

Race for a Wife

—BY—
HAWLEY SMART

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)
"Well—what next?" inquired Rose; "there must be no ultimate chance of my losing two thousand pounds, mind."
"Certainly not. All I mean, at present, is to drive Coriander back in the betting as far as I can. When the news of your proceedings arrives, which I shall take good care to disseminate at once, I flatter myself we shall have got him at twenty to one, or thereabouts, for 'The Guinea.' We must then be guided by what terms you make with Pearman."
"I think I follow you, Silky. And now each to his avocation, and good-night."
"Good-night," laughed Dalloway, as he followed Grenville to the door. "If ever Sam Pearman was in a bigish hole, he is just now. Mind, you've a clever man against you, though; so, do your work thoroughly. Never forget your stake."
"No. I'm not likely to, if you know all."

"Got his measles pretty bad, apparently," observed the astute host, to himself, as Gren's footsteps died away down the staircase. "Hope his success there really does depend, as he says, on this business coming off all right; else, when it's a regular case of 'spoons,' never a soul, ever I knew, could be counted on in a business way—or any other way for the matter of that. It is risky! With a confederate in this state, I believe I'm a fool to trust him! That idiot, Jem Durley, lost me a pony last year at Lord's—crack bowler of his eleven—and best if they hadn't to play with ten men because he was seeing some chit of a cousin off at Paddington Station. Wonder why they do it! Never was spoons myself but once, and—despite his trade, Dalloway sat down and mused for more than an hour over that bygone flirtation of eight years ago. He might be cynical about all that sort of thing now, yet there was a woman still living who could make his pulses leap, should she meet him. It is a fact that, in some cases, women retain their sway years after they are not only unconscious of it, but have almost forgotten their admirer. It is true we also sometimes see the converse of this, when a woman would fain pick up the dropped stitches of a bygone love affair, but the male creature has freed himself from the yoke."

CHAPTER XIX.
The early train on Thursday morning saw Grenville Rose, accompanied by Mr. Nightjar, solicitor, junior partner of the firm of Hawk, Sparrowbill and Co., on his way to Slantover, the nearest railway station to Mannersley, from which it was distant about four miles. Having arrived at the latter place, and ascertained that Pearman was at home, Grenville sent in his card, and a request to see that gentleman for a few minutes, on business of importance. Now, it so happened, that though Rose had a thorough knowledge of Sam Pearman, the other knew nothing whatever of him. He had never encountered him personally, except to exchange that sentence or two after the Xminster ball. I don't know whether even then he had identified him; but of a surety that scene had pretty well faded from his memory, especially as regarded the personality of the other actor therein. It was as an entire stranger that he received the young barrister.

"I must apologize for troubling you, Mr. Pearman; but I am here as the representative of Mr. Harold Denison."
"You could not have come with better credentials, Mr. Rose. Charmed to see both you and your friend," he glanced at the cards in his hands. "Mr. Nightjar, I think? Will you take some lunch now, or after we have had our little palaver?"
"Nothing, thanks; our time is precious, and we will detain you as briefly as maybe. You are, of course, aware that there is a death fine on Mannersley; or, to speak more intelligently, that the owner of Glinn has a right of heriot over your manor on the death of any holder thereof?"
"A right of heriot?" muttered Pearman. "No, I never heard of such claim; and I think my father died in complete ignorance of any such right."
"Though far from suspecting what was about to take place, Sam Pearman knew enough of law to understand this expression."
"You had better read that deed, Nightjar. Such right exists, and has been always exercised; generally compromised as a fine—a course we propose to adopt in the present instance."

The solicitor laughed, and opened, first a somewhat musty parchment, and then a document consisting of some two or three sheets of foolscap. "I will be as short as I can, Mr. Pearman, but the story is a little intricate to follow. I must premise that Mannersley was by no means originally part of the Glinn property. It seems to have been granted by the Abbot of Xminster to one Hugh Wilson, yeoman, for service rendered, conditional upon his bearing arms for the abbey, and being ever ready to do service under the banner of Sir James Denison of Glinn, the then lay lord and champion of the abbey. He further lay under the right of heriot; in the first place, to the monks of Xminster, who were entitled to claim three beasts upon the death of Hugh Wilson, or any one of his descendants holding Mannersley, as an acknowledgment of the fealty they owed to the abbey; in the second place, of one beast to the lords of Glinn, as a similar acknowledgment to the secular representative of the abbey. But the monks of Xminster were swept away in the Reformation under Henry VIII, and of course that right of heriot disappeared. Still the masters of Glinn continued to exercise their claim upon every occasion for rather over two hundred years, at the expiration of which time, in consequence of the decay of the Wilson family, Mannersley fell, by purchase, into their hands, where it remained till sold to Mr. Pearman twelve years ago. The curious thing is, this right of heriot still exists; the owner of Glinn is

