

# The Minister's Wife

By MRS. HENRY WOOD

## CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)

"Everard Wilmot," repeated Cyrus, in surprise. "He was over in Wellington, where I did make his acquaintance. What's more, I was able to render him a service, which I know he has not forgotten to this day."

"What was it?"

"Don't ask me, Charley, for I can't tell you. If Gertrude has chosen him she has done well."

"There's nothing certain about it yet, I fancy. Only, a hint was whispered to me that—Cyrus!" burst out Charles, as an idea flashed across him. "It was you who came to my rooms here the night before last! It was you who pilfered the key from my old landlady."

Cyrus nodded. "I took the key from her hand, and let myself in with it."

"But you need not have played up Old Harry with them, Cyrus; turned the drawers inside out, and ornamented the blotting pad to the bishop of Denham's pious horror and my own confusion."

"The blotting pad! Oh, I left that as a memento of my visit; I had no card case with me," laughed Cyrus. "And for the drawers, I had only a fancy, Charley, for seeing what you kept in your lockers."

"You know the bishop of Denham?"

"I ought to do so. He used to read me lectures an hour long. I remember he once told my father that he ought to keep over me the severe rod of correction."

"Well, he was here the next morning early, and in all innocence I gave him the blotting pad to use. You may, perhaps, fancy his looks, and his opinion of me, when those sketches met his outraged eyes."

Charles thought his brother never would cease laughing. It was the best joke, he declared, that he had heard for many a day.

"But there are other things, Cyrus," Charles resumed, "and they are not trifles. You have been forging my name to a bill."

All the mirth in the elder's face gave place to astonishment. "Forged your name to a bill!" he exclaimed. "I declare most solemnly that I have never done anything of the kind, Charley. You may put down as much folly to me as you will; but—forgery! You are dreaming, lad."

"You bought a lot of jewelry from a man named White," continued Charles, who, of course, was no longer at any loss to know who had so mysteriously personated him. "You paid him by a bill purporting to be accepted by me. And you—"

"But the bill's not due!" hastily interrupted Cyrus, lifting his head in surprise.

"It was due a day or two ago, and—"

"I made no memorandum of the date. How time flies!"

"But why did you attach my name to it?"

"I signed it with my own name, 'C. Baumgarten.' I made it payable here, for I had no settled address in London, with all of you out of it, north, south, east and west. That bill due! They didn't bring it to you, did they?"

"Of course they brought it to me, believing it was mine. And I disowned it, and it's not paid yet; and there's I don't know what work about it. It was a pretty close imitation of my handwriting, Cy."

"It was my own handwriting, and no imitation of any one else's. I wrote my name as I always do, and always have done. As we are alike in person, Charles, so we are in writing. You know it."

"You have given me little opportunity of knowing it of late," was the reply. "It must be months since you wrote to me, Cyrus."

"I've made your letters to me do duty for both of us," returned the free-and-easy Cyrus; "and have sent you one of our splendid newspapers in return. I have no end of business letters to write now, besides looking after the shipping; so that when the day comes to an end I don't care to set to work again."

"You seem to have taken quite a business turn," remarked Charles, only half believing in his brother's industry.

"I took that a long time ago. It's a positive fact, Charley. They are going to give me a share in the concern."

"And what about this bill, Cyrus?"

"Oh, I'll see to it," said Cyrus, airily.

"Don't let it bother your head, lad."

"Have you any more bills out, Cyrus?"

"One more."

"And made payable here?"

Cyrus nodded.

"And what is the amount?"

"Can't remember. A hundred pounds or so. It's a Bond street tailor. I was obliged to have a regular rig-out. Colonial tailors don't do for London."

Charles Baumgarten recalled a rumor he had heard about a month before—that whispered inquiries were being made as to his finances.

"Cyrus, do you want to ruin me?" he cried, in a startled tone. "I must take up these bills if you do not."

"Take up the bills!" echoed Cyrus. "What for? You did not accept them."

"But the people think I did."

