

A 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, Green? I don't think you quite did your duty."
 "Pretty fairly, I fancy. We can't be expected to consummate the amount of pirouetting 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 Pearman last night. I've a sort of presentiment it 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 night 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 easy-chair 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 plays with her daughter's silken tresses. 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 grizzled eyebrows knit as he skimmed his correspondence. Duns, lawyers' letters, ancient mortgages and sundry other liabilities, formed the staple of the daily miseries that constituted the accompaniment to his breakfast. Can it be wondered that the man's temper was soured?—that the whilom gay 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 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. Pearman 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

in marriage connection, more than money."
 "Yes—yes, I think you are right; but there will be difficulties—difficulties, I fear."
 "Of course there will, to a certain extent; there always is about getting anything worth having in this world; but money is a key to most things nowadays. Tottering coronets must be propped by wealthy alliances. The parson or doctor marries the rich tailor chandler's widow. Marriage is a social contract in these times. A hundred thousand pounds from Manchester stands out for strawberry leaves in the coronet, while a fifth of the money from Birmingham is quite content to put up with an Honorable. Well, to return to what I was saying, you agree with me that I must look out more for connection than money, don't you?"
 "Yes, I think that's best; but it would do no harm if you could see your way into a trifle of property besides."
 "Exactly. I was at the Xminster ball last night, and the prettiest girl in the room was the daughter of old Denison of Glinn. I got introduced to her; danced with her, and did quite as well as anyone could expect to do in a first dance—just 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."
 "We'll 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 with 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."
 "Yours, 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 Pearman 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 mortgage; 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 for 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 poled 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.)

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 28 to 30 inches apart, and from 12 to 19 inches in the row.

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 chips in airships and balloons throwing over sand and cigar stubs."

Planable.
 "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."

AGRICULTURAL

A Farmer's Enterprise.
 An Iowa farmer has succeeded in opening up a big field for his enterprise by applying an old method to a new service. He has gone into the business of furnishing fresh eggs daily to a regular list of customers, after the fashion of the milkmen and bakers. This farmer is a man who raises many chickens and markets a large number of eggs. These he had been selling to dealers, who in turn sent them to cold-storage warehouses or to wholesalers. Finally they got to the consumers, usually pretty stale and much the worse for handling, through the retail grocer or huckster. When eggs were plentiful and the wholesalers were well stocked up, the farmer got little for them. When eggs were few and prices to consumers were very, very high, the farmer found that his eggs in the warehouses were still in competition with the producer. This man's egg route isn't an egg route exclusively. He sells dressed chickens and other farm produce, too, and when his egg wagon is going about the driver takes orders for other things which are raised on the farm.—Springfield Journal.

Starting Early Celery.
 Celery growing on a commercial scale has received most attention in the "muck-bed" areas of Michigan and New York, where thousands of acres are devoted to this crop. California and Florida have taken up the industry and during the winter and spring months provide Northern cities with large amounts of celery.
 To secure an early crop the best plan for the amateur grower is to fill a wooden tray 16 inches by 24 inches in size with fine soil three inches deep. This soil should be pressed down and the seeds scattered either in rows or broadcast. Cover the seeds by sprinkling through a fine sieve a small quantity of leaf mold or sand. The window of a moderately warm room with frequent sprinkling will provide the conditions necessary for germination. When the seedlings appear after two or three weeks turn the boxes daily to keep the growth even. The illustration shows the form of box used for starting the plants.

How to Grow Potatoes.
 Director Woods of the Maine agricultural experiment station summarizes his suggestions as to successful potato growing as follows. What he says about thorough preparation of the soil is applicable to that to be used for any crop.
 Select highly fertile land, so situated that it will suffer as little as possible from either excessive rain or from droughts.
 Thoroughly prepare the soil and fertilize liberally.
 Spray for insects and blight, early and often.
 Keep the crop free from weeds and the surface of the soil loose during the whole season.
 Do not let anything prevent the potato field from receiving constant care. Vastly more failures in potato growing can be traced to neglect of crop than to lack of knowledge.

When and How to Prune.
 It is very important that the healing process should start soon after the wound is made, otherwise the cambium will be killed back quite a distance from the exposed surface, and healing will be greatly retarded. For this reason winter pruning should be avoided, particularly in frosty weather. In the early fall or late spring the cambium is active and wounds made at this time start to heal at once, and there is little or no dying back of the cambium.

Cost of Raising a Calf.
 In an experiment to ascertain the cost of raising a calf Prof. Shaw of Michigan station took a dairy calf and kept an accurate account of the expense of feeding for one year from its birth. The amounts of feeds used in that time were 281 pounds of whole milk, 2,568 pounds of skim milk, 1,202

219 pounds of silage, 219 pounds of best pulp, 1,254 pounds of hay, 1,247 pounds of grain, 147 pounds of roots, 14 pounds of alfalfa meal and 50 pounds of green corn. The grain ration consisted of three parts each of corn and oats and one part of bran and oilmeal. At the end of the year the calf weighed 800 pounds at a cost of \$28.55 for feed. The calf was a Holstein.

A Gate That Never Sags.
 I have used this gate for many years and never spent five minutes repairing it. Countersink two pieces and pin them together. Then set up two 2x4 pieces 2 ft. higher than the gate so it can be raised in winter. Mortise and set in between the crosspieces, which are 12 in. apart, the board, a, and fasten a cap to the top of the frame. The gate is 10 ft. long, 12 ft. being for the gateway and 4 ft. for the weights to balance it. The frame is of 2x1's. Cover the 4-ft. end with boards and fill with enough stones to balance it when hung. Cover the gate with wire fencing and hang by a chain. Put a bolt through the lower part of the frame into the crosspiece, a.—A. J. Fraser, in Farm and Home.

