The Minister's Wife

By MRS. HENRY WOOD

CHAPTER IV.

One morning there was a startling announcement in the Times. As Lady Avon's eyes fell upon it, she truly thought they must be playing her false; that her sight was failing her.

The living of Great Whitton was bestowed upon the Hon. and Rev. Wilfred Elliotsen, a personal friend of the Earl of Avon.

Her ladyship called out for her daughter in commotion; she sent her maid Charity, to hasten her. Grace feared her mother was worse, and flew to the room with rapid steps.

"What can be the meaning of this, Grace?" gasped the countess. "Henry has not given the living to Mr. Baumgarten after all; he has given it to young Elliotsen!"

"Oh, indeed," said Grace, carelessly. "Harry can do as he likes, I suppose."

"No, he can't, in such a case as this. At least he ought not. Once his promise was given to me, it should have been kept. I cannot understand his going from it. It is not like him."

"Well, mamma, I don't see that it matters to us, whichever way it may be."

"But it does matter. I don't want a simpering young fellow like Wilfred Elliotsen down here, and whose wife goes in for rank Puseyism besides. She has only been waiting for his appointment to a church, report says, to make him play all kinds of antics in it; she leads him by the nose."

Grace laughed.

"It is no laughing matter," reproved her mother, "for me or Mr. Baumgarten. I shall be ashamed to look him in the face. And he had begun to lay out plans for his marriage with Miss Dane and their life at Great Whitton!"

"How do you know that?" asked Grace, quickly.

"Mrs. Brice told me so when she was here yesterday," replied Lady Avon. "She knew from the Danes that Ryle Baumgarten was to have Great Whitton and to marry Edith. Why Henry should be so changeable I cannot imagine."

Lady Avon was evidently very much annoyed, and justly so; annoyed at the fact, and annoyed because she was unable to understand her son, who was neither capricious nor inconsiderate. She wrote a letter of complaint to him that day, and awaited his answer.

The ill news broke abruptly upon Mr. Baumgarten. The little hard-worked, inoffensive Mr. Brice, who had a kind heart and never failed to have a kind word for his patients, chanced to see in the Times the same paragraph that Lady Avon saw, and on the same morning.

and on the same morning.

"Bless my heart," he exclaimed, "what an unlucky thing! How could Baumgarten have made such a mistake? He said Lady Grace told him. Perhaps it was she who mistook the matter!"

Away he hastened to Whitton Cottage, the newspaper in his pocket, and into the clergyman's presence, who sat in his little study writing a sermon. And when he got there, he felt at fault how to open the ball. It seemed so cruel a thing to do. Mr. Baumgarten, who looked gay and unconscious, led up to it.

"Have you heard any particular news this morning?" began the surgeon, after a few words had passed.

"No," lightly replied Mr. Baumgarten; "I've not seen any one to tell me any; I have been busy since breakfast with my sermon for next Sunday. Nearly the last I shall preach at Little Whitton, I expect."

Mr. Brice coughed. "Have you heard from Lord Avon?" he asked.

"Not yet. I rather wonder at it. Every morning I look for a letter from him, but it does not come. He may be in France again for all I know myself; I don't like to call at Avon House until my appointment is confirmed. It would look pushing; as if I were impatient."

"Well, I—I saw a curious paragraph in the newspaper just now, about Great Whitton being given away; but it was another name that was mentioned, not yours," said Mr. Brice. "I thought I'd come here at once to see if you knew anything about it."

"Not anything; newspapers are always making mistakes," smiled Mr. Baumgarten.

Mr. Brice took the paper from his pocket. Finding the place, he laid it before the clergyman, who read it. Read it twice over, and began to feel somewhat less easy. He read it a third time, aloud.

"We are authorized to state that the valuable living of Great Whitton, Homeshire, has been bestowed by its patron, the Earl of Avon, upon the Honorable and Reverend Wilfred Elliotsen."

There ensued a pause. The two gentlemen were looking at one another, each questioningly.

"It must be a mistake," said Mr. Baumgarten. "Lord Avon would not give the living to me, and then give it to some one else."

"The question is—did he give it to you?" returned Mr. Brice. "Perhaps the mistake lies in your having thought so."

"I saw it in his own handwriting, in his letter to his mother. Lady Grace showed it to me; at least, a portion of it. He wrote in answer to an appeal Lady Avon had made to him to give me the living. His promise was a positive one. It is this newspaper that makes the mistake, Brice; it cannot be otherwise."

"Any way, we will hope so," briskly added the surgeon. But he spoke more confidently than he felt; and perhaps Mr. Baumgarten had done the same.

