



Race for a Wife

—BY—
HAWLEY SMART

CHAPTER XXIII.

The classic heat is crowded; ay, over-crowded. The carriages stand four or five deep next the ropes. In a carriage very close to the cords are Harold Denison, Maude and Grenville Rose—or rather, I should say, were, inasmuch as they had arrived there together; but though Denison had for some years eschewed the greensward and its fatal seductions, of course there were numerous old friends whom he had known well in the days that the sky blue and silver braid was prominent at most large race meetings. He had naturally drawn off to chat over old times with some of them, and left Maude in charge of her cousin.

The girl was in a state of the greatest excitement. She had never before seen a race of any kind. It was a bright day; but not warm, except in the July meeting, it never is on Newmarket Heath. Thanks to her father's experience, Maude was heavily shawled and therefore comfortable. In the last few minutes Rose had confided to her what a big stake he stood to win on Coriander. "Though, Maude, recollect, I shan't be a penny the worse if he loses."

"Oh, Gren, how can you stand still? I can hardly, as it is, though it is you who are to win, and not me."

"My darling, you are as much interested as I am. I never did bet before; I never shall again. Can't you guess why I have this time?"

"I think so," she replied, as her face flushed. "It's for me, is it not?"

"Yes, Maude; if Coriander wins, I can claim you from your father at once; if he don't—well, you will wait while I work, won't you?"

"You know I will. I'm yours whenever you come for me," whispered the girl; "and as long as we may write, I shall never—"

"What?" inquired her cousin.

"Don't ask me!—well, never be as unhappy as I have been."

Grenville pressed the little hand that rested in his, but said nothing; in which he showed great discretion. In love-making, silence is often more effective than conversation.

But the noise of the bursting cork is hushed in Jarvis—the ring is deserted. Flies and horsemen tear across to where the cords, placed in funnel shape, indicate the finest of the Rowley miles. Every one is anxious to see the result of the first great three-year-old race of the season. Carefully have the horses been scrutinized in the Birdenge and elsewhere, and the scattered ring, from the foot of the Jockey Club stand and from amidst the carriages, still shriek forth spasmodic offers against outsiders. Grenville has never left his cousin's side. As he has already said, the turf was a great mystery to him. All he knows—and this is derived from Dallison—is, that Coriander is first favorite, and that Fauxpas and The Saint are each backed for a great deal of money, and that the Lightning Colt is a dangerous outsider.

"Now, Maude stand up on the seat. Are the glasses right? Try."

"Quite; I can see beautifully."

"Very well; now repeat what I have taught you. What are the colors?"

"Coriander, black and white hoops; Fauxpas, green and white braid; The Saint, cherry and black cap; and—and, oh, dear, I forget that Lightning thing."

"Mazarine blue; don't forget again. Do you see those two bushes? As soon as we hear they are off, bring your glasses to bear on those. Wait till you catch the horses in their field, and then follow them till you don't want glasses."

"Yes, Gren; but my hand shakes so. I wish you hadn't told me about all that money if Coriander wins. Oh, dear, why don't they start? What are they waiting for?"

"Ah, me! Faces are a study, the five minutes before the flag falls for a great race. The teeth will go through the lip, or the mouth will twitch, and the hand that holds the race glass will shake a little on these occasions when the possessors are involved in high stakes on the result. Once over, and as a rule it would be difficult to tell whether a man had lost much or little. Winners look jubilant, losers bland at the hoisting numbers. To study faces, use your eyes while the horses still cluster at the starting post."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Suddenly is seen tumult amongst the distant horsemen, who have gone down some way to witness the start, and almost before Maude can realize that they are all tearing towards her, the fierce shriek of "They're off!" announces that the race for the Two Thousand has begun. She has barely time to get the bushes within the field of her glasses when half a dozen of the gay silken jackets pass them. Flushed, panting, excited, and utterly unaccustomed to the thing, Maude grinds her little white teeth in her agitation as she finds they have passed the point more like the glimpse of a kaleidoscope than anything else; then, for a second, she can't find them again. "Oh, Gren!" she gasps, "which is Coriander? I forget! Was it blue, or black and white hoops? I've lost them. Oh, dear, that green thing will win! Oh, which is Coriander?" And there was a slight gurgle in Maude's throat.

