

# Race for a Wife

—BY—  
HAWLEY SMART

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

"Look here, Nellie," said the squire, at length, "you can't imagine for one instant that I have any intention of coercing Maude on the point. Only give it a trial. Be reasonable. You say she cares for no one else at present. Let her see young Pearman, and like him, if she can. If not, there's an end of it; but if she could fancy him, it would be well for all of us. Ruin stares us in the face—this would avert it. She, poor girl, will be left but indifferently off should anything happen to me; this insures her position, and luxuries. I don't see why it shouldn't be," and Denison shot a keen glance at the pale face opposite.

"I will do what you would have me, Harold," returned his wife, quietly. "I don't think that I have ever seen Mr. Pearman, but I had formed such high hopes for Maude! I never crossed you yet; it is not likely I should begin now, when you're in such trouble. But, oh, I do wish Glinn could be saved in any other way!"

"You have been a good wife to me, Nellie dear," said the squire, as he rose, and pressed his lips to Mrs. Denison's fair cheek. "You don't see this in the right light, but you will when you think it over. Meanwhile, you will do what I want—oh?"

"I will tell Maude when you deem it necessary," returned the soft voice of his wife; "but, Harold, I can't think it right; though you know best."

"You have not thought it over as I have. Do so, and you will change your mind," said Denison, as he left his wife's boudoir.

Sadly mused the wife over her husband's communication. Quiet, undemonstrative woman as she was, yet Eleanor Denison had been brought up from her cradle a thorough believer in the dogma of caste, and even her gentle nature rebelled at the idea that a daughter of hers should wed the son of a low-born attorney. We know her passionate idolatry of Maude, surpassing even a mother's love. It is easy to picture the bitter tears she shed after that morning's interview. She was a woman naturally given to weeping.

No passionate storm of lamentation, but a gentle shower of mourning. As Harold Denison's wife she had had manifold opportunities of practicing her vocation, yet I doubt whether he ever felt sadder tears running down her cheeks than he did that bright spring afternoon.

CHAPTER VIII.

Seldom did eye rest on a prettier picture than was made by Bonnie Maude Denison this early April morning. The close-fitting French grey merino dress, with the plain linen collar and cuffs, set off her beautifully molded figure to perfection, while the cerise neck-ribbon just relieved and gives warmth to her somewhat neutral-tinted robe. Moreover, that she had just returned from a successful raid on the conservatory, a snow-white camellia and its blood-red sister coquettishly twisted in her glossy brown hair, sufficiently attested—those crown jewels of the floral world looking more in place now than when adorning their parent stems.

"Good morning, sweet mother mine," cried Maude, as Mrs. Denison entered the breakfast room. "Only look at the plunder I've brought you! I found old Jenkins' flowers guarded this morning, and I gathered and plucked. Isn't that a bouquet, mamma, to greet you in April?"

"Yes, love—glorious. No need to tell me Jenkins was away, or never would his pets have been despoiled in this wise."

"No, cross old thing! He thinks flowers were made only to look at on their stems, and not to wear or decorate rooms."

The entrance of Harold Denison here checked conversation. He nodded a careless "Good morning" to his daughter, and then plunged moodily into his correspondence. He found nothing there, apparently, to raise his spirits. At length, thrusting his letters into his pockets, he rose.

"Well," he said, "things look blacker and blacker. It's no use struggling; the sooner my scheme is tried, the better. Do what you promised yesterday. Delay is useless."

"But, Harold—!" pleaded his wife as the ever-ready tears rose to her eyes.

"Don't be foolish. It's our only chance. Understand," he said, crossing over to his wife's chair, and lowering his voice so that his daughter could not catch his words—"just put it before her in a common sense way this morning. How can you tell she will object. She can do as she likes about it. I have no wish to coerce her in any way; but, mind, tell her the whole truth. It is only fair the proposal should be laid before her. I'll come up to your room after luncheon, and you can tell me how she takes it," and, turning on his heel, Harold Denison left the room.

