

The Minister's Wife

By MRS. HENRY WOOD

CHAPTER IV.

One morning there was a startling announcement in the Times. As Lady Avon's eyes fell upon it, she truly thought they must be playing her false; that her sight was failing her.

The living of Great Whittton was bestowed upon the Hon. and Rev. Wilfred Elliottsen, a personal friend of the Earl of Avon.

Her ladyship called out for her daughter in commotion; she sent her maid, Charity, to hasten her. Grace feared her mother was worse, and flew to the room with rapid steps.

"What can be the meaning of this, Grace?" gasped the countess. "Henry has not given the living to Mr. Baumgarten after all; he has given it to young Elliottsen!"

"Oh, indeed," said Grace, carelessly. "Henry can do as he likes, I suppose."

"No, he can't, in such a case as this. At least he ought not. Once his promise was given to me, it should have been kept. I cannot understand his going from it. It is not like him."

"Well, mamma, I don't see that it matters to us, whichever way it may be."

"But it does matter, I don't want a simpering young fellow like Wilfred Elliottsen down here, and whose wife goes in for rank Puseyism besides. She has only been waiting for his appointment to a church, report says, to make him play all kinds of antics in it; she leads him by the nose."

Grace laughed.

"It is no laughing matter," reproved her mother, "for me or Mr. Baumgarten. I shall be ashamed to look him in the face. And he had begun to lay out plans for his marriage with Miss Dane and their life at Great Whittton!"

"How do you know that?" asked Grace, quickly.

"Mrs. Brice told me so when she was here yesterday," replied Lady Avon. "She knew from the Danes that Ryle Baumgarten was to have Great Whittton and to marry Edith. Why Henry should be so changeable I cannot imagine."

Lady Avon was evidently very much annoyed, and justly so; annoyed at the fact, and annoyed because she was unable to understand her son, who was neither capricious nor inconsiderate. She wrote a letter of complaint to him that day, and awaited his answer.

The ill news broke abruptly upon Mr. Baumgarten. The little hard-worked, inoffensive Mr. Brice, who had a kind heart and never failed to have a kind word for his patients, chanced to see in the Times the same paragraph that Lady Avon saw, and on the same morning.

"Bless my heart," he exclaimed, "what an unlucky thing! How could Baumgarten have made such a mistake? He said Lady Grace told him. Perhaps it was she who mistook the matter!"

Away he hastened to Whittton Cottage, the newspaper in his pocket, and into the clergyman's presence, who sat in his little study writing a sermon. And when he got there, he felt at fault how to open the ball. It seemed so cruel a thing to do. Mr. Baumgarten, who looked gay and unconscious, led up to it.

"Have you heard any particular news this morning?" began the surgeon, after a few words had passed.

"No," lightly replied Mr. Baumgarten; "I've not seen any one to tell me any; I have been busy since breakfast with my sermon for next Sunday. Nearly the last I shall preach at Little Whittton, I expect."

Mr. Brice coughed. "Have you heard from Lord Avon?" he asked.

"Not yet. I rather wonder at it. Every morning, I look for a letter from him, but it does not come. He may be in France again for all I know myself; I don't like to call at Avon House until my appointment is confirmed. It would look pushing; as if I were impatient."

"Well, I—I saw a curious paragraph in the newspaper just now, about Great Whittton being given away; but it was another name that was mentioned, not yours," said Mr. Brice. "I thought I'd come here at once to see if you knew anything about it."

"Not anything; newspapers are always making mistakes," smiled Mr. Baumgarten.

Mr. Brice took the paper from his pocket. Finding the place, he laid it before the clergyman, who read it. Read it twice over, and began to feel somewhat less easy. He read it a third time, aloud.

"We are authorized to state that the valuable living of Great Whittton, Hampshire, has been bestowed by its patron, the Earl of Avon, upon the Honorable and Reverend Wilfred Elliottsen."

There ensued a pause. The two gentlemen were looking at one another, each questioningly.

