

The Minister's Wife

By MRS. HENRY WOOD

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

Dynevor, who was hand-in-glove with some of the senior boys, returned Cyrus' jacket and cap to him and went away with his friends; and the two Baumgartens were left alone. Charles was crying and shaking, Charles' nose was bleeding and down sat Cyrus in a corner of the now deserted cloisters, and held the child to him, as tenderly as any mother could have done.

"Don't cry, Charley, dear," quoth he, kissing him fondly. "I know that biggest fellow that set upon you, and I'll pay him off as sure as he's a snob. I'd have paid them off now if they had waited, the cowards, and I don't care if they had killed me for it. Where did they hit you, Charley?"

"They hit me everywhere, Cyrus," sobbed the child, who, though barely two years younger than his brother, was as a baby compared with him in hardihood and in knowledge of the world. "Oh, how my nose bleeds!"

Cyrus with his own white handkerchief kept wiping the suffering nose, kissing Charley between whiles.

"Charley, dear," he began, between the latter's sobs, "if I hit you sometimes it isn't that I want to hurt you, for I love you very much, better than anything in the world. You mustn't mind my hitting you; I'm used to hit; and it'll teach you to be a man."

"Yes," breathed Charley, clinging closer to Cyrus, whom, in spite of the latter's imperiousness, he dearly loved. "I know you don't do it to hurt me."

"No, that I don't. I'll fight for you, Charley; I'll never let a hair of your head be touched when we go together to Eton or Rugby, whichever it's to be."

"I hope I shall get brave like you, Cy. I think I shall, when I am as big as you; nurse says you were not much better than me when you were as little."

"Oh, I'm blessed, though!" returned Cyrus, not pleased with the remark. "Who says it?"

"Jaquet."

"Jaquet had better say that to me. She's a nice one! I never was a molly, Charley; I never had the chance to be; she knows that, and she must have said it just to humor you. Why, now, only see what a girl they make of you; they keep you in these dandy velvet dresses with a white frill, and the don't let you stir out beyond the door, unless there's a woman at your tail to see you don't fall, or don't get lost, or some such nonsense!"

A little while longer they sat there, Cyrus soothing the still sobbing child, stroking his hair, wiping his eyes, whispering endearing names, and then they got up, and he led him affectionately into the deanery, through the covered passage.

CHAPTER XII.

A couple of pretty objects the boys looked when they entered the well-lighted residence. Cyrus smuggled Charles into the nursery.

"Oh, my patience!" uttered the nurse, who was sitting there with her charge, a lovely little lady between five and six years old, Gertrude Baumgarten. "You wicked boys! what have you been up to? This is your work, I know, Master Cyrus!"

"Is it? Who gave you leave to know?" retorted Cyrus. He was no more friendly to Jaquet than he used to be, or she to him.

Gertrude backed in fear against the wall, her eyes, haughty and blue as were her mother's, wide open with astonishment. She did not like the appearance of things, and began to cry.

"Now, don't be such a stupid, Gerty," exclaimed Cyrus; "there's nothing to cry for. Charley's nose bled, and it got on to our clothes."

"Yes, it's me that's hurt, Jaquet," put in Charley, remembering his grievances and giving way again. "It isn't Cyrus."

"Of course it's not," indignantly returned Jaquet, "what harm does he ever come to? You have been striking him, that's what you have been doing, Master Cyrus. You've been thumping him on the nose to make it bleed."

"It's nothing to you if I have," returned Cyrus, in choler. "You just say it again, though, and I'll strike you." He disdained to say it was not so, or to defend himself; he was by far too indifferent a temperament.

"Oh, nurse—look! look!" screamed out the little girl.

It was supplemented by a sharp scream from Charley; his nose had begun to bleed again; and at that moment there was another interruption. The room door opened, and the dean and his wife entered. The nurse, whose temper was not a remarkably calm one and who disliked the daring Cyrus, was busy getting hot water and a basin.

"Look at him, my lady, look at him," cried she; "and it's Master Cyrus' doings!"

"What does all this mean?" demanded the dean, his eyes wandering from one boy to the other, from their faces to their clothes, his ears taking in the sobbing and the crying. "What is it, I ask?" he sternly continued, for no one had replied.

