

Race for a Wife

BY 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. "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 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," and Grenville left the room.

"All right, my pet, so far," he exclaimed, as he entered Denison's private sanctum where Maude was anxiously waiting him. "Pen and ink, quick!" And setting one of the telegram slips, he wrote rapidly:

"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 deed?—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' father."

"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 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, 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. 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. It was but a slender hold, he knew. Still, another shuffle of the pack might change all the hands once more. That slight link was better than none at all.

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 Xminster held Mr. Sam Pearman in high esteem.

"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

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." The hopes Grenville had raised had influenced him in his influence with Sam Pearman, and, if a little sarcastic in his remarks, 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 money or rank, if not both. Still, at the present moment, he was virtually indebted to his nephew for £10,000—a circumstance little likely to help him in the long run as men of Harold Denison's 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 nature much.

(To be continued.)

GIGANTIC UNDERTAKING.

Irrigation Congress Will Ask for Improvement of National Resources.

Arthur Hooker, secretary of the board of control of the National Irrigation congress, will present a resolution for approval by that organization at its seventeenth session in Spokane August 9 to 14, memorializing congress to issue 3 per cent gold bonds, running 100 years, to the amount of \$5,000,000,000, or as much thereof as may be necessary for the following specific purposes:

One billion dollars for drainage of overflooded and swamp lands, thus reclaiming an area equal to 100,000 square miles.

One billion dollars for the reclamation by irrigation of 40,000,000 acres of arid and semi-arid lands now partly or wholly waste.

One billion dollars to construct and improve deep waterways, to develop thousands of miles of territory now without adequate transportation facilities.

One billion dollars for good roads and national highways, for the lack of which the loss to the farm area of the United States is approximately \$500,000,000 annually.

One billion dollars for forest protection, reforestation and conservation of the forest resources, thus assuring timber and lumber supplies for centuries to come.

"Five billions of dollars is an enormous sum, but it is no more than is actually required to carry out the gigantic scheme in developing millions of acres of lands in various parts of the United States now absolutely worthless," said Mr. Hooker in explaining the plan. "Congress will not be asked to appropriate a penny. The returns from the improvements would pay off the bonds. The government would simply act as a banker, as it does now for the various irrigation projects. The bond issue would provide ample funds as required to carry out the work in the several divisions, at the same time giving the best possible collateral to those investing in these securities."

"Government figures bear out the statement that there is enough good land overflowed in Minnesota, Wisconsin, Kansas, Nebraska, Louisiana, Kentucky, Tennessee and Mississippi to make an area as large as the state of Missouri, or more than 44,000,000 acres, while in the Eastern, Central and Western states there is more than as much more, or about 100,000,000 acres in all. At a conservative estimate of \$25 an acre, the sale of this reclaimed land would justify the expenditure of \$2,500,000,000, or about 150 per cent more than is required to drain it. This land would support from 2,000,000 to 3,000,000 population."

"Approximately 40,000,000 acres of lands in Western and Southwestern states are adapted to irrigation, which, if reclaimed at an average cost of \$25 an acre, would be worth not less than \$200 an acre, or a total of \$8,000,000,000, and provide homes for more than 8,000,000 persons. The economic value of irrigation cannot be measured in dollars and cents, but crops of from \$500 to \$1,000 an acre are not rare in the irrigated districts. There are already 14,000,000 acres under irrigation and the Reclamation service estimates it will have reclaimed 2,000,000 acres, at a cost not exceeding \$70,000,000, before the close of 1911."

"The construction and improvement of the deep waterways required to provide better and cheaper transportation facilities is, I believe, a 100 per cent investment, from the fact that two-thirds of the bulky freight could be shipped by water routes, at a cost to the shipper of not more than one-sixth of the present rail rates. The importance of this becomes apparent when it is remembered that the food question is becoming a world problem."

"The state of New York is expending \$101,000,000 to enlarge the Erie canal, and \$100,000,000 is the amount required to improve the Missouri river from a point about 40 miles west of Yellowstone park to where it meets the Mississippi river, 2,547 miles. Then there is the projected waterway from Lake Michigan to the Gulf of Mexico and scores of others necessary to cheap and better transportation facilities. Millions of dollars will be saved annually to the people of the United States by the completion of these works."

"The maintenance of the greatest waterway in the world, composed of the Great Lakes, on which the government of the United States has expended more than \$90,000,000 for harbors and connecting channels, presents an argument in favor of the scheme to develop thousands of miles of territory in the Missouri and other valleys. The other projects outlined in the foregoing are of equal if not greater importance, and with proper backing they can be carried out successfully."

"No one questions the statement that good roads have a high money value to the farmers of the nation, and it may be said that this alone is sufficient to justify the cost of their construction as rapidly as practicable under an efficient, economical and equitable system of highway improvement. The big points in favor of this expenditure is the economy of time and force in transportation between farm and market, enabling the growers to take advantage of fluctuations in buying and selling, as well as enhancing the value of real estate."