Lord Avon's reply to his mother's letter of complaint and inquiry came to her by return of post, and ran as follows:

"My Dear Mother—I canceled my promise of giving the living to Baumgarten at Grace's request. She wrote to me posthaste some days ago, telling me there were reasons why Baumgarten would be utterly unfit to hold Great Whitton, and begging me to bestow it upon any one other than upon him. That is all I know; you must ask an explanation of Grace. Of course, I assumed she was writing for you. It is settled now, and too late to change back again. Elliotsen will do very well in the living, I dare say. As to his wife wanting to turn and twist him to attempt foolish things in the church, as you seem to fear, I think it hardly likely. If she does, he must put her down. Ever your loving son,

"HENRY."

"Yes, I did write to Henry, mamma; I did ask him not to give the living to Mr. Baumgarten," avowed Grace, with passionate emphasis, when questioned, her cheeks aflame, for the subject excited and tried her. "My reason was that I consider him an unfit man to hold it."

"Why, it was at your request that I asked Henry to give it to Mr. Baumgarten; you let me have no peace until I consented," retorted Lady Avon.

"But, after reflection, I came to the conclusion that I ought not to have pressed it; that he ought not to have it, and would not do it; and the shortest way to mend the matter was by writing to Harry. That's all."

Lady Avon glanced keenly at her daughter. She was mentally asking herself what it all meant—the burning face, the tone sharp as a knife and telling of pain, the capricious conduct in regard to the preferment. But she could not tell; she might have her suspicions, and very ridiculous suspicions, too, not at all to be entertained; but she could not tell.

"I am sorry that a daughter of mine should have condescended to behave so; you best know what motive prompted it, Grace. To bestow a living and then snatch it away again in caprice is sheer child's play. It will be a cruel blow to Ryle Baumgarten."

A cruel blow it was. Lady Avon turned to her desk after speaking these words to her daughter, and began a note to the young clergyman, feeling very much humbled in mind as she wrote it. In the most plausible way she could, a lame way at best, she apologized for the mistake which had been made, adding she hardly knew whether it might be attributed to her son, to herself, or to both, and pleaded for Mr. Baumgarten's forgiveness. This note she dispatched by her footman to Whitton cottage.

Mr. Baumgarten chanced to be standing in the house's little hall as the man approached. He received the note from him.

"Is there any answer to take back, sir? My lady did not say."

"I will se," replied Mr. Baumgarten. "Sit down, Robert."

Shutting himself into his study, he opened the note. For a few happy moments—if moments of suspense ever can be happy—he indulged in a vision that all might still be right; that the note was to tell him so. It was short, filling only one side of the paper, and he stood while he read it.

Before he had quite come to the end, before he had well gathered in its purport, a shock, singular in its effects, struck Mr. Baumgarten. Whether his breath stopped, or the circulation of his heart stopped, or the coursing of his pulses stopped, he could not have told, but he sank down in a chair powerless, the letter falling on the table from his nerveless hand. A strange, beating movement stirred him inwardly, his throat was gasping, his eyelids were fluttering, a sick faintness had seized upon him.

But that he struggled against it with desperate resolution, he believed he should have fainted. Once before he had felt something like this, when he was an undergraduate at Oxford, and he had been rowing against time to win a match. They said then, those around him, that he had over-exercised his strength. But he had not been exercising his strength now, and he was far worse this time than he had been then.

He sat perfectly still, his arms supported by the elbows of the chair, and recovered by degrees. After a bit, he took up Lady Avon's note to read it more fully, and then he knew and realized that all, to which he had been so ardently looking forward, was at an end.

"Her ladyship's notice does not require an answer, Robert," he said with apparent coolness. "How is she to-day?"

"Middling, sir. She seemed much upset this morning, Charity told us, by a letter she got from his lordship in London," added Robert. "Good day, sir."

Mr. Baumgarten nodded in answer. He stood at the door looking out, apparently watching the man away. The sun was shining in Ryle Baumgarten's face, but the sun which had been latterly shining on his heart, illuminating it with colors of the brightest and sweetest fancy—that sun seemed to have set forever.

CHAPTER V.

The Hon. and Rev. Wilfred Elliotsen took possession of the living of Great Whitton, having been appointed to it by Lord Avon. And the Rev. Ryle Baumgarten remained, as before, at Little Whitton.

Changes took place. They take place everywhere. The most notable one was the marriage of Mr. Baumgarten.

