

Race

for a Wife

HAWLEY SMART

CHAPTER XVI .- (Continued.) "I can't see that that the least improves your position. You don't mean to tell me that you've had the audacity to come down here to upset an existing arrangement? By the way, do you suppose Maude approves of this? Have you any reason to suppose that she would prefer half of your garret in the Temple to being mistress of Mannersley?"

Grenville Rose's face flushed, but he answered steadily:

"All that must be an after-consideration. Uncle, answer me two questionsfairly, honestly, and as shortly as you please—and then wait to hear what I may have to say to-morrow morning."

"If I am to listen, then, you'll be good enough to talk rather more rationally than you are doing to-night. What are your questions?"

Believe me, uncle, I am speaking in your interests. Do you owe Pearman money?—Pshaw! I know you do. I want to know how much?"

"Really I had no idea you were keeping so watchful an eye over my interests. Prying into the affairs of one's relations was hardly deemed good taste in my day. I think I may safely leave that answer to your own natural acuteness. It seems to have stood you in good stead so far."

"Why!" cried Grenville, passionately, "you can't think so meanly of me? You won't let me help you? That you owe Pearman money requires no espionage to find out. I do know it-never mind

"Probably your philanthropy and increasing practice, then, led you to run down with a view to rescuing your uncle from his difficulties?" said Denison, bit-

"Yes, and no." said Rose, starting to his feet. "I have come for two reasons: Firstly, to win Maude for my wife, if I can; secondly, to release you from all ob-ligation to Pearman, if possible. If I knew what the amount was, it would make it easier for me. You don't choose to tell me. I can only let you know tomorrow, then, what sum you can raise to meet such claims. Will you answer my other question? Do you honestly wish to see your daughter, a Denison of Glinn, married to Pearman?"

It was a home-thrust, this. The blood rushed to Harold Denison's temples, and his eyes had an angry light in them as he rejoined:

This, I presume, sir, is a specimen of the easy manner of the young men of the day. A piece of such impertinence I don't remember ever encountering. May I trouble you to hand me that bedroom candle? I would suggest that the earlier you can make it convenient to depart to-morrow morning the less risk I run of being insulted, and for the present will wish you good-night."

'Stop; you must hear me," cried Gren-"If to-morrow morning I can show you a way to clear all Pearman's claims against you, will you listen to me then, and acquit me of any intention of insulting you? Will you still persevere, uncle, in mating your daughter to the son of a bill-discounting solicitor? No, you won't. know you better than you think. You are too far in Pearman's hands, or you think so, to give yourself fair play in the matter. There breathes no prouder man than you are. Trust me. Recollect the mouse once saved the lion. As you hope for peace in future, trust me now."

CHAPTER XVI.

Harold Denison paused. He had never seen his nephew break through his conventional, cool, easy manner in this wise before. He felt that he had been terribly in earnest all through their interview. Had he really some clue that might save him? Then, perhaps, as far sa it was in his selfish nature to care for anyone, he loved that child of his dead sister, who had just poured forth this torrent of frantic entreaty. The cynic mask dropped from his face as he extended his hand,

"I've had a deal to try me lately, en; difficulties have thickened and complicated above my head. You mustn't think anything of what I say. Show me, boy, how to raise ten thousand to-morrow morning, and we'll talk over other things afterwards. At all events, Maude shan't marry Pearman."

"Good-night, uncle," said Grenville, as he clasped Denison's extended hand. "You can't think how happy you've made me Leave me to work now, and if I'm not in a position to forbid the banns by breakfast to-morrow, may I never have another brief !"