"It must be a mistake," said Mr. Baumgarten. "Lord Avon would not give the living to me, and then give it to some one else."

"The question is—did he give it to you?" returned Mr. Brice. "Perhaps the mistake lies in your having thought so."

"I saw it in his own handwriting, in his letter to his mother. Lady Grace showed it to me; at least, a portion of it. He wrote in answer to an appeal Lady Avon had made to him to give me the living. His promise was a positive one. It is in this newspaper that makes the mistake, Brice; it cannot be otherwise."

"Any way, we will hope so," briskly added the surgeon. But he spoke more confidently than he felt; and perhaps Mr. Baumgarten had done the same.

Lord Avon's reply to his mother's letter of complaint and inquiry came to her by return of post, and ran as follows:

"My Dear Mother—I canceled my promise of giving the living to Baumgarten at Grace's request. She wrote to me posthaste some days ago, telling me there were reasons why Baumgarten would be utterly unfit to hold Great Whittton, and begging me to bestow it upon any one other than upon him. That is all I know; you must ask an explanation of Grace. Of course, I assumed she was writing for you. It is settled now, and too late to change back again. Elliottsen will do very well in the living, I dare say. As to his wife wanting to turn and twist him to attempt foolish things in the church, as you

and with Grace, about that matter in the summer. He began with his mother. She knew no more of it than he did, she protested resentfully, for she was still sore upon the point. All she could say was that he had written to promise the living for Mr. Baumgarten and then gave it to Wilfred Elliottsen.

Grace was more impervious still. She simply refused to discuss the subject at all, telling her brother to hold his tongue. "I don't see why you should blame me, mother," remonstrated the young man. "It was certainly no fault of mine."

"It was your fault, Henry," retorted Lady Avon.

"I told you of Grace's peremptory letter."

"Who but you would heed the wild letter of a girl? You should have waited for me to confirm it. As I did not do so, you ought to have written to me before acting. I did not care for Mr. Baumgarten to have Great Whittton; it was Grace who worried me into asking it of you; but as you promised it to him, it should have been his. You cannot picture to yourself, Henry, half the annoyance it has cost me."

Lord Avon could picture it very well. All this arose from Grace's absurd caprice. She had been indulged all her life—and did just as she pleased.

"And for you to put so silly a young fellow as Elliottsen into it," went on Lady Avon, enlarging on her grievances. "I told you his wife would make him play all kinds of pranks in the church."

"What does he do?" asked Lord Avon.

"Very ridiculous things indeed. He has put a lot of brass candlesticks on the communion table, and he turns himself about and bows down at different parts of the service, and she sweeps her head forward in a fashion that sets the whole church staring. We are not used to these innovations, Henry."

Lady Avon was correct in saying so. The innovations were innovations in those days; now they are looked upon almost as matters of history, as if they had come in with William the Conqueror.

"And the parish is not pleased with them?" returned Lord Avon.

"Pleased with them," echoed his mother. "He began by wanting to make every soul in the parish, laborers and all, attend daily service in the church from 8 o'clock to 9, allowing them ten minutes for breakfast and fifty for prayers; and she has dressed the Sunday school in scarlet cloaks, with a large white linen cross sewed down the back. One thing is not liked at all; the inexperienced rustics cannot be made to understand which way he wants them to turn at the creeds; so he has planted some men behind the free benches every Sunday with long white wands, and the moment the Belief begins, down come the wands, rapping the heads of the doubtful ones. You have no idea of the commotion it causes."

Lord Avon burst into a laugh. "I'd have run down for a Sunday before this, had I known the fun that was going on," said he. "The girls must take care the bulls don't run at their scarlet cloaks."

"Ah, Henry, you young men regard these things but as matters for irreverent joking. Mr. Baumgarten would not have served us so."

Presently he walked out. In one of the pleasant green lanes with which the place abounded, he suddenly encountered Brice, the surgeon, who was coming along at a steaming pace.

"Walking for a wager?" cried he.

