

Race for a Wife

BY HAWLEY SMART

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

"But, Maude, my darling—"

"Yes, and intend to remain so," laughed the girl merrily. "And the sooner the fact is broken to Mr. Pearman that he is not 'my destiny's lord,' the better."

"Stop, child—listen to me," and the nervous tremor in her mother's voice arrested Maude's madcap humor instantly. She knew every inflection of that dearest loved voice, and her quick ear detected coming trouble, much as the sailor foresees the storm in that peculiar sobbing sound the wind sometimes gives forth shortly before the tempest bursts.

In a second she dropped quietly on her knees by Mrs. Denison's side, and leaning on the arm of her chair, said, "There's more to come, mother; you haven't told me all yet."

"No, my dearest; I had hoped so differently. I mean—I told your father, in short—"

"And here Mrs. Denison fairly broke down, and wept copiously.

Maude patted, soothed and coaxed, as she had done on many a previous occasion, and between the showers of tears learned how much they were in the hands of the Pearmans; how that their remaining at Gilman was an impossibility unless the Pearmans came to their assistance; and how her hand was the price they placed on standing in the breach between Harold Denison and his creditors. About the foregoing of their own claims the poor lady wisely said nothing. Better Maude should think her future husband stood chivalrously forward in her father's support, with the prospect of her fair self as his guardian, than she should know that her hand was the sole bribe which induced him to forbear seizing upon Gilman.

The sunny smile had left the girl's lips by the time she comprehended the sad story. It was replaced by a pale, anxious look, such as had never been seen before on Maude Denison's face.

"You can't mean this, mother," she said, at length. "You surely don't wish that I should marry this man, whom I can't say I dislike, for I don't even know him enough to tell whether I do or not; but that I am to take this man for a husband without any reference to my own feelings—you don't intend that, do you?"

"I don't know what will become of us if you don't, Maude," gasped Mrs. Denison.

"And is it not possible that we could live without Gilman?" inquired her daughter.

"What would your father do?" moaned the mother once more, truer to him even still than to the child she adored as.

"It is hard," said Maude, and her young face grew stern in expression as she spoke. "Do you think it quite fair that I am to throw my life's happiness away at eighteen to save Gilman? Mother, I know nothing of the world, but a man surely brings a bad introduction to a girl's heart who seeks her as Mr. Pearman would apparently seek me. I don't think I'm a romantic fool, but I never thought to leave your side in this way. Of course I know girls do marry for money; but—"

"But—"

"I had—had hoped I should be different," and here Maude was seized with an hysterical choking in the throat, which though it only drew a few tears from her own eyes, brought forth another shower from Mrs. Denison's.

"I really am shocked, for the sake of my readers, at the amount of tears introduced into this part of my story. 'Unbrothas up!' would have made an appropriate heading to this chapter; but what am I to do? You see, Mrs. Denison is one of those women who naturally dissolve into—may I say, mist?—on the most trifling occasions, and come down in torrents when things go hard with them. And, here in mind, she was performing the hardest task that had ever fallen to her lot as yet.

"No use crying about it, mother," said Maude, gulping down her agitation bravely. "I am going up to my own room to think it all over; but come what may, I feel at present you will have to let Mr. Pearman know that I'm grateful for the honor he has done me, but respectfully decline anything further."

When Maude reached her own room, she sat down and began to muse over all her mother had told her. Had it come to this reality, that it rested with her to save her father? What was she to do? I have said before that she was not like the young ladies of this world. She was rather behind the age in many of her ideas. She was very young, and had, moreover, a tinge of that dear old-fashioned romance about her which is at such a terrible discount in these utilitarian days. "What can there be to think about?" cries Helgravia. "Preserve me from such an imbecile daughter!" shrieks Tyburnia. But Maude, after thinking for half an hour, with set face and knit brows, suddenly rose with a smile rippling over her pretty face, and while the midday sun still glinted through her bonnie brown hair, sat down to write to Greenville Rose.

"He always gets me out of scrapes," she murmured, softly; "he must not do this, though"—and here she even laughed—"I'm afraid Greenville will think this what he calls a 'big up.'"

CHAPTER X.