Long and anxiously did Grenville wade through those villainous musty old parchments that night. It was a big box, and contained some two or three hundred such old leases, agreements, mortgage deeds since cancelled, deeds of trust, and marriage settlements of bygone Denisons now sleeping their long sleep in the quiet old churchyard. The clock had struck three ere, with a chill feeling of defeat, he took out the last musty paper. Could this be it? No! it was but some old parchment connected with a right of water power in the last century. Sadly Grenville tumbled the mass of papers back into the box, and gloomily sought his pillow. Had he dreamt of the deed he had looked for? "No," he muttered, as he undressed; "I saw it once in that room. What can have become of it? Maude, my dearest, have I told

drink the bitter cup of disappointment? Bed was not of much use to Grenville Rose that night. He tried it; but, despite his journey and late search through those bewildering papers, sleep refused to visit his eyelids. A little more than three hours, and he was splashing in his bath, and, with knit brows, still meditating on what could have become of that all-essential parchment. "It looks bad, but I won't give in. I must search fur-I'll have my head in every box, escritoire, cabinet, or cupboard in all Glinn before to-morrow night." In the meantime he recollected that Maude was an early riser, so, finished his toilet and

betook himself quietly to the garden. It was not long before he caught sight of the flutter of a light dress; a few seconds, and he was by Maude's side. Her face flushed as she met him, and her greeting was evidently forced and constrained.

"I thought, Maude, dearest," he said, that I might have the luck to meet you before breakfast. It is the only chance I have of seeing you alone. Car me still that you don't repent what you wrote in answer to my letter of some fortnight or so back?"

"Oh, Gren, what am I to say to you' What must you think of me? I never thought you cared about me in that way, you know. And then to write to you as I did! But, Gren, dear, I did mean it. I fought hard to be true to you. What can I do? They say it rests with me to keep Glinn as a home to my father, and that, if I don't marry Mr. Pearman, we shall be wanderers about the world. That. would kill them. I am very miserable. You don't know what I had to go through. I didn't give in till I could bear it no longer. Be kind to me, Gren, please." And the grey eyes, swimming with tears, looked up into Rose's face with a piteous pleading expression that half maddened

"Don't know what you had to go through, my pet? Hum! I think I can make a pretty fair guess." And even as he passed his arm round his cousin's waist and kissed her, Grenville Rose's teeth were set hard. "It makes me mad, Maude, to think that that beast Pearman should ever dare to dream of you. No. child, I know pretty well the bullying you have had to go through. You wouldn't have proved false to your word, except

under unfair pressure.
"Then you don't think so very badly

of me?" asked the girl, shyly. "I don't know," smiled her cousin, as he bent his head down to her. "I'll hear what you've got to say. Do you love

"Oh, Gren!" And Maude dropped her flushed, tear-stained face on his shoulder, and submitted to the abstraction of unlimited kisses with the greatest meekness. The tears were kissed away, and a smile was on her lips as she said, "You

whispered last night, 'There is hope for us yet;' what did you mean?" 'I didn't say that; when you quote

what I say, be good enough to be correct."
"But you did say so," said Maude, opening the grey eyes wide as usual when a thing passed her compressnsion.

"No. Miss Denison; I said, 'Hope for us yet, darling." "Oh, Gren, don't tease me; that's so

like your old aggravating ways. Tell me. "Well, dearest, I hoped last night to

find a paper that would have, at all events, broken off your engagement with Pearman, and left you free to choose again."

A quiet paessure of his arm, and a ft "Well?" soft '

"I didn't find it, Maude, and went to bed as miserable as a man can well do. Your father promised that Pearman should receive his dismissal if I could do what I dreamt I could. I made sure of finding that paper in the big oak chest in the study; but though I went steadily through them all, it wasn't there."

"When did you see it, Gren?" "Don't you remember when I went mad upon heraldry, and was all for putting your genealogical tree to rights? I went through those papers then.'

"Stop a moment," said the girl; "let me think. Yes," she continued, after a short pause; "and you used to bring them up to work at to the school roomdon't you recollect? And I'm almost sure, but didn't you throw a few of them into a drawer up there, saying they were no use, but you might make up a magazine story or two out of them some day?'