"How dared you hit him?" exclaimed Lady Grace, turning to Cyrus.

The boy looked at her, but did not answer. She took it for bravado. Her passion rose. "You are growing a perfect little savage!" And raising her delicately gloved hand in the heat of the moment, she struck Master Cyrus some stinging blows upon his cheeks. Dr. Baumgarten, deeming possibly that to stand witness of the scene did not contribute to the dignity of the Dean of Den-

ham, just escaped from service in his cathedral, turned away, calling upon Cyrus to follow him.

It was not Cyrus, however, who followed the dean; it was Lady Grace. He had gone to his own study, had laid down his cape, and was taking off his sacred vestments himself, dispensing with the customary aid of his servant. His wife closed the door.

"Ryle, how is this to end?" she asked. "What do you mean, Grace?"

"I mean about Cyrus; but you know very well without my telling you. The boy has been indulged until he is getting the mastery of us all. He positively struck Gertrude the other day."

"As Jaquet chose to interpret it," said the dean. "I inquired into that. Cyrus gave the child a tap on the arm. Of course, he ought not to have done even that, and I punished him for it."

"You cannot see his failings, Ryle; you supply him with an unlimited command of money—"

"Unlimited!" again interrupted the dean. "You speak without thought, Grace."

"I think too much," she replied. "I have abstained hitherto from serious remonstrance, for if ever I have interfered by a word, you have attributed it, I feel sure, to a jealous feeling, because he is not my own child. But I now tell you that something must be done; if that boy is to stop in the house and rule it, I won't. I will not allow him to ill-treat Charles. I will not, I say."

"Hush, Grace; you are excited. Remember the day."

"I do not forget it. Your son did, probably, when he struck Charles."

"I cannot think he struck him—in that fierce manner."

"Why, you saw the proofs," she retorted. "Don't you mean to inquire into it—and punish him?"

"I certainly do—if you will only allow me time, Grace. Much has not been lost yet."

Lady Grace left the room, and the dean rang the bell, dispatching the servant who answered it for Master Baumgarten. Cyrus had not yet gone the length of disobeying his father's mandates, and attended as soon as he had been, what the nurse called, "put to rights," meaning his unsightly shirt changed for a clean one. Charley, his nose shiny and swelled, but himself otherwise in order, stole in after him.

"Now, Cyrus," began the dean, "we must have an explanation, and if you deserve punishment you shall not escape it. I did not think my boy was a coward, still less that he would ill treat his younger brother."

The color flashed into the cheeks of Cyrus, and a light into his eyes. But he would not speak.

"Come hither, Charles. Do you see his face, sir?" added the dean, taking the child's hand. "Are you not ashamed to look at it, and to reflect that you have caused him all this grief and pain?"

"Papa," interrupted Charles, "it was not Cyrus who hurt me. It was the snobs."

"It was—the what?" slowly uttered the dean, his dignity taken a little aback.

"Those charity boys. Frank Dynevor calls them snobs, so does Cyrus. I was with the college boys in the cloisters, and they set upon us; there were five or six upon me all at once, papa; they hit me on the nose, and I dare say they would have killed me, only Cyrus came running up and fought with them, because I was not strong enough, and got me away. And then he sat down in the cloisters and nursed me as long as I was frightened, and that's how the blood got upon his clothes."

The dean looked from one to the other. "Was it not Cyrus who hurt you then? I scarcely understand."

"Cyrus loves me too much to hurt me," cried Charley, lifting his beautiful, deeply set brown eyes, just like Cyrus', just like the dean's, to his father's face. "He was kissing me all the time in the cloisters; he was so sorry I was hurt; and he says he loves me better than anybody else in the world, and he'll pay off that biggest snob the first time he sees him. Don't you, Cyrus?"

The boy turned caressingly to Cyrus. Cyrus looking red and foolish, not caring to have his private affections betrayed for the public benefit, and he shook off Charley. Dr. Baumgarten drew Cyrus to him, and fondly pushed his hair from his forehead.

"Tell me about it, my boy."