"What's the matter, my mother," said Maude, as she stole to Mrs. Denison's side, and passing her arms round her neck, laid her fair, fresh young cheek against the pale, worn, troubled face. "More of these dreadful money miseries, I suppose; but don't look so fearful over it. Papa looks so gloomy, and you so sad, it's enough to frighten poor me. Even if he has lost some more money, I suppose we shall always have enough to

live upon; and if you and I, mother, can't save new dresses for ever so long, that's nothing to be very sad about."

I am afraid Maude Denison is displaying an ignorance of the world, and a disregard to the vanities and gossaws thereof, that may seem a little high-strained; but recollect that she is but eighteen, that the Xminster was her first ball, and that, owing to her father's pride and strained circumstances, she has lived a very secluded life.

Few were the strangers that came within the gates of Glinn of late years. Harold Denison scorned to entertain unless he could do so with all the old lavish profusion—that prodigal hospitality of former times which had entailed such bitterness in his present daily bread. His wife, naturally an extremely sensitive woman, shrunk also from mixing in society in a much more humble and modest way than she had been wont to do. She was not of the temperament to face the half-whispered comments and upraised eyebrows of her country neighbors: "Poor thing! I hear he has run through everything; even the carriage horses have to be put down." Remarks of this kind were past her endurance, and so it was that since she left school, some two years ago, Maude had led a very secluded life.

True, many an old friend of the Denisons had offered to take care of the girl to various gaieties in the county, even if they could not induce Mrs. Denison to come to their houses and chaperone her own daughter; but all such invitations had been met with a brief though courteous refusal. Poor lady, she had more than once pleaded in her darling's behalf; but, wrapped in his own selfish pride, Harold Denison said fiercely, he would be patronized by no one.

And so Maude grew up like some wild flower, though not "born to bloom and blush unseen." For are there not already two who would fain pluck the wild flower and gather it to their bosoms if they may?

Did Maude know she was handsome? Of course she did. She wanted no Xminster ball to tell her that. What girl over fifteen, in the most primitive of nations, having beauty, is unaware of it? If there are no looking glasses, are there not deep pelucid waters that will serve as such?—Nature's mirrors whereby to wreath wild flowers in the hair? Maidens of our advanced civilization may be haunted with misgivings. Given the face of an angel, can we tell how it may stand the "make-up" that fashion seems to have decreed in these days? How dark eyes and eyelashes will go with golden hair is, of course, an open question. I can fancy the nervousness of those dusky Indian belles till they have ascertained the effect of paint and pigments, and what anxious moments our remote ancestors must have had when they first put on their wood!

Thus it came about that Maude Denison had been out but on very few occasions, and had it not been that her godmother, who having gold to bestow, was too important a person to be trifled with, had insisted on bearing her off, she had never seen that memorable Xminster ball.

Twelve o'clock, and the sun shines brightly into Mrs. Denison's boudoir, throwing rich tints through Maude's brown tresses, and lighting up the pale face of her mother; that joyous, tearful, capricious, womanish April sun—so like a woman in its glowing strength, so like her, again, in its overclouded weakness! Poor Mrs. Denison is still pondering on how to begin the dread task her lord has set her. She knows that glowing phrase of "not wishing to coerce the girl's decision," is but the meekest mockery; she can look back upon that airy preface of "not that I wish to sway you, my dearest Eleanor," in so many cases, and remembers too well that whatever may have been her misgivings or dislikes, the program has generally been carried out in its original integrity. She has borne these things meekly. They concerned but herself; now they threaten her daughter. Weak woman as she is, she would fain stand at bay here. Still, though intuitively knowing that it was false, there is the specious reasoning of her husband's, that the thing ought to be submitted to Maude herself. Again the tendrils of her affections are twined round dear old Glinn; she feels what a bitter wrench it would be to say farewell to the old place. Above all, there is the strong will of that selfish husband, whom she still loves so dearly, under whose thrall her life has passed.

CHAPTER IX.

