



Race for a Wife

BY HAWLEY SMART

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

"Foolish business, Gren, very, I'm afraid," he replied at length. "Nobody I'd sooner give her to, providing she's willing to take you."

"My dear uncle, Maude and I—"

"Pooh! You needn't go on about that. I never doubted that you and Maude had settled it all before you did me the honor to consult me. But what are you to live on? Your £400 a year won't keep a wife, Gren, and I can't help you."

"No, but we can wait a bit; we are both young, and I shall be making two or three hundred a year at my profession very soon."

"Nonsense, boy; I know the law. I thoroughly believe you to be clever and have no doubt the money will come in course of time, but it's slow work—very. Long engagements are not judicious."

"But this is not to be so very long; and Maude is good to wait a couple of years or so for me."

"A couple of years," smiled the equine. "What did the fee-book say last year. Fifty pounds?"

"Not quite; very near it, though."

"I'm afraid you'll find it will take all two years to double it. I don't doubt your doing well at last, but it takes time, it takes time. Still, Gren, I'll not gainsay the match, and if at the end of next year you can see your way into something like £300 a year, exclusive of what you have, make a wedding of it, if you like."

"Ten thousand thanks, uncle. This case of yours will find me practice, see if it don't. I have no intention of hiding my light under a bushel. I'll take very good care, through my friends, the case is well talked of. Only wait till the Two Thousand is over, and see what details the sporting papers shall have of it! Good-by. I will just run up and see my aunt and Maude, and then I'm off."

Grenville dashed into the drawing room, where he found Mrs. Denison and his cousin.

"I'm just off to town, aunt, and have come to wish you good-by, and to tell you I'm to be your son-in-law, after all."

"Don't believe him, my mother," laughed Maude, her eyes dancing with fun. "We know better than that don't we? We mustn't detain him, or he'll be too late for his dinner. You greedy thing; you won't live if you gourmandize so—"

"Come here, Gren," said Mrs. Denison; "has my husband consented to your marrying Maude?"

"Yes, aunt, as soon as I've got bread and cheese enough to feed her on."

"My dear boy, I'm so glad! I was obliged to be your enemy once, Gren—I couldn't help myself; but I'd rather you took her than anyone!"

"Oh you, mother!" cried Maude; "and he says he'll feed me on bread and cheese, and I like, I like—strawberries and cream."

"Sad thing, aunt, but I suppose I'd better break off the match at once. Better that than come to a separate maintenance, you know. Bread and cheese is a good lasting dish, but how she's to get through the winters I don't know, on what she proposes."

"Ah, well, never mind," laughed Maude; "she's yours now, and won't have a separate maintenance. You'll have to feed her some way and you can't guess how she eats. When are you going, Gren?"

"In a very few minutes. I'm going to walk; will you come with me? Good-by, aunt. Don't be afraid. I won't run away with her, at all events till strawberries are well in, and threepence a potato."

"Listen; were lovers like that in your day, mother? I used to dream, a little while back, that when you had a lover, it was all you could do to keep him from running away with you. Now I'm getting quite clever about it, and know that Gren would always much prefer to leave me behind than his portmanteau."

"Come away, Maude, and let's see if we can shut it; you know we always have a deal of trouble about that."

"Oh, yes, I always found you and Thomas despairing over it, and it takes all my ingenuity to make those last three or four packages fit in. Don't you think he's making a wife of me, mother, a little before he's entitled to?"

"Go away, you foolish children. You can quarrel and make up all the way to the station."

The refractory portmanteau was soon reduced to subjection under Maude's clever auspices, and then the two cousins walked across the fields to the station.

"Your father's given you to me, Maude, as soon as I can get together an income that we can live upon."

She might be coquettish before her mother, but she was meek enough to her lover when they were alone together.

"I hope I shall be a good wife to you, Gren. You know I'm not extravagant, however I may laugh about it."

"No, my darling, I know you better; and if we have to begin with a little, I hope you'll be able to spend lots of money before long."

"I never had any money to spend," said the girl, gravely. "I've often had to want a five-pound note, both for myself and my poor people in the village."

"And will have again, pet. Wanting money is the normal condition of ninety-nine hundredths of civilized humanity. But you must turn back now, you have

come far enough. Good-by, and God bless you," said Rose, as he clasped her in his arms. "Mine now, forever, isn't it?"

"Yes, Gren. Yours or no one's," she replied, as she lifted her lips shyly to his. "Please write."

