

Race for a Wife

BY HAWLEY SMART

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

And that weak mother, who under her husband's influence, had for the last week done all she could to abet the sale of the daughter she loved so, wept bitterly now her end was accomplished.

"Don't cry, mother," said Maude, gently: "I will do all you wish. I would rather not know more about it than I am obliged to just yet. And one thing more, I must—when all's settled, you know; there can be no harm then—I must write to bid Green good-by: you'll let me do that, mother, won't you?"

It was all over. The bright Maude of some few weeks back, with her high spirits and ringing laugh, was scarcely to be recognized in the pale spiritless girl who moped about the house now. Hearts don't break nowadays; but when young ladies dispose of their affections injudiciously, the intervention of the authorities is wont to be followed by a short interval of sorrow and sadness.

Harold Denison, upon hearing his daughter's decision, made a mighty gulp, and, swallowing as much pride as might have set up two or three county families, penned a letter to lawyer Pearman.

It was an awkward epistle to compose, but the squire showed himself quite equal to the occasion. The sum of it was this: He first apologized, in a haughty manner, for what he was pleased to term his curtness at their last interview. In the enumerated state of his property he had thought it but right to lay the proposal before Miss Denison, who, it appeared, took a different and perhaps more sensible view of it than she had done in the first instance. He should, therefore, be happy to welcome the visits of Mr. Pearman, junior, to Glinn.

"Told you so, Sam—told you so," said old Pearman, when he received this precious epistle. "He only wanted time and line enough. I've done my part, boy. It is in your hands now; but I think you'll find it all pretty smooth sailing."

CHAPTER XIII.

A little after six in the morning. The April sun has just succeeded in breaking through the morning mist, and the air still has a crackle of frost in it. At the foot of a small knoll, surmounted by a little clump of Scotch fir, stand three men, engaged in earnest conversation. Carefully sheeted, with stable boys on their backs, some seven or eight thoroughbreds pace majestically round and round the little hillock. On the side these men are standing, stretches a considerable expanse of velvet turf-down. A series of slender white poles mark out a wide oval road, somewhere about a mile in circumference. That broad, green, ribbon-track is what is termed the Mannersley Gallop, and the ground upon which Mr. Pearman's horses take their daily exercise.

The gentleman in the pepper-and-salt suit, single-breasted coat, longish waistcoat and low-crowned hat, is Martin Pycroft, trainer. He fiddles with the asphalt in his hand, and seems rather to demur to something that his companion—Sam Pearman—seems to insist on.

As for the third member of the conference, a bright, wiry, dark little man, he looks as if his opinion must be asked pretty decidedly before he intends committing himself on any point. He is a jockey of some considerable eminence in his profession.

"Can't do any harm, Martin. He might just as well have a spin with the old horse as he's usual gallop."

"Well, I'd rather Mr. Pearman wait till he is quite wound up before trying him. You must do as you please, sir. No horse can be doing better; but continually trying does take the heart out of them, you know, sir."

"Of course it does; but mind, we haven't galloped Coriander beside another this year. We suppose him to be quite as good and better than he was last autumn, but we've never ascertained. I mean to know this morning."

In the meantime the string has halted, the sheets are removed, and then, led by the head lad on a veteran of four seasons' standing, the youngsters proceed in Indian file round the course at a half-speed gallop. Then comes more walking for twenty minutes or so, succeeded by another steady canter, towards the finish of which the pace is considerably improved—the rate of progression being always regulated by the rider of the leading horse, who has, of course, received his instructions from the trainer beforehand. More walking, then more cantering, at the conclusion of which Martin Pycroft says quietly:

"Take 'em home, William, and tell those boys to bring Loadstone and Coriander up here."

Merely replying, "All right, sir," William turned his horse's head in the direction of the stables.

A minute or two, and a couple of stable boys walk the horses to where Pearman, Pycroft and "the rigid rider to orders" are standing.

"Jump off and strip 'em," says the trainer. The boys slip off the backs of their respective mounts, and hold them by the head while Pycroft unlooses Coriander's surcingle, whips off the sheets with a dexterous hand, and proceeds to adjust a light racing saddle on that equine celebrity's back. Jim, assisted by Pearman, performs the same office for Loadstone.