still entitled to demand whatever beast he may choose upon the Mannersley estate upon the death of an owner thereof, and the successor can but submit to the claim. Do you follow me, Mr. Pearman?"
"Pretty well, I think. May I ask when was this right of heriot last enforced, and in what shape?"
"In 1734 Stephen Denison, Esq., of Glinn, received the sum of £25 in lieu of the right of heriot on the death of Matthew Wilson. That was the last case. It was his heir and successor that sold it to the Denisons—that being Stephen, before mentioned."

"Well, gentlemen," rejoined Pearman, "of course I am not quite prepared as yet to acknowledge this right—I must consult my solicitors first on the subject. Still, it looks plausible enough. I am afraid," said he, laughing, "money don't go quite so far as in Matthew Wilson's day. What, may I ask, do you assess me at?"
"Ten thousand pounds," replied Grenville Rose, quietly taking up the parable, as had been agreed between himself and his coadjutor beforehand.
"Ten thousand! Why, you're mad!" But there was no laugh now in his rejoinder. His quick intelligence gathered at a glance what a desperate position he was in; and, moreover, that the opposite side were pretty well aware of it.

"We're certainly not mad. I don't think we are foolish. I don't pretend to know much about these things myself, but the veriest tyro knows the first favorite for the Two Thousand, ten days before the race, is worth a big sum. Mr. Denison is in difficulties; money is an object to him. We give you the option of paying £10,000 fine or letting us make what we can out of Coriander. I fancy there will be plenty of people to bid for him, either one way or the other—I mean either to try and win with him, or to take very good care he don't."

Sam Pearman's turf training stood him in good stead. He had learned how to lose. He swallowed the ferocious excretion that rose to his lips. "You will allow me to look at that deed?" he inquired; "and, of course, you cannot expect an answer till I have had time to communicate with my solicitors."
"Certainly," returned Grenville; "and your solicitors may also peruse it at the offices of Messrs. Hawk, Sparrowbill and Co. I tell you fairly we have had counsel's opinion upon it, and there is no doubt the right of heriot still exists. We mean to make the most we can out of it, and either take Coriander or a £10,000 equivalent."

Sam Pearman ran his eye rapidly over that old deed, which stated, after some technicalities: "And whereas Hugh Wilson, yeoman, did render good and secret service last time Ralph Eversley did lay claim most sacrilegious and outrageous on lands appertaining to us, abbot and chapter of Xminster, in the year of our Lord 1456, we do hereby grant to him and his body's heirs the fee-simple of the manor of Mannersley, in perpetuity, on the right of heriot of three beasts, to be delivered as token of fealty to us the said abbot and chapter of Xminster; with further right of heriot on the part of Sir James Denison of Glinn, and his heirs, to claim one beast in acknowledgment of allegiance to him as lay-baron and secular leader of the retainers of Xminster Abbey. The above acknowledgments of fealty and allegiance to be paid on the death of the then holder by his successor and heir male.—Signed, Edmund Gervoise, Abbot of Xminster, March 10th, 1456."

"All very well," said Pearman; "but if this is all you have to go upon, you can scarcely expect me to pay much attention to the claim, more especially when fixed at such a preposterous figure."
"No, of course not; we never thought you would. Serve the writ of seizure, Nightjar, and then I think we need intrude on Mr. Pearman no longer."
"Two questions, please, before you go," replied the owner of Mannersley, as he accepted a neat legal document from the solicitor. "First, time is an object, at all events to me, in this case. Have you any objection to say whose opinion you have taken on that obsolete parchment?"
"Not in the least, Rumford's. Refer your solicitors to him."
"Good man; getting a little old, perhaps, but still safe. Liable to mistakes, as they all are, of course."
"We consider him good enough. Anything more?"

