

Race

for a

HAWLEY SMART

CHAPTER X .- (Continued.)

was powerless; but still, all the same. Maude's letter must be answered. This, again, was not so easy to do. When the girl you are in love with appeals to you tearfully to save her from being married to somebody else, the obvious course would seem to be to run away with her But, as George Eliot says, Running away, especially when spoken of as 'absconding,' seems, at a distance, to offer a good modern substitute for the right of sanctuary; but seen closely, It is often found inconvenient and scarcely possible." So, though to emulate young Lochinvar and bear off your fair Ellen of Netherby may seem the proper thing to do on the first blush of such occasion, yet, on mature reflection, it may prove hardly feasible. Mrs. Lochinvar must be clothed and fed, while the reiving and Gren, dear, what am I to write to you? raiding by which that adventurous gallant I think it must be 'Yes.' doubtless supported the lady of his love would, in these days, be known by the prosaic term of "robbery with violence." The attention of Colonel Henderson and his myrmidons, the grave consideration of his countrymen, and an eloquent oration, rather to his disadvantage, by a criminal court judge, would probably be the ter-

mination of young Lochinvar's career in

these days.

What is he to write? What is he to say? Can you not guess? Of course he will sit down and do the very thing he should not. He can't help, but he can complicate her troubles. Love is essentially a selfish passion. Having no consolation to offer her, no assistance to render her, he betakes himself to his desk and pours forth his story of love and lamentation. He exhorts her not to marry Pearman, but gives her no hint of how she is to combat the difficulties that surround her. He pours forth, in good, honest, genuine terms, the tale of his love he dwells on the certainty of his having a home ere long to offer her through his own exertions, and winds up with a tremendous peroration about having loved her from her cradle. He has done nothing of the kind. His love is a child of something under a twelvemonth's growth; and though I fear all lovers romance fearfully, they thoroughly believe in their figments at the time. Then comes another sheet of postscript about "can she love him?" he shall know no rest till he gets her answer. And after it is all done and posted, Grenville Rose feels more uneasy than ever. He is not thinking so much of poor Maude's troubles as What will she say to his declaration of love? He racks his brain for every trace of favor she has shown him all the past characters, when, either from caprice or year. Sweet and cousinly she has been driven by necessity, they exert such power ever, but no sign of love can he recall. as may be in their hands, invariably do it Fool that I have been "he mutters; "I tyrannically and despotically. have been so careful not to give her a Mrs. Denison has suffered hint of my feelings. I wish I had that letter back. No, I don't. I don't know, in short-" and the last fragment contained pretty well the gist of Grenville's thoughts at present.

CHAPTER XI.

Maude, as she has already explained, has been having a hard time of it at Glinn these last two or three days. Life has been all so easy to her so far, that she hardly realizes the facing of this, her first genuine trouble. She is await ing the post anxiously this morning; Gren is certain to write to her by return, and her belief in Gren is unbounded. Once more the icy breakfast table she

so dreads. Her father looks at her as a culprit who would subvert the old Grecian story, and sacrifice her parent instead of presenting her throat to the knife. Mrs. Denison evidently looks upon her as a sainted martyr. She loves and sympathizes with her daughter; she approves of her spirited refusal, but she cannot desert her old idols, "The king can do no wrong." Harold Denison's opinion must be hers outwardly, though in her heart of hearts she may rebuke herself for not being on her daughter's

"A letter from Grenville for you. Mande," said her father, as he threw it across. She and her cousin were regular correspondents, so that it excited no chuckled, upon meeting the squire one remark; yet the mother noticed that the girl, instead of tearing it open as was her wont, slipped it quietly into the pocket of her dress. Maude felt as if she possessed a talisman against her troubles. and determined to read it in the solitude of her own chamber, and there she betook herself as soon as breakfast was over,

