

The Minister's Wife

By MRS. HENRY WOOD

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

Lady Grace found a charming house in Berkeley Square. "Just the thing," she observed to her brother and to the dean, who was in town for a week. "It is only a little house, and may be had on almost one's own terms; may be rented yearly, furnished; or we may purchase the lease and the furniture as it stands. Of course, the latter is out of the question, but we might hire it. It belonged to an old lady who is now dead."

"We cannot possibly afford it," whispered the dean aside to Lord Avon. "Pray don't encourage Grace to think of it."

"What's that you are saying, Ryle?" cried his wife. "Not afford it! Oh, but we must; we will afford it. I'll economize in other matters."

Lord Avon generously came to the rescue. He purchased the lease, which had twelve years to run, he bought the furniture, and made a present of it to his sister.

So there was no rent to pay in Berkeley Square, and this was the second year they had been in it. But the money went all too quickly in other ways. What with the household they kept up, the entertainments Lady Grace liked to give, and the expenses of the children, Dr. Baumgarten's income ought to have been doubled.

Gertrude had her governess—a French lady, who spoke and taught the three languages equally well: French, English, German. Gertrude's masters were also expensive. Charles was at Oxford; and though not especially extravagant, he did not live as a hermit. It all takes money.

Cyrus had given trouble. It had always been the dean's intention that Cyrus should follow his own calling, the church. Cyrus knew this, but had not objected, although never intending to fall in with it. Make a parson of him! Dress him up in a black coat and a white choker! the youngster was wont to say behind the dean's back. No! He'd rather go in for the clowndship at Astley's; rather be a jockey at Newmarket; rather hew timber in the backwoods of America; rather perch himself on a three-legged stool at a dark desk in a city office—yes, even that.

This treason was reported to the dean, and he ordered Cyrus before him, and administered a stern rebuke. But he could make no impression upon him. Cyrus argued the matter out; he was not insolent, but he was persistent.

"It won't be of any use my going to Oxford, papa," the handsome young fellow urged. "To send me there would be waste of time and money. I have quite as much learning as I shall ever want. Make Charley into a parson instead of me."

"You know, Cyrus, that Charles has set his heart upon the bar."

"And a very good calling, too," rejoined Cyrus, equably. "You are in the church yourself, papa—one of its shining lights, you know; but that's no reason why you should force a son into it."

"What is to become of you, Cyrus? Would you wish to remain a burden upon me? Do you expect me to keep you forever?"

"Not a bit of it, father," said Cyrus, heartily. "I'd rather make money myself and keep you. I can go out to the gold diggings and dig it up—something or other of that sort."

"I will talk with you again, Cyrus," said the dean; "but I do fear you are going to be another source of trouble and expense to me."

The opportunity for further talk did not come. Cyrus disappeared from home; and the next heard of him was that he was on board ship, sailing for New Zealand. His letter to the dean, dispatched by the pilot who had conveyed the ship down the Channel, was characteristic of him.

"My Dear Father—Here I am, on board the good ship Rising Star. I know you think me careless and indifferent, and all the rest of it, but you may believe me when I say that I would not willingly bring trouble on you for all the world. I know I shall get on in Australia. They'll give me a place at once in Brice's shipping house. I'm sure of that, if I choose to take it—I've spoken to Brice here, and he says so; but I may, perhaps, find my way to Melbourne instead, and try my luck at the gold fields. I don't mean to be any more expense at all to you; I hope I shan't be, and I've shipped as a common sailor, before the mast to work my way out, rather than ask you for the passage money. I'll write again when we reach Wellington; or, if I don't like the looks of things there, I'll come back in the ship. And with best love to you dear papa, and to mamma, and Charley and Gertrude,

"I am your affectionate son,

"CYRAS."

Cyrus did not come back in the ship. The dean transmitted him some money to Wellington, and Cyrus sent it back again. He sent with it a loving letter of thanks, telling his father that he was getting enough to keep him, and did not want money. After that they heard from him at intervals, from Australia or from New Zealand as the case might be. According to his own account, he was always flourishing, and he once sent a lovely gold bracelet to Gertrude, and a 20-pound note to Charley.

Three years had elapsed since his first departure, and now Cyrus was back again. Not to remain, he told them; only to see them and the old country once more. Charles was keeping his terms at Oxford, and the dean and his wife were living in Berkeley Square. Cyrus seemed to have brought over plenty of money. He

The dean walked slowly along the street on his return to Berkeley Square, deep in thought, unable to put away an impression which had taken hold of him—that for him the dread had gone forth, it seemed as sure as though he heard the death bell tolling for him in his coffin.

