

The Minister's Wife

By MRS. HENRY WOOD

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

This evening was but another of those Mr. Baumgarten sometimes spent at Avon House feeding the flame of her ill-starred passion. His manner to women was naturally tender, and to Grace, with her fascinations unconsciously brought to bear upon him, dangerously warm. That he never for one moment had outstepped the bounds of friendly intercourse Grace attributed entirely to the self-restraint imposed by his inferior position; but she did not doubt he loved her in secret.

While at dinner he told them, jokingly, as he had told Edith, that the parish wanted him to marry. Lady Avon remarked, in answer, that he could not do better; parsons and doctors should always be married men.

"Yes, that's very right, very true," he returned in the same jesting tone. "But suppose they have nothing to marry upon?"

"But you have something, Mr. Baumgarten."

"Yes, I have two hundred a year; and no residence."

"The rectory is rather bad, I believe."

"Bad! Well, Lady Avon, you should see it."

"Mr. Dane ought not to have allowed it to get into that state," she remarked, and the subject dropped.

After dinner Mr. Baumgarten stood on the lawn with Grace, watching the glories of the setting sun. Lady Avon, indoors, was beginning to doze; they knew better than to disturb her; this after-dinner sleep, which sometimes did not last more than ten minutes, was of great moment to her, the doctor said.

Mr. Baumgarten held out his arm to Lady Grace in courtesy as they began to pace the paths, and she took it. They came to a halt near the entrance gate, both gazing at the beautiful sky, their hands partially shading their eyes from the blaze of sunset, when a little man dressed in black with a white necktie was seen approaching.

"Why, here comes Moore!" exclaimed Grace.

He was the clerk at the Great Whitton church. Limping up to the gate, for he was lame with rheumatism, he stood there and looked at Mr. Baumgarten, as if his business lay with him. But Grace withdrawing her arm from her companion, was first at the gate.

"I beg pardon, my lady, I thought it right to come up and inform the countess of the sad news—and I'm glad I did, seeing you here, sir. Mr. Chester is gone, my lady."

"Gone!" exclaimed Grace. "Gone where?"

"He is dead, my lady—he is dead, sir. Departed to that bourne whence no traveler returns," continued the clerk, wishing to be religiously impressive and believing he was quoting from Scripture.

"Surely it cannot be!" said Mr. Baumgarten.

"Ay, but it is, sir, more's the pity. And frightfully sudden. After getting home from afternoon service, he said he felt uncommonly tired, he couldn't think why, and that he'd not have his tea till later in the evening. He went up to his room and sat down in the easy chair there and dropped asleep. A sweet, tranquil sleep it was, to all appearance, and Mrs. Chester shut the door and left him. But after an hour or two, when she sent up to say he had better wake up for his tea, they found him dead. The poor old lady is quite beside herself with the suddenness, and the maids be running about all sizes and seven."

"I will go down with you at once, Moore," said Mr. Baumgarten.

"But you will come back and tell us—and tell us how Mrs. Chester is?" said Lady Grace, as he was passing through the gate.

"Yes, certainly, if you wish it," he answered, walking away with so fleet a step that the clerk with difficulty kept up with him.

"I fancy it must have been on his mind, sir," said he; "not direct, perhaps, but some inkling like of what was about to happen. This afternoon, when I'd took off his surplice in the vestry I went and put things to rights a bit in the church, and when I got back into the vestry to lock up, I was surprised to see the rector still there, sitting opposite the outer door, which stood open to the churchyard."

"Don't you feel well, sir?" said I. "Oh, yes, I'm well," he answered, "but I'm tired. We must all get to feel tired when the end of our life is at hand, Moore, and mine has been a long one." "Yes, it has, sir, and a happy one, too," I said, "thank God." With that he rose up from his chair, and lifted his hands towards Heaven, looking up at the blue sky. "Thanks be to my merciful God," he repeated, solemnly, in a hushed sort of tone. "For that, and all the other blessings of my past life on earth, thanks be unto Him!" With that, he took his hat and stick and walked out to the churchyard," concluded the clerk. "leaving me a bit dazed as 'twere, for I had never heard him talk like that before; he was not the sort of man to do it."