Her cheek flushed as she perused it, and the large grey eyes opened wide with astonishment. Grenville's tale of passion ate love would have moved most girls, albeit he has not as yet in these pages figured to any great advantage-still Grenville Rose had a shewd enough head upon his shoulders, and was a comely man to look upon, to boot. He told his love well, and few maidens, even if they do not reciprocate it, can listen unmoved when that old-world story is passionately told them. There was plenty of warmth in Grenville's fervent pleading, and after reading the letter through twice, Maude dropped the paper on her lap, and, utterly oblivious to her troubles, fell into a rev-

It seemed so strange. She had loved and admired Gren as long as she could remember, but she had never thought of him in this way-at least, she did not think so, and yet, almost unconsciously to as might be. herself, of late she had been more solicitous about gaining his good opinion and pleasing him than of yore. "To think Gren should care about me in this way!" she murmured; "and I-do I love him? I don't know. He's nicer, and better, and cleverer than anyone I ever met. Why didn't he tell me this when he was here last? I think I'd rather have heard it from himself. Ah! but doesn't be tell I'm heartily sorry. You'll forgive an old me why not?" and the girl once more took up the letter and read :

"All this, my darling, has been on my lips for months, but how could I tell was all in the wrong; it isn't likely Miss you?—how could I seek your love who Maude could be brought to think of such

had not even a home to offer? What the Grenville had made up his mind that he struggle has been to see you so often, and yet keep down what surged within me, I only know. When I kissed your cheek at parting last time, I nearly clasped you in my arms and poured out the secret of my soul to you. I did not; it seemed madness-it is perhaps madness now; but, my darling, I could not lose you. When you tell me that another seeks the prize covet, right or wrong, I must speak. Maude, you must decide between us. Can you trust me, and wait?"

Once more the letter fell in her lap, and the softened grey eyes and slightly flushed face augured well for Grenville Rose's wooing.

"Yes," she muttered, softly, "I think I love him now as he would have me; and if I don't quite yet-for it seems all so new to me-I know I could shortly.

It was wrong, she thought, to keep Gren in suspense when he was so dreadfully in love with her; so that night's mail bore a timid, fluttering little note, the receipt of which produced a tremendous state of exhibaration in that

young Templar. But poor Maude, after the first flush of exultation that enters the breast of every girl at a welcome declaration of love, quickly awoke to the fact that her position was not a whit improved by it. She confided her engagement to her mother, and for the first time in her life Maude beheld Mrs. Denison really angry. "I'm surprised and disgusted with Grenville," said that lady. "It's too bad of him, taking advantage of a child like you in this manner. I like him, always have liked him, and, under different circumstances, would have sooner seen you his wife than any man's I know. But he can barely keep himself as yet, and must

know that his thinking of a wife at all is foolish in the extreme, and that thinking of you is simply absurd. He's behaved very badly, and if you don't promise to write and break it off, you can say, by my desire, I shall tell your father all

"Oh, mother, you won't do that," said Maude "Not unless you oblige me," said Mrs.

Denison, sternly, Poor Maude was electrified. That th mother she had been always accustomed to pet, and do as she liked with, should suddenly rise against her like this, was past her comprehension. Yet to anyone who has made character his study, nothing can be more in accordance with the usual law in such cases. Weak, feeble

Mrs. Deni the stern rule of her lord and master. spite of all her love for her daughter, she has become dimly conscious that there will be no peace at Glinn unless Maude yields assent to the ukase Harold Denison has promulgated. Women of her class can suffer, but they cannot resist. Even now she would not urge Maude to marry Pearman. But that her impecunious nephew had dared to entangle her daughter in an engagement, especially at this time, roused as much wrath within her as her nature was capable of. Most mothers. I imagine, would deem she had grounds for Indignation.

All this while Pearman has not been idle. Slowly, but surely, the legal notices and proceedings progress, and Harold Denison knows full well that within three weeks ten thousand pounds must be found. or Glinn must go to the hammer. The Pearmans conduct the campaign with acrupulous politeness. It is quite in accordance with the old traditions of the Battle of Fontenoy. They apologize for every fresh process, and allude to it as a mere matter of form. They affect to believe that there can be no doubt Mr. Denison will easily pay them off at the expiration of the notice of foreclosure. The old gentleman even indulges in pocularity on the subject.

