



Race for a Wife

—BY—
HAWLEY SMART

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

That afternoon Maude strolled out into the grounds. She wandered up one of the grassy vistas through the sea of laurels, until she arrived at a pond—a pond all covered with great large-leaved water lilies; and by the edge of that pond Maude sat down, and, resting her head on her hand, began to think. It was one of those warm sunny days we are occasionally blessed with in April. She thought very sadly of the life before her. Of course it was her duty to save Glinn to her parents. Why was duty always made so hard in this world? Ah! it was cruel of Gren to tell her he loved her just when they were to separate forever.

Maude slept—she dreamt; and she pictured to herself that she was drowning in some big lake; she was going down—down ever so far, and suddenly she clasped a spar of some kind, and felt that she was saved. Then a big brown man with fierce red eyes threatened her and struck at her, and just as she was about to let go, the big brown man suddenly vanished, and Grenville Rose stood in his place, caught her by the hand, and drew her to him. She fell into his arms; and as he bent over he kissed her. Maude sat up, and turned over her dream in her mind. It cheered her. She thought it foretold the triumph of Gren over Pearman, and everything all light and sunshine for the future.

But Sam Pearman, in the meanwhile, loses no time in prosecuting his suit. Diffidence is not one of his failings, and in such mock courtship as this there is little fear of the result. Before a week had gone by he was formally engaged to Maude Denison, and the discussion of when the wedding shall take place is pre-eminently between the high contracting parties. Maude listens, and assents to everything in a quiet, listless way. She treats her betrothed with calm courtesy, but avoids all occasion of being left alone with him. So far, Sam Pearman can boast of receiving but scant favors from the hands of his bride-elect. Her cheek is as yet innocent of his caresses, and a warm pressure of the hand the extent of his achievements.

No news—not a sign of Grenville Rose; and wearily Maude commenced going through all the ordeal of preparing the trousseau. They were to be married the first week in May.

But one morning a groom came over in hot haste from Mannersley with a few lines for the squire from Sam Pearman, to say that his father was dead. The son had told them a day or two before that the old man was ailing, but had had no idea that there was much the matter. Three or four days' illness, then inflammation set in, and old lawyer Pearman was gone to his rest. That ancient fisher would never angle more, and Samuel, his son, reigned in his stead.

"Put off the wedding, Nell, for a month or two, of course," said the squire, as he broke the news to his wife. "Otherwise it's perhaps for the best. I can't pretend to feel any intense grief about old Pearman, and his departure leaves Sam and Maude all free to enter upon Mannersley at once."

Mrs. Denison showed a wisdom on the occasion seldom evinced. She said nothing, for the simple reason she had nothing to say.

As for Sam Pearman, he bore his bereavement with tolerable composure. "Sorry for the old father," he muttered. "He was a clever man, every bit of him. He could play with these swells, and manage 'em in a way nobody else I ever saw could. He was very good to me, too, always. I shall never have the head he had if I live a hundred years. Lucky I don't want it." Then he fell into a brown study. "Yes, put my marriage off a bit—hum! How lucky Coriander is entered in my name for the Two Thousand, and not his. Fancy his being disqualified, after the trial of last week!"

CHAPTER XV.

Grenville Rose, to speak metaphorically, has been paddling his skiff through troubled waters of late. Maude's short wobegone little note of dismissal, and his aunt's indignant letter, were far from pleasant reading to a man as much entangled as he was in the love-god's meshes. He sat and sulked—he sat and thought. They all ended in the same conclusion, that Pearman would marry his darling Maude, and that he was, and ever should be, utterly miserable.

Anathematizing, with an impartiality quite beautiful to witness, everything and everybody, Mr. Rose once more enters his sitting room in pursuit of breakfast. He unfolds the Times. Again, as a preliminary, does he ascertain the extreme firmness of Coriander in the betting quotations for the Two Thousand. Not that Silky Dallison's feed at Greenwich is any object to him now—he is too miserable to enter into such things; but he might as well read about that as anything else. Why does the supplement, which he never dreams of looking at, tumble so persistently across his plate?