Within an hour Mr. Baumgarten was back at Avon House. Lady Grace was still lingering in the garden, in the summer twilight. He told her in a hushed voice all he had to tell; of the general state of things at the rectory, of poor Mrs. Chester's sad distress.

"Mamma is expecting you," said Grace, "I broke the news to her but she wants to hear more particulars."

They went into the drawing-room by the open doors of the window. Mr. Baumgarten gave the best account he could to Lady Avon; and then drank a cup of tea, standing. Still asking questions, Grace passed out again with him to the open

air, and strolled by his side along the smooth, broad path which led to the entrance gate. When they reached it he held out his hand to bid her good evening. The opal sky was clear and beautiful; a large star shone in it.

"Great Whitton is in my brother's gift," she whispered, as her hand rested in his; "I wish he would give it to you."

A flush rose to the young clergyman's face. To exchange Little Whitton for Great Whitton had now and then made one of the flighty dreams of his ambition—but never really cherished.

"Do not mock me with pleasant visions, Lady Grace. I can have no possible interest with Lord Avon."

"You can marry then," she said, softly, in reference to the conversation at dinner, "and set the parish grumblers at defiance."

"Marry? Yes, I should—I hope—do so," was his reply. His voice was soft as her own; his speech hesitating; he was thinking of Edith Dane.

But how was Lady Grace to divine that? She, alas! gave altogether a different interpretation to the words; and her heart beat with a tender throbbing, and her lips parted with love and hope, and she gazed after him until he disappeared in the shadows of the sweet summer night.

CHAPTER III.

The Countess of Avon, persuaded into it by her daughter—badgered a promise from her son that he would bestow the living of Great Whitton upon the Rev. Ryle Baumgarten.

The Earl did not give an immediate consent; in fact, he demurred to give it at all; and sundry letters passed to and from between Avon House and Paris—for his lordship happened just then to have taken a run over to the French capital. Great Whitton was too good a thing to be thrown away upon young Baumgarten, who was nobody, he told his mother, and he should like to give it to Edith; but Lady Avon, for peace's sake at home, urged her petition strongly, and the Earl at length granted it and gave the promise.

The morning the letter arrived containing the promise, and also the information that his lordship was back at his house in London, Lady Avon was feeling unusually ill. Her head was aching violently, and she bade her maid put the letter aside; she would open it later. This she did in the afternoon when she was sitting up in her dressing room and she told Grace of the arrival of the unexpected promise.

"Oh, let me see it!" exclaimed Grace, in her incautious excitement, holding out her hand for the letter.

She read it hungrily, with flushing cheeks and trembling fingers. Lady Avon could but note this. It somewhat puzzled her.

"Grace," she said, "I cannot think why you should be so eager. What does it signify to you who gets the living—whether Mr. Baumgarten or another?"

In the evening, when Grace was sauntering listlessly in the rocky walk, wondering whether any one would call that night or not, she saw him. He was coming along the path from the rectory. The old rector had been buried some days now. "I have been sitting with Mrs. Chester, and thought I would just ask, in passing, how Lady Avon is," he remarked, swinging through the gate, as if he would offer an apology for calling. "The last time I was here she seemed so very poorly."

"She is not any better, I am sorry to say; to-day she has not come downstairs at all," replied Grace, meeting his offered hand. "What will you give me for some news I can tell you?" she resumed, standing before him in the full glow of her beauty, her hand not yet withdrawn from him.

He bent his sweet smile upon her, his deep, dark eyes speaking the admiration that he might not utter. Ryle Baumgarten was no more insensible to the charms of a fascinating and beautiful girl than are other men—despite his love for Edith Dane. She was awaiting an answer.

"What may I give?" he said. "Nothing that I could give would be of value to you."

"How do you know that, Mr. Baumgarten?"