Greenville Rose dwelt in the Temple. There, in a couple of pleasant rooms, he

read mostly law books, the latest periodicals, and waited for business. Though there was very far from being any asceticism about Greenville Rose, yet he stuck soberly and honestly to his trade. If the work didn't come, he couldn't help it. He was always in the way, and an assiduous attendant at the Westminster Courts. But if you are "Coke on Lettices," strongly impregnated with the departed affluence of Erskine and Ellenborough, you cannot show it until you get an opening. The beginning of the legal profession is doomed to be principally observation. Attorneys are far from being speculative on the subject of undeveloped talent. It is not given to everyone to have Sir Jonah Barrington's chance of a friendly judge, who insisted on his continuing the case he had begun, in consequence of his leader being temporarily out of court. So that whether Greenville Rose was a coming lawyer, or a pretentious impostor, was still concealed in the womb of time. In the meanwhile, the nothing he had to do, he, at all events, did conscientiously—more, a good deal, than can be predicated of many of us. He strolls leisurely out of his bedroom, in dressing gown and slippers, the day after Maude's resolution, and glancing round his breakfast table, takes little notice of the heap of letters that lie thereon. His attention, on the contrary, is arrested by the absence of some condiment he peculiarly affects. After indulging in a solo on the bell, which produces no apparent result, he opens the window and runs up the vocal scale on "William," terminating, crosswise, in "Will-i-am!" which seems to produce some slight commotion, at length, in a boy with a powder, and a companion furnished with shoe brushes, who are lighting the hours by pitch and tallow. Satisfied with this result, he first opens the morning paper.

Greenville Rose is not in the least addicted to the pursuit or study of racing; still, like most men of his age about town, he very frequently hears it talked of. He knows the names of the prominent favorites for the coming great three-year-old events of the season. Has he not more than one friend who has asked him to book himself for a Greenwich dinner in the event of some Derby contingency coming off satisfactorily? He throws his eye lazily over the sporting intelligence, and under the head of "Betting on the Two Thousand," he perceives "Five to two against Coriander—taken freely."

"Suppose he'll about win. Sait Silky Dullion down to the ground, I presume; not that I know much about it. But as he hath hidden me to the consumption of claret and bait, if Coriander wins at Epsom, it is fair to presume he'd like to see him well through 'his snails,' to be going."

"Ah! we go blundering on in our blindness and ignorance. Can even the most far-sighted of us ever predicate twenty-four hours ahead? What a mess Providence makes of our intricate calculations! What shallow fools we seem, after all our study! I wonder what Greenville Rose would have said, if anybody had hinted to him that within ten days his destiny would be bound up with Coriander's? Can you not fancy his laughing retort: 'I never race!' What's Hercules to me, or I to Hercules?" Yet it will be so.

Greenville tosses the paper on one side, and in a careless way takes up his letters. Two or three are thrown aside; but his pulse quickens, and his handsome features flush a little, as he catches sight of that firm, delicate hand he knows so well. Maude's letter had been near the bottom of the pile, or he had not glanced over the paper before reading it. That cousin of his had wound her way into his heart strongly of late. He hardly knew himself how it had all come to pass. He had bullied her as a boy; he even, till quite lately, had snubbed her as a man. He had liked her, ay, loved her, in constant fashion, all his life. How was he to have dreamt that the gawky school girl who accompanied him to his fishing expeditions at Gilman was to grow into the lovely girl Maude had of late blossomed into? He was no fool, and had as much command over his passions as fire-and-twenty, that sets up for no superlative virtue and lives in the world, can usually lay claim to. That anything could be more injudicious than a love affair between himself, with mere undefined prospects, and the daughter of his ruined, spendthrift uncle, no one could be more clearly aware. That if Maude Denison married, it must be somebody with means and position, he thoroughly understood. That he should at present marry anybody, he quite recognized as an impossibility. And yet, with all these theoretical axioms distinctly present to his mind, he was forced to admit to himself that he was over head and ears in love with his cousin. That he had never even hinted it to her was a fact upon which he gave himself most extraordinary credit. That she had as yet given him no earthly reason to suppose he was anything to her but Cousin Green was a circumstance that he brooded over sulkily and despondingly. With those correct and high-principled views, it should have been made matter of great gratulation; but you see it was not. I am afraid it will ever be so. The right people never do fall in love with each other; while, on the days Helen left Melancton to the present time, the en-

verse of the proposition seems inexhaustible and unchangeable.

But all this while Greenville Rose had been reading Maude's epistle. His face darkens as he does so, the brows contract, and a curse breaks at last from his lips in a low, guttural tone that bodes bad times for somebody, supposing that Greenville possesses power equal to his inclination.

"That brute Pearman!" he muttered. "My instinct didn't fail me. Better I'd have dislocated his cursed neck by throwing him down stairs that night than this. And the poor child appeals to me to help her! What can I do?"

