



# Race for a Wife

BY HAWLEY SMART

## CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

Grenville had made up his mind that he was powerless; but still, all the same, Maude's letter must be answered. This, again, was not so easy to do. When the girl you are in love with appeals to you tearfully to save her from being married to somebody else, the obvious course would seem to be to run away with her yourself. But, as George Elliot says, "Running away, especially when spoken of as 'absconding,' seems, at a distance, to offer a good modern substitute for the right of sanctuary; but seen closely, it is often found inconvenient and scarcely possible." So, though to emulate young Lochinvar and bear off your fair Ellen of Netherby may seem the proper thing to do on the first blush of such occasion, yet, on mature reflection, it may prove hardly feasible. Mrs. Lochinvar must be clothed and fed, while the reiving and raiding by which that adventurous gallant doubtless supported the lady of his love would, in these days, be known by the prosaic term of "robbery with violence." The attention of Colonel Henderson and his myrmidons, the grave consideration of his countrymen, and an eloquent oration, rather to his disadvantage, by a criminal court judge, would probably be the termination of young Lochinvar's career in these days.

What is he to write? What is he to say? Can you not guess? Of course he will sit down and do the very thing he should not. He can't help, but he can complicate her troubles. Love is essentially a selfish passion. Having no consolation to offer her, no assistance to render her, he betakes himself to his desk and pours forth his story of love and lamentation. He exhorts her not to marry Pearman, but gives her no hint of how she is to combat the difficulties that surround her. He pours forth, in good, honest, genuine terms, the tale of his love; he dwells on the certainty of his having a home ere long to offer her through his own exertions, and winds up with a tremendous peroration about having loved her from her cradle. He has done nothing of the kind. His love is a child of something under a twelve-month's growth; and though I fear all lovers romance fearfully, they thoroughly believe in their figments at the time. Then comes another sheet of postscript about "can she love him?" he shall know no rest till he gets her answer. And after it is all done and posted, Grenville Rose feels more uneasy than ever. He is not thinking so much of poor Maude's troubles as what will she say to his declaration of love? He racks his brain for every trace of favor she has shown him all the past year. Sweet and cousinly she has been ever, but no sign of love can he recall. Fool that I have been!" he mutters; "I have been so careful not to give her a hint of my feelings. I wish I had that letter back. No, I don't. I don't know, in short—"

and the last fragment contained pretty well the gist of Grenville's thoughts at present.

## CHAPTER XI.

Maude, as she has already explained, has been having a hard time of it at Glinn these last two or three days. Life has been all so easy to her so far, that she hardly realizes the facing of this, her first genuine trouble. She is awaiting the post anxiously this morning; Gren is certain to write to her by return, and her belief in Gren is unbounded.

Once more the icy breakfast table she so dreads. Her father looks at her as a culprit who would subvert the old Grecian story, and sacrifice her parent instead of presenting her throat to the knife. Mrs. Denison evidently looks upon her as a sainted martyr. She loves and sympathizes with her daughter; she approves of her spirited refusal, but she cannot desert her old idols. "The king can do no wrong." Harold Denison's opinion must be hers outwardly, though in her heart of hearts she may rebuke herself for not being on her daughter's side.

"A letter from Grenville for you, Maude," said her father, as he threw it across. She and her cousin were regular correspondents, so that it excited no remark; yet the mother noticed that the girl, instead of tearing it open as was her wont, slipped it quietly into the pocket of her dress. Maude felt as if she possessed a talisman against her troubles, and determined to read it in the solitude of her own chamber, and there she betook herself as soon as breakfast was over.

Her cheek flushed as she perused it, and the large grey eyes opened wide with astonishment. Grenville's tale of passionate love would have moved most girls, albeit he has not as yet in these pages figured to any great advantage—still Grenville Rose had a shrewd enough head upon his shoulders, and was a comely man to look upon, to boot. He told his love well, and few maidens, even if they do not reciprocate it, can listen unmoved when that old-world story is passionately told them. There was plenty of warmth in Grenville's fervent pleading, and after reading the letter through twice, Maude dropped the paper on her lap, and, utterly oblivious to her troubles, fell into a reverie.