"Rubbish! Let them think what they like. I'll go with you to the parties and show myself, and convince them of their error. Charley, lad, what a long face you are drawing! Just as you used to do when we were young boys and I led you into a scrape. Didn't I always get you out of it then? And I'll get you out of this. In fact, you are not in it."

"How will you get me out of it?"

"By paying the bills myself. I'll settle all up before leaving England."

"Why not pay at once?"

"Can't," lightly returned Cyrus.

"Money runs away over here; it simply

melts in Paris. I brought about three hundred pounds with me, and it's all gone. I've telegraphed out to old Brice to send me more."

"Why did you not pay the jeweler at the time you bought his goods?"

"The bill came to so much more than I had thought for and I hadn't enough in my pocket. Oh, it's all right, old fellow."

"And, pray, Cyrus, if I may put so bold a question, for whom were all those pretty things bought?"

"For one and another. Some for myself. Some for Gertrude. Some to send out to Wellington."

"Then you will go with me to these people about the bills, Cyrus—the jeweler and the tailor?" resumed Charles, after a pause.

"I'll go now, if you like. I don't want to let you in for annoyance, brother mine."

"You have let me in for a good deal of that already, Cyrus. Were you at the Haymarket two or three nights ago?"

"Yes."

"And there you were taken for me. Who was the lady? It was half over London the next day that I had been there in suspicious company."

"What a joke!" exclaimed Cyrus. "I knew I was being taken for you, Charley," laughed Cyrus, carelessly. "Some fellows nodded to me, and one or two spoke, and I nodded back again and kept up the jest."

"A sorry jest for me, Cyrus. I was engaged to be married—to Mary Dynevor."

"I'm uncommonly glad to hear it," cried Cyrus, stretching out his hand to grasp his brother's. "Mary was the niece of all the younger girls; as nice as Cyrilla."

"I said I was engaged, Cyrus. It is broken off now. Old Miss Dynevor saw me, as she thought, at the Haymarket with some one I had no business to be with; and she went home and told the subdean. The next time I called in Eaton Place he turned me out of doors, and bade me think no more of his daughter."

## CHAPTER XXII.

Cyrus suddenly became serious. "This has gone further than I intended," he cried. "All my life I have been getting myself or others into scrapes, and I suppose I shall do so to the end of the chapter. And the best and the worst of it is that I generally manage to come out in worse colors than I deserve; as on this occasion."

Charles looked up. "Have they been traducing you as well as me?" he asked.

"The lady I treated to the theater was no other than Mrs. Carrington, as good a woman as ever lived, although, as Tony Lumpkin would say, her cheeks are as broad and red as a pulpit cushion. But it is all genuine color, Charley, just as she herself is a genuine woman."

"What brought you there alone with her?" asked Charles.

"That I was with her alone was an accident," answered Cyrus. "I treated them to the Haymarket, and took three of the best seats. At the last moment, just as we were about to start in the cab, Carrington's old father came in to spend the evening, and he had to remain with him."

"I think you were imprudent, to say the least of it," laughed Charles. "The lady was wonderfully got up, I was told."

"Like all born colonists, she is fond of any amount of fans and feathers," returned Cyrus. "It was her first introduction to a London theater, and a great occasion to her, and she put on all her war paint accordingly. But of other paint she had none, Charley; she is too honest and good for that."

"Where are the Carringtons staying?"

"With his brother. He's a widower, and lives at a pretty house, up Chelsea way. Decent, intelligent people, Charley; though, of course, not up to your mark."

"And where are you staying, Cyrus?"

"I! You may well ask it. Finding no home open to me on landing, the first individual I dropped upon, after leaving the ship at the docks, was Harry Brice. He is in Somerset House, you know; getting on, too; and was bound that morning on some expedition to the customs. He told me you were on circuit; thought the mother and Gertrude were at Avon, and said I must come to them at Norwood. Down I went. But Norwood's out of the way for a fellow who wants to knock about town, and I came back to a hotel. Then I went to Paris with Tom Howard. And here I am back again. And now you know all, Charley."

"Quite enough, too," laughed Charles. "We'll go to White's now." And Cyrus agreed with alacrity.