"The Saint wins! No, he don't; he's beat! Fauxpas wins! No, the Lightning

Colt; Fauxpas"—when, sharp and shrill as a clarion above the Babel, came Sam Pearman's cry of "Coriander wins for a monkey!" Coriander wins. Coriander—in a walk, and the black and white hoops glide past the Judge's chair a clever length in front.

Grenville draws a big breath. "Is it true?"—and he glares anxiously at the telegraph board. From where he is it is impossible to tell for certain, though he thinks the favorite won. Hurrah! Up goes the mystic 7 that represents Coriander on the cards; and, with a yell, Grenville sends his hat into the air. Even as he does so, he feels that Maude leans wondrous heavy on his shoulder; he turns just in time to hear a low gurgling sound, and catch his cousin in his arms. She has fainted. He lays her back in the carriage, and sends one of the innumerable lads that infest a race course in hot pursuit of water. Meanwhile he, in his ignorance and confusion, bathes her temples with sherry from a big flask. It has the desired effect, as if it were a more scientific, or, at all events, more generally recognized, remedy, and ere the myrmidon returns with water, Maude has come to her self with a choking sob or two.

"Oh, Gren, I didn't—I don't—I shall be well in a minute." And after drinking, first a little sherry, and then a little water, Maude, with rather pale cheeks, began to wonder how she could have been so foolish.

"I got so excited about it Gren; I couldn't help it. You shouldn't have told me what a lot of money you might win. Besides, I never saw a race before."

"Never mind, you are all right now. We'll go home as soon as we can catch your father; there's nothing else to see—not for us, at least, darling. I've won you now, Maude!"

"No," said the girl, with a smile, and a slight pressure of her little hand; "you did that before. But where's your hat?"

"I don't know," said Grenville, looking very confused. "I threw it up in the air when the horse won and then you fainted, and I never thought of it again. Looks awkward, don't it?"

"Oh," laughed Maude, "I'm so glad. Why, you were as bad as me. I think we had better go home, Gren; we are not fit to go racing. We haven't the requisite control of our feelings, and make shows of ourselves."

But though the hat, a little the worse for its aerial excursion, was speedily returned by some jackal of the heath, Harold Denison was not so easily come at, and the cousins were perforce doomed to see the day out. Though I doubt whether they ever saw another race, they bore themselves resignedly, and I fancy passed a tolerably pleasant two hours. A gentleman on a neat hack, after a moment's hesitation, pulled up at their carriage. Lifting his hat to Maude, he nodded cheerily to Rose, and leaning over, murmured:

"No end of congratulation. I'm very well satisfied; but, Gren, you have played for high stakes, and I suppose I may say have won them. Adieu!" And with another glance and raising of his hat to Maude, he cantered off.

"Who was that?" she inquired.

"Dallison, who did all my betting for me."

"And did he know?"

"He knew what that £5,000 meant to me. He's right, Maude. I have been playing high stakes, and to think that I should win all."

Mr. Denison turned up in the most jubilant spirits. He had had a delightful day, and won a hundred and odd pounds, he told them. "Don't think I am going on with it, Grenville, but as I had come to see 'The Guineas' run for once more, I determined to risk my pony on it, and backed the horse that had already been such a good friend to me; and as that was successful I invested two or three more ten-pound notes on the strength of my first win, so that my gains mounted up, my selections having proved successful."

Within twenty-four hours Grenville Rose had had a long confabulation with his uncle, and succeeded in convincing him that he was, thanks to the additional £5,000, in a position to marry his cousin at once; he could make up now £900 a year, and he was sure business would shortly come to him. Denison demurred a little, but he certainly was under some obligation to his nephew about that mortgage. The domestic current, too, ran strong in Grenville's favor; so, after a little, he yielded, saying that "if they thought fit to begin the world on that income, he had no more to say, further than that they could expect but little help from him in his lifetime."