CHAPTER XIV.

Once more in the drawing room at Berkeley Square sat the dean and Lady Grace. They had entered the room at almost the same moment, dressed to receive guests. The dean gave a dinner party that evening.

Four or five weeks have elapsed since the dean's interview with Sir William Chant, and the sweet month of June is close at hand.

It was to be a formal dinner party this evening; one given yearly by Dr. Baumgarten to a few nearly superannuated lights of the church, who came in their chariots, with their old wives beside them. It was not at all one delighted in by Lady Grace, who called the worthy people "ancient fogies." Neither Charles nor Gertrude, if at home, would have been admitted to it. Cyrus would have been still more out of his element than they. Cyrus, who would soon be on the wing again for a distant land, was paying a farewell visit to Charles at Oxford; Gertrude was spending the day with their friends in Eaton Place—the Dynevors.

The dean stood with his elbow leaning on the mantelpiece, the hand supporting his head. A strange weight of care sat upon his brow; so great, so strange, that it did not escape the notice of his wife.

"Is anything the matter, Ryle? You do not look well."

"Well? Oh, yes; I am quite well. The day has been very hot, and heat always makes me feel languid, you know."

A servant was crossing the saloon with a coffee cup; he halted for a moment near his master, and spoke in a tone imperceptible to other ears. It was Moore, who had lived so long in the family.

"Mr. Fuller is come again, sir; and another gentleman with him. I have shown them into the library."

Drawing toward the door, unconsciously as it were, with a word to one, a smile for another, the dean presently passed out of it, unnoticed, for they were engaged with their coffee. In the library were two gentlemen, and further off, sitting on the edge of a handsome chair, was a shabby-looking man. The man had been there for several hours, and had had substantial refreshments served to him more than once.

Mr. Fuller was the dean's lawyer. The gentleman he had now brought with him was the dean's banker, and the man was the sheriff's officer.

The dean of Denham had been personally arrested! Such calamities have occurred to divines even higher in the church than he. As he came up to his door that afternoon, and put his foot upon his doormat to enter it, he was touched upon the shoulder by the man sitting now in that uneasy chair, who had said:

"The Reverend Ryle Baumgarten, dean of Denham, I believe. Sir, you are my prisoner."

Staggered, shocked, almost bewildered, the dean induced the man to enter his house, and wait while he sent for his lawyer. The lawyer came. Arrangement appeared hopeless, for the dean was worse than out of funds, and of revenues to fall back upon he had none. There was a consultation. The dean said decidedly to the bishop that night, as he had been called he must; an awfulness fell upon him at the prospect of going to prison. Mr. Fuller threw out a word of suggestion touching Lord Avon. But Lord Avon had gone to Epsom races; he might not be home till midnight, if then. Mr. Fuller knew the dean to be a man of honor, whose word was not to be questioned, and he passed it, to go quietly to his destination the following morning, provided he could remain at liberty in his house for that night.

Mr. Fuller gave an undertaking to the capturer, answering for the dean's good faith, and the man was made at home in the library, Moore alone being cognizant of his business. Meanwhile the dean wrote a note to his banker, of which Mr. Fuller took charge.

The banker, wishing to be courteous, answered it in person, and sat now at the library table. But of what use was his coming? He had been privately saying to the lawyer that he and his house were in for it too deeply as it was, and not a shilling more would they advance. He intimated somewhat of the same now to the dean, though in more courtly terms.

They consulted together in subdued tones, not to be audible to the man at the other end of the room, but to no earthly effect; it all came round to the same point; the dean had neither money nor money's worth; even the very furniture of the house he was in was not his; it had been settled by Lord Avon on his sister. The furniture at the deanery, the furniture at Great Whitton rectory was already mortgaged.

"I'll try to see Lord Avon in the morning; he'll be back by that time," remarked Mr. Fuller.

"And only to find that he has gone off to Paris by to-night's train," said the dean. "He talked of going over this week."

Nothing could be done then; nothing whatever. The lawyer was unable to help, the banker would not do so, and the conference closed. Mr. Fuller promised to be there again in the morning. Dr. Baumgarten, upon thorns in more ways than one, went back to his wandering bishop, the comforting assurance that he must surrender the next morning playing havoc with his brain.

(To be continued.)