"Mean to have the very last day out of us, I see, sir; and quite right, too," he

"Yes, Pearman," was the grim retort; "I learned the exacting of my pound of flesh, to the last pennyweight, in your hands. I have not forgot my lesson. You burn it into your pupils' minds pretty deeply.

The old lawyer has laid himself open to another rebuff, and Denison has no failed to take advantage thereof. Why Sarcasm breaks no bones, few knew bet ter than that astute "fisher of men. His sentiviness was tolerably blunt, and he recked little what men said to him, or of him, so long as the furtherance of the object he had in view was attained. That his son should marry Maude Denison was the goal be now aimed at, and that that was to be brought about, he still thought far from improbable. that end he conceived, even while pressing him for money, it was quite necessary to keep on easy terms with the squire. None knew better than he how bitter it is for a proud man to take his words back, and if what he now played for was charity. to be achieved, that was a necessity. The task must be made as easy as possiblethe unpalatable draught sugared as far

"He he!" he answered; "you will have your joke, Mr. Denison. It's a cigar!" mighty pity you couldn't make up your mind to concentrate the property once more. Beg pardon, Squire," he continued, deprecating Denison's angry gesture; "don't fear my alluding to it again. It was presumption on my part, I know, and if I said anything to ver you, I'm sure man, who, not having been prought up with your views, saw nothing but the concentration of an estate. Yes, I know I

a thing. I'm sure I hope the calling-in of the mortgage is no inconvenience; you can easily raise it elsewhere. But Sam's got so deep in the racing now, that we must get that sum together before the Two Thousand. I wish he wasn't; but he's clever, Sam is-clever in his waytoo great a gentleman for me. No offense, sir, I hope; but I'm a plain man."

CHAPTER XII.

Harold Denison touched his hat haughtily, and rode home; but the old usurer's artful speech still simmered in his brain. Why should it not be? It would cut the tangled knot of his difficulties. He had made inquiries. Young Pearman had been brought up a gentleman, and visited in several good houses in the county. He naturally a little exaggerated this to himself, to justify the course he intended to pursue; nay, for the matter of that, had been pursuing for some days. His wife had told him that she had laid the Pearman proposition before Maude, and that the young lady had declined, with thanks; since which intelligence he had buillied Mrs. Denison, and snubbed or treated his daughter with cold indifference. The heads of the family can make contumacious children conscious of their high displeasure without any unseemly rating-indeed, that may be looked upon as mere mild and salutary punishment compared to the other-that other which, to speak metaphor- or other article to be placed in the ically, consists in being condemned to the domestic ice house. It is hard to describe, still there will be few of my readers who, if they have had the good fortune not to experience it, but must have seen some culprit enduring that slow punishment-meted out more often, perhaps, to daughters than sons. But don't we all know it; the chilling rejoinder that meets any attempt at geniality-the austere look that seems to say it is heresy that we should presume to forget the measure of our offending-the moral thong always awaiting us should we show any signs of relapsing into cheerfulness? Bah! those physical torturers of the middle ages were mere bunglers at their craft.

From this time poor Maude's life was made heavy to bear. Harold Denison sent for her to his study, and himself put Pearman's proposal before her. He enlarged upon its advantages, and declared that it was her duty to save the property to her descendants; on her head it rested whether the Denisons of Glinn should cease to exist, as of course her future husband must take her name. For himself, he cared not-he was an old man, and it mattered little to him. Any foreign watering place was good enough for him to wear out his miserable life in. He deplored the follies of his youth. was sad that a father should plead before a daughter in this wise. He could bear anything but the thought that the Denisons of Glinn should be expunged from the roll of the county in which they had dwelt and been known since the Wars of the Roses; all this it was in Maude's power to avert. Why could she not marry this man? He hard been brought up a gentleman, and mixed in the best society n the county. If not quite her equal in blood, he would repair the shattered fortunes of the family. Such matches were made every day. The destiny of the pluocracy was to strengthen the aristocracy. Far be it from him to put any pressure upon her, but it was his duty as a parent to lay the whole case before her.

