

Race for a Wife

BY HAWLEY SMART

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"Thanks; but you have not told me yet whether you enjoyed your ball."

"Yes, that I did; I got lots of dancing, and I do like that, you know. But how about yourself, Green? I don't think you quite did your duty."

"Pretty fairly, I fancy. We can't be expected to consummate the amount of pinonetting that your sex delight in. I danced a good deal, and it was real pleasure to me to see the little sensation you made. I like to see my pretty cousin appreciated as she should be, and taking her legitimate position in the county."

"And what's that, pray?"

"Why, as the belle of all Hampshire, of course. I wish, though, you hadn't danced with that fellow Pearson last night. I've a sort of presentiment ill will come of it."

"You stupid Greenville; what can come of it? I am not likely to see him again for months—perhaps never. At the worst, recognition of his existence on meeting is all that quadrille entails."

"Well, I suppose you are right, Maude; but it is time I was off. Good-by. And Greenville's pulse tingled a little, as his lips touched the fair cheek so quietly yielded to him. "Kind regards to my uncle and aunt; and drop me a line now and then."

"Don't be afraid of that," laughed Miss Denison; "don't I always write to you when I want anything?—and am I not always wanting something? I think the past might testify in my favor. Good-by; don't be long before you come and see us again."

Greenville Rose pondered moodily over his visit, as he drove to the station. He had not quite mastered the fact that he was in love with his cousin, but he had arrived at some close apprehensions on the subject. He felt that he would have been a good deal better satisfied had his parting salute been much less easily accorded.

Maude, fresh as a rose, after a turn round the garden, comes in just in time to greet her mother on her return to the dining room. Petting her mother is one of the chief pleasures of Maude Denison's life. On this occasion she conducts her into the easychair next the fire, makes the tea, and then, drawing a stool near, seats herself at Mrs. Denison's feet, and with girlish delight recounts all her successes of the previous night; to which the fond mother listens with quiet happiness, as her hand plays with her daughter's silken tresses. That nobody could eclipse, that nobody could ever be worthy of mating with her peerless Maude, was a thing that Mrs. Denison would have deemed absurd to argue.

"And, mother, dear," said the girl, at last, "Greenville said, before he went away this morning, I was quite the belle of the ball. What do you think of your daughter now? Won't that satisfy papa, although he did grumble so about the expense of the dress?"

"Yes, love. He will be quite contented when he hears how thoroughly you enjoyed yourself. I am only so sorry that I was not strong enough to have been present myself at my darling's success."

Harold Denison entered the room in his usual listless fashion. He kissed his daughter carelessly, asked if she had enjoyed her ball, scarce listened to her affirmation, and then plunged at once into the letters and papers that lay piled alongside his plate. He was a tall, slight, handsome man, with a keen, cold eye and rather undecided mouth, verging on fifty years of age. The slightly grizzled eyebrows knit as he skimmed his correspondence. Duns, lawyers' letters, annuities, mortgages and sundry other liabilities, formed the staple of the daily missives that constituted the accompaniment to his breakfast. Can it be wondered that the man's temper was soured?—that the whilom gay frolic squire of Glinn had become a cold, caustic and selfish man of "the world?"

"Things seem to be getting worse and worse, Eleanor," he observed, throwing down an epistle on the best superfluous blue post, and sipping his tea moodily. "The old cry from Reynolds and Gibson—that that interest on the mortgage will be due next month, and begging prompt settlement this time, as the fellow is getting rather uneasy about the stability of the security, on account of the delay of last half-year. It will be hard to scrape the money together. Sheep, too, are down to nothing almost—so Thompson tells me—or else I have a hundred to sell that I looked to help me through with this."

Mrs. Denison sighed. She had gone through a good many such breakfasts in her time, and felt as helpless as ever in suggesting expedients for the occasion.

"It's very unfortunate," she said at length. "Mr. Pearson is not pressing, at all events, I hope."

"No; he has the grace to remember that two-thirds of the property have already fallen into his hands. He is always tolerably lenient about his money. The fellow knows, moreover, that his is the first mortgage on the estate; and, I daresay, at times looks forward to being the eventual owner of Glinn. Shouldn't wonder if he was, too, some of these days," muttered Denison bitterly. "I used to grieve once, Nell, that we hadn't a son; I begin to think now it was all for the best. I should feel it more if I had to think that my boy would never be master here. Yet that is pretty well how the case would stand if we had one."

