



Race for a Wife

BY HAWLEY SMART

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

Grenville had made up his mind that he was powerless; but still, all the same, Maude's letter must be answered. This, again, was not so easy to do. When the girl you are in love with appeals to you tearfully to save her from being married to somebody else, the obvious course would seem to be to run away with her yourself. But, as George Eliot says, "Running away, especially when spoken of as 'abandoning,' seems, at a distance, to offer a good modern substitute for the right of sanctuary; but seen closely, it is often found inconvenient and scarcely possible." So, though to emulate young Lochinvar and bear off your fair Ellen of Netherby may seem the proper thing to do on the first blush of such occasion, yet, on mature reflection, it may prove hardly feasible. Mrs. Lochinvar must be clothed and fed, while the reiving and raiding by which that adventurous gallant doubtless supported the lady of his love would, in these days, be known by the prosaic term of "robbery with violence." The attention of Colonel Henderson and his myrmidons, the grave consideration of his countrymen, and an eloquent oration, rather to his disadvantage, by a criminal court judge, would probably be the termination of young Lochinvar's career in these days.

What is he to write? What is he to say? Can you not guess? Of course he will sit down and do the very thing he should not. He can't help, but he can complicate her troubles. Love is essentially a selfish passion. Having no consolation to offer her, no assistance to render her, he betakes himself to his desk and pours forth his story of love and lamentation. He exhorts her not to marry Pearman, but gives her no hint of how she is to combat the difficulties that surround her. He pours forth, in good, honest, genuine terms, the tale of his love; he dwells on the certainty of his having a home ere long to offer her through his own exertions, and winds up with a tremendous peroration about having loved her from her cradle. He has done nothing of the kind. His love is a child of something under a twelvemonth's growth; and though I fear all lovers romance fearfully, they thoroughly believe in their fignments at the time. Then comes another sheet of postscript about "can she love him?" he shall know no rest till he gets her answer. And after it is all done and posted, Grenville Rose feels more uneasy than ever. He is not thinking so much of poor Maude's troubles as what will she say to his declaration of love? He racks his brain for every trace of favor she has shown him all the past year. Sweet and consoling she has been ever, but no sign of love can he recall. Fool that I have been!" he mutters; "I have been so careful not to give her a hint of my feelings. I wish I had that letter back. No, I don't. I don't know, in short—"

CHAPTER XI.

Maude, as she has already explained, has been having a hard time of it at Glinn these last two or three days. Life has been all so easy to her so far, that she hardly realizes the facing of this, her first genuine trouble. She is awaiting the post anxiously this morning; Gren is certain to write to her by return, and her belief in Gren is unbounded.

Once more the icy breakfast table she so dreads. Her father looks at her as a culprit who would subvert the old Glinn story, and sacrifices her parent instead of presenting her throat to the knife. Mrs. Denison evidently looks upon her as a sainted martyr. She loves and sympathizes with her daughter; she approves of her spirited refusal, but she cannot desert her old idols. "The king can do no wrong," Harold Denison's opinion must be hers outwardly, though in her heart of hearts she may rebuke herself for not being on her daughter's side.

"A letter from Grenville for you, Maude," said her father, as he threw it across. She and her cousin were regular correspondents, so that it excited no remark; yet the mother noticed that the girl, instead of tearing it open as was her wont, slipped it quietly into the pocket of her dress. Maude felt as if she possessed a talisman against her troubles, and determined to read it in the solitude of her own chamber, and there she betook herself as soon as breakfast was over.

Her cheek flushed as she perused it, and the large grey eyes opened wide with astonishment. Grenville's tale of passionate love would have moved most girls, albeit he has not as yet in these pages figured to any great advantage—still Grenville Rose had a shrewd enough head upon his shoulders, and was a comely man to look upon, to boot. He told his love well, and few maidens, even if they do not reciprocate it, can listen unmoved when that old-world story is passionately told them. There was plenty of warmth in Grenville's fervent pleading, and after reading the letter through twice, Maude dropped the paper on her lap, and, utterly oblivious to her troubles, fell into a reverie.