"Now, sir," says Martin, "before we see how they are together, we had better just let 'em have a quiet canter. Jim, you get up on Coriander. You, young 'un," he continued, addressing the lad who had been upon Loadstone, "get on your own horse, and lead round a nice strong canter, making it a little quicker from the bush home than in the dip; but no galloping in earnest, mind."

"Looks and moves well, sir, don't he?" said Martin, as Coriander, under Jim's masterly hands, after two or three angry matches at his bit, settled down into

the long, low sweeping stride characteristic of the most thoroughbred horses that distinguish themselves on a race course.

And now the pair come striding along towards the knoll, where they are pulled up.

"Go kind?" inquires Mr. Pycroft.

"Nice 'oss to ride—can put him anywhere," observes Jim, sententiously.

"Walk 'em about a bit, while we get the saddle cloths ready."

Jim and the boy duly go into the scale. Another muttered conversation between Pycroft and his master; then the saddles were removed, the leaded cloths carefully adjusted, the saddles replaced over them, the long surcingles passed carefully over, and Coriander and Loadstone were ready for their trial.

"Give them their orders, Martin, and then come here and see it. Mind, they're to start from the three-quarter-of-a-mile post. Who's to start 'em?"

"All right, sir; I told William to come back, and here he is. You go down with 'em, Will. Bush in, mind. Here, Jim, you ride the old horse, of course, this time. Get off, and come right along. I don't mean ride his head off, but take the lead, and keep it."

"All right!" And Jim walked the grey leisurely down alongside William, to the starting post.

"Now, look here, boy," said Mr. Pycroft, advancing to the striding who was on Coriander; "you have an idea of riding, you have. Now, don't go and make an exhibition of yourself this morning. Mind, if you do it here, I shall take care you don't get much chance of doing it in public. Attend to what I say to you. Get off as well as you can. Jim's pretty safe to do you there; but, even if he don't, mind, you're to wait on him till you come to the quarter-mile post from home. You know it. Run up to him then. But, whatever Jim does, whether he begins riding or whether he doesn't, you're not to begin in earnest till within fifty yards of home. I'll forgive you if you wait too long, and lose it that way; but if you come too soon and ride him to a standstill, we shan't want you for light-weights at Newmarket or anywhere else."

The lad walked his horse after Loadstone with a very serious face. Like all boys in a racing stable, of course the height of his ambition was to become a jockey. He was not a little proud of being in charge of such a celebrity as Coriander. For, he it known to the uninitiated that every race horse in a big stable is looked after by his own boy, and that these boys, when their horse is one of distinction, are immensely proud of him. They groom him, ride him at exercise—in short, almost live with him. Coriander was the first crack that had fallen to young Allen's care, and he firmly believed such a flyer never existed. Now—on this morning—he was to ride him in his trial. He looked even at that as a great rise in his profession. It is true he had ridden in two or three trials before, but then he had generally been on something that had had no earthly chance to win. Suppose he should make a mess of it this morning; Mr. Pycroft would never give him another chance, perhaps.

No wonder the boy looks rather serious. But they are at the post. A couple of false starts take place, in consequence of young Allen's eagerness to get well off.

"Stop a bit, young 'un," said Jim, laughing; "be a little steady. Mind, it ain't a race, and I won't want to get the best of you. I only want to get away fair. How a starter would walk down your throat if you carried on like this!"

The remonstrance had the desired effect, and the next time they were away, Jim having a little the best of it, though not much. Once off, the boy's nerves steadied directly. He waited patiently till he came to the quarter post, and then ran up abreast of Loadstone. Locked together, they went for the next two hundred yards, and then Jim began what is termed in racing parlance "fiddling" at his horse; it means riding him a little. He drew near a length ahead, but the boy sat still. "Wait till within fifty yards of home, whatever Jim does," he muttered, "and I will, if I'm beat for it."

A few strides more, and he saw that Loadstone could hardly hold the lead he had obtained. Gradually he was creeping up to him again, though still quiet on his horse. A little more, and Jim began to ride his horse in earnest, and this was the hardest trial the boy had undergone yet. For a moment Jim forged ahead, and looked like leaving him altogether; then he seemed to hang; and now surely he was within fifty yards of home. Was he? Yes! He sat down and shook up Coriander, passed Jim easily, and went past the knoll a couple of lengths in front.