"Providence knows what is best for us, Harold," returned his wife, softly; "it was a sore source of trouble to us once; but, as you say, it spares us some bitter thoughts now."

She associated herself with him in his career of extravagance as if she had been equally to blame, though, as far as her gentle nature dared, she had entered more than one meek remonstrance at his reckless career. But Mrs. Denison was not the woman to throw her husband's faults continually in his teeth. It was

made her acquaintance, in fact. Now that's the lady I've marked down as my intended."

"Yes," said the old man musingly, "that might do if we could bring it about; but he's a proud man, the father—very."

"We'll come to that presently. Just listen while I reckon up all the advantages. First of all, I have taken a fancy to the girl. She's a real beauty, every inch of her. In the next place, she's an only child. Consequently, it's only fair to suppose that Glinn and what's left with it will eventually fall to her. We have got most of the old property now; and that would insure the whole thing being in our hands at last."

"Yours, Sam, yours. It is not likely I'd last to see it. Harold Denison is full twenty years younger than I am, and his wife is younger again; they'll see me out, boy."

"Well, father, it's no use denying it may be so. Still, in days to come, I should be Pearson of Glinn; and with a wife of their own class, it would be hard if I didn't take my place in the county."

"Yes, you should manage it, though I have failed; but you've had advantages I hadn't, Sam. You've a pull, you see, in education; I hadn't much. The art of making money I taught myself, and it didn't leave time for learning a deal of anything else. You start with a tidy lot made; and I think I have shown you enough to insure your not making ducks and drakes of it."

"No, I don't think I shall hurt. I can take care of myself pretty well at most games on the board. I never dabble in anything I don't understand. Don't you make yourself uneasy about me, governor. Now, Denison is a poor man, is he not?"

"Yes; he has well on to three thousand a year nominal rental left still; but there's more than one mortgage on the property, let alone other charges."

"Haven't you some money on the property yourself?"

"Ten thousand, Sam, and I'm first mortgagee; but I know there's a second mortgage of the same amount, and there may be more for all I know."

"Well, these, you see, are all points in my favor. We could make this first mortgage quite easy for him, at all events."

"It's a deal of money—ten thousand pounds; but of course it would be different if the whole property looked like coming to you at last."

"Well, then, we must take that second mortgage also into our own hands, and let it stand at very easy interest. It will be only virtually allowing Denison so much a year during his lifetime, and in the long run will fall principally upon me."

"Yes; but I don't follow the meaning of all this, Sam."

"That's just what I am about to explain to you. My chances of meeting Miss Denison are so extremely few, that it is quite impossible I can arrive at asking for her hand in that way. My only chance is your proposing it to my father, and asking him to accord me permission to try if I can win his daughter's hand. Mind, that is the way you must put it; but don't forget that you will have to bring your pecuniary hold over him into play also—only, do it gently."

"You may trust me; I have pulled the strings in so many ways in my time, that I've learnt to be pretty cute about doing it with a delicate touch. I'll help you all I can when I've made my mind quite up about it."

(To be continued.)

CHAPTER III.

In the very modern but extremely comfortable dining room of Mannersley, the Pearmans, father and son, are sitting. The old man has turned seventy, and can hardly be said to look as if his money-grubbing career had agreed with him. He is shrunk and worn, with a stoop in his shoulders. Altogether, he wears the aspect of a man whose constitution is beginning to break up. Wealth is not amassed without much wear and tear of mind and constitution, and your great turf speculators seldom attain a patriarchal age. He draws his chair closer to the blazing grate.

"I think I've got a bit of a cold, Sam," he remarked. "Better me than Coriander, though, isn't it?"

"Well, father, I am sorry for you; but I don't suppose it will be much harm in your case."

"How did he go this morning?"

"Well, I wasn't there; but Stephen tells me he did a good steady gallop. If he keeps right, he'll about win the 'Two Thousand.'"

"Yes," chuckled the old man. "I've been racing now getting on fifty years, and I don't think I ever saw my way into a much better thing than this looks like. We've got on, too, at a very pretty price, take it all around. It will be a hotish Monday for some of them."