"Well, yes; are you aware of my peculiar relations with Mr. Denison's family just now?"
"Perfectly; and equally so with the causes which led to that result."
"You are traveling rather out of the record, sir," rejoined Pearman. "I will see Mr. Denison on the subject myself to-morrow."
"Certainly, you will find him at home; but permit me to say that I consider I have expounded his views pretty accurately, so far."
"Perhaps so; but I've known people change their views. Might I ask you related to the family in any way?"
"I am Mr. Denison's nephew, and have the honor to wish you good-morning."
Pearman bowed, and rang the bell.
"Well, Nightjar," said Grenville, when they got outside, "so far so good; we've done all we can; to-morrow will be the real tug of war. You go back to town with the deed. Dalloway will be waiting for you; tell him all that has passed, and that he shall hear from me, as agreed upon, the minute I hear anything definite. Meanwhile, good-by; I'm off to Glinn. Yes, I turn off here; it's not three miles across the fields."
I suppose it was a case of animal magnetism, but it certainly was odd that Maude should have selected that for her afternoon stroll. Nevertheless, it is a fact that as Grenville Rose jumped over the stile at the corner of Edgerton Firs he found that young lady seated on a grassy bank on the other side, with Dan crouched at her feet—one of those coinci-

dences that I presume has happened to most of us in our time, and sincerely do I pity the few whose want of luck and lack of observation have debarred them such sunshiny moments.
"Well, Gren," she inquired, as she rose to her feet, "have you overthrown my omelette? Am I a free girl again?"
"I don't know, darling—the great battle comes off to-morrow; but I think I can promise you shall never marry Pearman."

"Don't talk nonsense; you know I never would, now. Before you came down it was different. I was weak, and foolish, and miserable. That story is all over, and I'm forgiven—at least, I thought so;—and Maude looked shyly but archly into her lover's face.
Grenville behaved after the manner of young men generally when so circumstanced—those quiet footsteps over the fields have a deal to answer for—and what "Don't, please, Gren!" meant, I must leave to the discrimination of the reader, merely remarking, Grenville Rose either decided it meant nothing, or could not have heard it.
"But do you think you can put things a bit right for papa?" inquired Maude, when she at last extricated herself.
"I hope so; but we must wait till to-morrow to know for certain."
(To be continued.)

THE WORD "WINTER."

Said to Have Originally Indicated Wetness, Not Coldness.
There is a prevailing impression that there is something in the word "winter" that signifies cold, and the season is usually associated with the idea of low temperature, but where the word originated there was little of winter as we understand it, while there was a great deal of moisture at the time the earth was nearest to the sun, so that it is not the temperature but the atmospheric condition that has given us the word.

The word "winter," as we use it, is found with but slight modifications in all the branches of the Aryan languages, for the idea of wetness associated with the season was given to it before the Aryan family was divided.
If we go to the root of the word we find "wad," with the signification of wet, to wash out, to moisten or make wet. Our Aryan ancestors used that root to apply to all conditions of moisture, and many words besides winter have grown out of it, wet and water being among them.

This root "wad" is in the Sanskrit as "udan," water. Anglo-Saxon has "waeter," and in Latin we have "unda," wave, from which we get our "inundate."
Our Danish and Swedish cousins changed the "w" into a "v," and have "vinter." In Icelandic it is "vetir," and the old high German has "wintar," and it is "winter" in German. These four words are all from the Teutonic base "wata," which means wet. So it has been moisture that has been indicated from the birth of the root on which all of the different words in a dozen languages have grown.—New York Herald.

CURIOUS FLORIDA HERB.

Red Plant Which Feeds Upon Ants and Other Insects.
Almost everybody knows there are such things as insectivorous or carnivorous plants, but it is doubtful if many know we have any such plants growing right here in Southern Florida. Nevertheless there is a plant, or rather herb, growing here which is really insectivorous.
It is likely that on account of its being extremely small it has escaped attention. In fact, it seems to have been overlooked by the botanists also, as we are unable to find it classed among the sensitive plants.

