

# A Race for a Wife

BY HAWLEY SMART

## CHAPTER IV.

The next day Pearman became excessively enamored of his hopeful son's project, though he did not at all disguise to himself the difficulties that stood in the way of its accomplishment. If he had not had the advantage of such an education as Sam had had, yet he had made a large fortune by trading on the weakness of his fellow-men. Those who achieve this, though it may be little to their credit, become more thoroughly acquainted with the springs of the human mind than all the metaphysicians and philosophers who have ever written or dreamed about it. The son might be an astute man enough at his vocation of the turf, but he was a child, compared to his father, when computing to what extent he could persuade, blind, or break men to his own will. The son thought the advantages of such an alliance must be so transparent in a worldly point of view to Harold Denison that he would be a willing coadjutor in the scheme, from the moment it was proposed to him; the father at once foresaw the old family pride that would be up in arms against him the instant he mooted the idea.

But he said to himself, "I have had much to do with Harold Denison, and should know him thoroughly. He is selfish at heart to the core. In all those troublous days of his, when I was settling his affairs, I never knew him dwell upon what the results might be to his wife and daughter. It was ever what he had to give up. He'll scout this proposal with indignation when I first mention it to him; but he'll come round to it in time. As for the girl's that's Sam's affair; but when Denison has once made up his mind to her marrying him, he's as likely a man as I know to turn on the domestic screw heavily. I've seen that orotic worked more than once, and it's generally pretty efficacious. They run away with somebody else afterwards, occasionally, but that's the fault of the husbands' not keeping them within bounds. Yes; I'll ride over and see Denison to-morrow. It won't be a very pleasant job, I doubt; but I am used to that."

The owner of Glimm felt that slight nervous perturbation that invariably attends the call of a large creditor. The noise of the carriage wheels had merely produced a feeling of languid curiosity; but the announcement that Mr. Pearman wanted to see him made the squire's pulse quicken, and it was with an anxiety he was unable to disguise that he welcomed him in his own peculiar slow tones.

"Sit down, Pearman. Take that arm-chair, and make yourself comfortable. I hope to heaven you haven't come to make me the reverse?"

"Not at all, Mr. Denison. My visit is not a business one, though I have something I should like just to talk to you a little about presently. Shocking weather we're having. Bad for the farmers—very, isn't it?"

"You may say that. Nothing we have to sell seems to be worth anything. All farm produce is a drug in the market. How's Coriander going on? It looks like your gathering a terrible harvest in April at Newmarket, anyhow. The horse is doing well, I suppose?"

"Yes, I believe so. You know, Mr. Denison, I'm getting too old myself to see after such things. I leave all that to Sam; but he tells me the horse will run well for the 'Guineas,' bar accidents."

"Run well? Bar accidents? Why, 'bar accidents,' he must win," cried the ever sanguine Denison. "I never bet you, as you know; but in the old days I should have had a thousand on him."

"Ah, well," said the old lawyer, "there's where it is. You always would believe in certainties in racing. I never myself got further than believing a horse would run well."

"Yes," laughed the squire; "and in consequence you made a fortune while I lost one. I'm afraid, too, it would be the same thing all over again if I could begin once more."

Pearman shot a keen look at him from under his grizzled brows, and thought most assuredly that it would be so, and how very much it would facilitate his present design if the squire was a little involved in that way at present. He of course knew the main part of Harold Denison's entanglements, but even he, though his principal man of business, did not know how bad things really were. It would have given him more confidence to unfold the object of his embassy had he been possessed of such knowledge.

"Well, Pearman," continued the squire, "I am afraid I have no money left to put upon Coriander. Those old days are gone. Yes," said Denison, bitterly; "half-pence are of more account to me now than sovereigns were then. But what is it you want to talk to me about? Nothing to my advantage, I'll be bound."

"I'm afraid not; not but that it might be. But I've never been able, Mr. Denison, to induce you to listen to anything to your own advantage."