New York City has to bear about one-third of the entire fire loss of the United States and Canada. In June its loss was \$424,000, as compared with a total of \$18,000,000.

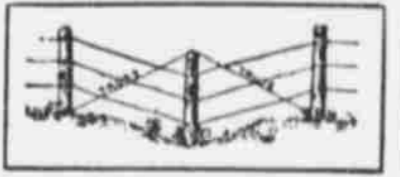
FARMS AND FARMERS

Why Young Trees Are Best.

These are the advantages of planting young trees: They can be trained to the desired form better than older trees, says Farming. A 2 or 3-year-old tree is branched and has had its head already formed by the nurseryman; a yearling tree of the apple, pear and sweet cherry, is usually unbranched. Sometimes the nurseryman has headed the tree too high or has not been careful enough about starting out the scaffold limbs, and it is difficult to correct the form of the head after it has been started. There is an unmistakable preference for low-headed trees, due chiefly to the need of economy and efficiency in spraying and harvesting. The single disadvantage of low-heading is greater inconvenience in tillage. This is much more than offset by the advantages, in the judgment of most growers. Within ten years the height recommended for heading apple trees in the East has been reduced at least two feet. The bearing of this on the matter of yearling trees is that the grower can head a yearling tree where he pleases.

Anchoring Fence Posts.

Here is a handy way of anchoring fence posts in draws or low places: Instead of hanging a stone to the post,



ANCHORING POSTS IN DRAWS.

How to Bud Peaches.

For a budding knife take a common case knife—a broken one will do—cut blade off square about one inch from haft, sharpen this end not very thin, but sharp. Keep the normal edge as keen as possible. Now, to use it. Set the end edge squarely across the branch, or seedling, where you wish to set your bud, and with gentle pressure cut through the bark to the wood. Next, set the same edge vertically just below where you have made the cross incision and cut through the bark as before, and before withdrawing the knife give it a slight twist, which will throw the bark open for the reception of the bud. The bud is cut from the scion of the variety desired by starting the knife in the scion about one-fourth of an inch below the bud, and cutting upward to the same distance above, taking off the bud with a shield shaped piece of bark and a small shaving of the wood of the scion. Insert this in the incision already made in the stock and tie the bark to the stock down over it firmly, but not too tightly. For tying, anything nearly will do. I have used corn husks when other material was not handy."

Making a Brooder at Home.

Here are the plans for a brooder that can be easily made by anyone: Make a box 5 feet 4 inches by 3 feet 8 inches and 2 feet high, using 2x2-inch pieces for corner posts, and matched boards for siding. Inside nail strips around 11 inches from bottom to support the floor which should be made of matched lumber and left so it could be taken out and cleaned. Make door in end level with floor, also glass in upper half of each side for light. Top made to slant both ways and about half of each side hinged on so as to make feeding and cleaning easy. Place large piece of sheet iron on underside of floor with half-inch strips between floor and iron. Cut door in lower part of end; place good metal bowl lamp under sheet iron; bore several holes in floor over lamp, putting tin can punched full of holes over this to keep out dirt. Place thermometer on inside and you will have a brooder which will give the best of satisfaction.

Cowpeas for Hogs.

Those living where they can successfully grow the cowpeas should utilize this valuable crop as a cheap ration for pigs. The peas are rich in protein and furnish the needed growth, and does away with the necessity of millstuff. Drill three or four pecks of seed per acre the latter part of May or the first part of June, and give the needed cultivation till the vines cover the ground enough to check weed growth. Turn the pigs into the field when the pods begin to ripen, and they will do the harvesting. If the old hogs are pastured on peas, they need corn or some other carbonaceous feed to give proper balance, for they cannot utilize so much protein as pigs. Try a patch of cowpea pasture this year, and get your hogs in fine shape for the corn when it comes.

Hard Mouthed Horses.

Here is something of practical value to anyone driving a horse that pulls on the bit: Fasten a small ring to each side of the bridle and as near the brow band as possible. Pass the lines through the bit rings and snap them into the rings at the brow band. This, with a common jointed bit, will enable a child to hold a puller or hard mouthed horse with ease under almost all circumstances. It can be used on a fast horse in double team or on both, as desired. It is cheap and easily applied, and it won't make the mouth sore. It is better than any patent bit. —Farm Press.



HANDY SAW HORSE.

refuse wood while sawing it for kindling or fuel.

Farm Notes.

Farmers who make money by skinning the farm are like companies who pay dividends by watering their stock.