"You'll do, young 'un," said Jim, good-naturedly, as they pulled up their horses. "Don't quite know what orders you got, but can pretty well guess. You stick as close to what you're told to do, and keep your head as cool as you did this time, and you'll find yourself first past the post at Epsom some of these days."

"Well, Martin, I think that'll about do," laughed Pearman, as the trial finished. "It will be a good horse that has the best of Coriander three weeks from this."

"Yes, sir; he's better even than I thought he was, and I know I haven't worked him up to his best yet. I've no fear of his not going on well, for I never trained a better constituted colt in my life; and though we didn't try him quite the full distance this morning, I've no doubt of his getting the Rowley Mile as well as he's done his three-quarters this morning."

"You did that very well, my lad," he continued, addressing Allen. "This morning's ride will be a little in your pocket, if we're luck, and you pay attention to my next orders; and they are—Hold your tongue. You'll get riding before you're

many months older. Well, Jim, what do you think?"

The jockey jumped off his horse and handed him over to the boy that had first been on him. When out of earshot, he replied, "I'll win the Guineas, bar accidents, unless there's a great three-year-old whose name we haven't heard on."

Sam Pearman, in the meantime, seated on the soft grass, was busily glancing over a neat memorandum book. "Yes," he muttered, "stakes and all, it will be a goodish bit to win. It's a bigger thing than I ever pulled off yet, and I have had some very tidy wins in my time. We'll be off home now, Martin—oh? Good enough, Jim, isn't it?"

"Wish I'd your book on it, sir," was that worthy's reply.

"Well, you and Martin will find that I've not forgotten to do something in that way for you when it's landed," laughed Pearman. "For the present, good-by."

"Must win—eh?" said the trainer.

"Can't lose," responded the jockey, "unless I'm knocked over."

CHAPTER XIV.

Old Pearman had shown perfect knowledge of mankind on the receipt of Denison's letter. He had gone over to Glinn the next morning. The old lawyer was quite master of the situation.

The squire felt quite grateful to his visitor for the tact and delicacy with which he paved the way for his retreat from an awkward position. It was, perhaps, this wonderful quality which had helped Pearman on in the world more than anything. Even those who had been most closely shorn were always impressed to their dying day that, if they could have pulled through the swamp of impunctuality their recklessness had plunged them into, Pearman would have done it.

Denison was no fool where his interests were concerned. He had, it is true, been guilty of the grossest folly in squandering a fine property; but he was not weak enough to look upon the lawyer as a benefactor.

"Well, Mr. Pearman," he said, "we had best let bygones be bygones. If I was sharp upon you the other day in speech, you retaliated on the mortgage; and you had the best of it. Come in and lunch."

So the old gentleman lunched at Glinn, and was introduced to Mrs. Denison and his future daughter-in-law. Maude took but little notice of him; but her mother, having now made up her mind to the match, was favorably impressed. Mr. Pearman, in fact, dressed quite as the old respectable confidential solicitor, and acted the part extremely well. Poor Mrs. Denison, having made up her mind to meet her ideal of a low turf attorney, derived principally from novels, was most agreeably astonished.

That the son would quickly follow in his father's footsteps was a matter of course; and here again the Glinn family were destined to be pleasantly surprised. Sam Pearman, though he had not all, yet inherited a fair proportion of his father's tact. The old gentleman, too, had given him one or two valuable hints. He presented himself very quietly, was very subdued and respectful, but by no means demonstrative in his attentions to Maude; talked just a shade of racing, to gratify the squire, letting it drop as quickly as opportunity served; chatted pleasantly on all the topics of the day, and took his departure after the delivery of a neat anecdote that made even Mrs. Denison smile.