"Gad, sir, I can call to mind very few of your propositions that tended that way. A few hundreds to be saved here and there, at the cost of total abandonment of my social position—cases in which the saving was incommensurate with the sacrifice."

"You judge me hardly, Mr. Denison. On the occasions to which you allude, pardon me if I say that it was an overstrained delicacy on your part which prevented matters being brought to a more satisfactory conclusion. It is the way with you all," muttered the old lawyer, musingly. "You forget these scruples when they might be of use to you, and hamper us, who have to put your affairs straight, with them afterwards."

"A Denison of Glimm, sir, is not to be included in the same category as a bankrupt trader, I presume," remarked the squire, haughtily.

"No; but it would be better both for him and his creditors if it could be so. You repudiate the idea of all compro-

mise, and say, 'In time, everybody shall be paid in full.' The result is, you never get clear, and the creditors are never satisfied."

"But they will be in time," returned Harold Denison; and the uncertain tones in which he uttered the words were a stringent commentary on his previous speech.

"It's just about that," said Pearman, "that I'm wishing to talk to you now. It's a cruel pity that a fine old property like Glimm should be broken up. A good deal of it, you see, has fallen into my hands."

"You need not remind me of that," interrupted Harold Denison; "I am quite aware of the price I am paying for the follies of my younger days."

"It is not likely I should recall such disagreeable facts to your memory, if I had not something to propose with regard to their being to a considerable extent wiped out. You will do me the justice, I think, Mr. Denison, to admit that since I have had the honor of being your pecuniary adviser, I have never held bits to your lips, when I deemed anything more palatable would meet the exigencies of the case?"

The squire nodded assent. He certainly had a confused idea that Pearman had made a pretty good thing out of the adjustment of his affairs.

"Now," continued the attorney, "I see a way in which you may be relieved from all immediate embarrassment connected with money matters, and by which Miss Denison may be the eventual mistress of Glimm in its original integrity."

Denison started. To be released from the harassing strain that lies on him now with regard to pounds, shillings and pence—that the old property should once more cumulate in his daughter—opened a gorgeous prospect to his eyes. It was a piece of good fortune that he had never dreamed of. But he knew his man by this time well. What was the price he was to pay for this? He said nothing, but inwardly his brain was busy in vain conjecture as to what Pearman would demand as his guerdon for producing such a transformation scene. The idea of that worthy solicitor ever doing anything without an ulterior motive was one he never entertained for an instant. What would he want? What did he mean?

CHAPTER V.

A silence of some five minutes ensued between the two men; the old lawyer was anxious that the tempting bait he held out should be thoroughly gorged before he was called upon to state upon what terms all this might be brought about. His best experience of men told him that there was no such mistake in life as hurrying—an axiom most of us learn, though generally too late but to derive minor advantages therefrom.

"This sounds too good to be true, Pearman," at length remarked the squire. "If it can be done, you must have some infernal rider to the proposition, that it is hardly possible I should assent to."

"It is not likely that this can be brought about without some valuable assistance from yourself," rejoined the solicitor. "But will you bear steadfastly in your mind the great advantages that will accrue immediately to yourself, and ultimately to Miss Denison? Will you, moreover, be good enough to hear me patiently to the end?"

The squire nodded an impatient assent.

"You must, of course, be quite aware that now Miss Denison has arrived at a marriageable age, her great personal attractions have claimed the attention of a good many young men in the county."

The attorney paused, but his auditor looked grimly at the fire, and expressed his feelings by neither word nor gesture.

"Well, a young gentleman of considerable property, and still better expectations, who has had the privilege of meeting Miss Denison, is so struck with her charms and accomplishments that he has commissioned me to ask your permission to try whether he cannot succeed in inducing her to accept him as a husband. On the point of family he is quite aware that he has no pretensions to Miss Denison's hand; but as regards income, I think there would be nothing to be desired."

"Who do you mean?" broke in the squire. "Has Maude given him any encouragement, that you come with this story to me?"

