

# Race for a Wife

—BY—  
HAWLEY SMART

**A RACE FOR A WIFE** is the story of a charming young girl, who, to please her father and save him from persecution and ruin, consents to marry a man she does not love. Her true lover discovers a document which places his rival at a decided disadvantage, and there is a real "race for a wife," in which fidelity and genuine affection win the prize.

This serial is unique in all of its features of plot and action, with the incidents entertaining to the last degree. The interest is maintained to the very last chapter and the story will charm all lovers of good fiction.

## CHAPTER I.

Xminster is all alive, simmering, bubbling over with excitement; the magnates are adjusting ribbons, fitting wreaths, scenting pocket handkerchiefs, stretching gloves, tying white neck cloths, and otherwise preparing for the momentous evening. The inferior clay of Xminster hovers about the gateway of The George hotel, in all that exhilaration of spirits that gratuitous sightseeing is wont to produce among the multitude. It is but a momentary glimpse of some hundred or so of ladies and gentlemen in evening attire that is destined to be the reward of their patience; but then, you see, Xminster is a town in which the stream of life runs so sluggishly. Circus, conjurers, lecturers, monologue entertainers, etc., are rather shy of Xminster; the little town is so thoroughly habituated to retiring to rest at an early hour, that even the visits of some of these talented and adventurous beings have failed to tempt the inhabitants to forego their beds or to extend their silver.

But the dullest village in England recognizes some occasions in the year on which dreary mirth takes the place of melancholy stagnation. They were two; the fair and the dispensary ball. It is the latter carnival which is at present causing the pulse of Xminster to beat with feverish rapidity, and the population are already waiting to display their critical acumen on the belles of town and country.

The dear old country fiddles are playing their somewhat supernaturated dance music with all the wonted animation and disregard of the niceties of tune which is so much the characteristic of provincial bands. There is no lack of pretty girls, tastefully dressed, in valse and quadrille. In the queer old room with its still queerer attempts at decoration in those gaudy festoons of artificial flowers. But a stately young lady, dressed in white, with green-and-gold trimmings, seems to bear away the palm. More than one murmured tribute to her beauty escapes the lips of the lookers-on as she whirls by.

"Who is she? She moves like a queen amongst the rest, and they are good-looking girls, too, some of them." And the speaker, a rather coarse-looking dark man, a little the wrong side of thirty, turned for information to the knot of men he was lounging with at the door.

"Haven't you ever seen her before, Pearman? No, I suppose you hardly could have done. She goes out but little—that's Maude Denison."

"What!—daughter of old Denison of Glinn?"

"Just so—former owner of all those fat acres which have since fallen into your respected progenitor's possession;" and a slight inflection of voice just italicized the epithet; for Gus Brisden was of a good old county family, and had little reverence for the Pearmans of Mannersley.

Yes, very handsome was Maude Denison. She was a beauty of the regal order, and her stately carriage alone would have sufficed to make men ask, "Who is she?" even without the rich brown tresses, proud grey eyes, and regular features.

"I must know her!" said Pearman. "Can you introduce me, Brisden?"

"No; I barely know her myself," replied Gus.

"I must go and find somebody who can," and Pearman hurried away.

Apparently he was successful, for, shortly afterwards he led out Miss Denison for a quadrille, during which Mr. Pearman did his utmost to make himself agreeable. He was a very earthy piece of clay, but he had enjoyed the advantage of a good education, and was by no means deficient in ability. He had achieved a certain amount of tact while undergoing the friction of such society as he had encountered, and proved himself an apt pupil in worldly knowledge. This stood him in good stead just now. When he led Maude Denison back to her chaperone she certainly thought he was by no means the least agreeable partner she had had that evening. She had but just resumed her seat when a tall, fair man was by her side. His brow was slightly knit, and his eyes sparkled angrily as he exclaimed, "My dear Maude, how could you dance with that man?"

"Which, Grenville?" inquired Miss Denison, smiling. "I have danced with a good many to-night, including your sweet self, cousin mine."