Tremendous Cost of Prairie Dogs.
 In the state of Texas alone prairie dogs eat annually enough grass to support 1,562,500 cows. Utterly useless, the little animal is a pest so dreaded that the forestry service has undertaken his extermination. Poison is killing him, wherever he now flourishes and another resource of the farmer is safeguarded.
 Who would think that the prairie dog, the shy and amusing little rodent that we like to watch before the door of his burrow at the Zoo, would ever become the subject of the government intervention or endanger the success of stock raising? Yet such is the fact, says the Technical World Magazine. Out on the national forests which Uncle Sam is guarding for the use of the public, expert hunters have gone after the prairie dog with zeal, ingenuity and poison and literally exterminated them in great numbers, because some of their choicest bottom lands have had the grazing ruined for stock by the industrious burrowing of the "dogs."

Feed for Poultry.
 The effect of meat rations was tested at the West Virginia Experiment Station, where one pen of fowls received a ration largely of corn and other starchy grains, while another pen was fed partly on meat and fresh bone. The meat fed fowls laid 7,565 eggs, while the grain fed birds laid 3,431, or less than one-half as many as those receiving the nitrogenous rations. The eggs from the meat fed fowls were larger, much firmer, rather better and produced far more vigorous chickens than those of the others.

A Useful Farm Implement.
 A useful but much neglected farm implement—the shaving horse.

Orchard Suggestions.
 It is an excellent plan to sow a cover crop at the time the last cultivation takes place.
 It is more a matter of quality than of quantity in growing fruit and we should not plant more trees than we can care for.
 The trees that are filled must be pruned more openly and fertilized with more potash and phosphoric acid and less nitrogen.
 The fruit grower is apt to make two mistakes in planting trees. One is planting too many varieties, and the other is planting too many trees.
 As a rule apples from orchards that are in sod culture are better and more highly colored than those from tilled orchards, but this is not necessarily so.
 The peach requires good culture, but this culture should not be continued too late in the season or the wood will not harden by the time winter sets in and the tree will be injured.

GREAT CIVIC NEED.

That of Interesting Children in Improvement Work.
 What is needed along the line of improvement work, a phase too often overlooked, is to educate and develop taste in the child regarding civic beautifying. When the growing generation is interested in civic improvement the results need not be feared. The present weakness lies in the fact that but few are interested, and the vast majority are indifferent through ignorance. Could the first principles of this grand work be taught to school children as a body the work of beautifying in the future would prove a simple and easy task. Had the children of the past generation been educated in improvement work there would be no need now of maintaining a constant, never ending fight for street trees and other features of the work without which beautiful cities cannot be had. In dealing with the subject at school it is not necessary to delve into detail, but the pupils should be instructed in the fundamentals.
 This interest cannot be created by the stuffing process, which is the weakness of the present day common schools, but should be developed in the child, so that he can perceive, appreciate and discover beauty and excellence and the best means to such ends. The curriculum of the common school has not been of late years sufficiently changed to meet the demands of the present day development in regard to public improvement, and when reaching mature years or upon leaving school this phase of life is to him a closed book. School training should aim to impart somewhat of culture and taste, especially during the later years of attendance, and this in turn would be transferred to the home and public works, so that there would soon be an army of protestants against slovenly municipal housekeeping that would prove equally potent in public life with the improved methods and conditions brought about at home.

JOLLY JOKER

Knicker—Did Jones lose control of his auto? Bocker—Entirely; his chauffeur won't let him use it at all.—New York Sun.

She (indignantly)—You had no business to kiss me! He—But it wasn't business; it was pleasure.—Detroit News-Tribune.

"Do you believe in the superhuman?" "I used to, but I don't any more."
"Why?" "I married him."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Flee!" cried the girl. "You mean fly," corrected the lover. "Never mind what insect I mean," she replied. "Just git! Fa's comin'!"

"There goes the most talked about man in the community." "You surprise me. Who talks about him?" "He does."—Chicago Tribune.

She—Yes, I admit I am very fond of dress. He—Hub! Then I should think you would wear more of it.—Philadelphia Press.

Knicker—What is the secret of success? Bocker—Be the fellow your wife could have married if it hadn't been for you.—New York Sun.

Him—How does she manage to keep her looks? Her—Keep her looks? Why, she can't get rid of 'em, or she would I suppose.—Cleveland Leader.

"What caused the separation?"
"Oh, he thought as much of himself as she thought of herself and as little of her as she did of him."—Life.

Maisie—I'll only marry a man whose fortune has at least six ciphers in it. Morton—Then I've got a cinch. Mine is all ciphers.—Milwaukee News.

Old Lady (rather deaf)—Are you any relation to a Mr. Green? Green—I am Mr. Green. Old Lady—Ah! Then that explains the extraordinary resemblance.

Scott—I suppose you are saving up something for a rainy day. Mott—I try to, but my wife mistakes every bargain sale for a shower.—Boston Transcript.

Coburn—What do army regulations make the first requisite in order that a man may be buried with military honors? Private Macsharty—Death, yer honor!

Blodds—Tightwad claims that when charity is needed he is always the first to put his hand in his pocket. Blodds—Yes, and he keeps it there.—Philadelphia Record.

"Now where did I lay my rat, I wonder?" fretted Mrs. Troussseau. "Your-or-rat?" said her husband. "Do you mean that fluffy thing you put on your head?" "Of course!" "I'm sure I don't know, my dear; but why call it a rat? Rabbit would be better—it would sound more like real hair."—Lippincott's.