



# Race for a Wife

BY HAWLEY SMART

## CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

"Well—what next?" inquired Rose; "there must be no ultimate chance of my losing two thousand pounds, mind."

"Certainly not. All I mean, at present, is to drive Coriander back in the betting as far as I can. When the news of your proceedings arrives, which I shall take good care to disseminate at once, I flatter myself we shall have got him at twenty to one, or thereabouts, for 'The Guinness.' We must then be guided by what terms you make with Pearman."

"I think I follow you, Silky. And now each to his avocation, and good-night."

"Good-night," laughed Dallison, as he followed Grenville to the door. "If ever Sam Pearman was in a biggish hole, he is just now. Mind, you've a clever man against you, though; so, do your work thoroughly. Never forget your stake."

"No. I'm not likely to, if you knew all."

"Got his measles pretty bad, apparently," observed the astute host, to himself, as Gren's footsteps died away down the staircase. "Hope his success there really does depend, as he says, on this business coming off all right; else, when it's a regular case of 'spoons,' never a soul, ever I knew, could be counted on in a business way—or any other way for the matter of that. It is risky! with a confederate in this state. I believe I'm a fool to trust him! That idiot, Jem Duffey, lost me a pony last year at Lord's—crack bowler of his eleven—and bless if they hadn't to play with ten men because he was seeing some chit of a cousin off at Paddington Station. Wonder why they do it! Never was spoons myself but once, and"—and despite his tirade, Dallison sat down and mused for more than an hour over that bygone flirtation of eight years ago. He might be cynical about all that sort of thing now, yet there was a woman still living who could make his pulses leap, should she meet him. It is a fact that, in some cases, women retain their sway years after they are not only unconscious of it, but have almost forgotten their admirer. It is true we also sometimes see the converse of this, when a woman would fain pick up the dropped stitches of a bygone love affair, but the male creature has freed himself from the yoke.

## CHAPTER XIX.

The early train on Thursday morning saw Grenville Rose, accompanied by Mr. Nightjar, solicitor, junior partner of the firm of Hawk, Sparrowbill and Co., on his way to Slantover, the nearest railway station to Mannersley, from which it was distant about four miles. Having arrived at the latter place, and ascertained that Pearman was at home, Grenville sent in his card, and a request to see that gentleman for a few minutes, on business of importance. Now, it so happened, that though Rose had a thorough knowledge of Sam Pearman, the other knew nothing whatever of him. He had never encountered him personally, except to exchange that sentence or two after the Xminster ball. I don't know whether even then he had identified him; but of a surety that scene had pretty well faded from his memory, especially as regarded the personality of the other actor therein. It was as an entire stranger that he received the young barrister.

"I must apologize for troubling you, Mr. Pearman; but I am here as the representative of Mr. Harold Denison."

"You could not have come with better credentials, Mr. Rose. Charmed to see both you and your friend," he glanced at the cards in his hands. "Mr. Nightjar, I think? Will you take some lunch now, or after we have had our little palaver?"

"Nothing, thanks; our time is precious, and we will detain you as briefly as maybe. You are, of course, aware that there is a death fine on Mannersley; or, to speak more intelligibly, that the owner of Glinn has a right of heriot over your manor on the death of any holder thereof?"

"A right of heriot?" muttered Pearman. "No, I never heard of such claim; and I think my father died in complete ignorance of any such right."

"Though far from suspecting what was about to take place, Sam Pearman knew enough of law to understand this expression.

"You had better read that deed, Nightjar. Such right exists, and has been always exercised; generally compromised as a fine—a course we propose to adopt in the present instance."