"Let's have a look at the second column," he mutters, "and see whether 'X Y Z's' family are still in tribulation about his absence; or whether 'Pollaky' is offering his usual hundred for an absconded young lady, aged nineteen, good-looking, and with a rose in her bonnet—last seen etc. 'Births'—hum! don't see much good

in them. There once myself, I suppose; nice unlucky beggar's advent to put in the papers. 'Marriages!' Suppose I shall see hers before many weeks are over. 'Deaths!'—I feel that's more in my line just now. I hope there's a good lot of 'em. How I should like to add one or two to the column—more particularly one. Halloa! what's this? 'At Mannersley, after a very few days' illness, in the seventy-second year of his age, Samuel Pearman, Esq.' Wish it had been his son!" muttered Grenville; and then he sat down to think whether this could by any possibility influence his prospects in any way.

It is hard to believe that there is no such thing as destiny. It is almost ludicrous at times to think what a trivial incident has turned the whole current of our lives. There is a large and well-known speculator on the turf at this time—a man, doubtless, worth many ingots and much stock and security—whose money-making career dates from the presentation of a case of razors, according to popular report. Who can say? Many such instances might be quoted. Grenville Rose's life turned on reading the supplement of the Times, it may be said by accident, that particular morning.

I fancy no human being ever saw that generally light-hearted barrister thinking so hard as he was upon this occasion. He has won many a good cause since, but often laughs and says, "that was the biggest he was ever engaged in; and no solicitor to draw up the brief, mind."

"Ah!" he said at last, "I can almost swear I saw it. I recollect laughing over it at the time, and thinking what a quaint, queer old deed it was. Suppose I'm right—I wonder how it would affect things? I must go over and talk to Dallison a bit."

And while Grenville Rose crosses the Temple Gardens, let me say a few words about George Dallison. He comes athwart the loves of Grenville and Maude but for a few days. Yet he is destined to be the master of the situation of that eventful period. George Dallison is a barrister some two or three years senior to Rose. He has a fair income of his own, and has taken himself to the elucidation of the mysteries of the turf. Rather below the middle height, with large liquid hazel eyes, a slight almost effeminate figure, feet and hands that would be no disgrace to a woman, and a soft voice, nothing could be more deceptive in appearance than Silky Dallison. His low, languid tones and caressing manner had earned him that sobriquet at college. It had stuck to him ever since. Destitute of whisker, a slight soft brown moustache just shading his upper lip; lithe, supple, almost girlish in appearance—such was George Dallison. Few men of his age rode straighter and steadier over a country than he; while Tattersall's had arrived at the conclusion that, though he might look young, nobody threw his money away much less than Silky Dallison. When, in his languid manner, he was willing to take a thousand to thirty about any horse's chance, it had a chance—a good deal more than, as a rule, can be predicated of the animals about which such very long odds are to be obtained.

"Come in," was the response to Rose's sharp knock, and Dallison was discovered placidly consuming a French novel in the easiest of armchairs. No greater sybarite perhaps ever existed; yet on Newmarket Heath, he would walk the day through wind and sleet, to back the "good thing," he had journeyed from London expressly for, and return to town without a murmur, if such had turned out the delusive phantom too usual on such occasions.

"Oh, Grenville, charmed to see you! Take a chair and talk. It's not a bad novel," he observed, as he threw the yellow colored volume on the table; "but I've had more than enough of it, and myself for the present. News! Ah, Gren, if you have any, unfold thy short, and I trust, moving tale."

"Thanks! I want to talk to you a bit on business—reason I'm here," said Rose. "Shouldn't come to you on a point of law, 'Silky,' but this happens to be a bit of racing."

"You racing! What do you mean?"

"Have you seen old Pearman's death in the paper?"

"Yes," rejoined Dallison. "You're thinking of Coriander—makes no difference, you know—horse entered in the son's name."

"Suppose, Silky, I could show you that that horse couldn't start without my consent, or something like it?"

"Come, old fellow, no gammon, I'm on him for the Derby, and am only waiting to hedge my money till he's won the Two Thousand."

