

The Minister's Wife

By MRS. HENRY WOOD

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

Lady Grace found a charming house in Berkeley Square. "Just the thing," she observed to her brother and to the dean, who was in town for a week. "It is only a little house, and may be had on almost one's own terms; may be rented yearly, furnished; or we may purchase the lease and the furniture as it stands. Of course, the latter is out of the question, but we might hire it. It belonged to an old lady who is now dead."

"We cannot possibly afford it," whispered the dean aside to Lord Avon. "Pray don't encourage Grace to think of it."

"What's that you are saying, Ryle?" cried his wife. "Not afford it! Oh, but we must; we will afford it. I'll economize in other matters."

Lord Avon generously came to the rescue. He purchased the lease, which had twelve years to run, he bought the furniture, and made a present of it to his sister.

So there was no rent to pay in Berkeley Square, and this was the second year they had been in it. But the money went all too quickly in other ways. What with the household they kept up, the entertainments Lady Grace liked to give, and the expenses of the children, Dr. Baumgarten's income ought to have been doubled.

Gertrude had her governess—a French lady, who spoke and taught the three languages equally well: French, English, German. Gertrude's masters were also expensive. Charles was at Oxford; and though not especially extravagant, he did not live as a hermit. It all takes money.

Cyrus had given trouble. It had always been the dean's intention that Cyrus should follow his own calling, the church. Cyrus knew this, but had not objected, although never intending to fall in with it. Make a parson of him! Dress him up in a black coat and a white choker! the youngster was wont to say behind the dean's back. No! He'd rather go in for the clownship at Astley's; rather be a jockey at Newmarket; rather hew timber in the backwoods of America; rather perch himself on a three-legged stool at a dark desk in a city office—yes, even that.

This treason was reported to the dean, and he ordered Cyrus before him, and administered a stern rebuke. But he could make no impression upon him. Cyrus argued the matter out; he was not insolent, but he was persistent.

"It won't be of any use my going to Oxford, papa," the handsome young fellow urged. "To send me there would be waste of time and money. I have quite as much learning as I shall ever want. Make Charley into a parson instead of me."

"You know, Cyrus, that Charles has set his heart upon the bar."

"And a very good calling, too," rejoined Cyrus, equably. "You are in the church yourself, papa—one of its shining lights, you know; but that's no reason why you should force a son into it."

"What is to become of you, Cyrus? Would you wish to remain a burden upon me? Do you expect me to keep you forever?"

"Not a bit of it, father," said Cyrus, heartily. "I'd rather make money myself and keep you. I can go out to the gold diggings and dig it up—something or other of that sort."

"I will talk with you again, Cyrus," said the dean; "but I do fear you are going to be another source of trouble and expense to me."

The opportunity for further talk did not come. Cyrus disappeared from home; and the next heard of him was that he was on board ship, sailing for New Zealand. His letter to the dean, dispatched by the pilot who had conveyed the ship down the Channel, was characteristic of him.

"My Dear Father—Here I am, on board the good ship Rising Star. I know you think me careless and indifferent, and all the rest of it, but you may believe me when I say that I would not willingly bring trouble on you for all the world. I know I shall get on in Australia. They'll give me a place at once in Brice's shipping house. I'm sure of that, if I choose to take it—I've spoken to Brice here, and he says so; but I may, perhaps, find my way to Melbourne instead, and try my luck at the gold fields. I don't mean to be any more expensive at all to you; I hope I shan't be, and I've shipped as a common sailor, before the mast to work my way out, rather than ask you for the passage money. I'll write again when we reach Wellington; or, if I don't like the looks of things there, I'll come back in the ship. And with best love to you dear papa, and to mamma, and Charley and Gertrude, I am your affectionate son, "CYRUS."

Cyrus did not come back in the ship. The dean transmitted him some money to Wellington, and Cyrus sent it back again. He sent with it a loving letter of thanks, telling his father that he was getting enough to keep him, and did not want money. After that they heard from him at intervals, from Australia or from New Zealand as the case might be. According to his own account, he was always flourishing, and he once sent a lovely gold bracelet to Gertrude, and a 20-pound note to Charley.

Three years had elapsed since his first departure, and now Cyrus was back again. Not to remain, he told them; only to see them and the old country once more. Charles was keeping his terms at Oxford, and the dean and his wife were living in Berkeley Square. Cyrus seemed to have brought over plenty of money. He

had settled down as clerk in a shipping house at Wellington—Brice & Jansen—and had got six months' leave from it. He was 21 now, and but little changed—gay, rattling, reckless in speech as of old; but exceedingly handsome, exceedingly like what the dean had been before him. Only in one point he did not resemble his father, and that was in stature; the dean was tall and stately; Cyrus was little above middle height, and very slight.

