



Race for a Wife

—BY—
HAWLEY SMART

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

And that weak mother, who under her husband's influence, had for the last week done all she could to abet the sale of the daughter she loved so, wept bitterly now her end was accomplished.

"Don't cry, mother," said Maude, gently; "I will do all you wish. I would rather not know more about it than I am obliged to just yet. And one thing more. I must—when all's settled, you know; there can be no harm then—I must write to bid Gren good-by; you'll let me do that, mother, won't you?"

It was all over. The bright Maude of some few weeks back, with her high spirits and ringing laugh, was scarcely to be recognized in the pale spiritless girl who moped about the house now. Hearts don't break nowadays; but when young ladies dispose of their affections injudiciously, the intervention of the authorities is wont to be followed by a short interval of sorrow and sadness.

Harold Denison, upon hearing his daughter's decision, made a mighty gulp, and, swallowing as much pride as might have set up two or three county families, penned a letter to lawyer Pearman.

It was an awkward epistle to compose, but the squire showed himself quite equal to the occasion. The sum of it was this: He first apologized, in a haughty manner, for what he was pleased to term his curtness at their last interview. In the enumerated state of his property he had thought it but right to lay the proposal before Miss Denison, who, it appeared, took a different and perhaps more sensible view of it than she had done in the first instance. He should, therefore, be happy to welcome the visits of Mr. Pearman, junior, to Glinn.

"Told you so, Sam—told you so," said old Pearman, when he received this precious epistle. "He only wanted time and line enough. I've done my part, boy. It is in your hands now; but I think you'll find it all pretty smooth sailing."

CHAPTER XIII.

A little after six in the morning. The April sun has just succeeded in breaking through the morning mist, and the air still has a crackle of frost in it. At the foot of a small knoll, surmounted by a little clump of Scotch fir, stand three men, engaged in earnest conversation. Carefully sheeted, with stable boys on their backs, some seven or eight thoroughbreds pace majestically round and round the little hillock. On the side these men are standing, stretches a considerable expanse of velvety turf-down. A series of slender white poles mark out a wide oval road, somewhere about a mile in circumference. That broad, green, ribbon-like track is what is termed the Mannersley Gallop, and the ground upon which Mr. Pearman's horses take their daily exercise.

The gentleman in the pepper-and-salt suit, single-breasted coat, longish waistcoat and low-crowned hat, is Martin Pycroft, trainer. He fiddles with the ashplant in his hand, and seems rather to demur to something that his companion—Sam Pearman—seems to insist on.

As for the third member of the conference, a bright, wiry, dark little man, he looks as if his opinion must be asked pretty decidedly before he intends committing himself on any point. He is a jockey of some considerable eminence in his profession.

"Can't do any harm, Martin. He might just as well have a spin with the old horse as go his usual gallop."

"Well, I'd rather Mr. Pearman wait till he is quite wound up before trying him. You must do as you please, sir. No horse can be doing better; but continually trying does take the heart out of them, you know, sir."

"Of course it does; but mind, we haven't galloped Coriander beside another this year. We suppose him to be quite as good and better than he was last autumn, but we've never ascertained. I mean to know this morning."

In the meantime the string has halted, the sheets are removed, and then, led by the head lad on a veteran of four seasons' standing, the youngsters proceed in Indian file round the course at a half-speed gallop. Then comes more walking for twenty minutes or so, succeeded by another steady canter, towards the finish of which the pace is considerably improved—the rate of progression being always regulated by the rider of the leading horse, who has, of course, received his instructions from the trainer beforehand. More walking, then more cantering, at the conclusion of which Martin Pycroft says quietly:

"Take 'em home, William, and tell those boys to bring Loadstone and Coriander up here."

Merely replying, "All right, sir," William turned his horse's head in the direction of the stables.

A minute or two, and a couple of stable boys walk the horses to where Pearman, Pycroft and "the rigid rider to orders" are standing.

"Jump off and strip 'em," says the trainer. The boys slip off the backs of their respective mounts, and hold them by the head while Pycroft unlooses Coriander's surcingle, whips off the sheets with a dexterous hand, and proceeds to adjust a light racing saddle on that equine celebrity's back. Jim, assisted by

Pearman, performs the same office for Loadstone.