It seemed so strange. She had loved and admired Gren as long as she could remember, but she had never thought of him in this way—at least, she did not

think so, and yet, almost unconsciously to herself, of late she had been more solicitous about gaining his good opinion and pleasing him than of yore. "To think Gren should care about me in this way!" she murmured; "and I—do I love him? I don't know. He's nicer, and better, and cleverer than anyone I ever met. Why didn't he tell me this when he was here last? I think I'd rather have heard it from himself. Ah! but doesn't he tell me why not?" and the girl once more took up the letter and read:

"All this, my darling, has been on my lips for months, but how could I tell you?—how could I seek your love who had not even a home to offer? What the struggle has been to see you so often, and yet keep down what surged within me, I only know. When I kissed your cheek at parting last time, I nearly clasped you in my arms and poured out the secret of my soul to you. I did not; it seemed madness—it is perhaps madness now; but, my darling, I could not lose you. When you tell me that another seeks the prize I covet, right or wrong, I must speak. Maude, you must decide between us. Can you trust me, and wait?"

Once more the letter fell in her lap, and the softened grey eyes and slightly flushed face augured well for Grenville Rose's wooing.

"Yes," she muttered, softly, "I think I love him now as he would have me; and if I don't quite yet—for it seems all so new to me—I know I could shortly. Gren, dear, what am I to write to you? I think it must be 'Yes.'"

It was wrong, she thought, to keep Gren in suspense when he was so dreadfully in love with her, so that night's mail bore a timid, fluttering little note, the receipt of which produced a tremendous state of exhilaration in that young Templar.

But poor Maude, after the first flush of exultation that enters the breast of every girl at a welcome declaration of love, quickly awoke to the fact that her position was not a whit improved by it. She could her engagement to her mother, and for the first time in her life Maude beheld Mrs. Denison really angry. "I'm surprised and disgusted with Grenville," said that lady, "it's too bad of him, taking advantage of a child like you in this manner. I like him, always have liked him, and, under different circumstances, would have sooner seen you his wife than any man's I know. But he can barely keep himself as yet, and must know that his thinking of a wife at all is foolish in the extreme, and that thinking of you is simply absurd. He's behaved very badly, and if you don't promise to write and break it off, you can say, by my desire, I shall tell your father all about it."

"Oh, mother, you won't do that," said Maude.

"Not unless you oblige me," said Mrs. Denison, sternly.

Poor Maude was electrified. That the mother she had been always accustomed to pet, and do as she liked with, should suddenly rise against her like this, was past her comprehension. Yet to anyone who has made character his study, nothing can be more in accordance with the usual law in such cases. Weak, feeble characters, when, either from caprice or driven by necessity, they exert such power as may be in their hands, invariably do it tyrannically and despotically.

Mrs. Denison has suffered of late from the stern rule of her lord and master. In spite of all her love for her daughter, she has become dimly conscious that there will be no peace at Glinn unless Maude yields assent to the match Harold Denison has promulgated. Women of her class can suffer, but they cannot resist. Even now she would not urge Maude to marry Pearman. But that her impetuous nephew had dared to entangle her daughter in an engagement, especially at this time, roused as much wrath within her as her nature was capable of. Most mothers, I imagine, would deem she had grounds for indignation.

All this while Pearman has not been idle. Slowly, but surely, the legal notices and proceedings progress, and Harold Denison knows full well that within three weeks ten thousand pounds must be found, or Glinn must go to the hammer. The Pearmans conduct the campaign with scrupulous politeness. It is quite in accordance with the old traditions of the Battle of Fontenoy. They apologize for every fresh process, and allude to it as a mere matter of form. They affect to believe that there can be no doubt Mr. Denison will easily pay them off at the expiration of the notice of foreclosure. The old gentleman even indulges in popularity on the subject.

"Mean to have the very last day out of us, I see, sir; and quite right, too," he chuckled, upon meeting the squire one day.