Once more he glances at the letter—again he reads the paragraph: "Green, dear, you have been my resource in all my scrapes since I can remember. Do come to my rescue now; what am I to do? My childish troubles of bygone days were not of much account, whatever they might look at the time. This seems extinguishing the sunshine of my life on the threshold—as if I was doomed, as I heard you say not long ago. I have said I cannot, I dare not. Both papa and mother say I am in a double bind. But it isn't so—you know, Green, it isn't. There's papa, more sneering and gloomy than ever, suggesting that we had better make the most of Gilman during the remaining few weeks that it remains to us—as I have decided to give away the property. Mother, of course, all tears; and papa bullies her worse than ever. Oh, tell me what to do, Green, for I am very miserable. I can't stand it much longer—I know I can't. I shall have to give in; I cannot bear to see mother always in tears. I almost wish I was dead I do indeed; and yet I don't want to die."

"Yes," he mutters, after reading it through for about the twentieth time; "it's easy to see the whole thing. My precious uncle intends you shall marry Pearman, so that he may finish his days in Gilman. My aunt, poor soul, is weeping a Dead Sea over the arrangement, and having her soul harried out besides. Maude—Maude, my darling, how can I help you? Pretty chance of a pauper like myself being much use on the occasion," he mused, with a bitter sneer. "She never says, poor child, by the way, what sum, if any, would stop the gap—though, of course, there must be a price. However, that is a question there is no use in raising. Of course it's thousands; and to raise a few hundreds would require all my ingenuity, to say nothing of terminating in my eventual destruction; not but what it's little I'd think of that just now, to save Maude. My love, I am powerless." And Greenville Rose leaned his head upon his hands and tasted the bitterest sorrow this world can afford—that of an appeal for succor from the woman whom he loved, and the knowledge that he was powerless to help her even a hair's breadth in her bitter anguish. Better to stand by her deathbed than this!

Our nineteenth century training makes us bear such trials well. But do not believe, my brethren, that when the mask is dropped, feelings are not much the same as of yore. Bitter tears are shed over worthless women, and deep lamentations made over rotten investments in the privacy of the bed chamber. The national razor sweeps the chin at times with a strange fascination for one strong free stroke at the jugular vein; a morbid feeling to end all this weary struggle, and out the knot of existence. A well-known writer, the other day, laid down: "It was better to be bored than to be miserable." I can't say I agree with him. I would rather be miserable.

Far more than an hour does Greenville pore his apartment, musing over Maude's letter. But no! he can neither see help to be rendered, nor even anything to justify the slightest interference on his part. Then he thought vaguely of the old darning days; how easy it would have been to have picked a quarrel in those good old times, and run his chance of disqualifying Pearman through the medium of a pistol bullet. But we have changed all that; and when we quarrel nowadays, we employ counsel instead of firearms. We suppose it is all for the best, though I take it there was more politeness in general society when the being rode had to be so speedily justified.

(To be continued.)

Up to Her.

The young housewife was engaging her first cook.

"Of course," she said, "I don't want to have any trouble with you."

"Thin it do be up 't' yourself, ma'am," replied the kitchen lady. "If yer make no complaints O'll make no trouble."

Not Guilty.

"Conductor," complained the lean spinster passenger, "that man 's the opposite seat is winking at me!" "He says he doesn't mean to wink at you," explained the car official. He's trying to keep the eye that's turned toward you shut, ma'am.—Judge.

A Suggestion.

The Mistress—Jane, the dishes you have been putting on the table of late were positively dirty. What have you to say about it?

The Servant—I think, ma'am, that you ought to get colored dishes. They won't show the dirt at all.

Economy.

"This stove," said the clerk to his Irish customer, "is the best stove in the house. It is the stove of economy. It saves half the coal bill."

"Give me two of them," replied the Irishman. "I'll save all."—Success.

A Suggestive Title.

"What's he done now?"

"Lecturing on 'The Decline of Poetry.'"

"Write verses himself, didn't he?"

"Yes, and they were all declined."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

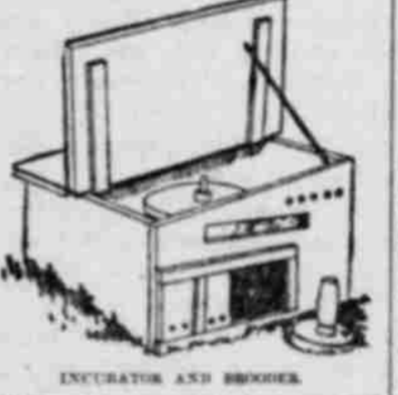
FARM AND GARDEN

Paris to Have an Incubator.