It seemed so strange. She had loved and admired Gren as long as she could remember, but she had never thought of him in this way—at least, she did not

think so, and yet, almost unconsciously to herself, of late she had been more solicitous about gaining his good opinion and pleasing him than of yore. "To think Gren should care about me in this way!" she murmured; "and I—do I love him? I don't know. He's nicer, and better, and cleverer than anyone I ever met. Why didn't he tell me this when he was here last? I think I'd rather have heard it from himself. Ah! but doesn't he tell me why not?" and the girl once more took up the letter and read:

"All this, my darling, has been on my lips for months, but how could I tell you?—how could I seek your love who had not even a home to offer? What the struggle has been to see you so often, and yet keep down what surged within me, I only know. When I kissed your cheek at parting last time, I nearly clasped you in my arms and poured out the secret of my soul to you. I did not; it seemed madness—it is perhaps madness now; but, my darling, I could not lose you. When you tell me that another seeks the prize I covet, right or wrong, I must speak. Maude, you must decide between us. Can you trust me, and wait?"

Once more the letter fell in her lap, and the softened grey eyes and slightly flushed face anguished well for Grenville Rose's wooing.

"Yes," she muttered, softly, "I think I love him now as he would have me; and if I don't quite yet—for it seems all so new to me—I know I could shortly. Gren, dear, what am I to write to you? I think it must be 'Yes.'"

It was wrong, she thought, to keep Gren in suspense when he was so dreadfully in love with her; so that night's mail bore a timid, fluttering little note, the receipt of which produced a tremendous state of exhilaration in that young Templar.

But poor Maude, after the first flush of exultation that enters the breast of every girl at a welcome declaration of love, quickly awoke to the fact that her position was not a whit improved by it. She confided her engagement to her mother, and for the first time in her life Maude beheld Mrs. Denison really angry. "I'm surprised and disgusted with Grenville," said that lady. "It's too bad of him, taking advantage of a child like you in this manner. I like him, always have liked him, and, under different circumstances, would have sooner seen you his wife than any man's I know. But he can barely keep himself as yet, and must know that his thinking of a wife at all is foolish in the extreme, and that thinking of you is simply absurd. He's behaved very badly, and if you don't promise to write and break it off, you can say, by my desire, I shall tell your father all about it."

"Oh, mother, you won't do that," said Maude.

"Not unless you oblige me," said Mrs. Denison, sternly.

Poor Maude was electrified. That the mother she had been always accustomed to pet, and do as she liked with, should suddenly rise against her like this, was past her comprehension. Yet to anyone who has made character his study, nothing can be more in accordance with the usual law in such cases. Weak, feeble characters, when, either from caprice or driven by necessity, they exert such power as may be in their hands, invariably do it tyrannically and despotically.

Mrs. Denison has suffered of late from the stern rule of her lord and master. In spite of all her love for her daughter, she has become dimly conscious that there will be no peace at Glinn unless Maude yields assent to the ukase Harold Denison has promulgated. Women of her class can suffer, but they cannot resist. Even now she would not urge Maude to marry Pearman. But that her impecunious nephew had dared to entangle her daughter in an engagement, especially at this time, roused as much wrath within her as her nature was capable of. Most mothers, I imagine, would deem she had grounds for indignation.

All this while Pearman has not been idle. Slowly, but surely, the legal notices and proceedings progress, and Harold Denison knows full well that within three weeks ten thousand pounds must be found, or Glinn must go to the hammer. The Pearmans conduct the campaign with scrupulous politeness. It is quite in accordance with the old traditions of the Battle of Fontenoy. They apologize for every fresh process, and allude to it as a mere matter of form. They affect to believe that there can be no doubt Mr. Denison will easily pay them off at the expiration of the notice of foreclosure. The old gentleman even indulges in pecularity on the subject.

"Mean to have the very last day out of us, I see, sir; and quite right, too," he chuckled, upon meeting the squire one day.

"Yes, Pearman," was the grim retort; "I learned the exacting of my pound of flesh, to the last pennyweight, in your hands. I have not forgot my lesson. You burn it into your pupils' minds pretty deeply."