This is an annual herb, and the entire plant, including the flowers, is of a deep rich red color. It rarely reaches a height of more than three inches and is never so broad. The leaves are spatulate when undisturbed and present many small fibrillae and secrete at their tips a tenacious fluid which is capable of holding the very small insects, such as ants and the like, upon which it feeds. When any of these get lodged in the fluid and disturb these fibrillae the leaves slowly acquire a deep cut shape and sometimes curl completely up over their victim. When they have absorbed the insect they slowly recover their original shape, leaving only the skeleton of the insect remaining.
These plants grow on the very low, flat, poor and sandy lands. They appear in the late winter and early spring months. — Punta Gorda (Fla.) Herald.

False Teeth for Dogs.

News comes from London that many dentists there have established "parlors" for the treatment of dogs, and that the patronage of the owners of "show dogs" has made the innovation a profitable one. A defective tooth may lose the prize to a dog otherwise perfect as to "points," and it is now a common practice with fanciers to send their pets to the dentist as regularly as wise parents send their children. Single new teeth cost from \$4 to \$5 each, while as much as \$135 is paid for a full set for a beloved old canine member of a household.

Modern Table of Value.

"Now, children," commanded the austere instructor in advanced arithmetic, "you will recite in unison the table of values."
Thereupon the pupils repeated in chorus:
"Ten mills make a trust,
"Ten trusts make a combine,
"Ten combines make a merger,
"Ten mergers make a magnate,
"Ten magnates make the money."



Feeding Horses.

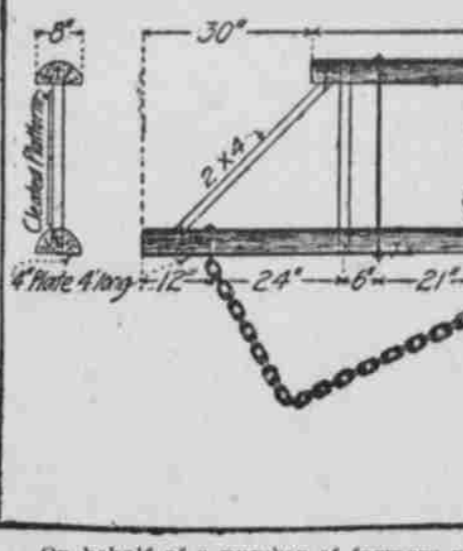
It might be said that grass is the natural ration for the horse, but when confined to a barn and also when worked, the animal needs a more strengthening and nutritious food. To feed properly there must be a mixed diet. The intention of the food is to supply heat and muscle, but not an oversupply of fat.

The quantity of food given should be based on the amount of work the horse has done—the more work the greater the amount of food that should be given.
The foods that are generally fed are hay, grass, corn, oats, barley, rye, bran, carrots, turnips and apples. Of the grains oats is best, with corn second, but both are improved if fed in a crushed state. Oats build up the muscles, make blood and put nerve and endurance in the horse. On account of the price, oats are not generally used, and in such cases care must be taken that the hay given is rather rich in protein.

Corn and timothy hay are of a heating nature and hard on the digestion, causing the animal to perspire freely. If corn is liberally used, some bran, with clover or some well-cured pea-vine hay, or clover with corn, will help balance up the ration and keep the digestive organs in a healthy state. In feeding green food care must be taken.

Average Milk.
It has been shown that 100 pounds of average milk contains about 87 pounds of water, 4 pounds of fat, 5

A ROAD IMPROVER.



On behalf of a number of farmers who wish to construct splitting drags, a correspondent asks for publication of a plan. The dimensions of the several parts are indicated in the illustration. D. W. King of Missouri, who has been the most prominent advocate of this road implement, describes it as a leveler for smoothing down the rough places and packing the surface soil. Best results are obtained on clay roads. It will improve even sandy soils, though it cannot make a hard roadbed of such material.

Poultry Profits.

The cost of food required to produce a pound of beef, pork or chicken does not differ greatly, although chicken sells for 12 to 20 cents a pound by the carcass, while other meats sell at from 4 to 8 cents. This difference is further increased on the farm from the fact that poultry picks up a good deal of material that would otherwise go to waste, as well as numerous insects that should be destroyed, so that much of their food should not really be figured as expense at all.

