

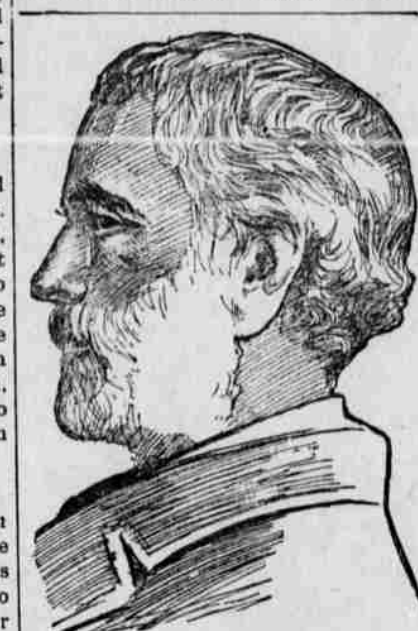
English Readers Throughout World Mourn Death of Novelist.

George Meredith, English poet and novelist, who passed away recently in his unpretentious cottage in Box Hill, Surrey, has endeared himself to English readers throughout the world for many years.

His early life in London was an unceasing struggle against poverty, and he was hampered at the outset of his literary career with pecuniary difficulties.

Mr. Meredith possessed in a marked degree the three grand qualities which are essential to the making of the novelist—analytical power, narrative capacity and humor.

A notable feature of the genius of Meredith was his power of understanding women. There is hardly a more lovable woman in any fiction than Diana Merion; then in "The Ad-



GEORGE MEREDITH.

ventures of Harry Richmond" we meet with that exquisite creation Princess Ottilla, and in "Emilia in England," with Emilia herself, the wild child of nature.

Mr. Meredith was a serious humorist. His books are replete with quaint drolleries, but his fun was the outcome of his cynical way of looking at human nature.

The laughter is not all that of the gods, for George Meredith laughed, too, though there was a spice of sadness in his laughter, as one of who had looked out upon the world and had found little there to cheer him.

Mr. Meredith married twice. His first wife was a daughter of Thomas Love Peacock, an English humorist, to whom he dedicated one of his first books.

After twelve years his wife died, leaving him one son, and Mr. Meredith married again and settled down at Box Hill, Surrey. His second wife died Sept. 17, 1885, leaving a son and a daughter.

Of late years he lived quietly at Box Hill. He kept himself in almost complete seclusion, seeking recreation mainly in long country walks. He was regarded as the dean of English men of letters, and received from the King the Order of Merit. On his 80th birthday, Feb. 21, last year, he was honored by the leading literary men of Great Britain with an address of congratulation.



Mr. C. Dusty-Rhodes is taking a much needed recreation at Indian Lake.

Even a married man may be happy if he lets his wife have her own way.

One way to get thin is to do all your own cooking in a chafing dish.

THE HOUSEHOLD

Pressed Mock Chicken.

Boll a piece of fresh shoulder of pork until tender, adding pepper and salt to the water in which it is cooked. When done, run the meat through the meat chopper, and return to the liquor in which it was boiled in the kettle.

Kentucky Corn Dodgers.

Sift any quantity desired of the best meal made from the white corn. Salt to taste. Mix with cold water into stiff dough and form into round, long dodgers with the hands, making the dodgers about 4 or 5 inches long and 1 1/2 inches in diameter.

Mackerel Balls.

Soak a mackerel over night; boil four large potatoes in their skins. When these are done peel, mash soft, add salt and pepper to taste, beat one egg and add it, with butter, to the potatoes while hot.

Crustless Pumpkin Pie.

This will be a relief to some of our cooks who do not like to make pie crust. Make the filling of the pie as usual, adding a little cornstarch, so that it will be firm when baked.

Stewed Oyster Plant.

Scrape the stalks of a bunch of satisfy plant and cut each stalk into half-inch lengths, dropping it into cold water as you do so. Drain and boil in hot salted water until tender.

Baked Apples with Nuts.

Peel and core the apples, then place in a deep pan, allowing a heaping tablespoonful of sugar and half a cup of water to each apple. In the center of each apple place a tablespoonful of chopped nuts and a strip of lemon or orange peel, and over the whole sprinkle cinnamon and nutmeg.

Cream Salad Dressing.

Put into a saucepan the beaten yolks of two eggs a tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of sugar, one-third of a cup of milk, pepper to taste, one-third teaspoonful of dry mustard, and one-third cup of vinegar.

Glass Stoppers That Stick.

To remove an obstinate glass stopper which not only resists force, but the usually prescribed hot cloths and everything else which ingenuity could devise, use a drop of sweet oil.

Salmon Loaf.

One cup boiled salmon, minced; one cup stale bread crumbs, two eggs well beaten, one-half cup milk. Season with salt and pepper, one teaspoon each of lemon juice and chopped parsley.

Engless Cookies.

Mix together a half-cup of butter and a half-cup of lard, add a cup of sugar and work to a cream, then stir in a cup of milk and enough flour, sifted, with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, to make a dough that can be rolled out.

Pumpkin Bread Again.

Stew a pumpkin as for pies and, while bubbling hot, stir in enough corn meal to make it thick, or like a dough. Before adding the meal salt it and be sure it is well scalded before taking the mixture from the fire.

was the extraordinary advance of Coriander. From very long odds offered against him, he rose in the course of the day to be once more first favorite; reaching very nearly to his original price of ten days back.