"Yes, Pearman," was the grim retort; "I learned the exacting of my pound of flesh, to the last pennyweight, in your hands. I have not forgot my lesson. You turn it into your pupils' minds pretty deeply."

The old lawyer has laid himself open to another rebuff, and Denison has not failed to take advantage thereof. Why? Sarcasm breaks no bones, few knew better than that astute "fisher of men." His sententiousness was tolerably blunt, and he recked little what men said to him.

or of him, so long as the furtherance of the object he had in view was attained. That his son should marry Maude Denison was the goal he now aimed at, and that that was to be brought about, he still thought far from improbable. To that end he conceived, even while proving him for money, it was quite necessary to keep on easy terms with the squire. None knew better than he how bitter it is for a proud man to take his words back, and if what he now played for was to be achieved, that was a necessity. The task must be made as easy as possible—the unpalatable draught sugared as far as might be.

"He—he!" he answered; "you will have your joke, Mr. Denison. It's a mighty pity you couldn't make up your mind to concentrate the property once more. Beg pardon, Squire," he continued, deprecating Denison's angry gesture; "don't fear my alluding to it again. It was presumption on my part, I know, and if I said anything to vex you, I'm sure I'm heartily sorry. You'll forgive an old man, who, not having been brought up with your views, saw nothing but the concentration of an estate. Yes, I know I was all in the wrong; it isn't likely Miss Maude could be brought to think of such a thing. I'm sure I hope the calling-in of the mortgage is no inconvenience; you can easily raise it elsewhere. But Sam's got so deep in the racing now, that we must get that sum together before the Two Thousand. I wish he wasn't; but he's clever, Sam is—clever in his way—too great a gentleman for me. No offense, sir, I hope; but I'm a plain man."

CHAPTER XII.

Harold Denison touched his hat haughtily, and rode home; but the old usurer's artful speech still simmered in his brain. Why should it not be? It would cut the tangled knot of his difficulties. He had made inquiries. Young Pearman had been brought up a gentleman, and visited in several good houses in the county. He naturally a little exaggerated this to himself, to justify the course he intended to pursue; nay, for the matter of that, had been pursuing for some days. His wife had told him that she had laid the Pearman proposition before Maude, and that the young lady had declined, with thanks; since which intelligence he had bullied Mrs. Denison, and snubbed or treated his daughter with cold indifference. The heads of the family can make contemptuous children conscious of their high displeasure without any unseemly rating—indeed, that may be looked upon as mere mild and salutary punishment compared to the other—that other which, to speak metaphorically, consists in being condemned to the domestic life house. It is hard to describe, still there will be few of any readers who, if they have had the good fortune not to experience it, but must have seen some culprit enduring that slow punishment—meted out more often, perhaps, to daughters than sons. But don't we all know it; the chilling rejoinder that meets any attempt at geniality—the austere look that seems to say it is hereby that we should presume to forget the measure of our offending—the moral thing always awaiting us should we show any signs of relapsing into cheerfulness? Bah! those physical tortures of the middle ages were mere bunglers at their craft.

From this time poor Maude's life was made heavy to bear. Harold Denison sent for her to his study, and himself put Pearman's proposal before her. He enlarged upon its advantages, and declared that it was her duty to save the property to her descendants; on her head it rested whether the Denisons of Glinn should cease to exist, as of course her future husband must take her name. For himself, he cared not—he was an old man, and it mattered little to him. Any foreign watering place was good enough for him to wear out his miserable life in. He deplored the follies of his youth. It was sad that a father should plead before a daughter in this wise. He could bear anything but the thought that the Denisons of Glinn should be expunged from the roll of the county in which they had dwelt and been known since the Wars of the Roses; all this it was in Maude's power to avert. Why could she not marry this man? He had been brought up a gentleman, and mixed in the best society in the county. If not quite her equal in blood, he would repair the shattered fortunes of the family. Such matches were made every day. The destiny of the plottocracy was to strengthen the aristocracy. Far be it from him to put any pressure upon her, but it was his duty as a parent to lay the whole case before her.