Six years ago we purchased a 100-egg incubator and every season it has been set five or six times and have never had one failure nor one bad hatch. The hatches are always in the nineties with the exception of once when we only got seventy-eight chicks. Our hatches are about the same each time each season through. We nearly always have from ninety-two to ninety-six chicks, seldom lower than ninety-three, more often higher than that, and always such strong, lively chicks, almost never a cripple among them—seldom one in 500. Our incubator has not had the advantage of being kept in a cave or cellar, but we have done so well with it that we have purchased another of 120 and one of 240-egg capacity, as we are going into the business more extensively.

We can truthfully say that the incubator is a great time and labor saver and a money maker. It is one of the best investments any farmer or any one who raises poultry can make. Who would care to go back to the slow way of raising chicks with the sitting hen when it can be done with the incubator so easily and so well? With the hen the season of hatching is soon over with, while with the incubator the early frites for market can be sold when the market prices are best and the early pullets hatched that will be wanted for fall and winter layers. We do not have to wait on the sitting hen to hatch out a few chickens when we have the incubator to hatch them by the dozens.

A good incubator will pay for itself over and over the first season of its use. It is indispensable in the poultry business. To all those who contemplate purchasing I would say, don't get one that is too cheap. Get a good one, even if you do have to pay more.



Country's Rainfall.

The total rainfall of this country, including snow and that on water areas, was given as 215,000,000,000,000 cubic feet a year. Half or more is evaporated. About one-third flows into the sea. The remaining one-sixth is either consumed or absorbed. Of the 70,000,000,000,000 cubic feet flowing annually into the sea, less than 5 per cent is used for power. It is estimated that 85 to 95 per cent of the volume is wasted in freshets or destructive floods. There are in the United States proper 232 streams navigated for an aggregate of 26,115 miles, and as much more is navigable by improvement.

A Breed Worth Paying For.

The calf which an English farmer had taken the summer resident to see surveyed his owner and the stranger with a weary eye. "What breed is your calf?" asked the visitor.

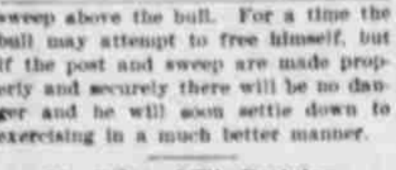
The farmer removed a wisp of straw from his mouth and said:

"The critter's father gored a Justice of the peace, knocked a book canvasser end over end and lifted a tramp over a fence; and, as for his mother, she chased a brass band out o' town last New Year's day. If that ain't breed enough to pay 25 shillings for, you can leave him be. I'm not pressing him on anybody."

A Very Cheap Gate.

A light, useful and durable gate can be made of sassafras poles and barbed wire as shown in the cut. Set a strong

what will be used on the bottom of a sleigh or wagon through which the king bolt passes. A long sweep, evenly balanced, is placed upon the top of this post and pinned by means of a long rod, or, as we might say, king bolt. The sweep is necessarily large at one end and small at the other, which makes it possible to balance with one end comparatively short and the other long. The bull is tied to the rope attached to the further end of the long arm, and in that way can have a large circle to move in. The supporting post should be above the ground high enough to entry the



FOR EXERCISING THE BULL.

sweep above the bull. For a time the bull may attempt to free himself, but if the post and sweep are made properly and securely there will be no danger and he will soon settle down to exercising in a much better manner.

The Value of Tile Draining.

The properly placed makes soil dryer in wet weather and more moist in dry weather. This is difficult to understand until we consider the nature of the soil.

Soil in proper condition is porous, something after the manner of a sponge. It will hold water up to a certain point without leaking. Until it becomes thoroughly saturated, it contains air as well as water. Air is warm and air is needed by plants in the process of growth.

The leads the water away quickly in the spring so the air can penetrate the soil and warm it so seeds will germinate and grow quickly. Undrained land, if low, fills with water in the spring to the saturation point and the excess of moisture passes off in vapor through the process of evaporation. It requires a great deal of heat to warm the water sufficiently to cause it to pass off in this way. That heat is lost.

After evaporation has dissipated the moisture and the soil becomes dry enough to work it breaks up in clods, because it has baked down and packed together like mortar. It is almost impossible to prepare a good seed bed in such ground.—Agricultural Epitomist.

