

Race for a

HAWLEY SMART

CHAPTER XIV .- (Continued.) the grounds. She wandered up one of the grassy vistas through the sea of laurels, until she arrived at a pond-a pond all covered with great large-leaved water lilies; and by the edge of that pond Maude sat down, and, resting her head on her hand, began to think. It was one of those warm sunshiny days we are occasionally blessed with in April. thought very sadly of the life before her. Of course it was her duty to save Glinn to her parents. Why was duty always made so hard in this world? Ah! it was cruel of Gren to tell her he loved her just when they were to separate forever.

Maude slept-she dreamt; and she pictured to herself that she was drowning In some big lake; she was going down down ever so far, and suddenly she clasped a spar of some kind, and felt that she was saved. Then a big brown man with fierce red eyes threatened her and struck at her, and just as she was about to let go, the big brown man suddenly vanished, and Grenville Rose stood in his place, caught her by the hand, and drew her to him. She fell into his arms; and as he bent over he kissed her. Maude sat up, and turned over her dream in her mind. It cheered her. She thought It foretold the triumph of Gren over Pearman, and everything all light and sunshine for the future.

But Sam Pearman, in the meanwhile, loses no time in prosecuting his suit. Diffidence is not one of his failings, and in such mock courtship as this there is little fear of the result. Before a week had gone by he was formally engaged to Maude Denison, and the discussion of when the wedding shall take place is preeminent between the high contracting parties. Maude listens, and assents to everything in a quiet, listless way. She treats her betrothed with calm courtesy, but avoids all occasion of being left alone with him. So far, Sam Pearman can boast of receiving but scant favors from the hands of his bride-elect. Her cheek is as yet innocent of his caresses, and a warm pressure of the hand the extent of

No news-not a sign of Grenville Rose and wearily Maude commenced going through all the ordeal of preparing the trousseau. They were to be married the first week in May.

But one morning a groom came over in hot haste from Mannersley with a few lines for the squire from Sam Pearman, to say that his father was dead. The son had told them a day or two before that the old man was ailing, but had had no idea that there was much the matter. Three or four days' illness, then inflammation set in, and old lawyer Pearman was gone to his rest. That ancient fisher would never angle more, and Samuel, his reigned in his stend

"Put off the wedding, Nell, for a month or two, of course," said the squire, as he broke the news to his wife. "Othgrwise it's perhaps for the best. I can't pretend to feel any intense grief about old Pearman, and his departure leaves Sam and Maude all free to enter upon Mannersley at once."

Mrs. Denison showed a wisdom on the occasion seldom evinced. She said nothing, for the simple reason she had nothing to sav.

As for Sam Pearman, he bore his be reavement with tolerable composure.

"Sorry for the old father," he muttered "He was a clever man, every bit of him. He could play with these swells, and manage 'em in a way nobody else I ever saw could. He was very good to me, too, always. I shall never have the head he had if I live a hundred years. Lucky I don't want it." Then he fell into a brown study. "Yes, put my marriage off a bit -hum! How lucky Coriander is entered in my name for the Two Thousand, and not his. Fancy his being disqualified, after the trial of last week!"

CHAPTER XV.

Grenville Rose, to speak metaphorical ly, has been paddling his skiff through troubled waters of late. Maude's short wobegone little note of dismissal, and his aunt's indignant letter, were far from pleasant reading to a man as much entangled as he was in the love-god's meshes. He sat and sulked-be sat and thought. They all ended in the same conclusion. that Pearman would marry his darling Maude, and that he was, and ever should be, utterly miserable.

Anathematizing, with an impartiality quite beautiful to witness, everything and everybody. Mr. Rose once more enters his Guineas will be at the option of myself sitting room in pursuit of breakfast. He unfolds the Times. Again, as a preliminary, does he ascertain the extreme firmness of Coriander in the betting quotations the Two Thousand. Not that Silky Dailison's feed at Greenwich is any object to him now-he is too miserable to enter into such things; but he might as well rend about that as anything else. Why does the supplement, which he never again, and give you, as I hope, the reasons dreams of looking at, tumble so persistently across his plate?

