

Race for a Wife

—BY—
HAWLEY SMART

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"Thanks; but you have not told me yet whether you enjoyed your ball."

"Yes, that I did; I got lots of dancing, and I do like that, you know. But how about yourself, Gena? I don't think you quite did your duty."

"Pretty fairly, I fancy. We can't be expected to consummate the amount of procreating that your sex delight in. I danced a good deal, and it was real pleasure to me to see the little sensation you made. I like to see my pretty cousin appreciated as she should be, and taking her legitimate position in the county."

"And what's that, pray?"

"Why, as the belle of all Hampshire, of course. I wish, though, you hadn't danced with that fellow Pearson last night. I've a sort of presentiment ill will come of it."

"You stupid Greenville; what can come of it? I am not likely to see him again for months—perhaps never. At the worst, recognition of his existence on meeting is all that quadrille entails."

"Well, I suppose you are right, Maude; but it is time I was off. Good-by." And Greenville's pulse tingled a little, as his lips touched the fair cheek so quietly yielded to him. "Kind regards to my uncle and aunt; and drop me a line now and then."

"Don't be afraid of that," laughed Miss Denison; "don't I always write to you when I want anything?—and am I not always wanting something? I think the past might testify in my favor. Good-by; don't be long before you come and see us again."

Greenville Rose pondered moodily over his visit, as he drove to the station. He had not quite mastered the fact that he was in love with his cousin, but he had arrived at some close apprehensions on the subject. He felt that he would have been a good deal better satisfied had his parting salute been much less easily accorded.

Maude, fresh as a rose, after a turn round the garden, comes in just in time to greet her mother on her return to the dining room. Petting her mother is one of the chief pleasures of Maude Denison's life. On this occasion she conducts her into the easychair next the fire, makes the tea, and then, drawing a stool near, seats herself at Mrs. Denison's feet, and with girlish delight recounts all her successes of the previous night; to which the fond mother listens with quiet happiness, as her hand presses that of her daughter's silken tresses. That nobody could eclipse, that nobody could ever be worthy of mating with her peerless Maude, was a thing that Mrs. Denison would have deemed absurd to argue.

"And, mother, dear," said the girl, at last, "Greenville said, before he went away this morning, I was quite the belle of the ball. What do you think of your daughter now? Won't that satisfy papa, although he did grumble so about the expense of the dress?"

"Yes, love. He will be quite contented when he hears how thoroughly you enjoyed yourself. I am only so sorry that I was not strong enough to have been present myself at my darling's success."

Harold Denison entered the room in his usual listless fashion. He kissed his daughter carelessly, asked if she had enjoyed her ball, scarce listened to her affirmation, and then plunged at once into the letters and papers that lay piled alongside his plate. He was a tall, slight, handsome man, with a keen, cold eye and rather undecided mouth, verging on fifty years of age. The slightly grazed eyebrows knit as he skimmed his correspondence. Duns, lawyers' letters, ancient mortgages and sundry other liabilities, formed the staple of the daily missives that constituted the accompaniment to his breakfast. Can it be wondered that the man's temper was soured?—that the whimsy of a frolic squire of Glinn had become a cold, caustic and selfish man of "the world?"

"Things seem to be getting worse and worse, Eleanor," he observed, throwing down an epistle on the best superfine blue post, and sipping his tea moodily. "The old cry from Reynolds and Gibson—that that interest on the mortgage will be due next month, and begging prompt settlement this time, as the fellow is getting rather uneasy about the stability of the security, on account of the delay of last half-year. It will be hard to scrape the money together. Sheep, too, are down to nothing almost—so Thompson tells me—or else I have a hundred to sell that I looked to help me through with this."

Mrs. Denison sighed. She had gone through a good many such breakfasts in her time, and felt as helpless as ever in suggesting expedients for the occasion.

"It's very unfortunate," she said at length. "Mr. Pearson is not pressing, at all events, I hope."