But there is a greater risk of loss in raising chickens and the cost of labor per pound of finished product is more than with sheep or hogs. Then you must credit eggs produced, which complicates the problem until you get a headache. The net returns, according to capital invested and cost of maintenance, however, leaves a greater profit from poultry than any other farm live stock. If a farmer would keep close account of the income from his poultry, including the amount of eggs and butter consumed at home, he would be surprised at the returns.—Agricultural Epitomist.

Look Out for Sore Shoulders.

The shoulders and neck of the horse will be tender when heavy spring work is started. Then, too, the horses are covered with a heavy coat of hair, which will cause them to perspire easily. This makes it very necessary to keep close watch on the shoulders and neck where the collar rubs.
The collar should be a perfect fit; one too large is more dangerous than one a little small. The inside of the collar should be scraped each morning before it is again put upon the horse.
The harness should be oiled before spring work is begun, so that it will be soft and pliable. It is a good plan to bathe the shoulders with cold water every night after the harness is removed. You will also find that it will pay to remove the harness while the horse is eating his dinner.—Ex.

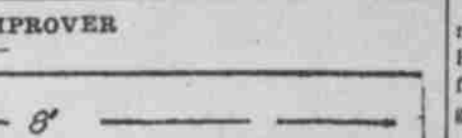
Take Care of the Orchard.

Now and then we hear of farmers with an apple orchard who cannot see that it will pay them to take good care of it, says the Rural New Yorker. In one case a farmer sold apples enough from his orchard to buy him ten good cows for his dairy, yet he cannot see that it would pay him to spray and prune the trees. There is some scale in this orchard, and the fruit is usually wormy. Taken in hand now with oil and later with arsenic for the Codling worm this orchard would give the easiest money on the farm. We would like to shake such men up and let them see the future. The demand for good apples is sure to increase, while bearing trees are not keeping pace with the demand. Young trees are being planted, while many orchards are dying through lack of care. Do not, under any circumstances, neglect good apple trees. Stay by them with all the care you can muster.

Fountain-Like Feed Bag.

Almost everyone has noticed the painful efforts of the unfortunate horse which is compelled to take its noon-day meal out of a feed bag. In order to get the feed the horse must throw the bag and its contents into the air and catch a mouthful as he can. Besides the industry he is compelled to exercise in the pur-

suit of his feed, the horse loses about half the grain by reason of the fact that it is thrown over the top of the bag.
The nose bag shown in the accompanying cut is of recent invention and is designed to overcome this trouble. The feed supply is contained in a reservoir which is secured to the bridle and is suspended between the animal's eyes. The feed flows down of its own weight into a saucer-like receptacle which is held under the animal's



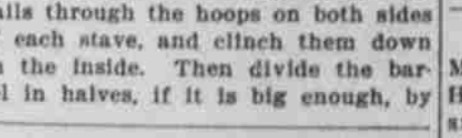
FEED BAG.

THE SPLIT LOG DRAG.

Best Tool for Dirt Roads.
Drag may also be made of 2-inch planks stiffened at the back by 2x4's

Inexpensive Chicken Coops.

Very good coops can be made at small cost from empty barrels, as shown in cut. First, drive shingle-nails through the hoops on both sides of each stave, and clinch them down on the inside. Then divide the barrel in halves, if it is big enough, by



BARREL CHICKEN COOP.

cutting through the hoops and the bottom. Drive sticks into the ground to hold the coop in place, and drive a long stick at each side of the open end just far enough from coop to allow the front door to be slipped out and in.
The night door can be made of the head from the barrel or any solid board, and the slatted door, used to confine the hen, by nailing upright strips of lath to a cross lath at top and bottom.—D. H. F., in Farm and Home.

Strawberries.

Strawberry beds coming into bearing should be cultivated as soon as the land is in good order, and have a top dressing of 100 pounds of nitrate of soda, 400 pounds of acid phosphate and 400 pounds of muriate of potash applied per acre. This should be spread down each side of the rows, and be worked in with the cultivator. Mulch between the rows next month to keep the berries clean and conserve moisture, using pine tags, waste hay or other clean vegetable trash.

Cheese.