"Now, sir," says Martin, "before we see how they are together, we had better just let 'em have a quiet canter. Jim, you get up on Coriander. You, young 'un," he continued, addressing the lad who had been upon Loadstone, "get on your own horse, and lead round a nice strong canter, making it a little quicker from the bush home than in the dip; but no galloping in earnest, mind."

"Looks and moves well, sir, don't he?" said Martin, as Coriander, under Jim's masterly hands, after two or three angry snatches at his bit, settled down into the long, low sweeping stride characteristic of the most thoroughbred horses that distinguish themselves on a race course.

And now the pair come striding along towards the knoll, where they are pulled up.

"Go kind?" inquires Mr. Pycroft. "Nice 'oss to ride—can put him anywhere," observes Jim, sententiously. "Walk 'em about a bit, while we get the saddle cloths ready."

Jim and the boy duly go into the scale. Another muttered conversation between Pycroft and his master; then the saddles were removed, the leaded cloths carefully adjusted, the saddles replaced over them, the long surcingles passed carefully over, and Coriander and Loadstone were ready for their trial.

"Give them their orders, Martin, and then come here and see it. Mind, they're to start from the three-quarter-of-a-mile post. Who's to start 'em?"

"All right, sir; I told William to come back, and here he is. You go down with 'em, Will. Bush in, mind. Here, Jim, you ride the old horse, of course, this time. Get off, and come right along. I don't mean ride his head off, but take the lead, and keep it."

"All right!" And Jim walked the grey leisurely down alongside William, to the starting post.

"Now, look here, boy," said Mr. Pycroft, advancing to the stripling who was on Coriander; "you have an idea of riding, you have. Now, don't go and make an exhibition of yourself this morning. Mind, if you do it here, I shall take care you don't get much chance of doing it in public. Attend to what I say to you. Get off as well as you can. Jim's pretty safe to do you there; but, even if he don't, mind, you're to wait on him till you come to the quarter-mile post from home. You know it. Run up to him then. But, whatever Jim does, whether he begins riding or whether he doesn't, you're not to begin in earnest till within fifty yards of home. I'll forgive you if you wait too long, and lose it that way; but if you come too soon and ride him to a standstill, we shan't want you for light-weights at Newmarket or anywhere else."

The lad walked his horse after Loadstone with a very serious face. Like all boys in a racing stable, of course the height of his ambition was to become a jockey. He was not a little proud of being in charge of such a celebrity as Coriander. For, be it known to the uninitiated that every race horse in a big stable is looked after by his own boy, and that these boys, when their horse is one of distinction, are immensely proud of him. They groom him, ride him at exercise—in short, almost live with him.

Coriander was the first crack that had fallen to young Allen's care, and he firmly believed such a flyer never existed. Now—anxious moment!—he was to ride him in his trial. He looked even at that as a great rise in his profession. It is true he had ridden in two or three trials before, but then he had generally been on something that had had no earthly chance to win. Suppose he should make a mess of it this morning; Mr. Pycroft would never give him another chance, perhaps.

No wonder the boy looks rather serious. But they are at the post. A couple of false starts take place, in consequence of young Allen's eagerness to get well off. "Stop a bit, young 'un," said Jim, laughing; "be a little steady. Mind, it ain't a race, and I won't want to get the best of you. I only want to get away fair. How a starter would walk down your throat if you carried on like this!"

The remonstrance had the desired effect, and the next time they were away, Jim having a little the best of it, though not much. Once off, the boy's nerves steadied directly. He waited patiently till he came to the quarter post, and then ran up abreast of Loadstone. Locked together, they went for the next two hundred yards, and then Jim began what is termed in racing parlance "fiddling" at his horse; it means riding him a little. He drew near a length ahead, but the boy sat still. "Wait till within fifty yards of home, whatever Jim does," he muttered, "and I will, if I'm beat for it."

A few strides more, and he saw that Loadstone could hardly hold the lead he had obtained. Gradually he was creeping up to him again, though still quiet on his horse. A little more, and Jim began to ride his horse in earnest, and this was the hardest trial the boy had undergone yet. For a moment Jim forged ahead, and looked like leaving him altogether; then he seemed to hang; and now surely he was within fifty yards of home. Was he? Yes! He sat down and shook up Coriander, passed Jim easily, and went

past the knoll a couple of lengths in front.

