

# The Minister's Wife

By MRS. HENRY WOOD

## CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

Later in the day she seemed a little better; it was the rallying of the spirit before departure. She knew it was difficult strength, but it put hope into the heart of Mr. Baumgarten.

"Ryle, if he should live, you will always be kind to him?"

"Edith! Kind to him! Oh, my wife, my wife," he uttered, with a burst of irrefragable emotion, "you must not go, and leave him and me."

She waited until he was calmer; she was far more collected than he.

"You will love him?" she reiterated, faintly; "you will always protect him against the world's unkindness?"

"Ay; that I swear to you," he ardently replied. And Edith Baumgarten breathed a sigh of relief, and quietly lay back upon her pillow.

Her voice, hardly to be heard at all, was growing fainter and fainter. Her husband thought it must be the faintness attendant on death; but for a short time she seemed to sleep.

He sat on; his arm beneath her neck, his other hand held one of her hands. All was still; so still that the ticking of Edith's watch, lying on the dressing table, was audible. About ten minutes had thus passed when a slight cry from the infant in the next room, followed by the soothing hush of the nurse, fell upon Mr. Baumgarten's ear.

"Ryle! Ryle!"

"My dear!" he breathed, vexed that her sleep should have been disturbed.

"I have been in that dream again—going on my long, long journey," she said in disjointed syllables. "Oh, Ryle, I know it now; it is the journey of death."

"My dear wife!" he cried, much distressed.

"The air is—oh, so sweet—and the light at the far end so bright and lovely—and the flowers—look at the flowers! they are the flowers of Heaven! and—oh, look! look!"

The tone, growing inaudible, had taken a glad sound of ecstasy; and with the last word, the spirit passed away.

After the funeral of Mrs. Baumgarten the parish flocked to Whitton Cottage to condole with their rector, and to see the baby. He received them with quiet courtesy, but the most sanguine sympathizers could not detect any encouragement for a renewal of the visit. All that could make life pleasant to Mr. Baumgarten was as yet buried in the grave of Edith.

Gradually he began to take notice of the child; at first he had avoided him. The old servant, Dinah, who had lived with the Danes for years, took charge of him. Mr. Baumgarten would sometimes have him on his knee now, and soon loved him with an impassioned fondness. He had nothing else to love.

Thus the months glided on to winter; the rector fulfilling all his duties as of yore, but leading a very lonely life.

## CHAPTER VIII.

One bright, frosty day in January, when the icicles shone in the sun and the blue sky was cloudless, the open carriage of Lady Avon drew up at the rectory gate. After the marriage of Mr. Baumgarten Lady Avon had occasionally attended Little Whitton church as heretofore, but Lady Grace never. She had always excuses ready, and her mother—who had never fathomed, or even suspected the true cause of Grace's caprice as to the living—put faith in them. The countess declined to alight, and Mr. Baumgarten went out to the gate.

"Would it be troubling you very much, Mr. Baumgarten, to come to Avon House occasionally and pass an hour with me?" began she, as they shook hands.

"Certainly not, if you wish it," he replied. "If I can render you any service I shall be very happy to come."

Lady Avon lowered her voice and bent toward him. "I am not happy in my mind, Mr. Baumgarten; not easy. The present world is passing away from me, and I know little of the one I am entering. I don't like the rector of Great Whitton; he does not suit me; but with you I feel at home. I shall be obliged to you to come up once or twice a week and pass a quiet hour with me."

"I will do so. But I hope you find nothing more than usual the matter with your health."

"Time will prove," replied Lady Avon. "How is your little boy?"

"He gets on famously; he is a brave little fellow," returned Mr. Baumgarten, his eyes brightening. "Would you like to see him? I will have him brought out."

"I should like to see him, yes; but I will come in."

He helped her from the low carriage, and gave her his arm up the path, and the most comfortable chair by the parlor fire. The child was brought in by Dinah—a pretty babe in a white frock and black ribbons, the latter worn in memory of his mother.