That he had been grievously disappointed and annoyed at the appointment of another to the living, which he had been led to suppose would be his, was a bitter fact. He set it down to the caprice of great men, and strove to live down the sting. The chief difficulty lay in his contemplated marriage; and he deliberated with himself whether he ought for the present to abandon it, or to carry it out. He decided upon the latter course. It is probable that he deemed he could not in honor withdraw now, and it is more than probable that, once having allowed himself to cherish his hopes and his love, he was not stoic enough to put them from him again.

Mrs. Dane gave permission readily. As long as she lived and was with them her small income would augment theirs. And within a month of Mr. Baumgarten's disappointment, he and Edith became man and wife.

"You do quite right," warm-hearted little Mr. Brice had assured them. "The cuttings and contrivings necessary to make a small income go as far as a large one render a young couple all the happier. I ought to know; mine was small enough for many a year of my married life; it's not much else now."

The autumn was advancing when Lord Avon came down to pay a visit to his mother. His lordship brought with him full intentions to have it out with her, and with Grace, about that matter in the summer. He began with his mother. She knew no more of it than he did, she protested resentfully, for she was still sore upon the point. All she could say was that he had written to promise the living for Mr. Baumgarten and then gave it to Wilfred Elliotsen.

Grace was more impervious still. She simply refused to discuss the subject at all, telling her brother to hold his tongue.

"I don't see why you should blame me, mother," remonstrated the young man. "It was certainly no fault of mine."

"It was your fault, Henry," retorted Lady Avon.

"I told you of Grace's peremptory letter."

"Who but you would heed the wild letter of a girl? You should have waited for me to confirm it. As I did not do so, you ought to have written to me before acting. I did not care for Mr. Baumgarten to have Great Whitton; it was Grace who worried me into asking it of you; but as you promised it to him, it should have been his. You cannot picture to yourself, Henry, half the annoyance it has cost me."

Lord Avon could picture it very well. All this arose from Grace's absurd caprice. She had been indulged all her life—and did just as she pleased.

"And for you to put so silly a young fellow as Elliotsen into it," went on Lady Avon, enlarging on her grievances. "I told you his wife would make him play all kinds of pranks in the church."

"What does he do?" asked Lord Avon.

"Very ridiculous things indeed. He has put a lot of brass candlesticks on the communion table, and he turns himself about and bows down at different parts of the service, and she sweeps her head forward in a fashion that sets the whole church staring. We are not used to these innovations, Henry."

Lady Avon was correct in saying so. The innovations were innovations in those days; now they are looked upon almost as matters of history, as if they had come in with William the Conqueror.

"And the parish is not pleased with them?" returned Lord Avon.

"Pleased with them," echoed his mother. "He began by wanting to make every soul in the parish, laborers and all, attend daily service in the church from 8 o'clock to 9, allowing them ten minutes for breakfast and fifty for prayers; and she has dressed the Sunday school in scarlet cloaks, with a large white linen cross sewed down the back. One thing is not liked at all; the inexperienced rustics cannot be made to understand which way he wants them to turn at the creeds; so he has planted some men behind the free benches every Sunday with long white wands, and the moment the Belief begins, down come the wands, rapping the heads of the doubtful ones. You have no idea of the commotion it causes."

Lord Avon burst into a laugh. "I'd have run down for a Sunday before this, had I known the fun that was going on," said he. "The girls must take care the bulls don't run at their scarlet cloaks."

"Ah, Henry, you young men regard these things but as matters for irreverent joking. Mr. Baumgarten would not have served us so."

Presently he walked out. In one of the pleasant green lanes with which the place abounded, he suddenly encountered Brice, the surgeon, who was coming along at a steaming pace.

"Walking for a wager?" cried he.

"That's it: your lordship has just hit it," replied the surgeon, grasping warmly the ready hand held out to him. "I and Time often have a match together, and sometimes he wins and sometimes I do."

(To be continued.)

Even at Last.

"In the dark, still hours some one shouted 'Burglar!'"

"You don't say?"

"Yes, and then we all rushed out of our apartmnts and down the steps. In the shadows of a corner we saw a crouching figure."

"Gracious!"

"And we pummeled him until he was black and blue. Then the lights were turned on and everybody gave a cheer that could be heard a block."

"How exciting! And it was really the burglar?"

"No, it was the janitor. We had made a mistake, but everybody got the chance to settle up an old grudge."

An Eye to the Future.

"Would you rather marry a lawyer's or a minister's daughter?"

"A lawyer's. A divorce costs more than a wedding."—Houston Post.

It takes mail at least seven days to go from Chicago to London.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

ATTITUDE OF THE FARMERS.

By John M. Stahl.

