

Race for a Wife

—BY—
HAWLEY SMART

CHAPTER IV.

The next day Pearman became excessively enamored of his hopeful son's prospect, though he did not at all disguise to himself the difficulties that stood in the way of its accomplishment. If he had not had the advantage of such an education as Sam had had, yet he had made a large fortune by trading on the weaknesses of his fellow-men. Those who achieve this, though it may be little to their credit, become more thoroughly acquainted with the springs of the human mind than all the metaphysicians and philosophers who have ever written or dreamed about it. The son might be an astute man enough at his vocation of the turf, but he was a child, compared to his father, when computing to what extent he could persuade, blind, or break men to his own will. The son thought the advantages of such an alliance must be so transparent in a worldly point of view to Harold Denison that he would be a willing coadjutor in the scheme, from the moment it was proposed to him; the father at once foresaw the old family pride that would be up in arms against him the instant he mooted the idea.

But he said to himself, "I have had much to do with Harold Denison, and should know him thoroughly. He is selfish at heart to the core. In all those troublesome days of his, when I was settling his affairs, I never knew him dwell upon what the results might be to his wife and daughter. It was ever what he had to give up. He'll scout this proposal with indignation when I first mention it to him; but he'll come round to it in time. As for the girl's that's Sam's affair; but when Denison has once made up his mind to her marrying him, he's as likely a man as I know to turn on the domestic screw heavily. I've seen that oracle worked more than once, and it's generally pretty efficacious. They run away with somebody else afterwards, occasionally, but that's the fault of the husbands' not keeping them within bounds. Yes; I'll ride over and see Denison to-morrow. It won't be a very pleasant job, I doubt, but I am used to that."

The owner of Gilpin felt that slight nervous perturbation that invariably attends the call of a large creditor. The noise of the carriage wheels had merely produced a feeling of languid curiosity; but the announcement that Mr. Pearman wanted to see him made the squire's pulse quicken, and it was with an anxiety he was unable to disguise that he welcomed him in his own peculiar slow tones.

"Sit down, Pearman. Take that arm-chair, and make yourself comfortable. I hope to heaven you haven't come to make me the reverse?"

"Not at all, Mr. Denison. My visit is not a business one, though I have something I should like just to talk to you a little about presently. Shocking weather we're having. Bad for the farmers—very, isn't it?"

"You may say that. Nothing we have to sell seems to be worth anything. All farm produce is a drug in the market. How's Coriander going on? It looks like your gathering a terrible harvest in April at Newmarket, anyhow. The horse is doing well, I suppose?"

"Yes, I believe so. You know, Mr. Denison, I'm getting too old myself to see after such things. I leave all that to Sam; but he tells me the horse will run well for the 'Guineas, bar accidents.'"

"Run well? 'Bar accidents.' Why, 'bar accidents,' he must win," cried the ever sanguine Denison. "I never bet now, as you know; but in the old days I should have had a thousand on him."

"Ah, well," said the old lawyer, "there's where it is. You always would believe in certainties in racing. I never myself got further than believing a horse would run well."

"Yes," laughed the squire; "and in consequence you made a fortune while I lost one. I'm afraid, too, it would be the same thing all over again if I could begin once more."

Pearman shot a keen look at him from under his grizzled brows, and thought most assuredly that it would be so, and how very much it would facilitate his present design if the squire was a little involved in that way at present. He of course knew the main part of Harold Denison's entanglements, but even he, though his principal man of business, did not know how bad things really were. It would have given him more confidence to unfold the object of his embassy had he been possessed of such knowledge.

"Well, Pearman," continued the squire, "I am afraid I have no money left to put upon Coriander. Those old days are gone. Yes," said Denison, bitterly; "half-pence are of more account to me now than sovereigns were then. But what is it you want to talk to me about? Nothing to my advantage, I'll be bound."

"I'm afraid not; not but that it might be. But I've never been able, Mr. Denison, to induce you to listen to anything to your own advantage."

"Gad, sir, I can call to mind very few of your propositions that tended that way. A few hundreds to be saved here and there, at the cost of total abandonment of my social position—cases in which the saving was incommensurate with the sacrifice."

"You judge me hardy, Mr. Denison. On the occasions to which you allude,

parson me if I say that it was on overstrained delicacy on your part which prevented matters being brought to a more satisfactory conclusion. It is the way with you all," muttered the old lawyer, unsmiling. "You forget these scruples when they might be of use to you, and hamper us, who have to put your affairs straight, with them afterwards."

