

The Minister's Wife

By MRS. HENRY WOOD

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)

"Everard Wilnot," repeated Cyrus, in surprise. "He was over in Wellington, where I did make his acquaintance. What's more, I was able to render him a service, which I know he has not forgotten to this day."

"What was it?"

"Don't ask me, Charley, for I can't tell you. If Gertrude has chosen him she has done well."

"There's nothing certain about it yet, I fancy. Only, a hint was whispered to me that—Cyrus!" burst out Charles, as an idea flashed across him. "It was you who came to my rooms here the night before last! It was you who pilfered the key from my old landlady."

Cyrus nodded. "I took the key from her hand, and let myself in with it."

"But you need not have played up Old Harry with them, Cyrus; turned the drawers inside out, and ornamented the blotting pad to the bishop of Denham's pious horror and my own confusion."

"The blotting pad! Oh, I left that as a memento of my visit; I had no card case with me," laughed Cyrus. "And for the drawers, I had only a fancy, Charley, for seeing what you kept in your lockers."

"You know the bishop of Denham?"

"I ought to do so. He used to read me lectures an hour long. I remember he once told my father that he ought to keep over me the severe rod of correction."

"Well, he was here the next morning early, and in all innocence I gave him the blotting pad to use. You may, perhaps, fancy his looks, and his opinion of me, when those sketches met his outraged eyes."

Charles thought his brother never would cease laughing. It was the best joke, he declared, that he had heard for many a day.

"But there are other things, Cyrus," Charles resumed, "and they are not trifles. You have been forging my name to a bill."

All the mirth in the elder's face gave place to astonishment. "Forged your name to a bill!" he exclaimed. "I declare most solemnly that I have never done anything of the kind, Charley. You may put down as much folly to me as you will; but—forgery! You are dreaming, lad."

"You bought a lot of jewelry from a man named White," continued Charles, who, of course, was no longer at any loss to know who had so mysteriously personated him. "You paid him by a bill purporting to be accepted by me. And you—"

"But the bill's not due!" hastily interrupted Cyrus, lifting his head in surprise.

"It was due a day or two ago, and—"

"I made no memorandum of the date. How time flies!"

"But why did you attach my name to it?"

"I signed it with my own name, 'C. Baumgarten.' I made it payable here, for I had no settled address in London, with all of you out of it, north, south, east and west. That bill due! They didn't bring it to you, did they?"

"Of course they brought it to me, believing it was mine. And I disowned it, and it's not paid yet; and there's I don't know what work about it. It was a pretty close imitation of my handwriting, Cy."

"It was my own handwriting, and no imitation of any one else's. I wrote my name as I always do, and always have done. As we are alike in person, Charles, so we are in writing. You know it."

"You have given me little opportunity of knowing it of late," was the reply. "It must be months since you wrote to me, Cyrus."

"I've made your letters to me do duty for both of us," returned the free-and-easy Cyrus; "and have sent you one of our splendid newspapers in return. I have no end of business letters to write now, besides looking after the shipping; so that when the day comes to an end I don't care to set to work again."

"You seem to have taken quite a business turn," remarked Charles, only half believing in his brother's industry.

"I took that a long time ago. It's a positive fact, Charley. They are going to give me a share in the concern."

"And what about this bill, Cyrus?"

"Oh, I'll see to it," said Cyrus, airily. "Don't let it bother your head, lad."

"Have you any more bills out, Cyrus?"

"One more."

"And made payable here?"

Cyrus nodded.

"And what is the amount?"

"Can't remember. A hundred pounds or so. It's a Bond street tailor. I was obliged to have a regular rig-out. Colonial tailors don't do for London."

Charles Baumgarten recalled a rumor he had heard about a month before—that whispered inquiries were being made as to his finances.

"Cyrus, do you want to ruin me?" he cried, in a startled tone. "I must take up these bills if you do not."

"Take up the bills!" echoed Cyrus. "What for? You did not accept them."

"But the people think I did."

"Rubbish! Let them think what they like. I'll go with you to the parties and show myself, and convince them of their error. Charley, lad, what a long face you are drawing! Just as you used to do when we were young boys and I led you into a scrape. Didn't I always get you out of it then? And I'll get you out of this. In fact, you are not in it."

"How will you get me out of it?"

"By paying the bills myself. I'll settle all up before leaving England."

"Why not pay at once?"

"Can't," lightly returned Cyrus.

"Money runs away over here; it simply

melts in Paris. I brought about three hundred pounds with me, and it's all gone. I've telegraphed out to old Brice to send me more."