What slaves these weak women are to those insensible clay idols they have set up only to fall down before and worship! Adoration is the main part of a woman's love. How they still revere these worthless images, despite the daily proof they have as to what miserable potter's ware they are composed of. But they go on, even when bruised and beaten, still firmly believing in their old romantic ideal. Oh, yes, women will shut their eyes to many things sooner than give up that dream of their girlhood. They would sooner remain blind than awake to find themselves utterly bankrupt, and their account far overdrawn at Cupid and Company's. A woman will forgive the man she loves everything except inconstancy, and only caring the closer to him through crime or trouble. But there must never have arisen

on a doubt in her mind that she is not still sole mistress of his heart; and with all his faults, Harold Denison had never brought the tears to his wife's eyes in this wise.

But I am wandering far away from the mistress of Glinn, still nursing on her unwelcome task. Like her, I am loth to begin, though the miserable story must be told, for the furtherance of this narrative. It is stealing the bloom off the girlhood of such a maiden as Maude when you first break to her that she is put up to auction as veritably as if she stood in the Constantinople slave market. The Turk has suppressed it; but in the West the trade goes on merrily, and Lord Penance finds it quite as much as he can do to rectify the mistakes that occur from ignoring natural feeling in the contract matrimonial.

"Maude, dear," at last observes Mrs. Denison, "whom did you like best of all your partners at the Xminster ball?"

"Like best?" and Maude's great grey eyes opened wide as she uncoiled herself from the sofa upon which she lounged, intent on the latest novel Mudie had furnished. "What makes you ask that, mother?"

"Never mind! Tell me."

"Well, I don't know; I never thought about it. Gus Brisden was nice, and Charlie Tollamache—he's a dragon of some kind, you know—he was great fun, and valued very well. Then there was Mr. Handley, not very young, but I got on very well with him. I think, though, I liked dancing with Green best; he can valse—and then we had such laughing over other people; but he got silky towards the finish, I'm sure I don't know why. I'm very fond of Green, you know, mother, but he bullies me and can be very nasty at times, and the finish of that ball happened to be one of those times. I don't know why," continued the girl, meditatively, "unless it was my dancing with that Mr. Pearman; what could that matter to him?"

"And did you and Green part on bad terms?"

"No; I came down and gave him his coffee before he went away, and he kissed me—and so we parted friends."

I think—and I been Grenville Rose, I should have preferred Maude being a little more reticent about the kiss. Still, the slight hesitation in her speech, the slight blush that crossed her cheek as she alluded to it, were favorable signs to an astute observer. He had kissed her as his cousin all his life—why should the recollection make her blush and hesitate now? Young people situated in this way may like each other for years; the explosion of some æsthetic force suddenly awakes love. More often than not the train is lit through the precautions taken to prevent it. The doctrine of separation is in high favor among chaperones, but they often forget that when using it with a view to a contrary result.

"But you don't say anything about Mr. Pearman, Maude; did you like him?"

"Well, he was pleasant and amusing enough. I only had one quadrille with him, you know. But Green scolded so about my dancing with him at all; and said he wasn't 'form,' or 'bad form,' or something or other—meaning, in short, that I ought not to have stood up with him. If he wasn't fit to be danced with, mother, why did they introduce him to me?" and Maude raised her pretty eyebrows, as if she had propounded a regular poser.

"I see no reason in the world. He is not one of the old county families, but his father is very rich, and he will take his place, ere many years are over, in the county. It depends, of course, a good deal upon how he marries. Suppose he fancied you, now, Maude—we are very poor, you know—what would you say to it?"

"I—Mother, dear, what makes you ask such a question? I'm sure I don't know. Glinn is happy home enough for me at present. But I don't think, if I did marry, I should like there to be any doubt about my husband being a gentleman; and they—that is, I mean Green—didn't seem to think he was."

"Green, my dear, is prejudiced. Young Mr. Pearman has had an university education, and though his father was a nobody, he mixes, I'm told, with all the best people round."

"Well, it don't much matter; I'm never likely to be called on to decide. I think I'd rather not, if it was so. But you don't mean to say, mother, you are trying to fit me with a husband out of my ball partners? Oh, you scandalous match-making mamma!"—and Maude laughed merrily.

"But suppose I was, whom would you choose?"

