

The Minister's Wife

By MRS. HENRY WOOD

CHAPTER XXIII.

Richard Maude-Dynevor, Doctor of Divinity, Canon and Subdean of Oldchurch, was seated in his study at his sister's house, Eaton place, when two young men were shown into it. The sight of the first, Charles Baumgarten, was sufficient to make him spring to his feet, his very shoe buckles sparkling with wrath.

"Again!" he stuttered. "Do you dare appear in my presence to beard me with your insolence? But for the memory of your father, I would order my servants to put you forth."

"Why, you are more pepery than you used to be, doctor," cried a voice from behind Charles—that of Cyras, who had about as much reverence for a high church dignitary as for a native savage of his adopted land. The canon stretched his stern, dark face round, to see whose bold voice might be thus addressing him. Charles spoke.

"When I assured you I was not at the Haymarket Theater the other night, sir, you might have trusted my word, after knowing me all these years. It was my brother who was there; and Miss Dynevor was deceived by the resemblance."

The subdean gazed at both of them. "What, is it you?" he exclaimed. "Come back to trouble England!"

"I am here to honor it and its natives with a visit; you among the rest," cried the undaunted Cyras, as he shook the subdean's reluctant hand. "Glad to see you in robust health and voice, sir."

The reverend gentleman coughed. Cyras, years ago, had gone in and out of his house as one of his own boys, and been on the same familiar terms with him. He turned to Charles:

"Then am I to understand that you were not at the theater, Charles Baumgarten? She insisted that you were there most positively, you know, and she did not allow me to doubt her assertion."

"To be there under the circumstances described would be very unlikely for me," returned Charles. "I think you might have known, sir, that I was not capable of it."

"I'm sorry I offended Aunt Ann," said Cyras. "I hear she looks upon my nodding to her as a personal insult. What if I had a lady upon my arm when I nodded? Aunt Ann never liked pretty women, I remember, and that one is pretty beyond common, a star, doctor, of the first water."

For once in his life the subdean's fancy was tickled. He enjoyed a side fling at his sister. And Cyras was, in his opinion, so very lost a sheep that had he appeared at the play with an army of ladies instead of one, it would have given the subdean no manner of concern.

"You had better go to the drawing room and make it right with them," he said, when the young men had explained about Mrs. Carrington and one or two other matters. "Tell Ann all this, and re-establish yourself in her favor."

It chanced that Miss Dynevor was this morning in an exasperated mood, brought on by her ineffectual endeavors to induce Mary to say she would give up Charles Baumgarten.

"It seems to me that the world must be coming to an end," she said, haranguing all three girls in general, but Mary in particular, "and the sooner the better, if this is the order of things. In my younger days we modest maidens never so much as looked at an unmarried man; as to talking openly of one, as I have seen you girls doing over and over again, we should have been shut in our rooms for a month after it. While you, Mary Dynevor, scruple not to uphold Charles Baumgarten's conduct the other night!"

"What I say is this, Aunt Ann—that Charles could not behave in the manner you have related," responded Mary, a sound of tears in her voice.

"How dare you insult me by doubting my word?"

"I don't doubt your word, aunt; I doubt your eyesight. You mistook some one else for Charles."

Miss Dynevor shrieked. "You insolent girl—mistook him, did I? When he turned his face impudently toward mine and grinned and nodded to me? He winked, too; I vow and protest he winked."

"He assured me in the presence of papa that it was not himself; that it was a mistake; for he was not out of his chambers at all that night."

"And you believed him!" scoffed Miss Dynevor.

"With my whole heart," warmly returned Mary, a glowing color dyeing her face. "I would rather die than disbelieve Charles Baumgarten."

"That's a pretty modest avowal," gasped Miss Dynevor.

Aunt Ann's wrath was arrested midway, for Charles and his brother at that moment entered. She knew Cyras at once, and pushed up her wig a little in astonishment. Cyras advanced to the young ladies to greet them in what he called New Zealand custom, which they found meant neither more nor less than kissing.

When the noise and laughter had subsided, Cyras turned to Miss Dynevor. "May I venture to touch your fingers with the tips of mine, Aunt Ann?"

No response. Miss Dynevor had not recovered from her petrification.

"It's only right to ask, before presuming," went on Cyras; "because, you know at the play the other night you looked as though you wanted to annihilate me."

However annihilating Miss Dynevor might have looked the other night, she looked very foolish now. Cyras standing before her with his gay glances, Grace and Regina enjoying her discomfiture, and Mary drawing nearer to Charles as if it

were her own sheltering place, a happy smile on her eye and lip.