Lady Avon took him on her knee.

"He will resemble you," she said, scanning his face; "he has your eyes exactly, deep and dark"—and she had nearly added "beautiful." The child put his hand upon her ermine boa.

"My pretty boy!" she exclaimed, fondly. "What is his name?"

"Cyrus. I know it would have pleased Edith to have him named after her father."

"Ah! Poor Edith!" sighed Lady Avon, as she gave the child back to Dinah, and arose. "Not the least distressing feature of that loss was its suddenness. I wished I could have come over to say farewell."

Mr. Baumgarten sighed in answer, as he again gave his arm to Lady Avon. "By the way," she said, as he was settling her in the carriage. "I must congratulate you upon getting into the rectory. You paid the cost of the repairs yourself, I believe."

"Yes. I had some money left me unexpectedly, and used it for the purpose."

"Well, I am glad you're in it. Good-day."

Mr. Baumgarten paid his first visit to Avon House on the following day. Lady Grace was alone in the room when he entered. Her countenance flushed crimson, and then grew deadly pale.

Mr. Baumgarten took her hand, almost in compassion; he thought she must be

ill. "What has been the matter?" he inquired.

"The matter! Nothing," and she grew crimson again. "Is your visit to mamma? Do you wish to see her?"

"I am here by appointment with Lady Avon."

The countess came into the room, and Grace found that his visits were to be frequent.

From that day they saw a great deal of each other. Lady Grace strove to arm herself against him; she called up pride, anger and many other adjuncts, false as they were vain, for the heart is ever true to itself, and will be heard. It ended in her struggling no longer; in her giving herself up, once more, to the bliss of loving him uncheeked.

Did he give himself up to the same, by way of reciprocity? Not of loving her; no, it had not come to it; but he did yield to the charm of liking her, of finding pleasure in her society, of wishing to be more frequently at Avon House.

The Hon. and Rev. Wilfred Elliottsen, claiming a dead earl for a father and a live earl for a brother, was not, of course, a light whose beams could be hid under a bushel, more particularly as the live earl was in the cabinet. It therefore surprised no one that when the excellent old Bishop of Barkaway was gathered to his fathers and a lucky canon, who held one of the best livings in the kingdom, was promoted to his miter, Mr. Elliottsen should step into the canon's shoes, rich living and all. This left Great Whitton vacant. As luck, or the opposite, chanced to have it, Lord Avon was on a few days' visit to his mother when Mr. Elliottsen received his appointment.

"Don't put such another as Elliottsen into Great Whitton, Henry," observed the countess to her son, "or we shall have the parish in rebellion."

"He has not succeeded in pleasing his flock yet, then?" remarked his lordship.

"Give it to Mr. Baumgarten. He is a deserving man, Henry; he will restore peace to the parish, and as a preacher few excel him."

Lord Avon laughed a little as he sat down to face the sofa.

"Why, mother, Baumgarten is the very man I had in my own mind. I thought by your preamble you must have fixed on some one else. I would rather he had it than any other person in the world. I can tell you that the smartest last contempt brought me lingers yet. Let it be Baumgarten; we owe him a recompense."

And that very day the earl, afraid, possibly, of fresh interference, personally offered Great Whitton to Mr. Baumgarten, and shook hands on its acceptance.

That same evening Mr. Baumgarten presented himself at Avon House. Grace Carmel was standing amid the rose trees; she liked to linger in the open air at the dusk hour, to watch the stars come out, and to think of him. But that she wore a white dress, he might not have distinguished her in the fading twilight. He left the open path to join her.

"It is a late visit, Lady Grace, which I must apologize for; I was called out to a sick friend as I was starting, and detained an hour," he said; "but I could not resist coming to say a word of gratitude to Lord Avon."

"Your visit will not accomplish its object, Mr. Baumgarten, for my brother is gone. He left before dinner upon some matter of urgent business in town. Mamma says she is very glad that you will be nearer to us."