"That's it; your lordship has just hit it," replied the surgeon, grasping warmly the ready hand held out to him. "I and Time often have a match together, and sometimes he wins and sometimes I do." (To be continued.)

Something of a Critic.
This story of Sir Henry Irving is told by E. K. Leonard of London, now visiting in America:

"In producing 'Henry IV.' it was necessary for Sir Henry to ride a horse, and imagine his disgust upon the night the play was to be produced to discover that the horse which was to fill the part had suddenly 'gone off his feed' and could not act a whit. Irving was in a stew over his difficulties, but finally a stage hand introduced a well known jobmaster? That's English for liveryman."

"Beggin' your pardon, Sir 'Ennery, but H understands from my friend that it's a 'orse you wants. Now, H 'ave the very 'orse you needs, the very one which 'as been used by that heminent factor man, Mr. Beerboom Tree."

"At the mention of his great rival's name Sir Henry's eyebrows jumped about two inches.

"Used by Mr. Tree, eh? And how did he act for Mr. Tree?"

"'E hact putty bad, Sir 'Ennery. Hev'ry time 'e go hon the stage 'e eaves a groan,' said the liveryman.

"Oh, he does, does he?" said Irving. "Something of a critic, I see."

Even at Last.
"In the dark, still hours some one shouted 'Burglar!'"

"You don't say?"

"Yes, and then we all rushed out of our apartments and down the steps. In the shadows of a corner we saw a crouching figure."

"Gracious!"

"And we pummeled him until he was black and blue. Then the lights were turned on and everybody gave a cheer that could be heard a block."

"How exciting! And it was really the burglar?"

"No, it was the janitor. We had made a mistake, but everybody got the chance to settle up an old grudge."

He Was Polite.
It was once told to a certain king of England that Lord Blank was his polite subject. "I will test him," said the King and showed Lord Blank to the royal carriage, holding the door for him to enter first, which he did.

"You are right," said the King. "A lesser man would have troubled me with ceremony."

An Eye to the Future.
"Would you rather marry a lawyer's or a minister's daughter?"

"A lawyer's. A divorce costs more than a wedding."—Houston Post.

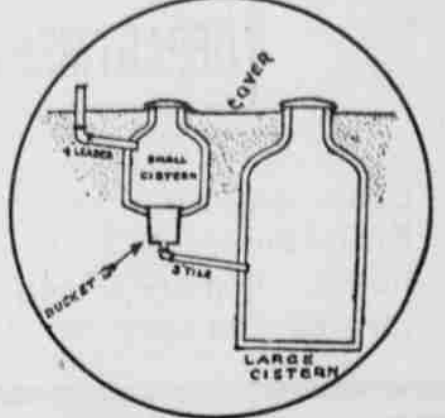
It takes mail at least seven days to go from Chicago to London.



Cistern for Drinking Water.

In digging a cistern, dig it deep and arch well under ground, closing in the arch to receive a 2-foot sewer tile to form the neck, which can easily be closed tight against tords and insects. By the side of the big cistern, dig a little filtering cistern, as shown in cut, that will hold from 10 to 15 barrels. Wall, arch and cement the same as large cistern, except that in the center of the bottom, which should be slightly basin shape, dig and cement a hole large enough and deep enough to receive a bucket that will hold 5 or 6 gallons.

Have bottom of bucket perforated



PLAN FOR LARGE AND SMALL CISTERNS.

with small holes and fasten a strong bale to bucket by which to lift it out. Have a strong flange turned close to the top of the bucket to rest tight on the bottom of filtering cistern round top of hole. You can make it watertight by resting flange on packing. If bucket is not good and strong, place a rest under the bottom, as there will be a heavy pressure when filtering cistern is full. From the bottom of the hole under bucket connect filter with cistern with a 3-inch sewer tile thoroughly cemented in.—Farm and Home.

Raspberry Bush Trimming.

Some varieties of black raspberries if not pinched when about two feet high break off very easily on the ground on account of the heavy top they have formed; but if pinched at that height they will form lateral

COW PATHS.