Miss Dynevor's temper was exceedingly acid just then. "The subdean forbade you the house," she said sharply to Charles. "Do you set him at defiance?"

"The subdean!" interrupted Cyras. "My dear lady, we have been making ourselves comfortable with the subdean in his study for this half hour. He sent us to you here that we might do the same with you."

There was no daunting Cyras. Miss Dynevor demanded whether he knew the meaning of the word impudence, and why he had presumed to address her that night under such very doubtful circumstances.

"The circumstances will bear the strictest investigation," laughed Cyras. "The lady I escorted to the theater is charming, and one of my very good friends. I'll bring her to see you, if you like."

"Mary," whispered Charles, while Aunt Ann was striving to frame a fitting answer to this last most astounding proposition, "they did not make you doubt me?"

"Never, Charles."

"Were it my case," spoke Regina, boldly, "I should get married at once and live upon cold mutton and barley water until Charles's briefs came in more quickly. You may get parted for good if you don't by some plausible tale or other. One never knows what may happen."

A soft flush lighted up Mary's cheek; cold mutton and barley water bore no doubtful prospect for her. But Charles sighed deeply. He could carry out Regina's suggestion, and add something to it even, upon his present briefs; he knew that; but, then—how was he to help Cyras?

CHAPTER XXIV.

In one of the pleasant rooms at Avon House there stood a group of fair people. We know most of them. Cyras and Charles had traveled down that morning to Great Whitton; Charles had whispered to his mother all about Cyras' prospects of the partnership and of Anna Jansen, and of how he meant to help him. It did not please Lady Grace. Cyras had stepped outside.

"Don't tell me, Charles. I know Cyras. If you help him to-day, he'll need help again to-morrow."

"That is rather unjust, mother mine. Cyras has needed no help from us up to this very day. He did not ask for it now. I think you have always misjudged him a little. You never loved him as you loved me and Gertrude."

"How could I?" somewhat sharply rejoined Lady Grace. "Another loved him more than all if I did not—his father."

"Well, I feel that we ought to help him to this chance, mother," said Charles. "I will do my part to it, and perhaps Uncle Henry will do the rest."

Gertrude Baumgarten came forward, a tenderness in her blue eyes. She spoke in a low, sweet tone.

"I have been listening, as Charles says, mamma. I am sure he considers it right that this help should be given to Cyras."

"And what is your opinion, Gertrude?" demanded Lady Grace.

"My opinion is that it would be a sin not to help Cyras. If Charles is willing to do so, why oppose it, mamma? I only wish," she earnestly added, "that it was in my power to do it."

"Are you doing penance, Gertrude?" suddenly exclaimed a rich, mellow voice from the door of the room; and Gertrude rose laughingly to face Sir Everard Wilmot.

"I am not convinced," exclaimed Lady Grace. "You are both of you misled by your affection for Cyras. I wonder what you would say, Sir Edward?" And she put the case before him in a few words.

Sir Everard listened, and laughed a little. "That must have been Cyras I saw flying over the grass just now," he remarked. "Undoubtedly Cyras must be helped. Four thousand pounds! Why, it's nothing; a mere bagatelle."

"To you it may be, Sir Everard," retorted Lady Grace, compressing her lips; "but not to others."

"Then suppose I take it upon myself," he laughed, in a tone which might be meant for jest or earnest. "Charles can keep his two thousand pounds in his own pocket."

"Charles is in debt himself, I'm afraid," severely remarked Lady Grace.

"No, I am not, mother," he answered quickly. "It was all a mistake, and has been set right."

"I said it must be so," cried Gertrude. Lord Avon and Cyras entered together; Cyras full of merriment. He had been enlightening the earl upon the whole past mystery, winding up his account with a humorous description of his interview with Miss Dynevor in Eaton place. Lady Grace spoke a few words freely, which served to check the young man's laughter.

"What?" he exclaimed. "Charles is to hand over his savings to me and defer his marriage with Mary? No, that he shall not. Why, you can't think I would let him do it! I used to put upon Charles as a boy, but I will never do so as a man. I loved him then and I love him still."

"Not even to help you to the partnership, and to Miss Anna Jansen?" laughed Sir Everard.

"Not even for that. Not if it would help me to every good in the world. How on earth could it have entered any one's head?"

"Do you remember me, Cyras?"

Cyras did not answer in words; only smiled as he looked at Sir Everard. Their hands met in a warm clasp.

"Will you accept the money from me, Cyras?"

"From you?"