"Perhaps I have to thank you for this, as much as Lord Avon," he said.

"No; no, indeed; it was mamma who spoke to Henry; or he to her; they arranged it between them. I—I—"

"What?" he whispered.

"I did not speak to him," she continued, filling up the pause of hesitation. "That is all I was going to say."

But Mr. Baumgarten did not fail to detect how agitated she was. Her trembling hands were busy with the rose trees, though she could scarcely distinguish buds from leaves. Mr. Baumgarten took one hand, and placing it within his own arm, bent down his face until it was on a level with hers. "Grace," he whispered, "have we misunderstood each other?"

She could not speak, but her lips turned white with her emotion. It was the hour of bliss she had so long dreamed of.

"Grace," he continued, in a tone of impassioned tenderness, "have we loved each other through the past, and did I mistake my feelings? Oh, Grace, my best-beloved, forgive me! Forgive my folly and my blindness!"

With a plaintive cry of satisfied yearning, such as may escape from one who suddenly finds a long-sought-for resting place, Grace Carmel turned to his embrace. He held her to him; he covered her face with impassioned kisses, as he had once covered Edith Dane's; he whispered all that man can whisper of poetry and tenderness. She was silent from excess of bliss, but she felt that she could have lain where she was forever.

"You do not speak," he jealously said; "you do not tell me that you forgive the past, Grace, say but one word; say you love me!"

"Far deeper than another ever did," she murmured. "Oh, Ryle! I will be more to you than she can have been!"

"Grace, pardon my folly," he implored. "I am doing wrong; I have forgotten myself strangely. Forgive, forgive me! It is madness to aspire to you. I have no right to seek to drag you down from your rank to my level."

But she clung to him still. "Your own wife, your own dear wife," she whispered. "Ryle, Ryle; only love me forever."

Never had Lady Avon seen or suspected aught of the case regarding her daughter and Mr. Baumgarten.

The revelation came upon her with a blow. It was Grace who, calling up her courage, imparted it. Lady Avon went into a storm of anger; and then, finding her commands and reproaches produced no impression upon Grace for good, wrote in haste for Lord Avon.

An awful thing had happened, and he must come without a moment's delay, was what she curtly wrote; and the word "awful," he it understood, was in those days used only in its extreme sense, not, as at present, in ridiculous lightness. Lord Avon obeyed.

"Ah," he remarked, as he sat listening to his mother's tale. "I can now understand that past capricious trick Grace played. She must even then have been in love with Baumgarten."

Lady Avon sat in bitter mortification. "What is to be done?" she asked.

"The best plan, so far as I can see, will be to put a good face upon it, and let her have him."

"Do you approve of him for your brother-in-law, pray?"

"No, not altogether. My sister and your daughter ought to have made a very different match. But you know what Grace is, mother; and circumstances alter cases."

It was the plan pursued. It was the only pleasant plan, as Lord Avon had put it, that could be pursued. For Lady Grace held to her own will, and opposition would only have created scandal.

## CHAPTER IX.

It was a long, red brick house, large and handsome, as many of these country rectories are; and on the spacious front lawn, one glorious morning at the end of June, might be seen the Rev. Ryle Baumgarten, his wife and children. Lady Grace sat on a bench under the shade of the lime trees; the rector stood by, talking with her. Two little boys were running about chasing a yellow butterfly. They were dressed alike, after the fashion of the day, in brown holland blouses, white socks, shoes and broad-brimmed straw hats.

They were wonderfully alike, these two little half-brothers, each possessing his father's face, in miniature; the same pale, healthy complexion, the fine, clear-cut features, the dark eyes so deeply set within their long lashes, and the way brown hair, soft as silk. But in disposition they were quite different. Cyrus was bold, self-willed, masterful, Charles gentle, pliant and timid. Cyrus was tall and strong, and forward beyond his years; the younger one was yielding, childish and backward. Already Cyrus constituted himself his brother's protector, and Charles in his hands was a tender reed. The affection between them was great, rather unusually so.