"Every day, dearest. Good-by," and, with one more kiss, Grenville Rose tore himself away.

How he traveled up to town in the same carriage with Pearman we have already seen. On his arrival at Waterloo Station he jumped into a cab, and proceeded at once to the Temple. On entering his rooms the first thing that caught his eye was the figure of Silky Dailison, who, comfortably ensconced in the easiest chair in the room, was making, apparently, some abstruse calculations on a piece of paper, and referring frequently for guidance to a gaily bound betting book.

"All right, old fellow," he said, in return to Grenville's greeting. "Wanted to have a talk to you; knew you would come up by that train; told the old party to get food for two at half-past seven—wants just ten minutes. Go and wash your hands, while I finish what I am about."

After the "bit of fish and beefsteak" that constitute an ordinary bachelor dinner in chambers, the two began to smoke.

"Now," said Dailison, "shall be back to dinner of course meant, as we agreed it should, that Pearman had yielded to your terms. I was off to Plyart directly I got your message, and we have had a busy afternoon of it. We rather woke up the Subscription Room at Knightsbridge, I flatter myself. From being an outsider in the betting, we brought Coriander back to 7 to 2, and made him once more first favorite. I told you we had Pearman in a hole, and we had. I suppose you got a lot of money out of him?"

"Yes, indeed; we made him pay £10,000 to let off our claim." And then Grenville recounted, his interview with Pearman.

"Very good; then he's now absolute master of the horse again. Of course, exactly what I expected from your telegram. Now I'll tell you what I've done. In the first place, I laid, between us, or rather Plyart did for us, £3,300 to £1,200 against Coriander; that was before he was driven back in the betting; of course that left us to win £1,200 if he was beat or didn't start. After getting your telegram I went down to Tattersall's, and, with Plyart's assistance, got that whole £1,200 on the horse at long odds. We now stand to win, between us £10,170 if Coriander wins the Two Thousand, and just quits if he loses. Not a bad book, Grenville?"

"By Jove! no; and he's a good chance, hasn't he?"

"Yes, on previous running, wonderful. We know Pearman has backed him to win him a lot of money. It's not likely he would have paid you £10,000 to-day unless he was very confident about his chance. To wind up with, his own commissioner backed him to-day for a good bit of money, although he had to take shortish odds, owing to our having appropriated all the long prices against the colt."

Grenville's eyes sparkled, though he said nothing, but smoked on in silence for a minute or two. Yes, if that should come off, he might marry Maude at once!

Dailison had regarded him intently. Suddenly he broke silence:

"I saw your eye flash up, and then you plunged into a reverie. I had forgotten the stake you told me you had on this; when you first spoke to me about it. Whether it's been any good to go so far, of course I don't know; but you stand as fair a chance as a man can do of winning £5,000 next week, if that will help you at all. There's no certainty about anything in this world—about how long it's been a world, or about how long we've been preying on each other in it. Practically, mind, we are as much cannibals as ever, and eat each other up with as much alacrity as the Feejee Islanders. A good heavy city swindle gulps us down such as a whale takes herrings; but there's plenty of pike about, who do their cannibalism one at a time, and not by the shoal. Old Pearman was a pike of renown; in fact, he might have aspired to the dignity of a shark, if he hadn't been of a retiring disposition, and ever anxious to hide his light under a bushel. Young Pearman has a fair dash of the pike about him, too. Which way he can make most money out of Coriander I don't know; but I should think, by winning; and if I'm right in my conjecture, bar accidents, we shall win our money, Gren."

"And if it is the other way?"

"Shan't lose it, thank goodness! But I'm afraid if his book makes up a few hundreds better on the lose, Coriander will not run up to his previous performances. We've done pretty well; win or lose, we stand a big stake to nothing. Good-night."

Grenville mused far into the night. Yes, he had been playing for high stakes lately, and winning game after game. Let this only come off, and he should have fairly won his sweet cousin. Then the thought came into his head that he must see it, and then it flashed across him that Maude must be with him. How he was to manage it, he didn't know. As inspirations flash across mankind, so do superstitions. Coriander's winning the Two

Thousand depended upon Maude and him being there to see.

"Ridiculous!" you'll say. There is pretty well as much romance and superstition going about the world as heretofore; but our nineteenth century training teaches us, above all things, not to lay ourselves open to ridicule. We may inwardly admit such things; we don't acknowledge them.

(To be continued.)