"Let's have a look at the second column," he mutters, "and see whether 'X Y Z's' family are still in tribulation about his absence; or whether 'Pollaky' is offering his usual hundred for an absconded young lady, aged nineteen, good-looking, and with a rose in her bonnet-last seen etc. 'Births'-hum! don't see much good in them. There once myself, I suppose; nice unlucky beggar's advent to put in the papers. 'Marriages!' Suppose I shall see hers before many weeks are ovr. 'Deaths!'-I feel that's more in my line just now. I hope there's a good lot of How I should like to add one or two to the column-more particularly one. Hallon! what's this? 'At Mannersley, after a very few days' illness, in the sev enty-second year of his age, Samuel Pear-Wish it had been his son!" muttered Grenville; and then he sat down to think whether this could by any possi- the first, I'll bet you two to one, knowing

such thing as desting. It is almost ludic-That afternoon Maude strolled out into rous at times to think what a trivial incident has turned the whole current of our lives. There is a large and wellknown speculator on the turf at this time -a man, doubtless, worth many ingots and much stock and security-whose money-making career dates from the presentation of a case of razors, according to popular report. Who can say? Many such an instance might be quoted. Grenville Rose's life turned on reading the supplement of the Times, it may be said by accident, that particular morning,

I fancy no human being ever saw that generally light-hearted barrister thinking so hard as he was upon this occasion. He has won many a good cause since, but often laughs and says, "that was the biggest he was ever engaged in; and no so licitor to draw up the brief, mind.'

"Ah!" he said at last, "I can almost swear I saw it. I recollect laughing over it at the time, and thinking what a quaint, queer old deed it was. Suppose I'm right-I wonder how it would affect things? I must go over and talk to Dallion a bit."

And while Grenville Rose crosses the Temple Gardens, let me say a few words about George Dallison. He comes athwart the loves of Grenville and Maude but for a few days. Yet he is destined to be the master of the situation of that eventful period. George Dallison is a barrister some two or three years senior to Rose. He has a fair income of his own, and has betaken himself to the elucidation of the mysteries of the turf. Rather below the middle height, with large liquid hazel eyes, a slight almost effeminate figure, feet and hands that would be no disgrace to a woman, and a soft voice, nothing could be more deceptive in appearance than Silky Dallison. His low, languid tones and caressing manner had earned him that sobriquet at college. It had Destitute stuck to him ever since. of whisker, a slight soft brown moustache just shading his upper lip; lithe, supple, almost girlish in appearance—such was George Dallison, Few men of his age rode straighter and steadier over a country than he; while Tattersall's had arrived at the conclusion that, though he might look young, nobody threw his money away much less than Silky Dallison. When, in his languid manner, he was willing to take a thousand to thirty about any horse's chance, it had a chance-a good deal more than, as a rule, can be predicated of the animals about which such very long odds are to be obtained.

"Come in," was the response to Rose's sharp knock, and Dallison was discovered placidly consuming a French novel in the easiest of armchairs. No greater sybarite perhaps ever existed; yet on Newmarket Heath, he would wait the day through wind and sleet, to back the "good thing," he had journeyed from London expressly for, and return to town without a murmur, if such had turned out the delusive phantom too usual on such occa-

"Oh, Grenville, charmed to see you! Take a chair and talk. It's not a bad novel," he observed, as he threw the yellow colored volume on the table; "but I've had more than enough of it, and myself for the present. News! Ah, Gren, if you have any, unfold thy short, and, I

trust, moving tale." "Thanks! I want to talk to you a bit on business-reason I'm here," said Rose. 'Shouldn't come to you on a point of law, 'Silky,' but this happens to be a bit

"You racing! What do you mean?" "Have you seen old Pearman's death

of racing.

in the paper?" rejoined Dallison. "Yes." thinking of Coriander-makes no difference, you know-horse entered in the son's "Suppose, Silky, I could show you that

that horse couldn't start without my consent, or something like it?" "Come, old fellow, no gammon, I'm

on him for the Derby, and am only wait ing to hedge my money till he's won the Two Thousand."