The solicitor laughed, and opened, first a somewhat musty parchment, and then a document consisting of some two or three sheets of foolscap. "I will be as short as I can, Mr. Pearman, but the story is a little intricate to follow. I must premise that Mannersley was by no means originally part of the Glinn property. It seems to have been granted by the Abbot of Xminster to one Hugh Wilson, yeoman, for service rendered, conditional upon his bearing arms for the abbey, and being ever ready to do service under the banner of Sir James Denison of Glinn, the then lay lord and champion of the abbey. He further lay under the right of heriot; in the first place, to the monks of Xminster, who were entitled to claim three beasts upon the death of Hugh Wilson, or any one of his descendants holding Mannersley, as an acknowledgment of the fealty they owed to the abbey; in

the second place, of one beast to the lords of Glinn, as a similar acknowledgment to the secular representative of the abbey. But the monks of Xminster were swept away in the Reformation under Henry VIII, and of course that right of heriot disappeared. Still the masters of Glinn continued to exercise their claim upon every occasion for rather over two hundred years, at the expiration of which time, in consequence of the decay of the Wilson family, Mannersley fell, by purchase, into their hands, where it remained till sold to Mr. Pearman twelve years ago. The curious thing is, this right of heriot still exists; the owner of Glinn is still entitled to demand whatever beast he may choose upon the death of an owner thereof, and the successor can but submit to the claim. Do you follow me, Mr. Pearman?"

"Pretty well, I think. May I ask when was this right of heriot last enforced, and in what shape?"

"In 1734 Stephen Denison, Esq., of Glinn, received the sum of £20 in lieu of the right of heriot on the death of Matthew Wilson. That was the last case. It was his heir and successor that sold it to the Denisons—that being Stephen, before mentioned."

"Well, gentlemen," rejoined Pearman, "of course I am not quite prepared as yet to acknowledge this right—I must consult my solicitors first on the subject. Still, it looks plausible enough. I am afraid," said he, laughing, "money don't go quite so far as in Matthew Wilson's day. What, may I ask, do you assess me at?"

"Ten thousand pounds," replied Grenville Rose, quietly taking up the parable, as had been agreed between himself and his coadjutor beforehand.

"Ten thousand! Why, you're mad!" But there was no laugh now in his rejoinder. His quick intelligence gathered at a glance what a desperate position he was in; and, moreover, that the opposite side were pretty well aware of it.

"We're certainly not mad. I don't think we are foolish. I don't pretend to know much about these things myself, but the veriest tyro knows the first favorite for the Two Thousand, ten days before the race, is worth a big sum. Mr. Denison is in difficulties; money is an object to him. We give you the option of paying £10,000 fine or letting us make what we can out of Coriander. I fancy there will be plenty of people to bid for him, either one way or the other—I mean either to try and win with him, or to take very good care he don't."

Sam Pearman's turf training stood him in good stead. He had learned how to lose. He swallowed the ferocious exclamation that rose to his lips. "You will allow me to look at that deed?" he inquired; "and, of course, you cannot expect an answer till I have had time to communicate with my solicitors."

"Certainly," returned Grenville; "and your solicitors may also peruse it at the offices of Messrs. Hawk, Sparrowbill and Co. I tell you fairly we have had counsel's opinion upon it, and there is no doubt the right of heriot still exists. We mean to make the most we can out of it, and either take Coriander or a £10,000 equivalent."

Sam Pearman ran his eye rapidly over that old deed, which stated, after some technicalities: "And whereas Hugh Wilson, yeoman, did render good and secret service last time Ralph Eversley did lay claim most sacrilegious and outrageous on lands appertaining to us, abbot and chapter of Xminster, in the year of our Lord 1456, we do hereby grant to him and his body's heirs the fee-simple of the manor of Mannersley, in perpetuity, on the right of heriot of three beasts, to be delivered as token of fealty to us the said abbot and chapter of Xminster; with further right of heriot on the part of Sir James Denison of Glinn, and his heirs, to claim one beast in acknowledgment of allegiance to him as lay-baron and secular leader of the retainers of Xminster Abbey. The above acknowledgments of fealty and allegiance to be paid on the death of the then holder by his successor and heir male.—Signed, Edmund Gervoise, Abbot of Xminster, March 10th, 1456."

"All very well!" said Pearman; "but if this is all you have to go upon, you can scarcely expect me to pay much attention to the claim, more especially when fixed at such a preposterous figure."

"No, of course not; we never thought you would. Serve the writ of seizure, Nightjar, and then I think we need intrude on Mr. Pearman no longer."