With a burning blush, for she had spoken unguardedly, Grace laughed merrily, stepped a few steps backward, and drew a letter from her pocket.

"It is one that came to mamma this morning, and it has a secret in it. What will you give me to read you just one little sentence?"

Mr. Baumgarten, but that Edith and his calling were in the way, would have said a shower of kisses; it is possible that he might in spite of both, had he dared. Whether his looks betrayed him cannot be known. Lady Grace, blushing still, took refuge in the letter. Folding it so that only the signature was visible, she held it out to him. He read the name, "Edith."

"Is it—from Lord Avon?" he said, with hesitation.

"It is from Lord Avon. He does not sign himself in any other way to us. 'Your affectionate son, Henry,' it always runs to mamma; and it is no unmeaning phrase; he is very fond of her. But now for the secret. Listen."

Mr. Baumgarten, suspecting nothing, listened with a smile.

"I have been dunned with applications since I got home," read Grace, aloud, from Lord Avon's letter, "some of them from personal friends; but as you and Grace make so great a point of it, mother, I promise you that Mr. Baumgarten shall

have Great Whitton." In reading she had left out the words "and Grace." She closed the letter, and then stole a glance at his face. It had turned pale to seriousness.

"I do not quite understand," he said. "No? It means that you are appointed to Great Whitton."

"How can I ever sufficiently thank Lord Avon?" he breathed forth.

"Now, is not the knowing that worth something?" laughed she.

"Oh, Lady Grace! It is worth far more than anything I have to give in return. But—it is not a jest, is it? Can it be really true?"

"A jest! Is that likely? You will be publicly appointed in a day or two, and will, of course, hear from my brother. I am not acquainted, myself, with the formal routine of these things. Mamma is rejoicing; she would rather have you here than any one."

"Lady Avon is too kind," he murmured, abstractedly.

"And what do you think mamma said? Shall I tell you? 'Mr. Baumgarten can marry now.' Those were her words."

Grace spoke with sweet sauciness, secure in the fact that he could not divine her feeling for him—although she believed in his love for her. His answer surprised her.

"Yes, I can marry now," he assented, still half lost in his own thoughts. "I shall do so—soon. I have only waited until some preferment should justify it."

"You are a bold man, Mr. Baumgarten, to make so sure of the lady's consent. Have you asked her?"

"No; where was the use, until I could speak to some purpose? But she has detected my wishes, I am sure of that; and there is no coquetry in Edith."

"Edith?" almost shrieked Lady Grace. "I beg your pardon; I shall not fail."

"What have you done? You have hurt yourself?"

They had been walking close to the miniature rocks, and she had seemed to stumble over a projecting corner. "I gave my ankle a twist. The pain was sharp," she moaned.

"Pray lean on me, Lady Grace; pray let me support you; you are as white as death."

He wound his arms gently round her, and laid her pallid face upon his shoulder; he thought she was going to faint. For one single moment she yielded to the fascination of the beloved resting place. Oh! that it could be hers forever! She shivered, raised her head, and drew away from him.

"Thank you," she said, faintly; "the anguish has passed. I must go indoors now."

Mr. Baumgarten held out his arm, but she did not take it, walking alone with rapid steps toward the house. At the entrance of the glass door she turned to him. "I will wish you good evening now."

He held out his hand, but she did not appear to see it. She ran in, and he turned away to depart, thinking she must be in great pain.

Lady Grace shut herself in the drawing room. For a few moments she rushed about like one possessed, in her torrent of anger. Then she sat down to her writing desk and dashed off a blotted and hasty note to Lord Avon—which would just save the post.

"Give the living to any one you please, Harry, but not to Ryle Baumgarten; bestow it where you will, but not to him. There are reasons why he would be utterly unfit for it. Explanations when we meet."

During this, Mr. Baumgarten was hastening home, the great news surging in his brain. Edith was at the gate, but not looking for him, of course; merely enjoying the air of the summer's night. That's what she said she was doing when he came up. He caught her by the waist and drew her between the trees and began to kiss her. She cried out, and gazed at him in wonder.