Gallantly did Maude fight her battle, and though at the end of this long interview she stood with flushed and tear-stained cheeks to listen to her father's final exordium, she was still resolute in her refusal.

But the struggle was too unequal. Under the pressure put upon her by her husband Mrs. Denison had not only made Maude write a letter of renunciation to Grenville Rose, but had penned him a very severe philippic herself, in which she insisted that all correspondence should cease between them. She had further, under the threat of revealing everything to Mr. Denison, extorted a promise from Maude that she would write no more to her cousin. She knew her daughter well, and felt implicit confidence that her word once pledged, truth would be kept.

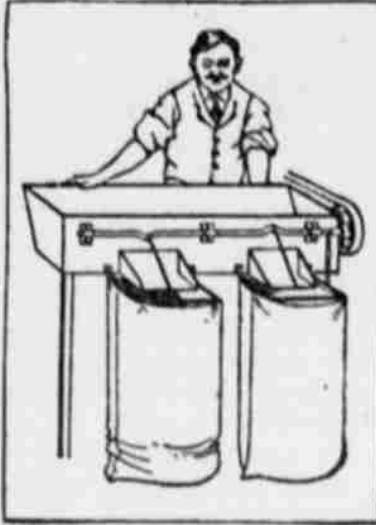
I have described the first stage of the attack. It is a common enough story, as many a woman could bear witness to, as far as the general details go. Can you not easily guess the result? She was a high-spirited girl, and bore herself bravely in the beginning; but cut off from all communication with her lover, she gave way at last to the moral pressure brought to bear upon her, and, with pale cheeks and heavy eyes, whispered her tale "that they might do with her as they liked; if she couldn't marry Gren, she didn't care who it was."

(To be continued.)



For Filling Sacks.

In filling sacks with grain, flour, cement, etc., it has been found impossible for one man to do the work. A second laborer is required to hold open the mouth of the bag while the other does the filling. The necessity of the extra laborer is eliminated in the sack-filling apparatus shown here, the invention of a Washington man. This apparatus was designed primarily to provide a device by which bags could be quickly and economically filled by one man. A hopper is provided, to which a pulley is attached at one end. At the front are the frames for supporting the bags after the latter have been fastened in position. The grain or other article to be placed in the



HOLD BAGS OPEN

bags is shoveled into the hopper, from which it drops by gravity into the bags. As the grain descends the bags are shaken at regular intervals by an arrangement attached to the pulley. The bags are in this way automatically lifted off the ground a trifle at each turn of the pulley, allowing the grain to settle, filling the bags to their utmost capacity. This does away with the ordinary laborious method formerly employed by hand. It is claimed that the bags can be filled in one-fourth the time heretofore required and by one man.

Causes of Roup.

When fowls crow at night, which is the fact when the number quartered is greater than the capacity of the house, they sweat. This sweating causes the feathers to rot at the base, giving them the very appearance of molting. This explains why so many flocks look ragged in early summer.

It is a noted fact that the majority of cases where roup has become epidemic among fowls the latter were crowded in tightly-built houses when the weather is very cold and allowing the houses to remain closed all the next day. This creates a moisture which generates dampness, and the whole house feels very much like a vault. At night the house is more or less filled with dampness emanating from the fowls' breath, but if, on the following morning, the windows are opened wide, this dampness will be dispelled. This is a great point in favor of the scratching shed plan of house.

Popular Breed of Poultry.

Leghorns if compelled to roost in cold houses and pick a living from the slush of a barnyard will not lay. But when warmly housed and properly fed they are the best of winter layers. The best bred leghorns are practically non-sitters and should not be counted on to rear their young. For those who are so situated that they can hatch and rear their pullets artificially or with hens of other breeds, and who give their hens suitable care in winter, the leghorn will prove a very profitable breed for the farm.



THE LEGHORN.