"Don't be absurd, Maude; you know very well whom I mean—that dark man—your last partner."

"And wherefore should I not dance with him?" inquired Miss Denison.

"For a hundred reasons. His name alone should have sufficed to prevent it."

"Dear me," laughed the young lady, merrily. "You have piqued my woman's curiosity. Do tell me who this monster of iniquity is, for, truth to say, I did not catch his name when he was introduced to me."

"You didn't know who he was? I thought not. That's young Pearman—the unmitigated cad."

"So that was Mr. Pearman, was it?" remarked Maude, musingly. "Well, Grenville, I don't think I should have danced with him had I known who he was; but, you see, I didn't, and I cannot see that it is of much consequence now. One is not obliged to recognize the partner of a quadrille again unless one likes, you know; and though I'll plead guilty to finding him amusing, I don't think I wish to prosecute the acquaintance. But don't you think it is getting time to leave?"

Mrs. Learmont, you are as good as gold," said Maude, turning to her chaperone, "waiting in this resigned manner for me. However, I am quite at your disposal now."

"Pray don't think of me; I want you to thoroughly enjoy your ball, and I am quite willing to look on at your valuing for another hour. I have lots of people to come and talk to you, you know."

"Yes," laughed Maude; "I am quite aware that you have lots of old friends, only too glad to have the chance of a quiet chat with you, and know also that you would sit here and pinch yourself to keep awake sooner than debar your god-daughter of five minutes' gratification; but I also have a conscience. Go and see about the carriage, Grenville."

It is very curious to watch what trifling affairs influence the tenor of our lives. Maude Denison has deemed it of little consequence that she has danced a quadrille with Samuel Pearman; and yet that dance is fated to draw many a tear from the proud grey eyes. Grenville Rose, ere thirty minutes are over, will be tortured in a way which he is powerless to resist.

The sire of the dark-featured young man who had expressed such admiration for Maude Denison had begun life as a solicitor's clerk, from which in due course of time he blossomed forth into an attorney, and sat himself down in the little town of Bury St. Edmunds, with a view to the persecution of mankind and the redressing of his fellow men's grievances, as circumstances and the presentation of six and eightpence might direct. Bury St. Edmunds lies no great distance from the famous Heath of Newmarket. In default of other business, Mr. Pearman took to attending the race meetings there; gradually he became acquainted with many of those multifarious hangers-on that exist so mystically by racing. He had naturally an acute understanding; and he now got many a hint as to where to lay out a little money profitably. The traffickers in horseflesh and followers of the turf have their subjects of litigation as well as those who pursue other avocations. Who was so handy to employ as Pearman? and, by degrees, he began to make a name as a solicitor in horse cases at the racing metropolises and became rich.

In due course Harold Denison, Maude's father, had passed through his hands. Denison had started in life with a fine property; but burning the candle, not only at both ends, but a little in the middle besides, he had soon done away with that. Pearman was everything he should be on the occasion; but when his client emerged from his sea of troubles, two-thirds of the Glinn estate were in the hands of the solicitor. Still, everyone said Denison's had been a very bad break-up; that the property had been sold at a fair valuation; and that, but for Pearman, Harold Denison would not have been able to keep Glinn and such acres as were still left to him. By this time Pearman was an owner of race horses, and kept a stud of his own. He had married a lady in some way connected with usury, and, having altogether acquired a considerable fortune, made the first mistake in his career, and set up for a country gentleman.

He built a big house on the estate so recently lopped off the Glinn property; he built large stables. He named his house

Mannersley, after the manor it stood upon. He established a crest and coat-of-arms; he had his cards engraved, "Mr. and Mrs. Pearman, Mannersley;" he sat himself down to wait—but nobody called.

Money will do and does do a good deal, but here and there blood respects its rights. The county were not going to welcome what they designated as "a money-grabbing attorney who was fattening on the necessities of Harold Denison of Glinn." The Master of the Hounds, it was true, called upon him; but even Pearman could regard that in no other light but that of a business transaction. He asked and obtained leave to draw the covers, gave the solicitor a capital luncheon on his return visit, but had steadily refused all invitations to dinner.

