



Race for a Wife

—BY—
HAWLEY SMART

CHAPTER XVII.

Maude Denison's eyes flashed, and her lips quivered. She faced her hands closely together; but all she said was the monosyllable "Gren." Small mercy was Mrs. Upcroft likely to meet with at his hands; her insolence had already made Rose's teeth grate.

"Unfortunate, Mrs. Upcroft," he observed, with an evil smile; "but I am afraid the butcher will have to wait for some time before he next enjoys the pleasure of your society. You see, you have unluckily admitted, before myself and Miss Denison—two witnesses, bear in mind—that you were privy to the removal or abstraction of a deed of value, even if you did not actually remove such deed with your own hands. The law, of which you are aware I am an expounder, calls a casualty of this kind by the name of felony, and recompenses it with varied terms of transportation. It is unpleasant, Mrs. Upcroft; but I fear, unless you can recollect where those particular papers are, there is nothing for it but to wait here patiently until the police escort I am about to summon has arrived for you."

The sulky insolence was taken well out of the unhappy housekeeper before Rose's speech was finished. Like most people of that class, she had but very vague ideas of the power of the law, and an almost morbid horror of encountering it in any shape. The barrister's accusation, too, sounded very plausible to unpracticed ears.

"Oh! Mr. Grenville, after knowing me all this time, whoever'd have thought you'd go against me in this way? Oh, dear! oh, dear! what shall I do?"

"Do what you ought to have done, at once. Tell Miss Maude this instant where those papers are. None of your nonsense about not remembering. You know perfectly well what you've done with them. I'll give you two minutes to collect your ideas, and if you can't do it by the end of that time, I'll lock you in here and send for the police."

"Oh, please don't! I don't know, right-ly, I think, Miss, they were all put up in an old trunk in the garret overhead," sobbed the now thoroughly cowed housekeeper.

"Go and see, Maude," said Rose, quietly.

Miss Denison tripped out of the room, leaving Grenville to the quiet contemplation of his victim.

"Oh, my!—oh, my!" sobbed the housekeeper, "to think of those old rubbishy things being of any consequence! And what right have you, sir, to say I took them? To think of my being accused of taking things, after all these years! But I suppose a poor servant's character is not to be taken away for nothing? I'll have the law of you, I will."

"You're right, Mrs. Upcroft; you will, and very much to your detriment, too, if the paper I want is not forthcoming. You're not talking to a woman now. You'll neither frighten me, nor get the slightest mercy at my hands. You're in as fair a way of spending the next six or seven years at Portland as anybody I know; and, by heavens, I'll take pretty good care you get there! They have stood your insolence long enough here. If you want to take a few things with you, I'll ring, and one of the maids can put up your box. I'll run through your accounts after you are gone, and fancy I can substantiate a tolerable charge of peculation to boot."

The housekeeper had rallied a little, but this last speech of Rose's completely crushed her. She knew that she had carried on a systematic scale of robbery for years. She dropped down on her knees, and implored that mercy might be shown her, backing her entreaties with many sobs and tears.

"Here they all are, Gren," said Maude, entering the room. "I tumbled them into this towel; I couldn't carry them in my hands. Good gracious, Mrs. Upcroft, do get up. What is the matter?"

"Stay where you are, and apologize to Miss Denison for your impertinence, before you rise," thundered Grenville. "Quick, woman, and I'll be lenient about the second charge I have against you."

"Oh, please forgive me, Miss Maude! I didn't mean it—I indeed I didn't!" whimpered the crestfallen housekeeper.

"There, that'll do," said Rose, contemptuously, while Maude stood in open-eyed wonderment at the complete subjugation of her ancient foe. "Eureka!" he shouted, as, after running his eye over some half a dozen mouldy papers, a more musty parchment than usual came beneath his ken. "This will do. You can go, Mrs. Upcroft, without a police escort for the present; but you had better bear in mind, in future, that if you are insolent to Miss Denison you will settle with me, and that next time I promise you it shall be a settlement in full."