"Look here, Dallison; I know nothing about the turf, and have come to you to manage a great game between young Pearman and myself. Will you do so? Of course you can take care of yourself in the transaction. I can tell you nothing for certain as yet. Will you manage the turf part of the business while I work the legal machinery? As my idea of the case stands at present, I tell you fairly, I think Coriander's starting for the Guineas will be at the option of myself and clients; but I may be mistaken."

"Do you advise me to hedge now, then?" said Silky Dallison.

"Certainly not. I know nothing about

the turf, but if I am right in my conjecture, the management of Coriander in the market will be, for the benefit of my clients, in your hands before a few days are over. Will you say nothing till I see you again, and give you, as I hope, the reasons why?"

"You say I'm to be your agent if it is as you think it. I'll ask no questions; but as you know nothing about that great elaborate system of gambling, except racing—if, as you think, you've any control over Coriander, don't whisper it to your carpet-bag till you've seen me again. I say this honestly, with a view to doing my best for you. Bring me your case when you've worked it out, and I'll tell you what to do."

"Many thanks, old fellow! I'm off to Hampshire to-night. I shall be back the day after to-morrow, though perhaps late. It will be all decided then. I'm playing for a good deal bigger stake than you, Silky—the girl I love and something to start housekeeping on."

"Ah," returned Dallison, "I like that; if you've got the first stake on, you're playing in earnest. I am still all in the dark; but if you see your way to winning the first, I'll bet you two to one, knowing nothing about it, I win enough for you to start housekeeping on."

That very night, just as they were meditating bed, a loud ring startled the denizens of Glinn. The advent of Grenville Rose seemed to the servants a matter of course thing. They immediately commenced preparation of his usual room. His uncle also was glad to see him, but to Mrs. Denison and Maude the thing was past comprehension. As for Grenville, he seemed perfectly callous—shook hands with his aunt, audaciously kissed his cousin, accompanying it by a pressure of the hand and a whisper, the combination of which sent the blood to the very roots of Maude's hair. Then he devoted himself in a most prosaic manner to some cold boiled beef and pickles, pertinaciously sat the ladies out, and as he handed them their candles, whispered to Maude:

"Hope for us yet, darling!"

"Now, uncle," he said, "I want you to come with me to your study. You recollect that old box of deeds and papers you let me rummage through two years back, when I went so deep into heraldry, and spent a good bit of time tracing the family genealogy?"

"Yes, my boy; but you don't mean to say you've come down upon us like a whirlwind in this way to continue that somewhat vexatious pursuit?"

Grenville said no more till he was duly ensconced in the squire's sanctum, with the box containing those musty papers open by his side.

"Now, uncle," he resumed, "I shall probably have to work for two or three hours through these old parchments before I arrive at the one I want. Of course I don't expect you to remain while I do so, but before you go to bed would you mind answering me two or three questions? You've always been very kind to me; Glinn, indeed, has been my home almost as long as I can recollect. My father and mother died when I was so young, that you and my aunt have almost stood in their place to me."

"Well, Gren, we've always been fond of you, and glad to have you here. But what are you driving at?"

"Will you bear with me patiently to-night, even if I offend you? Will you wait till to-morrow, and hear then what I have to say before you decide about what I shall, perhaps, ask you to do for me?"

"What on earth are you making mysteries about? Not much use asking help from me, Gren; I'm about broke myself. You're in some money scrape, I suppose?"

Most of the squire's own scrapes having arisen from that prolific source, he naturally guessed his nephew must have involved himself similarly.

"No, uncle, it's not that. I love Maude, and want to marry her."

No words can paint Harold Denison's face at this last announcement. That there should be love-passages between Grenville and his daughter had never entered his head; and what could the young idiot mean by coming and telling him so now? He must know she was engaged to Pearman.

"Do you?" he said at length, in his most cynical manner. "That's a little unlucky, because she's about to marry somebody else. I fancied that you must have heard so."

"You mean Pearman? Yes, I have heard that."