"Oh, dear, none of them. If it came to the worst, I should say I was engaged to Green."

"My dear Maude!"

"No; dear Maude never had the chance yet; he never asked her, and I don't think it at all likely he ever will. But I tell you what, mother, if I really was in such a quandary, I think I should ask him. I could tell him afterwards, you know, it was only to get myself out of a scrape, and Green's been doing that for me always—"

"Stop, Maude, and listen seriously to what I have to say to you; Mr. Pearman has asked in earnest to be allowed to pay his addresses to you. Your father recommends you to think over it quietly and soberly. Bear in mind that we are very poor, and that he will be very rich."

"Mr. Pearman wants to marry me?" and the girl's face changed into a stare of blank astonishment; "why, I never saw him but once."

"No, love; but it is true, for all that."

"Well, mother, I can hardly believe it. On my word, I'm obliged to Mr. Pearman. I presume he thinks girls, like hot-house fruit, are a mere question of what you will give for them. Best let him know, mother mine, that your daughter is not to be wooed nor won in that fashion."

(To be continued.)

# FARM AND GARDEN

**Feeding Discarded Lambs.**

There are various ways suggested to make a ewe mother her own lamb or a twin from another ewe that has not enough milk for both.

Some advise whipping the ewe into submission, but this is very cruel and seldom satisfactory. When a ewe loses her own lamb and it is desired to make her own another it has been recommended to skin her own dead lamb and tie the pelt over the lamb that is to be adopted.

This plan is sometimes satisfactory if the ewe's sense of smell is not very keen, although it more often fails. Other breeders have tried tying a dog near by, claiming that the maternal instinct of the ewe will exert itself and it will own the lamb while trying to shield it from the dog.

Perhaps the most satisfactory method when a ewe refuses to own her lamb is to fasten her in between hurdles.

This gives her a chance to eat and at the same time prevents her from turning around to butt the lamb. In such a position, however, the ewe will often lie down. This may be prevented by passing a light pole through the hurdles, resting it on the lower bars beneath her belly.

The ewe can be confined this way throughout the day, and if the lamb is at all lively he will manage to get enough to eat. The ewe should always be released at night.

A day or two of such confinement is often sufficient to bring an obstinate ewe to reason. Such hurdles can easily be made by any farmer, and it is well to have them on hand for just such emergencies.

**Protecting Orchards from Frost.**

Some of the South Texas orange growers have taken up the study of devices to protect orchards against winter cold. The California plan of burning oil in pipes laid throughout the orchard and perforated at intervals of 50 to 100 feet seems most likely to be favored in South Texas. This region has the oil at its door, and oil is more easily handled than wood fires. It is a certainty that South Texas orange orchards ought to be given this protection, especially after the planting of other and more delicate varieties than the Satsuma becomes general. It may not be needed oftener than once in two or three years, but at such times it will save orchards that, lacking this protection, might be ruined. The orchard fires in California, where oil is burned, and in Florida, where wood is handled and cheaper and therefore most generally used, are regarded as a legitimate and necessary charge against the business. Not all the growers make fires—there are some men in every business that delight in taking chances—but the majority of the best growers in both States, and especially in California, are prepared thus to save their orchard investments.—Houston Chronicle.

**A Hog Loader.**

A loader for attachment to the wagon is made of two pine boards six inches wide by nine feet long, fastened together by the three cross-pieces of proper length so that they will fit between the sides of the wagon box. A floor is laid on these cross-pieces and short strips of lath to prevent hogs slipping. At the upper end the sides are notched to fit on the bottom of wagon box and two staples on each side complete the fastening. The construction of the rack is shown in the illustration.

**Hog Cholera.**

The Department of Agriculture recommends the following remedy for hog cholera: Wood charcoal, 1 pound; sulphur, 1 pound; sodium chloride, 2 pounds; sodium bicarbonate, 2 pounds; sodium hyposulphite, 2 pounds; sodium sulphate, 1 pound; antimony sulphide, 1 pound. Pulverize and mix thoroughly and give one large tablespoonful for each 200 pounds weight of hogs once a day.