With a low curtsy the discomfited housekeeper left the room—anger raging in her breast, but mixed with a strong proportion of fear. Her malevolence would know no bounds if she should ever see her opportunity; but for the present Grenville Rose had established a wholesome terrorism.

"Let her go, my darling," said Grenville, as he stole his arm round Maude's waist. "This is the deed I wanted. I must leave for town directly after breakfast. Armed with this, I think I can

safely say Pearman shall trouble you no more. What guerdon is your champion to have when he has rescued you from the dragon?"

"Nothing, I'm afraid."

"You ingrate! What do you mean?"

"What I said, I fear, Gren," replied the girl, as she lifted her smiling face to his, "that I have given my champion all I have to give already, and if that don't satisfy him, I can only—"

Miss Denison's further views on the subject were never promulgated, for reasons that are palpably obvious; nor will an ordinary observer be much astonished to hear that the cousins put in a disgracefully late appearance at the breakfast table—a fact that may be quoted in support of my great theory, that early rising is dependent on fictitious excitement, and not in accordance with natural laws.

Breakfast over, Grenville had a hurried interview with the squire, the result of which was great jubilation on Harold Denison's part, and a remark that he had always had an immense opinion of Grenville's talents, and that he thought present circumstances already justified his opinion.

"Good-by, uncle," said Rose, as he stood on the steps of the carriage that was to convey him to the station. "I think I'm right, but you mustn't blame me if I've made a mistake. I'll telegraph as soon as I have had counsel's opinion on my friend here;" and he tapped his traveling bag, in which reposed the anxiously sought-for deed.

"Heaven bless you, boy! I feel you're right—you must be. Good-by. Drive on."

"Stop—stop! he can't go like that!" and Maude, like a flash of sunlight, dashed through the porch. The idea of anybody leaving Glinn without a flower in his buttonhole! "Gren, dear, one moment, while I put this in your coat. Keep it," she whispered, "to remind you of me."

"Not much necessity for that," he replied, as he bent over her. "But you shall see it, darling, next time I come. Good-by!"

"Not for long; mind and write; they won't care now, will they?"

"Can't help it if they do. I shall."

CHAPTER XVIII.

It is Monday afternoon. The usual crowd of refuse humanity clusters round the door of the great turf exchange. Expugilists, low publicans, noblemen's butlers that were traders on men's weaknesses or lust—greasy, brass-chained, shovel-hatted, brazen-throated, brazen-browed—with wolfish greed of gain stamped more or less on their features—the hungry, gold-seeking mob oscillate round that low doorway. The turf's temple never shuts; the fell war between backers and layers never ceases. Eager murmurs are heard midst that vulture-faced crowd.

"He went very bad in the market this morning," "Tell me they offered three, at the clubs," "What's wrong with him?" "What against The Saint?" and similar hurried interrogatories fall on the ear. Now a brougham, now a well-appointed cab, whose driver throws the reins from his lavender-kid gloves to the next tiger; now the hansoms of ordinary life drop their respective occupants at the small doorway.

The Subscription Room is full; round the big circular desks much paying and receiving is going on. The sofas round the room are crowded with loungers; the tessellated pavement is trod by a fluctuating mass, who ebb and flow to different points as some one or two large speculators vociferate the odds, or cease to do so. It is the settling day after the broken week at Newmarket, and sinister rumors are rife about the first favorite for the Two Thousand. He has stood at five to two for a long while, but report says that three to one has been laid and offered, to any amount of money, at the racing clubs this morning.

Half-past four—fatal hour for many a favorite at Tattersall's, the adjustment of last week's accounts—js over, and the ring has time to turn its attention to forthcoming events.

"Three to one against Coriander for the Guineas," is vociferated in more than one quarter. Nothing positive seems known about the horse; but a panic has set in, and backers stand aloof from a wager that yesterday they would have jumped at. Some few adventurous men take the increased odds to a little, but speedily repent as they find the disposition to lay that price rapidly increasing.

At this juncture Pearman, attired in deep mourning, entered the Subscription Room. It was but a few days since his father's funeral, and, to do him justice, he would not have been there had not a friend telegraphed to him early in the day the onslaught that was being made on Coriander. Business must be attended to, he argued, whether racing or otherwise, and knowing his horse to be perfectly well, he ran up at once to town to stop this demonstration against it.

