



Race for a Wife

BY HAWLEY SMART

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

That afternoon Maude strolled out into the grounds. She wandered over one of the grassy vistas through the sea of laurels, until she arrived at a pond—a pond all covered with great large-leaved water lilies; and by the edge of that pond Maude sat down, and, resting her head on her hand, began to think. It was one of those warm sunny days we are occasionally blessed with in April. She thought very sadly of the life before her. Of course it was her duty to save Glinn to her parents. Why was duty always made so hard in this world? Ah! it was cruel of Glinn to tell her he loved her just when they were to separate forever.

Maude slept—she dreamt; and she pictured to herself that she was drowning in some big lake; she was going down—down ever so far, and suddenly she clasped a spar of some kind, and felt that she was saved. Then a big brown man with fierce red eyes threatened her and struck at her, and just as she was about to let go, the big brown man suddenly vanished, and Grenville Rose stood in his place, caught her by the hand, and drew her to him. She fell into his arms; and as he bent over to kiss her, Maude sat up, and turned over her dream in her mind. It cheered her. She thought it foretold the triumph of Glinn over Penman, and everything all light and sunshine for the future.

But Sam Penman, in the meanwhile, loses no time in prosecuting his suit. Diffidence is not one of his failings, and in such mock courtship as this there is little fear of the result. Before a week had gone by he was formally engaged to Maude Denison, and the discussion of when the wedding shall take place is pre-eminently between the high contracting parties. Maude listens, and assents to everything in a quiet, listless way. She treats her betrothed with calm courtesy, but avoids all occasion of being left alone with him. So far, Sam Penman can boast of receiving but scant favors from the hands of his bride-elect. Her cheek is as yet innocent of his caresses, and a warm pressure of the hand the extent of his achievements.

No news—not a sign of Grenville Rose; and wearily Maude commenced going through all the ordeal of preparing the trousseau. They were to be married the first week in May.

But one morning a groom came over in hot haste from Mannersley with a few lines for the squire from Sam Penman, to say that his father was dead. The son had told them a day or two before that the old man was ailing, but had had no idea that there was much the matter. Three or four days' illness, then inflammation set in, and old lawyer Penman was gone to his rest. That ancient fisher would never angle more, and Samuel, his son, resigned in his stead.

"Put off the wedding, Nell, for a month or two, of course," said the squire, as he broke the news to his wife. "Otherwise it's perhaps for the best. I can't pretend to feel any intense grief about old Penman, and his departure leaves Sam and Maude all free to enter upon Mannersley at once."

Mrs. Denison showed a wisdom on the occasion seldom evinced. She said nothing, for the simple reason she had nothing to say.

As for Sam Penman, he bore his bereavement with tolerable composure.

"Sorry for the old father," he muttered. "He was a clever man, every bit of him. He could play with these swells, and manage 'em in a way nobody else I ever saw could. He was very good to me, too, always. I shall never have the head he had if I live a hundred years. Lucky I don't want it." Then he fell into a brown study. "Yes, put my marriage off a bit—hum! How lucky Coriander is entered in my name for the Two Thousand, and not his. Fancy his being disqualified, after the trial of last week!"

CHAPTER XV.

Grenville Rose, to speak metaphorically, has been paddling his skiff through troubled waters of late. Maude's short woe-gone little note of dismissal, and his aunt's indignant letter, were far from pleasant reading to a man as much engaged as he was in the love-god's meshes. He sat and walked—he sat and thought. They all ended in the same conclusion, that Penman would marry his darling Maude, and that he was, and ever should be, utterly miserable.

Anathematizing, with an impartiality quite beautiful to witness, everything and everybody, Mr. Rose once more enters his sitting room in pursuit of breakfast. He unfolds the Times. Again, as a preliminary, does he ascertain the extreme firmness of Coriander in the betting quotations for the Two Thousand. Not that Silky Dallison's feed at Greenwich is any object to him now—he is too miserable to enter into such things; but he might as well read about that as anything else. Why does the supplement, which he never dreams of looking at, tumble so persistently across his plate?