"Look here, Dallison; I know nothing about the turf, and have come to you to manage a great game between young Pearman and myself. Will you do so? Of course you can take care of yourself in the transaction. I can tell you nothing for certain as yet. Will you manage the turf part of the business while I work the legal machinery? As my idea of the case stands at present, I tell you fairly, I think Coriander's starting for the and clients; but I may be mistaken.

"Do you advise me to hedge now, then?" said Silky Dallison.

"Certainly not. I know nothing about the turf, but if I am right in my conjecture, the management of Coriander in the market will be, for the benefit of my clients, in your hands before a few days are over. Will you say nothing till I see you why?"

"You say I'm to be your agent if it is as you think it. I'll ask no questions; but as you know nothing about that great elaborate system of gambling, yelept racing-if, as you think, you've any control over Coriander, don't whisper it to your carpet-bag till you've seen me again. say this honestly, with a view to doing my best for you. Bring me your case when you've worked it out, and I'll tell you what to do."

"Many thanks, old fellow! I'm off to Hampshire to-night. I shall be back the day after to-morrow, though perhaps late. It will be all decided then. I'm playing for a good deal bigger stake than you, Silky-the girl I love and something to

start housekeeping on." "Ah," returned Dailison, "I like that; if you've got the first stake on, you're playing in earnest. I am still all in the dark; but if you see your way to winning bility influence his prospects in any way, nothing about it, I win enough for you It is hard to believe that there is no to start housekeeping on."

That very night, just as they were meditating bed, a loud ring startled the denisene of Glinn. The advent of Grenville Rose seemed to the servants a matter of course thing. They immediately commenced preparation of his usual room. His also was glad to see him, but to Mrs. Denison and Maude the thing was past comprehension. As for Grenville, he seemed perfectly callous shook hands with his nunt, audaciously kissed his cousin, accompanying it by a pressure of the hand and a whisper, the combination of which sent the blood to the very roots of Maude's hair. Then he devoted himself in a most prosaic manner to some cold boiled beef and pickles, pertinaciously sat the ladies out, and as he handed them their candles, whispered to Maude:

"Hope for us yet, darling!" "Now, uncle," he said, "I want you to come with me to your study. You recollect that old box of deeds and papers you let me rummage through two years back, when I went so deep into heraldry, market it is fed on the farm, and the and spent a good bit of time tracing the

family genealogy?" "Yes, my boy; but you don't mean to say you've come down upon us like a whirlwind in this way to continue that somewhat vexatious pursuit?"

Grenville said no more till he was duly the box containing those musty papers ranged that one man may feed and open by his side.

"Now, uncle," he resumed, "I shall probably have to work for two or three hours through these old parchments before I arrive at the one I want. Of course I don't expect you to remain while I do so, but before you go to bed would you mind answering me two or three questions? You've always been very kind to me; Glinn, indeed, has been my home almost as long as I can recollect. My father and mother died when I was so young, that you and my aunt have almost stood in their place to me."

"Well, Gren, we've always been fond of you, nad glad to have you here. But what are you driving at?"

"Will you bear with me patiently tonight, even if I offend you? Will you wait till to-morrow, and hear then what I have to say before you decide about what I shall, perhaps, ask you to do for me?"

"What on earth are you making mysteries about? Not much use asking help from me, Gren; I'm about broke myself. You're in some money scrape, I suppose?"

Most of the squire's own scrapes having arisen from that prolific source, he naturally guessed his nephew must have

involved himself similarly. "No, uncle, it's not that. I love Maude, and want to marry her."

No words can paint Harold Denison's face at this last announcement. That there should be love-passages between Grenville and his daughter had never entered his head; and what could the young idiot mean by coming and telling him so now? He must know she was engaged to

"Do you?" he said at length, in his lucky, because she's about to marry somebody else. I fancied that you must have heard so.

heard that."