The jeweler's shop was lighted when they reached it. Mr. White and his assistant were both in it. Charles walked forward; Cyrus held back a moment.

"I hear that bill is protested, Mr. White," began Charles.

"Yes, sir, or about to be," answered the jeweler. "And I must say I am surprised that a gentleman like yourself should allow things to come to such a pass. If it were not convenient to you to pay it now, you might have renewed it."

"I tell you again, as I told you before, that the bill is none of mine," said Charles. "I never bought the articles."

Cyrus walked forward and stood beside his brother.

"Look at this gentleman," said Charles Baumgarten.

The jeweler gazed in amazement, now at one, now at the other. "What does it mean?" he cried at last. "Who are you, sir?" turning to Cyrus.

"Well," cried Cyrus, who looked upon the whole matter as an excellent joke; "don't you know me again?"

"You must be twins!" exclaimed the perplexed man.

"Not at all," said Cyrus. "We are brothers, but not twins. I'm two years older than Mr. Charles Baumgarten."

"Sir," said the jeweler, turning to Charles, "allow me to ask why you did not explain to me that you had a brother who bore to you so remarkable a likeness? It might have solved the mystery."

"Because I never thought of him at all in the matter; I did not know he was in England. Of course, Mr. White, you now exonerate me."

"As if every one did not!" exclaimed Cyrus. "The trouble, Mr. White, has arisen from my careless habits. We colonists are proverbially careless, you know. Making no memorandum of the date, I did not know the bill was due. I have been spending most of the interval in Paris, where time flies, one forgets how quickly. It will be all right now, and your bill will get paid without your troubling to protest it."

They next called upon the holders of the bill, the Messrs. Jephson, who in their turn were equally surprised; the elder cynically remarking they might have had the wit to know that Cyrus was at the bottom of the mischief. And then they went back to Pump Court, when Charles had ordered a substantial supper for Cyrus' benefit.

Then Cyrus grew confidential. He spoke of a certain fair daughter of Mr. Jansen, the second partner of the New Zealand house. She and Cyrus were privately engaged; and he declared that if he could only win her he should throw carelessness to the winds and become as steady as Old Time.

"Her mother, a well born English woman, favors it," observed Cyrus. "She thinks there must be any amount of latent good in a dean's son. Mr. Jansen opposes it; not that he objects to me personally, but on the score of my want of prospects. He told me point-blank that he would give her to me were I able to become a partner in the firm."

"The difficulty is money, I suppose, Cyrus?"

"Just so. Four thousand pounds. They would give me a small share in it for that sum."

"And you have not got it?"

"I have never saved anything."

"And what of the young lady herself?"

"I only wish it rested with her!" answered Cyrus. "She would soon be mine. Ah, Charley, if I could only encompass that partnership, it would steady me for life. If I have to part from her—well, I don't think I should care what went with me, or what the end was—perhaps ruin."

Charles was silent. He remembered how passionately he and Cyrus had loved each other as boys, although Cyrus did put upon him and tyrannize over him; and he asked himself whether he should give up his own marriage for a time, and save his brother. He had about two thousand pounds put by; part of it he had saved by degrees, part had come to him by a recent legacy. If he gave that to Cyrus, his own marriage must be delayed, but he knew Mary would wait for him. It would be a grievous disappointment to both of them, but should disappointment be placed in comparison with his friendless brother's welfare—his welfare in this world, and, it might be, in that to come? The other two thousand would no doubt be managed among them—possibly by Lord Avon.

"You have not told me her name, Cyrus."

"Anna, Anna Jansen. To me the prettiest name in the world. Ah, Charley, if you only knew her!"

(To be continued.)

## An Old Meat Bill.

Of course there is nothing new under the sun, and history must be more or less parrot-like; yet it is a blow to find that we are not originating anything, even in our investigations of current abuses. The State Historian of New York, in compiling some records, recently brought to light some amendments to laws, confirmed at "ye General Court of assizes held in New York, beginning on ye 5th & ending on ye 8th day of October, 1670." The following catches the eye:

"Whereas, divers Complaints have been made of the great abuse of bringing dead hogs & Pork into this city & it not being discernible how long they have been Kill'd by reason they are too often brought frozen, so not capable of being preserved by Salt which tends much to ye disreputacon of that Commodity when sent abroad, and ye Merchants who Export it into Warmer Climates, for ye reasons aforesaid it is Ordered, That henceforth no hogg or hoggs shall be brought dead to this place either for sale or payment of Debts, except it shall be in cask well Salted & Packt according to ye Law, otherwise smonkt or dried of which all persons are to take Notice, as they will answer ye contrary at their Perills."