"Two questions, please, before you go," replied the owner of Mannersley, as he accepted a neat legal document from the solicitor. "First, time is an object, at all events to me, in this case. Have you any objection to say whose opinion you have taken on that obsolete parchment?"

"Not in the least, Rumford's. Refer your solicitors to him."

"Good man; getting a little old, perhaps, but still safe. Liable to mistakes, as they all are, of course."

"We consider him good enough. Anything more?"

"Well, yes; are you aware of my peculiar relations with Mr. Denison's family just now?"

"Perfectly; and equally so with the causes which led to that result."

"You are traveling rather out of the record, sir," rejoined Pearman. "I will

see Mr. Denison on the subject myself to-morrow."

"Certainly, you will find him at home; but permit me to say that I consider I have expounded his views pretty accurately, so far."

"Perhaps so; but I've known people change their views. Might I ask are you related to the family in any way?"

"I am Mr. Denison's nephew, and have the honor to wish you good-morning."

Pearman bowed, and rang the bell. "Well, Nightjar," said Grenville, when they got outside, "so far so good; we've done all we can; to-morrow will be the real tug of war. You go back to town with the deed. Dallison will be waiting for you; tell him all that has passed, and that he shall hear from me, as agreed upon, the minute I hear anything definite. Meanwhile, good-by; I'm off to Glinn. Yes, I turn off here; it's not three miles across the fields."

I suppose it was a case of animal magnetism, but it certainly was odd that Maude should have selected that for her afternoon stroll. Nevertheless, it is a fact that as Grenville Rose jumped over the stile at the corner of Edgerton Firs he found that young lady seated on a grassy bank on the other side, with Dan crouched at her feet—one of those coincidences that I presume has happened to most of us in our time, and sincerely do I pity the few whose want of luck and lack of observation have debarr'd them such sunshiny moments.

"Well, Gren," she inquired, as she rose to her feet, "have you overthrown my ogre? Am I a free girl again?"

"I don't know, darling—the great battle comes off to-morrow; but I think I can promise you shall never marry Pearman."

"Don't talk nonsense; you know I never would, now. Before you came down it was different. I was weak, and foolish, and miserable. That story is all over, and I'm forgiven—at least, I thought so;" and Maude looked shyly but archly into her lover's face.

Grenville behaved after the manner of young men generally when so circumstances—those quiet footsteps over the fields have a deal to answer for—and what "Don't, please, Gren!" meant, I must leave to the discrimination of the reader, merely remarking, Grenville-Rose either decided it meant nothing, or could not have heard it.

"But do you think you can put things a bit right for papa?" inquired Maude, when she at last extricated herself.

"I hope so; but we must wait till to-morrow to know for certain."

(To be continued.)

## THE WORD "WINTER."

Said to Have Originally Indicated Wetness, Not Coldness.

There is a prevailing impression that there is something in the word "winter" that signifies cold, and the season is usually associated with the idea of low temperature, but where the word originated there was little of winter as we understand it, while there was a great deal of moisture at the time the earth was nearest to the sun, so that it is not the temperature but the atmospheric condition that has given us the word.

The word "winter," as we use it, is found with but slight modifications in all the branches of the Aryan languages, for the idea of wetness associated with the season was given to it before the Aryan family was divided.

If we go to the root of the word we find "wad," with the signification of to well, to wash out, to moisten or make wet. Our Aryan ancestors used that root to apply to all conditions of moisture, and many words besides winter have grown out of it, wet and water being among them.

This root "wad" is in the Sanskrit as "udan," water. Anglo-Saxon has "waeter," and in Latin we have "unda," wave, from which we get our "inundate."

Our Danish and Swedish cousins changed the "w" into a "v," and have "vinter." In Icelandic it is "vetur," and the old high German has "wintar," and it is "winter" in German. These four words are all from the Teutonic base "wata," which means wet. So it has been moisture that has been indicated from the birth of the root on which all of the different words in a dozen languages have grown.—New York Herald.