Poor Maude, she had sat very pale through the visit; but even she felt a species of mild gratitude for the little her accredited suitor had sought from her on this occasion. She felt that she could marry the man to save Glinn to her parents, but that any loving-making beforehand would be unendurable. If he would continue to treat her with quiet courtesy, she could bear it; but to yield her lips to him, she felt was beyond her. That lovers claim such favors she knew; but the girl had a strong touch of romance in her, and vowed no kiss should be laid on her cheek until she was irrevocably severed from Greenville Rose. She still clung to an undefined hope that he might rescue her yet. Poor child! her case looks sad enough now; but there are a good many fitful changes in this world's great kaleidoscope. Men cut their throats prematurely, and humanity generally declines struggling, just as better times are about to dawn. "More judicious to play the game out than throw down the cards," holds good in life.

(To be continued.)

Experienced.

"How in the world could you understand what that conductor said when his mouth was full of transfers?" queried the short man on the back platform.

"Bachelor, eh?" asked the tall man.

"Sure thing!"

"Thought so. You see, I could understand him because his words sounded exactly like my wife's when her mouth is full of hairpins."

Too Much for Mamma.

"What's the matter with your eye, Tommie?"

"The boy next door struck me, mamma."

"What for, pray?"

"He said I struck him first."

"And did you?"

"No; honest, I didn't, mamma!"

"Well, why didn't you?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Gentle Hint.

Jack—Every night I would stand under her window and give a slight cough.

Dick—And you have ceased?

Jack—Indo. The neighbors started bombarding me with packages of cough drops.

Possible Breakdowns.

Pearl—Her father heard she was going to elope in an automobile and he was furious.

Ruby—Indeed!

Pearl—Yes; he said automobile could not be trusted. Advised her to elope in a cab.

Natural Deduction.

Said She—I wonder how these spiritual communications are written?

Said He—With a medium pen or pencil, I imagine.

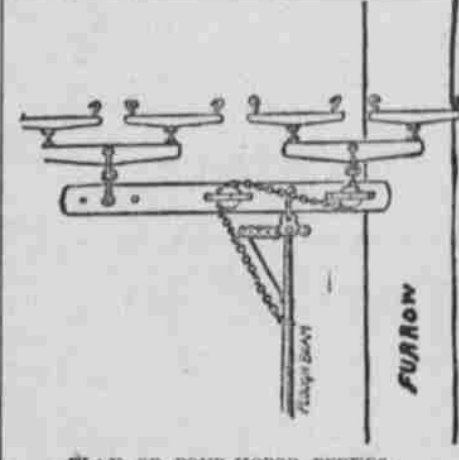
AGRICULTURAL



Four-Horse Evener.

This particular form of four-horse evener is entered to work with one horse in the furrow and the other three on the land. To get an even draft will perhaps require some adjustment of the left hand double tree and the proper place to attach the chain to the plow beam can be found by experiment. The two double trees are of the ordinary length and the stick used for evener needs to be tough oak and five feet four inches in length. The two pulleys should be large enough to allow a small link log chain to work through them. Two bolts are required for the pulleys, and two pieces of strap iron two inches wide, used as braces. The illustration does not indicate exactly the distances between the different points which should be as follows: From the right end to the first pulley, 7 inches; from the point of attachment of the plow to the center of right hand pulley, 15½ inches; from the point of attachment of the plow to the center of the left hand pulley 8½ inches. This places the two pulleys almost 24 inches apart. At the left end have three or more holes into which the double tree for left hand team can be hitched.

For an even distribution of the draft the proper point of attachment of the left hand double tree will depend solely upon the point of attachment of the chain to the plow. If the chain is carried far back, its draft will be different from what it would be if it were attached closer to the nose end of the plow. Assuming that the angle of at-



PLAN OF FOUR-HORSE EVENER.

tachment of the chain to the plow is 30 degrees the left hand double tree should be attached to the main piece of the evener at a point about 26½ inches from the point of attachment of the plow to the double tree. There is no reason why this evener should not work on any kind of plow provided that the lengths of the parts are adjusted to suit the distance of the point of attachment of the main tree from the furrow and that there is a rigid brace to which to attach the chain.

Treatment for Potato Scab.