"Oh, you know that big parish school, papa; well, they are always setting on the college boys, and they came up to the cloister this evening, and Charley, being with the boys, got in for his share of pummeling, and I beat the fellows off him. That's all."

The dean left the boys together, and went in search of his wife. He found her in her chamber.

"Grace," said he, going up to her, "there has been a misapprehension, and I have come to set you right. Charley got into an affray with some strange boys in the cloisters, and Cyrus defended him against them—going into them no doubt like a young lion, for he possesses uncommon spirit; too much of it. We have been casting blame on Cyrus unnecessarily."

Lady Grace lifted her eyes to her husband. She knew him to be an honorable man, and that he would not assert a thing except in perfect good faith.

"Do you mean that Cyrus did not beat Charles? Why did he not say so, then?"

"His spirit in fault again, I suppose; too proud to defend himself against an unjust imputation," replied the dean. "You

should have heard Charles, Grace, telling how Cyrus sat down and nursed him afterward in the cloisters, kissing him and wiping the blood from his face, and whispering to him how he loved him better than anything else in the world. Grace, those two will be affectionate, loving brothers if we do not mar it."

Lady Grace felt that she had been unjust in striking Cyrus, as well as guilty of an unlady-like action, and perhaps she felt more contrition at the moment than the case really warranted.

"How mar it?" she faltered.

The dean put his arm around his wife's waist before replying. "Grace, you best know what is in your heart; whether or not there is a dislike toward Cyrus ranking there, I think there is, and that it makes you unjust to him. If you are not very cautious it may sow dissension between the children."

Grace Baumgarten burst into tears, and laid her face caressingly upon her husband's breast; she loved him almost as passionately as she had ever done. "Ryle," she whispered, "if there be any such feeling, it is born of my love for you."

No more was said, for the steps of the boys were heard on the stairs, and she opened the door.

"Come in, Cyrus; I want you," she said, drawing him gently to her. "Your papa has been telling me that it was not you who hit Charles and made his nose bleed."

"Of course it was not me—as if I would!" said Cyrus.

"But why did you not tell me so? It caused me to punish you, for I thought you deserved it. I am sorry to have done so, Cyrus, but the fault was yours. You should have told me the truth."

"Sometimes when you are angry with me, mamma, and I tell you the truth, you don't believe me. You believe Jaquet instead of me. I don't get fair play in this house with anybody, except papa. Jaquet hates me, mamma; you know she always did hate me."

"I hope not, Cyrus. And I do not think she would dare to say to me what was not true."

"Oh, wouldn't she!" cried the bold boy. "She does it to get me into a row with you and make you punish me. Didn't she tell you it was me that made Charley's nose bleed just now, and didn't you believe her and hit me for it? It wasn't me, and nobody had told her it was me; but she took and said it."

To Jaquet's infinite astonishment, she had her warning the next day. After a few moments given to getting over her discomfiture, she told her lady that at the end of the month she had been intending to give warning on her own side, for she was going to alter her condition.

Which meant that she was about to get married. But when the name of the intended bridegroom was disclosed it provoked some laughter from the dean's household, especially from his eldest son.

For the name was—

"Bonnie."

CHAPTER XIII.

In the handsome drawing room of their town residence in Berkeley Square sat the dean of Denham and Lady Grace Baumgarten. It was a fine evening in April; the dinner hour was approaching, and they were awaiting a guest, an old friend whom the dean had met in the street unexpectedly that day, and invited.

Years have elapsed, and the dean, approaching fifty now, is more portly than he was wont to be; but Lady Grace carries her age well, and looks not a day older than the period a woman never confesses to have passed—five-and-thirty. But in the dean's face there is a look of anxious care.

Gifted with an aristocratic wife, and she with aristocratic tastes and habits, the dean had fallen long and long ago into a more expensive rate of living than his means permitted. Embarrassment followed, trifling enough at first, and easily put off—not done away with, but deferred. But the plan does not answer; it is something like the nails in the horseshoe, which doubled as they went on, and Dr. Baumgarten had now attained to a height of perplexity in his pecuniary affairs not frequently reached by a dignitary of the church.