"And what have you been doing with yourself to-day, Cyrus?" inquired the dean of his son, who was singing to himself in an undertone, as he stood at the window looking out on the square. "I wanted you this morning, but you were not to be found."

"I went to Norwood to see Aunt Charlotte," replied Cyrus. "She took me into the Crystal Palace; we lunched there. She fired off no end of questions at me about the Brices of Wellington."

And while he was speaking, Brice, the surgeon, came in; for he was the guest expected. After greeting Lady Grace and the dean, he turned to Cyrus, holding him before him by the lapels of his coat, gazing intently into his face. He had not seen Cyrus for three years.

"What a likeness! what a likeness! It is yourself over again," he said to the dean. "Just what your face was at his age."

Dr. Baumgarten laughed. "You did not know me when I was his age, Brice. Nor for five or six years after it."

"It is a wonderful likeness, is it not, Lady Grace?" went on the surgeon.

"I have always said so," she answered. Gertrude entered; a beautiful girl, with the fair delicate skin and the proud blue eyes of her mother. She was a pleasant girl, not self-willed as Grace used to be, but sweet and gentle.

"How is Lord Avon?" asked the surgeon.

"Quite well," said Grace; "and in London. He was on the Continent all last year; but this year he is at home."

They sat, after dinner, in the drawing room talking together until nine o'clock, when Mr. Brice had to leave them. He was engaged to a gathering at a noted physician's house, near Hanover Square; a dozen or so of learned men, chiefly medical men, were about to meet to discuss a discovery of the day.

Dr. Baumgarten went out a little before 1 o'clock, on his way to Sir William Chant's. He thought it a good time to catch him; he would probably have about got rid of his morning patients. An idea struck him that he would rather tell his tale of doubtful sickness to Sir William, a stranger, than to a medical man who knew him better. Such a fancy penetrates to many of us.

Sir William would be disengaged in a few minutes, the servant said; he was then with his last patient. Dr. Baumgarten handed the man his card—"The Dean of Denham"—but desired that it should not be given in until his master was alone.

"I was very glad to see you, Mr. Dean; very pleased that you should have called upon me," was Sir William's warm greeting when his stately visitor was ushered in.

"What shall I say if I tell you that I have come as a patient?" returned the dean.

"I hope not." "Yes, it is so. That is—I have—have—I have experienced a little annoyance once or twice, which perhaps it may be as well to speak of," rapidly continued the dean, getting over his momentary hesitation. "It amounts to nothing, I dare say."

"You do not look as if much were amiss with you, sir," smiled Sir William. "Will you take this chair?"

"There is not much to describe," said the dean. "A sudden stoppage of the heart, accompanied by a strange inward fluttering, which I feel to my fingers' ends; and then a faintness, almost, but not quite, amounting to a fainting fit."

Sir William Chant put another question or two as to symptoms, and then passed on to another phase.

"How frequently do you have these attacks?"

"Very seldom indeed. I've only had about a dozen in all. The first time was after boating, when I was an undergraduate at Oxford; the last time was yesterday evening; and that covers a good many years, you perceive."

"Yesterday evening!" repeated the doctor, struck with the remark.

"In going home we got into a crowd collected at a fire. I ran, and otherwise exerted myself, and the attack came on."

"And sometimes, I expect, it has come on from mental emotion?"

"Yes, more frequently so. What do you make of it, Sir William?"

Sir William Chant smiled, rose and took some instruments from a drawer in his table. "You must let me test your organs a little before I can give you an answer."

The examination, a slight one, was soon over, and the gentlemen sat, each in his chair, facing one another as before.

"Well?" said the dean, for Sir William did not speak. "Am I in danger?"

"My dear Mr. Dean, in one sense of the word you are in danger; all people must be in danger whose heart is in the condition of yours; but the extent of the peril depends very much upon yourself."

"You mean that with tranquillity it may be reduced to a minimum?"

"I do. With perfect tranquillity maintained of mind and body your heart may serve you for years and years to come."

The dean walked slowly along the street on his return to Berkeley Square, deep in thought, unable to put away an impression which had taken hold of him—that for him the dread flat had gone forth. It seemed as sure as though he heard the death bell tolling for him in his coffin.

CHAPTER XIV.

Once more in the drawing room at Berkeley Square sat the dean and Lady Grace. They had entered the room at almost the same moment, dressed to receive guests. The dean gave a dinner party that evening.

Four or five weeks have elapsed since the dean's interview with Sir William Chant, and the sweet month of June is close at hand.