The old lawyer has laid himself open to another rebuff, and Denison has not failed to take advantage thereof. Why? Sarcasm breaks no bones, few knew better than that astute "fisher of men." His sententiousness was tolerably blunt, and he recked little what men said to him,

or of him, so long as the furtherance of the object he had in view was attained. That his son should marry Maude Denison was the goal he now aimed at, and that that was to be brought about, he still thought far from improbable. To that end he conceived, even while pressing him for money, it was quite necessary to keep on easy terms with the squire. None knew better than he how bitter it is for a proud man to take his words back, and if what he now played for was to be achieved, that was a necessity. The task must be made as easy as possible—the unpalatable draught sugared as far as might be.

"He—he!" he answered; "you will have your joke, Mr. Denison. It's a mighty pity you couldn't make up your mind to concentrate the property once more. Beg pardon, Squire," he continued, deprecating Denison's angry gesture; "don't fear my alluding to it again. It was presumption on my part, I know, and if I said anything to vex you, I'm sure I'm heartily sorry. You'll forgive an old man, who, not having been brought up with your views, saw nothing but the concentration of an estate. Yes, I know I was all in the wrong; it isn't likely Miss Maude could be brought to think of such a thing. I'm sure I hope the calling-in of the mortgage is no inconvenience; you can easily raise it elsewhere. But Sam's got so deep in the racing now, that we must get that sum together before the Two Thousand. I wish he wasn't; but he's clever, Sam is—clever in his way—too great a gentleman for me. No offense, sir, I hope; but I'm a plain man."

## CHAPTER XII.

Harold Denison touched his hat haughtily, and rode home; but the old usurer's artful speech still simmered in his brain. Why should it not be? It would cut the tangled knot of his difficulties. He had made inquiries. Young Pearman had been brought up a gentleman, and visited in several good houses in the county. He naturally a little exaggerated this to himself, to justify the course he intended to pursue; nay, for the matter of that, had been pursuing for some days. His wife had told him that she had laid the Pearman proposition before Maude, and that the young lady had declined, with thanks; since which intelligence he had bullied Mrs. Denison, and snubbed or treated his daughter with cold indifference. The heads of the family can make contumacious children conscious of their high displeasure without any unseemly rating—indeed, that may be looked upon as mere mild and salutary punishment compared to the other—that other which, to speak metaphorically, consists in being condemned to the domestic ice house. It is hard to describe, still there will be few of my readers who, if they have had the good fortune not to experience it, but must have seen some culprit enduring that slow punishment—meted out more often, perhaps, to daughters than sons. But don't we all know it; the chilling rejoinder that meets any attempt at geniality—the austere look that seems to say it is heresy that we should presume to forget the measure of our offending—the moral thong always awaiting us should we show any signs of relapsing into cheerfulness? Bah! those physical torturers of the middle ages were mere bunglers at their craft.

From this time poor Maude's life was made heavy to bear. Harold Denison sent for her to his study, and himself put Pearman's proposal before her. He enlarged upon its advantages, and declared that it was her duty to save the property to her descendants; on her head it rested whether the Denisons of Glinn should cease to exist, as of course her future husband must take her name. For himself, he cared not—he was an old man, and it mattered little to him. Any foreign watering place was good enough for him to wear out his miserable life in. He deplored the follies of his youth. It was sad that a father should plead before a daughter in this wise. He could bear anything but the thought that the Denisons of Glinn should be expunged from the roll of the county in which they had dwelt and been known since the Wars of the Roses; all this it was in Maude's power to avert. Why could she not marry this man? He had been brought up a gentleman, and mixed in the best society in the county. If not quite her equal in blood, he would repair the shattered fortunes of the family. Such matches were made every day. The destiny of the plutocracy was to strengthen the aristocracy. Far be it from him to put any pressure upon her, but it was his duty as a parent to lay the whole case before her.

Gallantly did Maude fight her battle, and though at the end of this long interview she stood with flushed and tear-stained cheeks to listen to her father's final exordium, she was still resolute in her refusal.