Some people had prophesied that Lady Grace would repent her imprudent marriage. They proved to be wrong. Grace was intensely happy in it. She had brought with her only five hundred a year to augment Mr. Baumgarten's means; it was all she would enjoy until Lord Avon's death. She made a fairly kind stepmother to the little Cyrus, but she had not the same affection for him as for Charles. Her baby, now in Jaquet's arms, was a fair girl, the little Gertrude.

A large, low, open carriage, driven by liveried postilion, was stopping at the gate. Mr. Baumgarten hastened to assist Lady Avon from it, and give her his arm. She walked slowly to the bench where her daughter was sitting. She was just the same invalid as ever, had been so all these years; but she did not seem to grow much worse. The boys ran up to her.

"The boys are like their father, Grace," she observed, looking down at the infant; "but Gertrude is like you."

"Yes," assented Grace, with a laugh. "Well, mamma, that is just as it should be, isn't it?"

"I suppose it is, my dear. Which of you little boys will go for a drive with me? It must be you, Cyrus, I think, as it is your birthday."

"Oh, yes, yes!" cried the boy, eagerly; "I will go. Jaquet, fetch my best hat."

"No, too," added little Charles.

"No, I can't manage both of you," said Lady Avon. "You shall go another day, Charles; perhaps to-morrow."

"My hat, Jaquet!" again said Cyrus, impatiently, for the girl had not stirred. Lady Grace looked at her.

"Do you hear?" she said, in her haughty way. "Master Cyrus told you to fetch his hat. Bring his little cape as well."

Now this was just what Jaquet hated. For Cyrus to order her about imperiously, and for her lady to confirm it.

"Ryle," said Lady Avon to her son-in-law, when Jaquet had gone for the things, "can you not do something or other to put down that fair?"

She spoke of a pleasure fair which was held every midsummer on Whitton Common, and lasted for a week.

The rector shook his head in answer. "Why, no; how could I, Lady Avon?"

"You have great influence in the parish. Every one looks up to you."

"But I have none over the fair. No one has. It possesses 'vested interests,' you know," added Mr. Baumgarten, laughing, "and they are too strong to be interfered with. I try to induce my people to keep away from it, that is all I can do."

## (To be continued.)

## Strange Talk.

"What was that sound I heard?" asked one express wagon driver of another.

"I guess it was my wheel spoke," answered his funny friend.

"Well, it wasn't with the tongue of the wagon," retorted the first, "and besides the wheels are quiet because they're all tired."—Baltimore American.

## One Year After.

The summer girl and the summer young man met again.

"Darling," he cried, advancing with open arms, "do you recognize me—"

Throwing herself upon his manly bosom, she said: "Well, dear, your face looks familiar, but I can't recall your name."

And thus the summer engagement was renewed for the season.

## The Dreadful Farmers.

City Girl (who has been to the country)—Don't you know, I think the farmers put preservatives in their products. I saw one scattering some chemical mixture on ground he was preparing for green corn. Later I saw him salting his cattle. I don't think we get any pure food anywhere nowadays.—Kansas City Times.

## He Made Good.

"Give me plenty of rope," said the poor but honest youth, "and I'll get there."

## And he did.

Ten years later he had acquired a fortune from the manufacture of campaign cigars.

He gives double who gives unasked.—From the Arabian.

## A YEAR OF DISASTER.

### RECORD OF 1906 IS A DARK AND BLOODY ONE.

#### Nature Causes Terrible and Widespread Destruction of Life and Property—Grim Reaper Works More Peacefully.

A notable characteristic of the year 1906 is the destruction of life and property which has been caused by the forces of nature. These forces have not been so active or so disastrous in their results for many years past. The record is a formidable one. In January an earthquake killed fourteen persons at Gonzano, Italy, and a tidal wave on the Colombian coast swept away 2,500. In February a hurricane visited the Society Islands, a favorite resort for hurricanes, and 1,000 perished. In March a cyclone swept through Mississippi and 21 were killed, and an earthquake in Formosa destroyed 2,000. In April the Vesuvius eruption killed 2,000, a second earthquake at Formosa 100, the San Francisco earthquake 448, and a cyclone in Texas 26. In July there were two smaller disasters, a cloudburst at Ocampo, Mexico, which killed 10 persons, and a waterspout at Lyons, France, which killed 31.