The farmer who permits his chickens to roost in the stables does not deserve to own a horse. It generally requires but little effort to keep them out and it should be done by all means.

It is useless to attempt to keep winter squashes that have been injured by frost. Those that are uninjured are best kept on shelves in layers in a location where the temperature does not fall below 40 degrees. Be careful that they are not kept too warm.

The all around food for milk cows is grass. Therefore look well to the pastures and see that their quality is improved.

Milk makes a splendid feed for hogs, but it should not be relied upon to furnish both food and drink. When a hog is thirsty it needs a drink of water.

Dry farming, as they call the method of tilling the land in the West, is nothing more nor less than cultivating the land in a manner so that the greatest amount of moisture will be conserved. The idea is to keep a dry dust mulch on the surface at all times.

It Quiets the Cough

This is one reason why Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is so valuable in consumption. It stops the wear and tear of useless coughing. But it does more—it controls the inflammation, quiets the fever, soothes, and heals. Sold for 60 years.

"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has been a regular life preserver to me. It brought me through a severe attack of pneumonia, and I feel that I owe my life to its wonderful curative properties."—WILLIAM H. TRACY, West, Va.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Sole manufacturers of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA PILLS, HAIR VIGOR.

Hasten recovery by keeping the bowels regular with Ayer's Pills.



Hasten recovery by keeping the bowels regular with Ayer's Pills.

Bridge Love.

"What is that poem about the bridge at midnight?" asked Mrs. Flashing.

"I don't know," answered Mr. Dasher; "but the poet knew what was writing about. Bridge will be up you till midnight and after it happens to be loser."—Washington Star.

Rather Instinctive.

Gussie Gunn—By George, Miss Tohamo gave me the coldest turn-down I ever got in my life, weally.

Hogay Sapp—What did she say, eh chapp?

Gussie Gunn—Why, I asked if I might call on her and she said the janitor didn't allow children in the apartment house.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

An Avenue of Escape.

Rival committees were appealing for funds.

"Let's see," said the capitalist, musingly. "If I give \$5,000 to each committee one donation would nullify the other, and so far as I can see, leave both relatively where they started."

Musing a little more, he decided that \$10,000 would just buy the sort of automobile he had in mind.—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Gone."

The red hammock slowly swayed in the gentle night breeze. Two heads with but a single thought.

"Dearest," she said, dreamily, "we are here to-day and gone to-morrow."

"Not here, my love," whispered the ardent suitor.

"And why not?"

"Because I am 'gone' now without waiting for to-morrow."

And then only the chirping of the crickets disturbed the blissful stillness.

FITS Dr. Vitor's Dance and all Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nervous Restorer. Send for FREE TRIAL BOTTLE and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Inc., 211 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

He'd Find It "O. K."

The Philadelphian was staying at a hotel in a Georgia town. He rang for an attendant, whom he asked if bath tubs were provided.

"Yessuh," answered the negro, "we've got some nice tubs," and he presently returned bearing on his shoulders a coffin with silver-plated handles and lid all complete.

"What do you mean by bringing me that?" demanded the traveler.

"Dat's de bathtub, suh."

"The bathtub?"

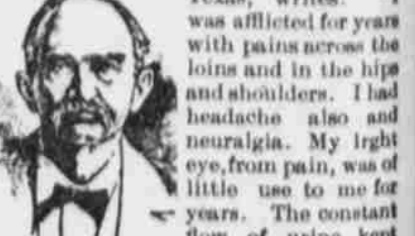
"Yessuh. You see, suh, de lanlode he used to be in de undertakin' business, an' he had a lot o' coffins on han'; an' when he sol' out an' took dis hotel he brought all de coffins de new man didn't want. His son is in de tinismit business, suh, so he done had de coffins lined wif tin, an' dey make nice bathtubs. Jes' you try an' you'll find dis one all right."—Success Magazine.

UTTERLY WORN OUT

Vitality Sapped by Years of Suffering With Kidney Trouble.

Capt. J. W. Hogan, former postmaster of Indianola, now living at Austin, Texas, writes: "I was afflicted for years with pains across the loins and in the hips and shoulders. I had headache also and neuralgia. My right eye, from pain, was of little use to me for years. The constant flow of urine kept my system depleted, causing nervous chills and night sweats. After trying seven different climates and using all kinds of medicine I had the good fortune to hear of Doan's Kidney Pills. This remedy has cured me. I am as well today as I was twenty years ago, and my eyesight is perfect."

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



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