Maude and Grenville recked little of that, and in three months' time they were married; and one of the handsomest wedding presents Maude received was, strange enough to say, from Sam Pearman, with a very correct note, to the effect that, "forgetting all the past, he trusted Miss Denison would still consider him as a friend and well-wisher."

Moreover, so immensely struck was that gentleman with Grenville's acuteness in the prosecution of the heriot claim, that he threw a considerable amount of his own and friends' legal business into Rose's hands; and three or four years after that memorable Two Thousand you seldom saw a horse case in which Grenville was not employed. Briefs, too, fell thick from other sources; the Coriander

story was bruited about, and the asterisks pronounced it smart, clever—very, and endorsed their opinions practically. The picture of that distinguished race horse may be seen in the dining room at Mannersley, and Pearman often contemplates it, and soliloquizes as he does so. "Yes; you cost me £10,000 hard cash, and the prettiest girl in England; but you won the Guineas and the Derby—you did."

Over Rose's study mantelpiece hangs a print of that same celebrity. Deep in his papers in the evening, sometimes, when work is so plentiful that it becomes hard to grapple with, Maude will glide softly in, and say "Come, Gren; tea is in. Come and drink Coriander's health—the dear old horse that gave us to each other." And he yields to the voice of the charmer, and, to the benefit of his health, enjoys a sturdy little boy of some three years old or so, who, having been once taken by his mother into Court, has determined on being a judge almost immediately.

It is a solemn compact between Maude and Mr. Pearman that when anything happens to Coriander—who, having much distinguished himself, has now retired into domestic life—one of his illustrious feet is to be placed at her disposal.

The squire is still muddling on, but, thanks to an occasional look-up from Grenville, and a change of bailiffs, continues to about make both ends meet. As for Mrs. Denison, with her temperament, cannot you fancy the delight she has in a visit to or from her darling daughter, and with a couple of grandchildren to pet and spoil?

(The End.)

BLAZE 1,800 FEET HIGH.

Above It a Column of Smoke Ascended to a Height of 9,000 Feet.

The greatest oil fire in history is supposed to have been the fire which by a conservative estimate destroyed more than 5,000,000 barrels of oil last year in the San Gerónimo field near Tampico, Mexico.

The oil stratum was struck at a depth of 1,848 feet in a six-inch cased well. The torrent of oil burst forth and was quickly followed by a blow-out of gas which opened a big orifice in the earth's surface, swallowing up the derrick and whole drilling outfit, including the engine and boiler. The gas and oil were ignited from the fire under the boiler and the great fire was in this manner started.

It burned for sixty-two days. The vortex or crater through which the oil poured was gradually enlarged until it was more than 500 feet wide. A rim of rocks and earth was formed around its outer edge resembling a volcano's crater. According to the Technical World the blaze extended to a height of from 1,400 to 1,800 feet and the column of black smoke rose above it to a height of about 9,000 feet. On top of the smoke rested a great white cloud of vapor which was estimated to extend skyward to an additional height of 7,000 feet. The blaze could be seen 200 miles.

The great oil fire was extinguished by means of six centrifugal pumps which were kept constantly busy for two weeks throwing mud and water into the crater. Heavy discharges of dynamite around the rim of the orifice also aided in the extinguishing work.

Shortly after the flames were put out the oil burst forth again in greater volume than ever and its output was estimated at 150,000 barrels a day. It has been a difficult problem to care for the oil. The Mexican government sent several hundred soldiers to the scene to assist the owners of the well in building earthen reservoirs for temporary storage of the product. The oil overflowed these reservoirs and large quantities escaped into the San Gerónimo River and Lake Tamiahua.

Learn to Use the Telephone.

"Only about one person in every ten knows how to properly use the telephone," said a district manager of one of the local companies. "Yes, sir, I'll stand by my guns on that assertion; and I think I can prove my point. Nine out of every ten persons talk entirely too loud over the telephone. They actually shout and make so much noise that they drown out all semblance of clearness. Then they can't hear, and the first thing you know there is a complaint about poor connection and faulty service. The correct way to talk over the telephone is to talk as you do in ordinary conversation, or even a trifle lower. People can't seem to realize that the telephone will carry a whisper even. No, they must talk loud enough to be heard from 10th and Chestnut streets to Germantown, if those be the connected points. Just try yourself. Try the low, well modulated voice, and see if you do not get infinitely better service out of your telephone in the future."