Foremost among the opponents of the favorite was a big, corpulent north countryman, who enjoyed the reputation of by no means throwing his money away. In turf parlance, when he persistently bet against a horse, "he knew something."

"Here's 1,000 to 800 against Coriander!" vociferated Mr. Plyart, for the second or third time.

"Put it down to me," said Pearman, quietly.

"Yes, sir. Will you take it twice?" Pearman nodded.

The bookmaker pencilled it into his note book. The crowd, attracted by the fact of Coriander's owner coming to the rescue, had surged round them; but no sooner had Mr. Plyart completed his memorandum, than he reiterated his hoarse war cry of "Here's 1,000 to 800 against Coriander!" a shout in which he was immediately joined by two or three other large speculators.

"Put it down again, Plyart," said Pearman, grimly; and now, inspired with confidence by the way in which his owner had supported him, several backers invested on the favorite.

For a little, it seemed as if Coriander would rally in the market; but the layers of odds far exceeded the backers; and finally came forth Mr. Plyart's ominous shout of "4,000 to 1,000 against the favorite for 'The Guineas!'"

"I'll take that!" cried Pearman, though his astonishment knew no bounds; and, as the bookmaker noted it, he remarked, with a sneer, "You'll find my horse bad to get out of on the Two Thousand day. I don't think you will hedge, except at a loss."

"Perhaps so, sir—perhaps so; but I'll bet you an even hundred he don't start."

"Done! and I'll make it 5,000, if you like."

"No; you might start him on three legs. I won't risk more than a hundred on his not starting; but here's 4,000 to 1,000 he don't win, once more."

Sam Pearman shook his head, and, at all events for once in his life, walked out of Tattersall's thoroughly puzzled. He knew his horse to be perfectly well, he had seen him that morning. As far as he had tried him, he had never tried a three-year-old better. What were these ring men going on?

They make great mistakes at times, these members of the magic circle. Their brethren of the Stock Exchange occasionally get the worst of it also; but, as a rule, either backers or shareholders are justified in feeling alarm at a persistent assault on what their money may be invested in. The decline of the favorite for a big race in the market is hardly so disastrous to the world in general as bank shares dropping twenty per cent below premium. Before Pearman left London the next day, he was aware, from various sources, that Coriander's status in the betting was still further shaken, and that as much as five to one had been offered against the crack of forty-eight hours ago. He thought of it all the way home, and felt more utterly bewildered than he had ever done before in the whole of his turf experience.

Could Sam Pearman have been present at a conference held in Silky Dallison's rooms, between that astute gentleman and Grenville Rose, though he would have been still a long way from enlightened on the subject, yet he would have learned a good deal. It was the Friday night before that eventful Monday. Grenville had returned from Glinn the day previous. A mouldy old parchment lay on the table between them; it had apparently been consulted and thrown aside.

"Rumford says the deed is perfectly good, and Mr. Denison is quite certain there has been no enfranchisement. That's the case, Gren, isn't it?"

Rose nodded, and Mr. Dallison for a few minutes puffed meditatively at his cigar.

"Well," he continued, "the law part I leave to you. I presume that is all right. Rumford's opinion is quite good enough to go on, and old Denison, you say, was quite clear there has never been an enfranchisement. Odd there should not have been? but no doubt Pearman's defect was quite unaware of the existence of our friend here;" and Dallison jerked his head in the direction of the parchment. "He wasn't the man to leave such a blot in his game if he knew it. Though for the matter of that it was no blot so long as he lived. Now, look here, I must trust to you for the legal working of this affair; the racing part I can manage. We've got Sam Pearman in a regular hole, and, better still, he doesn't know it. I can make probably a good bit of money out of this, both for you and myself, without any risk whatever; but ulterior events must decide that. Mr. Denison, at all events, must make a good bit; but without hurting his interests, in fact rather furthering them, you and I might pick up some five thousand pounds apiece. Do you understand?"

"Not in the least," replied Grenville.