Gallantly did Maude fight her battle, and though at the end of this long interview she stood with flushed and tear- feathers to rot at the base, giving them stained cheeks to listen to her father's the very appearance of moiting. This final exordium, she was still resolute in explains why so many flocks look

her refusal. But the struggle was too unequal. Under the pressure put upon her by her busband Mrs. Denison had not only made Maude write a letter of renunciation to Grenville Rose, but had penned him a very severe philippic herself, in which she in sisted that all correspondence should the houses to remain closed all the next cease between them. She had further, under the threat of revealing everything to Mr. Denison, extorted a promise from Mande that she would write no more to her cousin. She knew her daughter well, and felt implicit confidence that, her word once pledged, troth would be kept.

I have described the first stage of the attack. It is a common enough story, as many a woman could bear witness to, as far as the general details go. Can you not easily guess the result? She was a high-spirited girl, and bore herself bravely in the beginning; but cut off from all communication with her lover, she gave way at last to the moral pres sure brought to bear upon her, and, with pale cheeks and heavy eyes, whispered her mother "that they might do with her as they liked; if she couldn't marry Gren, she didn't care who it was,'

(To be continued.)

A Boy's Way.

Harold was going to a party that evening. As the weather was rather doubtful his father gave him a half dollar and told him to get a cab if it rained when he came home.

It did rain, and rained hard. When Harold came home he was drenched. "I thought I told you to get a cab if it rained," said his father.

"And so I did," was the reply, "I had a dandy ride, and came home on top, beside the driver."-Philadelphia Ledger.

The Power of a Will.

Hojax-There goes Mrs. Jimjones. They say she married Jimjones to reform him and has succeeded by mere force of will.

Tomdix-But she is such a frail little thing! How did she manage it? Hojax-By giving him to understand that if he didn't brace up and do bet-

"Ah, my fid." sighed the benevolent old gentleman, "it certainly makes me feel bad to see you smoking that vile

"Den we can shake, mister," re sponded Tommy, making a wry face. It makes me feel bad, too."-Chicago News.

Very Slight, Indeed. Binks (who has given Jinks a cigar) -You'll find, old chap, that is something like a cigar.

Jinks (after a few puffs)-By Jove there is a slight resemblance. What' is it?-Royal Magazine.



For Filling Sacks. In filling sacks with grain, flour, ce ment, etc., it has been found impossible for one man to do the work. A second aborer is required to hold open the mouth of the bag while the other does the filling. The necessity of the extra laborer is eliminated in the sackfilling apparatus shown here, the inrention of a Washington man. This apparatus was designed primarily to provide a device by which bags could be quickly and economically filled by one man. A hopper is provided, to which a pulley is attached at one end. At the front are the frames for supporting the bags after the later have been fastened in position. The grain



HOLDS BAGS OPEN

pags is shoveled into the hopper, from which it drops by gravity into the bags. As the grain descends the bags are shaken at regular intervals by an arrangement attached to the pulley. The pags are in this way automatically ifted off the ground a trifle at each urn of the pulley, allowing the grain o settle, filling the bags to their utnost capacity. This does away with he ordinary laborious method formerly imployed by hand. It is claimed that the bags can be filled in one-fourth the lime heretofore required and by one

Causes of Roup.

When fowls crow at night, which is the fact when the number quartered is greater than the capacity of the house, they sweat. This sweating causes the ragged in early summer.

It is a noted fact that the majority of cases where roup has become epidemic among fowls the latter were crowded in tightly-bullt houses when the weather is very cold and allowing day. This creates a moisture which generates dampness, and the whole house feels very much like a vault. At night the house is more or less filled with dampness emanating from the 'owls' breath, but if, on the following morning, the windows are opened wide. this dampness will be dispelled. This is a great point in favor of the scratching shed plan of house.