"You helped me once, though not with money. Suffer me to help you now."

"Don't fret yourselves into fiddlestrings, young people," spoke up Lord Avon. "I will see to Cyras."

"Not in this instance, Avon," said Sir Everard, decision in his tone. "Don't you understand that I owe him a debt?"

"I will take it as a loan from you," said Cyras, in a low tone of feeling.

"All right," laughed the baronet. "Then it's all settled."

"And I hope you will make it the turning point in your life, Cyras," said Lady Grace, "and become as steady as Charles is."

Cyras laid down a spray of lilac he had brought in, and spoke with emotion. "I promise you that it shall be so—by the memory of my dead father."

Very shortly after this a double wedding took place in London; for Gertrude Baumgarten and Mary Dynevor were married together. Everything went off with great success, and Lord Avon gave Gertrude away. Cyras remained in England for it. He was in high form, and insisted upon kissing not only the brides in church, but the bridesmaids afterward at breakfast. He had squared up his accounts and would sail the following day, leaving a promise that when he came again his wife should be with him.

The subdean condescended to perform the marriage ceremony for both parties; and Miss Dynevor honored the company in a new flaxen wig and a bird of paradise; a very magnificent specimen which Cyras had specially procured for her from some island in the southern seas with an unpronounceable name.

(THE END.)

SPANISH WEDDING DANCE.

Music and Attendants—The Dress of Women and Men.

The wedding dance was being held in a long, narrow building near a fountain, and we entered on a smooth earth floor; seats were ranged about the sides of the whitewashed room, and the low rafters were draped and festooned with fancy wall paper with gold scrolls in it.

The music was furnished by a piano organ at one end of the long room, turned in rotation by a number of boys in their clean, blue blouses and brown corduroy breeches, who felt their importance, and at the other end of the room a table was spread with cakes and bread and a wine concoction very sweet and pleasant, but seductive.

The women, some bringing their babies, were a pleasant set, but not beautiful, although a few, with their large dark eyes, came very near to it. They did not wear the gay costumes of my imagination, but their dresses showed great care and conscientious patching. A gay handkerchief was often folded around the neck and across the breast and large earrings and big breastpins were the vogue even among the young women.

The men wore broad-brimmed black felt hats and clean blue blouses, corduroy trousers, either light tan or brown, and the long red or black sash belt called a "faja," wound many times about the waist, the folds serving as pockets for cigarettes, tobacco pouch and the villainous knife that everyone carries.

The dances were "round," interspersed with a square dance, where four people comprised a set—a sort of fandango, with lots of stamping and attempts at lithe, serpentine motions, with the hands raised above the head. There was a very old man who danced with great gusto and amused the crowd of young people, who encouraged him with clapping of hands.—Scribner's Magazine.

PERIL IN PAINLESS FACES.

Victims of Dread Malady May Be Hurt Without Knowing It.

"The red-hot wire," said the electrician, "burnt the man's cheek till it sizzled and smoked. Yet he never moved out of the way. He continued to laugh and joke and pull on his clay pipe and a smell of burning rose into the air."

"I pulled him to one side."

"Would you stand there," I said, "and be burnt to death?"

"Was I burning?" he said, with a scared look. And he put his hand to the side of his face—the wrong side. Was it possible that he couldn't feel that horrible hurt?

"Gentlemen, that man had no feeling in his face whatever. He told me that he had been operated on for the doloureux, and the operation, while it had cured the tic, had left his face dead to all sensation."

"I had often read of the doloureux in English novels, but I thought it was a facial neuralgia so painful that in the past 90 per cent of its victims either went crazy or killed themselves, but now there is an operation that gives relief."

"Every victim of the undergones the operation. Hence there are a lot of people walking the earth with no feeling in their faces. The condition is a dangerous one, because you are likely to get hurt without knowing it."—New York Press.

Very little food satisfies the Bedouin Arabs. Six or seven dates soaked in melted butter serve a man a whole day, with a very small quantity of coarse flour or a little ball of boiled rice.

ENGLAND'S APOSTLE OF "THE NEW THEOLOGY."



REV. R. J. CAMPBELL WITH A FAVORITE COW.

Rev. R. J. Campbell of London declares himself openly in favor of the new theology and admits that the story of the fall is not to be taken as history but as a symbolical story. He also declares that he cannot accept the doctrines of vicarious atonement and the belief that Christ while on earth was coequal with God. Since this declaration Mr. Campbell's services at the City Temple have been more crowded than ever and hundreds are turned away every Sunday. In his home life Mr. Campbell is very fond of agricultural pursuits and spends much time in the fields and in his garden.