"A Denison of Gilpin, sir, is not to be included in the same category as a bankrupt trader, I presume," remarked the squire, haughtily.

"No; but it would be better both for him and his creditors if it could be so. You repudiate the idea of all compromise, and say, 'In time, everybody shall be paid in full.' The result is, you never get clear, and the creditors are never satisfied."

"But they will be in time," returned Harold Denison; and the uncertain tones in which he uttered the words were a stringent commentary on his previous speech.

"It's just about that," said Pearman, "that I'm wishing to talk to you now. It's a cruel pity that a fine old property like Gilpin should be broken up. A good deal of it, you see, has fallen into my hands."

"You need not remind me of that," interrupted Harold Denison; "I am quite aware of the price I am paying for the follies of my younger days."

"It is not likely I should recall such disagreeable facts to your memory, if I had not something to propose with regard to their being to a considerable extent wiped out. You will do me the justice, I think, Mr. Denison, to admit that since I have had the honor of being your pecuniary adviser, I have never held biters to your lips, when I deemed anything more palatable would meet the exigencies of the case?"

The squire nodded assent. He certainly had a confused idea that Pearman had made a pretty good thing out of the adjustment of his affairs.

"Now," continued the attorney, "I see a way in which you may be relieved from all immediate embarrassment connected with money matters, and by which Miss Denison may be the eventual mistress of Gilpin in its original integrity."

Denison started. To be released from the harassing strain that lies on him now with regard to pounds, shillings and pence—that the old property should once more cumulate in his daughter—opened a gorgeous prospect to his eyes. It was a piece of good fortune that he had never dreamed of. But he knew his man by this time well. What was the price he was to pay for this? He said nothing, but inwardly his brain was busy in vain conjecture as to what Pearman would demand as his quid pro quo for producing such a transformation scene. The idea of that worthy solicitor ever doing anything without an ulterior motive was one he never entertained for an instant. What would he want? What did he mean?

CHAPTER V.

A silence of some five minutes ensued between the two men; the old lawyer was anxious that the tempting bait he held out should be thoroughly gorged before he was called upon to state upon what terms all this might be brought about. His best experience of men told him that there was no such mistake in life as hurrying—an axiom most of us learn, though generally too late but to derive minor advantages therefrom.

"This sounds too good to be true, Pearman," at length remarked the squire, "if it can be done, you must have some informal rider to the proposition, that it is hardly possible I should assent to."

"It is not likely that this can be brought about without some valuable assistance from yourself," rejoined the solicitor. "But will you bear steadfastly in your mind the great advantages that will accrue immediately to yourself, and ultimately to Miss Denison? Will you, moreover, be good enough to hear me patiently to the end?"

The squire nodded an impatient assent.

"You must, of course, be quite aware that now Miss Denison has arrived at a marriageable age, her great personal attractions have claimed the attention of a good many young men in the county."

The attorney paused, but his auditor looked grimly at the fire, and expressed his feelings by neither word nor gesture.

"Well, a young gentleman of considerable property, and still better expectations, who has had the privilege of meeting Miss Denison, is so struck with her charms and accomplishments that he has commissioned me to ask your permission to try whether he cannot succeed in inducing her to accept him as a husband. On the point of family he is quite aware that he has no pretensions to Miss Denison's hand; but as regards income, I think there would be nothing to be desired."

"Who do you mean?" broke in the squire. "Has Maude given him any encouragement, that you come with this story to me?"

"My dear sir, his acquaintance with Miss Denison is far too slight for anything of that kind ever to have been thought of on his part. He is merely anxious to have your permission to try his luck. Without that, believe me, he would never dare to aspire to your daughter's hand."

All this show of deference induced the squire to listen to the proposition, at all events, quietly. Who on earth Pearman could have in his eye he had no idea. That he could mean his son all this time never entered Harold Denison's head. He certainly knew he had a son, but, mixing so little as he did in the county now, he had barely seen him, nor had he, but at odd times, even heard of him.

"But who is it, man? Let's know the name of this bashful suitor? It's a quality one sees little enough of in these days."

"My son, Mr. Denison, is the gentleman who solicits your permission to do his best to win your daughter."

"Your son! Why?—and here the squire stopped, perfectly thunderstruck. It was a leveling age, he knew; that the tide of democracy was at the flood, he was aware; that our cherished institutions were looked on with disdain, that there were people who saw no virtue in coronets, and thought an Established Church a worn-out institution that it would be as well to do away with, he had heard; but that the son of a confounded money-lending attorney should presume to dream of mating with a Denison of Gilpin he had never contemplated. For a few minutes he was literally speechless; then all the pride of race surged up. He came of a line of whom it had been often said that their tongues were as sharp and ready as their swords.