"It is estimated that the average annual loss from poor road is 76 cents an acre, while the estimated average increase resulting from improving all the public roads is \$9. The losses in five years would aggregate \$2,432 for every section of land, or more than enough to improve two miles of public highway. The necessity of good roads is obvious, as it would enhance the value of each section of land about \$5,760, or more than double the estimated cost of two miles of improved

highway, which constitutes the quota for 640 acres of land.

"The value of our forests was never better appreciated than today. Within the arid and semi-arid portions of the Western states nearly 124,000,000 acres are covered with woodland, of value for fuel, fence posts and other purposes essential to the success of the farmers. There are also 97,000,000 acres covered with heavy forests having commercial value for timber and logs for sawmills, also hundreds of thousands of acres of timber lands in other parts of the United States. Reforestation and conservation of the vast resources are necessary to provide future generations with timber and lumber supplies. The government is expending large amounts of money every year to protect its forests from fires, yet expert lumbermen say that more standing timber is destroyed by flames annually than is converted into merchantable lumber by the sawmills."

Mr. Hooker said it is likely that his resolution will be presented to the various interests of the irrigation congress for discussion and will afterward be incorporated in a memorial to the United States congress. It is also proposed to have a large delegation, composed of representatives of every state and territory in the Union, push the measure for adoption. The work of enlisting the support of the people interested in the various projects will be taken up immediately after the close of the irrigation congress with the view to concerted action.

During the Spat.

Her Husband—Well, it takes two to make a quarrel, so I'll shut up.

His Wife—That's just like a contemptible man! You'll sit there and think mean things!

Even Exchange.

Angry Patron—That's the third time you've given me the wrong number. You must have what they call the telephone ear.

Girl in Central Office—I beg your pardon, sir, but that isn't the trouble. You have what we call the cornmeal maul voice.—Chicago Tribune.

Disappointing.

The Bachelor—Here's a magazine poet who likens "hope" to "a fair woman."

The Benedict—Huh! No wonder; it's so disappointing.

Catching On.

"I'm glad to hear that your boy is getting a foothold as a doctor in that new town out West."

"Foothold? He's got a toehold. He's the only doctor there."

Singular Effect.

"Hasn't that umpire got a peach of a voice?"

"Yes; a ball once hit him on his Adam's apple and it has never been the same since."

Fawcett!

"If I were running things," said the boarding house philosopher, "I'd put a prohibitory tariff on slang. The imported English varieties are crowding out our home product."

A Queerious Tale.

He came from a place called Chefo—The place where long pigtailed grew—And was always made furious When told it's quite curious How much like a tail is a queue.—Sunset Magazine.

High Art.

"Are you blind, prisoner?" inquired the magistrate.

"Yes, your worship."

"You are charged with vagrancy. How did you lose your sight?"

"By a fit of apoplexy, sir."

"But there is a picture on your breast representing an explosion in a mine, through which, it is stated, you became blind. How is this?"

"Please, your worship, I couldn't afford to pay a hartist as could paint apoplexy."—London Answers.

His Preference.

Farmer (showing him his live stock)—These are my Jerseys. Ever see any finer cows?

City Visitor—They are certainly fine specimens. Still, I have always thought that if I were buying a cow for my own use I should prefer the—Early York breed.

The Embarrassing Truth.

"The vindication of Dr. Harvey W. Wiley is a great triumph," said a Washington diplomat, "for pure food. Dr. Wiley tells the truth, and the truth is painful to certain types of food producers."

The diplomat laughed.

"Dr. Wiley was talking the other day about the painfulness of the truth," he resumed. "He said it reminded him of a morning call that he once made on a young lady in his youth. In answer to his ring a tiny tot of a girl opened the door, and Dr. Wiley said to her, as he walked into the hall: 'Where is your auntie, Mabel?'"

"Upstairs in her nightie," chirped the tot, "a-lookin' over the balustrade."

A Grave Doubt.

Caller—So your cook has passed away to a better place.

Hostess—Yes, but I don't know if she'll stay; poor Bridget was very hard to suit.—Boston Traveler.

Sounds Plausible.

"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 battleships."—Chicago Tribune.

Headache

"My father has been a sufferer from sick headache for the last twenty-five years and never found any relief until he began taking your Cascarets. Since he has begun taking Cascarets he has never had the headache. They have entirely cured him. Cascarets do what you recommend them to do. I will give you the privilege of using his name."—E. M. Dickson, 1120 Resner St., W. Indianapolis, Ind.

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Letting Him Down Easy.

A young man of very limited means, after the marriage ceremony, presented to the minister twenty-seven large copper cents, all spread out on the palm of his right hand. "This is all I've got, parson," he said. Seeing a disappointed look in the minister's face he added: "If we have any children, we will send them to your Sunday school."—Success Magazine.

Apprehensive.

Fellow Statesman—Senator, that speech of yours in favor of the income tax was one of the strongest arguments I ever heard.

Eloquent Senator (with some uneasiness)—You don't think it changed any votes, do you?—Chicago Tribune.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Cooking Up a Reason.

Nan—I like a play with a stirring plot.

Fan—That's the kind that thickens, isn't it?

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Mrs. Upsome—Dr. Mary Walker makes fun of the spring styles of hats.

Mrs. Goodsole—I'm so glad to learn that the dear old lady is still alive.

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