It was to be a formal dinner party this evening; one given yearly by Dr. Baumgarten to a few nearly superannuated lights of the church, who came in their chariots, with their old wives beside them. It was not at all one delighted in by Lady Grace, who called the worthy people "ancient fogies." Neither Charles nor Gertrude, if at home, would have been admitted to it. Cyrus would have been still more out of his element than they. Cyrus, who would soon be on the wing again for a distant land, was paying a farewell visit to Charles at Oxford; Gertrude was spending the day with their friends in Eaton Place—the Dynevors.

The dean stood with his elbow leaning on the mantelpiece, the hand supporting his head. A strange weight of care sat upon his brow; so great, so strange, that it did not escape the notice of his wife.

"Is anything the matter, Ryle? You do not look well."

"Well? Oh, yes; I am quite well. The day has been very hot, and heat always makes me feel languid, you know."

A servant was crossing the saloon with a coffee cup; he halted for a moment near his master, and spoke in a tone imperceptible to other ears. It was Moore, who had lived so long in the family.

"Mr. Fuller is come again, sir; and another gentleman with him. I have shown them into the library."

Drawing toward the door, unconsciously as it were, with a word to one, a smile for another, the dean presently passed out of it, unnoticed, for they were engaged with their coffee. In the library were two gentlemen, and further off, sitting on the edge of a handsome chair, was a shabby-looking man. The man had been there for several hours, and had had substantial refreshments served to him more than once.

Mr. Fuller was the dean's lawyer. The gentleman he had now brought with him was the dean's banker, and the man was the sheriff's officer.

The dean of Denham had been personally arrested! Such calamities have occurred to divines even higher in the church than he. As he came up to his door that afternoon, and put his foot upon his doormat to enter it, he was touched upon the shoulder by the man sitting now in that uneasy chair, who had said:

"The Reverend Ryle Baumgarten, dean of Denham, I believe. Sir, you are my prisoner."

Staggered, shocked, almost bewildered, the dean induced the man to enter his house, and wait while he sent for his lawyer. The lawyer came. Arrangement appeared hopeless, for the dean was worse than out of funds, and of revenues to fall back upon he had none. There was a consultation. The dean said receive the bishops that night, as had been decided he must; an awful sickness fell upon him at the prospect of going to prison. Mr. Fuller threw out a word of suggestion touching Lord Avon. But Lord Avon had gone to Epsom races; he might not be home till midnight, if then. Mr. Fuller knew the dean to be a man of honor, whose word was not to be questioned, and he passed it, to go quietly to his destination the following morning, provided he could remain at liberty in his house for that night.

Mr. Fuller gave an undertaking to the capturer, answering for the dean's good faith, and the man was made at home in the library, Moore alone being cognizant of his business. Meanwhile the dean wrote a note to his banker, of which Mr. Fuller took charge.

The banker, wishing to be courteous, answered it in person, and sat now at the library table. But of what use was his coming? He had been privately saying to the lawyer that he and his house were in for it too deeply as it was, and not a shilling more would they advance. He intimated somewhat of the same now to the dean, though in more courtly terms.

They consulted together in subdued tones, not to be audible to the man at the other end of the room, but to no earthly effect; it all came round to the same point; the dean had neither money nor money's worth; even the very furniture of the house he was in was not his; it had been settled by Lord Avon on his sister. The furniture at the deanery, the furniture at Great Wharton rectory was already mortgaged.

"I'll try to see Lord Avon in the morning; he'll be back by that time," remarked Mr. Fuller.

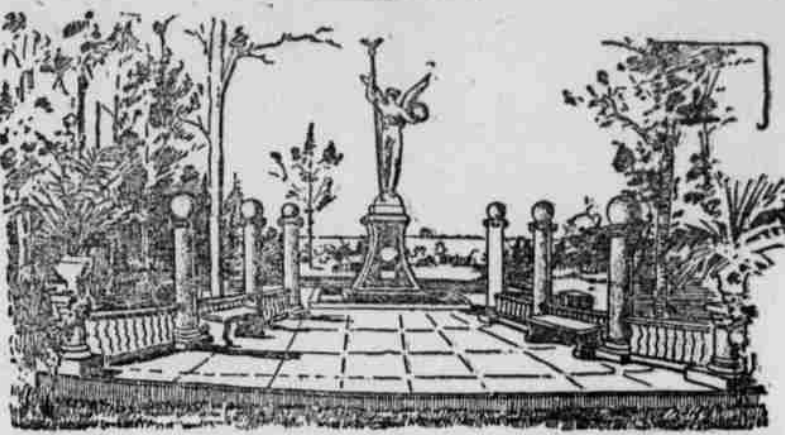
"And only to find that he has gone off to Paris by to-night's train," said the dean. "He talked of going over this week."