Nut Industry on the Farm.

An industry which the farmer might take up with profit is nut growing. Improved nut trees begin bearing at about six or eight years, bearing the same as apple or pear trees. Large trees when grafted begin to bear about the third or fourth year, and large trees that are budded will bear sooner than small ones, but the small ones bear longest. English walnuts can now be grown in the Central States.

Foundered Horses.

A. S. Alexander, veterinary surgeon, explodes the old idea that a horse can become "chest-foundered." He says that such cases are those suffering from chronic founder (laminitis),

which affects the root and not the chest. In old-standing cases of foot lameness the chest muscles may waste away in sympathy, and that fact has led to the "chest founder" idea. Such a horse should be shod with wide-webbed, flat bar shoes, put on over dressing of tar and oakum, and a thick leather sole. Then clip off the hair and blister the hoof heads (coronets) of forefeet with a mixture of one dram of biniodide of mercury and two ounces of cerate of cantharides rubbed in for fifteen minutes. Wash blister off in forty-eight hours, then apply lard daily. Blister every three or four weeks.

Transplanting.

As the time approaches for removing young plants from the flats in the house or from the hotbed outside, an extra amount of airing must be given to harden them. Plants which have started indoors or under glass are more or less tender and will not be able to thrive under the rigor of early spring planting without treatment. They must become hardened, or acclimated, to the new conditions.

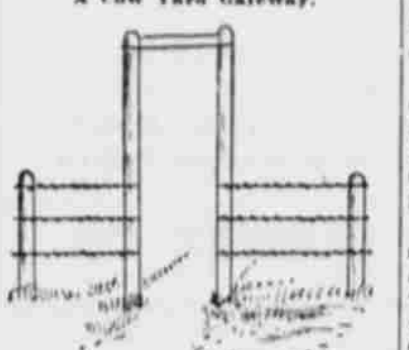
At least a week before transplanting remove the sash entirely from the hotbed during the day and allow abundance of ventilation at night, except when heavy frost threatens. This will give the plants practically an outside temperature for the greater part of the day and they will grow stronger and harder thereby. At this time also less watering should be given to check growth and make the plants more resistant to the cold. All plants can endure a lower degree of temperature under dry than under moist conditions.

Most seedlings are transplanted direct from the flat or hotbed to the open garden when they have attained a height of from four to six inches or more. When facilities are at hand a better way is to first transplant them to a cold frame, which is the same as a hotbed without the heat. In the cold frames they become accustomed to lower temperature and are still protected from frost of nights and on cold days. A still better way is to transplant the young plants at the appearance of their second or third set of true leaves to two inch flower pots.

Disking Alfalfa.

The work of disking alfalfa requires a little bit of skill. The disk must be set just so it will cut the ground sufficiently and do as little damage as possible. A little experience will enable any intelligent man to do the very best work in the field. There are times and conditions when the spring tooth harrow may do all right, but generally nothing but a good sharp disk with enough big horses in front and a competent man on the seat can do the work. I use only the smoothing harrow in the early spring, but after each mowing I use a disk or spring tooth, whichever I think best, always finishing with a spike tooth, so as to leave the field in the very best possible condition for the growing crop. It is a real pleasure to see the alfalfa start out anew and grow about one inch a day on an average.—Denver Field and Farm.

A Cow Yard Gateway.



A handy entrance into the cow yard is made by cutting the wires between posts and putting in two tall posts. Wire them together at top, put on fence wires and you can get through, but the cows cannot.

Helpful Hints.

Oil up the work harness.
The neglected colt or calf will prove proofless.

Cattle will never do well in the same pasture as sheep.

Wood charcoal should always be kept in the hog pen.

How are the farm implements? Any of them need repairs?

To improve live stock, requires intelligence and thought.

It is a good plan to have the horses and cows clean up their mangers after each feed.

There is such a thing as overfeeding. Feed stock all the food they will assimilate, but not more.

Don't have a lot of manure lying in the yards all summer. It will lose just about half of its value by fall.