MULTIPLICATION OF FISH.

Enemies Prevent Too Great a Number Living to Maturity.

Some faint conception of the great destruction of eggs and young fishes and of the comparatively limited number of them to attain full growth may be formed from the statements of those who have made a study of fish productivity, says the Mobile Register. Thus the great English naturalist, Buffon, made a careful investigation of the number of eggs produced by a female herring and on that basis calculated the increase for twenty years. His conclusion was that the increase of a single pair of herring, if all reached maturity, would in a score of years amount to a mass as large as our earth.

Without going extensively into the figures of those who have made a study of this subject it is only necessary to remember that the herring is a comparatively small fish, and that some of the larger species are almost equally prolific. Thus 10,000,000 eggs have been found in a female codfish, and it is stated that one will produce not less than 45,000,000 young in a single season. The eggs in a female eel were counted, and the number was ascertained to be about 10,000,000. Other common fishes, while not so prolific as these, are enough so to make us wonder just how long all the waters of the earth would contain the fishes if all the eggs that are spawned should reach maturity. The seas and the oceans and the rivers would soon become impassable, and we suppose the end of the world, as far as man is concerned, would soon arrive.

Fortunately for humanity, from the moment the egg is laid its enemies are ready for it. The eggs are eagerly seized and devoured, and the young fishes fare no better. Numerous natural enemies of the finny tribe follow the mothers, or lie in wait for eggs and young, so that but few reach maturity, compared with the incalculable number that are brought into the world. Valuable as all fishes are for human food it is fortunate that man is not the only animal that feeds on them.

Parting at the Station.

Those who listened as the man and woman parted at the station heard this conversation.

"Good-by, dear."

"Good-by. Don't forget to tell Bridget to have the chops for dinner."

"All right."

"And be sure and feed the canary."

"Sure."

"Lock up the silver every night."

"Very well."

"And don't forget that the gasman is coming to renew the burners. Be sure and have him put the four-foot burner in the servant's room."

"I'll remember."

"Order kindling wood on Thursday."

"All right."

"Consult the list I made out if you forget anything."

"I will."

"Better not kiss me. People will think we are just married."

"Not if they have been listening."—San Francisco Argonaut.

It's better to believe all you see than half you hear.



Some of the greatest authorities on radium now incline to the belief that it is a compound rather than a chemical element.

According to an official of the geological survey at Washington, the heaviest metal is osmium, which has, bulk for bulk, very nearly twice the weight of lead. The specific gravity of gold is about 19.3, while that of osmium is almost 22.5. Osmium is also the most infusible of metals, remaining unaffected by a degree of heat capable of causing platinum to run like water. It even resists the inconceivable temperature of the electric arc.

It is reported that the invisible radium emanations affect germinating seeds even when these are covered with a layer of soil very much the same as a too powerful application of sunlight to the seed. In other words, the effect is similar to that produced by too much light, resulting in an arresting of germination. The effect is influenced by the nature of the seed covering, its distance from the source of emanation and the quantity of moist soil intervening.

The greatest industry of Australia is sheep raising, mainly for the sake of the wool, but also in part, of course, for the meat. Australia now ranks second among the great sheep-raising countries, Argentina being first with 92,000,000 sheep, Australia second with 72,000,000 and Russia third with 70,000,000. But a few years ago Australia was first, possessing no less than 106,260,000 head of sheep. That was in 1891. Prolonged droughts were the cause of the destruction of many millions of Australian sheep, but since 1902 there has been an annual gain. Yet these sheep were not indigenous to Australia. They were first introduced in 1797, being of the Spanish merino species.

If you ask your grocer, "What are the best English walnuts?" he will reply, "French ones." They are exported chiefly from Grenoble, and are known as Grenoble nuts. The suggestion having been made that excellent walnuts could be raised in many of our Southern States, at a distance from the humid and swampy coast lands, the Department of Commerce has collected interesting facts about the cultivation of the trees in France. They grow best at altitudes between 600 and 1,900 feet. The young trees are very susceptible to extreme heat or cold. To maintain the quality of the nuts frequent grafting is practiced. Perfect nuts grow only on the outer limbs, exposed to the air and sun, and the inner limbs are kept trimmed down. The trees are planted with plenty of room about them, and every year or two the ground is dug up and fertilized. The space between can be utilized for pasturage or crops.

Every man in his relation to every other man is a hypocrite; he pretends that he is wiser and better than he is, and the other man detects him in the deception, though he pretends to be deceived.