It is true that as early as 1842 a German investigator suggested that the trouble was caused by a parasitic organism, but later it was definitely determined that the fungus, *Sorosporium scabiei*, which he had isolated, was not invariably the cause of the trouble. It was not until 1890 that Prof. Bolley definitely determined that potato scab was caused by a fungus parasite. Until resistant strains could be bred up it was necessary that some temporary preventive be applied, says Farm, Stock and Home. Treatment of scabies may be made by the use of formalin or corrosive sublimate (bichloride of mercury). The latter is perhaps the most effective, but it should be handled with the greatest caution, as it is a very powerful poison when taken internally. The solution is prepared by dissolving two ounces of corrosive sublimate in two gallons of hot water. When the poison is well dissolved, add twelve gallons of water, making fourteen gallons in all. The potatoes, which should be reasonably clean, should be put in a gunny sack and the whole suspended in the solution for an hour and a half. Then empty them out on a floor to dry thoroughly before cutting and planting.

A Smooth Field.

It worries the good farmer to see his neighbors plowing the fields round and round the same way year after year. He knows that by-and-by there will be deep furrows all over the farm, and all the while these might be avoided. How? Change the order of things this spring by going out into the center of the field where the dead furrow is and turning it full the first thing. Then gee around instead of haw, as is usually done, plowing back to the place of beginning. Keep this up to the end and you will have no ditch in the middle, but a field that is nice and smooth and good to look upon. It may be a little awkward turning round to the right where one has always been in the habit of turning to the left, but you will soon get accustomed to it, and so will the horses.

Champion Holstein Bull.

Applying Lime to the Soil.

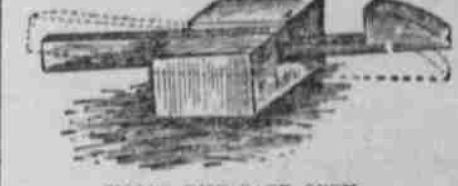
As a rule all compact clay soils may be greatly benefited by the application of one ton of lime per acre, just after breaking up, either in fall or spring, and thoroughly mixed with the earth. Lime should not be applied with manure of any kind, but the latter (manure) may be applied as a top dressing and worked in by cultivation of the crop. One application of lime every five years is usually sufficient.

To Wool Growers.

Don't use binder twine or any other kind in tying fleeces save the regular wool twine. The trade generally made extra efforts last year to have this detrimental custom discontinued, and did do much then to eradicate it. This year most of the mills and leading dealers reiterate their determination not to handle wool tied with steel twine, as it renders the wool unfit for dyeing; hence, if growers or those preparing wool for market expect to find ready sale and top prices for their wools, they must adhere to this advice. Higher prices and active competition for the receipts, if properly and carefully handled, is confidently anticipated in this market the coming season, and shippers are also advised that in order to realize the best results consignments should be sold here on the open market, where all buyers can compete for them.

To Hold the Gate Open.

A piece of timber 4x6 two feet long, with a notch in one end 3x6 inches, a piece 2x4 two feet long with one end beveled and a notch 2½x6 inches cut in position as shown in sketch serves



HOLDS THE GATE OPEN.

to hold the gate open. The dotted lines show the position of the holder as the gate is forced over the bevel. The post should be set to correspond with the height of the gate when open. If the gate drags on the ground there is something wrong; hang the gate a little bit higher. The end opposite the notch of the holder should be the heaviest so as to keep the notch in position on the gate.

Concerning Hogs.

A hog is a hog frequently because he is given no opportunity to be cleanly and decent. There are farmers who believe a hog would die if not allowed to wallow in mud and filth, while others are of the opinion that the hog should have plenty of clean water. The hog needs a great deal of water in hot weather, and if he cannot get it he will take mud as the next best thing. A hog rushes to a mudhole to cool off. He comes out and the mud dries on his skin. The next mud bath he takes adds another layer to that already dried on, and in a short time the pores of his skin are completely clogged with mud. Now, a hog cannot thrive with his pores all clogged up any better than a man. If a hog has access to a deep pool of water, as he should in hot weather, he will keep clean and thrive much more than if he lies around in a mudhole made filthy by continued use. Most farmers who supply a bathing place for their hogs make them so shallow that they are soon converted into mudholes. On our farm we usually keep from thirty to fifty pigs, and they have a pool of water fed by a stream, and it is deep enough for them to swim in. The sides are dug down sharply, and were laid with cobblestones for a distance of four or five feet from the water's edge. The pool was always clean; we never have trouble with mange or lice, and when on two occasions cholera swept through the country our hogs were not affected. The hogs never used the pool unless the weather was extremely hot.

