

# The Minister's Wife

By MRS. HENRY WOOD

## CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

Jaquet put on the child's hat and cape, and Mr. Baumgarten escorted Lady Avon to the carriage.

"Where are we going, grandmamma?" asked Cyras, as they turned into a green lane, which led to a cross country road in the opposite direction to the fair, near which Lady Avon would not have gone had she been bribed to do so.

"It is very pretty this way; perhaps we shall see some haymakers," she said.

Cyras was quite satisfied; all roads were pretty much alike to him. They saw haymakers, and they saw some gypsies.

In returning home, when driving across a "trip of waste land or common, an open carriage containing an old lady encountered that of Lady Avon. Both carriages stopped abreast, and the ladies entered into conversation. It chanced that they had stopped exactly opposite a gypsy encampment, the sight of which gave Cyras unbounded delight. He had never seen one before.

"Grandma, look. Do look. Isn't it nice?"

Lady Avon turned to Cyras' side of the carriage and saw the settlement. She had not before observed it. "Dear me," said she, "a gypsy encampment! I wonder they are not at the fair. The men are, I suppose. I see none about."

"A gypsy camp, my dear. They are people who rove about the country, and sleep in the open air at night, or in caravans."

"I wish I could. Do you see the fires, grandmamma? Couldn't we go to them?"

"Oh, dear, no," said Lady Avon, very decisively. "Little boys must never go near such people."

The carriage deposited Cyras at the rectory gate as the clocks were striking one. Lady Avon watched him inside, and then drove on. Charley came running out-of-doors to meet his brother.

"Oh, Charley, I wish you'd been with us!" began Cyras. "We've seen something beautiful."

"What is it?" asked Charley. "Jam?"

"It was gypsies. They'd got fires all blazing on the ground—on the grass, you know."

"Take me to see it, Cyas! Please take me!"

The little boys dined at the luncheon table. That day it happened that a clergyman from a distance was present at the meal. He and Mr. Baumgarten went into very deep converse about some public church matters which were not giving satisfaction. Lady Grace joined in it; thus Cyras found no opportunity to tell of his experience touching the gypsy camp, as he would otherwise have done.

Luncheon over, Mr. Baumgarten went out at once with his friend. Lady Grace proceeded to the nursery and the boys ran to their swing—a perfectly safe one—at the back of the house.

## CHAPTER X.

About 4 o'clock Jaquet went to see after the boys. Her mistress had said they had gone to the swing. Jaquet could not see them anywhere and ran round to the front lawn. They were not there. "Do you know where the children are, Moore?" she inquired, meeting the man in the hall.

"No, unless they're with my lady in the drawing room; they were there when I took in the tea and cake," answered Moore.

"Oh, then they are sure to be there; trust them for stopping where there's any cake going on," said Jaquet. And she went back to her nursery and to the baby, then just waking up out of sleep.

It was 5 o'clock when the carriage was brought round and the guests went away. Lady Grace ran up to the nursery. A maid was carrying in the tray containing the children's tea and Jaquet's.

"Where are they?" asked Lady Grace, looking round.

"They have not been up here," said Jaquet. "I thought they were with your ladyship."

"They must be at the swing," said Lady Grace.

But the children were not at the swing; they were not in the front garden; they did not seem to be anywhere.

Lady Grace began to feel somewhat uneasy. She went outside the gate and looked down the avenue which led to the high road; still she did not think they would run off of their own accord; even Cyras had never done that.

Moore, Jaquet and one of the housemaids went about, searching the house and grounds thoroughly; all in vain. In the midst of the commotion Mr. Baumgarten came home.

"The children are lost," said Lady Grace.

"Lost! The children! Oh, nonsense," said Mr. Baumgarten.

It appeared that the last seen of them was when Moore took the cake and tea to the drawing room. Lady Grace was not very clear as to how soon afterward they left it.

"Perhaps they have gone off to the fair," said Mr. Baumgarten to his wife. "I suppose this comes of our having promised your mother in their hearing that they should not go to it."

"Then it's Cyras who is in fault," said she. "Charles would not have the sense to do such a thing, or the courage either."

"Of course not. He is too young for that yet awhile."

The fair was held on Whitton Common, on the other side of the village, and near to Little Whitton. There was also a way to it through fields and shady lanes, and Lady Grace bethought herself to dispatch Moore by that route, though it was hardly likely the children had taken it.