It is better to feed the cows fodder and hay after milking, as it keeps the dust down. Feed the grain before milking.

The best feed for making muscle is oats. They are not heating nor very fattening. The young calves should be given oats in order to give them muscle and make them plump.



"Father, what are wrinkles?" "Fret-work, my son, fretwork."—Independent.

Nell—Do you think Miss Talknot really enjoys grand operas? Belle—Oh, yes; fluently.—Philadelphia Record.

"Do yes kape nothin' but dry goods here?" "No, ma'am." "Thin where will I be after goin' for a wathered silk?"

Mabel—Why, he yawned three times while I was talking to him. Her Beat Friend—Maybe he was just trying to say something, dear.

"Father, what is an empty title?" "Well, an empty title is your mother's way of calling me the head of the house."—New York Herald.

"You say he's a professional man?" "Yes." "But I thought he followed automobile racing?" "He does. He's a doctor."—Cleveland Leader.

The Bride—I want you to send me some coffee, please. The Grocer—Yes, ma'am. Ground? The Bride—No, third floor front.—Woman's Home Companion.

Officer (to recruit who has missed every shot)—Good heavens, man, where are your shots going? Recruit (nervously)—I don't know, sir, they left here all right!—Punch.

"He woke up one morning to find himself famous." "Well?" "But people had forgotten all about him by the time the 4 o'clock extras were out."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"We have a man in this prison who never tried to escape," declared the headkeeper. "What's he in for?" Inquired visitor. "Bigamy," replied the headkeeper.—The Bohemian.

Teacher—What do you understand by the word "self-denial"? Pupil—It is when some one comes to borrow money from father and he says he is not at home.—Fitzgerald Blotter.

"And did you enjoy your African trip, mail?" "How did you like the savages?" "Oh, they were extremely kind hearted." They wanted to keep me there for dinner.—London Opinion.

Mother (to future son-in-law)—I may tell you that, though my daughter is well educated, she cannot cook. Future Son-in-law—That doesn't matter much so long as she doesn't try.

Pop, a man is bachelor until he gets married, isn't he? Tommy's pop—Yes, my son. Tommy—And what does he call himself afterward, Tommy's pop? I'd hate to tell you, my son.—Philadelphia Record.

School teacher—Johnny, what is a patriot? Johnny—A man that tries to benefit his country. School teacher—And what is a politician? Johnny—A man that tries to have his country benefit him.—Judge.

"So you abandoned the simple style of spelling?" "Yes," responded the former advocate of the fad. "I found it so difficult to make people understand that I knew better."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"That organist Belle jittered for the aged millionaire played a jifful trick at her wedding." "What did he do?" "Instead of playing them up the aisle with the wedding march, he struck up Old Hundred."—Boston Transcript.

Senior Wulter (to rather green assistant at a recent banquet in a celebrated London hotel)—Now, then, young man, do a bit of something, and don't stand a-gaping and staring there as if you was the bismoun' guest of the hevenly!—Tit Bits.

"That Professor Blink fooled me badly." "How?" "He told me ethnology was the science of the races and when I went to the library and asked for a book on ethnology there wasn't a word from cover to cover on how to pick winners."—Tit Bits.

"John, you said we'd have to give up luxuries, and only allow ourselves necessities." "Yes, my dear." "But you came home last night from the lodge in a taxicab; I heard it." "That—er—that was a necessity, my dear."—Boston Transcript.

"I hope," said a patient, courteously, "I have not brought you too far from your regular round." "Oh, not at all!" replied the doctor. "I have another patient in the neighborhood, so I can kill two birds with one stone!"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The girl was a recent importation from the Emerald Isle. "Mary," said her mistress one day this week, "what are you doing with that clock?" Mary (with the servants' bed room clock under her arm)—Please, mum, O'm takin' it to a watchmaker's. It's all out of order, mum. Ivery morning at folve o'clock it goes all to pieces an' makes such a racket O! can't sleep."