The furies broke loose in August and 2,000 were victims of an earthquake at Valparaiso and 12,000 of floods at Hunan, China. In September there was a long series of disasters. A landslide and storm in the Caucasus cost 25,500 lives, the typhoon at Hongkong 10,000, a flood at Tepe, Mexico, 10, a hurricane at New Orleans and Mobile 140, and a cyclone in southern Spain 90. In October a hurricane off the coast of Florida, which started from Venezuela, skirting Honduras, Nicaragua, Salvador, and Cuba, left 986 dead in its path. During November nature took a little rest, a great lake storm in which 32 sailors perished, being the principal disaster. In December came the flood which destroyed the village of Clifton, Ariz., and caused the loss of 60 lives. Including the losses of life by lesser disasters of this kind the record shows

17—Clement Armand Fallieres elected President of France.

21—Eighteen lives lost in fire panic in Philadelphia church, ... Brazilian turret ship Aquidaban sunk by explosion and 212 men perish.

23—Steamer Valencia goes ashore on Vancouver Island coast; 148 lives lost.

25—Death of Gen. Joseph Wheeler, U. S. A. ... House passes joint statehood bill.

20—Death of King Christian of Denmark.

30—Frederick VIII. proclaimed King of Denmark. ... Death of Paul Dresser, Indiana song writer.

### February.

1—Colombian coast towns destroyed by tidal wave following earthquake.

8—Hurricane sweeps Society and Tuamotu Islands, destroying thousands of lives. ... Mine explosion near Oakhill, W. Va., kills 28 men.

9—Death of Paul Lawrence Dunbar, negro poet.

16—Pat Crowe acquitted of Cudahy kidnaping by Omaha jury.

17—Longworth-Roosevelt wedding in Washington.

18—Peavey elevator burns in Duluth, with loss of \$1,000,000. ... M. Fallieres takes oath as President of France.

19—Explosion in mine at Maitland, Colo., causes 16 deaths.

23—Johann Hoch, bigamist and wife murderer, hanged in Chicago.

25—Death of ex-Speaker David B. Henderson.

27—Marriage of Prince Eitel Frederick of Prussia and Duchess Sophie Charlotte of Oldenburg, in Berlin.

### March.

2—Tornado and fire destroy large part of Meridian, Miss.

4—Death of Gen. J. M. Schofield.

7—Rouvier ministry falls in France.

15—Fifteen Americans and 600 Moros killed in fierce battle on island of Jolo.

10—1,000 die in mine disaster in Courrieres, France.

13—Death of Miss Susan B. Anthony.

16—35 killed in railway collision near Florence, Colo.

17—Death of Johann Most, anarchist.

21—Death of Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

### April.

1—John Alexander Dowie deposed at Zion City, Ill., as head of Christian Catholic church and succeeded by Wilbur G. Voliva. ... Henry C. Ide inaugurated Governor General of Philippines.

2—Great coal strike begins.

8—Vesuvius in eruption destroys towns at its base.

11—Death of James A. Bailey, great showman.

## THE NEW BOOKKEEPER.



already that more than 50,000 persons have perished this year by earthquake, hurricane, and other manifestations of nature's fury.

Accident has also taken its toll of human lives in the horrible railway wrecks at Salisbury, England, Atlantic City, N. J., and Woodville, Ind., and in the sinking of the Italian emigrant ship Sirio off the Spanish coast, and of the Valencia off Vancouver Island, as well as in the mine disaster at Courrieres, France.