"No; he has the grace to remember that two-thirds of the property have already fallen into his hands. He is always tolerably lenient about his money. The fellow knows, moreover, that his is the first mortgage on the estate; and, I daresay, at times looks forward to being the eventual owner of Glinn. Shouldn't wonder if he was, too, some of these days," muttered Denison bitterly. "I used to grieve once, Nell, that we hadn't a son; I begin to think now it was all for the best. I should feel it more if I had to think that my boy would never be master here. Yet that is pretty well how the case would stand if we had one."

"Providence knows what is best for us, Harold," returned his wife, softly; "it was a sore source of trouble to us once; but, as you say, it spares us some bitter thoughts now."

She associated herself with him in his career of extravagance as if she had been equally to blame, though, as far as her gentle nature dared, she had entered more than one meek remonstrance at his reckless career. But Mrs. Denison was not the woman to throw her husband's faults continually in his teeth. It was

made her acquaintance, in fact. Now that's the lady I've marked down as my intended."

"Yes," said the old man musingly, "that might do if we could bring it about; but he's a proud man, the father—very."

"Well, come to that presently. Just listen while I reckon up all the advantages. First of all, I have taken a fancy to the girl. She's a real beauty, every inch of her. In the next place, she's an only child. Consequently, it's only fair to suppose that Glinn and what's left of it will eventually fall to her. We have got most of the old property now; and that would insure the whole thing being in our hands at last."

"You're, Sam, yours. It is not likely I'd last to see it. Harold Denison is full twenty years younger than I am, and his wife is younger again; they'll see me out, boy."

"Well, father, it's no use denying it may be so. Still, in days to come, I should be Pearson of Glinn; and with a wife of their own class, it would be hard if I didn't take my place in the county."

"Yes, you should manage it, though I have failed; but you've had advantages I hadn't. Sam, you've a pull, you see, in education; I hadn't much. The art of making money I taught myself, and it didn't leave time for learning a deal of anything else. You start with a tidy lot made; and I think I have shown you enough to insure your not making ducks and drakes of it."

"No, I don't think I shall hurt. I can take care of myself pretty well at most games on the board. I never dabble in anything I don't understand. Don't you make yourself uneasy about me, governor. Now, Denison is a poor man, is he not?"

"Yes; he has well on to three thousand a year nominal rental left still; but there's more than one mortgage on the property, let alone other charges."

"Haven't you some money on the property yourself?"

"Ten thousand, Sam, and I'm first mortgagee; but I know there's a second mortgage of the same amount, and there may be more for all I know."

"Well, these, you see, are all points in my favor. We could make this first mortgage quite easy to him, at all events."

"It's a deal of money—ten thousand pounds; but of course it would be different if the whole property looked like coming to you at last."

"Well, then, we must take that second mortgage also into our own hands, and let it stand at very easy interest. It will be only virtually allowing Denison so much a year during his lifetime, and in the long run will fall principally upon me."

"Yes; but I don't follow the meaning of all this, Sam."

"That's just what I am about to explain to you. My chances of meeting Miss Denison are so extremely few, that it is quite impossible I can arrive at asking for her hand in that way. My only chance is your proposing it to her father, and asking him to accord me permission to try if I can win his daughter's hand. Mind, that is the way you must put it; but don't forget that you will have to bring your pecuniary hold over him into play also—only, do it gently."

"You may trust me: I have pulled the strings in so many ways in my time, that I've learnt to be pretty cute about doing it with a delicate touch. I'll help you all I can when I've made my mind quite up about it."

(To be continued.)

No Natures Fake.

"You certainly run up against funny things in the country," said the young man, who had just returned from down State, where his uncle has a large farm. "On the way up to my uncle's house I had to pass the stock yards, where he kept a lot of pigs. As I passed those hundreds of pigs seemed to be having a regular stampede, or panic of some kind—they were rushing madly about, apparently looking for something. I watched them for quite a while, but could see nothing but a small woodpecker sitting on the fence. When I got to the house I asked Uncle Jim what on earth was the matter with his hogs, they seemed so excited."

