



Race for a Wife

—BY—
HAWLEY SMART

CHAPTER XX.

Sam Pearman had received the writ of service of this heriot claim with apparent equanimity. It must be borne in mind that practiced speculators on the turf, as elsewhere, are accustomed to take their reverses with much outward nonchalance. But, nevertheless, when his visitors had departed he commenced pacing the room after the manner of a caged tiger. It was not likely Denison, whom he had deemed so entirely in his power, would have ventured upon such a bold stroke as this except under very high legal opinion, and whatever it might suit him at the time to say in disparagement of Rumford, he was quite aware that no counsel's opinion in London stood in higher repute. He foresaw, at one sweep, the upset of all his forthcoming schemes. His father had told him how Harold Denison had first taken his pretensions to Maude's hand. He knew, none better, how, under the pressure brought to bear upon him, the squire of Glinn's self-interest had been enlisted in his behalf. He was far too keen a judge to think that he had any hold upon Maude's affections; his idea was that she just liked him sufficiently to marry him if her parents made a point of it. He was entirely ignorant of there being a favored lover in the field. He felt little doubt that if Denison could extricate himself from his power—and should he establish his claim he would go near to do so—his marriage would be postponed to the Greek Kalends.

Now for the other point. If he disputes this "right of heriot," could they prevent his running Coriander for the Two Thousand? That became a question of great importance. He had backed the horse heavily—yes, taking last Monday's work into consideration, very heavily—for the race; and if he was not to run, there at once was a loss of some thousands, to say nothing of the big stake he had hoped to win over that event.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "that's it! There is some inkling of this in the turf market, and that's the reason the horse has been so much laid against lately. This accounts for Pylart's determined attack, and his betting me a hundred even that he don't start. I'm off to town by the three train."

Pearman drove straight to his solicitor's, from Waterloo Station. Office hours were over, but he contrived to catch one of the firm—as shrewd an attorney as one would often meet with. He shook his head over the case more especially when he heard of Rumford's adverse opinion.

"I don't like it, Mr. Pearman, at all, but I will look over the Mannersley title deeds the first thing to-morrow morning, and then go over to Hawk, Sparrowbill and Co. and ask them if they will let me see Rumford's opinion. But these unfranchised heriots are the very deuce to deal with if the right, as in your case, is of great value, and the opposite side are aware of it."

"Well, you must make out all you can for me. What time shall I be at your office to-morrow—the earlier the better, mind. Time in this case is worth something like half a sovereign a minute to me."

"Certainly, sir. Say ten; and you mustn't mind if you have to wait for me; I shall be conferring with the enemy, but I'll be back at the office as near that as I can."

"That'll just do. I must catch the eleven train from Waterloo, if possible. Good-night."

Sam Pearman strolled into his club. He was, as one may naturally suppose in no great humor for conversation. It is one of the drawbacks of these pleasant caravansaries that the old adage of "Save me from my friends" is unattainable therein. You always run the chance of some garrulous acquaintance discoursing upon that amusing case in the divorce court, utterly unconscious that you are one of the parties implicated. You are asked, perhaps, after your wife, by some old friend of bygone years who is entirely ignorant that you have either buried or separated from her. Our taciturn British reserve has its advantages. Why should there not be a small coffee room instituted for sulky members, where attempts at conversation should be penalized with expulsion? There are times when we hate even ourselves—much more our fellow creatures.

Pearman was imbued with a considerable amount of this latter feeling as he strolled into the Theatine and ordered his dinner. His Nemesis was awaiting him. Ere he had finished his soup, a blue-eyed, fair-haired, vacuous member had greeted him, and asked him what the deuce was the matter with Coriander?

"Nothing. The horse is well enough. Why?"

"Why, haven't you seen the evening papers?"

"No; I have only just got to town. What about it?"

"They are laying all sorts of prices against him. He is quoted at fifteen to one offered, and rumor says, in some cases twenties have been laid."

"Hum," grunted Pearman. "You'd better lay it, Curzon, if you think he's gone. I can only say, when you see he's about to start for the Two Thousand, I recommend you to hedge every shilling, if you do."

