

# Race for a Wife

BY HAWLEY SMART

## CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"Thanks; but you have not told me yet whether you enjoyed your ball."  
 "Yes, that I did; I got lots of dancing, and I do like that, you know. But how about yourself, Gren? I don't think you quite did your duty."  
 "Pretty fairly, I fancy. We can't be expected to consummate the amount of pirouetting that your sex delight in. I danced a good deal, and it was real pleasure to me to see the little sensation you made. I like to see my pretty cousin appreciated as she should be, and taking her legitimate position in the county."  
 "And what's that, pray?"  
 "Why, as the belle of all Hampshire, of course. I wish, though, you hadn't danced with that fellow Pearman last night. I've a sort of presentiment ill will come of it."

"You stupid Grenville; what can come of it? I am not likely to see him again for months—perhaps never. At the worst, recognition of his existence on meeting is all that quadrille entails."  
 "Well, I suppose you are right, Maude; but it is time I was off. Good-by." And Grenville's pulse tingled a little, as his lips touched the fair cheek so quietly yielded to him. "Kind regards to my uncle and aunt; and drop me a line now and then."

"Don't be afraid of that," laughed Miss Denison; "don't I always write to you when I want anything?—and am I not always wanting something? I think the past might testify in my favor. Good-by; don't be long before you come and see us again."

Grenville Rose pondered moodily over his visit, as he drove to the station. He had not quite mastered the fact that he was in love with his cousin, but he had arrived at some close apprehensions on the subject. He felt that he would have been a good deal better satisfied had his parting salute been much less easily accorded.

Maude, fresh as a rose, after a turn round the garden, comes in just in time to greet her mother on her return to the dining room. Petting her mother is one of the chief pleasures of Maude Denison's life. On this occasion she conducts her into the easy-chair next the fire, makes the tea, and then, drawing a stool near, seats herself at Mrs. Denison's feet, and with girlish delight recounts all her successes of the previous night; to which the fond mother listens with quiet happiness, as her hand plays with her daughter's silken tresses. That nobody could eclipse, that nobody could ever be worthy of mating with her peerless Maude, was a thing that Mrs. Denison would have deemed absurd to argue.

"And, mother, dear," said the girl, at last, "Grenville said, before he went away this morning, I was quite the belle of the ball. What do you think of your daughter now? Won't that satisfy papa, although he did grumble so about the expense of the dress?"  
 "Yes, love. He will be quite contented when he hears how thoroughly you enjoyed yourself. I am only so sorry that I was not strong enough to have been present myself at my darling's success."

Harold Denison entered the room in his usual listless fashion. He kissed his daughter carelessly, asked if she had enjoyed her ball, scarce listened to her affirmation, and then plunged at once into the letters and papers that lay piled alongside his plate. He was a tall, slight, handsome man, with a keen, cold eye and rather undecided mouth, verging on fifty years of age. The slightly grizzled eyebrows knit as he skimmed his correspondence. Duns, lawyers' letters, anent mortgages and sundry other liabilities, formed the staple of the daily missives that constituted the accompaniment to his breakfast. Can it be wondered that the man's temper was soured?—that the whilom gay frolic squire of Glinn had become a cold, caustic and selfish man of the world?

"Things seem to be getting worse and worse, Eleanor," he observed, throwing down an epistle on the best superfine blue post, and sipping his tea moodily. "The old cry from Reynolds and Gibson—that that interest on the mortgage will be due next month, and begging prompt settlement this time, as the fellow is getting rather uneasy about the stability of the security, on account of the delay of last half-year. It will be hard to scrape the money together. Sheep, too, are down to nothing almost—so Thompson tells me—or else I have a hundred to sell that I looked to help me through with this."