"You'll do, young 'un," said Jim, good-naturedly, as they pulled up their horses. "Don't quite know what orders you got, but can pretty well guess. You stick as close to what you're told to do, and keep your head as cool as you did this time, and you'll find yourself first past the post at Epsom some of these days."

"Well, Martin, I think that'll about do," laughed Pearman, as the trial finished. "It will be a good horse that has the best of Coriander three weeks from this."

"Yes, sir; he's better even than I thought he was, and I know I haven't worked him up to his best yet. I've no fear of his not going on well, for I never trained a better constituted colt in my life; and though we didn't try him quite the full distance this morning, I've no doubt of his getting the Rowley Mile as well as he's done his three-quarters this morning."

"You did that very well, my lad," he continued, addressing Allen. "This morning's ride will be a little in your pocket, if we've luck, and you pay attention to my next orders; and they are—Hold your tongue. You'll get riding before you're many months older. Well, Jim, what do you think?"

The jockey jumped off his horse and handed him over to the boy that had first been on him. When out of earshot, he replied, "I'll win the Guineas, bar accidents, unless there's a great three-year-old whose name we haven't heard of."

Sam Pearman, in the meantime, seated on the soft grass, was busily glancing over a neat memorandum book. "Yes," he muttered, "stakes and all, it will be a goodish bit to win. It's a bigger thing than I ever pulled off yet, and I have had some very tidy wins in my time. We'll be off home now, Martin—eh? Good enough, Jim, isn't it?"

"Wish I'd your book on it, sir," was the that worthy's reply.

"Well, you and Martin will find that I've not forgotten to do something in that way for you when it's landed," laughed Pearman. "For the present, good-by."

"Must win—eh?" said the trainer. "Can't lose," responded the jockey, "unless I'm knocked over."

CHAPTER XIV.

Old Pearman had shown perfect knowledge of mankind on the receipt of Denison's letter. He had gone over to Glinn the next morning. The old lawyer was quite master of the situation.

The squire felt quite grateful to his visitor for the tact and delicacy with which he paved the way for his retreat from an awkward position. It was, perhaps, this wonderful quality which had helped Pearman on in the world more than anything. Even those who had been most closely shorn were always impressed to their dying day that, if they could have pulled through the swamp of impetuosity their recklessness had plunged them into, Pearman would have done it.

Denison was no fool where his interests were concerned. He had, it is true, been guilty of the grossest folly in squandering a fine property; but he was not weak enough to look upon the lawyer as a benefactor.

"Well, Mr. Pearman," he said, "we had best let bygones be bygones. If I was sharp upon you the other day in speech, you retaliated on the mortgage; and you had the best of it. Come in and lunch."

So the old gentleman lunched at Glinn, and was introduced to Mrs. Denison and his future daughter-in-law. Maude took but little notice of him; but her mother, having now made up her mind to the match, was favorably impressed. Mr. Pearman, in fact, dressed quite as the old respectable confidential solicitor, and acted the part extremely well. Poor Mrs. Denison, having made up her mind to meet her ideal of a low turf attorney, derived principally from novels, was most agreeably astonished.

That the son would quickly follow in his father's footsteps was a matter of course; and here again the Glinn family were destined to be pleasantly surprised. Sam Pearman, though he had not all, yet inherited a fair proportion of his father's tact. The old gentleman, too, had given him one or two valuable hints. He presented himself very quietly, was very subdued and respectful, but by no means demonstrative in his attentions to Maude; talked just a shade of racing, to gratify the squire, letting it drop as quickly as opportunity served; chatted pleasantly on all the topics of the day, and took his departure after the delivery of a neat anecdote that made even Mrs. Denison smile.

Poor Maude, she had sat very pale through the visit; but even she felt a species of mild gratitude for the little her accredited suitor had sought from her on this occasion. She felt that she could marry the man to save Glinn to her parents, but that any lovetaking beforehand would be unendurable. If he would continue to treat her with quiet courtesy, she could bear it; but to yield her lips to him, she felt was beyond her. That lovers claim such favors she knew; but the girl had a strong touch of romance in her, and vowed no kiss should be laid on her cheek until she was irrevocably severed from Grenville Rose. She still clung to an undefined hope that he might rescue her yet. Poor child! her case looks sad enough now; but there are a good many fitful changes in this world's great kaleidoscope. Men cut their throats prematurely, and humanity generally declines struggling, just as better times are about to dawn. "More judicious to play the game out than throw down the cards," holds good in life.