"Edith, do you think I am mad? I believe I am—mad with joy, for the time has come that I may ask you to be my wife!"

"Your wife," she stammered, for in truth that prospect had seemed farther off than heaven.

He drew her to him again in the plenitude of his emotion. Her heart beat wildly against his, and he laid her face upon his breast, more fondly than he had laid another's not long before.

"You know how I have loved you; you must have seen it, though I would not speak; but I could not marry while my income was so small. It would not have been right, Edith."

"If you think so—no."

"But, oh, my dearest, I may speak now. Will you be my wife?"

"But—what has happened?" she asked. "Ah, what! Promotion has come to me, my dear one. I am presented to the living of Great Whitton."

"Of Great Whitton, Ryle?"

"It is quite sure. Lord Avon's mother asked him to give it to me, it seems, and he generously complied. Edith, will you reject me, now I have Great Whitton?"

She hid her face. She felt him lovingly stroking her hair. "I would not have rejected you when you had but Little Whitton, Ryle."

"Yours is not the first fair face which has been there this night, Edith," he said in a laughing whisper. "I had Lady Grace's there but an hour ago."

A shiver seemed to dart through her heart. Her jealousy of Lady Grace had been almost as powerful as her love for Mr. Baumgarten.

"Grace said, in a joking kind of way, that her mother had remarked I could marry, now I had Great Whitton. So I told Grace that I should do so—one word leads to another, you know, Edith, and that I had only waited for preferment to marry you, my best love. As I was speaking she managed somehow to twist her ankle. The pain must have been intense, for she turned as white as death, and I had to hold her to me. But I did not pay myself for my trouble as I am doing now—with kisses. Edith, my whole love is yours."

(To be continued.)



Farm Hog-Killing Outfit.

As all farmers who kill their own hogs know, the old way of butchering is very inconvenient and tiresome. The following arrangement, illustrated in the Queenlander, makes the labor comparatively easy. The top piece is 2x5 inches, and 12 feet long. The mortises for the supports to fit in are made five inches from the ends or piece, and are one-half inch deep, 2 1/4 inches wide at bottom, by 1 1/4 inches at top, thus only one bolt is needed to hold them together at top. The upright supports are 2x2 1/2, and seven feet long; cross-piece, 1 1/4x2 1/4, and at one end this should be bolted on upright pieces, down low enough so that bench will set over it. The lever is 3 1/2x2 at staple, and shaved down to 1 1/4 at end. Staples made of five-sixteenths inch rod iron, and long enough to clinch. Clevis



DEVICE FOR HANGING THE HOG.

where chain is fastened is made of three-eighths inch iron. The end of the lever is iron, 6x2 1/4 bent, as shown for gambrel stick to rest on, while lifting pig to the pole hooks, which are made large enough to slip back and forth easily on upper piece. Rods one-half inch, bent to hold gambrel stick. A hook not shown in cut made of one-half inch iron, attaches to B and provides a fulcrum for the lever A for dipping hog in the barrel and raising carcass to the gambrel hooks. Bench, 10x1 1/4 inches, 20 inches high, 8 feet long. Barrel to be set in the ground one-quarter its length.

No Profit in Farm Alcohol.

The Department of Agriculture, through Dr. H. W. Wiley, chief of the bureau of chemistry, has undertaken to educate the farmers regarding the manufacture of denatured alcohol. Two bulletins on the subject have been issued.

From Dr. Wiley's discussion of the subject the conclusion is reached that the manufacture of alcohol on a very small scale is not likely to prove profitable, and because of revenue regulations it is evident that the farmer must be content with producing the raw materials. The bulletin on the subject of sources and manufacture says:

"The principal uses of industrial alcohol are illumination, heating, motive power and the manufacture of lacquers, varnishes, smokeless powder, medicinal and pharmaceutical preparations, vinegar and ether. When industrial alcohol is made at a price at which it can compete with petroleum and gasoline, it doubtless will be preferred for the purposes above mentioned, because of its greater safety and more pleasant odor. Under the present conditions it is not probable that industrial alcohol can be offered upon the market at much less than 40 cents a gallon of 95 per cent strength."