"By Jove, Maude, you've hit it! did, and that would be safe to be one of them. Come along, sweetheart mine, and see. No chance of their being disturbed, is there?"

"I should think not; but I haven't, I really believe, been in the room for the last two years. We'll soon see, though ;" and the cousins tripped rapidly back to the house.

Poor old school room! It was not often now that its shutters were thrown open to the golden light of spring. Very different were the old times, when Maude flitted about it daily, making sunshine within, whatever it might be without; when the whistle of the blackbird and the song of the throstle, the twitter of the swallow, and the scent of the jasmine, with other creepers, came drifting through the open casement. Here she had made much of you to hope, and have I hoped only to her doll, fought with her nurse, and risen

in more matured rebellion against her Here Grenville had teased, petted, laughed at her, and embarked in various studies, genealogical or otherwise. No wonder they paused on the threshold; it was classic ground to them, at all events.

Grenville Rose, however, though he may pause for a moment, is far too much in earnest and immersed in the present to give much thought to old memories. Maude smiles softly as he throws open the windows, and she recalls those long pleasant afternoons they two have passed there. She has been so miserable of late—she is so quietly happy now. It is true this paper must be found; but she believes in Gren, as only a young girl can in a lover. It is the first time he has been with her in that character. It is so sweet to be told you are loved at eighteen, when that confession is made by the right person. No wonder the girl's face looked bright "Now, Maude, quick-which is the draw-er? This, eh!" Hurriedly the drawer is dragged out; but alas! though all sorts of odds and ends, a book or two on heraldry, or a French dictionary, are discovered, no sign of law papers meets the eye.

"Mistaken the drawer, pet, I suppose?" exclaimed Grenville, with a look of disappointment he struggled hard to conceal; and then continued his search. But, no; every drawer and cupboard of the school room is ransacked in vain. Many a relic of their merry old days there comes to light, but nothing in the shape of a deed or parchment. Maude stood aloof towards the conclusion of the search, half leaning, half sitting on the table. Her face was serious enough now, and the well-marked eyebrows rather knit. She felt that the promised smooth water of the morning was as yet by no means real- | wished I had sent for him sooner .ized. Since Grenville had kissed her, and Puck. personally told his love, she felt endued with infinite powers of opposition to the Pearman alliance.

"It's no use, Maude; the paper I want is not here," said Grenville at length. "I must search elsewhere."

'So you shall, Gren. Ring the bell. have an idea."

Her cousin did as he was bid, and when a stray housemaid, in considerable bewilderment, eventually made her was to the disused room, Miss Denison said, sharply, "Tell Mrs. Upcroft she's wanted here directly-directly, mind-and don't let her be as long about getting here as you have been."

"Now, look here, Gren," continued Maude, "those papers were there. Nobody but Mrs. Upcroft would have dared move them. But, you see, she has known me as a child, and I am always hard put to it to hold my own with her. If she don't happen quite to recollect what she's done with them, she'll give me any answer, and won't even try to take the trouble to remember. If I can make nothing of her, then you must chime in and frighten her. Of course she don't want to conceal them; but she will know she ought not to have meddled with them, and don't like what she terms being put out."

There was a tap at the door as Maude finished her speech, and her cousin had but just time to give a nod of intelli-gence as the housekeeper entered.

"Sorry to disturb you, Mrs. Upcroft," said Miss Denison, blandly, "but I want to know what you have done with the papers that used to inhabit that drawer?"

"I'm sure I don't know nothing about You might have been sure of that, I think, Miss Maude, before you sent for me, and the butcher just here for orders an' all:" and the housekeeper looked as sulky as she rightly dared. She had for years done as she pleased with Mrs. Denison, and was bitterly jealous of any interference of Miss Maude.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Upcroft, if you don't know anything about the removal of such papers, you should do so. Things ought not to be moved from one room to anof yourself. Will you be kind enough to recollect what became of those papers? They happen just now to be of great importance.