While not complaining and while freely and gladly acknowledging their great prosperity, due in large measure to the development of manufacture, transportation and trade, farmers nevertheless believe that the margin between the price paid to them and the price paid by the consumers of their products is altogether too great and that this margin has contributed much to aggregations of wealth that are dangerous; hence farmers would not try to increase by large their profits by compelling the consumers of farm products to pay more, but rather by lessening the opportunity of an increase by unfair means of the wealth of those already too rich.

Farmers recognize that the value of their lands and the profits of their business are largely due to the markets created by manufacturer and the transportation provided by railways. But the farmer distinguishes between the manufacture, transportation and sale of articles and the work of corporations and individuals that put their attorneys and willing servants into State Legislatures and the National Congress, in executive offices and even on the bench, not for the public good, but to secure advantages that are unfair in themselves and in their results dangerous to the masses. Speaking largely, the remedy we would propose for economic injustice would not be of the nature of special laws or efforts in the way of arbitrary hindrances to honest trade or arbitrary seizure of the holdings of any class and a distribution to any injured class, but rather we would depend on the awakening of such a national conscience and spirit as will compel just laws and secure to every class its full rights in open competition with all.

MEN AND WOMEN BOOMERANG TARGETS.

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

How idly we use the phrase, "Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days." But no truer words ever were inspired by the divine sources of all truth. Whether your bread is sweet or sour, wholesome or poisonous, it shall return to you "after many days." Thought is a boomerang. It sometimes is long in proving itself to be of this reacting nature; but the greater the delay the stronger will be its force when the backward swing begins.

Unless we find something every day to be happy over, we never shall be able to enjoy fully any blessing which may come to us. Continued discontent shapes the mind for unhappiness, and no amount of good luck can twist it back into harmonious proportions. The man who never has learned the lession of contentment and happiness in some degree in his hard days never will find it in his easy ones. When he undertakes to enjoy travel, society or home, he will find the only demon of unrest is with him—his relentless boomerang.

There is the disloyal thought, which many people, both men and women, suffer from. They blame fate instead of their own minds for their bruises. The disloyal friend or the faithless lover, sets currents in action which inevitably must bring disaster in time. I do not mean the friend who outgrows the other, the lover who finds it impossible to continue loving. Those sad experiences sometimes occur with the most loyal! But I refer to those who repay trust with trickery, confidence with deceit, yet who cry out against cruel destiny when they are forced to suffer from the same qualities in others.

WOMEN'S EXTRAVAGANCE OFTEN MEN'S FAULT.

By Helen Oldfield.

Nothing can be more foolish than for a young couple to start married life with a grand splurge, spending the few hundreds or so in the bank in unnecessary extravagances which will do them no practical service when the money is gone. Even where there is a solid reserve fund available it is ill advised to draw upon it heavily, or even to abstain from adding to it, if possible, at the outset of matrimony. When once the initial expenses of the wedding and house furnishing are over, the cost of living ought to be, and usually is, less for a time than it will be thereafter. Everything is new, and with ordinary care there should be no outlay in replacing or repairing for some time to come.

Whatever a man's income, be it large or small, his wife has a moral right to a certain portion of it, upon which she can depend, and this should be given to her regularly, without her being compelled to ask for it. It is a humiliating position for any one to be left without a dollar to pay an expressman; nay, worse, not to have the small amount due on a letter delivered at the door! The average man dislikes exceedingly to be continually asked for small amounts of money, but he rarely appreciates how galling it is to his wife's pride, her self respect, to be obliged to make such requests. Let every man be honest enough, and loving enough, to give his wife a fair idea of his financial position, and trust her to conduct herself accordingly, nor leave her in ignorance when serious trouble is threatening to ingulf her as well as him.

SNOBBISHNESS AND "THE ELECT."

By Juliet V. Strauss.

JULIET V. STRAUSS.

There is no snob so unutterable, so disgusting and intolerable as the intellectual snob. If he were really bright he would know things and among them he would know what real "smartness" is and that people who have it never go blathering around about "the elect." They just be it and say nothing about it.

The idea of calling those who have succeeded in getting rid of their obligations to their neighbors, and formed a little clique of their own—the elect! I get disgusted with these smart people who can find only a few appreciative friends, who call the people around them "these people" and assume an air of bored superiority.

I remember of hearing a little girl say once to a comrade in the "elect" business: "It is just we, us and company." Both of them tittered at this and looked (as only females can look) at another little girl who wasn't "in" we, us and company.

A LITTLE LESSON IN PATRIOTISM.

PHILIP SCHUYLER.

When in June, 1777, General Burgoyne started from Canada with 80,000 splendidly equipped soldiers and the finest train of artillery that had ever been seen in America, it was confidently expected by the British ministry and the British army that he would experience no difficulty in subjugating the continental army.