In any kind of suspense time seems to move on leaden wings. When an hour had elapsed and did not bring the truant, Lady Grace grew very uneasy. In her restlessness, she put on her bonnet and went down the avenue to where the high road crossed it, and stood there looking out. All the stragglers, passing by, were going toward the fair; none coming from it.

About half past 6, standing again in the road, she saw Mr. Baumgarten hastening back. But he was not leading a

child in each hand, as she had fondly pictured; he was alone.

"I cannot see or hear anything of them," he said, in answer to his wife's impulsive question. "I don't think they can have gone to the fair."

Mr. Baumgarten was utterly fatigued and quite at a loss to decide which way would be the best next to start upon. Grace shivered inwardly, picturing the harm which would come, or had come, to Charley.

"Do you think they have been kidnapped, Ryle? Both are beautiful boys."

"No, no," said Mr. Baumgarten. By degrees they became aware that sundry people were speeding along the highway one after another, not toward the fair, but in the other direction.

"Where can they be going?" cried Grace. "Has anything happened?" she inquired, running to arrest one of them—a working man from a cottage hard by.

"It's reported that there has just been a great landslip in that cutting they were making for the railway, my lady, and some people are buried under it," answered the man. "One boy's killed."

Lady Grace cried out in terror. "Oh, Ryle, Ryle, do you hear?" she moaned. "That's where the children are gone. The other day when I had them out with me I could hardly get them past it. They wanted to go down into the cutting."

Mr. Baumgarten turned very pale. "Hush, my dear!" he said, in a low, tender tone, "we must hope for the best. Go indoors, my love; keep yourself as tranquil as you can, while I go on with Brice."

Indoors! In that suspense? No; Lady Grace could not be tranquil enough for that. She paced about the avenue, and sat down on the bench, and stood in the highway watching the runners speeding to the scene, all by fits and starts. Twilight was coming on when she saw her husband returning. Mr. Brice was with him.

The landslip had not been so bad as reported. Landslips and other mishaps rarely are. Two men only were injured, and the boy spoken of; none of them mortally, and Mr. Brice had attended to them. No trace had been found there of the children.

"I'm sure I don't know where to look now," said Mr. Baumgarten, his voice betraying his weariness. "Grace, I believe I must snatch some refreshment before I go out again."

She put her arm within his at once, and led him down the avenue. "Are you coming, too, Mr. Brice?" she said, holding out her hand. "That's right, I'm sure you must need something."

Just as she was speaking the gate opened and a group came in. A tall man, with flashing black eyes and a yellow skin, evidently a gypsy, and—the two boys. He was carrying Charley in his arms; Cyras trotted beside him.

"Mamma, mamma!" cried Charley, and Grace Baumgarten wondered whether she had ever before given such heartfelt thanks to God.

Instead of advancing to meet the children and the man, Mr. Baumgarten suddenly sat down on a garden seat. The same curious sickness, or pain, or oppression—he hardly knew what it was—which had attacked him once or twice before, seized him now. Mr. Brice and Lady Grace were asking questions.

"Yes, master," said the man, addressing Mr. Brice, "when we got back to the women and children this evening these two little gents was there with 'em round the fire; so I set off again and brought 'em home."

Looking white and ill, Mr. Baumgarten came forward. The paroxysm had passed. He spoke a few heartfelt thanks to the man and rewarded him, and took him indoors that something to eat and drink might be given to him.

"I shall never speak against gypsies again," impulsively declared Lady Grace Baumgarten.

## CHAPTER XI.

The shades of twilight were fast gathering on the aisles of the old cathedral, and the congregation, assembled in the choir for afternoon service, began to wonder whether the chanter would be able to finish without a light. The beautiful colors of the painted east window were growing dim—exceedingly beautiful they were when the sun illuminated them. It was a full congregation, unusually numerous for a winter's afternoon, and one that threatened rain.

The service concluded, the bishop gave the blessing, and the congregation left the choir; but they did not leave the edifice; they waited in the body of the cathedral to listen to the music, for the organist was treating them to some of the choicest among his voluntaries. He was an eminent player, and now and then chose to show them that he was so, and would keep them, delighted listeners, full half an hour after the conclusion of afternoon service.

Cyras, an indulged boy and willful, had scampered out to the cloisters, the moment he could steal away from the paternal surplice, drawing his brother with him.