"Excuse me," he remarked; "I was not aware that the times were so far advanced that our daughters were regarded as salable commodities out of their own class of life. I was not aware that the social gap between myself and my solicitor was so effectually bridged over. Your son, sir, will have to take his chance with the young man from the butcher's, and Mr. Muffatee, who keeps the draper's establishment in Xumbster. I shall not presume to influence Miss Denison in her choice."

Old Pearman had many times in the course of his career moralized upon the weakness of losing one's temper about anything, but the squire's sneer brought the blood to his pale temples.

"You take a high hand, sir—a high hand. I asked you to listen to me patiently, and you insult me. I spoke to you humbly enough to start with; but I tell you now that wealth chooses its mate from blood in those days, and that many a well-born as Miss Denison have married not a bit better lineage than mine."

"Perhaps so. People forget themselves in all classes, and forfeit their social status; but it's getting time for money grubbers to learn one thing, and that is—that possession of all the gold in California does not constitute a gentleman, or entitle a man to claim alliance with gentle blood!"

The old solicitor's lips quivered, and his lean fingers played nervously with his watch chain, as he replied:

"I did not come here to argue our mutual social position. I came here to afford an embarrassed man, for whom I have a sincere regard, in spite of all the hard names he heaps upon me, an opportunity of freeing himself from those entanglements. I advanced a proposition which gave him a chance of in some way repairing the evil that the early follies of his youth had entailed on his child, destined to pay her full share of such indiscretions. The days of such prejudices are past, I tell you, Mr. Denison; and once more I ask you not to give me an answer now, but to reflect upon the proposal I have made to you."

"You do us too much honor, Mr. Pearman. Permit me to observe that I must decline all further consideration of the subject. I am perfectly convinced the alliance you propose with such a delicious oblivion of all status of society would be extremely unsuitable. Allow me to make Miss Denison's acknowledgments for the distinction you would have conferred upon her, and to ring for your carriage."

"Very good, sir—very good," cried the old attorney, as he rose in his wrath; "the time will come, maybe, when you'll think that old Sam Pearman would have been a good man to have had at your back. I say nothing, Mr. Denison; but you'll find that you have not made many greater mistakes in your career than this morning's work." And, muttering to himself, the irate old gentleman left the room.

"I wonder what the world is coming to!" muttered Harold Denison. "The idea of a child of mine marrying the son of a money-lending solicitor!"

Then his thoughts reverted to that ten thousand pound mortgage, and the angry words of the old man at parting, and he reflected, moodily, that there was little likelihood of much time being granted anent the payment of the interest in future; indeed, it was more than probable that Pearman, in his anger, would call in his money. All which considerations harassed Harold Denison's mind not a little, and he thought, if it had to be done again, he would reject the old lawyer's proposal with rather more courtesy.

(To be continued.)

A Valuable Clew.

A woman entered a police station in Holland and asked the officer in charge to have the canals dragged.

"My husband has been threatening for some time to drown himself," she explained, "and he's been missing now for two days."

"Anything peculiar about him by which he can be recognized?" asked the officer, preparing to fill out a description blank.

For several moments the woman seemed to be searching her memory. Suddenly her face brightened.

"Why, yes, sir. He's deaf."—Everybody's.

Sirens Hint.

Husband—Let me see, how long has it been since Uncle John was here?

Wife—Oh, it must be several years. He was here the week after I got my last new bonnet.

FARM NOTES

Ancient Agriculture.

Why agriculture, the first industry to be learned and so obviously the most fundamental, was the last to be developed is one of the most baffling mysteries of history. One marvels at it as fresh as one stands before a certain glass case in the Egyptian quarter of the British Museum, wherein is a little group of farm utensils—a fractured wooden plow; a rusted sickle, two sticks tied together with a leathern thong and several tassels that had hung on the horns of oxen. To be sure, these implements were used 3,000 years ago—they were found in the tomb of Set I.—but one remembers that when Egypt was using these broad tools, no better than those of the barbarians about her, she had a most elaborate government, an army and navy and art and literature.