"That so? Well, it was this way—there was a spell back some weeks when I had a bad cold, lost my voice, and couldn't call those critters to their feed, so I got the idea of bringin' them to the troughs by tappin' my stick on the wooden fence, and ever since them pesky woodpeckers came round the hogs just go crazy, thinkin' I'm callin' them to give them something to eat."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

How to Grow Peanuts.

Peanuts only thrive in a warm climate. The plant requires a limey, sandy loam, and yields from two bushels of pods planted an acre to as much as 40 or 50 bushels of pods and two tons of straw. The seed is planted about one inch deep in rows from 25 to 36 inches apart, and from 12 to 16 inches in the row.

Flattery.

Wedderly—My dear, you have improved wonderfully in your music since we were married.

Mrs. Wedderly—Why, John, how can you say that when I no longer play or sing?

Wedderly—That's where the improvement comes in.

Bombarded.

"Ah, my man," said the good old parson, "you should always be 'looking up.'"

"Not me, parson," responded the farmer with much emphasis. "Not with all these here chaps in airships and balloons throwing over sand and cigar stubs."

Plausible.

"The trouble with this tooth," said the dentist, probing it with a long slender instrument, "is that the nerve is dying."

"It seems to me, doctor," groaned the victim, "you ought to treat the dying with a little more respect."

OLD CHIEF GERONIMO DIED HATING WHITES

War Commander of Apaches, After Twenty-one Years Did Not Forgive Pale-Faced Captors.

LAST OF THE REDSKIN LEADERS

Only Relenting Warrior Showed Was When He Sought Some Favor from Custodians.

The recent death of Geronimo, the famous war chief of the Apaches, which occurred at the Fort Sill military reservation in Oklahoma, where he had been held a prisoner for many years, removed one of the most cruel and most subtle red-skinned savages that the United States Government has ever fought. Gen. Miles, to whom he surrendered after his last great outbreak in 1885, called him the "human tiger," and the characterization was not too severe. He reveled in blood and died untamed and unreconstructed.

The famous Apache, who came to public notice four years ago when he was permitted to take his band of warriors to Washington for the inauguration of President Roosevelt, was one of the few really great fighters that



survived of the host of Indian leaders of the last two generations. Time after time during this long period he outgeneraled, outmaneuvered and outfought dozens of regimental leaders of the United States army, and was personally responsible for the deliberate murder of thousands of helpless settlers and the horrible torture of hundreds of captured enemies. For the last nineteen years this old chief had been a prisoner of war.

He had never forgiven the white men, and up to the time of his death he never spoke of the whites as "brothers" except at times when the wily old redskin covered his hatred to pray for some favor. He had made many attempts to get permission to go back to Arizona, where he said he desired to die.

Early in 1908 Geronimo made a trip to Washington with a number of his followers in an effort to interest President Roosevelt in his case. The old Indian was unsuccessful, however, and to the last Geronimo was full of bitter hatred for the white man. At the time of his death Geronimo was 86 years old. One daughter, Lola, who lives in Oklahoma, survives the old warrior.

From the early '60s until Gen. Lawton, then serving under Gen. Miles, rounded him up in 1886, Geronimo was a living terror to the settlers of Arizona, New Mexico and Sonora, Mexico. Time after time in those days he swept down upon lonely ranches with a band of well-horsed, well-armed savages, murdering and burning, then with the cunning of a snake wriggled back into the mountains, where the little companies of cavalry found it impossible to snare him.

Preferred Death to Capture.

The country first began to hear of Geronimo 50 years ago, when he was comparatively a young man. In those days Cochise was war chief of the Chiricahua Apaches, an old man of brutal cruelty. Geronimo himself was the son of Mangus Colorado, or Chalero, who as war chief of the Warm Spring Chiricahuas made life a burden to the settlers of Arizona and New Mexico. Cochise died in 1875 after a career of rapine and plunder that couldn't be matched except by the record Geronimo made later. Natchez succeeded Cochise and Geronimo very shortly succeeded Natchez.