Mrs. Denison sighed. She had gone through a good many such breakfasts in her time, and felt as helpless as ever in suggesting expedients for the occasion.  
 "It's very unfortunate," she said at length. "Mr. Pearman is not pressing, at all events, I hope."  
 "No; he has the grace to remember that two-thirds of the property have already fallen into his hands. He is always tolerably lenient about his money. The fellow knows, moreover, that his is the first mortgage on the estate; and, I daresay, at times looks forward to being the eventual owner of Glinn. Shouldn't wonder if he was, too, some of these days," muttered Denison bitterly. "I used to grieve once, Nell, that we hadn't a son; I begin to think now it was all for the best. I should feel it more if I had to think that my boy would never be

master here. Yet that is pretty well how the case would stand if we had one."  
 "Providence knows what is best for us, Harold," returned his wife, softly; "it was a sore source of trouble to us once; but, as you say, it spares us some bitter thoughts now."

She associated herself with him in his career of extravagance as if she had been equally to blame, though, as far as her gentle nature dared, she had entered more than one meek remonstrance at his reckless career. But Mrs. Denison was not the woman to throw her husband's faults continually in his teeth. It was all done now, past recall; still, as far as it lay within her power, the wife was willing to bear her share of the burden Harold Denison's folly had entailed on his family.

"And pray, Maude, did Mr. Pearman honor Ximister with his presence last night?" inquired her father, sarcastically.  
 "Young Mr. Pearman was there, but not the old man. He seemed to know a good many people there. Mr. Brisden—"  
 "Yes, it's the old story. The old county families are swept away by these spinners, brewers, solicitors, and such like. Another hundred years, and there won't be one of the old names left in the neighborhood."

Breakfast is over. Maude flits away to her own little sanctum, with its piano, books, and budding camellias; Mrs. Denison goes off for a conference with the old housekeeper; while the squire betakes himself to his study, to struggle with figures and hold gloomy converse with Thompson, his farm bailiff. The mother and daughter do not feel much mental perturbation about the difficulties that threaten them. For the last five years have they not heard Mr. Denison discourse in the same melancholy strain? Constant jeremiads lose their effect; they thought little of the growling of the storm. But Harold Denison, as he sat puzzling his head in his room over that complication of figures, knew that things had pretty well reached their climax, and that it would be hard to predicate even how many months he should still remain Denison of Glinn.

CHAPTER III.  
 In the very modern but extremely comfortable dining room of Mannersley, the Pearmans, father and son, are sitting. The old man has turned seventy, and can hardly be said to look as if his money-grubbing career had agreed with him. He is shrunk and worn, with a stoop in his shoulders. Altogether, he wears the aspect of a man whose constitution is beginning to break up. Wealth is not amassed without much wear and tear of mind and constitution, and your great turf speculators seldom attain a patriarchal age. He draws his chair closer to the blazing grate.

"I think I've got a bit of a cold, Sam," he remarked. "Better me than Coriander, though, isn't it?"  
 "Well, father, I am sorry for you; but I don't suppose it will be much harm in your case."  
 "How did he go this morning?"  
 "Well, I wasn't there; but Stephen tells me he did a good steady gallop. If he keeps right, he'll about win the 'Two Thousand.'"

"Yes," chuckled the old man. "I've been racing now getting on fifty years, and I don't think I ever saw my way into a much better thing than this looks like. We've got on, too, at a very pretty price, take it all around. It will be a hotish Monday for some of them."  
 "I hope so; but there's one or two things I want to talk to you about. There's young Sheffington; he's a crack-brained young fool, and I've got him down in my book to the tune of a loser of twelve hundred if Coriander wins. Now, you have done business with him—is he good for that amount?"  
 "Yes, Sam—yes. We'll get that from him in time; but I doubt there'll be a bit of waiting for it. Don't take long odds from him again. What else?"  
 "Well, Flashington stands to lose a thousand to us. He doesn't bear the character of a very good pay."  
 "He's the biggest thief in England; but he'll pay me, though he don't everybody."  
 "And why you, in particular?" inquired his son.  
 "Because he made a mistake about his name in early life, Sam; and he is quite aware that I know it, and could rake up evidence enough against him, if he irritated me, to make things, to say the least of it, very unpleasant, as far as he is concerned."

