

## Race

for a Wife

HAWLEY SMART

CHAPTER XXI .- (Continued.)

Pearman paused. He was a man, and he could not help being struck by the ability with which his opponent had got up his case. "Suppose I let you take the horse?" he said at length.

"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 re-

'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

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 ray 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 speedly 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;" and Grenville left the room.

"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!" And dinner." seizing one of the telegram slips, he wrote rapidly:
"To Mrs. Hudson, Paper Buildings,

Temple. From Grenville Rose, Xminster. Shall be home to-night; have some thing 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 deed?-ah, I'll explain it all to you after-

"And my note?" she said shyly, holding

"Neither you nor it will be wanted today, 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 after-She saird nothing, but flitted 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, alldrawn 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. then placed the acquittance in his pocket, took up his hat, and departed, without further demand for an interview with Maude.

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 en-tailed upon him. If he did not love her, he admired her extremely, and looked forward to the connection with great eagerness. But he felt quite convinced that to have moved any further than he had already done would be simply to cancel it at once. He did not wish that. but a slender hold, he knew. Still, another shuffle of the pack might change all the hands once more. That slight link own advantage. was better than none at all.

Thus meditating, he drave home, and having ordered his phaeton to wait while nal literature of her country in that he wrote a couple of letters, to save the post, entered the house. In about half yelept Paper Buildings, when that most an hour he reappeared, stepped into the carriage, and drove to Xminster Sta-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-

ster held Mr. Sam Pearman in high es-

"You'll be going up by the six train, I suppose, sir? Only half-past three now, but I expect 'you're going home again first.'

"Just so. I want to have about an hour at the paddocks first."

"One last look at the crack, eh, sir? Win, won't he, though they do take strange liberties with him in the betting?" "He's very well and 'll make some of

them open their eyes and shut their mouths before many days are over." "Well, you'll have company up, sir-

Mr. Grenville Rose, from Glinn; he's a-going by that train. Know him, Mr. Pearman, I suppose." "Yes, I do know him," said Pearman, as he thought over their recent interview. "Beg pardon, sir; didn't know you

didn't like him; he's usually reckoned a nice gentleman.' "How do you know he's going to town?"

"Because he sent a message to say so." "What, a telegram? How long ago?" "About an hour and a half; it was about two o'clock."

"That was the time I left Glinn, and his telegram left Xminster then. Hum! It must have left Denison's while I was there," thought Pearman. "What the devil could it have been about? I say, what was Mr. Rose's message—exactly?" "Beg pardon sir, but, you know, we

ain't allowed-"Yes, of course, I know; there's a

sovereign for you-go on."
"Well, it can't be of any consequence, and you won't let out I told you, Mr. Pearman," said the clerk, as his hand closed on the gold coin. "It was only this: "To Mrs. Hudson, Paper Buildings, Temple. From Grenville Rose, Xminster. I shall be home to-night; have some

"That was all, you're sure?" "Every word, I'll take my oath."

"Thank you; keep a place for me by the six train;" and Pearman drove off to see his horses.

It was a very simple message, but the owner of Coriander had been quite long enough on the turf to know that a telegram may represent anything but what it appears to say. It disquieted him much. He wished that he had driven straight to the station instead of home to Mannersley; he might have written his letters there, and his own telegram would have been off much sooner. In the meanwhile here he was at the paddocks.

"Well, Martin?" he inquired, as his trainer came out to meet him; "how are they all going on?"

"Well as can be, sir. Coriander did two nice canters and a good mile and a quarter gallop, to wind up with, this morning. No horse can be doing better. But they tell me they're laying against him in Lendon, as if something was the matter;" and the trainer glanced inquiringly at his master.

Something has been the matter, Martin-too long a matter to tell you at present; but everything is now satisfactorily arranged. But I want to talk to you about those two-year-olds; so, come inside."

After a lengthened conference with his trainer, Pearman returned to the station. Grenville Rose was a fellow traveler with him and they even occupied the same carriage, but beyond a few words of recognition, no conversation passed between them.