But the struggle was too unequal. Under the pressure put upon her by her husband Mrs. Denison had not only made Maude write a letter of renunciation to Grenville Rose, but had penned him a very severe philippic herself, in which she insisted that all correspondence should cease between them. She had further, under the threat of revealing everything to Mr. Denison, extorted a promise from Maude that she would write no more to her cousin. She knew her daughter well, and felt implicit confidence that, her word once pledged, truth would be kept.

I have described the first stage of the attack. It is a common enough story, as many a woman could bear witness to, as far as the general details go. Can you not easily guess the result? She was a high-spirited girl, and bore herself bravely in the beginning; but cut off from all communication with her lover, she gave way at last to the moral pressure brought to bear upon her, and, with pale cheeks and heavy eyes, whispered her mother "that they might do with her as they liked; if she couldn't marry Gren, she didn't care who it was."

(To be continued.)



"Father, what are wrinkles?" "Fretwork, my son, fretwork."—Independent.

Nell—Do you think Miss Talkalot really enjoys grand operas? Belle—Oh, yes; fluently.—Philadelphia Record.

"Do yes kape nothin' but dry goods here?" "No, ma'am." "Thin where will I be atther goin' for a wathered silk?"

Mabel—Why, he yawned three times while I was talking to him. Her Best Friend—Maybe he was just trying to say something, dear.

"Father, what is an empty title?" "Well, an empty title is your mother's way of calling me the head of the house."—New York Herald.

"You say he's a professional man?" "Yes." "But I thought he followed automobile racing?" "He does. He's a doctor."—Cleveland Leader.

The Bride—I want you to send me some coffee, please. The Grocer—Yes, ma'am. Ground? The Bride—No, third floor front.—Woman's Home Companion.

Officer (to recruit who has missed every shot)—Good heavens, man, where are your shots going? Recruit (tearfully)—I don't know, sir, they left here all right!—Punch.

"He woke up one morning to find himself famous." "Well?" "But people had forgotten all about him by the time the 4 o'clock extras were out."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"We have a man in this prison who never tried to escape," declared the headkeeper. "What's he in for?" inquired visitor. "Bigamy," replied the headkeeper.—The Bohemian.

Teacher—What do you understand by the word "self-denial?" Pupil—it is when some one comes to borrow money from father and he says he is not at home.—Fliegende Blätter.

"And did you enjoy your African trip, ma'am? How did you like the savages?" "Oh, they were extremely kind-hearted! They wanted to keep me there for dinner."—London Opinion.

Mother (to future son-in-law)—I may tell you that, though my daughter is well educated, she cannot cook. Future Son-in-law—That doesn't matter much so long as she doesn't try.

Pop, a man is bachelor until he gets married isn't he? Tommy's pop—Yes, my son. Tommy—And what does he call himself afterward? Tommy's pop—I'd hate to tell you, my son.—Philadelphia Record.

School teacher—Johnny, what is a patriot? Johnny—A man that tries to benefit his country. School teacher—And what is a politician? Johnny—A man that tries to have his country benefit him.—Judge.

"So you abandoned the simple style of spelling?" "Yes," responded the former advocate of the fad. "I found it so difficult to make people understand that I knew better."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"That organist Belle jilted for the aged millionaire played a spiteful trick at her wedding." "What did he do?" "Instead of playing them up the aisle with the wedding march, he struck up Old Hundred."—Boston Transcript.

Senior Waiter (to rather green assistant at a recent banquet in a celebrated London hotel)—Now, then, young man, do a bit o' something, and don't stand a-gaping and staring there as if you was the bloom'n' guest of the heven'n!—Tit-Bits.

"That Professor Blink fooled me badly." "How?" "He told me ethnology was the science of the races and when I went to the library and asked for a book on ethnology there wasn't a word from cover to cover on how to pick winners."—Tit-Bits.

"John, you said we'd have to give up luxuries, and only allow ourselves necessities." "Yes, my dear." "But you came home last night from the lodge in a taxicab; I heard it." "That—er—that was a necessity, my dear."—Boston Transcript.