"My dear sir, his acquaintance with Miss Denison is far too slight for anything of that kind ever to have been even thought of in his part. He is merely anxious to have your permission to try his luck. Without that, believe me, he would never dare to aspire to your daughter's hand."

All this show of deference induced the squire to listen to the proposition, at all events, quietly. Who on earth Pearman could have in his eye he had no idea. That he could mean his son all this time never entered Harold Denison's head. He certainly knew he had a son, but, mixing so little as he did in the county now, he had barely seen him, nor had he, but at odd times, even heard of him.

"But who is it, man? Let's know the name of this bashful suitor? It's a quality one sees little enough of in these days."

"My son, Mr. Denison, is the gentleman who solicits your permission to do his best to win your daughter."

"Your son! Why—and here the squire stopped, perfectly thunderstruck. It was a leveling age, he knew; that the tide of democracy was at the flood, he was aware; that our cherished institutions were looked on with disdain, that there were people who saw no virtue in coronets, and thought an Established Church a worn-out institution that it would be as well to do away with, he had heard; but that the son of a confounded money-lending attorney should presume to dream of mating with a Denison of Glimm he had never contemplated. For a few min-

utes he was literally speechless; then all the pride of race surged up. He came of a line of whom it had been often said that their tongues were as sharp and ready as their swords.

"Excuse me," he remarked; "I was not aware that the times were so far advanced that our daughters were regarded as saleable commodities out of their own class of life. I was not aware that the social gap between myself and my solicitor was so effectually bridged over. Your son, sir, will have to take his chance with the young man from the butcher's, and Mr. Muffatee, who keeps the draper's establishment in Xinister. I shall not presume to influence Miss Denison in her choice."

Old Pearman had many times in the course of his career moralized upon the weakness of losing one's temper about anything, but the squire's sneer brought the blood to his pale temples.

"You take a high hand, sir—a high hand. I asked you to listen to me patiently, and you insult me. I spoke to you humbly enough to start with; but I tell you now that wealth chooses its mate from blood in these days, and that many a well-born as Miss Denison have married not a bit better lineage than mine."

"Perhaps so. People forget themselves in all classes, and forfeit their social status; but it's getting time for money grubbers to learn one thing, and that is—that possession of all the gold in California does not constitute a gentleman, or entitle a man to claim alliance with gentle blood!"

The old solicitor's lips quivered, and his lean fingers played nervously with his watch chain, as he replied:

"I did not come here to argue our mutual social position. I came here to afford an embarrassed man, for whom I have a sincere regard, in spite of all the hard names he heaps upon me, an opportunity of freeing himself from those entanglements. I advanced a proposition which gave him a chance of in some way repairing the evil that the early follies of his youth had entailed on his child, destined to pay her full share of such indiscretions. The days of such prejudices are past, I tell you, Mr. Denison; and once more I ask you not to give me an answer now, but to reflect upon the proposal I have made to you."

"You do us too much honor, Mr. Pearman. Permit me to observe that I must decline all further consideration of the subject. I am perfectly convinced the alliance you propose with such a delicious oblivion of all status of society would be extremely unsuitable. Allow me to make Miss Denison's acknowledgments for the distinction you would have conferred upon her, and to ring for your carriage."

"Very good, sir—very good," cried the old attorney, as he rose in his wrath; "the time will come, maybe, when you'll think that old Sam Pearman would have been a good man to have had at your back. I say nothing, Mr. Denison; but you'll find that you have not made many greater mistakes in your career than this morning's work." And, muttering to himself, the irate old gentleman left the room.

"I wonder what the world is coming to!" muttered Harold Denison. "The idea of a child of mine marrying the son of a money-lending solicitor!"

Then his thoughts reverted to that ten thousand pound mortgage, and the angry words of the old man at parting, and he reflected, moodily, that there was little likelihood of much time being granted against the payment of the interest in future; indeed, it was more than probable that Pearman, in his anger, would call in his money. All which considerations harassed Harold Denison's mind not a little, and he thought, if it had to be done again, he would reject the old lawyer's proposal with rather more courtesy.