## False Teeth for Dogs.

News comes from London that many dentists there have established "parlors" for the treatment of dogs, and that the patronage of the owners of "show dogs" has made the innovation a profitable one. A defective tooth may lose the prize to a dog otherwise perfect as to "points," and it is how a common practice with fanciers to send their pets to the dentist as regularly as wise parents send their children. Single new teeth cost from \$4 to \$5 each, while as much as \$125 is paid for a full set for a beloved old canine member of a household.

## Modern Table of Value.

"Now, children," commanded the austere instructor in advanced arithmetic, "you will recite in unison the table of values."

Thereupon the pupils repeated in chorus:

"Ten mills make a trust,  
"Ten trusts make a combine,  
"Ten combines make a merger,  
"Ten mergers make a magnate,  
"Ten magnates make the money."



## JOLLY JOKER

Teacher—What is the highest form of animal life? Scholar—The giraffe.

Stella—Does she accompany on the piano? Bella—No, she just sits in the audience and hums.—Puck.

"A case of love at first sight, eh?" "No, second sight. The first time he saw her he didn't know she was an heiress."

"Do you really love me, George?" "Didn't you give me this tie, dear?" "Yes, love. Why?" "Well, ain't I wearing it?"

"My dear, I saw a perfectly lovely flat this morning?" "All right," replied her husband. "When do we move?"—Detroit Free Press.

"What do you know about this man's reputation for truth and veracity?" "It's good. I understand he never goes fishing."—Detroit Free Press.

"So you are an optimist?" "In a certain sense," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "Whenever I go into a deal I hope for the best of it."—Washington Star.

"You are charged with larceny. Are you guilty or not guilty?" "Not guilty, judge. I thought I was, but I've been talkin' to my lawyer, an' he's convinced me that I ain't."

Caller—Nellie, is your mother in? Nellie—Mother is out shopping. Caller—When will she return, Nellie? Nellie (calling back)—Mamma, what shall I say now?—Short Stories.

"Is Jones an optimist?" "Is he? He found a ticket entitling him to a chance in an automobile drawing the other day and he is building a garage."—Boston Transcript.

"Who gave the bride away?" "Her little brother. He stood right up in the middle of the ceremony and yelled, 'Hurrah, Fanny, you've got him at last!'"—London Tit-Bits.

Mr. Henpeck—We're going to remove to the seaside, doctor. Doctor—But the climate may disagree with your wife. Mr. Henpeck—It wouldn't dare!—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Secretary (writing advertisements)—Wanted, an intelligent young man, unmarried— Old Grouch—Leave out the "unmarried;" you said "intelligent," didn't you?—Exchange.

Browning—What do you know about this poultry business, Greening? Is there any money in hens? Greening—You bet there is. I put all of \$50 in mine last winter. — Chicago Daily News.

"After all, this is a very small world," said the ready-made philosopher. "I gather from that remark," rejoined the precise person, "that you have not been compelled to figure much on railway or steamship fares."—Washington (D. C.) Star.

Post—Will you accept this poem at your regular rates? Editor—I guess so—it appears to contain nothing objectionable. Go to the advertising department and ask them what the rates are. How many times do you wish to have it inserted?—Cleveland Leader.

"When there is company here," said Mrs. Hewlugs, after the caller had gone, "I wish you wouldn't make such pointed remarks about women's hats?" "Pointed remarks!" exclaimed Mr. Hewlugs; "why, I never talked more bluntly in my life!"—Chicago Tribune.

He—So you favor woman suffrage? She—I certainly do! He—Well, in the last election, for instance, would you have voted for Mr. Taft or Mr. Bryan? She—I would not have voted for either. When I vote I'll vote for a woman or not at all!—Yonkers Statesman.

"Hullo, old man!" exclaimed Dubley, at the Literary Circle reception. "It's a pleasant surprise to meet you here." "Good of you to say so, old chap," replied Brown. "Yes, you see I was afraid I wouldn't find anybody but bright and cultured people here."—Punch.