When we attempt to outdo our redoubtable ancestors, we do it, it appears, at our own "Perills" of dead failure.

The Millionaire's Offense.

"That millionaire yonder has cheated me out of a fortune."

"How? Wouldn't he let you marry his daughter?"

"Worse than that. He never had a daughter."

When spoons become discolored from eggs scour them with fine table salt. This will remove the discoloration, which is caused by the sulphur in the eggs.



## DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM.

By A. Lincoln Moore, D. D.

And when He was come near He beheld the city and wept over it.— Luke xix., 41.

This outburst of grief occurred as Jesus rode down the leafy slope of Olivet. Jerusalem in all its glory burst full upon His view. Below Him in the deep valley rolled the Kedron, gleaming in the gray sunbeams like a sheet of burnished gold. Right in front, cutting the western sky and crowning the steep crest of Moriat with white and gold, rose the magnificent temple, which had been enlarged and completed by Herod the Great.

To the southwest, the highest of the four hills on which the city lay, towered the rocky Zion, bearing upon its rugged shoulders the royal palace. To the north appeared the bold brow of Acre, bearing the gardens and palaces of the upper city. A panorama of indescribable loveliness spread out before the Savior's view, and he could not have been insensible to its surpassing beauty.

But the sentence of doom had been traced by a mysterious hand upon the city. This sight of Jerusalem affected Christ's heart, and through His tears He sobbed out the words of lamentation and judgment:

"If thou hadst known, even thou at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! But now they are hid from thine eyes. For the days shall come upon thee that thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee around, and keep thee in on every side and shall lay thee even with the ground and thy children within thee; and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another; because thou knowest not the time of thy visitation."

Jerusalem had neglected the day of her visitation. Impending doom hung over the city. "He wept over it." When Christ's grief was greatest at the grave of Lazarus He wept in silence, but now He sobbed aloud in His agony. These stars are more eloquent than speech; they tell us better than words of the extreme agony of his soul for the doomed city. He wept because of the sin and iniquity of the people in rejecting proffered salvation.

Neglecting salvation always brings judgment upon individuals and nations. It did upon Jerusalem. In less than forty years all that Jesus foretold came to pass. Titus, in command of the Roman army, besieged and captured the city.

During the siege of ninety days 1,100,000 Jews perished and 97,000 were taken prisoners. Some were sent to toil in the mines of Egypt, others were kept to grace in captive bonds the chariot wheels of their mighty conqueror in the triumph accorded him at Rome and to amuse their cruel captors by entering into gladiatorial contests in the arena to make a Roman holiday.

What a fearful retribution for that mad cry uttered some thirty-seven years before at Pilate's judgment hall, "His blood be upon us and our children!" What a vindication have we here of God's truth.

When God says a thing He will surely bring it to pass. He is never at a loss for instruments to fulfill his decrees. He maketh the wrath of men to praise Him. Many persons seem to think and act as though God would not prove true and faithful to His promises of blessing, but that He will fail to perform His words of threatening and doom.

His judgments are not utterances of passion, soon to pass away, as the storm from the bosom of the deep. He would cease to be the faithful God, the same yesterday, to-day and forever, if He fulfilled them not. The very same principle which binds Him to be true to His promise compels Him to perform His words of judgment.

You think of Christ on the Mount of Olives, overlooking Jerusalem. He is attended by a jubilee throng. He is giving pardon and life eternal to all who believe in Him. "I give unto them eternal life and they shall never perish," and you say, "that is just like Jesus. God is faithful Who has promised!"