(To be continued.)

Natural Deduction.

Said She—I wonder how these spiritual communications are written?
Said He—With a medium pen or pencil, I imagine.

MAJORITY RULE IN CONGRESS.

Methods Adopted to Save Time and to Protect Dominant Party.

This is a big country with big interests and it is manifestly impossible to consider all matters in which all the members are interested in open session of the house, says J. Sloat Fassett in Leslie's Weekly. Rules have been devised for appointing committees and apportioning the work. Only the more important bills can be reported and only the most urgent of these can be considered in the whole house. No rules can be or ought to be devised which would enable every member to take up the time of the house whenever it so pleased him with any bill he might choose. So in the house, as in the world generally, the rule of the majority prevails. The country, by a majority vote in the several congressional districts, selects the political party which it desires to have in control. That majority party, by majority vote, proceeds to organize the house into a working mechanism. The speaker is elected by a majority and is always answerable to that majority. The rules are adopted by a majority and are always responsive to that majority. The rules are made with full provision to protect the rights of each individual and of the minority, but rightly they are framed to enable the responsible majority to exercise the power entrusted to it by the people and for the exercise of which or the failure to exercise which that majority, and that majority alone, is held responsible. If a Democratic minority, by the aid of a small body of insurgent or rebellious Republicans, could obtain possession of the machinery of legislation and prevent the majority from carrying out its pledges the country would not accept the plea of non possumus. The entire majority would be held responsible for such a breach of trust.



POPULAR SCIENCE.

Dr. A. Bullied, who discovered the ancient British lake village at Glastonbury in 1882, has now found another group of lake dwellings at the neighboring village of Meare. The site of the lake village consists of two fields covering about twelve acres, and is marked by a number of grassy mounds formed by floors of dwellings. Dr. Bullied has found large quantities of relics, including objects in bronze, bone, horn and pottery. The village is supposed to be of the late Celtic date. It was probably built between 300 or 400 B. C. and the Roman Conquest.

Cheese must have been a rather dear or scarce article of food in 1502, for, says the Law Times, it is recorded in the "Black Books" of the Honorable Society of Lincoln's Inn that at Easter term, 1502, it was "agreed by the governors and benchers this term that if any one of the society shall hereafter cut cheese immoderately at the time of dinner or supper, or shall give cheese to any servant or to any other, he shall carry it away from the table at any time, he shall pay 4 pence for each offense. The butlers of the society shall present such defaulters weekly, under pain of expulsion from office."

Recent investigations show that the umbrella is undoubtedly of high antiquity. It appeared in various forms on the sculptured monuments of Egypt, Assyria, Greece and Rome. In hot countries it has been used since the dawn of history as a sunshade—a use signified by its name, derived from the Latin "umbra," a shade. In the East the umbrella has ever been a symbol of power and royalty, and in many countries it has become a part of religious as well as royal symbolism. The Chinese date the umbrella back to 4,000 or 5,000 years anterior to the Mosaic date of creation, which would make it about 10,000 or 11,000 years old.

When 70 per cent of cerium is allowed with 30 per cent of iron, the metal thus produced possesses the remarkable property of giving off a shower of sparks when struck by a steel wheel. This substance has been employed for making auto-igniters for gas burners, miners' acetylene lamps and cigar lighters. Recently it has been proposed to utilize it for igniting motor headlights, and even as a substitute for electric ignition in the cylinders. Doctor Brill has tried it, for the last named purpose, but he finds that the efficacy of the alloy falls off with use. The cause of this loss of efficacy is suspected to be the presence of oil and dust.

A Worse Prophet.

A prominent member of the Rothschild family says there will be no war in the Balkans. As a war prophet, too, we believe we have more confidence in a Rothschild than a Hobson, as a general proposition.—Washington Herald.

People make as much ado about making up their minds as if it amounted to something.