"Thanks," drawled the other, and walked away to disseminate what he had gathered from Coriander's owner.

His solicitor the next morning gave Pearman little satisfaction. Messrs. Hawk and Sparrowbill had been most courteous; they had allowed him to see the deed, and also Sergeant Rumford's opinion thereon. In his humble opinion, the case was very strong; the writ of seizure they had issued would hold perfectly good; they might take Coriander when they liked. "And I am afraid, sir," he concluded, "that we should only get cast if we tried to upset."

"Then they can prevent my running the horse next week, if I contest this claim legally at once?"

"I should be afraid so, really; but in negotiation you had better insist upon your right to, of course, do what you like with the horse till their claim to him is established."

"Very good. Now I am off." On arrival at Xminster, Pearman proceeded direct to Glinn, and inquired for Mr. Denison. He was shown into the library, and speedily joined by that gentleman.

"I have come over, Mr. Denison, to have some conversation with you about the somewhat preposterous claim of yours as to 'right of heriot' over Mannersley."

"I am advised," replied the squire, "that the claim is a perfectly valid one, and of course, just now valuable."

"My dear sir, I am not alluding to the right or wrong of the case; but, situated as we are to each other, it seems rather absurd our going to law with each other."

"Better, Mr. Pearman, say, situated as we were. Moreover, the nearer and dearer the relationship, the more acrimonious the law suit; for a bitter quarrel commend me to brothers, from Cain and Abel downwards."

"Then I am to understand that my engagement with Miss Denison is at an end? May I ask upon what grounds it is broken off?"

"If you wish to know upon what terms you stand with Miss Denison, see her, and don't trouble me."

"You said 'situated as we were.'"

"Of course I did. I owed you £10,000, and hadn't got it. Now, it seems, you also owe me £10,000, which, of course, makes my not being able to pay you of very little consequence."

"But you consented to my engagement with your daughter."

"And would now, if I thought you'd ever want it."

"I don't understand you."

"Then it's no use continuing this conversation."

"Will you answer me a straightforward question? May I ask you if my engagement with your daughter is still to hold good? I care little about this other affair, if that remains as it was."

"And don't I keep telling you that that being an arrangement between Maude and yourself if you have any doubts upon the subject, you had better see her?"

"I will ask leave to do so presently. In the mean time, Mr. Denison, to return to this claim of heriot—"

"Excuse me, Mr. Pearman; that I can't touch upon. I have put myself completely in my nephew's hands regarding that subject; but I will send him to you at once, and merely remark that any arrangement you may make with him has my cordial assent."

CHAPTER XXI.

Grenville Rose, meanwhile, had early cognizance of Pearman's arrival, and prepared at once for the encounter. He first ordered a horse to be saddled, and a groom to be in readiness to take a message to Xminster. Next he summoned his cousin to come to him in his uncle's sanctum.

"Maude, dearest," he said, as she entered "the crisis of our fate is at hand."

"What is it, Gren?" And the grey eyes opened wide as she saw the grave, earnest look upon her lover's face.

"Pearman is here, and your father is gone to see him. But in a few minutes I shall be sent for. I'm playing for a great stake this morning, Maude; to wit, the freeing your father from his difficulties, and to win your own sweet self for mine own love. Listen, James has got a horse all ready to go for me to Xminster. You see these telegram sheets: I shall come here for one minute, and fill one up with a message. Mind James has it, and is off with it at once. You see he does not linger. It is of the utmost consequence to us."

"I understand, Gren. Anything more?"

"Yes; you may as well write Pearman a polite dismissal, unless you would rather see him."

"Oh, no! I'd rather write."

"Well, then do so at once; and I think there will be no necessity for your seeing him. But if you must—and he looked a little anxiously towards her.

"I shall know what to say—don't be afraid of that—though I would much rather not."

Here Harold Denison entered the room, jubilant and triumphant.