"Well, there's not much necessity you should. Leave that to me; but you must work the legal machinery as I direct. Can you put it in motion by Wednesday or Thursday?"

"Let's say Thursday, certain," rejoined Rose.

"Very good, that will do; but don't let's have any mistakes about it."

"All right," nodded the other. "I'll guarantee that, and go down myself."

"Good. You told me the stake you were playing for, to start with, and as you are in real earnest about winning a wife, I think one may trust you. I shall commence operations at once. I'll see Plyart the bookmaker to-morrow, and put the first part of the program in his hands. We're going, you and I, to lay about a couple of thousand each against Coriander; and I'm going to give him free license to do as much as he likes for himself."

(To be continued.)

An Easy Matter.

Green—"Know thyself" is an ancient behest, but how is a man to know himself?

Brown—Oh, that's an easy matter. All he has to do is run for office.

A High Flier.

Edyth—Was Tom on his knees when he proposed to you?

Mayme—No; he seemed to be up in the air.



Mignonette Drives Away Flies.

Mignonette, it has been discovered, is abhorred of flies, and in a room where pots of the flowers are set no fly will linger for a moment, says the Gentlewoman. Now is the time to sow the seeds, and for early blooming the pots must be subjected to gentle heat. Instead of fly papers and horribly sticky brown mixtures left about a room in glass dishes, what a blessed resource as a deterrent to the irritating fly is the sweet, wholesome flower of mignonette!

One-Egg Cake.

One and a half cups granulated sugar, half cup butter, scant, one cup sweet milk, two and a half cups sifted pastry flour, one egg, two and a half level teaspoonfuls baking powder in sifted flour. Flavoring. Beat butter and sugar thoroughly, adding a little of the milk to help make creamy. Beat egg well and add then the balance of milk. Just at this point beat the mixture with the egg beater, which makes it fine grained. Add flour last.

Beef and Ham Pie.

Cut cold roast beef into pieces 3 inches long and 1 inch wide and cut raw ham into similar pieces, three hard-boiled eggs cut into quarters.

Line a buttered baking dish with pie crust, pack in the meat and egg, and season well, then add just enough gravy to moisten. Cover with crust, cutting an opening in the center. Bake for one hour in a moderate oven. When done pour in some more gravy just before sending it to the table.

Chicken Baked in Rice.

Cut a chicken into joints as for fricassee, season well with pepper and salt, lay it in a deep dish lined with slices of ham or bacon, add a pint of veal gravy and an onion finely minced; fill the dish with boiled rice, well pressed and piled as high as the dish will hold; cover it with a paste of flour and water and bake one hour in a moderate oven. If you have no veal gravy use water, adding a little more ham and dressing.

Delicious Apple Pudding.

Peel, core and cut in halves four or five apples and place them in bottom of baking dish. Then rub together a tablespoon of butter and two tablespoons of flour, and wet this mixture with about three-quarters of a cup of cold water, then add one cup of sugar, cinnamon and a little salt. Pour this over the apples and bake until tender. Serve with cream, and you have something good.

Whipped Cream Pudding.

To one pint whipped cream add two tablespoons sugar; beat until stiff. Dissolve one package gelatin with three-fourths cup boiling water. When cool add to whipped cream, to this add green grapes cut in half (or any fruit cut fine), add chopped walnuts. Mix all together well, and set aside for half hour to cool. This will be sufficient for six people.

Divinity Candy.

One pint golden drip sirup, one pin of sweet milk, one cup of granulated sugar; butter the size of a walnut. Boil until a soft ball may be made. Remove from the fire and whip until it is creamy, then pour it over one-half pound of shelled California English walnuts.

Steamed Ham.

Soak in cold water for twelve hours after it has been well brushed with warm water and a stiff brush. Then steam over boiling water for at least twenty-five minutes to the pound, keeping the water at a fierce boil all the time. Skin when cold and dab with dots of black pepper.

To Freshen Old Bread.

The best way to freshen home-made bread so that it is as good as new is to dip the loaf in cold water, put it in a pan and bake it until it is heated through. Then wrap it in a damp cloth and when cold it is as good as when first baked.

Short Suggestions.