"I hope so; but there's one or two things I want to talk to you about. There's young Sherrington; he's a crack-brained young fool, and I've got him down in my book to the tune of a loser of twelve hundred if Coriander wins. Now, you have done business with him—is he good for that amount?"

"Yes, Sam—yes. We'll get that from him in time; but I doubt there'll be a bit of waiting for it. Don't take long odds from him again. What else?"

"Well, Sherrington stands to lose a thousand to us. He doesn't bear the character of a very good pay."

"He's the biggest thief in England; but he'll pay me, though he don't everybody."

"And why you, in particular?" inquired his son.

"Because he made a mistake about his name in early life, Sam; and he is quite aware that I know it, and could rake up evidence enough against him, if he irritated me, to make things, to say the least of it, very unpleasant, as far as he is concerned."

"Good! Then, with a little pressure, that'll be good money, if it's won, eh?"

"Just so," nodded the father.

"Now, we'll come to something else. Just listen to this. I've pretty well come to the conclusion that I had better get married."

"I don't see any reason you should not; on the contrary, I should like to see it. Not going to make a fool of yourself, I suppose?"—and the old man looked keenly at his son.

"Tell you more about it when it comes off; but certainly not, I think, in the design. We've made a good bit of money between us. I'm not going to say it isn't most of it yours; still, since I have been having a share in the concern, I've put some together myself. Now, what I want in marriage is connection, more than money."

"Yes—yes, I think you are right; but there will be difficulties—difficulties, I fear."

"Of course there will, to a certain extent; there always is about getting anything worth having in this world; but money is a key to most things nowadays. Tottling coronets must be propped by wealthy alliances. The parson or doctor marries the rich tall chandler's widow. Marriage is a social contract in these times. A hundred thousand pounds from Manchester stands out for strawberry leaves in the coronet, while a fifth of the money from Birmingham is quite content to put up with an Honorable. Well, to return to what I was saying, you agree with me that I must look out more for connection than money, don't you?"

"Yes, I think that's best; but it would do no harm if you could see your way into a trifle of property besides."

"Exactly. I was at the Xminster ball last night, and the prettiest girl in the room was the daughter of old Denison of Glinn. I got introduced to her; danced with her, and did quite as well as anyone could expect to do in a first dance—just

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AGRICULTURAL



A Farmer's Enterprise.

An Iowa farmer has succeeded in opening up a big field for his enterprise by applying an old method to a new service. He has gone into the business of furnishing fresh eggs daily to a regular list of customers, after the fashion of the milkmen and bakers. This farmer is a man who raises many chickens and markets a large number of eggs. These he had been selling to dealers, who in turn sent them to cold-storage warehouses or to wholesalers. Finally they got to the consumers, usually pretty stale and much the worse for handling, through the retail grocer or huckster. When eggs were plentiful and the wholesalers were well stocked up, the farmer got little for them. When eggs were few and prices to consumers were very, very high, the farmer found that his eggs in the warehouses were still in competition with the producer. This man's egg route isn't an egg route exclusively. He sells dressed chickens and other farm produce, too, and when his egg wagon is going about the driver takes orders for other things which are raised on the farm.—Springfield Journal.

Starting Early Celery.

Celery growing on a commercial scale has received most attention in the "muck-bed" areas of Michigan and New York, where thousands of acres are devoted to this crop. California and Florida have taken up the industry and during the winter and spring months provide Northern cities with large amounts of celery.

To secure an early crop the best plan for the amateur grower is to fill a wooden tray 16 inches by 24 inches in size with fine soil three inches deep. This soil should be pressed down and the seeds scattered either in rows or broadcast. Cover the seeds by sprink-



GERMINATING BOX FOR CELERY.

ling through a fine sieve a small quantity of leaf mold or sand. The window of a moderately warm room with frequent sprinkling will provide the conditions necessary for germination. When the seedlings appear after two or three weeks turn the boxes daily to keep the growth even. The illustration shows the form of box used for starting the plants.

Cost of Raising a Calf.

In an experiment to ascertain the cost of raising a calf Prof. Shaw of Michigan station took a dairy calf and kept an accurate account of the expense of feeding for one year from its birth. The amounts of feeds used in that time were 381 pounds of whole milk, 2,588 pounds of skim milk, 1,262 pounds of silage, 219 pounds of beet pulp, 1,254 pounds of hay, 1,247 pounds of grain, 147 pounds of roots, 14 pounds of alfalfa meal and 50 pounds of green corn. The grain ration consisted of three parts each of corn and oats and one part of bran and oilmeal. At the end of the year the calf weighed 800 pounds at a cost of \$28.55 for feed. The calf was a Holstein.