Upon entering the Theatine, 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 Not that the heriot basiness had for Thousand, at seven to two, taken freely,

"Done again," he muttered, "somehow. And I believe that telegram and Rose are at the bottom of it."

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. Yet even in that case "great events from trivial causes sprang." That lady is destined to be as much disturbed in a monetary point of view as Mrs. Bardell: but infinitely more to her

Mrs. Hudson was lounging pleasantly enough in an armchair, reading the diurabode of comfort, bliss, and intelligence, domestic of telegrams reached her. That she was attired in a morning coat, neat trousers, unimpeachable boots, and had cigar in her mouth, will scarcely astonish the reader, who has probably already surmised that Silky Dallison represented that

ladv. "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 Tattersall's." Mr. Dallison was a man of decision; he was into a hansom and at the door of the Victoria Club in something less than ten minutes, His conference with the bookmaker was short, and then they separated, both to make their way to the great Turf Ex-change at Knightsbridge.

The remarkable feature of the betting it all on the Two Thousand that afternoon Dealer.

was the extraordinary advance of Cortander. 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. From the opening of the rooms Dallison was very eager in his offers to back the horse, while it might have been also noticed that Mr. Plyart accepted the long odds against Corlander. "Just to cover himself," as he said, "having laid rather heavily against him." But it quickly permentes through the Sub-scription Room that the horse is being backed in earnest, and when, about halfpast four, Pearman's accredited agent began also to put money on the horse, the excitement became intense,

The Ring, or stock brokers of the turf, like their brethren of the eastern exchange, with all their acuteness are marvelously like sheep in times of panic. The leaders at both places can increase or depreciate property pretty much at their pleasure. As there is, of course, money to be made by such fluctuations, it can scarcely be wondered at that they do it. But why should the one be deemed virtuous and respectable, and the other the contrary? There is little to choose between the scandals of the two betting

Grenville Rose, upon Pearman's de parture, 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." The hopes Grenville had raised had influenced him in his influence with Sam Pearman, and, if a little sarcastic in his retorts, the bitter cynicism of his nature had toned down rather upon that occasion. Rose now thought it time to do a little work for himself: so without more ado, he reverted to his passion for his cousin, and solicited his uncle's permission for their engagement.

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. He liked his nephew, perhaps, as far as it was in his selfish nature to like anybody; but he still thought that Maude, with her personal attractions, ought to marry until brown. money or rank, if not both. Still, at the present moment, he was virtually indebted to his nephew for £10,000-ascircumstance little likely to help him in the long run as men of Harold Denison's crust. Make the filling of the ple as caliber generally hate most heartily those to whom they are deeply beholden. However, he had not come to that yet, and the way his nephew had outwitted Pearman pleased his cynic and vindictive nav ture much.

(To be continued.)

A Distinguished Sufferer.

The sufferings of dramatic authors found very delicate and nice. 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 draof stimulating liquids as a sort of in- to taste, stir until hot and serve. sulation against unhappiness in case .. thigs should go wrong. It is said that W. S. Gilbert, the author of "Pinafore," "Patience" and "The Mikado," in a deep pan, allowing a heaping ta-has never yet attended a premiere of blespoonful of sugar and half a cup any of his many successful operas and of water to each apple. In the center plays, dreading the nervous strain of the ordeal. Even Henry J. Byron, who chopped nuts and a strip of lemon or orange peel, and over the whole sprinperson, in so far as caring for the kle cinnamon and nutmeg. Bake very world's verdict was concerned, is said slowly and the juice will become jellyto have been completely wretched at 'tke. the first production of his play, "Dearer than Life."

It was at this performance that a second act, filling the audience with im-

they be doing back there?" asked a critic, meeting Byron in the lobby of the theater trying to calm his troubled spirit by walking nervously about.

"I don't know," moaned the author, with a melancholy gesture of despair. A moment later the sound of a saw

at work behind the curtain was heard, and the critic, returning to the playwright's side, inquired:

"And what do you imagine that to Byron's sense of humor came to his

rescue instantly. "I think," he said, "they must be cutting out the last act."-Success Maga-

Harlem Musical Note.