"Charley," quoth he, "it's come on to pour cats and dogs, and I promised Dynevor to go out with him after college. You go in, and bring me my top coat."

"Oh, Cyras, don't send me! Let me stop and listen to the organ!"

"You stupid little monkey! Come, be off; or else you know what you'll get. I'll allow you three minutes."

Master Baumgarten took out his watch, an appendage of which he was excessively proud—as he spoke; and Charley, knowing there was no appeal against his imperious brother, laid hold of the prayer book, and flew off through the covered passages which led into the deanery from the cloisters.

Cyras amused himself with hissing and spitting at an unhappy cat, which had by some mischance got into the cloister graveyard; and, just before the time was up, back came the child, all breathless, the coat over his arm.

Cyras snatched it from him, thrust an arm into one of its sleeves, and was attempting to thrust the other, when he discovered that it did not belong to him. Charley had by mistake brought his own, and Cyras could not, by any dint of push-

ing, get into it. His temper rose; he struck the child a smart rap on the cheek, and then began to buffet him with the unlucky coat. But he took care not to hurt him. It was all show.

"You careless little beggar! What the bother did you bring yours for? Haven't you got eyes? Haven't you got sense? Now, if—"

"Hallo! what's up? What's he been at now, Cy?"

The speaker was Frank Dynevor, Cyras Baumgarten's special chum when he was at Denham. He was considerably older than Cyras, but the latter was a forward boy of his years, and would not acknowledge a companion in one of his own age.

"I sent him in for my coat, and he must bring his," explained Cyras. "A tanning would do him good."

"Of course it would," said Frank Dynevor. "What's he crying for?"

"For his sins," said Cyras.

The tears stood in Charles' eyes; nothing grieved him so much as for Cyras to be angry with him.

"He cries for nothing," went on Cyras, "and then they get him into the nursery and give him sugar candy. Mamma and old Jaquet make a regular molly of him. Now, Master Charles, perhaps you'll go and get the right coat. It's his fault that I kept you waiting, Dynevor."

"I am not going," said Dynevor. "They began a row at home about my running out in the rain, so it's stopped, and I came to tell you. Here, Cy, come down this way."

The two boys, Dynevor's arm carelessly cast on the shoulder of Cyras, strolled off together along the cloisters toward the obscure exit which led to the Dark Alley, Cyras having tossed the coat on to Charley's head, nearly throwing him off his legs. Charley disengaged himself, and espying some of the college boys with whom he kept up a passing acquaintance when at Denham, he joined them. They were emerging noisily from the school room, after taking off their surplices; music had no charms for them, so they had not remained amidst the listeners in the cathedral.

Now, there was a charity school in Denham for the sons of small parents, where plain learning was taught. It was a large school, its numbers averaging four or five times those of the foundation school in the cathedral; and from time immemorial the gentlemen on the college foundation, called the King's scholars, and the boys of the charity school had been at daggers drawn. The slight pastimes of hard abuse and stone throwing were indulged in, whenever the opposition parties came into contact. Animosity at the present time ran unusually high, and, in consequence of some offense offered by the haughty college boys in the past week, the opposition boys had ventured on the unheard-of exploit of collecting in a body round the cloister gate to waylay the King's scholars on their leaving the cathedral at the close of afternoon service. The latter walked into the trap and were caught; but they did not want for "pluck," and began laying about them right and left.

The noise penetrated to the other end of the cloister, to the ears of the two lads parading there, and away they tore, eager to take part in any mischief that might have turned up. The first thing Cyras saw was his brother Charles struggling in the hands of some half dozen of the enemy, and being roughly handled.

All the hot blood of Cyras Baumgarten's body rushed to his face and his temper; if he chose to put upon Charley and "tan" him, he was not going to see others do it. He flung off his jacket and his cap, threw them to Dynevor, and with his sturdy young fists doubled, sprang upon the assailants.

What would have been the upshot, it is impossible to say, had not the master of the opposition boys come up; a worthy gentleman and martinet, whom the whole lot dreaded more than anything alive. The very moment his portly figure was caught sight of off flew the crew in ignominious alarm, the college boys raising a derisive shout after them, and then decamping to their own homes.

(To be continued.)

## A Terror.

Fond Mother—I wonder sometimes what Bertrand's occupation in life will be when he grows up.