"Oh, you have? May I ask what particular inducements you have to offer, that you think it probable Maude will break off the prospect of a good match in your behalf? You may have achieved some unexampled success in your profession; I can only regret that I am as yet in ignorance of it."

"You only sneer at me, and I am talking in earnest," said Grenville, biting his

(To be continued.)

DREW SHIP TO ITS DOOM.

lips.

Steel Steamship Wrecked on Magnetic Shore of Lapland.

That the seacoast's magnetic influence drew his stout ship to its rugged ironribbed shore is the explanation of Capt. Keldle of the wrecking of the British steamer Sandal, which was lost on the coast in question, and has made an affidavit embodying the foregoing statement. The affidavit is on file with the for a majority of the time, but the Board of Trade in England, says the New York Evening Mail.

Not only does the commander of the management will find that he will not Sandal attribute the loss of his vessel wholly to the magnetic influence of the year. Of course, it is not the hen's Lapland, but Joseph Newmarch, first nature to lay at this time of the year. mate of the wrecked vessel, swears to but if she is comfortably housed and a personal knowledge, gained by many years' experience in that region, of the hen after all really has little sentimagnet-like qualities of the coast which | ment as to just which season she shall holds the bones of the Sandal.

Loaded with timber, which she took aboard at Archangel, in the White Sea, of feeding, yet if we feed correctly the Russia, the Sandal was bound to the hens will not have that as an actual Type River, England. Capt. Keldle obstacle to laying. Maturity and vigor said:

"I am convinced that nothing could that are to be heavy winter layers. have saved the Sandal. The particular Keep the hens in a thrifty, vigorous part of Lapland where she struck I condition, and be sure and feed a vahave since found composed of Iron and riety. These things count for a great other powerful magnetic ores, and I deal toward success. Corn. oats and am equally positive that the magnetic attraction disturbed our compasses and feeds, but there are others that may drewus steadily landward. The weather | well be fed by way of variety and was hazy at the time."

Mate Newmarch said that for an should never be neglected. Give any hour before the ship struck it was im- kind of meat scraps or prepared meat possible to keep her on her course; foods, as it pays. Try to keep the hens that her head kept yawning in the direction of the land, and that, in his existence at spring time as you can, opinion, the stranding was caused by and you will not suffer severely from the attraction of the land.

Controlled by Combine.

There is a trust in fuller's earth, stuff and meat scraps, and sanitary with the final process known only to one or two persons, whose lips are rigidly sealed. The deposits of fuller's earth exist chiefly at Bath and Nottinghamshire, England, and at Maxton, in Scotland, in addition to deposits in the London district. The industry is practically controlled by a combine which strictly preserves the methods of preparation of the earth.

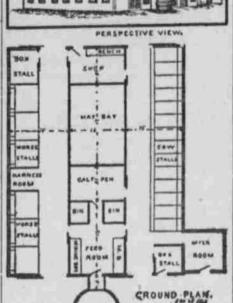
An evil custom and neglect of our own good doth give too much liberty an offset, the rat catchers of the world to inconsiderate speech.—Thomas a sell about \$1,000,000 worth of skins per Kempis.

When a man has not good reason for doing a thing he has a very good sat six bushels of corn per year. reason for letting it alone.-Scott.



