

The Minister's Wife

By MRS. HENRY WOOD

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

Dynevor, who was hand-in-glove with some of the senior boys, returned Cyrus' jacket and cap to him and went away with his friends; and the two Baumgartens were left alone. Charles was crying and shaking. Charles' nose was bleeding and down sat Cyrus in a corner of the now deserted cloisters, and held the child to him, as tenderly as any mother could have done.

"Don't cry, Charley, dear," quoth he, kissing him fondly. "I know that biggest fellow that set upon you, and I'll pay him off as sure as he's a snob. I'd have paid them off now if they had waited, the cowards, and I don't care if they had killed me for it. Where did they hit you, Charley?"

"They hit me everywhere, Cyrus," sobbed the child, who, though barely two years younger than his brother, was as a baby compared with him in hardihood and in knowledge of the world. "Oh, how my nose bleeds!"

Cyrus with his own white handkerchief kept wiping the suffering nose, kissing Charley between whiles.

"Charley, dear," he began, between the latter's sobs, "if I hit you sometimes it isn't that I want to hurt you, for I love you very much, better than anything in the world. You mustn't mind my hitting you; I'm used to hit; and it'll teach you to be a man."

"Yes," breathed Charley, clinging closer to Cyrus, whom, in spite of the latter's imperiousness, he dearly loved. "I know you don't do it to hurt me."

"No, that I don't. I'll fight for you, Charley; I'll never let a hair of your head be touched when we go together to Eton or Rugby, whichever it is to be."

"I hope I shall get brave like you, Cy. I think I shall, when I am as big as you; nurse says you were not much better than me when you were as little."

"Oh, I'm blessed, though!" returned Cyrus, not pleased with the remark. "Who says it?"

"Jaquet."

"Jaquet had better say that to me. She's a nice one! I never was a molly, Charley; I never had the chance to be; she knows that, and she must have said it just to humiliate you. Why, now, only see what a girl they make of you; they keep you in these dandy velvet dresses with a white frill, and the don't let you stir out beyond the door, unless there's a woman at your tail to see you don't fall, or don't get lost, or some such nonsense!"

A little while longer they sat there, Cyrus soothing the still sobbing child, stroking his hair, wiping his eyes, whispering endearing names, and then they got up, and he led him affectionately into the deanery, through the covered passage.

CHAPTER XII.

A couple of pretty objects the boys looked when they entered the well-lighted residence. Cyrus smuggled Charles into the nursery.

"Oh, my patience!" uttered the nurse, who was sitting there with her charge, a lovely little lady between five and six years old, Gertrude Baumgarten. "You wicked boys! what have you been up to? This is your work, I know, Master Cyrus!"

"Is it? Who gave you leave to know?" retorted Cyrus. He was no more friendly to Jaquet than he used to be, or she to him.

Gertrude backed in fear against the wall, her eyes, bright and blue as were her mother's, wide open with astonishment. She did not like the appearance of things, and began to cry.

"Now, don't be such a stupid, Gerty," exclaimed Cyrus; "there's nothing to cry for. Charley's nose bled, and it got on to our clothes."

"Yes, it's me that's hurt, Jaquet," put in Charley, remembering his grievances and giving way again. "It isn't Cyrus." "Of course it's not," indignantly returned Jaquet, "what harm does he ever come to? You have been striking him, that's what you have been doing, Master Cyrus. You've been thumping him on the nose to make it bleed."

"It's nothing to you if I have," returned Cyrus, in choler. "You just say it again, though, and I'll strike you." He disdained to say it was not so, or to defend himself; he was by far too indifferent a temperament.

"Oh, nurse—look! look!" screamed out the little girl.

It was supplemented by a sharp scream from Charley; his nose had begun to bleed again; and at that moment there was another interruption. The room door opened, and the dean and his wife entered. The nurse, whose temper was not a remarkably calm one and who disliked the daring Cyrus, was busy getting hot water and a basin.

"Look at him, my lady, look at him," cried she; "and it's Master Cyrus' doings!"

"What does all this mean?" demanded the dean, his eyes wandering from one boy to the other, from their faces to their clothes, his ears taking in the sobbing and the crying. "What is it, I ask?" he sternly continued, for no one had replied.

"How dared you hit him?" exclaimed Lady Grace, turning to Cyrus.