The records and relics of other nations down through history show the same strange incongruity. For thousands of years the wise men of the world absolutely ignored the problems of the farm. A farmer remained either a serf or a tenant. He was a stolid drudge—"brother to the ox." Even the masterful old pilgrim fathers had no plows at all—nothing but hoes and sharp sticks—for the first twelve years of their pioneering. And therefore for thousands of years there was hunger—*Journal of Agriculture.*

Milking by Hand and Machine.

After a test of milking machines for a period of more than a year, Prof. A. L. Huecker, of Nebraska, has made several conclusions. Heifers in their first lactation, apparently give better results by machine milking than do aged cows that have been accustomed to hand milking for one or more years. Some cows are not adapted to machine

milking. Then put your weight on it and swing it off the wagon, pinning a small jack under the front end.—C. Z. Rux, in Farm and Home.

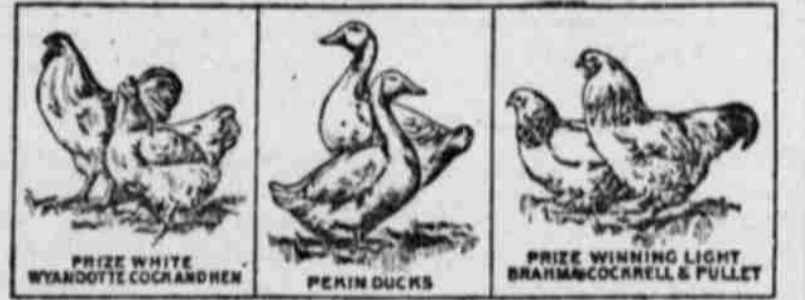
Dandelions and Milk.

A Belgian investigator has been looking into the correctness or incorrectness of the somewhat popular belief among farmers that dandelions increase the yield of milk, and that in consequence they are rather desirable forage than otherwise. He claims that this belief is incorrect and is founded wholly on the false analogy suggested by the milky juice of the dandelion. Furthermore, he asserts that dandelions in large numbers have a deleterious effect on the quality of butter and is one among the causes which make it difficult to get butter of a fine flavor and good keeping qualities in spring and early summer. Hay which has large quantities of dandelions in it has a similar effect, he says, and he advises farmers to weed their pastures whenever it is practicable to do so.

Restriction of Fertility.

Prof. Spillman says it seldom pays to turn under a crop of cow peas in the green state. It is better practice to make hay of them, feed the hay and put the manure back on the land. As is the case with all legumes, the roots of the cow pea crop add a great deal of nitrogen to the soil, and have a marked effect on fertility. If a heavy green crop of cow peas is plowed under in the autumn it is best not to plant the land until the following spring. A very good plan for bringing up the fertility of a wornout field is to sow rye in the fall, plow this under in the spring, harrow thoroughly, let the land lie a month, and then sow

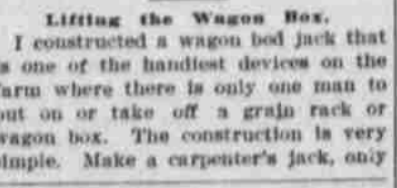
POPULAR BREEDS OF CHICKENS AND DUCKS.



One of the most popular breeds of chickens for general utility is the White Wyandotte. The birds of this strain are smaller than the Plymouth Rock, but are equally rapid growing. Good layers and fine market fowls. Pekin ducks excel all other breeds both for eggs and flesh. To raise ducks successfully and make a profit both from eggs and young ducklings, the stock birds should be young—as far as possible March hatched birds, and never more than two years old. The Light Brahmas are the oldest and perhaps the best known of the feather-legged chickens. Size is the quality that recommends this breed. Where large and slowly maturing fowls are desired the Light Brahma has no superior.

Lifting the Wagon Box.

I constructed a wagon bed jack that is one of the handiest devices on the farm where there is only one man to put on or take off a grain rack or wagon box. The construction is very simple. Make a carpenter's jack, only



a little stronger to suit yourself. Then bore a hole, b, in the center for a 2-inch gas pipe to act as a king bolt. Then take a 4x4-inch, 3 foot 6 inch long crosspiece and fasten it to the gas pipe, c, and brace it with 4x4 inch braces, a. The height is 3 feet 6 inches and width 4 feet.

When taking off the grain bed place the jack a little better than half way to the rear end, then remove the rear end of the wagon first and swing it

cow peas. Cut the peas for hay and sow rye again. A few seasons of such treatment will restore fertility to the soil. Fortunately, both of these crops will grow on very poor land.

Early Tomatoes.

