



Race for a Wife

BY HAWLEY SMART

CHAPTER VI.

The solicitor drove away, fuming with indignation. "Pompous, poverty-stricken!" were the epithets he applied to the squire, in these first moments of his wrath. Even a usurious solicitor is possessed of pride of some kind, and though he may hold it in tolerable subjection during the early stages of his career, like other men's, it waxes fat and thrives wonderfully under the accumulation of wealth. Harold Denison had trampled it remorselessly under foot. Then the irritation subsided, and the astute old head once more began to reckon up the chances of the game. He played it all over again in his own mind. "No," he muttered; "don't think I made any mistakes! I was a fool to lose my temper, though. Hadn't I made up my mind, all along, that he'd take it pretty much in that way, to start with? When I think how many of 'em I've seen run rusty about their family names, places, and plate! It was foolish—ay, very foolish—to be annoyed at Denison's tantrums. Names?—bah!" continued the old man, contemptuously. "If it came all the way from the Conqueror, its worth on stamped paper is the only valid test."

Sam Pearman, when he heard the result of his father's mission, took rather a different view of it from his progenitor. As a younger man he lacked the patience; and then, moreover, was there not the blow to his self-esteem? Between twenty and thirty we feel that acutely; from thirty to forty, with a sort of modified soreness; at fifty the conceit has been taken out of most of us, and we are no longer astonished at finding that the world rates us a little lower than our own valuation. Electroplate may pass for gold for a short season, in these days, but society is pretty certain to detect the ring of false metal ere very long.

Samuel the junior had so far been a fortunate man in pursuit of his ambitions. Though not so successful as he could have wished, yet, to a certain extent, he had worked his way into the county society. There were many houses that he was occasionally asked to, as an odd bachelor to make up. Despite all his father had said at the time, a man with Sam Pearman's eye to the main chance could not conceive a man in Harold Denison's position rejecting a proposal so very much to his own advantage. He might recognize a certain amount of difficulty on the part of the lady, but men of his age are not wont to be diffident about their own powers of attraction on these occasions, and Sam Pearman was one of the last to entertain apprehensions on that score.

"He don't know what's good for him, and that's about the size of it!" was that gentleman's remark, as his sire retailed the account of his interview with Denison. "We shall have to exercise a little gentle pressure. I'm not going to be choked off my game, at all events at this stage of the proceedings. Invalids often require coercion to make them take the tonics necessary for their existence, and it will be for you to make Denison understand that he will cease to be Denison of Glinn, at all events, unless he is prepared to welcome me as a son-in-law."

"Leave it to me, Sam, and don't be in a hurry. I made up my mind about it the other night. I don't say all, my boy, but a good many things I have made up my mind to have come to pass in course of time. Leave me alone to work the oracle just now, and depend upon it, I'll give you due notice when it's time for you to make a move."

The son acquiesced. If at times he thought his father was getting a little slow at turf tactics—a pursuit from which he had in great measure withdrawn—he still held a firm belief that his parent was difficult to beat in the great game of life, more especially when he held a winning card or two in his hand.

Some two or three weeks elapsed; and then, one spring morning, Harold Denison received a letter to the effect that Mr. Pearman of Mannersley felt it incumbent on himself to call in his money lent on mortgage, a more favorable opportunity for investment having offered.

That this would probably be the result of their last interview, the squire had foreseen. Yet, as days went by without any such notice, he began fondly to hope that the attorney had seen the presumption he had been guilty of, and that things would still jog quietly along in their old way. How ephemeral that way had now become, under almost any circumstances, he still kept locked within his own breast. But as he read that letter the squire knew well that the rubicon was passed, that his ships were burnt, and himself defeated. He knew, too well, that to raise that ten thousand anywhere else would result in an exposure of his affairs tantamount to ruin. He was quite aware that Pearman was equally conversant with the fact. He prepared himself for the impending crash.

But there is a certain amount of notice requisite on the calling in of a mortgage, and this gave Harold Denison time to reflect—whether for good or evil the readers of this story must determine. Had the blow fallen at once, he would have abandoned Glinn, grimly, and set up his lonely tent in some remote watering place. But the crafty solicitor had measured the strength of his prey with great accuracy. It was not without design that the notice of the foreclosure of the mortgage had been delayed. "Give it time—give it

time," quoth that fisher of feeble humanity. He was right; and day after day did Harold Denison ponder over the old fisherman's terms; at first contemptuously, then moodily, until at last he began to think that it was his duty to retain Glinn at all hazards. Once arrived thus far, the speciousness of the reasoning became easy and rapid. "The lands I received from my ancestors it is my duty to transmit to my descendants." A fine country gentleman's sentiment, that would have invariably insured a round of applause at the farmer's ordinary in any market town of respectable dimensions. Now, of course, it was all plain sailing, morally. As a personal matter, the meanest lodgings at Hastings or St. Leonards would have sufficed. It were better so than to see a Denison of Glinn so vilely treated. But there were other ties to be considered. He, Harold Denison, had undoubtedly betrayed the trust of a long line of ancestors.