"Oh, you have? May I ask what particular inducements you have to offer, that you think it probable Maude will break off the prospect of a good match in your behalf? You may have achieved some unexampled success in your profession; I can only regret that I am as yet in ignorance of it."

"You only sneer at me, and I am talking in earnest," said Grenville, biting his lips.

(To be continued.)

Controlled by Combine.

There is a trust in fuller's earth, with the final process known only to one or two persons, whose lips are rigidly sealed. The deposits of fuller's earth exist chiefly at Bath and Nottinghamshire, England, and at Maxtou, in Scotland, in addition to deposits in the London district. The industry is practically controlled by a combine which strictly preserves the methods of preparation of the earth.

The Essence of a Gentleman.

The gentleman is the man who is master of himself, who respects himself and makes others respect him. The essence of a gentleman is eternal selfrule. It implies a character which possesses itself, a self-controlling force, a liberty which affirms and regulates itself according to the type of true dignity.—Henri Frederic Amiel.



JOLLY JOKER

"Walter, has this steak been cooked?"

"Yes, sir; by electricity." "Well, take it back and give it another shock."

She—Is my hat on straight? He—Of course it is. She—Gracious! Then it isn't right. Why didn't you tell me?

Long—To what do you attribute your great business success? Strong—To my wife. She made it necessary for me to earn more money.

The Pilot—What makes her go so slow? The Engineer—We're passing through the milky way and the propeller's full of butter.—Life.

"Would you like some fresh air?" she asked, starting in the direction of the window. "Yes; do you know any?" he replied, thinking she was going to the piano.

She (reading)—Mice are fond of music, and will get as close to it as they can. He—Just cut that out and I'll send it to the girl in the next flat.—Yonkers Statesman.

Automobilist—What advantage has the air ship over the motor car? Aeronaut—Well, for one thing, you can always be sure of making good time on the return trip.—Smart Set.

"Papa!" "Yes, daughter." "Who was Cinderella?" "Why, Cinderella, my child, was the first woman to get a No. 4 foot into a No. 2 shoe, I believe."—Yonkers Statesman.

"I kept my husband on a string five years before I consented to marry him!" "Why so long?" "Well, you see, I waited until I could see his way clear financially!"—Lippincott's.

"Ma," said a newspaper man's son, "I know why editors call themselves 'we.'" "Why?" "So's the man that doesn't like the article will think there are too many people for him to tackle."

"Did Miss Flavilla seem pleased when you asked her to go to the theater?" "Pleased! She wanted to keep the tickets for fear something might happen to me."—Chicago Record.

She—Economizing, are they? You surprise me! I understood they were simply rolling in wealth. He—Well, that may be true, but I believe they have to be careful not to roll too far.—St. Louis Times.

"And you wouldn't begin a journey on Friday?" "You bet I wouldn't."

"I can't understand how you can have any faith in such a silly superstition." "No superstition about it—Saturday's pay day."—Chicago Journal.

"I understand you have invented an air ship that won't tip over." "That is my belief," replied the cautious inventor. "At least it won't tip over while on the ground, and it hasn't been anywhere else yet."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Lady—What do you want, my little man? Little Boy (carrying a cat)—I want that dollar you offered as a reward for the return of your canary bird. Lady—That's not a canary; it's a cat. Little Boy—I know it; but the bird's inside."

Vicar's Wife—No, the vicar is not in just now. Is there any message you would like me to give him when he returns? Old Women, cheerfully—Please, mum, Martha Higgins would like to be buried at 2 o'clock to-morrow afternoon.—Punch.

House Owner—You failed to pay your rent last month. What are you going to do about it? Tenant—Oh, I suppose I'll do as you said when I rented it. House Owner—What did I say? Tenant—You said I must pay in advance or not at all.

"Halloa, old chap, where are you off to?" said one man to another. "I'm going over to the postoffice to make complaint about the dilatory delivery." "What's the trouble?" "Why, that check you promised to send me ten days ago hasn't reached me yet."—Tit-Bits.

The following extract from a letter of thanks is cherished by its recipient: "The beautiful clock you sent us came in perfect condition, and is now in the parlor on top of the bookshelves, where we hope to see you soon, and your husband, also, if he can make it convenient."