"The overture is played out, Grenville, and the real business of the piece is about to begin. I've told him you are my representative in this matter, and that I am entirely in your hands."

"Thanks, uncle."

And Rose went off to encounter Pearman. He found that gentleman restlessly

pacing the library. A curt greeting passed between them.

"Now, Mr. Rose, we had better proceed to business at once. Time is valuable to me upon this occasion."

"The sooner the better," rejoined Grenville.

"Since I last saw you I have been to town in connection with this affair, and am prepared to admit that you have a better case than I at first thought you possessed. Under these circumstances, and standing as I do with regard to Miss Denison—"

"Hadn't we better confine ourselves solely to the business in hand, and not advert to contingencies that may never happen?" interrupted Grenville, quietly.

"That's it, then?" said Pearman coolly. "Miss Denison intends cancelling her engagement, as part of the program? I thought as much."

"Excuse me if I suggest the propriety of keeping Miss Denison's name entirely out of our conversation. That is a matter upon which I have nothing to say. The question lies in a nutshell. Do you intend to ransom your horse, or is that writ of service, of which you received notice yesterday, to be carried into effect?"

"I shall dispute the whole thing, and place the affair in the hands of my solicitors."

"Very good. Under these circumstances it is only right to tell you that I have already applied for an injunction to prevent your running Coriander for any race till the case is decided."

"Ridiculous! Upon what grounds, pray?"

"Upon the grounds of possible injury, and probable deterioration of value."

"What do you mean?"

"What I say. He might be injured, or he might be beat; in either case, he would not be so valuable a horse as he is now."

Pearman said nothing for a minute or two; at last he exclaimed abruptly, "Do you ever bet, Mr. Rose?"

"Certainly not!" was the Jesuitical reply; for, though Grenville Rose never did meddle with turf matters, though he had not made a single bet on the forthcoming "Two Thousand," he was yet aware that Dallison was betting for him; albeit he neither knew nor cared to know, so far, the particulars of the transaction.

"You can hardly suppose I shall pay such a sum as £10,000. Perhaps you will state what compromise you really intend to offer me?"

"I have none other to propose, than that you sign Mr. Denison a release of the mortgage you hold to that amount upon Glinn."

"Ah, well! I am afraid you price the horse a little too high."

"Not at all! We value the horse at £5,000, and the stakes of the 'Two Thousand' at £5,000 more."

"And who tells you he is going to win that race?"

"Well, you see," rejoined Grenville, smiling, "we are guided there entirely by your own opinion. We are credibly informed that you have thought it worth while to invest a large sum of money on his chance, and we have a high opinion of your judgment in such matters."

(To be continued.)

Having Fun with the Pastor.

The Rev. Charles E. McCormick, D. D., pastor of the Farmington Avenue Methodist Church of Hartford, Conn., and one of the best known Methodist clergymen in the State, is a student of human nature. He likes to frequent public places in a layman's garb and study his fellow men. One warm day this spring, while on a visit to New York, he was sitting in Madison Square when a neatly dressed stranger accosted him from a bench across the walk. Soon the two were engaged in conversation.

"Are you interested in horse-racing?" asked the stranger.

"I like a good horse," was the non-committal reply of the clergyman, whose business suit, crush hat and negligee shirt belied his profession.

"Say, I'm a telegrapher and get some dandy tips every day. Maybe you could use some. They're regular 'sure things.'"

Needless to say, the offer was politely declined, but as the stranger began to press the matter, Dr. McCormick, with a twinkle in his eye, told the fellow who he was. The stranger's discomfiture was as pitiful as his departure was awkward and ludicrous.

A day or two later the parson sat in the same seat, and another stranger, an old gentleman with a long gray beard and kindly face, sat down beside him. One remark led to another until the clergyman in a burst of confidence related his previous experience. It tickled the old man mightily. Chuckling in great glee and slapping the parson on the leg, he exclaimed:

"He-he-he! That's a corker, old sport! And he believed it!"—From Success Magazine.

Taking No Chance.

Borely—I got rather a cool reception when I called at the Smiths' last night, but they warmed up finally. Why, when I was leaving the whole family came to the door with me!