Barn for Mixed Farming. The farmer who can so adjust his work that he may dispense with the help of one man is lucky indeed, but many a farmer has done so by simply changing his system of feeding and caring for the stock; also by so disposing of the grain and hay that instead of hauling many tons of it to beef, pork, butter, cheese, etc., sold. This allows the farmer to restore to the ground at least a part of the fer-

tility in the shape of manure. The barn plan shown herewith in the two illustrations, the ground plan ensconced in the squire's sanctum, with and the perspective view, is so arcare for the stock in a short time. As shown on the floor plan, the barn will horses, has box stalls for both the



GOOD BARN PLAN.

cows and horses, also a large calf pen. nost cynical manner. "That's a little un- The installation of manure carriers and hay fork is very easy, and these will soon pay for themselves in the labor saved. A feature of the barn "You mean Pearman? Yes, I have not to be overlooked is the arrangement of the feed room and silo. The four-foot chute extends the entire length of the silo, and has small windows for light, a tight door below separating same from the feed room to keep out dust and odors. The silage is dropped down this chute, and from there shovelled to the mixing boxes-one for the cows and one for the horses. There are two bins in the feed room and two more may be locatby small spouts for drawing off the grain. These spouts may be located directly over the mixing boxes. All hay is supposed to be fed from above, one | -Wallace's Farmer.

tions of housing, feeding and general

be entirely without eggs at any time of

well fed, the farmer will find that the

Getting eggs is not entirely a matter

are two important things in the hens

wheat are the three principal grain

the meat and green stuff in some form

under conditions as near like those in

an egg famine. This is nothing impos-

sible, and briefly, only means comfort-

able housing, a variety of feeds, green

Destruction by Rats.

There are those who declare that

nothing is created in vain, and that

rats and mice are in some way a benefit

how. The statistician of the Agricul-

that they create \$15,000,000 damage a

year. That is the real money damage,

saying nothing of the annoyance. As

sell them for five times that sum. It

is estimated that a full-grown rat will

quarters.-Agricultural Epitomist.

produce her eggs.

hay chute being provided for each two stalls.

The milk room being located as it is, the milk may be taken to it at once, In this room should be located the separator; also plenty of clean water; if possible running water should be provided. The shop is a very necessary room, and it will save many small repair bills. In it may be stored the palls, bolts, etc. In the horse barn the harness room is located in the center, which makes it handy to all parts of the same. The two box stalls provide room for both male animals as well as sick and ailing ones.

The hay bay is supposed to be open clear to the roof. However, some farmers may wish to arrange this space different. The partition sepaaccommodate fourteen cows, twelve rating the cows from the center section is boarded or plastered up tight. except the calf pen, to separate the cows from any odors, dust or dirt from the other animals. The box stalls, however, in both the cow and horse barn are so constructed that the inmates may have a good view of the other ainmals. They like company, and will do better if they can see their neighbors.

The floors of the cow stable, the milk room, feed room and silo are of cement, the gutter being formed in the floor and having a four-inch drain at the rear leading to the manure pit. The stalls are made to fit both long and short cows. The first stall in front is four feet wide and five feet long. The rear stall is three feet six inches wide and four feet eight inches long. The stalls then slope from front to the rear, each stall being slightly shorter. Stalls are now constructed in so many different ways that it is hardly worth while to mention them, every cow man having his own views of the matter. However, it is wise to so build them that the stall may be easily cleaned and washed, This construction will comply with all sanitary requirements of inspectors. The floor of the horse stable may be of cement or clay.

The location, the local supply of materials, etc., will of course govern to a certain extent the material entering the construction of any building. and, in fact, all buildings. The barn as shown is twelve feet to the eaves agents, hotel clerks and folks like that and thirty-eight feet to the peak; the

silo is thirty-eight or forty feet high. The barn should, of course, have a good foundation of stone, brick or Clarke's business to know it. He par cement. On many farms it has been acquainted, tells him all about the has the practice to build a small shed he represents and assures him of pehere and there and the stock is scat- sonal attention if he will only come tered all over the farm. This causes an unnecessary lot of labor to care from fifteen to fifty people going to the for them; also an unsightly appearance house that employs him every day the to the surroundings. In constructing a barn of this sort it will not be necesed on the floor above and connected sary to do all the work before the same may be used, but a portion of it smiling front," he is certainly bes may be left until time and perhaps your purse will allow it to be finished.