In due course of time Mrs. Pearman died. She left but one son, who at the period of her death was an undergraduate at Cambridge, but who, now many years older, is the gentleman who danced that quadrille with handsome Maude Denison.

Young Pearman has succeeded far better than his progenitor in making his way in the county. Still, although he had insinuated himself to a certain extent into society, there were many of the county families who utterly ignored the solicitor's son. The men of the family might know him in the hunting field; the younger sons might even go so far as to drop in at Mannersley for lunch, when the hounds or aught else took them that way. But the women tabooed him—they would none of him; and bitterly did Sam Pearman feel that haughty ostracism. All men have their ambitions; Pearman had his father's intensified, to be acknowledged as within the pale of "the upper ten." He quite understood that the recognition of the race course and hunting field was far from constituting such.

## CHAPTER II.

Harold Denison was an embittered, disappointed man—far too clever not to see how he had thrown the game of life away by the turf follies and extravagances of his early days; far too proud to take a reduced status in the county in which he had been at one time a leading magnate; far too selfish to sacrifice an iota of that pride to enhance the pleasure of either his wife or his daughter. He had married, early in life, a lady of good family in his own county. It had been better for Harold Denison had she been constituted of sterner stuff. She never crossed her husband in word or deed.

Maude was the only child, and this perhaps still more fostered the intense selfishness of Mr. Denison's disposition. A girl was, of course, sure to marry. He had none of his stock to come after him; and though he little relished the idea of the Denisons of Glinn being blotted out of the county Red-book, he could not be expected to feel much interest for a boyish nephew he had barely seen. On one point only did poor Mrs. Denison ever venture to contradict her lord's wishes: that was about Maude. The girl was all in all to her mother. Maude's woman's wit had early made her understand that her father dealt but hard justice in that quarter; and she was ever ready to flash forth as her mother's champion. Otherwise she loved her father very dearly, and was quite imbued with the family doctrine of self-sacrifice where he should be concerned.

By the light of a candle, in the solitude of his chamber, Grenville Rose was tasting all the sweets of dressing to catch an early train on a dark February morning. He had been brought up a great deal with his cousin Maude. They had romped together as children, and been fast cousinsly friends since they had grown bigger. No lovmaking had ever taken place between the pair, yet Grenville was conscious of being very fond of that grey-eyed damsel.

Grenville enters the old dining room, to gulp his scalding coffee, and recognize the utter futility of attempting to eat at abnormal hours. He is suffering altogether from considerable mental depression—predominant idea, perhaps, "What a farce all county balls are!" Suddenly the door opens, and Maude Denison glides into the room.

"Good morning, Grenville. Isn't this good of me to make such a struggle, and rush down to give you your coffee? Ah, I see you've got it. Never mind, you must take the will for the deed. At all events, I'm in time to say good-by."

His face lit up as she shook hands with her. "Very kind indeed, Maude, to come down and give me a last glimpse of you—so tired, too, as you must be after your triumphs of last night."

"Triumphs! What do you mean?" replied Miss Denison, in sweet humility, though a coquettish smile and flash of the deep grey eyes showed that she was perfectly conscious of her ball-room success.

"Oh, the hypocrisy of women!" laughed her cousin. "As if you did not know perfectly well that all the men were raving with admiration, and that the ladies could find no words to express their opinion of you! As if you could not imagine that you were pronounced handsome, lovely, graceful—stigmatized as over-dressed, under-dressed, and awkward! While your admirers on one side of the room vowed so light a foot never glided across the boards at Xminster, your detractors on the other, were speculating as to how much of your hair and complexion were really your birthright. As if you did not know you were the belle of the ball, and enjoyed all the rights and privileges of the distinction!"

"Ah, well!" she rejoined, with a saucy smile; "I am not going to be a humbug to you, Grenville. I know some people thought I looked nice, and I know others disliked me for doing so. Let me pour you out some more coffee."