"Good! Then, with a little pressure, that'll be good money, if it's won, eh?"  
 "Just so," nodded the father.  
 "Now, we'll come to something else. Just listen to this. I've pretty well come to the conclusion that I had better get married."  
 "I don't see any reason you should not; on the contrary, I should like to see it. Not going to make a fool of yourself, I suppose?"—and the old man looked keenly at his son.  
 "Tell you more about it when it comes off; but certainly not, I think, in the design. We've made a good bit of money between us. I'm not going to say it isn't most of it yours; still, since I have been having a share in the concern, I've put some together myself. Now, what I want

in marriage is connection, more than money."  
 "Yes—yes, I think you are right; but there will be difficulties—difficulties, I fear."  
 "Of course there will, to a certain extent; there always is about getting anything worth having in this world; but money is a key to most things nowadays. Tottering coronets must be propped by wealthy alliances. The parson or doctor marries the rich tallow chandler's widow. Marriage is a social contract in these times. A hundred thousand pounds from Manchester stands out for strawberry leaves in the coronet, while a fifth of the money from Birmingham is quite content to put up with an Honorable. Well, to return to what I was saying, you agree with me that I must look out more for connection than money, don't you?"  
 "Yes, I think that's best; but it would do no harm if you could see your way into a trifle of property besides."

"Exactly. I was at the Ximister ball last night, and the prettiest girl in the room was the daughter of old Denison of Glinn. I got introduced to her; danced with her, and did quite as well as anyone could expect to do in a first dance—just made her acquaintance, in fact. Now that's the lady I've marked down as my intended."  
 "Yes," said the old man musingly, "that might do if we could bring it about; but he's a proud man, the father—very."  
 "We'll come to that presently. Just listen while I reckon up all the advantages. First of all, I have taken a fancy to the girl. She's a real beauty, every inch of her. In the next place, she's an only child. Consequently, it's only fair to suppose that Glinn and what's left with it will eventually fall to her. We have got most of the old property now; and that would insure the whole thing being in our hands at last."  
 "Yours, Sam, yours. It is not likely I'd last to see it. Harold Denison is full twenty years younger than I am, and his wife is younger again; they'll see me out, boy."

"Well, father, it's no use denying it may be so. Still, in days to come, I should be Pearman of Glinn; and with a wife of their own class, it would be hard if I didn't take my place in the county."  
 "Yes, you should manage it, though I have failed; but you've had advantages I hadn't, Sam. You've a pull, you see, in education; I hadn't much. The art of making money I taught myself, and it didn't leave time for learning a deal of anything else. You start with a tidy lot made; and I think I have shown you enough to insure your not making ducks and drakes of it."  
 "No, I don't think I shall hurt. I can take care of myself pretty well at most games on the board. I never dabble in anything I don't understand. Don't you make yourself uneasy about me, governor. Now, Denison is a poor man, is he not?"  
 "Yes; he has well on to three thousand a year nominal rental left still; but there's more than one mortgage on the property, let alone other charges."  
 "Haven't you some money on the property yourself?"  
 "Ten thousand, Sam, and I'm first mortgagee; but I know there's a second mortgage of the same amount, and there may be more for all I know."  
 "Well, these, you see, are all points in my favor. We could make this first mortgage quite easy for him, at all events."  
 "It's a deal of money—ten thousand pounds; but of course it would be different if the whole property looked like coming to you at last."  
 "Well, then, we must take that second mortgage also into our own hands, and let it stand at very easy interest. It will be only virtually allowing Denison so much a year during his lifetime, and in the long run will fall principally upon me."  
 "Yes; but I don't follow the meaning of all this, Sam."  
 "That's just what I am about to explain to you. My chances of meeting Miss Denison are so extremely few, that it is quite impossible I can arrive at asking for her hand in that way. My only chance is your proposing it to her father, and asking him to accord me permission to try if I can win his daughter's hand. Mind, that is the way you must put it; but don't forget that you will have to bring your pecuniary hold over him into play also—only, do it gently."  
 "You may trust me; I have pulled the strings in so many ways in my time, that I've learnt to be pretty cute about doing it with a delicate touch. I'll help you all I can when I've made my mind quite up about it."  
 (To be continued.)

How to Grow Peanuts.  
 Peanuts only thrive in a warm climate. The plant requires a limey, sandy loam, and yields from two bushels of pods planted an acre to as much as 40 or 50 bushels of pods and two tons of straw. The seed is planted about one inch deep in rows from 28 to 36 inches apart, and from 12 to 10 inches in the row.