"You waste too much paper," said the editor. "But how can I economize?" asked the writer. "By writing on both sides of the paper." "But you will not accept articles when they are written on both sides of the sheet." "I know it; but you'd save paper just the same."—Yonkers Statesman.

"When we take charge of the government," says the wise old suffragette, "we will make some changes in the naval bureau." "I should hope so!" agrees the enthusiastic young suffragette. "Why, bureau are hopelessly out of style! We will have a combination wardrobe and chiffonier."

FATE OF CURIOUS COUGARS.

Big Washington Cats That Were Inclined to Be Too Observing.

Several weeks ago a cougar, measuring over eight feet in length, followed Miss Mary Burr, the teacher of the School of Messiers, in the edge of the Rainier forestry reserve, from near the schoolhouse until she met with a forestry ranger, who, with others, subsequently ran down and killed the animal. Saturday Miss Burr went to visit a neighbor, and suddenly became aware that another cougar was following her. She first saw the animal ahead of her, but later she saw it in the path behind. She hurried ahead to her destination, and a hunting party composed of J. V. Cook and A. Fenton, with several dogs, started in pursuit.

The dogs found the trail of the cougar, and after following a short distance treed it. Cook shot and wounded the animal, which dropped to the ground and was pounced upon by the dogs. It instantly killed one of the dogs with its terrible claws and teeth, though Cook and Fenton were both trying to shoot it, but in the scuffle between it and the dogs found but little opportunity to do so without shooting the dogs. Before finally mortally wounded the animal had nearly killed another of the dogs.

The cat measured nearly eight feet, being not quite so large as the cat killed several weeks ago. Neither of the cougars attempted any depredations, their chief objects being apparently to satisfy their curiosity to follow and observe people.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR



Drowsiness.

Sleepiness is a normal and healthy condition when it occurs at the usual bedtime and when not extreme and overpowering. But it is not always associated with sleep. Some persons in perfect health and excellent sleepers hardly know the meaning of drowsiness; they are active mentally and physically until they are in bed; then sleep comes at once, and when it leaves them in the morning they are again in full mental awakeness.

There are less fortunate persons who never have a complete and satisfactory night's rest who are yet almost constantly drowsy; they are always nodding, but when the head touches the pillow sleep recedes, and the night is a succession of drowsy lapses to sleep with the instant return of semi-consciousness.

In general, with the exception noted at the beginning of this article, drowsiness is abnormal, and indicates something wrong either in the body or the sufferer or in his habits. Those who habitually cut off their hours of sleep, the "night owls" and the burners of the midnight oil, pay for their bad habit by attacks of sleepiness in the afternoon and early evening; later, unfortunately, after the influence of digestion wears off, the drowsiness disappears, and then, relieved of his burden, the person "sits up to all hours" again, thinking in that way to make up for the hours lost by the drowsiness. If he would abandon his owlish habit, go to bed betimes, and get the seven or eight hours of continuous sleep that he needs, his daytime and evening drowsiness would disappear, he could do more and better work, and find life much more enjoyable.

A slight drowsiness is often noticed after a hearty meal, because active digestion draws a greater volume of blood to the stomach so that the brain is relatively poorly supplied. In some southern countries this tendency is favored, and the siesta after the noon meal is a national custom. With us the after-dinner cup of black coffee often drives away the impulse to sleep—whether for good or ill may be left to the physiologists to determine.

Sometimes we hear of attacks of sleepiness occurring suddenly at certain periods of the day or at irregular intervals. These are altogether abnormal, and in such cases there is almost always some poison at work in the nervous centers—usually a self-manufactured poison which, because it is made in too great quantity, or because constipation or kidney disease prevents its rapid elimination, accumulates in the system.

An essential in the treatment of such cases is dieting. Meat should be given up for a time, at least, and the only beverage allowable is water or milk.

If a woman admits her husband's goodness, it is usually in connection with something he has done for her kin.

It is difficult to keep a purse fat on a slender income.