Perhaps.

Mr. Stubb (reading ad.)—I see the "Lives of the Hunted" advertised down at the book sale to-day.

Mrs. Stubb—"Lives of the Hunted?" Gracious, John, I wonder who wrote that book?

Mr. Stubb—Oh, some bachelor during leap year, I presume.

Didn't Mean It.

"I saw such a funny old fossil in the museum today, professor. I thought of you at once."



"It was a runaway match, wasn't it?" "Yes, but he couldn't run fast enough. She caught him."

"You ought to save money for your family." "Yes, but—" "But what?" "My family won't let me."—Cleveland Leader.

Poetry is the art of putting words together in such a way as to give them their least possible commercial value.—Puck.

Martha—Don't you think a cookery book is fascinating reading? Maud—Yes, indeed. It contains so many striking incidents.

She—How was your speech at the club received the other night? He—When I sat down they said it was the best thing I ever did.

Ashley—Do you have much variety in your boarding house? Seymour—Well, we have three different names for the meals.—London World.

"Nobody realizes the immensity of space." Except the man who has to fill a daily half column with alleged humor.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Tell me frankly, sir, what do you think of my daughter's voice?" "Well, madam, I think she may have a brilliant future in water color painting."—Figaro.

"You shouldn't treat your boy so harshly; you'll break his spirit." "Well, he'll probably get married some time, and he might as well have it broken now!"—Stray Stories.

"Yes," said the young wife, proudly, "father always gives something expensive when he makes presents." "So I discovered when he gave you away," rejoined the young husband.—Chicago Daily News.

Irate Diner (to waiter who persistently hovers about the table)—What on earth are you waiting for, man? I don't want you. Waiter—Excuse me, sir, but I am responsible for the silver.—Tit-Bits.

Biggs, '11—Why are the tugs on the Wisconsin river like the co-eds who walk up and down State street? Muggs, '12—And the answer is? Biggs, '11—Some toe out, and some toe in.—Wisconsin Sphinx.

"What is your principal object, anyhow," asked the visiting foreigner, "in building that Panama canal?" "Well," answered the native, "we have an idea it will limit the size of future battle-ships."—Chicago Tribune.

"Foreign travel is very improving," said the studious girl. "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne; "although you can't always tell where a person has been by the pictures on the post cards he sends home."—Washington Star.

Tommy went fishing the other day without his mother's permission. The next morning one of his chums met him and asked: "Did you catch anything yesterday, Tommy?" "Not till I got home," was the rather sad response.

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Flatleigh. "You don't mean to tell me you pay a girl \$10 a week for cooking?" "Oh, no," replied Mrs. Urbanville. "We only pay her \$2 a week for cooking. The other \$8 is for staying."—Chicago Daily News.

Professor of Sociology—If this alarming increase in the divorce rate continues, twenty years from now the institution of the home will no longer exist in America. Practical Student—How is that, professor? They all marry again, don't they?—Puck.

"A high financier should be something of an economist, should he not?" "I don't think so," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "The object of the economist is to see what he can get along with; that of the high financier is to see what he can get away with."—Washington Star.

A boy once inquired why leaves of tables were so called, since they did not resemble leaves in the least. Not having received a satisfactory answer, he thought for some time and then said: "I think I know now; they're called leaves because you can leave them up or leave them down."

"Look at me!" exclaimed the stout, florid man. "Never a day's sickness in my life! And all due to simple food. Why, gents, from the time I was twenty to when I reached forty years I lived a regular life. None of these effeminate delicacies for me! No late hours! Every day, summer and winter, I went to bed at nine; got up at five; lived principally on corned beef and corn bread. Worked hard, gents, worked hard, from eight to one; then dinner, plain dinner; then an hour's exercise; and then—" "Excuse me, Bill," interrupted a stranger, who had up to this refrained from entering the discussion; "but what were you in for?"