Bombarded.  
 "Ah, my man," said the good old parson, "you should always be 'looking up.'"  
 "Not me, parson," responded the farmer with much emphasis. "Not with all these here chaps in airships and balloons throwing over sand and cigar stubs."

Plausible.  
 "The trouble with this tooth," said the dentist, probing it with a long slender instrument, "is that the nerve is dying."  
 "It seems to me, doctor," groaned the victim, "you ought to treat the dying with a little more respect"

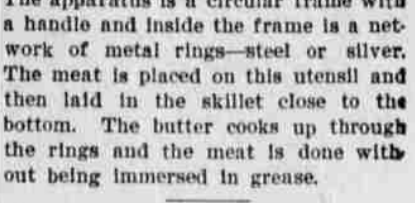
## SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY

Some of the moon's mountains are 30,000 feet high.  
 The Dutch throne has forty-one possible claimants.  
 Turkey exports goods to the value of about \$100,000,000 a year.  
 Princess Albert of Belgium is said to be the happiest wife in the courts of Europe.  
 There are more doctors per capita in New York city than anywhere else in this country.  
 "Trial Marriages" were discussed at the recent congress of Russian women at St. Petersburg.  
 It is only within the last ten years that tropical fruits like bananas and pineapples have had large sale in Germany.  
 The foreign commerce of this country fell off about \$500,000,000 last year. The greatest decline was noticed at the Atlantic ports.  
 Mrs. Keith Spalding, of Chicago, has given \$18,000 and forty acres of land to be used in establishing a tuberculosis sanatorium at Naperville, Ill.  
 The Australians eat an average of 120 pounds of sugar each year, the United States 89 pounds, Germany 36 pounds, France 32 pounds and Great Britain 81 pounds, but in the latter country the ratio is going up.  
 Owing to recent raids upon "blind tigers" by the police authorities, the city of Savannah, Ga., is the possessor of about 20,000 gallons of whisky, besides much beer, wine, champagne, etc. It can neither be sold nor given away.  
 Figures issued by Manchester University point to the fact that women graduates rarely marry. Out of 560 women who have taken degrees only sixty-four have married. Twelve of these married graduates of the same university.  
 Mrs. Russell Sage is said to pay the heaviest tax of any person in the city of New York. The tax books show that twenty New York women are assessed for upward of \$17,000,000, and more than a score of others are required to pay for \$250,000 to \$100,000.  
 Mrs. W. J. Beggs, now of Seattle, is said to have produced the only rose absolutely without thorns. She was for several years a neighbor of Luther Burbank in California, where she studied his methods. The bloom of this thornless rose is reported to be of unusual beauty.  
 The Grand Duchess Sergius of Russia is to found an establishment in Moscow which is to supply district nurses for the poor. The grand duchess, whose husband was killed by the terrorists, is to live in one of the buildings devoted to the work, and other titled men and women will also dwell near her and help in the work.  
 A bill has been prepared by Charles Francis Adams and introduced in the Massachusetts Legislature to provide that there shall be no alteration or change in the name of any public way, street, place or square, or of any public park, where the name altered or changed has been in use for twenty-five years, without the consent of the Highway Commission of the State. At a hearing on the measure representatives of many patriotic societies favored it.  
 The women of Paris have discovered a new method of stimulation in the tea cigarette. To make one about as much tea is required as would make two strong cups of tea. As many Paris women are reported to be smoking an average ten a day, it is easy to see why the doctors should be taking measures to nip the fashion in the bud. They describe it as a horribly easy method of stimulation and sure to undermine the strongest constitution in a few months.  
 Canton, China, at present is full of robbers. It is said that in some parts the people are really afraid to go to rest at night, inasmuch as it is certain that thieves will enter and rob the place. Accordingly some one sits up, while others sleep. The following is a queer criticism of China's policy by a correspondent: "We have a police force, whose work consists mostly in sleeping at post or helping the nearby shopkeeper to chop wood or a neighboring blacksmith to blow his fire."  
 The legal adage de minimis non curat lex was apparently reversed in the Glamorgan County Court, held at Cardiff, Wales, recently, when a workman seriously sued his employers for compensation for injuries sustained while putting in a shop front, the injuries being the result of a flea bite. The claimant's solicitor asked for an adjournment, as he said his client was ill. The judge granted the adjournment, but was informed immediately that the claimant had been seen in the neighborhood of the court. Thereupon the judge called the case again and gave judgment for the defendants on the ground that the man might have been carrying the flea for half an hour before he went to work.