The Ring, or stock brokers of the turf, like their brethren of the eastern exchange, with all their acuteness are marvellously like sheep in times of panic. The leaders at both places can increase or depreciate property pretty much at their pleasure.

Grenville Rose, upon Pearman's departure, had carried the release in triumph to the squire. Harold Denison was jubilant beyond measure; free from his difficulties, and, to use his own expression, "out of the hands of those blood-suckers, the Pearmans."

Harold Denison was a good deal taken aback. It must be borne in mind that he had not received the slightest hint of this in any way beforehand, and to say that he was pleased now he did hear it, would be very far from the truth.

(To be continued.)

A Distinguished Sufferer.

The sufferings of dramatic authors at the first-night performances of their plays are said to be so acute that few of them dare to sit in front at the dramatic debut of the children of their brain.

It was at this performance that a long delay occurred at the end of the second act, filling the audience with impatience and the distinguished author with dread.

After entering the Theatre, the first thing Pearman saw in the hall, on casting his eye at the notice-board containing the latest news, was that Coriander was once more first favorite for the Two Thousand, at seven to two, taken freely.

CHAPTER XXII.

We must now revert to what Mrs. Hudson did upon receipt of her telegram—as harmless, apparently, as "the pork chops and tomato sauce" of Pickwick's immortal history.

Mrs. Hudson was lounging pleasantly enough in an armchair, reading the diurnal literature of her country in that abode of comfort, bliss, and intelligence, elegant Paper Buildings, when that most domestic of telegrams reached her.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, after reading the message, "what a cross it looks like. But I must be off at once to see Plyart. Twenty minutes to three; just catch him before he goes down to Tattersalls."

The remarkable feature of the betting on the Two Thousand that afternoon

Race for a Wife

HAWLEY SMART

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)

Pearman paused. He was a shrewd man, and he could not help being struck by the ability with which his opponent had got up his case.

"Even then he is a valuable horse, and worth just now a fictitious price. There would be people who would give pretty nearly that sum to insure his not starting for that particular race."

"I give you credit, Mr. Rose," replied Pearman at length. "I'll sign a release of the mortgage, with this proviso, that my engagement with Miss Denison remains as it was."

"I have told you already that that question is totally aloof, and must be held entirely distinct from the claim of heriot. It is a point upon which I am not empowered to enter, and have nothing to say."

Grenville Rose is proving himself a master of casuistry. Though not his mission or interest to speak on that subject, I think it was one he had a good deal to say to.

"Then there is nothing more to be said," observed Pearman, rising.

"I am afraid not. It would be better on both sides, I fancy, if we had come to terms. We shall probably not make quite so much—that we must take our chance of. You will certainly lose a good deal more."

"You're right! I'll do it."

"Depend upon it, it's your cheapest way out of the scrape, and I hope Coriander will speedily recoup you. Excuse me for one moment, and I'll fetch the release. I had it drawn up in the event of your taking a sensible view of the transaction."

"All right, my pet, so far," he exclaimed, as he entered Denison's private sanctuary where Maude was anxiously waiting him. "Pen and ink, quick!"

"To Mrs. Hudson, Paper Buildings, Temple. From Grenville Rose, Xminster. Shall be home to-night; have something for dinner."

"There, fold that up, and send it off directly to the telegram office. No time to be lost, Maude."

"Well, I don't see much in that," retorted Maude. "What a gourmand you must be, Gren!"

"Never mind. Where's that dead?—ah, here. I'll explain it all to you afterwards."

"And my note?" she said shyly, holding it up.

"Neither you nor it will be wanted to-day, I think. But come back here when you have seen James off."

"Perhaps you'd rather I should never send it?" she inquired, half timidly, half coquettishly.

"Maude, be serious now, please. You may tease me as much as you like afterwards."

She said nothing, but fitted from the room on her errand.

Grenville Rose, armed with the deed of a release of the mortgage, and a similar acquittance of the heriot claim, all drawn up in due legal form, quickly returned to Pearman.

"Here," he said, is your acquittance, signed by my uncle. If you will sign the release, I'll hand it over to you. Shall I ring for a servant as a second witness to your signature?"

Pearman nodded assent, and upon the appearance of the butler, scrawled his name across the parchment, to which the witnesses signed their attestation. He then placed the acquittance in his pocket, took up his hat, and departed, without further demand for an interview with Maude.

Not that the heriot business had for one second put it out of his mind. No; to do him justice, he looked upon the probable rupture of his engagement as a very serious item in the losses the discovery of that mouldy old parchment had entailed upon him.

Thus meditating, he drove home, and having ordered his phaeton to wait while he wrote a couple of letters, to save the post, entered the house. In about half an hour he reappeared, stepped into the carriage, and drove to Xminster Station.

His wishing to write those letters at Mannersley had caused him to make a considerable detour to the station from Glinn Harold Denison's place lying, though off the direct road, somewhere about half way between Mannersley and the railway. On arrival there he went into the telegraph office, and dispatched a message. The clerk and Pearman were upon rather intimate relations. The late owner of Mannersley had employed the electric wire pretty freely. His son, also, was wont to use it a good deal. The latter, moreover, constantly sent the clerk game in the season—very often told him he had invested a sovereign for him on one of his horses that he thought was likely to win. It may be conceived that the conductor of the telegraph at Xmin-