Impartial Visitor—Well, I don't know, of course, but from what I have observed of him since I have been here, if he gets his deserts, he will lead the line in the lock-step parade twice a day to and from the shops.—Somersetfield Journal.

## It Depressed Him.

"Do you believe that animals can reason?"

"I'm not sure. A friend of mine has a dog that howled all night not long ago."

"What heard him?"

"He had heard his master reading a sensational account of the way they made sausages in Chicago."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Low-Down Trick.

Wife (at breakfast)—I wish you would give me some money, as I want to go shopping this afternoon.

Husband—All right. Which would you rather have, an old \$5 bill or a new one?

Wife—A new one, of course.

Husband—Well, here's the one—and I'm \$4 to the good.

## An Insultation.

Chapleigh—When I—aw—mawry I shall—aw—select a woman who is my—aw—opposite, doncher know.

Miss Caustique—But what good would that do? It isn't at all likely that any sensible woman would marry you.

## The First Thing.

"What is the first thing to learn about running a motorcar?" asked the curious friend.

"Economy in everything else," answered the man who is always getting into trouble.—Washington Star.

## In the Cannery.

The New Employee—If you please, sir, I-I've got these can labels mixed up.

The Foreman—That's all right. Stick 'em on just as they happen to come.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



## Raising Seed Corn.

The best way of raising corn for seed, as followed in the West, says C. W. Morrill in Tri-State Farmer, is to prepare a seed bed or testing ground of from one to two acres far removed from other fields. To begin with, no ear should be used which is imperfect from which to select grains for the seed crop, selecting such type of corn that you wish to grow, the work of selection should be followed year after year, selecting the best ears that show an improvement over previous years. Any plant that is deficient in any requirement should not be allowed to develop a tassel, and especially a barren stalk.

As to corn feeding, the seed plots should not suffer for want of plant food. From field experiments with fertilizers on corn in the West last year, on soils of average fertility, a higher per cent of potash than ordinary fertilizer contains gave remarkable results and would undoubtedly give similar results on the average lands of Georgia. In Georgia last year were used more fertilizers with corn than was ever used in years before, and with proper fertilizers and more attention to the selection of seed, and intensive culture, there is no doubt or reason why the average yield of well-bred corn should not be increased in the South, and especially Georgia.

## Storing Winter Apples.

Many growers must be reminded of the importance of getting fruit to storage as promptly as possible after picking. The United States Department of Agriculture has demonstrated that fruit deteriorates more in a few days between the time of leaving the trees and the time it reaches storage than it does in as many months of storage at a low temperature.

It was formerly thought necessary to put apples in piles in the orchard, to "sweat," but this has been shown to have been a mistake. Don't do this; but, on the contrary, send your apples to storage at once, in refrigerator cars, if the weather is warm and the distance is great. Many of the best apple handlers want their fruit in storage before night of the day it is picked, if at all possible, and there is no doubt that they are right in regard to this.—Western Fruit Grower.

## Influence of Dehorning.

Fourteen cows were subjected to the tuberculin test by the Wisconsin Station and then dehorned. The milk of these cows, as regards yield and composition, was compared with the milk of cows dehorned but not tuberculin tested, of cows tuberculin tested but not dehorned, and of cows neither dehorned nor tuberculin tested. The result showed on an average a decrease of about 8 per cent in the yield of milk for the first few days after dehorning, but a loss of only about 2 per cent in the yield of butter fat. Dehorning, therefore, increased the fat content of the milk .027 per cent. These results are noted as being in accord with the results of investigations at other experiment stations which are cited. The tuberculin test was apparently without effect upon milk secretion.

## Convenient and Cheap.

This feed trough, recently illustrated in Reliable Poultry Journal, is substantial, cheap and easy to construct. The length is forty inches and it is sufficient for twenty hens.

## Keeping Apples.

Burying them in the ground proves successful when other methods fail, provided every apple is sound and free from bluish when harvested. The reason is that temperature in the ground or mound in which the apples are kept varies but little, and they are always cool. The same results will be obtained if a cold and even temperature can be secured in a cellar.

## Wintering Sheep.

It is true of all poor stock that it is never profitable, and it is especially true of sheep. Weed out closely. The most important point in successful winter management of the flock is to begin with strong and healthy animals. Sheep need not be cared for in a different manner from most other farm stock, but there is more wisdom than luck in keeping them in good condition through the winter.