"That's so like you, Miss Maude. You were just the same as a child. Whatever you wanted must be done right off at once. I forget about those old papers now, and must run away to the butcher; but I'll perhaps think what became of them in a little. I'm afraid, though, they went to light fires with;" and with a malicious smile the housekeeper turned to go. (To be continued.)

Claims Record Trip.

Clara A. Grace, an employe of a London business firm, claims to have made a record trip from London to New York and return. She was pledged to be back in the English city on a certain day to release her colleagues for vacation. She made the round trip in fifteen days. She transacted some important business in New York, remaining in the city only twenty-five minutes.

Originality Needed.

To revive an old style of building, no matter how well it may be done, does nothing to advance the art of building. It would at the best be but a copy of an old work. Painters copy old masters for the purpose of study, but copying pictures will never make a painter's reputation. Something new must be achieved, some original work executed, before any advance in art is possible. So it is with architecture .-From the Country House.

Natural Vagrants All of Us. There has never been a time when men did not wander from a desire for change, a desire to flee from the monotony of mere existence. There is a fever in the blood which drives men to wander, affecting rich and poor alike, and this is a factor which no legislation can ever entirely eliminate in dealing with the true vagrant class



"Didn't I see him kiss you?" "Oh, that was only a trial kiss."-Life.

"What did she get first when she inherited her billion?" "Furs and chauffeurs."-The Bellman.

Hoax-Here comes Borleigh. Do you know him to speak to? Joax-Not if I see him first.-Philadelphia Record. "I am looking for a fashionable

overcoat." "All right, sir, will you have it too short or too long?"-Filegende Blaetter. Mrs. Hicks-My husband has been just lovely to me all day. Mrs. Wicks

-H'm! What was it you caught him doing?-Boston Transcript, She (at the plano)-I presume you are a true lover of music, are you

not? He-Yes, I am; but pray don't stop playing on my account.-Judge. Hawkins-So you sent for a doctor? Does he think you will be out soon? Robbins-I imagine so. He said he

Little Girl-What's an intelligence office, mamma? Mother-It's a place where one goes to find out what wages cooks are charging.—New York

She-Fred, do you believe that the pen is mightler than the sword? He-Well, you never saw anybody sign a check with a sword, did you?-Illus-

trated Bits Husband (getting ready for the theater)-My dear, what in the world are you taking that newspaper along for? Wife (coldly)-To read between acts.—Life.

Mrs. Youngwife-What is the first question you ask of a maid whom you think of employing? Mrs. Oldone-I always say first, "Have you ever lived with me before?"-Life.

Recruiting Sergeant-Do you know anything about the drill? Recruit-Av coorse. Didn't Old jist tell ye Ol wurked in a quarry these folve year past?-Philadelphia Record.

"Uncle Jack, mother says you're ill, so I thought I'd like to come and talk to you a bit." "That's kind of you." "Will there be a band to play the Dead March at your funeral?"-Ally Sloper.

Indulgent Papa-Why, my dear, you had a party last month. How often do you wish to entertain your friends? She-This one is not to entertain my friends papa, but to snub my enemies. —Life.

"For goodness' sake so sad?" "The coo isn't the worst of her the recipe-book for all the John's mether used to make. Brooklyn Life.

Fond Mother-Tommy, darling, this is your birthday! What would you like to do? Tommy, Darling (after a moment's reflection)-I think I should enjoy seeing the baby spanked!-Paris Figaro.

He (calling)-I'm here promptly, Miss Fannie. She-Yes, Mr. Staylate. He-I never like to keep people waiting. She (significantly)-Waiting for you to come, you mean, of course .-Washington Post.

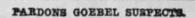
"If I went out in a small boat," said the teacher, "and the owner knew It was leaking, and I got drowned, what would that be?" After a few minutes' silence a little boy stood up and said: "A holiday, sir!"-Catholic News.