"Why did you not pay the jeweler at the time you bought his goods?"

"The bill came to so much more than I had thought for and I hadn't enough in my pocket. Oh, it's all right, old fellow."

"And, pray, Cyrus, if I may put so bold a question, for whom were all those pretty things bought?"

"For one and another. Some for myself. Some for Gertrude. Some to send out to Wellington."

"Then you will go with me to these people about the bills, Cyrus—the jeweler and the tailor?" resumed Charles, after a pause.

"I'll go now, if you like. I don't want to let you in for annoyance, brother mine."

"You have let me in for a good deal of that already, Cyrus. Were you at the Haymarket two or three nights ago?"

"Yes."

"And there you were taken for me. Who was the lady? It was half over London the next day that I had been there in suspicious company."

"What a joke!" exclaimed Cyrus. "I knew I was being taken for you, Charley," laughed Cyrus, carelessly. "Some fellows nodded to me, and one or two spoke, and I nodded back again and kept up the jest."

"A sorry jest for me, Cyrus. I was engaged to be married—to Mary Dynevor."

"I'm uncommonly glad to hear it," cried Cyrus, stretching out his hand to grasp his brother's. "Mary was the niece of all the younger girls; as nice as Cyrilla."

"I said I was engaged, Cyrus. It is broken off now. Old Miss Dynevor saw me, as she thought, at the Haymarket with some one I had no business to be with; and she went home and told the subdean. The next time I called in Eaton Place he turned me out of doors, and bade me think no more of his daughter."

CHAPTER XXII.

Cyrus suddenly became serious. "This has gone further than I intended," he cried. "All my life I have been getting myself or others into scrapes, and I suppose I shall do so to the end of the chapter. And the best and the worst of it is that I generally manage to come out in worse colors than I deserve; as on this occasion."

Charles looked up. "Have they been traducing you as well as me?" he asked.

"The lady I treated to the theater was no other than Mrs. Carrington, as good a woman as ever lived, although, as Tony Lumpkin would say, her cheeks are as broad and red as a pulpit cushion. But it is all genuine color, Charley, just as she herself is a genuine woman."

"What brought you there alone with her?" asked Charles.

"That I was with her alone was an accident," answered Cyrus. "I treated them to the Haymarket, and took three of the best seats. At the last moment, just as we were about to start in the cab, Carrington's old father came in to spend the evening, and he had to remain with him."

"I think you were imprudent, to say the least of it," laughed Charles. "The lady was wonderfully got up, I was told."

"Like all born colonists, she is fond of any amount of fans and feathers," returned Cyrus. "It was her first introduction to a London theater, and a great occasion to her, and she put on all her war paint accordingly. But of other paint she had none, Charley; she is too honest and good for that."

"Where are the Caringtons staying?"

"With his brother. He's a widower, and lives at a pretty house, up Chelsea way. Decent, intelligent people, Charley; though, of course, not up to your mark."

"And where are you staying, Cyrus?"

"I! You may well ask it. Finding no home open to me on landing, the first individual I dropped upon, after leaving the ship at the docks, was Harry Brice. He is in Somerset House, you know; getting on, too; and was bound that morning on some expedition to the customs. He told me you were on circuit; thought the mother and Gertrude were at Avon, and said I must come to them at Norwood. Down I went. But Norwood's out of the way for a fellow who wants to knock about town, and I came back to a hotel. Then I went to Paris with Tom Howard. And here I am back again. And now you know all, Charley."

"Quite enough, too," laughed Charles. "We'll go to White's now." And Cyrus agreed with alacrity.

The jeweler's shop was lighted when they reached it. Mr. White and his assistant were both in it. Charles walked forward; Cyrus held back a moment.

"I hear that bill is protested, Mr. White," began Charles.

"Yes, sir, or about to be," answered the jeweler. "And I must say I am surprised that a gentleman like yourself should allow things to come to such a pass. If it were not convenient to you to pay it now, you might have renewed it."

"I tell you again, as I told you before, that the bill is none of mine," said Charles. "I never bought the articles."

Cyrus walked forward and stood beside his brother.

"Look at this gentleman," said Charles Baumgarten.

The jeweler gazed in amazement, now at one, now at the other. "What does it mean?" he cried at last. "Who are you, sir?" turning to Cyrus.

"Well," cried Cyrus, who looked upon the whole matter as an excellent joke: "don't you know me again?"

"You must be twins!" exclaimed the perplexed man.

"Not at all," said Cyrus. "We are brothers, but not twins. I'm two years older than Mr. Charles Baumgarten."