(To be continued.)

A Valuable Clew.

A woman entered a police station in Holland and asked the officer in charge to have the canals dragged.

"My husband has been threatening for some time to drown himself," she explained, "and he's been missing now for two days."

"Anything peculiar about him by which he can be recognized?" asked the officer, preparing to fill out a description blank.

For several moments the woman seemed to be searching her memory. Suddenly her face brightened.

"Why, yes, sir. He's deaf.—Everybody's."

Diplomatic Bobby.

"Bobby," called his mother, "did you give your baby brother a slice of that raisin pie?"

"Yessum," answered Bobby, "and, mamma, after I had given it to him I noticed that he had the slice with all the seeds in it."

"You careless boy! Never the least consideration for your little brother, I suppose."

"Oh, yes, mamma, I had lots of consideration."

"You did?"

"Yes, indeed. When I saw all those seeds I was afraid they might give him appendicitis, so I ate his slice, too."

As Modified.

The usual crowd of loafers were seated around the stove in the village grocery.

"I never lied to my wife in my life"—began one of the bunch, when he was interrupted by a unanimous laugh that was loud and long.

"That I didn't get caught at it," ended the speaker, after the laugh had subsided.

Had Him Foul.

"She says you are a fool."

"All right."

"Are you not going to take her to task for making such an assertion?"

"Nope, she has evidence in her possession by which she can prove her statement."

"She has?"

"Yes, I proposed to her once."—Houston Post.

Strenuous Hist.

Husband—Let me see, how long has it been since Uncle John was here?

Wife—Oh, it must be several years. He was here the week after I got my last new bonnet.

# FARM NOTES

**Ancient Agriculture.**  
Why agriculture, the first industry to be learned and so obviously the most fundamental, was the last to be developed is one of the most baffling mysteries of history. One marvels at it as fresh as one stands before a certain glass case in the Egyptian quarter of the British Museum, wherein is a little group of farm utensils—a fractured wooden plow; a rusted sickle, two sticks tied together with a leathern thong and several tassels that had hung on the horns of oxen. To be sure, these implements were used 3,000 years ago—they were found in the tomb of Seti I.—but one remembers that when Egypt was using these bread tools, no better than those of the barbarians about her, she had a most elaborate government, an army and navy and art and literature.

The records and relics of other nations down through history show the same strange incongruity. For thousands of years the wise men of the world absolutely ignored the problems of the farm. A farmer remained either a serf or a tenant. He was a stolid drudge—"brother to the ox." Even the masterful old pilgrim fathers had no plows at all—nothing but hoes and sharp sticks—for the first twelve years of their pioneering. And therefore for thousands of years there was hunger.—Journal of Agriculture.

**Milking by Hand and Machine.**  
After a test of milking machines for a period of more than a year, Prof. A. L. Haecker, of Nebraska, has made several conclusions. Heifers in their first lactation, apparently give better results by machine milking than do aged cows that have been accustomed to hand milking for one or more years. Some cows are not adapted to machine

**Dandelions and Milk.**  
A Belgian investigator has been looking into the correctness or incorrectness of the somewhat popular belief among farmers that dandelions increase the yield of milk, and that in consequence they are rather desirable forage than otherwise. He claims that this belief is incorrect and is founded wholly on the false analogy suggested by the milky juice of the dandelion. Furthermore, he asserts that dandelions in large numbers have a deleterious effect on the quality of butter and is one among the causes which make it difficult to get butter of a fine flavor and good keeping qualities in spring and early summer. Hay which has large quantities of dandelions in it has a similar effect, he says, and he advises farmers to weed their pastures whenever it is practicable to do so.

**Too Much Salt Kills.**  
Hogs like salt, and too much salt will kill them. Being hogs they don't always know when they have had enough. If mixed with ashes, or ashes and sulphur, and deposited in piles no danger need be feared unless they are ravenous for salt from long continued deprivation. But if you give them brine from the meat barrel in free doses you might as well give them arsenic. Meat brine is one of the hog poisons. Cottonseed is another, but why no man knoweth. The latter is a slow poison for hogs, yet a good food for cattle.