Death in more peaceful guise has been busy among the well-known ones of earth, laying in the grave President W. R. Harper of Chicago University, the aged King Christian of Denmark, Miss Susan B. Anthony, Johann Most, Carl Schurz, Henrik Ibsen, Russell Sage, Mrs. Jefferson Davis, Gen. W. R. Shafter, Rev. Sam Jones, Judge Gary, and many others.

Denmark, Norway and France have installed new rulers during the year; political affairs in Russia have been in a turmoil and outbreaks of violence and assassination have been frequent; the United States has been compelled to intervene to save Cuba from revolution and possible anarchy; the young King of Spain has taken a wife, and Oklahoma has been admitted to the Union of States.

Other prominent happenings of 1906 have been the prevalence of dishonest bank failures, President Roosevelt's visit to Panama, the restoration of Captain Dreyfus, the finishing of the great Croton dam above New York City, the Longworth-Roosevelt wedding, the resumption of navigation on the Missouri River, etc.

The principal events of 1906 are briefly summarized below:

January.

4—Explosion in mine at Coal Dale, W. Va., kills 21 miners.

8—Landslide in Haverstraw, N. Y., kills 15 persons.

10—Ten lives lost in fire in West hotel, Minneapolis. ... Death of President W. R. Harper of University of Chicago.

11—New Croton dam in New York finished.

12—Famine in northern Japan.

16—Death of Marshall Field.

14—Two negroes burned to death by mob in Springfield, Mo. ... Two officers and five men killed by explosion on battleship Kearsarge. ... Earthquake in Formosa.

15—Four trampled to death and many injured in panic in St. Ludmilla's church, Chicago.

18—Earthquake and fires devastate business district of San Francisco.

19—Prof. Pierre Currie, discoverer of radium, killed in Paris.

22—Dust explosion in mine 40 miles west of Trinidad, Colo., kills 22 men.

20—Tornado sweeps across Texas.

30—Tornado strikes parts of Furnas county, Nebraska.

### May.

1—Mob violence and wild disorder in Paris. ... Iron workers strike in Chicago. ... Many minor strikes start in the East.

5—Pennsylvania anthracite miners vote to not strike.

14—Death of Carl Schurz.

18—Railroad rate regulation bill passes Senate. ... Forest fires destroy towns in northern Michigan and Wisconsin.

23—Death of Henrik Ibsen.

25—Seven political assassinations in Russia.

31—Michael Davitt, famous Irish leader, dies. ... King Alfonso of Spain weds Princess Ena of Battenburg. ... Bomb thrown at Spanish king and bride kills 20 persons and injures 100.

### June.

4—Death of Senator Arthur P. Gorman of Maryland. ... Senator Burton of Kansas resigns. ... Death of John C. New.

4-7—Tornadoes in Texas, Kansas, Minnesota and Wisconsin.

14—Explosion on British boat at Liverpool kills 9 persons and injures 40. ... Massacre of Jews at Bialystok, Russia. ... Bill admitting Oklahoma as State passed by Congress.

18—Death of Gov. John M. Pattison of Ohio. ... Leut. Gov. Andrew L. Harris sworn in as successor. ... Republicans celebrate 50th anniversary of foundation of party.

20—Death of Chas. E. Tripler of liquid air fame.

22—Prince Charles of Denmark crowned King of Norway as King Haakon. ... Richard G. Ivens hanged in Chicago.

25—Harry Thaw of Pittsburgh shoots Stanford White in Madison Square Garden, New York.

27—Earthquake in South Wales.

29—Mrs. James Tanner killed in auto accident in Helena, Mont.

30—Adjournment of Congress.

July.

1-23 American tourists see ship wreck in train wreck near Salisbury, England.

4—Son born to Crown Prince Frederick Wilhelm of Germany.

5—Capt. Dreyfus restored to full rank after standing in French army.

18—Death of John L. Toole, Kansas politician, formerly Mayor of Topeka.

2