(To be continued.)

Of all the gold in the possession of man 70 per cent is in the shape of coin.

## SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY

An American company is successfully operating a mica mine near Kodarma, India, on the East India railway, about 250 miles from Calcutta. Seven hundred hands are employed under a practical American mica man.

Contracts have been let for Winnipeg's new municipal electric power plant, to cost approximately \$1,014,700. The Winnipeg Electric Railway Company has three times offered to sell its Lac du Bonnet plant to the city.

Preliminary work for the construction of India's large new steel plant near Kallinatti station is making good headway. The plant on the Ramrana manganese property has proved to be of the highest value. A forty-five mile railway is already under construction.

The output of the British shipbuilding yards amounted in 1898 to only about 900,000 tons of merchant steam vessels, or little more than half of the preceding twelve months. The number of British ships now laid up at home and foreign ports is estimated at 1,000,000 tons.

John Brown was executed at Harpers Ferry on Dec. 2, 1859. It was shortly after 11 o'clock in the morning. Two thousand Virginia soldiers were ranged around the scaffold when he was brought from his prison house and placed in a wagon which was to convey him to the scene of the execution.

The curator of the museum at Brussels has just been pursuing an interesting claim in the Belgian courts. In May last Mme. Bouriant, the widow of an Egyptologist, offered to the museum two scarabs with inscriptions, which the lady claimed related to a voyage on the coast of Africa referred to by Herodotus. The curator purchased the scarabs for \$2,000, and, as may be imagined, they created a great deal of interest in the learned world, the final judgment of which was that the so-called antiquities were forgeries. M. Capart, the curator, has sued the widow for the return of the purchase price and the courts have decided in his favor.

From the War Department comes notice of an interesting relic formerly the property of President Lincoln. Upon the occasion of his memorable visit to Gettysburg the President cut with his own hands a cane, which he afterward presented to his War Secretary, Edwin M. Stanton, by whom it was naturally highly prized. This cane is now in the possession of Mr. Jahneke, president of the Jahneke Navigation Company of New Orleans, who married a granddaughter of Secretary Stanton. It has a gold top with an engraved inscription, which was probably placed on the treasured souvenir by Secretary Stanton.—National Magazine.

Few Swiss scholars have had a more brilliant career than the new principal of the University of Lausanne. Dr. H. Charles Louis Blanc was born in Lausanne, fifty years ago and began his studies at one of the primary schools in the city. At nineteen he took his degree in science, afterward going, as so many Swiss scholars have done, to Germany, first to Stuttgart, then to the University of Fribourg-en-Brigau, where he won his doctorate in philosophy with honors. Since then he has made his mark as a zoologist, and now enjoys a European reputation. He has had a hand in research work and in superintending zoological museums in Switzerland and in Germany.

There is at present an interesting exhibit in No. 6 tank at the Brighton Aquarium, says the London Globe. It is something like a dogfish, only much larger, while in the matter of sheer ugliness it stands unrivaled. Its technical name is the toper shark. It is six feet long and weighs from eighty to ninety pounds, while its mouth looks large enough to take an elephant single handed. The shark came into the possession of the aquarium in rather a curious manner. A man named Lane of Brighton was fishing some two miles off the Palace pier with a long line, when he felt a vicious tug at his hook. He quickly "hailed in his slack," and then the toper came to light. Mr. Lane at once hurried ashore and placed the toper in his new home.

There was recently introduced in the House of Representatives a bill for the purchase of the house in Tenth street, Washington, in which Abraham Lincoln died on April 15, 1865. The bill proposes the acquisition of the two adjoining houses and the entire collection of the Oldroyd relics of Lincoln, of which there are some 3,000 pieces in the building. There is also included a library of a thousand volumes all relating to Lincoln and the civil war. In one of the rooms is a "black locust" rail split by Lincoln in 1830, and taken from a fence around his old home, and the walnut cradle in which his children were rocked. The bill contemplates the purchase also of the two adjoining buildings on each side, with the understanding that both are to be torn down and the ground beautified by lawns and shrubbery. The Oldroyd collection of Lincoln relics is the largest in the world.