**Bureau of Entomology.**

The work carried on by the bureau relates entirely to injurious insects, and the direct object of this work is to discover remedial measures and to make them known to the public. The object of the work, therefore, is of the most practical character, and every effort is devoted to the practical end. It

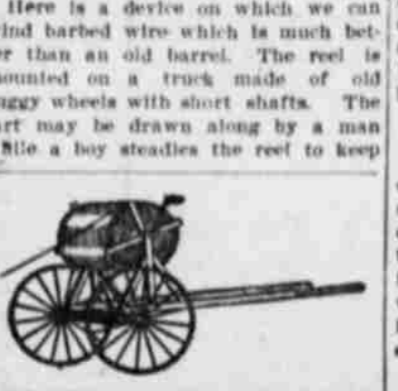
has been conservatively estimated that the United States suffers an annual economic loss from injurious insects of one kind or another of surely \$700,000,000. This estimate includes the damage done to agricultural industries, to live stock and to stored products, to forests and forest products, and to other property, but it does not include the economic loss to communities and to the nation through the lessening of the productive capacity of the population through the prevalence of diseases that are carried by the insects, such as malaria, typhoid fever, yellow fever, and possibly many others.

**Care of the Heifer.**

The treatment a heifer receives before freshening not only determines to great extent the character of the calf which she is expected to bring forth, but also influences largely her entire future life as a dairy cow. The time was when many people held fast to the opinion that if a dairy cow or heifer became fat her prospects for ever becoming a profitable producing cow were small, indeed. Experience has taught, however, that many of the best milk and butter records have been made by cows which had rested from four to eight weeks prior to freshening and had calved in strong, vigorous and rather fleshy condition. The feed given should be determined by the condition of the animal. If fat and in strong, vigorous condition, her feed need not be great in amount nor fattening in its nature. On the other hand, if she is poor she should be well fed with corn meal, alfalfa hay, oats, etc., with a view to building up all the nerve force, energy and power possible before parturition time.

**Barbed Wire Reel.**

Here is a device on which we can wind barbed wire which is much better than an old barrel. The reel is mounted on a truck made of old buggy wheels with short shafts. The cart may be drawn along by a man while a boy steadies the reel to keep



it from unwinding too rapidly. For winding up wire the machine is best pushed just fast enough to keep up with the wire as it is being wound on the reel. A crank placed upon the reel proves serviceable in winding up.—Farm and Home.

**Profit in Sheep.**

Sheep eat and thrive on weeds and material that other stock do not relish. Every fence corner, fence row and weed patch will be more completely cleaned by them than by the scythe or hoe. A hundred sheep could be kept on any Western farm of eighty acres and one would scarcely miss the cost of their care and keeping. They return in fertilizers about 95 per cent of all they have eaten. There is an old Spanish proverb, "The sheep's foot is golden," originating doubtless from the fact that sheep enrich the soil. No expensive buildings are needed. Secure some good range ewes and a pure-bred ram of some breed, and in a few years an excellent grade of sheep will result. We know a man over on the Western slope who runs a little band of sheep on his home ranch and gives them very little attention, yet they keep the pasture free from weeds, and the returns from the lambs and the wool net a satisfactory profit.—Denver Field and Farm.

**Prose Poetry.**

A North Missouri farmer whose hog was killed by a train wrote to the company's claim agent for a settlement. He penned his communication thus: "Dear Sir—My razorback strolled down your track a week ago to-day. Your twenty-nine came down the line and snuffed his life away. You can't blame me, the hog, you see, slipped through a cattle gate, so kindly pen a check for ten, the debt to liquidate." He received the following reply: "Old twenty-nine came down the line and killed your hog we know, but razorbacks on railroad tracks quite often meet with woe. Therefore, my friend, we can not send the check for which you pine. Just plant the dead, place over its head, 'Here lies a foolish swine.'"—Waif.