Griggs—That was because some one took three umbrellas out of their hall rack a few evenings ago.—Puck.

Mnemonics.

"I suppose there is a great deal of mental strain involved in the conduct of immense interests like yours?"

"I should say so," answered Dustin Stax. "It's mighty hard to go on the witness stand and remember the list of things your lawyer told you to forget."

—Washington Star.



HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Sour Milk Crullers.

For a plate of crullers, beat one egg, add one-half cup of sugar, one-half cup of sour milk, one-quarter level teaspoonful each of cinnamon and salt. Dissolve one-quarter level teaspoonful of soda in a teaspoonful of water and add to the sour milk and other ingredients; then mix with flour until stiff enough to roll out. Roll out thin, cut in squares, and then in strips from one edge nearly to the other side, and fry in deep, hot lard. Drain, roll or sprinkle with sugar and serve hot or cold.

Steamed Prunes.

Wash one pound of prunes two or three times in warm water. Put them into an enameled stew pan with half a cupful of water. Cover closely and let them steam until the water is absorbed and the fruit swollen to its original size. Do not stir or break the fruit. When cool place in a glass dish and grate one-half the zest or juice of a lemon or orange over them, sprinkle with sugar and cover with whipped cream.

Bake Six Pies at Once.

In a No. 8 cooking stove put an ordinary size pie plate in the opposite corners of the oven. Then in the remaining corners, which will not be large enough for two more pie plates, place cocoa boxes, and then on top of these place two more pie plates, which then will be a little higher than the lower ones. Then put two more on the grate. In this way you can bake six pies at the same time and with the same fire.

Steamed Brown Bread.

Sift together two cups of corn meal, two cups of rye meal, one-half level teaspoonful of salt. Mix with one cup of hot water in which is dissolved a level teaspoonful of soda, two cups of sour milk, and two-thirds cup of molasses. Beat and pour into a buttered mold and steam five hours, or into one-pound baking powder tins and steam two hours. The smaller loaves save time and cut in good-shaped slices.

Devil's Food.

Boil together a half-cup of grated chocolate, a gill of milk and a half-cup of brown sugar. When thick, like rich cream, set aside to cool. Cream a half-cup of butter with a cup of brown sugar, add two-thirds of a cup of milk and two beaten eggs. Stir in vanilla flavoring and beat in the boiled mixture, then two cupfuls of prepared flour. Bake in layers and put together with a boiled frosting.

Potato Candy.

Boll a medium-sized potato, and mash very fine, without using milk or butter. When cold, add powdered sugar. At first the mixture will get very thin, but will thicken as you add more sugar. When thick, add chopped walnuts, if you wish, and mold into balls with the hands, pressing a halved English walnut on each side of the ball. Simple and good, and easy to make.

Breakfast Omelet.

Beat four eggs separately; add to the yolks one teaspoonful of flour stirred into a little milk; add a half teaspoonful of salt, a cup of warm milk, then the stiffly beaten whites. Pour into a well-greased pan and bake in a fairly hot oven for fifteen or twenty minutes. Serve with a cream sauce.

Egg Toast.

Beat well four eggs and cook slowly until thick and creamy in one-half cup rich milk which has been heated to the boiling point. Add one teaspoonful butter and one-third teaspoon salt. Place upon slices of freshly-made toast, dust with pepper and sprinkle with chopped parsley.

Mashed Carrots.

Scrape and slice the carrots and boll tender, changing the water once and adding salt to the second water. Drain, rub through a colander and mash as you would potatoes, beating light with a large spoonful of butter and seasoning to taste. Serve very hot.

Bolled Custard.

Beat the yolks of three eggs well with two rounding teaspoonfuls of sugar and pour in two cups of boiling hot milk. Pour back into the double boiler and cook until it will coat a spoon when dipped into it. Cool and flavor with lemon or vanilla.

Jelly Strainers.