Half the labor of his later life had been to hide it from Lady Grace. She could not avoid knowing that they were in debt, but she had no conception to what extent, and debt is rather a fashionable complaint. She also found that the dean invariably ran short of ready money; but that is not uncommon either. In one sense of the word, the debts which had gathered about them might be put down to the score of Lady Grace. At the death of her mother, Lady Avon, she had come into all the property that would be hers—two thousand a year. With that and the dean's income they might have lived sufficiently well. But Lady Grace had little idea of the value of money. Living in Berkeley Square was her doing, and was quite wrong and ridiculous with their narrowed means.

To years before the present chapter opens Lady Grace had come to London on a visit to her brother. Lord Avon had never married, and spent much of his time abroad, keeping his house—a small one—in Piccadilly done up in brown holland and lavender. However, he took possession of it for a season, invited his sister to stay with him, and the dean, if he could come. A season in town was perfectly delightful to Lady Grace.

"I shall not be able to do without it, now that I have tasted its sweets again," she said to her brother one day. "I think I must look out for some furnished house to be had cheaply, Henry, and take it."

"All right," said his lordship, who had given in to Grace from the time she was a baby.

(To be continued.)

During the last eight months the State of Texas has sold 3,500,000 acres of land at from \$2 to \$5 an acre.

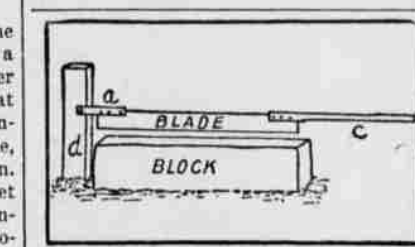


Utilizing Corn Fodder.

It is desirable to utilize all the food value there is in the corn fodder, though the usual way of feeding it to the stock is a very wasteful method. Where the daily supply of fodder is thrown in the barnyard at feeding time, what the cattle do not eat is trampled down and destroyed, so far as the feeding value is concerned. The leaves and the tops are all stock will eat. From one-third to one-half the length of the fodder is readily eaten in racks without cutting. When the stalks are heavy, coarse and hard, the upper half may be cut for feed with a sharp broadax and heavy block if but few cattle are fed. For a larger herd we have adopted a large shearing knife, homemade, which soon shears enough for a day's feeding.

The cutting knife or shears is best made from an old blade of a crosscut saw. After the handles have been removed, get a stout piece of iron (a) about eight inches long and one and one-quarter inches thick. Have about five inches of this slit up to receive the back of the saw.

Punch holes through both and rivet together. Near the end of this iron have a hole drilled or turn an eye on it to receive a strong bolt. Rivet a strong handle on the other end, as shown at c, long enough to give a good leverage, say two and one-half to three feet. Grind the blade down to a good, sharp cutting edge, attach the cutter at d to a strong post or upright so it will have plenty of swing. Put a heavy



HOMEMADE CORNSTALK CUTTER.

block underneath, and it is ready to cut or shear the bundles as they are fed by a boy or man.—Farm and Home.

Silos Scarce in Oklahoma.

Most of my 200 acres under cultivation is farmed by renters. Cotton is my main crop. In addition to this, I grow oats and Kaffir corn, says an Oklahoma farmer. This year I have on my farm seventy acres of cotton, twenty-five acres of oats, sixty acres of Kaffir corn, five acres of cowpeas and thirty acres of weeds caused by continual overfallowing during the planting season. I do not practice any systematic rotation of crops. I have no silo, and do not believe there is one in the county. Most of the grain raised is fed, but some is sold. From my forty head of grade Hereford stock cattle I realize some profit.

Feeding Animals.

The common mode of feeding animals is to give them grain in a separate trough from hay or fodder, and at different times. Such method is preferred because it saves labor, but the best results are obtained by mixing the ground grain with coarse food that has been passed through the feed cutter. Less food will then be required to obtain results, because the mixed food will be better digested and assimilated than when the substances are given separately.

Testing Cream.

Much dissatisfaction is often experienced by cream producers because of differences reported in the test of their cream, and though they have made no change in the cream screw. Bulletin No. 237 treats of a number of causes of these differences. The bulletin may be obtained by addressing the experiment station, Manhattan, Kan.

Proper Way to Dress Capons.