Nothing could be done then; nothing whatever. The lawyer was unable to help, the banker would not do so, and the conference closed. Mr. Fuller promised to be there again in the morning. Dr. Baumgarten, upon thorns in more ways than one, went back to his wondering bishops, the comforting assurance that he must surrender the next morning playing havoc with his brain.

(To be continued.)

New York City has to bear about one-third of the entire fire loss of the United States and Canada. In June its loss was \$424,000, as compared with a total of \$12,000,000.

MONUMENT TO COMMODORE PERRY.



VICTORY MONUMENT AT PUT-IN-BAY.

Put-In-Bay, nature's beauty spot, will be made more beautiful and attractive than ever by a monument which is being erected in recognition of Commodore Perry's great victory near the island. The monument is being put up at an expense of more than \$2,000, most of which has already been raised by popular subscription.

The statue is of the Goddess of Victory and is a reproduction of Alphonse Telzer's masterpiece. It will be made of copper bronze with the antique oxidized finish. The statue alone is ten feet high and is mounted on a twelve-foot pedestal of the beautiful and peculiar natural stone of the island. The pedestal will bear inscriptions telling of the victory. The wings of the goddess are two feet high and have a spread of seven feet from tip to tip.

The entire statue is mounted on a battlement wall foundation and parapet arrangement, the parapet being twenty-six and a half feet square. It is enclosed by a stone balustrade with stone abutments or posts at regular intervals. A grass line surrounds the pedestal in which will be planted flowers and green sod.

The approach to the monument is in peristyle effect. It is hedged with six pillars with tops surmounted by large glass globes with which to illuminate the spot at night. The columns are graduated in height, the tallest being nine feet and ranging from that down to the six-foot pedestals which will be surmounted with stone jardinières for flowers. These are all connected by the balustrade.

The approach is twenty feet deep and thirty feet across the front with concave sides and a convex front. A five-foot walk on the parapet encircles the statue so that it may be viewed from all sides.

BALLOONING ACROSS THE ALPS.



Two Italian aeronauts, Signori Uselli and Crespi, crossed the Alps in a balloon called "Milano." They started from Milan and descended at Aix-les-Bains, having passed across Mont Blanc. The photograph was reconstructed from materials supplied by the voyagers. Recently Mr. Leslie Bucknall left the Wandsworth gas works and in sixteen hours descended on the River Loop near the Lake of Geneva, a distance of over 420 miles. In the darkness the aeronaut located the proximity of the Alps by the echo. Had he had a reserve of gas he would have crossed the mountains.

FALL OF SOOT IN BIG CITIES.

Soft Coal Smoke Sends Down Eighteen Tons Daily in Cincinnati.

A scientific investigator in Cincinnati has been trying to arrive at a definite idea of the amount of soot deposited in the city in the course of a year. One of his tests was to place buckets, three-fourths filled with water on eleven roofs in different parts of the city. At the end of three months a careful analysis was made of the contents of the buckets to ascertain the amount of carbonaceous matter.

The final computation is that in the downtown area the falling soot amounts to 541 tons a month, or eighteen tons daily. On a square mile of the city the soot deposit is 171 tons a month, or 143,728 pounds, an average of several pounds to each inhabitant. In one of the suburbs the soot in the bucket was 164 grains to the square foot for a period of thirty days. For the same time the deposit at a central point in the city was 22,550 grains to the square foot.

Other cities that burn soft coal need not flatter themselves that they fare much better. A glance out at the window tells the story. In many parts of a sooty city the trees and flowers are

coated with grime and often refuse to grow. The smoke cloud injures health in several ways, one of which is the shutting out of the sunlight that destroys disease germs. That soot is deposited in human lungs is a fact well known to surgeons.

These figures were laid before a smoke abatement league meeting in Cincinnati, and it was resolved to ask the next legislature for more stringent anti-smoke laws. The present methods of smoke abatement are visibly unsatisfactory and the opinion is widely held that relief must come through some means not yet attained.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Bare-Headed Children in Rain.

In Germany during May hundreds of children run about the streets without hats on when it rains, as it is generally believed that May rain is most healthy and that when it falls on their bare heads the children will grow quicker and gain in strength.

Poor Memory Somewhere.

Mother—Tommy, what did I say I'd do to you if you touched that jam again?

Tommy—Why, it's funny, ma, that you should forget it, too. I'm blamed if I can remember!—Philadelphia Telegraph.