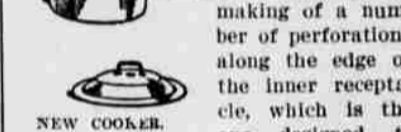
THE HOUSEHOLD.

Making Hard Soap.

Put on a pair of old gloves; open a can of the best patent lye; empty it into a stone jar; add one quart of cold or warm water and stir with a stick until the lye is thoroughly dissolved. Put the grease on in a pot over a slow fire to melt. When it is liquid, dip a cheesecloth into hot water, wring hard and strain two quarts of the grease into a pail; add this to the dissolved lye and stir until it looks like a smooth sirup. Now let it stand, stirring now and then. When it is like thick gruel, have an old bread pan ready to receive the "gruel." First, line the bottom with thick paper cut to fit; dip a clean cloth into cold water, wring it dry and spread it smoothly all over the pan, covering sides as well as the bottom. Pour in the soap; smooth it on top and let it stand to harden. When it begins to harden all over, cut into squares with a broad-bladed knife. When quite firm, lift the squares from the pan; lay them on clean paper, not touching one another. When perfectly hard it is ready for use.

Steam-Cooked Food.

By a very simple improvement in the familiar cooker, it is claimed that the preparation of food is greatly facilitated. The cooker consists of two pans, one nested within the other and the improvement referred to lies simply in the making of a number of perforations along the edge of the inner receptacle, which is the one designed to contain the food to be treated. The lid fits over both pans in such a way that steam from the water in the lower receptacle passes up to the interior of the chamber containing the food. Because of the additional heat the cooking is accomplished in less time and the moisture supplied by the steam prevents the food from becoming too dry.



NEW COOKER.

Dr. A. Bullied, who discovered the ancient British lake village at Glastonbury in 1882, has now found another group of lake dwellings at the neighboring village of Meare. The site of the lake village consists of two fields covering about twelve acres, and is marked by a number of grassy mounds formed by floors of dwellings. Dr. Bullied has found large quantities of relics, including objects in bronze, bone, horn and pottery. The village is supposed to be of the late Celtic date. It was probably built between 300 or 400 B. C. and the Roman Conquest.

Potato Shells.

Add to a pint of hot mashed potatoes half a teaspoonful of celery salt, one-fourth of a teaspoon of Hungarian paprika, a tablespoonful each of butter and cream and the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs; press firmly into buttered shells, unmold carefully, brush the corrugated side with beaten yolk, lay on a buttered pan and bake brown; garnish with parsley.

Raised Waffles.

Raised waffles are excellent. Scald two cups of milk in a double boiler, add a rounding tablespoonful of butter, one-quarter cup of sugar and a level teaspoonful of salt. When lukewarm add one-half yeast cake dissolved in one-quarter cup of lukewarm water, three cups of sifted flour and two well-beaten eggs. Cover, let rise very light and bake.

Pecan Cookies.

Cream one scant teaspoonful of butter with half a cup of sugar; add two eggs, one scant cup of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt, four tablespoonfuls of milk, a generous cup of chopped pecan meats and vanilla to flavor. Drop with a teaspoonful on buttered pans about 2 inches apart. Bake in moderate oven.

Graham Crisps.

Mix two cups of graham flour with one teaspoon of salt and one cup of water. Roll out rather thin. Cut into rounds. Put a layer on a greased pan, brush them with melted butter and put on another layer, pinch edges together, brush again with butter, prick clear through both layers in several places and bake twenty minutes in a hot oven.

Imitation Sauerkraut.

Select a small, solid head of cabbage and chop it up fine. Place in a granite or porcelain kettle for twenty-four hours. Before putting away add salt and a little water; cover well; next drain off the water, rinse well and fry in fat, lard or butter, as may be desired. It also can be boiled with meat.

Bird's Nest Pudding.

Cover the bottom of a granite plate with sliced apples, cover with a soft, rich biscuit dough, bake and serve with the apples on top, sprinkled with sugar and dotted with bits of butter. Cream may be served with it if desired.

Washing Fluid.

A useful washing fluid is made by boiling together half a pound of slaked lime and a pound of soda in six parts of water for two hours. Let it settle and then pour off the clear liquid for use.