## To Broil Meat Dry.

Once more we have an invention designed for those who pay more than passing attention to their meals and acceptable to all who care for food well cooked. This time it is a woman in California who has come to the rescue of gourmets by supplying them with a utensil that will broil meat dry. Only those who have partaken of steaks dripping with grease can appreciate the value of this device.



The apparatus is a circular frame with a handle and inside the frame is a network of metal rings—steel or silver. The meat is placed on this utensil and then laid in the skillet close to the bottom. The butter cooks up through the rings and the meat is done without being immersed in grease.

Good Lemon Pie.  
 One cup of sugar, 1 tablespoon of sifted flour, 1 of butter the juice and grated rind of 1 lemon, yolks of 3 eggs, 1 cup of milk; Bake in one crust until when knife inserted in center of pie can be drawn out without having milk cling to it. Frost with the whites of the eggs, beaten to a stiff froth, to which has been added three teaspoons of granulated sugar. After placing on pie, sprinkle lightly with sugar; place in oven and leave door slightly ajar. Since making frosting by this method I have always had good success. It never grows tough nor draws away from edge of pie.

Apple Custard.  
 Take half a dozen tart, mellow apples, pare and quarter them and take out the cores. Put them in a pan with a teacup of water; set them on a slow fire. When they begin to grow soft turn them into a pudding dish and sprinkle sugar on them. Beat eight eggs with rolled brown sugar, mix them with three pints of milk, grate in half a nutmeg and turn the whole over the apples. Bake the custard between twenty and thirty minutes.

Rice Pudding Without Eggs.  
 Two quarts of milk, two-thirds of a cupful of rice, a cupful of sugar, a piece of butter as large as a walnut, a teaspoonful of cinnamon, a little nutmeg and a pinch of salt. Put into a deep pudding dish well buttered and set into a moderate oven. Stir it once or twice until it begins to cook. Let it remain in the oven about two hours (until it is the consistency of cream), eat cold.

Plain Chowder.  
 Take one quart of clams and cut off heads, fry thin slices of nice fat salt pork a little brown (cut up in bits while frying), take the water from the steamed clams and add more to make one quart, put in a kettle, slice in one good-sized onion, and let boil until tender; then put in one quart milk, salt and pepper to taste, and boil and serve at once.

A Delicious Salad.  
 Cook large oysters in their own juices till the edges curl; drain and chill; cut each oyster in two, without cutting into the soft part; make an equal quantity of sliced celery and put on ice to crisp; mix the two, lay on white lettuce leaves, and add a large spoonful of stiff mayonnaise to each cup-shaped leaf filled with the mixture.

Apple Cocoanut Pie.  
 Pare, slice, stew and sweeten ripe, juicy apples; flavor with lemon peel; mash, smooth, fill crust and bake until just done; strew over the top desiccated cocoanut, then spread with a thick meringue, put in oven until meringue is well set. Meringue can be left out and the cocoanut strewn on top of the apple, slightly browned in oven.

Kisses.  
 Beat the whites of three eggs stiff on a platter, fold in one and one-fourth cupfuls of granulated sugar, one tablespoonful of corn starch, one-fourth pound of cocoanut and flavoring. Drop on un buttered tins, bake about fifteen minutes and let cool before removing from tins.

Cleaning Bottles.  
 Bottles may be cleaned by tearing a newspaper into small bits, half filling the bottles with them, and then pouring in hot, soapy water in which a piece of washing soda has been dissolved. Let the bottles stand an hour, then shake well, empty, rinse and drain.

Potato Fritters.  
 Six medium-sized potatoes. Boil and mash well and beat up with a half cup of milk. Stir in one beaten egg and enough flour to make a stiff batter. Fry as pancakes, cooking thoroughly on account of the flour.