As to how many lives Geronimo ended within the next 10 years there is no record. His favorite amusement was to send in assurances of peace to the soldiers, retire for a few months to the mountains, and then when the settlers believed they were in most security to swoop down on them, scalping every man, woman and child who hadn't had time to flee, and there was seldom much warning before Geronimo's raids. Endless stories have been told of the almost unimaginable cruelty Geronimo displayed toward the few prisoners he ever troubled himself to take. More than once ranchers who knew they were doomed to capture or death saw to it that their women were

dead before they fell into the hands of Geronimo's Apaches.

Geronimo never fought when he could help it. A woman on a ranch or a mail carrier on his pony carried as good a scalp as a soldier and was much safer to slay. When the soldiers caught up—as they sometimes did—the Indians fought back with every device they knew. When the pursuit was too hot their picked men dropped in their blankets and waited until the soldiers came upon them, and sought to shoot the officers.

A Typical Raid.

The story of one of Geronimo's raids is practically the story of all, and the biggest of them was in 1881, when Geronimo led 600 warriors on the war-path down as far as Chihuahua. They had many diversions along the road. On Eagle river they found a herder with 3,000 sheep. The herder they threw over a cliff, and as he lay there broken-legged they buried him with stones. They punched the eyes out of the sheep until that grew tiresome.

In Gold Gulch a half dozen capitalists were on their way to examine a prospect. A small detachment of the Indians lay in the tall grass alongside the trail and shot five of the six out of their saddles. The sixth man got away. He had retained his rifle, and they did not follow him.

They crossed the Gila river with a lot of horses, killing freighters as they found them, and swept across the mesa near Shakespear, where they encountered Judge McComa of Silver City, his wife and their 6-year-old son. They shot the judge, felled his wife with a stone, tortured her to death, and carried off the boy—to what fate nobody ever has been able to make the Apaches tell.

When Geronimo was at the height of his power as an outlaw his face was one of demoniacal ferocity. His fury knew no bounds. His temper was so terrible that he frothed at the mouth when enraged. If a horse did not do as he wished he killed it, and squaws who displeased him were put to death.

The last death trail in which he was engaged was in 1885, and in that raid he killed 76 white settlers. Gen. Miles conducted the campaign against him and, aided by the late Gen. Lawton, he succeeded in snaring the wily chief in 1886. Geronimo and his fighters were run to earth at the junction of the San Bernardino and Bavispe rivers, near the Mexican border, and surrendered unconditionally. They were sent to Fort Pickens, Fla., and later to Mount Vernon Barracks, in Alabama, and then in 1894 were transferred to Fort Sill. It is said that the various campaigns waged by the United States against this murderous redskin cost the lives of nearly 1,000 soldiers and \$5,000,000 in money.

At one time, to curry favor with the President that he might be permitted to return to his native Arizona, Geronimo joined the Dutch Reformed church. But his habits were so bad that he was dropped from the church, and he died without acknowledging the white man's God.

HIS UMBRELLA.

It Was the Cause of Airing Family Secrets in Public.

A young man was riding in an omnibus. He took the corner seat and held in his hand an umbrella which had been given him as a birthday present. On the seat facing him was a lady with a precocious boy, evidently about five years old.

The youngster regarded the young man with attention for a few moments, and then his eyes wandered to the umbrella. He gazed at it in silence for a second; then he wriggled in his seat, clapped his hands and shouted:

"Oh, mamma, don't that look like papa's umbrella?"

"Hush, hush, my child!" said the mother, patting the prodigy on the head.

"Papa was looking for his umbrella this morning, mamma," continued the child wonder.

"Yes, yes, but he found it," said the mother hurriedly, as the conversation was becoming of interest to the occupants of the seats.