If fat catches fire throw salt on it at once to prevent a disagreeable smell.

A slice of onion in a dish of water if left in the room will kill the odor of paint.

A little sugar added to boiled starch will give a desirable gloss to the clothes when ironed.

It is said that the flavor of chicken is greatly improved by adding a pinch of white soda while it is cooking.

Toast should always be thin and crisp. Cut the slices from a stale tin loaf, and dry in the oven before toasting them.

DOESN'T GO TO MARKET.

Under Present Conditions the Markets Come to Hotel Stewards.

"I run over to the market about once a week to keep in touch with it, but the modern hotel steward no longer 'goes to market' in the old-fashioned sense. He is too busy. He would have to spend the whole day there. In other words, under present conditions the markets come to the hotels," said J. H. Todd to a New York Herald man.

"You see, the market men come around looking after business, for they find competition rather keen."

"How do you manage to get the best of everything?" was asked.

"We have to depend absolutely upon the dealers, and that works all right, for they could not afford to send inferior stuff. If they did, it would go right back to them, and they would also run a risk of losing business. We also depend upon them to notify us by telephone when they have anything especially fine on hand. You see, there is always a limited supply of delicacies, and the hotel steward who is enterprising gets what he wants of them. For instance, I had the first fresh mackerel that reached New York. That was Tuesday. Then in the middle of the week I captured a small shipment of peaches, nectarines and Japanese plums that came in from South Africa."

"We also have had canteloupes grown especially for us in a Pennsylvania hothouse. They come with the name 'Plaza' on the melon. This is done by placing a metal case and stencil over the melon just before it is ripe and the sun burns the name. The experiment was tried last year of raising canteloupes this way, but only this season has it been possible to raise a number of them. The fruit is red, sweet and of good taste."

"We have printed slips of what is on hand every night, and this is sent to me. I go over it and then find out what entertainments are scheduled for the next day, and so cover the day's supply as closely as possible."

Nothing Laid by for Old Age.

A minister's wife in an article in Success Magazine thus expresses her fears for the future:

But the other half of the two great problems I am wrestling with to-day is yet to come: it is that John and I have not a cent laid up for the old age that is almost on us. What is to become of us? We have always given away our tenth conscientiously. It is an inbred belief that it must be done, and though sometimes I felt sure that the Lord would willingly excuse us for once from tithing our little salary in some year of need, yet I could never bring myself to hold it back, nor could John. Besides, the people would never give if their minister did not, and his name must head the subscription lists, and his hand give generously to the board collections. But we had, long ago, to give up John's life insurance, for we simply could not raise the money to pay the premiums. We are not in debt, and so far have been able to hold up our heads in self-respect; but what of the future? The church will soon be looking for a young man for their minister. It seems hard, but that is the way churches do.

There is the fund for ministerial relief, to be sure, but the pension is so small it would be impossible to live on it. Perhaps we ought to expect our son to support us; but suppose he marries, as we did, on a tiny income; should we be doing right to go to him and be a burden for perhaps many years?

The Money Was Paid.

Once a thrifty Scotch physician was called to a case where a woman had dislocated her jaw. He very soon put her right. The woman asked how much was to be paid. The doctor named his fee. The patient thought it too much. He, however, would not take less, and as the woman refused to give him the fee he began to yawn. Yawning, as every one knows, is infectious. The young woman in turn yawned. Her jaw again went out of joint, and the doctor triumphantly said: "Now, until you hand me over my fee your jaw can remain as it is." Needless to say the money was promptly paid.—Dundee Advertiser.

Boys' Tool Chests.

Mamma—Where is that pretty tool chest your aunt gave you Christmas?

Small Son—In the closet; but the tools is all broke.

Mamma—Mercy me! You naughty boy! You must have been trying to use them.—New York Weekly.

Intellectual Diversion.

"That psychological-research man entertains some strange theories."

"You have it the other way around," answered Miss Cayenne. "Those theories serve to entertain him."—Washington Star.

Population of China.

The customs service of China estimates the total population of that country at 438,214,000.

If some people were to marry for brains instead of for money they would probably get left just the same.