**A Hardy Alfalfa Discovered.**

N. E. Hanson, the agricultural explorer and horticulturist, who has been traveling through Russia, Siberia, Central Asia, Turkestan and Northern Africa, in quest of new varieties of alfalfa and clover for cultivation in this country, has returned with more than 300 lots of seeds and plants to be used by the department in experimental work. Prof. Hanson has found two new varieties of alfalfa, which grows in a section of Siberia, where the mercury freezes and where there is no snow. The Department of Agriculture will conduct experiments with the new plant in several Northwestern States.

# HOUSEHOLD TALKS

**Meat Pie.**

Take your cold meat left overs and put through a chopper with an onion or celery, which you prefer. Put the mixture in a saucepan with a little water or gravy, and salt and pepper to taste. Make a rich puff paste, with which line a dish. Put in the hash, leaving part of the gravy. When ready to serve, cut a round piece out of center of cover, into which pour the remaining gravy and replace the piece.

**Economical Doughnuts.**

Beat an egg very light with a cup of sugar, add a cup of milk, not stirring this in, then put in quickly half a grated nutmeg, a half-teaspoonful of salt, and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, sifted with enough flour to make a dough that can be rolled out. Roll in deep fat to which a little salt has been added. This last precaution will keep the doughnuts from absorbing the grease.

Peel some potatoes and grate them into a basin of water; let the pulp remain in the water for a couple of hours; drain it off and mix with it half its weight of flour, season with pepper, salt and chopped onions. If not moist enough add a little water. Roll into dumplings the size of a large apple, sprinkle them well with flour, and throw them into boiling water. When they rise to the top they will be boiled enough.

**Date Dessert.**

Beat the yolks of four eggs, add eight tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, steep one-half pound of dates until tender, add a little lemon extract, and add this to the first mixture. Cut and fold in the white of four eggs, well beaten, with a sprinkling of orange peels, bake in a slow oven and serve with vanilla sauce.—Elizabeth Gregg, Columbia, Pa.

**Orange Snowballs.**

Boil one cup of rice fifteen minutes in salted water, drain and let cool. Remove the peel from five seedless oranges, spread the rice on dumping cloths, roll each orange in sugar, place on the rice, tie and boil the balls for an hour; turn them carefully on a dish, sprinkle with sugar. Serve with sweetened cream.

**Baked Apples.**

Baked apples, with dates, is a nutritive combination. Large, solid apples are cored and filled with washed and stoned dates, sprinkled with powdered sugar, basted with lemon juice, butter and hot water and baked till soft in a moderate oven. Apples are good baked in like manner with figs or stewed prunes.

**Broiled Oysters.**

Select large, fat oysters for broiling, free them from shells, drain and dry between a towel. Dip in melted butter, then in fine cracker crumbs, seasoned with salt and paprika. Have a fine wire gridiron and broil over a quick fire till the juices flow, being careful not to let them burn. Serve at once.

**Milled Cider.**

Heat the cider to the boiling point, sweeten to taste, thicken with flour to the consistency of cream, beating out all the lumps. To make this properly moisten the flour with a little milk. Put over the fire again, bring to the boiling point and remove and serve.

**Sliced Baked Apples.**

Core, but do not pare, and cut in thin slices. Put a layer in the baking dish and sprinkle with sugar, then another layer of apples, etc., and have last a layer of sugar. Cover the pan and bake ten minutes. Then remove the cover and bake ten minutes longer. Serve with meat as a compote.

**Sour Cream Biscuit.**

Into one pint of sour cream stir one teaspoonful of soda which has been dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of warm water, add the well beaten white of one egg and one-half teaspoonful of salt. When the cream foams up add enough sifted flour to make a soft dough. Roll, cut out and bake in a quick oven.

**Creamed Walnuts.**

Cook two cupfuls of sugar and one-half cupful of water together until the syrup threads. Add a teaspoonful of vanilla, take from the range and beat until thick and creamy. Make small balls of the candy and press half a walnut meat into each side. Drop on to a plate of granulated sugar.

**Cucumber Pickles.**

One gallon vinegar, one cup dry mustard, one cup sugar, one-half cup salt, as many cucumbers as the vinegar will cover. Put in a stone crock or glass jars.