Hog Cholera.

The Kansas experiment station has carried out an extensive series of experiments along the line of hog cholera and its prevention. The method of rendering hogs Immune to the disease was by vaccination. A virus was introduced into the system which reacted upon possible contagion, thus protecting the animal against the disease for a period of several months. The experiment showed that through this process the successfully vaccinated hog is immunized and can be kept with no risk of infection for a period long enough to fatten and prepare for mar-

Popular Breed of Poultry.

Leghorns if compelled to roost in sold houses and pick a living from the slush of a barnyard will not lay.

But when warmly housed and properly fed they are the best of winter layers. The best bred leghorns are practically non-sitters and should

breed for the farm.

not be counted on to rear their THE LEGHORN. young. For those who are so situated that they can hatch ter she would will all her money to and rear their pullets artificially or with hens of other breeds, and who give their hens suitable care in winter, the leghorn will prove a very profitable

Wash Eggs for Market,

It would in a sense be better to wash eggs sent to market than to send them in a dirty condition. But washed eggs have no keeping qualities. The water appears to dissolve the gelatinous substance which seals the pores of the shell, and air is thus admitted and soon starts decomposition. The better way to treat dirty eggs is to take a woolen rag only slightly moistened with water and gently rub off the dirt.

Transplanting.

As the time approaches for removing young plants from the flats in the louse or from the hotbed outside, an extra amount of airing must be given to harden them. Plants which have started indoors or under glass are more or less tender and will not be able to thrive under the rigor of early spring planting without treatment. They must become hardened, or accitmated, to the new conditions,

At least a week before transplanting remove the sash entirely from the botbed during the day and allow abundance of ventilation at night, except when heavy frost threatens. This will give the plants practically an outside temperature for the greater part of the day and they will grow stronger and harder thereby. At this time also less watering should be given to check growth and make the plants more re- Oh, she was a canty quean sistant to the cold. All plants can endure a lower degree of temperature under dry than under moist conditions.

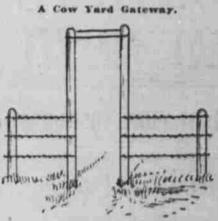
Most seedlings are transplanted di rect from the flat or hotbed to the open garden when they have attained a height of from four to six inches or more. When facilities are at hand a better way is to first transplant them to a cold frame, which is the same as a hotbed without the heat. In the cold frames they become accustomed to lower temperature and are still protected from frost of nights and on cold days. A still better way is to transplant the young plants at the appearance of their second or third set of true leaves to two inch flower pots.

Disking Alfalfa.

The work of disking alfalfa requires a little bit of skill. The disk must be set just so it will cut the ground sufficiently and do as little damage as possible. A little experience will enable any intelligent man to do the very best work in the field. There are times and conditions when the spring tooth harrow may do all right, but generally nothing but a good sharp disk with enough big horses in front and a competent man on the seat can do the work. I use only the smoothing harrow in the early spring, but after each mowing I use a disk or spring tooth, whichever I think best, always finishing with a spike tooth, so as to leave the field in the very best possible condition for the growing crop. It is a real pleasure to see the alfalfa start out anew and grow about one inch a day on an average.-Denver Field and

Foundered Horses.

A. S. Alexander, veternary surgeon explodes the old idea that a horse can become "chest-foundered." He says tively easy, and it will no doubt that such cases are those suffering from chronic founder (laminitis), which affects the feet and not the chest. In old-standing cases of foot lameness the chest muscles may waste away in sympathy, and that fact has led to the "chest founder" idea. Such a horse should be shod with wide-webbed, flat bar shoes, put on over dressin and oakum, and a thick leather sole Then clip off the hair and blister the hoof heads (coronets) of forefeet with a mixture of one dram of biniodide of mercury and two ounces of cerate of cantharides rubbed in for fifteen minutes. Wash blister off in forty-eight hours, then apply lard daily. Blister every three or four weeks.