A truck gardener tells that this is the way he raised early tomatoes: He took a dry goods box 2 by 3 feet and 8 inches deep. In each corner of the box he set a piece of 2-inch pipe, so that he could water the plants from the bottom, pouring in the water and letting it permeate through the soil, which was composed of a sandy loam put into the box after the bottom had been covered to the depth of 3 inches with well rotted and sifted stable manure. The seeds were planted and lightly covered and the soil kept moist, but not wet. In one week after planting the green tops appeared, and in three weeks they were transplanted into a similar box, being set an inch deeper than they grew in the first box. They grew in the box in sheltered places for three weeks, when they were ready for the garden.

In the Feed Lot.

Wheat bran is preferable, however because it is less bulky.

Cow pea and alfalfa is an excellent substitute for wheat bran for the dairy cows.

Corn makes fat, while alfalfa is rich in flesh-forming and bone-building materials.

In feeding pigs shorts or alfalfa beats wheat bran when used as one-quarter of the ration.

Hogs will not as a rule relish alfalfa hay in the winter unless they have previously been matured on the young alfalfa.

It is a mistake to believe that alfalfa is purely a fattening ration, especially for calves. On the contrary, it is a growing ration.

Nervousness in Children.

A nervous child is greatly to be pitied, not so much because of its present condition, although that is distressing enough, as on account of what the future has in store for it.

A nervous child suffers, no doubt. It is peevish, easily frightened, restless, inattentive, incapable of entering with enjoyment into the sports of its companions, soon tires of its games, and is often quarrelsome. But it is in adult life that the real suffering comes. Ineffective work, sleepless nights, racking headaches, the formation of drug habits, alcoholism, early physical breakdown and even insanity are the dangers to be dreaded for the future of some—fortunately not all—children with weak and unstable nervous systems.

There is always a cause for this nervous condition in children, and the cause can often be removed if it can be discovered. Heredity doubtless plays an important part in many cases, but not so often as is commonly believed, and even when there is an inherited fault, other factors which perpetuate or increase the trouble almost always exist, and can often be overcome. A careful examination of a nervous child will usually bring to light some physical defect, the curing of which will free the nervous system from strain.

These physical defects may be anywhere in the body, but are usually found in one or more of three locations—the eyes, the throat and the bowels.

The eyes are most intimately connected with the brain; indeed, they may be said to be actually part of the brain, and a defect of vision inflicts constant and innumerable blows on the brain which irritate it, and this irritation is transmitted to the entire nervous system. The eyes of a nervous child should be examined and spectacles worn if called for.

"What a pity to put glasses on a child!" Yes, but what a greater pity to let a nervous child grow up into a nervous man.

A child who is a mouth-breather is almost sure to have enlarged tonsils or adenoids. This condition interferes with natural breathing, which prevents the proper aeration of the blood; and impure blood cannot properly nourish the nerve-cells. Further, enlarged tonsils or adenoids are often slightly inflamed all the time, which causes the absorption of septic products which poison the whole system.

Finally, constipation is a most potent influence in the causation of all sorts of nervous trouble. The treatment of this condition, not at all uncommon in children, in spite of their activity, does not consist in an occasional dose of castor-oil. The root of the evil must be sought, and it must be corrected by a careful regimen and the inculcating of habits of regularity.

How long after marriage does the average wife begin to find fault with her husband's table manners?

Cooks may come and cooks may go, but the eating habit goes on forever.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR

Sorting Pearls.

The Gems Vary Greatly in Size, Shape and Quality.

When the pearls are taken from the dead fish they are first sorted according to size. This is done by passing them through a set of ten small brass sieves, called baskets, with meshes of varying sizes. Pearls of the first class that are perfect both in sphericity and in luster are called *ant*. Those of the second class, that to the average observer seem equally without flaw, are called *antari*, and most of the pearls we see in the west and on general sale come under this head. Of the third class, called *masauku*, are those that are somewhat irregular in shape and a trifle off in color, but that are valuable for use in clusters and are largely used by eastern artificers in mountings of various sorts. Kural is the double of twinned pearl, which, when of good luster and sufficiently freakish shape, is sometimes enormously valuable. In this class the most wonderful specimen on record is the great Southern Cross pearl, which is in reality nine pearls naturally grown together and forming a perfect cross an inch and a half long. It was found off the coast of Western Australia in 1874. Many seed pearls and rejections, called *valdiva*, are generally ground into *chunam*, and used as an ingredient in a favorite sweetmeat. From China also comes a heavy demand for seed pearls, and in India bushels of them literally are used in the decoration of idols and sacred images and of weapons as well.—Everybody's.