THE HOUSEHOLD

Prime Jelly.

A very delicious dessert is made with prunes as a foundation. Steam the prunes until they are soft. Then take out the stones and fill them into a wet mold. Turn over them a jelly made of a cupful of sherry, a tablespoonful of lemon juice, the juice of two oranges and half an ounce of gelatine soaked in half a cupful of cold water and dissolved in half a cupful of boiling water. Serve with whipped cream.

Apple Potters.

One cup flour, one and one-half tea-spoonfuls of baking powder, two level tablespoonfuls of sugar, two-thirds cup of milk, one egg well beaten, two medium-sized apples cut into small, thin slices. Stir together the flour, baking powder and sugar, add gradually the milk, then the egg. Heat well and stir in the apple. Drop by spoonfuls into deep, hot fat. Drain on brown paper and serve with maple syrup or a sweet sauce.

Arrowroot Milk.

Mix two or three tablespoonfuls of arrowroot with half a pint of cold water; stir it well to clean it; let it stand for a few minutes and pour off the water. Stir in some pounded sugar; boil a pint of milk and pour it gradually upon the arrowroot, stirring well at the time, let it come to a boil. Or water may be used instead of milk, with the addition of a few drops of lemon essence and a little nutmeg.

Chile Con Carne.

Cut a pound of fresh pork into two squares and parboil. Soak five chiles in hot water, take out the seeds and veins, wash them well and put in a mortar. Pound to a pulp, adding a little garlic, black pepper, two cloves and a cooked tomato. Fry this in hot lard; then add the meat, with some of the liquid in which it was boiled, and a little salt. Cover and let it cook down until it is rather thick.

Baked Hominy.

Mixed into hot boiled hominy (either large or small grained), a little cream and three beaten eggs and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Bake in individual ramequins and when the custard is set sprinkle over the top of each some crumbled pop corn sprinkled with melted butter and a little sugar. Return to the oven to brown slightly. Eat with sweetened cream or honey, or maple syrup.

Corn Muffins with Sour Milk.

Stir together a cup of corn meal, a cup of Graham flour and a teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of butter and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Mix to a batter with one cup each of sour milk and cream. If one has no sour cream use a cup with melted butter. Bake in hot, and substitute the other fourth of one cup with melted butter. Bake in hot well greased muffin tin.

Pickle for Tongues and Meats.

Place the tongue or meat in a pan with sufficient water to cover it. Add to it a tablespoonful of brown sugar, two tablespoonfuls of salt, one of saltpeter and a clove of garlic. Place the pan on a good clear fire, and when the liquor has boiled remove it and let it cool. When cold put the tongue back into the pickle and turn it daily for a fortnight, when it will be ready.

Carrots with Onion.

Slice fine enough carrots for five or six people; add three large onion sliced and a scant teaspoon of salt; boil three-quarters of an hour, then strain; add two tablespoonfuls of butter, one tablespoonful of flour; salt and pepper; mix thoroughly and chop fine.

Brazilian Stew.

Cut a shin of beef into small slices, dip these in vinegar, and stew very slowly. No water is required, because in three or four hours over a slow fire the meat will have given abundant gravy and be as tender as a chicken. Serve with little roast onions and braised carrots.

To Keep Apples.

Wrap each apple in a piece of newspaper and pack them in a box and put in a cool place. They will keep for three or four months.

To Fry Bacon Without Shriveling.

To fry bacon without shriveling, lay strips with edges slightly overlapping in a cold fry pan and fry slowly until crisp.

Short Suggestions.

It is better to cook too slowly than too fast.

Vinegar diluted with water will remove grease from a stove.

Marble should be washed with ammonia and water rather than with soap and water.



POLE AND WIRE GATE.

post 4 feet in the ground in the middle of the gateway and balance the gate on it. The lower rail is made of two forked sassafras poles securely nailed together so as to work around the post.—W. H. Thompson, in Farm and Home.

Dairy Notes.

Talk over dairy matters with your neighbors.

Never use milk utensils for anything but milk.

Don't abuse the nervous cow. That isn't the way to handle her.

Insist upon pasteurization of the skim milk if you are delivering milk to a creamery.

Germs, it is said, multiply faster in pasteurized milk than in any other kind. Therefore keep the pasteurized milk in a cool place and use it as soon as possible.

Exercising a Bull.

The accompanying cut furnishes an excellent plan for exercising a bull. A large, strong post is sunk into the ground and securely set. On top of this post is placed an iron plate some-