But General Philip Schuyler had been busy in felling the trees, obstructing the fords and breaking down the bridges in the country through which Burgoyne must come. By the time Burgoyne reached Fort Edward, he was compelled to forage for food. The New England militia cut him off from Canada.

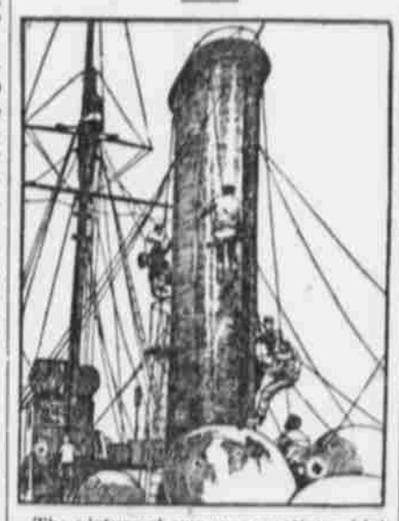
At the battle of Bennington the Americans under Stark had defeated him. Now nothing was left to him but hard fighting. The genius of General Schuyler had hemmed in the British. Just as victory for the Americans was in sight General Schuyler was superseded by General Gates. To Gates went the credit of the splendid victory of Saratoga, Oct. 17, 1777.

It might have been expected that General Schuyler, whose retirement had been due to a mistake, rather a blunder, on the part of the authorities in charge, should feel the personal chagrin so keenly that he would have no more to do with the cause for which he had fought, but where his services were unappreciated. On the contrary, he devoted his best efforts to it and was finaly rewarded with the vindication and the honor he deserved.

When a girl wants to see her Beloved to-night, and learns that she can't see him till to-morrow night, the day of judgment doesn't seem to be half as far off.

From the viewpoint of a sensible person imitation is the most disgusting form of flattery.

CLEANING THE FUNNEL OF A FAST CRUISER.



The picture shows an operation which goes on quite frequently on board ship, especially in the navy, where it is considered the proper thing to keep the men employed as much as possible. As soon as the exposed surfaces of a vessel are covered properly with paint it is scraped off and the process is repeated. Thus it is that Uncle Sam's bill for white lead and linseed oil amounts to a very large sum every year.

Black Walnut Goes to Germany.

Black walnut is produced in this country at an annual rate of about 33,000,000 feet. The larger portion of it now comes from Southwestern Missouri, Arkansas, Oklahoma and Indian Territory, although there is some scattering growth still picked up in Indiana, Ohio, Tennessee and West Virginia. The most considerable stand of the wood remaining east of the Mississippi river is on the upper waters of the Guyandotte river in West Virginia. The home demand for black walnut lumber is only for comparatively small quantities. Its use is largely confined to gun stocks, novelties, electric work, etc. The chief demand for walnut comes from Germany, and Hamburg is the commercial center of the market.—Southwest Magazine.

Two-thirds of the so-called society "400" are ciphers.

GOOD ONLY TO RUN RACES.

Thoroughbred Horse Would Be Valueless if There Were No Betting.

James Coyle got a party of sporting men and race horse owners to guessing a few nights ago. They were discussing the thoroughbred and incidentally politics and betting. Mr. Coyle advanced some original views as to what gives the thoroughbred race horse its value. He set them all guessing by the statement that if betting on racetracks was suddenly prohibited the race horse would have no value whatever.

"You believe that betting has not all to do with values of the race horse," he said. "Why, if the right to bet on a race was cut off—that is, if there was no betting allowed—there are horses in all parts of the country, worth from $30,000 upward, that would not be worth 30 cents. You needn't look so surprised," he continued. "What do the people go to racetracks for? Is it to see the races? They can't see anything but a finish in most of them. What crowds the race course at big events? Do you believe it is all love for the horses? More than half of those in attendance do not even see the finish. They are there to lay down a bet.

"Now, if they cannot bet will they attend the races? And if they do not attend what will become of the race tracks? If there is no racing what will be the value of your high-priced running horse? He cannot be used for riding, driving or hauling a wagon. Well, if they can't race nor be used in any other way what possible value could they have? Cut off betting and see what your big-priced racing horse will bring."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Sure of Her Facts.

A small girl was fascinated by the tale of the "Three Bears," as told her by a visiting nurse. Every time the nurse came she was asked to repeat it. In "The Queen's Poor" the nurse tells of the child's opinion.

Noticing that during the almost daily recital the little girl kept her eyes on a picture of some boys playing football, I wondered what connection there was in her mind between the two, and finally I asked her, "What are bears?"

With the level tones of a person perfectly sure of her facts, she replied, "Bears is boys."