"I hope," said a patient, courteously, "I have not brought you too far from your regular round." "Oh, not at all!" replied the doctor. "I have another patient in the neighborhood, so I can kill two birds with one stone!"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The girl was a recent importation from the Emerald Isle. "Mary," said her mistress one day this week, "what are you doing with that clock?" Mary (with the servants' bed room clock under her arm)—Plaze, mum, O'im takin' it to a watchmaker's. It's all out of order, mum. Ivery morning at foive o'clock it goes all to pieces an' makes such a racket Ol can't slape."

## NEW TYPE OF BUNGALOW.

Concrete Structure at Portland, Me., Which is Well Spoken Of.

Cement Age describes a concrete bungalow at Portland, Me., in which the exterior of the house is of concrete panels. The concrete panels are but one inch in thickness, and besides being remarkably light, are strong enough to bear an immense weight. The panels are re-enforced with strips of steel wire, and in the tests applied to them they withstood the strain of three heavy men jumping up and down upon them and showed no sign of injury. They are ornamented on the outside with raised figures, scroll work, etc., from steel ceiling designs. The panels were modeled in wooden frames on a base consisting of a strip of steel ceiling, by means of which the decorative design was transferred to the cement, giving the panels an attractive appearance. The wooden frames were made of three-inch stuff and the exterior of the concrete panel comes flush with the wood, while the recess in the side which forms the interior affords two inches of air space over the entire length and width of the panel, the cement concrete being one inch thick. This is accomplished by filling the forms partially with sawdust or other material before the cement concrete is poured in, then turning the form over so that the concrete can be pressed against the steel ceiling design of the mold. After sufficient water has been poured upon the composition to insure compactness and perfect setting in the mold, the sawdust filling is removed, the interior smoothed off nicely and the completed panel is left to dry and harden.

## ESKIMO SUPERIORITY.

Vilhjalmar Stefansson, in writing of his thirteen months' stay among the Eskimos, tells, in Harper's Magazine, of this great kindness to a guest who could not pay for his keep, a stranger whose purpose among them they did not know.

In an Eskimo home I have never heard an unpleasant word between a man and his wife, never seen a child punished nor an old person treated inconsiderately. The household affairs are carried on in an orderly way, and the good behavior of the children is remarked by practically every traveler.

In many things we are the superiors of the Eskimo; in a few we are his inferiors. The moral value of some of his superiority is small. He can make better garments against cold than our tailors and furriers; he can thrive in barren wastes where a New Englander would starve. But of some of his superiority the moral value is great. He has developed individual equality farther than we, he is less selfish, more helpful to his fellows, kinder to his wife, gentler to his child, more reticent about the faults of his neighbor than any but the rarest and best of our race.

When I tried to express thanks for their kindness in my fragmentary Eskimo, they were more surprised than pleased.

"Do, then, in the white man's land, some starve and shiver while others eat much and are warmly clad?"

To that question I said, "No," although I knew I was lying. I was afraid the competitive system could not be explained to them satisfactorily; neither was I, being the poorest among them, very anxious to try justifying it.

## The Roosevelt Idea.

A writer in the London Times says that Theodore Roosevelt is the hero of every schoolboy in the United Kingdom. No other American except Lincoln has ever been looked up to by so many youths and young men as an inspiration and as a civic model as Mr. Roosevelt. He has a genius for inspiring people to higher ideals, to cleaner methods. His life story is one of the greatest sermons that has been preached on the American continent since Lincoln was assassinated. Mr. Roosevelt started out with the stern resolve that, let come what would, whether he succeeded or failed, whether he made friends or enemies, he would keep his record clean; he would not take chances with his good name, he would part with everything else first; he would never gamble with his reputation. He has had numerous opportunities to make a great deal of money during his public career, through graft and all sorts of dishonorable schemes, by allying himself with crooked, unscrupulous politicians, but even his worst enemies can never say of him that he took from Albany or the White House a dishonest dollar. He has always refused to be a party to any political jobbery, any underhand business. He has always fought in the open, has kept the door of his heart wide open; he has kept no secrets from the American people. He has always preferred to lose any position he was seeking, if he must get smirched in getting it. He would not touch an office or preferment unless it came to him clean, with no trace of jobbery on it.—Success Magazine.