The Bureau of Chemistry of the United States Department of Agriculture has come out flat-footed in answer to the question, "When is cheese not cheese?" They say that when it is "soaked curd" it cannot be sold as cheese. Pseudo-cheese is produced by soaking the curd at a certain age in cold water, draining it and putting the curd to press. This treatment is carried on solely for fraudulent purposes.



"Mrs. Fadd has a new wrinkle." "The poor dear! She must be going rapidly."—Town and Country.
"Say, pal!" "What now, my man?" "When your foot's asleep does it hurt, or is it only draining it hurt?"—Philadelphia Inquirer.
Stella—He threatened to do something rash when I refused him.
Bella—Goodness, he may propose to you again.—New York Sun.
"Do you give your wife an allowance, or does she ask you for money when she wants it?"
"Both."—Cleveland Leader.
Mrs. Gramercy—What do we need for dinner?
Bridget—Shure, mum. Of brigs over the rug an' we need a new set of dishes.—Puck.
"It takes baby most two years to learn to talk," said Uncle Eben, "but den it takes de rest of its life to learn to keep from talkin' too much."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Peckem—Here's an invitation to my cousin's wedding. Will you go?
Peckem—No, I hate weddings. I sometimes wish I hadn't attended my own.—Spare Moments.
She—Frankly, now if you had to choose between me and a million, what would you do?
He—I'd take the million. Then you would be easy.—Life.
Caller—So your cook has passed away to a better place?
Hostess—Yes, but I don't know if she'll stay; poor Bridget was very bad to suit.—Boston Traveler.

Benevolent Old Gentleman—I am sorry, Johnny, to see you have a black eye. Promising Youth—You go home and feel sorry for your own little boy—hey got two!—Philadelphia Inquirer.
Boreleigh—Yes, Miss Doris, I'm not dreading from insomnia, I know.
Miss Doris (suppressing a yawn)—Did you ever try talking to yourself, Mr. Boreleigh?—Boston Transcript.
"She's got a future." "Can she?"
"No, but she can work her eyes better than any lady in the business, and as for wearing swell clothes—she couldn't do better if she was twin!—Life.

Porpoise—What is the whale looking about?
Dogfish—Oh, he got so many notes for his tent in swallowing Jonah he's been blowing ever since.—Boston Transcript.
Miss Antique—Just think of the nerve of that impetuous fellow to propose to me.
Miss Caustique—Nerf! Why, it's absolutely reckless.—Illustrated News.
Weary Walker—I see fire brands more men has been crown out of work.

Tired Traveler—Gee! Dere's getting to be too much competition in our business.—Puck.
Hiram Greene—What did your sister say when you told her I was going to make a speech in the town hall last night? Willie—She didn't say nothing, she just laughed till she had hysterics.—Stray Stories.
Trotter (who has been absent)—Maud and Charlie finally married! Maud—Yes, Trotter—I suppose you are happy? Miss Homer—Cuddly they each carried some one else.—Chicago Daily News.

"There goes a man who once offered to make me independently rich." "At least he didn't appear to know you. At least he gave you no sign of recognition." "You see, I refused to buy the stock."—Chicago Record-Herald.
"Now, Pat," said a magistrate to an old offender, "what brought you here again?" "Two policemen, see?" "I suppose laconic reply. "Drunk," I supposed," queried the magistrate. "Yes, see, Pat; both av thim."—Independent.

"That politician refuses to count himself," said the able assistant. "Yes," answered Senor Sorghum, "and judging from his uneasiness I should say it was barbed wire fence."—Washington Star.
"Politeness costs nothing," said the man of ready-made wisdom.
"I guess," answered Mr. Dalloway, "that you never had any experience with these cafe waiters who regard their politeness by the size of the tip."—Washington Star.

"Every bit of food on the table," said the serving lady to Lames, "he sat down to eat at the church supper," was cooked by your wife."
"Oh, I don't mind," rejoined Lames faintly, "I'm not a bit hungry now."—New York Times.
"You say this man stole your pocket said the magistrate. "Do you understand that you prefer charges against him?"
"Well, no, your honor," replied the plaintiff. "I prefer the cost of it to the same to you, sir."—Philadelphia Press.

"Of course," said the optimist, "man gets into the habit of being trouble he's sure to find it."
"Yes," replied the pessimist, "if he's so lazy that he always avoids it, it will find him."—Catholic and Times.