

The Minister's Wife

By MRS. HENRY WOOD

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)
 Jaquet put on the child's hat and cap, and Mr. Baumgarten escorted Lady Ann to the carriage.

"Where are we going, grandmamma?" asked Cyra, as they turned into a green lane, which led to a cross country road in the opposite direction to the fair, toward which Lady Ann would not have gone had she been led to do so.

"It is very pretty this way, perhaps we shall see some beauties," she said.

Cyra was quite satisfied. All roads were pretty much alike to him. They saw beauties, and they saw some grass.

In returning home, when driving across a strip of woods land or common, in open carriage containing an old lady, accompanied that of Lady Ann. Both carriage stopped, and the ladies entered into conversation. It appeared that they had stopped exactly opposite a grey monument, the sight of which gave Cyra the unaccounted delight. He had never seen one before.

"Grandmamma, look. Do look. Isn't it a beauty?"

Lady Ann turned to Cyra's side of the carriage and saw the monument. She had not before observed it. "Dear me," said she, "a grey monument! I wonder they are not at the fair. The men are, I suppose. I see some about."

"What is it, grandmamma?"

"A grey monument, my dear. They are people who have died in the country, and they lie in the open air at night, or in rain."

"I wish I could. Do you see the fair, grandmamma? Couldn't we go to them?"

"Oh, dear, no," said Lady Ann, very decisively. "Little boys must never go near such things."

The carriage deposited Cyra at the rectory gate as the steeds were striking one. Lady Ann watched him inside, and then drove on. Charley came running out-of-doors to meet his brother.

"Oh, Charley, I wish you'd been with me!" began Cyra. "We've seen something beautiful."

"What is it?" asked Charley. "Jim?"

"It was a grey monument. They got into a building on the ground—on the grass, you know."

"Take me to see it, Cyra! Please take me!"

The little boys dined at the luncheon table. That day it happened that a clergyman from a distance was present at the meal. He and Mr. Baumgarten went into very deep converse about some private church matters which were not giving satisfaction. Lady Grace joined in it. Cyra found an opportunity to tell of his experience touching the grey camp, as he would otherwise have done.

Luncheon over, Mr. Baumgarten went out at once with his friend. Lady Grace proceeded to the nursery and the boys ran to their swing—a perfectly safe one—at the back of the house.

CHAPTER XII.

About 4 o'clock Jaquet went to see after the boys. Her mistress had said they had gone to the spring. Jaquet could not see them anywhere and ran round to the front lawn. They were not there. "Do you know where the children are, Moore?" she inquired, meeting the man in the hall.

"No, unless they're with my lady in the drawing room; they were there when I took in the tea and cake," answered Moore.

"Oh, then they are sure to be there; trust them for stopping where there's any cake going on," said Jaquet. And she went back to her nursery and to the baby, then just waking up out of sleep.

It was 5 o'clock when the carriage was brought round and the guests went away. Lady Grace ran up to the nursery. A maid was carrying in the tray containing the children's tea and Jaquet's.

"Where are they?" asked Lady Grace, looking round.

"They have not been up here," said Jaquet. "I thought they were with your ladyship."

"They must be at the swing," said Lady Grace.

But the children were not at the swing; they were not in the front garden; they did not seem to be anywhere.

Lady Grace began to feel somewhat uneasy. She went outside the gate and looked down the avenue which led to the high road; still she did not think they would run off of their own accord; even Cyra had never done that.

Moore, Jaquet and one of the housemaids went about, searching the house and grounds thoroughly; all in vain. In the midst of the commotion Mr. Baumgarten came home.

"The children are lost," said Lady Grace.

"Lost! The children! Oh, nonsense," said Mr. Baumgarten.

It appeared that the last seen of them was when Moore took the cake and tea to the drawing room. Lady Grace was not very clear as to how soon afterward they left it.

"Perhaps they have gone off to the fair," said Mr. Baumgarten to his wife. "I suppose this comes of our having promised your mother in her hearing that they should not go to it."

"Then it's Cyra who is in fault," said she. "Charles would not have the sense to do such a thing, or the courage either."

"Of course not. He is too young for that yet awhile."

The fair was held on Whitten Common, on the other side of the village, and near to Little Whitten. There was also a way to it through fields and shady lanes, and Lady Grace bethought herself

THE Popular Pulpit

A YEAR'S END RECAPITULATION
 By Rev. D. F. PAUL, D. D.

When Whittier was seventy years old the postures gave him a sample in Boston. There were gathered together the premier literary geniuses of our country, and as they heaped compliments upon his white hair the modest man blushed and said:

Blessed the substance where the level sun High came setting, shade its hot low rays On leaf and work unceasingly fall! Life's bending threads of gold and ill cut down.

I learn to breathe, your words of cheer and peace.

What his rugged visage I see my life-work through your loving eyes. Answer'd it giving to my home-taught ways.

A higher value than of right belongs. You do not read between the lines The finer grace of unfulfilled designs.

The thing I wished to say, I have never been able to express. The finer grace of unfulfilled designs, where the meaning underlines the meter. This is true with all men of creative mind. The poet, the student, the painter on the canvas says, "That isn't the thing I had in my heart." The musician strains the keyboard, and when silence falls upon his stings like a mantle he says, "I haven't touched the power of my soul." The writer sits down after words of applause say, "The thing I wished to say is left unspoken." The mother in the home says, "I can't do what it is my heart to do." The scientist doesn't reach his standard of accuracy, the minister cannot bring his own life and that of his church up to his ideal. We must read between the lines.