Oregon Apples for King Edward.

What are considered the finest apples ever grown in the United States or any other country passed through Boston recently on their way to the table of King Edward of England. They are known as winter banana apples, and are two and a half times the size of the ordinary apple to which one is accustomed. These apples are grown at the Beulah land orchards, Hood River, Ore., by Oscar Vanderbilt, an expert orchardist, and they are considered the highest development in the cultivation of this fruit. Their color is perfect, the rosy blush blends with the green in the most luscious manner imaginable. In flavor and texture they are as good as they look.

Salt Water to Kill Weeds.

Salt water for killing weeds has been extensively used during the past season on the Oregon Short Line railway, and very satisfactory results have been reported. Water for the purpose is taken directly from Great Salt Lake, which is approximately 22 per cent salt, and is merely pumped into tank cars and hauled over the line.

To Revalue State Lands.

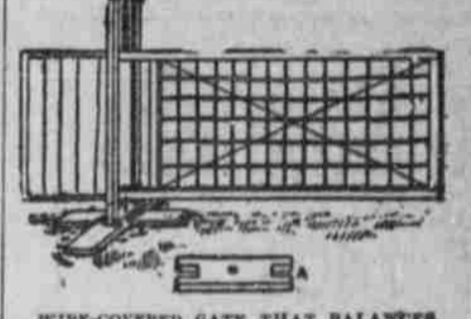
That all the homestead lands in Michigan have been withdrawn from the market is announced by State Land Commissioner Huntley Russell. The lands will be kept out until they have been reappraised, as provided by a resolution recently introduced in the lower house of the state legislature.

Tremendous Cost of Prairie Dogs.

In the state of Texas alone prairie dogs eat annually enough grass to support 1,562,500 cows. Utterly useless, the little animal is a pest so dreaded that the forestry service has undertaken his extermination. Poison is killing him, wherever he now flourishes and another resource of the farmer is safeguarded. Who would think that the prairie dog, the shy and amusing little rodent that we like to watch before the door of his burrow at the Zoo, would ever become the subject of the government intervention or endanger the success of stock raising? Yet such is the fact, says the Technical World Magazine. Out on the national forests which Uncle Sam is guarding for the use of the public, expert hunters have gone after the prairie dog with zeal, ingenuity and poison and literally exterminated them in great numbers, because some of their choicest bottom lands have had the grazing ruined for stock by the industrious burrowing of the "dogs."

A Gate That Never Sags.

I have used this gate for many years and never spent five minutes repairing it. Countersink two pieces and pin them together. Then set up two 2x4 pieces 2 ft. higher than the gate so it can be raised in winter. Mortise and set in between the crosspieces, which



WIRE-COVERED GATE THAT BALANCES.

are 12 in. apart, the board, a, and fasten a cap to the top of the frame. The gate is 16 ft. long, 12 ft. being for the gateway and 4 ft. for the weights to balance it. The frame is of 2x4's. Cover the 4-ft. end with boards and fill with enough stones to balance it when hung. Cover the gate with wire fencing and hang by a chain. Put a bolt through the lower part of the frame into the crosspiece, a.—A. J. Fraser, in Farm and Home.

How to Grow Potatoes.

Director Woods of the Maine agricultural experiment station summarizes his suggestions as to successful potato growing as follows. What he says about thorough preparation of the soil is applicable to that to be used for any crop.

Select highly fertile land, so situated that it will suffer as little as possible from either excessive rain or from droughts.

Thoroughly prepare the soil and fertilize liberally.

Keep the crop free from weeds and the surface of the soil loose during the whole season.

Do not let anything prevent the potato field from receiving constant care. Vastly more failures in potato growing can be traced to neglect of crop than to lack of knowledge.

How Many Hens.

Have you pondered the fact that it requires very little more labor to keep a flock of 100 birds than a flock of 20? There is a hint there as to getting the proper return for your labor.

Also the expense of housing and yarding the larger flock is but little more than for the smaller.

These are the two important outgoes, aside from feed.

It follows that your profit will be greatly increased by the enlarged flock without a corresponding increase of expense.