Then he began to think once more of his daughter. He felt compunction at the idea of yielding his handsome Maude to this low-born squire. But then Maude had never been to him what an only child is to most fathers. He had never quite forgiven the fact of her not being a son, and she had ever been more her mother's pet than his. Again, this candidate for her hand had been brought up a gentleman, had the mark of the university stamped on his based composition, and, in short, had done much to compensate for the deficiency of birth with which he had entered the world. He had seen young Pearman upon two or three occasions only. That gentleman, though the blood of his father ran strong in his veins, had quite sufficient tact to avoid showing it. He dressed quietly, and abstained from self-assertion when mixing with the class in which he was so anxious to establish himself. He was, naturally, too careful of his money to fall into the error of most parvenues, that of ostentatious display. The little he knew of him had not jarred on Harold Denison. As to Maude, her affections must be wholly unfettered. If she could be brought to think of this man as a husband, it would really be a good thing for her in the end. And by such reasoning the squire gradually worked himself round to the conviction that it was, at all events, his duty to submit Pearman's proposal to Maude, and, further, to press it strongly on her attention.

But before Harold Denison had arrived at this conclusion, there had been much grief at Glinn. He had told his wife of the contemplated foreclosure of the mortgage, and explained to her that it meant ruin—that is, ruin inevitable, as far as their still continuing the possessors of Glinn went.

"Yes, Nellie, it's all over," said the squire; "I'm beaten at last. Dear old Glinn must go through the hands of the auctioneer, and become the property of whatever greasy trader happens to have most money at his disposal just now. It's hard lines for you to have to leave the place wherein I installed you as mistress so many years ago."

"Don't think of me," replied Mrs. Denison, tearfully. "I shall be always happy as long as I have you and Maude with me. It will be sad to leave all my old cottagers and almoners to the tender mercies of others; but oh! it will fall heaviest on you, Harold, to give up what has been the home of your people for so many generations!"

"I don't deny it. It will be a dreadful wrench to think of Glinn passing to strangers; but I suppose it must be so. The follies of our youth, Nell, smite us sharply as we grow old. We shall have to end our days in some cheap continental town."

CHAPTER VII.

Very sad was Maude when she heard the evil tidings, and that she had but a short time left to look upon the grand old chestnuts, the groves of laurel, and the soft, pleasant, turf vistas amid which she had been born. Bitterly she thought how the loss of all the accustomed surroundings would be felt by the gentle mother she adored; and well she divined what would be her father's sensations when, having left the home of his ancestors, he should find himself exposed to the monotonous existence of some watering place or dull continental town! How he would brood over the extinction of the Denisons of Glinn none realized more fully than Maude. She knew her father thoroughly; she was a clever girl, and fully recognized his foibles and weaknesses. She comprehended the shock it would be to his family pride—what the loss of country pursuits would be to him; what it would be to find himself a mere Mr. Denison on straitened means in some quiet place where gossip was rife, and your social status was pretty nearly gauged by the bills incurred at the butcher's and the wine merchant's. And then, the girl thought, sorrowfully, how little she could do to alleviate all this. To her mother—ah! yes, she could do much to lighten her troubles, and be a comfort to her; but for her father, nothing—and the tears trickled through Maude's long lashes as she thought how little she could be to him.

Such, so far, were the results of the machinations of that experienced "fisher of men," Mr. Pearman, on the unfortunate family at Glinn.

I have told the ingenious process of reasoning by which Harold Denison had, at last, not only soothed his conscience, but arrived at the conclusion that, like the grim old Grecian, his duty required him to sacrifice his daughter. I often think that old story a grand allegory. Agamemnon sacrifices Iphigenia, even yet, pretty constantly at St. George's, Hanover Square. We substitute the ring for the knife, and the wedding breakfast for the smoking sacrifice; and we wreath ourselves with flowers and silken raiment as we offer up our maidens at the shrine of Plutus. Who shall say that, after all, that was not the meaning of the fable?