ENGLISH WOMEN SWIMMERS.

An Increasing Likening for the Sport in Which the Age Does Not Count.

Seventy-four men and forty-three women will receive awards of merit in connection with the intermediary examination of the Royal Life Saving Society in London, says an exchange. The intermediary represents a step to the gaining of the diploma, a tremendous test of the swimmer's aquatic powers, and it does not follow that those who have gained the one will attempt the other.

The examination in swimming consists of various difficult tests. Among other things the candidate for honors has to jump into the water fully dressed, except for hat and shoes, and rescue a person, carrying him twenty yards in the water. Candidates must also swim sixty yards fully dressed, must give examples of various strokes, must undress on the surface of the water, dive and perform other feats.

In the case of a woman she must take off corsets, blouse, skirt and stockings while in the water and then in her swimming costume pass the other tests.

The increasing love of swimming among English women is not confined to women of one class. Femininity in all ranks of society now favor it as an excellent exercise. Several women's clubs have swimming tanks and the Bath club makes a special feature of lessons and exhibitions of this form of sport.

The swiftest swimmers are to be found among the north country factory girls and the teacher in charge of the intermediary examination ascribes this to the fact that their daily work involves in many cases a good deal of use of the muscles of the arms and also to the fact that the streets in a mill town are not so bright and attractive on the winter nights as those of the metropolis, while the baths are warm and well lighted and offer a strong attraction to the mill girl seeking recreation, with the result that she becomes a proficient swimmer.

Age does not seem to affect swimming ability and one team of women at a swimming club counted 219 years as their united age. There were only four of them and they were the champion team of the club.



HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Corned Beef Hash.
This is perhaps the most usual and at the same time one of the most savory kinds of hash. To make it, allow one part of cold boiled potato cut into small cubes to two parts of cold corned beef chopped fine; mix well and season to taste with salt and pepper. Put a large tablespoonful of butter in a frying pan; when melted turn the meat and potato mixture into it and add enough boiling water to moisten thoroughly. Cover closely and set on a hot part of the range for five minutes, being careful not to let it scorch. When a crust is formed on the bottom, turn and brown the upper side, then transfer to a hot plate and send to the table at once.

Peach Shortcake.
Rub two tablespoons of butter in one quart of flour with one-half tablespoon of salt and two teaspoons of baking powder, stir in sweet milk enough to make a soft dough. Mix lightly and bake in a quick oven. When done split and butter while hot. In splitting any kind of hot bread, cut around crust with a sharp knife and open carefully with a fork. Have firm peaches cut in slices well sweetened with powdered sugar. Spread these over one-half of cake, dust with sugar, then lay on the other half and spread with slices of peaches. Serve with plain cream, whipped cream or vanilla ice cream.

To Render Suet.
Many housekeepers are deterred from the economical practice of rendering the suet which the butcher gives with meat on account of the disagreeable odor which is likely to result through the house. Yet beef suet is the best of animal fats for frying, and cannot be obtained in any other way than by rendering it at home. To melt it without smell, keep for the purpose a small pot with a tightly fitting cover, and reduce the suet over a simmering burner, or a flame turned as low as possible. Melted slowly in this way in a covered pan no odor will result.

Stewing Fruits.
According to a clever chemist the housekeeper who sweetens some kinds of sour fruit while stewing them wastes her sugar and runs a risk of altering the color of the fruit, owing to the chemical effects of the acid. Rhubarb is one of the fruits which should not be sweetened until after cooking, and sour berries are also better if prepared in the same way. Add the sugar to taste while the compote is still hot, but do not return to the stove afterward.

Creamed Chicken.
Boil a four-pound chicken until tender. When cold remove the skin and cut the meat into dice. Put two table spoonfuls of butter and two of flour into a chafing dish and stir in one pint of sweet milk. Stir until the sauce thickens, then add the chicken, a level teaspoonful of salt and a saltspoonful of pepper. Serve on squares of buttered toast.

Bean Roll.
Cook fresh-shelled lima beans in boiling water until tender; press through a sieve, add salt and pepper and a teaspoonful of butter to each pint of pulp. Stir in two well-beaten eggs and bread crumbs enough to make a mixture thick enough to roll. Wrap in greased paper and at serving time bake in quick oven for twenty minutes. Serve with tomato sauce.