The boy looked at her, but did not answer. She took it for bravado. Her passion rose. "You are growing a perfect little savage!" And raising her delicately gloved hand in the heat of the moment, she struck Master Cyrus some tingling blows upon his cheeks. Dr. Baumgarten, deeming possibly that to stand witness of the scene did not contribute to the dignity of the Dean of Den-

ham, just escaped from service in his cathedral, turned away, calling upon Cyrus to follow him.

It was not Cyrus, however, who followed the dean; it was Lady Grace. He had gone to his own study, had laid down his cape, and was taking off his sacred vestments himself, dispensing with the customary aid of his servant. His wife closed the door.

"Ryle, how is this to end?" she asked.

"What do you mean, Grace?"

"I mean about Cyrus; but you know very well without my telling you. The boy has been indulged until he is getting the mastery of us all. He positively struck Gertrude the other day."

"As Jaquet chose to interpret it," said the dean. "I inquired into that. Cyrus gave the child a tap on the arm. Of course, he ought not to have done even that, and I punished him for it."

"You cannot see his failings, Ryle; you supply him with an unlimited command of money—"

"Unlimited!" again interrupted the dean. "You speak without thought, Grace."

"I think too much," she replied. "I have abstained hitherto from serious reproof, for if ever I have interfered by a word, you have attributed it, I feel sure, to a jealous feeling, because he is not my own child. But I now tell you that something must be done; if that boy is to stop in the house and rule it, I won't. I will not allow him to ill-treat Charles. I will not, I say."

"Hush, Grace; you are excited. Remember the day."

"I do not forget it. Your son did, probably, when he struck Charles."

"I cannot think he struck him—in that fierce manner."

"Why, you saw the proofs," she retorted. "Don't you mean to inquire into it—and punish him?"

"I certainly do—if you will only allow me time, Grace. Much has not been lost yet."

Lady Grace left the room, and the dean rang the bell, dispatching the servant who answered it for Master Baumgarten. Cyrus had not yet gone the length of disobeying his father's mandates, and attended as soon as he had been, what the nurse called, "put to rights," meaning his unsightly shirt changed for a clean one. Charley, his nose shiny and swelled, but himself otherwise in order, stole in after him.

"Now, Cyrus," began the dean, "we must have an explanation, and if you deserve punishment you shall not escape it. I did not think my boy was a coward, still less that he would ill treat his younger brother."

The color flashed into the cheeks of Cyrus, and a light into his eyes. But he would not speak.

"Come hither, Charles. Do you see his face, sir?" added the dean, taking the child's hand. "Are you not ashamed to look at it, and to reflect that you have caused him all this grief and pain—?"

"Papa," interrupted Charles, "it 'was not Cyrus who hurt me. It was the snobs."

"It was—the what?" slowly uttered the dean, his dignity taken a little aback.

"Those charity boys, Frank Dynevor calls them snobs, so does Cyrus. I was with the college boys in the cloisters, and they set upon us; there were five or six upon me all at once, papa; they hit me on the nose, and I dare say they would have killed me, only Cyrus came running up and fought with them, because I was not strong enough, and got me away. And then he sat down in the cloisters and nursed me as long as I was frightened, and that's how the blood got upon his clothes."

The dean looked from one to the other. "Was it not Cyrus who hurt you then? I scarcely understand."

"Cyrus loves me too much to hurt me," cried Charley, lifting his beautiful, deeply set brown eyes, just like Cyrus', just like the dean's, to his father's face. "He was kissing me all the time in the cloisters; he was so sorry I was hurt; and he says he loves me better than anybody else in the world, and he'll pay off that biggest snob the first time he sees him. Don't you, Cyrus?"

The boy turned carelessly to Cyrus. Cyrus looking red and foolish, not caring to have his private affections betrayed for the public benefit, and he shook off Charley. Dr. Baumgarten drew Cyrus to him, and fondly pushed his hair from his forehead.

"Tell me about it, my boy."

"Oh, you know that big parish school, papa; well, they are always setting on the college boys, and they came up to the cloister this evening, and Charley, being with the boys, got in for his share of pummeling, and I beat the fellows off him. That's all."

The dean left the boys together, and went in search of his wife. He found her in her chamber.

"Grace," said he, going up to her, "there has been a misapprehension, and I have come to set you right. Charley got into an affray with some strange boys in the cloisters, and Cyrus defended him against them—going into them no doubt like a young lion, for he possesses uncommon spirit; too much of it. We have been casting blame on Cyrus unnecessarily."

Lady Grace lifted her eyes to her husband. She knew him to be an honorable man, and that he would not assert a thing except in perfect good faith.