Dr. Wiley expresses the belief, however, that by paying attention to unused sources of raw material and with improved methods of manufacturing and denaturing this price can be diminished.

Ginseng in Missouri.

According to the Missouri experiment station bulletin, the cultivation of ginseng for the Chinese market has become an important industry in that State, notwithstanding the fact that it takes five or six years to mature a crop. While the crop is exceptionally valuable, the cultivation of ginseng has been found to possess disadvantages the same as most other cultivated crops. It appears that several fungus diseases have broken out in the ginseng plantations, some of which are extremely serious and infectious, large areas often being destroyed in a single week. However, the particular organisms causing the damage have been recognized and methods for keeping the diseases under control have now been worked out.

Cattle Lice.

Lice on cattle indicate lack of attention and poor feed. Grease of any kind will destroy lice on cattle, but grease should not be used if it can be avoided. First wash the animal with kerosene emulsion, and follow with clear water. When the skin is dry dust every portion of the body with a mixture of a peck of carbonate of lime and a bushel of clean, dry dirt. If a single animal is infested with lice, the others will soon be in the same condition unless remedies are used as preventives.

Onion Growing.

The period between killing frosts in Montana is placed at 100 to 120 days, while the time required for onions to mature from seedling is 135 to 150 days, and if onions are not thoroughly ripe their keeping quality is injured, according to a report prepared by R. W. Fisher, of the Montana Station. The experiments are recorded in detail for each year, and yields given by both methods of culture.

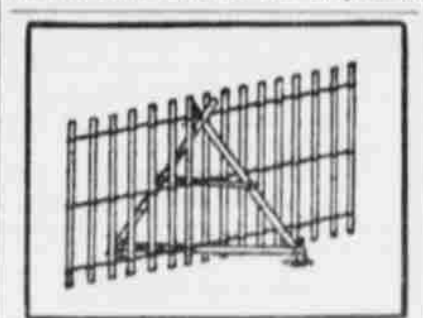
Generally speaking, the yields from transplanted onions were from 50 to 200 per cent larger than from seed sown in the field, where there was but little or no increase in cost of labor. The transplanting insures an even crop, the maturity of the crop and the keeping quality of the onions. Prize fakers gave the largest average yield of the nineteen varieties grown, and was one of the best keepers, though not usually advertised as a winter onion. The seedling bulbs of this variety, however, kept poorly because the growing season was not long enough to properly mature them. The use of well-rotted manure increased the yield of both field-sown and transplanted onions. Suggestions are included for making hotbeds.

The Onion Maggot.

The onion maggot and cabbage maggot can only be distinguished by an expert, as they are very nearly alike. The maggot is the larva of a small fly. There is no known "sure" remedy that can be applied. Sprinkling powdered sulphur around the plants is a partial remedy, but it does not always bring relief. Making a small hole near each onion and pouring into each hole half a teaspoonful of bisulphide of carbon, covering the holes with earth, is claimed to be a remedy, but such method is expensive and laborious. Liquid manure applied to the plants is claimed to be a remedy. The best preventive is to grow the onions on land that has not before produced a crop, but of course such can not be done until next season. This change of location of the onion patch is the only partial solution of the maggot problem.

Sagging Fence Supports.

For fence posts or supports that will not rot off or break off, for picket or nine-wire, take two boards 2x6, cross at the top so as to leave a crotch for top wire. Fasten together with 8 penny nails. Put a crosspiece in the middle for middle wires to rest on and fasten with staple and a crosspiece at bottom for bottom wires to rest on and fasten with staple. Then anchor with a small stake on each side to prevent



SUPPORTS FOR FENCE.

wind from tipping over, and you have a good post for picket fence. Nail or wire post to the stake. This makes an excellent post for repairing an old picket fence.—Farm Progress.

Milk Cows.

