication between the besieged Parisians and the outside world in 1870, is dying in a Paris hospital. His balloon was ruined by the memorable trip, but for twenty-two years he never received a cent from the Government: even his claim for the value of his balloon was left unnoticed. Last year he received a small allowance, which barely kept him from starving.

George Gould's sporting expenses this season will be heavy. His steam yacht, the Atalanta, costs when in commission about \$15,000 a month, all told. The Vigilant costs about \$10,000 a month. It costs, or will have cost at the end of the season, about \$30,000 to race the yacht, and there are the fitting out expenses of both boats, some \$58,000, as a New York paper reckons it, and the personal expenses, all amounting to not far from \$389,000 for three months of sport in England.

### Self-Denial.

Usefulness is the only key to the world's kindness, and when age robs a man of usefulness, its cruelty pursues him to the grave. There is a lesson for the young in every failure. Age will come to all who live long enough to meet it. The young ought to aim at becoming financially independent of the world as soon as possible. Independence is not to be achieved by the sudden accumulation of riches. Wealth is only for the few, but independence might be for the many, if the many were content to buy it by self-denial. Pleasures, even innocent but expensive pleasures, are for those who can afford them, and others are dearly buying their enjoyment when, to purchase pleasure, they sap the resources which might be their help in the evil time.

### He Knew It Well.

An old colored servant in a New England household was asked by his master to carry a note to a house in another quarter of the city.  
"Are you sure you know where the house is?" asked the gentleman.  
"Well, sah," responded the servant, with a roll of his big eyes, "I on'y wuzah I hab as many dollars as I knows whar dat house am, sah!"

## SECT OF ASSASSINS.

A Famous Medieval Association of Murderers that was Stamped Out with Difficulty.

There is nothing new under the sun, and even those recent deplorable experiences, which seem at first sight unique products of nineteenth century conditions, have their analogues in the past. It cannot have escaped notice that there is a curious likeness between the anarchistic maulers of to-day and a famous medieval association which sought to acquire power and influence through the terrorism caused by concerted and repeated homicidal attacks upon the representatives of the established political, religious and social order. We refer to the sect of the Assassins, who maintained themselves in western Asia for about a hundred and fifty years, and who resembled the modern Anarchists in several essential particulars, to wit, the repudiation of religion and morality, the malign completeness of their own organization, and their fanatical devotion to the interests of their secret society and the orders of its chiefs. It is also worthy of remark that these

### ATHEISTIC AND ANTI-SOCIAL CONSPIRATORS

were only stamped out with difficulty by the combined and desperate efforts of two great military powers. This secret society, whose members may be described as the medieval and Oriental counterparts of the Anarchists, was founded by Hassan-ben-Sabbah, a native of Khorassan, who in A. D. 1090 gained possession by stratagem of the strong mountain fortress of Alamut in Persia. His followers became known as Assassins, either with reference to the first name of their chief, or, more probably, in allusion to the hashish, an opiate made from the juice of hemp leaves, with which the neophytes were intoxicated. The speculative principles of this sect were to a large extent identical with those of the so-called Ismaelitic heresy: that is to say, the dictates of positive religion and morality were rejected as worthless practices of faithful Moslems were derided, the existing political and social systems were discarded, and the one fundamental rule of life imposed on the initiated was unquestioning obedience to the will of their immediate superiors in the hierarchical order. The external policy of this maleficent sect was marked by a peculiar and characteristic feature, namely, the systematic employment of secret assassination against those persons whom its leaders chose to regard as their enemies, among whom monarchs and the principal upholders of the existing social regime would naturally be conspicuous. This practice was introduced by Hassan, the founder and supreme ruler of the association, who from his place of residence was best known as the Shoikh-ul-Jabal, or Old Man of the Mountains. When a deed of blood was to be done, the agents were picked out from the ranks of the young men, or Assassins proper, whose esoteric name was Fedavies, or devoted ones. The selected murderers were

### MADE DRUNK WITH HASHISH

and introduced into the splendid gardens of the Sheikh where they were surrounded with every sensual pleasure. Such a foretaste of the paradise which, as they believed, could only be attained through the favor of their ruler, made the young men eager to obey his slightest command, and at a word from him they were ready to resign their lives. The Assassins soon made their power felt. One of the earliest victims of their daggers was Nizam-el-Mulk, the Vizier of the Sultan, Malik-Shah; and the subsequent death by poison of the Sultan himself was ascribed to the society. Under the second leader, who succeeded Hassan in A. D. 1124, the sect of maulers acquired a stronghold in Syria and became an object of more widespread dread, a long series of distinguished men being sacrificed, in spite of elaborate precautions, to their

### INVISIBLE AND RELENTLESS MACHINATIONS.

It was with the Syrian branch of the Assassins that the Crusaders became acquainted; and it was believed to have been the emissaries of the Old Man of the Mountains who murdered Count Raymond of Tripoli and Conrad of Montferrat. The strokes of death, however, continued to be dealt impartially at Moslem and at Christian. The Caliph Mostarschen-ali-Mansur was assassinated in his tent and soon afterward the Caliph Rashid met with a similar fate. Nevertheless, against a sovereign of unusual abilities, like Saladin, the Sultan of Egypt and Syria, all the resources of the secret society were taxed in vain. The proof thus furnished that the Assassins were not irresistible, prompted the concerted and resolute efforts for their repression, by which in the thirteenth century they

### WERE PRACTICALLY ANNIHILATED.

It was Hulaku, a brother of Monga-Khan, wielding the forces of the Mongol conquerors of Asia, by whom, in 1256, the Persian stronghold of the homicidal sect was taken, and some twelve thousand members of the society were massacred. A little later the Syrian branch of the Assassins was nearly extirpated by Bilbars, the Mameluke Sultan of Egypt and the sect, considered as a formidable menace to religion and society, then disappeared, although some survivors lingered in the Syrian mountains, where it is said that descendants of them yet exist. If the record of the sect of Assassins has any lesson for those who are confronted by their modern counterparts, it is that the dangers to society threatened by an organized body of fanatics eager to risk their own lives, if they may destroy those of others, cannot easily be overrated; and that the extraordinary safeguards now provided or contemplated by several European Governments are amply justified.

The first regular standing army was in Egypt, about 1900 B. C. The first modern standing force was in France, in 1445. The first permanent military force in England was the King's Guard of Yeomen, established in 1486.