But Harold Denison was conscious of an inward feeling that the newly formed idea was an extremely awkward subject to broach either to his wife or daughter. That he had never even alluded to Pearman's proposal I need scarcely observe, and that it looked still less pleasant to touch upon now he had made up his mind to be an active supporter thereof, must be equally obvious. Still the clouds were gathering so thick over the house of Glinn that no time was to be lost; and at last the squire nerved himself to the task, and sought his wife's boudoir, having previously ascertained that his daughter was out of the house.

"I want to talk something over with you, Nellie," he observed, as he entered. "I don't think that it will be quite pleasant to hear, but, at all events, it can't distress you, as you will have the power of deciding as you like about it."

Mrs. Denison raised her face anxiously to her husband's. Decision, on any point, was painful to her, and she was too well aware, from former experience, that this was but the prelude to some scheme in which her concurrence had already been practically marked out by her lord and master. Harold Denison's consultations, at such times, generally comprised a mere synopsis of his intentions, revealing some minor unpleasantness which he looked to her to carry out. Poor Mrs. Denison might well be diffident about such confidences; as a rule, they had borne but bitter fruit.

"What should you say," continued the squire, "if I tell you that it is possible to save Glinn to us yet?"

"Oh, Harold, can it be so?" cried Mrs. Denison with clasped hands and beating heart. "No, you don't look like it; I see in your face there is more to follow. It is some bare chance, and your sanguine nature has led you astray concerning it."

"Nellie, don't be foolish. There is a way of arranging all these miserable money matters that has been submitted to me, and which, should we consent to, there is no doubt will prove perfectly satisfactory. I have turned it all well over in my mind, and though I have, as yet, come to no determination concerning it, yet I don't deem it altogether impracticable. Will you hear me patiently?"

"Yes, Harold," was the meek response. "Well, what I want to talk to you about is this. Of course you must be aware that Maude is not only grown up and handsome, but has arrived at an age when wooers may be expected."

"What do you mean?" asked the mother, her pale face flushing, and a half-anxious, half-frightened expression visible in her blue eyes.

"We will come to that presently. You know her admirers at the Xminster ball were numerous. A man of good property in this county solicits permission to pay his addresses to Maude. He can give her a good home and everything she can want now, while at the death of his father he will be the possessor of large landed estates in the county, besides considerable sums invested elsewhere."

"The poor mother's heart beat quick. To whom was she to be asked to yield her darling? Who in all the county side was worthy of her peerless Maude? She knew of none; yet she spoke not, but gazed eagerly into her husband's face, and waited with high-strung nerves till he should speak again.

"Maude can have no attachment as yet?" inquired the squire, at length.

"No, I think not. How could she, Harold? The poor child has, as yet, seen so little of the world, and Maude is not one to give her heart away lightly."

"Maidens' hearts are stolen, sometimes, a good while before they are themselves aware of it," returned Denison, sententiously. "It is essential for my project that Maude should be fancy free."

"She is," returned the mother, anxiously; "but tell me, who is this you think good enough for her? There is no one I know," she continued, sadly, "fit to claim my darling's hand."

"It's no use fencing any more," replied the squire. "Young Pearman was much struck with Maude at the Xminster ball, and solicits permission to win her, if he can."

"Pearman! What—the son of the lawyer!" cried Mrs. Denison. "You're joking, Harold, surely! You would never consent to such a match for a daughter of yours."

"Listen, Nellie," replied the squire, sadly. "Pearman has a heavy mortgage on the property; he has bought the best part of what has been sold, and Maude's marriage with his son would once more consolidate Glinn. Don't interrupt me!" he exclaimed, in answer to a despairing gesture of his wife's. "I don't say if things stood with us as they did in the old times I'd listen to such a proposal as this; but, Nellie, if Maude could make up her mind to it, Glinn would remain ours, and that would lighten the remainder of my time in this world, and yours, too, wife mine."

"Not unless Maude were happy," murmured the poor mother.

I can fancy the contempt with which a Belgravian matron might regard Mrs. Denison's last remark. A penniless girl offered wealth, country house, etc., and her mother maunders about her happiness. Oh, it is too absurd!

(To be continued.)

ONE OF OUR FIRST ANCESTORS.



THE MAN OF LA CHAPELLE-AUX-SAINTS.