By all means, if it will pay you at all to keep chickens, it will pay you to keep not less than seventy-five.

When and How to Prune.

It is very important that the healing process should start soon after the wound is made, otherwise the cambium will be killed back quite a distance from the exposed surface, and healing will be greatly retarded. For this reason winter pruning should be avoided, particularly in frosty weather. In the early fall or late spring the cambium is active and wounds made at this time start to heal at once, and there is little or no dying back of the cambium.

A Useful Farm Implement.

A useful but much neglected farm implement—the shaving horse.

MANICURED HOTEL WAITERS.

Latest innovation in the service of a leading Caravanary. Manicured hotel servants will be presented to-day to the guests of the Waco and it will be the initial presentation of a finger-nail condition that no other hotel in New York—or in the United States for that matter—has considered, the New York World says. The management has been pressed for three or four months with the general untidiness of waiters, boys and other employees exercising the clerical staff and yesterday the following pronouncement was issued: "Beginning on this date every employee of the Waco will be in contact with the guests of the hotel, the official manicure, to have her or his finger nails clipped, cleaned, polished and filed. "This order is mandatory and no excuse will be accepted for non-compliance except illness or other excuse which the management shall deem to be reasonable. "A room has been provided for the manicure near the waiters' dressing room, and she will be on duty from 8:30 a. m. until 5 p. m. "No charge will be made for the service, which tends to promote cleanliness and which will appeal to the guests of the hotel. There is no reason why the finger nails should not receive the same attention as the hands." The promulgation of the edict was followed by two waiters making immediate application for treatment. Sorath Carros and Antipolis Carros. Carros has a large hand with spotted fingers caused by close attention to the strings of a violin and to handling salvers on his finger tips. Carros has a long, slender hand, with oval nails. Each candidate was polished off in ten minutes. "Fine," said Carros. "I like this. The young lady, she very nice. Don't hurt, just a little tickle."

Wit of the Youngsters.

"And remember, dear," said Fred's mother, "that George Washington never told a lie." "Oh, well, he joined Fred, he hadn't any sense of me. I never told one, either."

Teacher—Now, Harry, suppose I had a mince pie and gave one-sixth to Johnny, one-sixth to Tommy, one-sixth to Willie and took half of it myself; what would be left? Harry (promptly)—I would.

"Mamma," said 5-year-old Edgar one evening, "haven't I been a poor boy to-day?" "Yes, Edgar," she replied, "and I'm very proud of you." "Well, continued the little fellow, "I can go to bed without saying my prayers, can't I?"

Small Clifford had frequently accompanied Walter to the home of the latter's grandma, where cookies were always forthcoming. One day while there the cookies did not materialize at the usual time, so Clifford said: "Mamma, says I must never ask for anything to eat, but I'm awfully hungry, just the same."

RAILROAD SAFETY DEVICE.

The "Death Button" Adds to the Subway Traveler's Security.

Safety in railroad travel is a vitally interesting topic, and an article in the Circle, entitled, "Making Railroad Travel Safer," gives some remarkable illustrations of the many inventions and automatic appliances which tend to guard the public from danger. One of these is called the "death button," making provision as it does in case of the sudden death or incapacity of the one in charge at the moment on the where electric current has been installed as a propelling power.

The well-known "death button," now in use in the Manhattan subway trains, is a safety device in line with this future development.

In the top of the electric controller handle, which is moved in a circle over a row of contact buttons by the motor man when he regulates the speed, is a little plunger which is the real factor in throwing the electric current off and on. It sticks through the handle and is held up by a spring.

Before he can get any current at all this button must be pushed down to the palm of the motor man's hand, after which he can move the handle about and adjust the strength of the current at will.

But should he drop dead at his post, or for any reason remove his hand from the lever, the little button would spring up from contact, the current would leave the motors and the stop.

Making for Strength.

Bacon—Experiments with sugar in food made in the French army have shown that it is a great source of muscular energy.

Egbert—I guess that is a fact. I see how strong the sugar trust is. Yonkers Statesman.

Folly to Be Wise.

"I'm not going to give my son a college education," observed a fellow who won't let us print his name. "I want him to get on rapidly. I had the first job I ever had by underestimating to correct my employer's mistakes."

You may say four financial statements is pretty good if you are not enough not to risk it bucking the market or board of trade.