WOMEN OF KOREAN COURT.

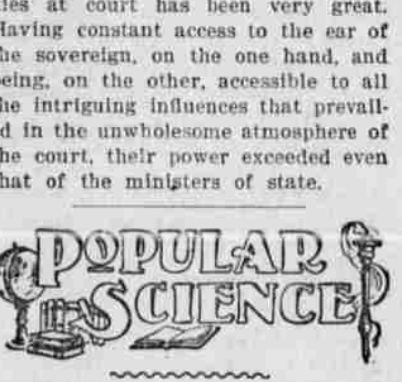
Great Reduction in Their Number—Influence They Once Exerted.

The visit of three Korean court ladies to Japan is an indication of the striking changes that have resulted from the Japanese occupation of the hermit kingdom. Two years ago there were no fewer than 1,800 ladies in waiting, now there are only 100.

This wholesale reduction naturally created consternation, and there was much lamentation among those whose services were dispensed with, the London Telegraph says. Their lot, however, does not seem to have been altogether enviable. It appears that it has been the custom to take girls into the court from the age of 10, and henceforth throughout the whole period of their natural lives they were never allowed to leave the precincts of the palace, so that they lived in absolute ignorance of the outside world.

The few who accompanied the emperor on his recent tour gave evidence of the timidity which had resulted from their long confinement, for they could hardly be persuaded to enter the train, and they finally did so with manifest trepidation.

Hitherto the influence of these ladies at court has been very great. Having constant access to the ear of the sovereign, on the one hand, and being, on the other, accessible to all the intriguing influences that prevailed in the unwholesome atmosphere of the court, their power exceeded even that of the ministers of state.



Pure butter will not melt under a temperature of 35 degrees, when it will leave a sweet and wholesome liquid, but adulterated butter melts at 88 into a liquid with a repulsive odor.

A pressed steel boat, into perforations of which is forced under hydraulic pressure granulated cork until the entire surface is covered, a recent invention, is claimed to be unsinkable.

What promises to be one of the greatest competitions of light agricultural motors that ever has taken place in North America will be held at the Winnipeg Industrial exhibition in July.

The Argentine government has begun the development of a new petroleum field on the east coast of Patagonia on its own account, and is securing a good grade of fuel oil from a depth of 1770 feet.

By using two highly sensitive pendulums suspended in a well a German scientist has found that the surface of the earth rises and falls about 8 inches every twenty-four hours, having tides similar to the oceans.

Experiments by the United States Forest Service have demonstrated that thoroughly air-dried timber has about double the strength of green timber. Moreover, in order effectively to apply preservative agents to timber it must first be seasoned, because it is very difficult to inject antiseptics in green wood. The loss of weight by seasoned timber is quite surprising. Western pine loses half its weight after three to five months' seasoning.

The railway tunnel which is being constructed under the Detroit River possesses some novel features. It will consist of two steel tubes, running side by side 42 feet below the river surface. Each tube has a diameter of 16½ feet. To receive the tubes, a trench, 48 feet wide at the bottom, is dug in the clay of the river bottom, and bedded with a grillage of steel and concrete. On this the tubes are laid. The tubes are made in lengths of 26 feet, and are joined by sleeves 17 inches in length. When completed the tubes will be embedded in concrete all round. Trains are to be run through the tunnel by electricity.

The traditional mountain of the ark always charms the imagination, as if it were the culminating point of the globe. And it is indeed a noble-looking mountain, as shown in a photograph recently made by E. A. Martel, the French geologist and explorer. Mount Ararat is becoming better known because of the growth of interest in the eastern shore of the Black Sea, which Monsieur Martel calls Russia's Riviera. Pleasure resorts, which may rival Biarritz and Monte Carlo, are springing up there along the foot of the Caucasus. Ararat is not visible from this coast, but one must go far up through rough, picturesque valleys in order to reach the lofty plain over which it dominates.

Amateur Gardening.

"Have you harrowed your vegetable plot, Jones?"

"No, but I have my feelings."—Baltimore American.

Our idea of a great talker is a woman who has enough common sense to know her limit.