"Lady," said Meandering Mike, "you don't want to listen to my hard-luck story, do you?" "Not a bit of it." "You relieve my mind. If you want to hear somethin' worth while, you jes' gimme a chance to show what I kin do as an after-dinner speaker."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Gramercy—If you want a nice hall rug why don't you get one of those tiger skins with the real head on it? Mrs. Gayboy—I never could use one of those things in my hall. You don't know how imaginative my husband is every time he comes home late.—Brooklyn Life.

Stage Struck—Is the manager in? Manager—He is out. Stage Struck—Funny. A gentleman at the entrance just told me that you are the manager. Manager—That's true enough, but I'm out, all the same. I'm out about fifteen hundred dollars on that last play I staged.—Boston Courier.

## A GOOD BED.

Important Because We Spend Nearly Half Our Lifetime in Bed.

There are many people who cannot afford the luxuries of life, or who do not care for the vanities who thoroughly enjoy solid comforts. Among these solid comforts is a good bed. A good bed cannot be had without some expense. You must have good steel springs as a foundation for the bed and should buy only those of the best quality. Over this you must have a good soft hair mattress. When I was a child my mother was very proud of

her feather beds of which she had a dozen made from the feathers of geese that were raised upon our own farm. How many times I have done duty in catching these geese. I have had lame arms for weeks where I have been struck by the strong wings of these birds. But feather beds are no longer popular since they retain the heat of the body and are too soft and warm tending to make the sleeper indolent and lacking in energy. The covering of beds should be as light as possible. Heavy comfortable oppress the sleeper. Many people cover themselves in bed with too many quilts and blankets. Simply cover yourself enough to keep comfortably warm and you will rest much better. Among well to do people iron bedsteads have taken the place of all others. A furniture dealer told me that he sold a car load of iron bedsteads where he sold one wooden bedstead. Iron beds are less cumbersome, are more attractive, cleanly and airy. The bed as well as the room should be thoroughly aired each day. Perhaps you do not realize that you spend nearly half of your life time in bed. How important then that the sanitary arrangements should be carefully looked after, and in particular the ventilation.

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Tuberculosis of the Joints. It is customary to regard tuberculosis as a disease affecting the lungs only, but as a matter of fact it may attack any of the organs or tissues of the body. When the bones or joints are affected, the disease is called surgical tuberculosis, because it is then amenable to mechanical treatment, or may even be extirpated by the surgeon's knife.

The joints most frequently attacked are the spine, the hip and the knee, although no joint is exempt. Tuberculosis seldom originates in the joint, but is usually preceded by trouble in a neighboring bone. In the lungs, glands of the neck, or other more or less remote part. The symptoms of tuberculous arthritis, or tuberculosis of the joints, vary somewhat according to the joint involved, but as a type one may take tuberculosis of the knee, formerly called "white swelling."

The first frank symptoms of inflammation are often preceded by a feeling of weakness in the joint. The child—for it is the young who chiefly suffer from these troubles—walks a little stiffly or with a slight limp, and "favors" the knee. When questioned why he does not run about as formerly, he will usually say he does not know—and he does not, for there is no pain at this time, and at most, if he is pressed, he will say his leg is "tired."

Soon pain appears, usually indefinite in location, and often referred to some part other than the diseased joint. Then, as the disease declares itself, the knee will be seen to be swollen, and pain is now caused by motion, so that the little patient keeps the leg slightly bent and rigid. There is often night-crying; the child cries out sharply in his sleep, but may not waken; or he may wake and whimper for a time and then fall off to sleep again, and again in a few minutes or a few hours give another scream.

Tuberculosis of the knee may assume one of three forms. That seen most frequently in adults is dropsy, the joint being distended with fluid. The most common form is the so-called "white swelling." In this the joint is distended with a soft, spongy, fungus-like growth, the skin over it being stretched and white. The third form is suppurative arthritis, commonly following the second form. The treatment is usually by rendering the joint immovable; sometimes by cleaning out the contents, if pus forms; and rarely by cutting out the diseased part.

Life in the open air day and night, especially by the seaside, does as much good for joint tuberculosis as open-air life farther inland or in the mountains does for consumption of the lungs.