The Hollanders evidently breed and feed for milk first of all. That they succeed is proved by the large milk yields of their cows. That large milk flow, seemingly regardless of butter-fat percentage, pays them is proved by their prosperity. The dairyman here thinks it necessary to pay small prices for dairy cows that annually yield from 3,000 to 4,000 pounds of milk. What the financial result to him is, the wretched records show only too plainly. He is the worst-paid farmer in the land. What could he not do if, instead of breeding, buying, feeding and milking cheap cows, he were to breed, feed and milk cows of the 11,500 to 14,500 pound class? The Frieslanders and other Hollanders, with their gigantic cows, make money on milk produced on soil that costs from \$500 to \$2,000 an acre or rents at from \$50 to \$200.

Points in Pruning.

In pruning the trees all stems half an inch or more in diameter should be covered with some waterproof substance, like grafting wax or shellac of the consistency of cream. The bark and outer wood will thus be preserved, and the wound will in a season or so be covered with new bark. If this precaution be not taken the end of the branch may decay from exposure to wind, rain, heat and cold.

The Egg-Eating Hen.

Some one wants to know how to keep hens from eating their eggs. Having had some experience along that line, I offer a few suggestions: A deep nest box, in which there is only room for the hen's body, so that she cannot get at the eggs when on the nest, and too deep for her to reach the eggs when standing on the edge of it, is a good thing. The best nest box I have used is 14 inches square and 18 inches deep, covered with a 6-inch door or opening at the top of one side.

Rheumatism

Is one of the constitutional diseases. It manifests itself in local aches and pains,—inflamed joints and stiff muscles,—but it cannot be cured by local applications. It requires constitutional treatment, and the best is a course of the great blood purifying and tonic medicine

Hood's Sarsaparilla

which neutralizes the acidity of the blood and builds up the whole system. In usual liquid form or in chocolate tablets known as Sarsatabs, 100 doses \$1.

Uncle Allen.

"I suppose there is such a person as the folk-singer," mused Uncle Allen Sparks, "but he has either retired from business or he's hopelessly behind on his orders."

TEN YEARS OF PAIN.

Unable To Do Even Housework Because of Kidney Troubles.

Mrs. Margaret Emmerich, of Clinton St., Napoleon, O., says: "For fifteen years I was a great sufferer from kidney troubles. My back pained me terribly. Every turn or move caused sharp shooting pains. My eyesight was poor, dark spots appeared before me, and I had dizzy spells. For ten years I could



not do housework, and for two years did not get out of the house. The kidney secretions were irregular, and doctors were not helping me. Dorn's Kidney Pills brought me quick relief, and finally cured me. They saved my life."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

African Manioc.

The native food of the Malunda country, in southern Africa, comprises manioc, and that alone. It is a plant particularly adapted to wet, marshy soil, says the author of "In Remotest Barotseland." It takes two years to arrive at maturity, and while growing requires very little attention.

The root when full-grown is about the size, and has very much the appearance of a German sausage, although at times it grows much larger. One shrub has several roots, and the extraction of two or three in no way impairs the growth of the remainder.

When newly dug it tastes like a chestnut, and the digestion of the proverbial ostrich can alone assimilate it raw; but when soaked in water for a few days until partly decomposed, dried on the roofs of the huts and stamped, it forms a delightfully white soft meal, far whiter and purer than the best flour. Then it is beaten into a thick paste and eaten with a little flavoring, composed of a locust or a caterpillar which the natives seek in decayed trees.

Another way of eating this native luxury is by baking the roots, after soaking them, and eating it as you would a banana. Taken as a whole, it forms the best all-the-year-round native food; but I should advise all intending consumers to abstain from any other food for three or four days before giving it a prolonged trial.

Suicides.

Saxony, Austria, France, and Denmark show the largest percentages of suicide annually. In Saxony thirty-one in every one hundred thousand people living are suicides. In Austria the rate is a little over twenty-one. In Denmark it is almost twenty-six, and in France twenty-three. The United States, Russia, Ireland and Spain have the lowest rates of suicides.

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