"Sir," said the jeweler, turning to Charles, "allow me to ask why you did not explain to me that you had a brother who bore to you so remarkable a likeness? It might have solved the mystery."

"Because I never thought of him at all in the matter; I did not know he was in England. Of course, Mr. White, you now exonerate me."

"As if every one did not!" exclaimed Cyrus. "The trouble, Mr. White, has arisen from my careless habits. We colonists are proverbially careless, you know. Making no memorandum of the date, I did not know the bill was due. I have been spending most of the interval in Paris, where time flies, one forgets how quickly. It will be all right now, and your bill will get paid without your troubling to protest it."

They next called upon the holders of the bill, the Messrs. Jephson, who in their turn were equally surprised; the elder cynically remarking they might have had the wit to know that Cyrus was at the bottom of the mischief. And then they went back to Pump Court, when Charles had ordered a substantial supper for Cyrus' benefit.

Then Cyrus grew confidential. He spoke of a certain fair daughter of Mr. Jansen, the second partner of the New Zealand house. She and Cyrus were privately engaged; and he declared that if he could only win her he should throw carelessness to the winds and become as steady as Old Time.

"Her mother, a well born English woman, favors it," observed Cyrus. "She thinks there must be any amount of latent good in a dean's son. Mr. Jansen opposes it; not that he objects to me personally, but on the score of my want of prospects. He told me point-blank that he would give her to me were I able to become a partner in the firm."

"The difficulty is money, I suppose, Cyrus?"

"Just so. Four thousand pounds. They would give me a small share in it for that sum."

"And you have not got it?"

"I have never saved anything."

"And what of the young lady herself?"

"I only wish it rested with her!" answered Cyrus. "She would soon be mine. Ah, Charley, if I could only encompass that partnership, it would steady me for life. If I have to part from her—well, I don't think I should care what went with me, or what the end was—perhaps ruin."

Charles was silent. He remembered how passionately he and Cyrus had loved each other as boys, although Cyrus did put upon him and tyrannize over him; and he asked himself whether he should give up his own marriage for a time, and save his brother. He had about two thousand pounds put by; part of it he had saved by degrees, part had come to him by a recent legacy. If he gave that to Cyrus, his own marriage must be delayed, but he knew Mary would wait for him. It would be a grievous disappointment to both of them, but should disappointment be placed in comparison with his friendless brother's welfare—his welfare in this world, and, it might be, in that to come? The other two thousand would no doubt be managed among them—possibly by Lord Avon.

"You have not told me her name, Cyrus."

"Anna. Anna Jansen. To me the prettiest name in the world. Ah, Charley, if you only knew her!"

(To be continued.)

An Old Meat Bill.

Of course there is nothing new under the sun, and history must be more or less parrot-like; yet it is a blow to find that we are not originating anything, even in our investigations of current abuses. The State Historian of New York, in compiling some records, recently brought to light some amendments to laws, confirmed at "ye General Court of assizes held in New York, beginning on ye 5th & ending on ye 8th day of October, 1670." The following catches the eye:

"Whereas, divers Complaints have been made of the great abuse of bringing dead hogs & Pork into this city & it not being discernible how long they have been Kill'd by reason they are too often brought frozen, so not capable of being preserved by Salt which tends much to ye disreputaion of that Commodity when sent abroad, and ye Merchants who Export it into Warner Climates, for ye reasons aforesaid it is Ordered, That henceforth no hog or hoggs shall be brought dead to this place either for sale or payment of Debts, except it shall be in cask well Salted & Packt according to ye Law, otherwise smokt or dried of which all persons are to take Notice, as they will answer ye contrary at their Perills."

When we attempt to outdo our re-doubtable ancestors, we do it, it appears, at our own "Perills" of dead failure.

The Millionaire's Offense.

"That millionaire yonder has cheated me out of a fortune."

"How? Wouldn't he let you marry his daughter?"

"Worse than that. He never had a daughter."

When spoons become discolored from eggs scour them with fine table salt. This will remove the discoloration, which is caused by the sulphur in the eggs.

ENGLAND'S APOSTLE OF "THE NEW THEOLOGY."



REV. R. J. CAMPBELL WITH A FAVORITE COW.

Rev. R. J. Campbell of London declares himself openly in favor of the new theology and admits that the story of the fall is not to be taken as history but as a symbolical story. He also declares that he cannot accept the doctrines of vicarious atonement and the belief that Christ while on earth was coequal with God. Since this declaration Mr. Campbell's services at the City Temple have been more crowded than ever and hundreds are turned away every Sunday. In his home life Mr. Campbell is very fond of agricultural pursuits and spends much time in the fields and in his garden.