## Record Price for Land.

The following from Orange Judd Farmer shows what profits some men undertake to make farming:

Ten acres of farm land in Christian County, Illinois, sold for \$5,000 a few days ago, or \$500 an acre. True, the land lies just outside the city limits of the county seat, but it is not to be cut into city lots. It will be used for raising fruit and vegetables. In other words, the purchaser, W. O. Simpson, expects to make the interest on his \$500 land, and considerable profit besides.

This shows what careful, intelligent farming and gardening will do. If Mr. Simpson can make money on his high-priced land, need his neighbors on farms equally productive feel discouraged? We in this country must practice intensive agriculture. There is abundant evidence that this will pay.

## Sheep-Shearing Machine.

Sheep-shearing machines are a great improvement over hand work both in cleanliness of clipping and in the time required for each animal. It requires some skill to keep clippers sharp. Upon this much of the success and ease with which these machines are handled depends. It is necessary to know how to handle a sheep while clipping it.

A man who has had considerable experience in shearing sheep by hand will understand this part of the work and can usually handle a machine clipper with great ease. One man and a boy with a machine can handle about twice as many sheep in a day as is customary when they are hand-sheared. Every purchaser of a sheep-shearing machine should get a good sharpener with it.

## Handy Root Washer.

A handy root washer can be had by making a slatted cylinder with hinged top and hanging in trough. Cylinder

can be made any size, but one that holds one and one-half bushels is better than one made larger. Fill with parsnips or other roots, hook down cover and turn slowly a minute or two. Lift from the water and empty.

GOOD ROOT WASHER.

Mr. Farley, the author of "Point in the Early Sixties," tells us that he received his first lesson in discipline. He had been the butt of various jokes during the early part of his attendance, and was perhaps the only guard in matters of etiquette and routine.

Just after "call to quarters" evening the sentinel tapped on the door and called out, "All right!"

"The reply not being satisfactory, he opened the door and inquired if any one had answered 'All right'."

"I did, sir."

"Who is room orderly?"

"He is, sir."

"Why did he not answer?"

"Because I did, sir."

"Why did you answer?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Why do you not know?"

"I forgot, sir."

"Well, young man, don't ever again."

"Now," said the sentinel, "I believe it is all right in this room?"

"All right, sir," responded the orderly.

"What is all right?"

"Everything is all right, sir."

"Is everything all right?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is that basin all right?"

"No, sir."

"Is that pillow all right?"

"No, sir."

"Do you know, young man," the sentinel said, "that the rules and regulations of war require that you should be by court martial and dismissed the vice for trifling with a sentinel in this manner? In time of war sentence would be death."

## TRUMPET CALLS.



Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning to the Unredeemed.

It is often to give light on his than to lead in it.

The presence of a glorious light is often under a gloomy cloud. Some folks see Divine erse Divine

He loses his intellectual power does not put them out at interest

Things are seen by the eyes on ter they are appreciated by the

Many a preacher loses his pointing men the way he has gone.

So long as you despise your You shut your heart to the ap Christ.

The secret of mastering the not in ignoring it, but in giving worthy task.

No architect ever yet designed a ment heavy enough to hold da man's guilty past.

The object of your worship is ways that to which you bend, bo on which you brood.

The mill is sure to be swept when the church tries to grind its with the devil's power.

Unnecessary friction with on lows takes from life's force, be necessary friction adds to it.

One trouble about the foolish of walking alone is that when bonster falls he does not fall al

In times of temptation let the of the Sun of Righteousness shine you can see the difference between and tinsel.

Many a man will find when the of heaven searches out the sour his revenue, it will make his rich new look rather ragged.

## HIS FIRST LESSON.

Mr. Farley, the author of "Point in the Early Sixties," tells us that he received his first lesson in discipline. He had been the butt of various jokes during the early part of his attendance, and was perhaps the only guard in matters of etiquette and routine.

Just after "call to quarters" evening the sentinel tapped on the door and called out, "All right!"

"The reply not being satisfactory, he opened the door and inquired if any one had answered 'All right'."

"I did, sir."

"Who is room orderly?"

"He is, sir."

"Why did he not answer?"

"Because I did, sir."

"Why did you answer?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Why do you not know?"

"I forgot, sir."

"Well, young man, don't ever again."

"Now," said the sentinel, "I believe it is all right in this room?"

"All right, sir," responded the orderly.

"What is all right?"

"Everything is all right, sir."