If when salt and flour bags are emptied you will put them in the clothes hamper to be washed and boiled out, you will always have a supply of jelly strainers. The salt bag is just the thing for the odd glasses of jelly made all during the season.

SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY

Muslin is being made from the fiber of the banana tree.

Estimates place the amount of capital value of British investments in India at \$2,350,000.

As game preserves, it is claimed that the northern regions and forests of Canada furnish the finest fur-bearing animals in the world.

Natives of Burma and parts of India prepare tea in a peculiar way, called "pickling." The leaves are boiled and pressed into bamboo tubes, which are buried in the ground until the material has matured.

Roughly speaking, it might be said that the annual importations into the United States of coffee, tea and cocoa amount to \$100,000,000 a year; three-fourths coffee, and the remainder about equally divided between cocoa and tea.

Several years ago the late Sir Francis Lockwood got a prisoner off by proving an alibi. Afterward the judge met the eminent lawyer and said: "Well, Lockwood, that was a very good alibi." "Yes, my lord," was the answer; "I had three offered me, and I think I selected the best."

The River Indus in width during the year may vary by miles. Traffic for long distances cannot be guaranteed because the ever-shifting channel throws up mud flats and sand banks here and overwhelms good land there in a manner which defeats the wisdom of the ancient boatmen.

John Bright used to tell how a barber who was cutting his hair once said to him: "You 'ave a large 'ead, sir; it is a good thing to 'ave a large 'ead, for a large 'ead means a large brain, and a large brain is the most useful thing a man can 'ave, as it nourishes the roots of the 'air."

Baltimore is congratulating herself on the figures shown by the new city directory, just issued. A decided growth commercially and a gain of nearly twelve thousand in population in the last year are indicated. The population is placed at 691,128, which is a gain of 11,941, according to the directory editor's estimate.

R. A. Hudson, of Weddington, was here Saturday and sold to Messrs. Stack & Hudson, sixty bales of cotton for his neighbors, the Misses Ross. These ladies make in the neighborhood of one hundred bales each year on their lands in that section, and Mr. Hudson carried them a check for a clear \$3,000.—Monroe (La.) Journal.

Cole Younger, former bandit, out on parole granted by the Governor of Minnesota, has taken to the lecture platform in Oklahoma. "A young man never made a more serious mistake than to suppose that the world owes him a living. It doesn't," says Younger. "The understanding with the Governor of Minnesota was that I might do as I pleased as long as I didn't do it in Minnesota," the bandit declares.

On the west slope of the Cascade mountains a giant red fir was recently blown across the tracks of the Northern Pacific railroad. Traffic was blocked by the monster log, which measured eight feet in diameter. There was no saw within miles that was big enough to cut the timber and as the railroad company could not wait the five days required to saw a section from the huge log, dynamite was placed in deeply bored holes and the aged tree blown to splinters. It was easier to repair ten rods of road-bed than to saw through eight feet of solid red fir.—New York Sun.

The total number of American regulars who served in Mexico and its borders during the Mexican war was 21,509; of volunteers, 22,027. In the assaults upon Mexico City, General Scott had on August 20, 1847, an available force of 10,738, nearly one-half of whom were recruits. After several onslaughts the city was finally taken on September 14, after which General Scott was reinforced to an aggregate of 20,000 men. The treaty of peace was signed on February 2, 1848. The total American losses in the valley of Mexico were 2,703, including 383 officers. The Mexicans had 7,000 killed and wounded and 3,730 Mexicans were taken prisoners of war.

Antietam is regarded as the bloodiest battle of the civil war. The losses were nearly equally divided. The total in killed and wounded in the entire Maryland campaign, September 12-20, 1862, being 22,891 for the two armies. The proportion of forces actually engaged in the fight is estimated by F. W. Palfrey in his volume, "Antietam and Fredericksburg," as three Union to two Confederates. This is based upon the exclusion from McClellan's strength of the Fifth and Sixth Corps and the cavalry division, numbering together 29,550, which were hardly used at all, losing but 2 per cent. The other corps of the Potomac lost about 20 per cent, and the Confederates over 25 per cent.