"Do you mean that Cyrus did not beat Charles? Why did he not say so, then?"

"His spirit in fault again, I suppose; too proud to defend himself against an unjust imputation," replied the dean. "You

should have heard Charles, Grace, telling how Cyrus sat down and nursed him afterward in the cloisters, kissing him and wiping the blood from his face, and whispering to him how he loved him better than anything else in the world. Grace, those two will be affectionate, loving brothers if we do not mar it."

Lady Grace felt that she had been unjust in striking Cyrus, as well as guilty of an unlady-like action, and perhaps she felt more contrition at the moment than the case really warranted.

"How mar it?" she faltered.

The dean put his arm around his wife's waist before replying. "Grace, you best know what is in your heart; whether or not there is a dislike toward Cyrus ranking there. I think there is, and that it makes you unjust to him. If you are not very cautious it may sow dissension between the children."

Grace Baumgarten burst into tears, and laid her face carelessly upon her husband's breast; she loved him almost as passionately as she had ever done. "Ryle," she whispered, "if there be any such feeling, it is born of my love for you."

No more was said, for the steps of the boys were heard on the stairs, and she opened the door.

"Come in, Cyrus; I want you," she said, drawing him gently to her. "Your papa has been telling me that it was not you who hit Charles and made his nose bleed."

"Of course it was not me—as if I would!" said Cyrus.

"But why did you not tell me so? It caused me to punish you, for I thought you deserved it. I am sorry to have done so, Cyrus, but the fault was yours. You should have told me the truth."

"Sometimes when you are angry with me, mamma, and I tell you the truth, you don't believe me. You believe Jaquet instead of me. I don't get fair play in this house with anybody, except papa. Jaquet hates me, mamma; you know she always did hate me."

"I hope not, Cyrus. And I do not think she would dare to say to me what was not true."

"Oh, wouldn't she!" cried the bold boy. "She does it to get me into a row with you and make you punish me. Didn't she tell you it was me that made Charley's nose bleed just now, and didn't you believe her and hit me for it? It wasn't me, and nobody had told her it was me; but she took and said it."

To Jaquet's infinite astonishment, she had her warning the next day. After a few moments given to getting over her discomfiture, she told her lady that at the end of the month she had been attending to give warning on her own side, for she was going to alter her condition.

Which meant that she was about to get married. But when the name of the intended bridegroom was disclosed it provoked some laughter from the dean's household, especially from his eldest son. For the name was—

"Bones."

CHAPTER XIII.

In the handsome drawing room of their town residence in Berkeley Square sat the dean of Denham and Lady Grace Baumgarten. It was a fine evening in April; the dinner hour was approaching, and they were awaiting a guest, an old friend whom the dean had met in the street unexpectedly that day, and invited.

Years have elapsed, and the dean, approaching fifty now, is more portly than he was wont to be; but Lady Grace carries her age well, and looks not a day older than the period a woman never confesses to have passed—five-and-thirty. But in the dean's face there is a look of anxious care.

Gifted with an aristocratic wife, and she with aristocratic tastes and habits, the dean had fallen long and long ago into a more expensive rate of living than his means permitted. Embarrassment followed, trifling enough at first, and easily put off—now done away with, but deferred. But the plan does not answer; it is something like the nails in the horseshoe, which doubled as they went on; and Dr. Baumgarten had now attained to a height of perplexity in his pecuniary affairs not frequently reached by a dignitary of the church.

Half the labor of his later life had been to hide it from Lady Grace. She could not avoid knowing that they were in debt, but she had no conception to what extent, and debt is rather a fashionable complaint. She also found that the dean invariably ran short of ready money; but that is not uncommon either. In one sense of the word, the debts which had gathered about them might be put down to the score of Lady Grace. At the death of her mother, Lady Avon, she had come into all the property that would be hers—two thousand a year. With that and the dean's income they might have lived sufficiently well. But Lady Grace had little idea of the value of money. Living in Berkeley Square was her doing, and was quite wrong and ridiculous with their narrowed means.

To years before the present chapter opens Lady Grace had come to London on a visit to her brother, Lord Avon had never married, and spent much of his time abroad, keeping his house—a small one—in Piccadilly done up in brown holland and lavender. However, he took possession of it for a season, invited his sister to stay with him, and the dean, if he could come. A season in town was perfectly delightful to Lady Grace.

"I shall not be able to do without it, now that I have tasted its sweets again," she said to her brother one day. "I think I must look out for some furnished house to be had cheaply, Henry, and take it." "All right," said his lordship, who had given in to Grace from the time she was a baby.