## PRINCE COMES IN STEERAGE

After Funds to Start University on Site of Solomon's Temple.

When the Nord Amerika, from Naples, arrived Tuesday one of the steerage passengers, a short, slender-built man, swarthy in complexion, who announced that he was Prince Immanuel of Jerusalem, informed the ship news reporter that he had come to the United States to raise funds with which to build a universal university on the site of King Solomon's temple in the holy city, says the New York Herald. If his plan is carried out, he declared, any one may obtain a university education by correspondence at a small outlay.

Prince Immanuel said that his title was bequeathed to him by his father, now, according to his story, a reigning sovereign in Europe. He wore a uniform of black, with silver braid and buttons. His cap was short in the peak and high in the crown, his coat hung below his knees, he wore boots of the Cossack variety and his sharp-pointed beard was wavy and dark. He said he had come to America on the invitation of Dr. Preston Conner of Philadelphia; William McKinley of Washington, president of the National Correspondence Institute, and Prof. Howler of Alexandria, Va., who, he says, are interested in the scheme for the universal university.

After telling several different stories as to how he came to have the title of prince, the young man told a reporter that he is a son of the Sultan of Turkey, and that his mother, an Arabian Jewess, had given him to Robert Goldreich, a Jewish rabbi of Nottingham, England, and that he was brought up as a member of the Goldreich family. He is registered at the British consulate in Jerusalem, he said, as I. B. Goldreich.



"He is good to his wife." "Indeed! How so?" "He doesn't live with her!" —Town Topics.

Church—My son lost an eye and an arm in the Philippines. Gotham—Oh, has football reached there already? —Yonkers Statesman.

Mrs. Knicker—How did you know your husband was working down in the office? Mrs. Youngbride—I telephoned, and Central said "Busy." —New York Sun.

Boreleigh—Yes, Miss Doris, I suffah dweadfully from insomniia, y' know. Miss Doris (suppressing a yawn)—Did you ever try talking to yourself, Mr. Boreleigh? —Boston Transcript.

Judge—Why did you strike this man? Prisoner—What would you do, Judge, if you kept a grocery store and a man came in and asked if he could take a moving picture of your cheese?

Mother—Johnnie, why are you beating little sister? Surely she has not been unkind to you? Johnnie—No, mamma; but she is so fearfully good. I simply can't stand her.—Fun.

Guide—What do you think of that? Isn't it a magnificent view? Miss Blassey—I must confess my disappointment. But then (apologetically), I've seen postals of the place, you know.—Puck.

"Man will eventually go by rail from the Atlantic to the Pacific in two days." "I once did it in five hours and then kicked about the slow time." "Where, pryer, did this happen?" "In Panama."

Blotbs—Bjones is the most unlucky fellow at cards I ever met. Blotbs—Then I suppose he is lucky in love. Blotbs—I suppose so. At any rate he has never been married.—Philadelphia Record.

The Optimist—But you never try to make yourself agreeable to anyone. The Pessimist—I know it. My experience has taught me that if you make yourself agreeable to a woman she wants to marry you.

"There is a movement on foot," said Mr. Snoope, "to prevent the marriage of weak-minded persons. What do you think of it?" "I think it's rot," answered Mr. Growch. "Why, who else even wants to get married?" —Cleveland Leader.

Teneament Tessle—And de novel says de heroine had a willow form, used to pine for her lover and would spruce up when she seen him coming froo de gate. Shanty Sue—Gee, where did she work—in a sawmill? —Chicago Daily News.

Hans came in from his ranch to buy a horse. "I've got the very thing you want," said Ike Bergman; "it's a fine road horse, 5 years old, sound as a quail, \$175 cash down, and he goes ten miles without stopping." Hans threw up his hands skyward. "Not for me," he said—"not for me. I wouldn't gift you five cents for him. I live eight miles from Astoria, and I'd haf to walk back two miles."