The department of dairy husbandry at the Illinois experiment station has been making investigations throughout the State as to the profit returned by the dairy cows. In the report which has been issued the state of affairs is represented very graphically in an illustration which is reproduced above. It is shown that half the cows are to be classed as medium, while the other half follow divergent paths. One out of every four cows produces not more than 133½ pounds of butter fat per year. This path is not the "milky way." It does not tend upward and lacks the starry brightness—and the milk. Heading along the right hand path are the cows (one-fourth of the whole number) that mean profit, progress, plenty and an attractive home for the owner. They produce 301 pounds butter fat per year and leave a clear profit of \$31.32 each. The scales and the tester, as shown in the circle, are the instruments for the dairyman to use to distinguish between the profitable and the unprofitable animals.

branches which will be nearer the ground. This is especially advisable where the patch has the full sweep of the wind. The red raspberries do not require pinching, for it has been proved time and again that there is no benefit in pinching them. It is only throwing away labor, and in many instances those that were not pinched give better results than those that were.

A Creamery Fakir.

An agent of a creamery company, who has been operating in a sensational manner in central Indiana, is reported making such claims as manufacture of butter that would keep for twelve months, and then sell at top market price, or could stand out in the hot sun all day without melting. The buttermilk was to be used for feeding chickens, and five-pound chickens would be made to weigh ten pounds in ten days' feeding, the improved quality of meat selling at sixteen cents a pound. Evidently this agent thinks the farmers of the Central West are easy marks.—American Cultivator.

Seed Wheat.

In selecting seed wheat each and every one should be guided by his peculiar locality, but every true, enterprising farmer should experiment with some of the improved varieties—if only a bushel. A peck is better than nothing, for it can be compared with a like quantity of "old familiars," and the method and difference of growth, adaptability and yield noted. It is the farmer's duty to do this, and not leave it to seedsmen and originators. If all would try experiments there would soon be a great revolution in wheat culture.

Spraying for Potato Blight.

After briefly describing the cause of potato blight, C. A. McCue, of the Michigan experiment station, gives the results of experiments in which potatoes were sprayed with Bordeaux mixture and comparisons made with similar plants receiving a spraying of lime water. Where the potatoes were given fourteen sprayings of Bordeaux mixture at intervals of four days a net gain of \$11.00 per acre is reported. Where they were sprayed at intervals of ten days, six applications being given, a net gain of \$15.44 per acre is given. On plots sprayed every fifteen days a net gain of \$13.38 per acre is reported, and where four sprayings at intervals of twenty days \$11.03 per acre net gain is reported. For the plot which received fourteen sprayings of lime water at intervals of four days a loss of \$1.76 is reported. The cost of spraying is said to have been 72 cents per acre for each application. This amount, the author believes, could be reduced to not more than 55 cents per acre.

The author gives compiled information relative to spraying by individual farmers, the results obtained at other stations, etc., and notes that the station expects to carry on experiments for the prevention of late blight for at least five years.

Why Young Trees are Best.

These are the advantages of planting young trees: They can be trained to the desired form better than older trees. A two or three-year-old tree is branched and has had its head already formed by the nurseryman; a yearling tree of the apple, pear and sweet cherry is usually unbranched. Sometimes the nurseryman has headed the tree too high or has not been careful enough about starting out the scaffold limbs, and it is difficult to correct the form of the head after it has been started. There is an unmistakable preference for low-headed trees, due chiefly to the need of economy and efficiency in spraying and harvesting. The single disadvantage of low-headed trees is greater inconvenience in tillage. This is much more than offset by the advantages, in the judgment of most growers. Within ten years the height recommended for heading apple trees in East has been reduced at least two feet. The bearing of this on the matter of yearling trees is that the grower can head a yearling tree where he pleases.

What Testing Cream Means.

Our grandmothers never had to consider the question of thickness of cream. To them it was all one whether the cream was thick or thin. Since the test has been brought into

Edison's Future City.