**Restriction of Fertility.**  
Prof. Spillman says it seldom pays to turn under a crop of cow peas in the green state. It is better practice to make hay of them, feed the hay and put the manure back on the land. As is the case with all legumes, the

## POPULAR BREEDS OF CHICKENS AND DUCKS.



One of the most popular breeds of chickens for general utility is the White Wyandotte. The birds of this strain are smaller than the Plymouth Rock, but are equally rapid growing. Good layers and fine market fowls. Pekin ducks excel all other breeds both for eggs and flesh. To raise ducks successfully and make a profit both from eggs and young ducklings, the stock birds should be young—as far as possible March hatched birds, and never more than two years old. The Light Brahmas are the oldest and perhaps the best known of the feather-legged chickens. Size is the quality that recommends this breed. Where large and slowly maturing fowls are desired the Light Brahma has no superior.

Alternate hand and machine methods of milking have a detrimental effect upon the flow. Manipulation of the udder is absolutely necessary in some instances before all the milk can be drawn by the machine. One man operating one machine can milk about the same number of cows in an hour as one milking by hand. Two men operating four machines can practically do the work of three men milking by hand. Two operators with four machines milked twenty-four cows in an hour. It is necessary to thoroughly wash and boil the milking machine parts after each usage in order to produce milk with as low bacterial content as that resulting from careful methods of hand milking.—Denver Field and Farm.

**Lifting the Wagon Box.**  
I constructed a wagon bed jack that is one of the handiest devices on the farm where there is only one man to put on or take off a grain rack or wagon box. The construction is very simple. Make a carpenter's jack, only



ONE MAN CAN HANDLE IT.

a little stronger to suit yourself. Then bore a hole, b, in the center for a 2-inch gas pipe to act as a king bolt. Then take a 4x4-inch, 8 foot 6 inch long crosspiece and fasten it to the gas pipe, c, and brace it with 4x4 inch braces, a. The height is 3 feet 6 inches and width 4 feet.

When taking off the grain bed place the jack a little better than half way to the rear end, then remove the rear end off the wagon first and swing it on to the jack. Then put your weight on it and swing it off the wagon, placing a small jack under the front end.—C. Z. Rux, in Farm and Home.

**Eggs Preserved With Wax.**  
By a novel process of preserving, eggs six months old are made to retain their "new laid" freshness. The process has been developed by a firm of English importers, acting on the theory that an egg decomposes owing to the entrance of bacteria through the shell. The eggs are thoroughly cleansed and disinfected and then immersed in a vessel of hot paraffin wax in vacuum. The air in the shell is extracted by the vacuum and atmospheric pressure is then allowed to enter the vessel, when the hot wax is forced into the "pores" of the shell, which thus hermetically seals it. Evaporation of the contents of the eggs, which has a harmful effect, is thereby prevented and the egg is practically sterile.

**In the Feed Lot.**  
Wheat bran is preferable, however, because it is less bulky.

**MRS STOWE'S NOVEL.**  
"Uncle Tom's Cabin" was inspired by Actual Occurrences. Dr. Charles Edward Stowe, Harriet Beecher Stowe's son, describes in the Circle magazine the influence which led his mother to the writing of the book which moved the world. Mrs. Stowe's family had removed to Cincinnati when she was about 20 years of age and there she had had unusual opportunities of observing the practical workings of slavery as an institution. At this time her brother, Charles Beecher, was in business in the city of New Orleans in a large counting-house which had frequent dealings with the slave plantations. He also kept a journal of his observations and experiences. His letters were full of incidents bearing more or less relation to the practical influence of slavery. There was an actual Legree, whom Mrs. Stowe's brother Charles met on the boat returning to his New Orleans plantation with a miserable gang of slaves that he had purchased in New Orleans. Uncle Tom was largely an ideal character, but the leading traits of the composite portrait were drawn from many conversations that Mrs. Stowe had with trembling fugitives, who, on their way to Canada and freedom, found in her house food, shelter, kind words and pecuniary aid. At last she herself was stricken down with a painful and dangerous illness. But she could still trust and pray. And pray she did so fervently and with such faith that her soul was born into a new and glorious experience of God's greatness and love. In 1850 she joined her husband in Maine. After her resolve was formed, months elapsed before she was able to carry out her intention of writing something to make the world realize the horror of slavery. The writer is obliged to confess that he was himself the principal hindrance just at that time. In December, 1850, Mrs. Stowe wrote Mrs. Edward Beecher: "As long as my baby sleeps with me nights I cannot do much at anything, but I will do it. I will write that thing if I live!"