"Why, mamma," continued the youngster, "you know he didn't. You told him that he didn't know enough to keep an umbrella. Why, mamma?"

At this stage the small boy was carried howling from the bus.—Pearson's Weekly.

A SENATORIAL SEAT.



(When the Suffragists Get In.)

It is another sign you are growing old if you feel grateful to those who like you.

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



1600—Lord De La Warr appointed Governor of Virginia for life.

1643—Indians of Hoboken massacred by the Dutch.

1676—Indians made a raid on the town of Weymouth, Mass.

1724—The Rhode Island Assembly passed an act requiring a property qualification for becoming a freeman.

1763—William Franklin, last colonial Governor of New Jersey, took office.

1764—Rhode Island college was incorporated.

1775—First salute to the American flag by a foreign government.

1783—First United States bank chartered.

1780—The Cayugas sold their lands to the State of New York.

1819—Arkansas territory formed from Missouri.

1820—"Missouri Compromise Bill" passed.

1827—Charter for Baltimore and Ohio Railroad granted.

1829—The Alabama Legislature protested against the tariff.

1833—"Compromise tariff" bill passed the House of Representatives.... George McIntosh Troup of Georgia resigned his seat in the United States Senate.

1836—Declaration of Independence of Texas signed.

1837—The United States Senate resolved that the recognition of Texas as an independent nation was proper and expedient.

1845—The President approved a bill for the annexation of Texas.

1847—Americans defeated the Mexicans at battle of Chihuahua.

1848—Louis Philippe of France abdicated.

1854—American steamer, Black Warrior, seized by the Cuban authorities at Havana.

1857—Congress authorized the people of Minnesota to form a State government.

1863—Union force defeated by the Confederates at Battle of Falmouth.

1864—Ulysses S. Grant made a lieutenant general.... Kentucky University destroyed by fire.

1865—John Young Beall, Confederate spy, hanged on Governor's Island, New York.... Transylvania University consolidated with Kentucky University.... United States Senate passed the \$600,000,000 loan bill.

1868—Disraeli became premier of England, succeeding the Earl of Derby.

1871—Meeting at Washington of joint high commission on Alabama claims.

1873—Alexander H. Stephens elected to Congress from Georgia.

1873—Fernando Wood moved in the House for the impeachment of Vice President Colfax.

1875—Rev. George D. Gillespie consecrated bishop of the Episcopal diocese of Western Michigan.

1877—New American theater, in Philadelphia, destroyed by fire.

1879—President Hayes vetoed the Chinese restriction bill.

1887—Scores of lives lost in the burning of the steamer W. H. Gardner near Gainesville, Ala.

1889—Congress appropriated \$350,000 to aid American workmen thrown out of employment by the stoppage of work on the Panama canal.

1890—Pan-American Congress voted for an international railway.

1891—Charles Foster of Ohio qualified as Secretary of the Treasury.

1894—War between Nicaragua and Honduras ended.

1895—Postmaster General Bissell resigned and was succeeded by William L. Wilson of West Virginia.... Express train on the Houston and Texas Central road held up and robbed near Dallas.

1903—Aldrich currency bill defeated in the Senate.... United States Senate passed the Philippine currency bill.

1905—Five million dollar dock fire in New Orleans.

1906—Iowa State Senate passed bill prohibiting Sunday base ball.

1908—New York State Senate refused to remove Otto Kelsey, State Superintendent of Insurance.... The first of the tunnels under the Hudson River between New York and New Jersey was opened.... United States Supreme Court decided in the Great Northern Railroad case that the Elkins rebate law was not repealed by the Hepburn act.

Wireless for Balloons Next.

The Aerial Navigation Company, which, under the direction of Charles J. Glidden of Boston, is constructing several airships to be used in regular traffic between Boston and New York, is arranging to install a system of wireless telegraphy for this new air line. The object is to communicate with any aerial craft carrying wireless apparatus that may be flying anywhere east of the Mississippi. Special sending and receiving stations are now being constructed at Boston.