In dressing capons they should always be dry-picked and the feathers left on the neck, wings, legs and rump, and the tail and wing feathers should be left in. Do not dress out any capons that weigh less than seven pounds each. Keep the small ones until they grow a little heavier.

Value of Line Breeding.

To the man who knows what he wants in colts, the study of pedigree is a very important matter. The power to perpetuate characteristics in horses is established by being kept up for a long time. A sire is usually prepotent in proportion as he is line-bred or otherwise. Line-bred means bred within the limits of one family for at least several generations. The closer the relationship at the outset of the line breeding, and the longer the duration of such breeding, the more prepotent the sire is likely to be.

Barley as a Feed for Hogs.

The advisability of feeding barley to pigs, and the methods to pursue in so doing, is well worthy of agitation. That pigs are desirable on the farm is an established fact. Food must be provided for them, and so far the one most generally used has been corn, either alone or with shorts and milk. But in much of the northwest corn cannot be matured, or is a crop too uncertain and expensive to be practicable. In such regions, barley is a reliable crop; and if it can be utilized generally for pigs a great advantage to the industry will have been secured.

How to Pack Eggs.

A chocolate, or broken candy pail, that can be had for 10 cents at any grocery store, makes an excellent egg carrier when treated in the following manner: Take a sheet of the corru-



SAFETY EGG CARRIER.

gated brown paper board used as wrapping for breakable articles and line the sides and bottom of the pail, as shown in the cut. Then cut circles from other pieces of the same material to use between each layer of eggs, smaller circles for the bottom, increasing in size as the top is approached. Eggs can be gathered from the nests in such a pail and carried to market with reasonable assurance that few, if any, breakages will occur. The corrugated paper can be obtained in large sheets from grocers, to whom it has come packed about breakable goods.

Bran and Oil Meal for Horses.

An Illinois stockman who has had much experience in feeding horses and cattle says: "I consider oats and corn, with bran and oil meal, the best farm feeds for horses and whole and ground corn, with bran and oil meal, the best for beef cattle. I use silage and mixed feed twice a day, and do not shred corn fodder. I grow Reids' yellow Dent corn, which averages about forty bushels per acre. I cut thirty-five acres each year and use the corn harvester. I have twenty-five Shire horses and 100 Hereford cattle."

Many Kinds of Bees.

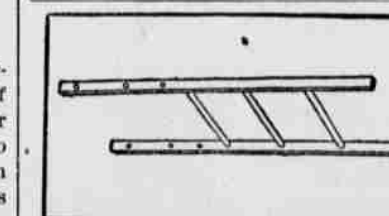
There are about 5,000 species of the wild bees, all with interesting ways of their own. Among them is a species whose females are veritable Amazons and carry more and better weapons than which deposit their eggs in the nest of others, the progeny of both living peaceably together until maturity, when they separate. Then there is the tailoring bee, which cuts leaves with his scissor-like jaws and fits a snug lining of the leaf material into his cave-shaped nest.

Curing Wire Cuts.

Here is some useful information from a Dakota man. He says: "There are a great many remedies used but I have found the following to be one of the best: Common machine oil and alum. Take alum and burn on stove till white and dry; pulverize fine. Saturate wound with oil, then cover the wound with alum, dusted on with a dust spray. This may be applied once or twice daily."

Simple Extension Ladder.

I made a ladder extension by sawing off seven feet from an old ladder and removing three of the rungs, as



HANDY EXTENSION LADDER.

shown in the cut. Then place it on the outside of the ladder to be lengthened, bore two holes through each side piece, put a bolt in each hole, and the ladder is four feet longer. After using it can be changed to original size much quicker than if tied with ropes, and it's safer. The top ends of the ladder should be cut out to receive the lower rung of the extension.—John Upton, in Farm Progress.

Use the Feed Cutter.

All animals on the farm prefer foods that may not be relished by some others. The farmer should take advantage of this fact and utilize all the materials that might be wasted if there were some animals that would accept them. A judicious use of the feed cutter, mixing a little bran or meal with the food, and tempting the animal with a variety, will render serviceable even such foods as wheat straw and corn fodder. There are several modes of serving corn fodder that will make it acceptable to dainty animals.