Short Suggestions.
Use adhesive plaster to fasten labels to cans or bottles. It is dangerous to leave either without being plainly labeled.
Wring a cloth from vinegar and wrap it several thicknesses around cheese to keep it from molding or drying.
The knife used for peeling a pine apple should never be used for slicing it, as the rind contains an acid that is apt to cause a swollen mouth and sore lips.
A small piece of window glass will be useful for holding the leaves apart on a cook book and one can read the recipe and not soil the book by too much handling.
When ironing between buttons on a shirt waist, place the buttons down on a folded towel and iron on wrong side. The result will be very pleasing to both ironer and wearer.
A creamy coffee custard can be made by stirring a pint of hot, strong black coffee into a quart of custard while still warm. Beat hard, and serve in glasses with or without whipped cream on top. Cool the custards on ice.

SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY

The world's average rainfall is 60 inches.

The first sleeping car was started over the tracks in 1858.

The newest telephone mouthpiece is of glass, which can be readily cleaned by boiling.

It has taken eighteen years for the Atlantic steamships to cut down the transatlantic record one day.

The shadow of the moon falling on the earth during an eclipse generally covers an area of about fifty miles.

Japan is selling coal to China to the value of about \$5,000,000 a year, fully three-fourths of China's imports.

The shipbuilding output of the United Kingdom last year was 926,699 tons, as against 1,607,890 tons the previous year.

It is likely that there will be laws in New York and other States requiring that stockyards in the future be constructed of concrete.

Beer drinking is greatly on the increase in France. In 1840 the hop crop was only 4,000,000 hectolitres; today it is nearly 10,000,000 a year.

An American syndicate is building a large cement mill, and a vigorous campaign is being started to teach the Jap how to make use of this material.

The Mexican State of Guadalupe is to have at last a modern dairy; 100 American cows are to be imported and 500 acres of land have been purchased.

The most powerful dredge in the world is claimed for Russia. It can move 7,000 cubic yards of earth from the bottom of a river in the course of an hour.

It is estimated that there will be produced in Alberta this year 20,000,000 bushels of wheat, and that the western half of Saskatchewan will do at least as well.

The Limerick Chamber of Commerce has approved a resolution making Greenwich time the standard for the entire United Kingdom. Now Ireland is twenty-four minutes behind London.

To "bear the bell" is a phrase derived from the custom of giving a bell as the prize at running matches in England. A little golden bell was given at York, England, as a reward of victory, in 1607.

The exportations of condensed milk from the United States have shown a very rapid growth in recent years, the total value being in 1895, \$219,785; in 1898, \$671,670; in 1900, \$1,139,402; in 1905, \$2,156,616, and in 1908, \$2,455,186.

It is stated that the wireless telegraph station on the Eiffel tower in Paris has been receiving messages from the station at Glace Bay, Canada, a distance of 3,250 miles. A new installation is being fitted at the Eiffel tower, by means of which it is hoped to establish wireless telegraphic communication with Saigon (Cochin China), a distance of 6,800 miles.

A novel type of trolley car has been built for the South Manchurian Railroad. The car is divided into first and second class compartments by a vestibule and steps at the center of the car. As these steps must not project outside the car body, they cut into the side sills and make necessary a special construction of frame work. The first class compartment is fitted with upholstered seats, while slat seats are provided in the other.

The people of the State of Washington have revolted against the tipping extortion, and their representatives in the legislature have promptly rushed to their aid. Both houses have passed a bill that provides that "every employe of a public house or public service corporation who solicits or receives any gratuity from any guest, and every person giving any gratuity, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor." There are said to be twenty thousand waiters in New York State, so the likelihood of the passage of such a law here is at least not immediate.—New York Tribune.

Honey as a classic sweetmeat is likely to come into its own again. Since the days of the pure food law, since folk can purchase honey and be sure that it is honey and not paraffin and brown sugar, the honey trade has swelled beyond all known proportions. Among a circle of friends in Manhattan there exists a rivalry as to who shall find the greatest number of uses for honey. Postcards pass between them daily, as thus: "Try honey on oatmeal," "Try honey on ice cream," "Honey in cordials," "Honey in coffee." One hostess is preparing a honey luncheon, with liquid honey, and honey in the comb, on the menu, and apple blossom honey, clover honey and buckwheat honey as well. The favors are to be bonbonnières with bees on the covers, and the center piece will be a large yellow hive stuck with apple blossoms. It is certainly lucky the bees are busy in the country with the coming season, or they might strike for higher wages.—New York Sun.