# LITERARY LITTLE BITS

There is to be a new biography of John Calvin to be brought out in 1900 during the celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of his birth.

Mr. Marion Crawford's new novel, "The White Sister," is out. Mr. Crawford is one of the most industrious men—his books appear with a regularity that is amazing to those authors who write with less ease.

"Self Control and How to Secure It" is the title of a new volume soon to be issued by the eminent Dr. Paul Boylston of Bern, Switzerland, who has written this book upon self control, rather than the want of it, as a fertile source of many forms of nervous disorders. The new book differs from those already published in that it will be largely a philosophical and direct discussion of what self-control may accomplish and how it may be secured.

Such honor as a statue imparted to be bestowed upon the memory of Francis Bacon by a gentleman of Gray's Inn. What is pronounced by the London Chronicle to be "a fearful and wonderful figure in plaster, supported by a hat of the Mother Superior type, has already been placed in the south square of the Inn for the recreation of members. This remarkable hat reminds the commentator of the chapeau of a statue of Voltaire, which has not disappeared from the London site. The memorable hat about this hat was its arrangement of metal plates purposely made to flutter in the breeze.

Prof. Rudolph Eucken's book, "The Problem of Human Life," as viewed in the present time, will be brought out in his introduction the author writes: "What does your life mean? What purposes it seeks to realize? What prospect of happiness does it hold out to us? To ask ourselves these questions is to set ourselves in the path of life, to see where we are, and our right to ask them. . . . We are the cry of an age that is asking heart at emptily with the work of its hands. . . . Nor can Philosophy afford deeper than they grew in the first box. They grew in the box in sheltered places for three weeks, when they were ready for the garden.

**Eggs Preserved With Wax.**  
By a novel process of preserving, eggs six months old are made to retain their "new laid" freshness. The process has been developed by a firm of English importers, acting on the theory that an egg decomposes owing to the entrance of bacteria through the shell. The eggs are thoroughly cleansed and disinfected and then immersed in a vessel of hot paraffin wax in vacuum. The air in the shell is extracted by the vacuum and atmospheric pressure is then allowed to enter the vessel, when the hot wax is forced into the "pores" of the shell, which thus hermetically seals it. Evaporation of the contents of the eggs, which has a harmful effect, is thereby prevented and the egg is practically sterile.

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**A Dickens Manuscript.**  
H. F. Dickens, F. C., tells an interesting story concerning the original manuscript of his father's "David Copperfield." The novelist presented "Carol," the novelist presented M. S. to Thomas Milton, an old school fellow. In 1875 Mr. Milton sold the manuscript to Francis Harvey, a bookseller, for £100. Then it passed into the hands of the Rev. Mr. Churchill, an enthusiastic antiquarian collector. Mr. Churchill treasured it until 1882, when circumstances compelled him to part with it. It was then sold to Mr. Bennett, a Birmingham photographer every page of it, was sold to Mr. Bennett, a Birmingham photographer and curio dealer, who resold it to a purchaser, who resold it to a check for £200 for H. Francis Harvey bought by Stuart M. Samuel of the singleton Palace Gardens for £100. It is said to still retain the precious manuscript.—London TH-Bits.