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

Englishman-You-aw-live in California, I believe? American—Yes, sir; San Francisco is my home. Englishman-Quite so. Ah, I presume you frequently come in contact with my friends, the Courtneys, in Arizonahan adjoining State, I believe?-Harper's Bazar.

Citizen-What'll you charge me, Uncle Rastus, to cart away that pile of stone? Uncle Rastus-About two dollahs, sah. Cltizen-Isn't that very high? Uncle Rastus-Yes, sah, jes' fo' cahtin' away the stone, but I got ter hire a man to h'ep me hahness de mule.—Harper's Bazar.

"I hope you were a good little boy while at your aunt's and didn't tell any stories," said his mother. "Only the one you put me up to, ma," replied her young hopeful. "Why, what do you mean, child?" "When she ask- riages drawn by horses. They are "hiped me if I'd like to have a second plece of cake I said, 'No, thank you; I've had enough'."



Gov. Willson Gives Clemency to Men Indicted for Old Crime.

The issuance by Gov. Willson of Kentucky of pardons to W. S. Taylor, ex-Governor, Charles Finley, ex-Secretary of State, and other persons indicted for complicity in the murder of William Goebel writes the final chapter in the story of a remarkable political tragedy. It terminates the effort on the part of the State authorities to solve the mystery of a crime which has left a deep imprint on Kentucky

The murder of William Goebel took place on Jan. 30, 1900, when Kentucky was on a verge of an internecine conflict over the outcome of a botly-contested election between William Goebel, Democrat, and William S. Taylor, Republican. Taylor was elected by many thousands. Goebel contested the election vigorously. An appeal to a Democratic election board proved unavailing As a last resort, Goebel moved to have



FORMER GOVERNOR TAYLOR.

the Legislature unseat Taylor and his colleagues. During the ensuing excitement, while hundreds of mountain men were in Frankfort, Goebel was shot. The next day, by direction of the Legislature, William Goebel on his deathbed was sworn in as Governor and J. C. W. Beckham took the oath as Lieutenant Governor. Then during the investigation of the murder that followed W. S. Taylor, Charles Finley, his Secretary of State, and the rest of his active partisans were obliged to flee.

Caleb Powers was arrested in connection with the crime, and was four times convicted for the murder, but just as often the judgment was reversed, till he was finally pardoned last year by the Governor.

Taylor found an asylum in Indiana

since his flight. One after another of the Indiana Governors have refused to up, and he has been able to in Kentucky. Mean-ratic majority in Kenvn Governor, and Mr. was the candidate for Lieutenapt Governor on the ticket with William Goebel, was first chosen by the the people chief magistrate.

Beside the pardons issued to Taylor and Finley, Gov. Willson exercised executive clemency in the cases of John Powers, brother of Caleb Powers, who is believed to be in Honduras, to Holland Whittaker of Baker County, John Davis of Louisville and Seach Steele of Bell County, who did not fleo the State.

Too Well-Done,

Mrs. Eliphalet Howe of Centerville had never encountered "Hamlet," either in the pursuit of literature or on the stage, up to the time of her first visit to her Boston niece. On that occasion she was taken by the niece and her husband to see a performance of the play.

"How did you like it, Aunt Jane?" asked her nephew-in-law, as he piloted the old lady up the aisle by her elbow, when the performance was over.

"If that's what you call a 'play.' I call it hard work!" said Aunt Jane, indignantly. "How you and Nettle can sit calm in your seats and see such heartless doings is beyond me!

"Why, that Hamlet man looked so sick I shouldn't have been surprised if he hadn't lived to finish out his talking." And by the expression of those other folks, I'll venture to say they felt the same.

"I had my smelling salts all ready in case o' need from the first minute he came on to the platform!"

Wasted Energy.

"Nursin' a grouch," sand Uncle Eben, 'is like negelctin' de flowers an' vegetables an' puttin' in yoh time tendin' de weces."-Washington Star.

New Word for Carriages. The French have a new word for car-

pomobiles."

The importance of a really important man doesn't show on the surface.