"Oh, papa, papa!" cried the muste lesson maid from the adjoining room, "there's a burglar in the parlor! He just bumped against the plane, heard him strike several keys."

"All right, dearle; I'll go right down."

"Oh, James," sobbed the wife, "don't do anything rash!"

"Sure not. Leave that to me. I'm going to help the poor duffer. You don't suppose he can get that blamed piano out without assistance, do you?" -New York Herald.

A Precautionary Measure. "Why do you laugh so hurriedly when your husband tells a story?"

"If I don't laugh promptly he tells



Boil 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. Add enough boiled oats to absorb or thicken the liquid, season to suit the taste, and simmer from twenty to thirty minutes, then pack into a bowl or crock. When cold it is nice to spread on sandwiches. It is also good cut into squares, dipped into flour and fried for tea or luncheon.

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 11/2 inches in diameter. Have a griddle hot, grease a little with lard, and put the dodgers on as you roll them. Put in the oven and bake thoroughly, when they will be crisp and a rich brown. This bread does not rise.

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. Bone the mackerel and flake it fine, add the potatoes, mix well together, run through your potato masher again. then make into little balls, put into a greased pan and bake in a hot oven

Crustless Pumpkin Pie.

This will be a relief to some of our cooks who do not like to make ple usual, adding a little cornstarca, so that it will be firm when baked. Cover the inside of a rather deep ple plate with a rather thick coating of butter, then sprinkle with flour, either white or entire wheat, until the butter is entirely covered. Pour in the filling and bake as usual. It will be

Stewed Oyster Plant.

Scrape the stalks of a bunch of saisify plant and cut each stalk into halfmatic debut of the children of their inch lengths, dropping it into cold brain. Thackeray, in his "Virginians," water as you do so. Drain and boil has George Warrington sitting in a in hot salted water until tender. neighboring coffee-house while the first Drain again and pour into the sauceproduction of his "Carpezan" is in prog- pan with the vegetable a generous cup ress, receiving builetins of its recept of milk that has been thickened with tion from his friends, and doubtless a little butter and flour rubbed to a consoling himself with copious drafts paste. Season with salt and pepper

Baked Apples with Nuts.

Peel and core the apples, then place

Cream Saind Dressing. Put into a saucepan the beaten

yolks of two eggs a tablespoonful of long delay occurred at the end of the butter, one tablespoonful of sugar, onethird of a cup of milk, pepper to taste, patience and the distinguished author one-third teaspoonful of dry mustard, and one-third cup of vinegar. Boil, "What in the name of Heaven can stirring steadily, until as thick as rich ream. Serve very cold.

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. Put it on the rim of the bottle, where it will settle around the stopper. In ten minutes the top lifts out,

Salmon Lonf.

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. Pour in buttered mold, steam half hour. Pour on hot dish and serve with white sauce.

Eggless Cookles,

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. Roll, cut into rounds and bake.

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 sait it and be sure it is well scalded before taking the mixture from the fire. It all over gain."-Cleveland Plain Sweeten to taste and bake in a thin sheet. Eat hot with butter.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

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. He was born in Hampshire, Eng., Feb. 12, 1828, and was left an orphan early in life. Until the age of 15 he was educated in Germany, and before he was 23 years old he had published poems and a novel. He devoted himself to writing. "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," which was published in 1859, was received with great praise and has been widely read since then.

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 motable 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. "Life," he says in "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," "is a supreme procession with ironic laughter of gods in the background."

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. Nay, Meredith's humor suggested that he made haste to laugh lest he should weep, and at best his laughter was

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 Meritt. On his 80th birthday, Feb. 21, last year, he was honored by the leading literary men of Great Britain with an address of congratulation His American admirers also sent their greetings, drawn up by Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, and signed by such men as Mark Twain, Henry James, Richard Watson Gilder, George W. Cable and William Dean Howells.



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

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.