(To be continued.)

During the last eight months the State of Texas has sold 3,500,000 acres of land at from \$2 to \$5 an acre.

GREATEST SIREN OF EARTH.

Costs One Dollar Each Time It Blows and Carries Ten Miles.

East St. Louis now has the biggest steam whistle in the world. It is a remarkable triple machine with three voices—a three-chime whistler, whose capacity for the annihilation of peace is extraordinary. This whistle blows a ten-mile blast at half-steam, and with favorable wind has a disturbing power of twenty miles. It costs a dollar every time it is blown.

But this great whistle is not all noise. It is an idea in economy, a whistle trust, a noise combine. Almost all the little noises, yelps, toots and whines of smaller mechanical throats in East St. Louis are now dumb. The giant whistle trust whistles have to whistle off time to be heard.

Within the range of this whistle are said to be 100,000 people who tell time by it.

This remarkable whistle has been installed by the East St. Louis and Suburban Electric Railway Company, at the Belt power house, State and Twentieth streets, where the company's machine shops and car barns are located.

The greatest modern siren comprises three whistles. The largest is almost six feet in height and nearly as big around as a man. On each side of the main one is a smaller whistle. The three units combine to make one noise, with which even Babanne miles away, across the Mississippi river, in the west end of St. Louis, is well acquainted.

This big triple whistler was also set up at the railway company's electrical generating station "as a feature." It is connected with an electric clock, which is regulated by the government standard time sent out from Washington on the dropping of a ball at exactly noon each day.

The electric clock which connects with the whistle is guaranteed not to vary five seconds in time a year, and the clock's record to date is satisfactory. Almost every man looks at his watch when the first blast is sounded by the big whistle at 7 o'clock in the morning. Almost every housewife in East St. Louis glances at her mantel timepiece when the siren woees noon—the second blast of the day. The third blast is an hour later, and the last is at 6 in the evening.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

OTHER PEOPLE'S WAYS.

About 20,000 people live in the crater of an extinct volcano in Japan. They dwell contentedly in this pit-like town, surrounded by a vertical wall eighty feet high, rarely making a journey into the outer world, and practically forming a little community by themselves.

Residents of England have \$550,000,000 invested in mortgages in foreign countries. These investments annually drain the foreign countries of about \$27,500,000 in gold.

In Russia an unmarried woman remains under the absolute sway of her parents until her death, regardless of her age.

England is to-day the virtual ruler of 3,300,000 square miles of African territory.

A hundred years ago the population of London was just one-fifth of what it is now. The 6,500,000 people in Greater London live in 928,000 houses.

Only two American vessels have entered the harbor of Bordeaux in ten years, and those were private yachts which sought refuge during the Spanish-American war.

Germany is now experimenting with a new automatic repeating rifle capable of firing five shots in ten seconds. If the tests are successful its adoption by the army is considered probable.

After a struggle lasting several years, the respectable portion of the English community in Burmah has succeeded in securing the passage of a law forbidding the employment of women as barmaids. The Lancet hopes that this example will be followed in England.

Motor-boats of all sorts are becoming more and more numerous on the Venetian canals, threatening to displace the old-time gondola. The gondoliers are much disturbed. In a dispute between two of them and two electric launch men the latter were stabbed, one fatally.

Some Polish editors have a hard time. In a parting word to his readers the retiring proprietor of the Polish paper Gornosalazak says that during the five years of the paper's existence the responsible editors have spent four and a half years in prison, while \$3,750 has been paid in fines.

Dangerous.

"Why don't you make more speeches?" asked the friend.

"Because," answered Senator Sorghum, "I am afraid some of my enemies might call me a silver-tongued orator and so get people to paying more attention to my rhetoric than to my opinions."—Washington Star.

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. TRUITT, Wawa, Pa.

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of
Ayer's
SARSAPARILLA PILLS.
HAIR VIGOR.

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

Bridge Lore.

"What is that poem about the bridge at midnight?" asked Mrs. Flashington. "I don't know," answered Mrs. Dasher; "but the poet knew what he was writing about. Bridge will keep you up till midnight and after if you happen to be loser."—Washington Star.

Rather Insinuating.

Gussie Gunn—By George, Miss Tabasco gave me the coldest turndown I ever got in my life, weally.

Reggy Sapp—What did she say, old chap?

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

St. Vitus' Dance and all Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, J. E. 281 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 tinsmif 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.