Some of the greatest authorities on radium now incline to the belief that it is a compound rather than a chemical element.

According to an official of the geological survey at Washington, the heaviest metal is osmium, which has, bulk for bulk, very nearly twice the weight of lead. The specific gravity of gold is about 19½, while that of osmium is almost 22½. Osmium is also the most infusible of metals, remaining unaffected by a degree of heat capable of causing platinum to run like water. It even resists the inconceivable temperature of the electric arc.

It is reported that the invisible radium emanations affect germinating seeds even when these are covered with a layer of soil very much the same as a too powerful application of sunlight to the seed. In other words, the effect is similar to that produced by too much light, resulting in an arresting of germination. The effect is influenced by the nature of the seed covering, its distance from the source of emanation and the quantity of moist soil intervening.

The greatest industry of Australia is sheep raising, mainly for the sake of the wool, but also in part, of course, for the meat. Australia now ranks second among the great sheep-raising countries, Argentina being first with 92,000,000 sheep, Australia second with 72,000,000 and Russia third with 70,000,000. But a few years ago Australia was first, possessing no less than 106,260,000 head of sheep. That was in 1891. Prolonged droughts were the cause of the destruction of many millions of Australian sheep, but since 1902 there has been an annual gain. Yet these sheep were not indigenous to Australia. They were first introduced in 1797, being of the Spanish merino species.

If you ask your grocer, "What are the best English walnuts?" he will reply, "French ones." They are exported chiefly from Grenoble, and are known as Grenoble nuts. The suggestion having been made that excellent walnuts could be raised in many of our Southern States, at a distance from the humid and swampy coast lands, the Department of Commerce has collected interesting facts about the cultivation of the trees in France. They grow best at altitudes between 600 and 1,900 feet. The young trees are very susceptible to extreme heat or cold. To maintain the quality of the nuts frequent grafting is practiced. Perfect nuts grow only on the outer limbs, exposed to the air and sun, and the inner limbs are kept trimmed down. The trees are planted with plenty of room about them, and every year or two the ground is dug up and fertilized. The space between can be utilized for pasturage or crops.

Every man in his relation to every other man is a hypocrite; he pretends that he is wiser and better than he is, and the other man detects him in the deception, though he pretends to be deceived.

MULTIPLICATION OF FISH.

Enemies Prevent Too Great a Number Living to Maturity.

Some faint conception of the great destruction of eggs and young fishes and of the comparatively limited number of them to attain full growth may be formed from the statements of those who have made a study of fish productivity, says the Mobile Register. Thus the great English naturalist, Buffon, made a careful investigation of the number of eggs produced by a female herring and on that basis calculated the increase for twenty years. His conclusion was that the increase of a single pair of herring, if all reached maturity, would in a score of years amount to a mass as large as our earth.

Without going extensively into the figures of those who have made a study of this subject it is only necessary to remember that the herring is a comparatively small fish, and that some of the larger species are almost equally prolific. Thus 10,000,000 eggs have been found in a female codfish, and it is stated that one will produce not less than 45,000,000 young in a single season. The eggs in a female eel were counted, and the number was ascertained to be about 10,000,000. Other common fishes, while not so prolific as these, are enough so to make us wonder just how long all the waters of the earth would contain the fishes if all the eggs that are spawned should reach maturity. The seas and the oceans and the rivers would soon become impassable, and we suppose the end of the world, as far as man is concerned, would soon arrive.

Fortunately for humanity, from the moment the egg is laid its enemies are ready for it. The eggs are eagerly seized and devoured, and the young fishes fare no better. Numerous natural enemies of the finny tribe follow the mothers, or lie in wait for eggs and young, so that but few reach maturity, compared with the incalculable number that are brought into the world. Valuable as all fishes are for human food it is fortunate that man is not the only animal that feeds on them.

Parting at the Station.

Those who listened at the man and woman parted at the station heard this conversation.

"Good-by, dear."

"Good-by. Don't forget to tell Bridget to have the chops for dinner."

"All right."

"And be sure and feed the canary."

"Sure."

"Lock up the silver every night."

"Very well."

"And don't forget that the gasman is coming to renew the burners. Be sure and have him put the four-foot burner in the servant's room."

"I'll remember."

"Order kindling wood on Thursday."

"All right."

"Consult the list I made out if you forget anything."

"I will."

"Better not kiss me. People will think we are just married."

"Not if they have been listening."—San Francisco Argonaut.

It's better to believe all you see than half you hear.