It is not the artist's intention to depict merely a type of prehistoric man, but the actual man whose skull was found recently in the Department of Correze. Taking the bones of his skull, and recognizing to the full the laws of anatomy, Mr. Kupka has covered the bones with the muscles necessary to them; and, still bound by the rules of anatomy, has given the face the expression it must have worn. The remarkable prominence of the superciliary arches, the width of the nose and its flatness, the absence of chin, are all evident in the skull. The man must have been about 50 years of age, was 1 meter 60 in height (about 5 feet 3½ inches), and could not assume the upright position of the superior races, although his knee-pan, unlike that of the monkey, was in front, and he was more upright than the ape. His legs were short; he obtained his food irregularly and with difficulty; and could not have been fat. The illustration shows him emerging from the cave that gave him shelter, in which he died and in which his precious remains were found. With the aid of Mr. Marcellin Boule, Mr. Kupka has reconstructed the scenery in which this ferocious ancestor of ours lived. Our drawing can fairly claim to be the first that has shown with any scientific certainty prehistoric man in his habit as he lived. We reproduce it by arrangement with "L'Illustration" of Paris, to whom the credit of the reproduction is due.—Illustrated London News.



Does Smoking Cause Cancer?

There is nothing peculiar to the smoke of tobacco having the power of causing cancer. There is nothing in the smoke of any burning material which as smoke possesses such power. When smoking tobacco causes an ulcer on the tongue or elsewhere in the mouth—an ulcer that many describe as cancer—it is because the smoke is hot, or heavily laden with steam.

The hotter the smoke or the more steam it contains the greater is its tendency to bring about ulceration. But comparatively cool and dry smoke may prove highly irritating if the pipe, cigar or cigarette is held between the lips in one position, so that the smoke impinges on one spot. It is this spot which under such conditions will ulcerate.

Another common offender is a jagged mouthpiece to pipe or holder. But it is as unreasonable to blame tobacco for the injury wrought by such a mouthpiece as it would be to condemn the meat because the kitchen range was out of order. The tobacco most hot in the smoking is the very mild, light-colored variety. When tobacco has been heavily watered it gives off steam, and there can be small wonder that the steam makes a sore.

Another fact worthy of attention is that many so-called cases of cancer are merely cases of common ulceration.

To Remove Cravings for Liquor.

Take one pound of the best, fresh quill red Peruvian bark, powder it and soak in one pint of diluted alcohol. Afterward strain and evaporate it down to half a pint. The dose is a teaspoonful every three hours the first and second day and occasionally moisten the tongue between doses. The person can tell by headache if he is taking too much. The third day reduce the dose to fifteen drops, then to ten and then to five. To make a cure requires from five to fifteen days and in extreme cases thirty days. Seven days, however, is the average.

New Headache Cure.

One of the best remedies for a sick or nervous headache is to take raw potatoes without either washing or paring

and cut them into thick slices. Lay them close together on the forehead and keep in place by covering with a large handkerchief folded cornerwise and then tied in the back. In a short time the pain will disappear. As the pieces of potato become hot replace them with fresh ones. They give all the coolness of ice without the incidental dampness and there is not the burning sensation too often causes. The potato is distinctly soothing.

Nervous Treatment.

Dr. Dubois of the University of Berne, Switzerland, is noted for his success in the treatment of nervous diseases. A large part of his treatment consists in drinking milk and more milk. If a patient does not like milk he is required to drink it anyway and always with the result that a liking is developed for it. No country is so beset by nervous ailments as America. It is possible that Americans drink too little milk, but with milk prices soaring as they are some folks may have to do without this medicine.

La Grippe.

This is an aggravated influenza accompanied with rise of temperature, intense headache, distressing muscular pains and great prostration. Mix fifteen grains of sulphate of quinine, fifteen grains of extract of cinchona and one-half grain of extract of acouite root for twenty pills. Take one pill three times a day.

To Extract a Splinter.

When a splinter has been driven into the hand it can be extracted without pain by steam. Partly fill a wide-mouthed bottle with hot water, place the injured part over the mouth of the bottle and press tightly. The suction will draw the flesh down and in a minute or two the steam will extricate the splinter and the inflammation will disappear.

A Plucky Woman.

The only person who resisted the Yellowstone stage robber at the recent hold-up was a woman and when he asked her to hand over a ring she smilingly answered, "Not on your life." Not a single man had her courage, which goes to prove that women are a little braver than men at such times.

Trying to Prove It.

"Do you know they'll carry hogs on this road cheaper than they will passengers?" said the red-faced man in the smoker.

"Is that so?" replied his neighbor, who was being crowded in his seat; "how much did you pay?"—Yonkers Statesman.

If love wasn't blind, Cupid would have a lot more work to do.