Considerable discussion has been started by a signed prophecy of Thomas Edison, detailing what our large cities will be like 100 years hence. He says they will be free from smoke and steam, and that the chimney will be a thing of the past, while the waste of coal and gas fuel will be stopped through the use of electricity, generated direct from fuel without the aid of engine, boiler or dynamo. In factories each machine will have its individual motor. Homes will be heated electrically, and noise of cities' noises will cease. Streetcars will be universal in the business centers, the streets will be bridged over at different heights to facilitate transit from one side to the other. He estimates that buildings will then average thirty stories in height, and the greater number will be constructed of concrete and steel. Buildings, he says, will stand a thousand years or longer. His new battery will make electricity portable for street cars, hicles or airships.

Gorky Aims His Grouch.

Press dispatches from Milan tell of the publication of Max Gorky's "Impressions of the United States." The first part is devoted to the "City of Yellow Demon," meaning, of course, New York. Throughout the volume Gorky author vents his criticisms of people and things American.

A Town of Five Thousand People.

The trustees of the Wisconsin (Wis.) assembly announce that they have selected Judge William Brown of the Lake juvenile court to organize a town to be populated by boys and girls, boys and governed by boys and girls, pleasure and profit, as an attraction for next year's assembly. The boys will live in tents, and in connection with the scheme will be a school for children. The Y. M. C. A. Sunday schools, juvenile judges and other workers.



- 1603—San Diego Bay, Cal., discovered and named by Sebastian Vizcaino.
- 1604—Trial of Sir Walter Raleigh for treason.
- 1635—Thomas Parr, known as "the mad dog," and said to be 137 years old, died near Shrewsbury, England.
- 1715—Battle of Sheriffmuir.
- 1724—Jack Sheppard, famous English high-wayman, executed.
- 1793—French defeated Prussians at the battle of Sarbruck.
- 1802—First melodrama produced. Covent Garden theater; called "The Tale of Mystery."
- 1806—Discovery of Pike's Peak, Colo.
- 1838—End of rebellion in Canada.
- 1846—Tampico, Mexico, surrendered. Commodore Connor of the American navy.... American force under Gen. Worth took possession of Saltillo, Mexico.
- 1851—U. S. frigate San Jacinto sunk at Fortress Monroe by British ships. Mason and Elwell, the Confederate commissioners to Europe.
- 1864—Gen. Sherman left Atlanta and began his march to the sea.
- 1865—Slavery abolished in the United States.
- 1869—Formal opening of the Panama Canal.
- 1871—Block and a half of buildings in Chattanooga destroyed by incendiary fire.
- 1873—"Boss" Tweed convicted of defrauding the city treasury of New York.
- 1880—Expedition went to relief of O'Connell near Ballarobe, Ireland.
- 1887—London's "Bloody Sunday."
- 1889—Opening of Catholic university in America, at Washington, D. C. Brazilian monarchy overthrown and republic established.
- 1890—Capt. O'Shea divorced from his wife, who has since married another man.
- 1893—Trainmen of Lehigh Valley road went on strike.
- 1894—Many lives lost by earthquake in southern Italy and Sicily.
- 1897—Great fire in Cripple Creek, Colo. of London; \$10,000,000 property destroyed. President McKinley signed treaty adopted by Universal Peace Congress.
- 1898—U. S. notified Spain that Cuba must be evacuated by Jan. 1. Court of Cassation ordered Spain to prepare his defense.
- 1899—Puerto Cabello, Venezuela, surrendered to Gen. Castro.
- 1900—Paris exposition closed; 20,000,000 admissions.... United States exhibited Yosemite wrecked at Ouna by the phoos.... Women granted permission to practice law in France.
- 1901—Liberals captured Colon, Colombia.
- 1902—Attempted assassination of King Leopold of Belgium.... John Christopher Columbus discovered his mausoleum in Seville cathedral.
- 1903—House of Representatives passed the Cuban bill.... Street railway strike in Chicago.
- 1904—Germany and the United States signed arbitration treaty.
- 1905—Czar remitted \$13,000,000 due from peasants.