Feeding of Eggs. Small Temporary Smokehouse. Hens will not refuse to lay provid-

If one butchers only once a year, says a correspondent of Farm and Home, ing the conditons which surround them are favorable for egg production. Of it is not necessary to build an expensive smokehouse, for almost as good course, a hen cannot keep on laying all the time, nor will some hens lay even farmer who provides the correct condi-



SMALL BUT EFFECTIVE SMOKEHOUSE,

results can be obtained from a device such as the one shown herewith. It is made by taking both ends out of a barrel and mounting it upon a box or above a fireplace in the ground. The meat to be smoked is hung from the sticks laid across the top of the barrel, the fire built underneath and the lid put on.

To Increase Fruit Yield.

One orchardist is said to have increased the yield of his orchard from fifteen to 250 bushels in the following manner: He reduced the tops of the trees one-fourth; then in the fall he plowed between the trees. After manuring well he planted corn, beans and pumpkins, and harvested a nice crop of each. The next spring he repeated the same form of cultivation, and that year, in addition to the good crops of corn, beans and pumpkins, harvested to mankind. It is hard to see just seventy bushels of good apples. The next spring he manured for the third tural Bureau at Washington computes time and planted potatoes, which did not do well, but he harvested 250 bushels of fine apples from the orchard.

Champion Butter Cow Dead. Pedro's Estalla, champion butter cow year, and the furriers work them and of the world, with a record of 712 pounds in twelve months, was killed by an accident at the Missouri Agricultural College farm.



BREAKDOWN AND

FOUR TEMPERATURE





ONLY ONE OF HIS KIND. Former Railroader Is Now a "Treeeling Man" for a Buffale Hetel. L. C. Clarke, the "only one of the kind," is in New York.

Mr. Clarke was formerly a passes ger brakeman on the New York Central Now he is something different and nes is no name for him yet. His weater is an entirely new one. The liveliest hotel in Beffele to-

nishes free electric cab service for h guests to and from depots, wiarrang wherever else they may land or via to depart from, and also around the city. Now it has added Mr. Clark up the New York Morning Telegraph It is Mr. Clarke's business to true

mostly to New York, but Pittsburg Cleveland, Chicago and several other big cities are in his line. All he he to do is drop in on transpersiti and get acquainted.

If any person is leaving a New York hotel and going to Buffale it is its

he has been on the job. He does not know what to call himself, but it was suggested that he be christened the with that good-natured smile of his

"It's easy," Mr. Clarke said sies asked how he worked. "When a gast comes with my card he always hour me up. Of course I look after Ma. see he is satisfied and that he last good time while in Buffale. I see thought of going out as traveling operatories of a hotel before, but I lie it. It certainly is something or They'll all be doing it soon."

Recently Incapacitated. There were some deficiencies is the early education of Mrs. Donabos, h she never mentioned them or admind their existence, "Will you sign you name here?" said the young im whom Mrs. Donahue had asked a draw up a deed transferring a punt of land to her daughter.

"You sign it yourself an' I'll add me marrk," said the old woman que ly. "Since me eyes gave out, I'm se able to write a wurrd, young and "How do you spell it?" he said pt

potsed above the proper space. "Spell it whatever way you plus said Mrs. Donahue, recklessly. 2 I lost me teeth, there's not a warn's the wurrld I can spell," Comfort.

"Don't talk to me about souls clothes," announced the pretty git. am never comfortable unless I is I look nice, and sensible clothes an a pretty. I yielded to persuade ! summer and bought a pair of social common sense slippers with low le and broad toes-simply hidens! do you know something? My tel sta never so uncomfortable in my life

An Opinion Ventured. "Do you believe that ignorant ever bliss?" said the erudite gid. "I never studied the question" swered Miss Cayenne. "Bot 1 de say that a young person she do know the difference between help a mistletoe would have a decided vantage at a Christmas parg Washington Star.

"Why did you take this job! I other man offered you \$10 to start so

"The other man offered me \$10 mi too." to start with; this man offered of salary."—The Catholic Standard Times.

At some period of her life every married woman has though riously of leaving her husband