You behold Him weeping over the city and calling down divine judgment upon it. "Thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and lay thee even with the ground, and not leave in thee one stone upon another." You behold the city encircled by the Roman army as in the toils of a mighty serpent. Then famine, pestilence and bloodshed, Jewish blood ran so deep down Zion that burning buildings were quenched in the crimson stream. A thousand crosses dot the hillsides, each bearing a

## HYMNS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

### ROCK OF AGES.

By Augustus M. Toplady.

(Augustus Montague Toplady—Farnham, Surrey, England, Nov. 4, 1740; London, Aug. 4, 1778—known to our day only as the author of "The most popular hymn in the English tongue," was celebrated in his own time as a religious controversialist. Graduated from Trinity, Dublin, after fourteen years in the English Episcopal ministry, he left that church to become pastor of the French Calvinists in London. Strange to say, this universal hymn was written to oppose the doctrines taught by Wesley, and it originally formed the curious closing argument of an elaborate theological article, entitled "The National Debt," published in the Gospel Magazine. Yet it is by far the most popular of all Christian hymns, holding first place in nearly every list that has been compiled and on every popular vote. It has been translated into the tongues of the peoples wherever Christianity has gone, and is sung, not only in German and Swedish, French, and Italian, etc., but also in Telugu, Karen, Burmese, Bengali, Ganda, and, indeed, it is found in almost as many tongues as the bible itself, probably over 300, being sung all around the globe. Mr. Gladstone translated it into Latin, Greek, and Italian. It is said that the brave Gen. Stuart, wounded before Richmond, died with this hymn on his lips, and the same is related of the prince consort of England. When the London went down in the Bay of Biscay in 1866 the last thing heard by the survivors was the passengers singing "Rock of Ages." Many changes have crept into this hymn, but the following is probably exactly as Toplady wrote it in 1770.)

Rock of Ages, cleft for me!  
Let me hide myself in thee;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From thy wounded side that flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure;  
Cleanse me from all guilt and power.

Not the labor of my hands  
Can fulfill the law's demands;  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears forever flow,  
All for sin could not atone;  
Thou must save, and thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to thy cross I cling;  
Naked, come to thee for dress,  
Helpless, look to thee for grace;  
Vile, I to the fountain fly,  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyelids close in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See thee on thy judgment throne  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me!  
Let me hide myself in thee.

writhing victim. Beholding all this, you are compelled to cry out, "God is faithful who has threatened!"

## YOUNG MEN MUST BE SAVED.

By Rev. Orrin B. Jenks.

There are 7,000,000 young men in the United States between the ages of 18 and 30. Our young men have the power to send our republic in the wake of ancient republics; they can pervert our prosperity into a cause of idleness and moral corruption; they are able to make the pillars of our liberties crumble and fall and lose to us the institutions left us by our fathers; by their vices they can dig the grave of our liberties and write the last pages of our history in the black record of infamy.

On the other hand, if the curses that blight our land are to be removed, if the great moral problems are to be solved, if intemperance is to be banished and other wrongs righted, then a generation of sober, industrious and virtuous men must be raised up to accomplish it.

In order that our sons may fulfill their mission in the world they need the regenerating and restraining influences of religion. Foes are on every hand and terrible vices are destroying great numbers of our young men. The problem of Christianity is the saving of these young lives.

### Short Meter Sermons.

A hard character always is a weak one.

The self-satisfied seldom are satisfactory.

The man who pities himself always is pitiable.

It is easy to mistake a resolution for a reform.

Many a man loses his heart trying to get ahead.

He cannot be clear eyed who is not clean hearted.

They are best remembered who forget themselves.

Many men would be righteous if they could be sure of the revenue.

A man does not get on the bright side of life by scoring his fellows.

Some folks never feel cheerful unless they are dispensing bad news.

You may be sure you are wrong when some men are sure you are right.

There are big black shadows behind the life that seeks the limelight.

The recording angel is not wasting any ink on the good you are planning to do later on.

The ills of the world never wholly will be healed without the healing of our hearts.

Folks who take life as a dose always want to prescribe for the rest of the world.

When a man is conscious of his rectitude he is least convincing in talking about it.