A handy entrance into the cow yard is made by cutting the wires between posts and putting in two tall posts. Wire them together at top, put on fence wires and you can get through, but the cows cannot.

Electro-Chemical Fertilizers.

By the aid of electro-chemical production of manures containing atmospheric nitrogen. Germany expects soon to largely decrease its importations of saltpetre from Chill.

Helpful Hints.

Oll up the work harness, The neglected colt or calf will prove profitless.

Cattle will never do well in the same pasture as sheep. Wood charcoal should always be

kept in the hog pen. How are the farm implements? Any of them need repairs?

To improve live stock, requires intelligence and thought. It is a good plan to have the horses

and cows clean up their mangers after each feed. There is such a thing as overfeeding. Feed stock all the food they will as-

similate, but not more. Don't have a lot of manure lying in the yards all summer. It will lose just about half of its value by fall.

It is better to feed the cows fodder and hay after milking, as it keeps the dust down. Feed the grain before milking.

Don't plant poor, weak seed corn next spring. It is time and money thrown away. There is plenty of good, strong seed to be had.

Old Ravopiter

Roy's Wife of Aldivalled Roy's wife of Aldivalloch, Roy's wife of Aldivalloch Wat ye how she chested me As I cam' o'er the brace of Balluch

She vow'd, she swore she was She said she lo'ed me best o' cal;
But, ah! the fickle, faithless quan.
She's ta'en the carl, and left her Joh

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch, Roy's wife of Aldivalloch, Wat ye how she cheated me As I cam' o'er the brace of Ballsch!

An' weel could dance the Heland w How happy I, had she been mins, Or I been Roy of Aldivalloch!

Her hair sae fair, her' e'en me cont. Her wee bit mou' mae sweet and be nie! To me she ever will be dear,

Though she's forever left her John ! Long Time Ago. Near the take where droop'd the will

Long time ago! Where the rock threw back the billion Brighter than snow; Dwelt a maid, belov'd and chrish'd By high and low; But with autumn's left she perichet

Long time ago! Rock and tree and flowing water, Long time ago! and bird and blossom taught her Love's spell to know! While to my fond words she list Murmuring low, Tenderly her dove-eres glistened

Long time ago! Mingled where our hearts forever! Long time ago! Can I now forget her?-pever! No, lost one, no!

To her grave these tears are given Ever to flow; She's the star I miss'd from Heaven Long time ago! George P. Morris.

FOR CATCHING ANIMALA

Grappling Tongs Make Capture of

Little Beasts Easy. Any person who has tried to at pig or other small animal in es comparatively restricted space of appreciate the value of the miss catcher invented by an Oklahoman B means of this device the capture elusive little beasts is made con much in demand among farmers i butchers. The contrivance consists a pair of grappling tongs with plus curved jaws and foldable arms. of these arms fits over a pole and



JAWS SEIZE THE LEG.

rope is slipped through a ring str end of the other arm, at the sense being slipped through a short de at the intersection. In using the o er the operator selzes the snimth is with the jaws of the instructed i pulls the rope, which closes the tight. The big advantage derival that the pursuer need not coolin stoop and hurl himself at a full to grasp its leg with his own heak. proceeding maddening in his frequency

failures and loss of dignity. Improved Hose Reck The excellently constructed rei garden hose shown in the limits below is the recent investion d



assistance of this paratus the pr becomes easy. I not necessary ravel all the loss. fore the supply of ter can be turned

The end carrying the nozzle is the free to operate, the water foring obstructed through the unused encircling the reel. Moring the paratus backward or forward less or shortens the line of hose but not interfere with the flow of &s ter, which is at all times unimp In addition, a spigot is arranged to axie to regulate the flow of its ter. The axle is fallow, the traveling through the hose into the and out of one end of the ark the short length of hose ter in the nozzle.

Difficult, Indeed Shortleigh Tryin to be in without capital is as difficult

DeLong-Well, as what? Shortleigh-As trying to art of boxing from a book