David, the great king, poet, warrior—whose poems are read and sung by more people than those of any other writer—is sitting by the seaside musing. Looking back he sees again his boyhood days. He remembers how as a ruddy youth he went forth with a kind, high-hearted and care-free. He recalls the encounter with the lion, the bear and the giant. From the time that Samuel poured anointing oil on his kingly head down to the present, his life has been one of struggle; from the day he had his friends, no home, no lover when all nations courted his favor. He thinks it all over, and as he muses his heart grows warm. "How many things I wanted to do," he says. "I have not been able to do. One thing I will do: I will do it in a palace of cedar, carved, paneled and roofed furnished, and the ark of the covenant in a tabernacle of tents. I will build a temple. I will rear a structure that will be a fitting abode for the ark of the covenant of our God." This, however, he was not allowed to do. In after years, when the foundations were laid, the pillars reared, the arches sprung and the cedar, jewels and gold beautified altar and dome, Solomon, on the high day of dedication, said God to accept it and fill it with His presence; there comes in a reference to this wish of David. God remembered it and gave him credit for it, saying, "For as much as thou hadst it in thine heart to build me an house, thou didst well that thou hadst it in thine heart." He accepted the will for the deed. He read between the lines.

The difference between a poor man and a pauper is not a difference of money. It is a difference of hope. When the conviction settles down upon a man that he hasn't done anything, and looking into the future sees the prospect for accomplishing anything cut off, and there comes a sense of absolute unconditional failure, that man is a pauper, for he has no hope.

There is a great deal of foolish talk in these days about what money can and cannot do, and there is a great deal of sympathy wasted on the so-called "poor boy." Don't pity the poor boy. The boy who really deserves your sympathy is the boy who lives in a home of luxury, who grows up on mere negations, and develops that trashiness of fiber that is the inevitable outcome of an attitude of mind that is constantly saying, "I don't have to do this. I don't have to do that." The boy, who, when he comes home from college, brings back a diploma that is little better than a receipt for a four years' board bill which some other body has paid for him, and who, when the great company of leaders go up into the temple of honor and renown, stands at the foot of the column and wonders why he isn't in it. Everybody else knows why he isn't in it. In all the gallery of luminaries there isn't one who is the son of a Pierpont Morgan, a Rockefeller or a Vanderbilt. There is one splendid exception—a woman—God bless her. Helen Gould isn't going to throw her life away on some little foreign count

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Not Excluding American Students.
 The authorities of the University of Berlin show that statements published abroad to the effect that the stringent regulations concerning the admission of students are designed to exclude any Americans altogether are untrue. Any graduate of an American college who presents a passport and the diploma of bachelor of arts or any other equivalent degree will be admitted without any questions. It is true that the diploma of some of the smaller institutions bearing the name of colleges are omitted from the list of those recognized. The new regulations are directed against Russians not having sufficient means of support of who are academically unqualified.

White Animals Can't Smell.
 "Pure white animals," said a pet stock dealer, "have no sense of smell. Hence they are continually eating things that disagree with them, and in eight cases out of ten poison themselves and die. Pure white pigs should never be allowed to run loose in the fields and woods. For, without the protection of a sense of smell, such pigs when they get out, eat all sorts of poisonous roots and berries and die off rapidly. In Africa the white rhinoceros poisons itself by eating the euphorbia, and pure white sheep are difficult to rear because they are continually munching shrubs and grasses that don't agree with them."

School for Smiling.
 "You would be surprised," said a teacher, "would you but know how large a part the smile plays in real life. In these days it is the woman who smiles!
 "Once upon a time it was the woman who frowned; and there were periods in the Jane Eyre days, when to wear an imperious expression was the real thing. But that was long ago. In these days it is the girl with a laugh.
 "Even queens laugh. In the latest picture of Queen Amelia of Portugal that royal lady wears a smile so deep that it will not come off, while Queen Alexandra has been caught by the camera smiling.
 "There is a distinct art in smiling. The eyes must smile and the whole face must light up."

An Evidence of Value.
 "I suppose you can remember when a lot of this land could have been bought for a song?"
 "Yes," answered Farmer Corntossed. "But after seein' how much my daughter's singin' lessons cost that doesn't seem so cheap."—Washington Star.

Not Quite Clear.
 Hyker—Nolly claims to have been driven to drink by a woman.
 Fryker—So? Did she refuse him or marry him?

CHAPTER XI.
 The shades of twilight were fast gathering on the sides of the old cathedral, and the congregation, assembled in the choir for afternoon service, began to wonder whether the chancel would be able to finish without a light. The beautiful colors of the painted east window were growing dim—wonderfully beautiful they were when the sun illumined them. It was a full congregation, unusually numerous for a winter's afternoon, and one that threatened rain.

The service concluded, the bishop gave the blessing, and the congregation left the choir; but they did not leave the edifice; they waited in the body of the cathedral to listen to the music, for the organist was treating them to some of the choicest among his voluntaries. He was an eminent player, and now and then chose to show them that he was so, and would keep them, delighted listeners, full half an hour after the conclusion of afternoon service.

Cyra, an indulged boy and willful, had

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CHAPTER XII.
 (Continued.)
 "What is the first thing to learn about running a motorcar?" asked the curious friend.

"Economy in everything else," answered the man who is always getting into trouble.—Washington Star.

In the Cannery.
 The New Employee—If you please, sir, I've got these can labels mixed up.

The Foreman—That's all right. Stick 'em on just as they happen to come.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.