Carb Widow's Expedition.

The Lambeth (London) Board Guardians has decided that no relief should be given to the widow during the first six months of widowhood if they have spent largely on funeral and mourning any money received from a club, insurance policy, or other source.



Illinois State Fair, 1905.

GILA MONSTERS INCREASE

Whether Bite of This Lizard is Really Poisonous to Man Unsettled. "Naturalists who recently visited the Mojave desert in Arizona say there has been an increase in the number of gila monsters in that region," said Dr. A. B. Cedron of Phoenix, Ariz., according to the Washington Post.

"These lizards are of great interest to naturalists, for in spite of investigations, authorities still differ as to whether the bite of a gila monster is fatally poisonous. I have had several instances come under my observation when men have been bitten by gila monsters, but none ever died. In the case of a gila monster biting a pig, however, the poison was fatal a few minutes after the gila monster had been bitten. The natives of the Mojave, particularly the Indians of the Pima, sincerely believe that the bite of a gila is fatal to a human being and the lizard is held in much awe by them."

"It is likely, however, that this fear is occasioned largely by the repulsive appearance of the reptile. The head is very prominent, comprising about one-fifth of the total length of the body, and, like the back, is thickly covered with yellow and black tinted tubercles. Its skin is very tough, and although the bones of the tail are fragile, the part of the reptile is very strong, being possible for the monster to raise itself and balance the body on the tip of the tail, thus enabling it to climb rocks and steep ascents. There is no doubt that the teeth lead to such a painful poison. It is very slow in its movements, but it is not afraid of other reptiles. If one attempts to strike the gila with a stick it will grasp the weapon in its jaws like a dog does, and when angered it enters its breath in a succession of gasps. It is supposed that the breath of the gila has a drug-like effect on insects, and as it can be detected at a considerable distance, it is believed that this is the way it catches its food."

Legal Information

In Cunningham vs. Castle, 111 New York Supplement, 1067, plaintiff was injured by an automobile which the chauffeur had been granted permission to use for his own pleasure by the owner. Plaintiff recovered judgment in the lower court, but on appeal the New York Supreme Court reversed it on the ground that the chauffeur was not engaged in any business of defendant at the time of the injury, and that the permission to use the machine made no difference as to defendant's liability.

The Alabama statutes of 1907 relating freight and passenger rates on intrastate business were declared invalid as denying due process of law by the United States Circuit Court at Central of Georgia Railway Company vs. Railroad Commission of Alabama, 161 Federal Reporter, 925. The proceedings were to enforce the State defense from enforcing these statutes. The defense was that this was an act against the State, and beyond the jurisdiction of the Federal courts. The court held otherwise.

Plaintiff and her brother were the only heirs under their mother's will, which gave the brother practically everything. Plaintiff thereupon entered into an agreement by which she would receive one-third the estate for not testing the will. The will having been duly probated without contest, the brother tried to escape the agreement. In Blount vs. DeLoach, 85 Northwestern Reporter, 477, the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts held that, although a will contained a statutory standing in the probate court to enforce compromise agreements, it did not prevent equity jurisdiction under these circumstances, and granting specific performance against the executor.

The Wisconsin tenement house law which provided that every tenement house must have courts of certain dimensions, and must be equipped with the ordinary modern improvements, to water supply common to cities having public water and sewer systems, and that any person violating the provisions should be subject to fine or imprisonment, was declared unconstitutional in Bonnett vs. Valley, 111 Northwestern Reporter, 885. The Wisconsin Supreme Court held that the statute was such that an ordinary person would relinquish his right to his real estate for tenement houses rather than take the chance of violating the statute, and that the effect of enforcing the penalties would be to take property without due process of law.

Co-operative Purchasing Agency. A co-operative purchasing agency is being organized in this country for supplying American and English stationaries with certain necessary supplies.

When a woman says her husband will not give her any satisfaction, she accuses him, she means he will not.