"Let's have a look at the second column," he mutters, "and see whether 'X Y Z's' family are still in tribulation about his absence; or whether 'Polaky' is offering his usual hundred for an absconded young lady, aged nineteen, good-looking, and with a rose in her bonnet—last seen etc. 'Births'—hum! don't see much good

in them. There once myself, I suppose; nice unlucky beggar's advent to put in the papers. 'Marriages!' Suppose I shall see here before many weeks are over. 'Deaths'—I feel that's more in my line just now. I hope there's a good lot of 'em. How I should like to add one or two to the column—more particularly one. Halloa! what's this? 'At Mannersley, after a very few days' illness, in the seventy-second year of his age, Samuel Penman, Esq.' Wish it had been his son!" muttered Grenville; and then he sat down to think whether this could by any possibility influence his prospects in any way.

It is hard to believe that there is no such thing as destiny. It is almost ludicrous at times to think what a trivial incident has turned the whole current of our lives. There is a large and well-known speculator on the turf at this time—a man, doubtless, worth many incomes and much stock and security—whose money-making career dates from the presentation of a case of razors, according to popular report. Who can say? Many such an instance might be quoted. Grenville Rose's life turned on reading the supplement of the Times, it may be said by accident, that particular morning.

I fancy no human being ever saw that generally light-hearted barrister thinking so hard as he was upon this occasion. He has won many a good cause since, but often laughs and says, "that was the biggest he was ever engaged in; and no solicitor to draw up the brief, mind."

"Ah!" he said at last, "I can almost swear I saw it. I recollect laughing over it at the time, and thinking what a quaint, queer old deed it was. Suppose I'm right—I wonder how it would affect things? I must go over and talk to Dallison a bit."

And while Grenville Rose crosses the Temple Gardens, let me say a few words about George Dallison. He comes atwart the loves of Grenville and Maude but for a few days. Yet he is destined to be the master of the situation of that eventful period. George Dallison is a barrister some two or three years senior to Rose. He has a fair income of his own, and has taken himself to the elucidation of the mysteries of the turf. Rather below the middle height, with large liquid hazel eyes, a slight almost effeminate figure, feet and hands that would be no disgrace to a woman, and a soft voice, nothing could be more deceptive in appearance than Silky Dallison. His low, languid tones and caressing manner had earned him that sobriquet at college. It had struck to him ever since. Destitute of whisker, a slight soft brown moustache just shading his upper lip; little, supple, almost girlish in appearance—such was George Dallison. Few men of his age rode straighter and steeper over a country than he; while Tattersall's had arrived at the conclusion that, though he might look young, nobody threw his money away much less than Silky Dallison. When, in his languid manner, he was willing to take a thousand to thirty about any horse's chance, it had a chance—a good deal more than, as a rule, can be predicated of the animals about which such very long odds are to be obtained.

"Come in," was the response to Rose's sharp knock, and Dallison was discovered placidly consuming a French novel in the easiest of armchairs. No greater sycophant perhaps ever existed; yet on Newmarket Heath, he would wait the day through wind and sleet, to back the "good thing," he had journeyed from London expressly for, and return to town without a murmur, if such had turned out the delusive phantom too usual on such occasions.

"Oh, Grenville, charmed to see you! Take a chair and talk. It's not a bad novel," he observed, as he threw the yellow colored volume on the table; "but I've had more than enough of it, and myself for the present. News! Ah, Gren, if you have any, unfold thy short, and, I trust, moving tale."

"Thanks! I want to talk to you a bit on business—reason I'm here," said Rose. "Shouldn't come to you on a point of law, 'Silky,' but this happens to be a bit of racing."

"You racing! What do you mean?" "Have you seen old Penman's death in the paper?" "Yes," rejoined Dallison. "You're thinking of Coriander—makes no difference, you know—horse entered in the son's name."

"Suppose, Silky, I could show you that that horse couldn't start without my consent, or something like it?" "Come, old fellow, so gammon. I'm on him for the Derby, and am only waiting to hedge my money till he's won the Two Thousand."

"Look here, Dallison; I know nothing about the turf, and have come to you to manage a great game between young Penman and myself. Will you do so? Of course you can take care of yourself in the transaction. I can tell you nothing for certain as yet. Will you manage the turf part of the business while I work the legal machinery? As my idea of the case stands at present, I tell you fairly, I think Coriander's starting for the Guinness will be at the option of myself and clients; but I may be mistaken."

"Do you advise me to hedge now, then?" said Silky Dallison.

"Certainly not. I know nothing about

the turf, but if I am right in my conjecture, the management of Coriander in the market will be, for the benefit of my clients, in your hands before a few days are over. Will you say nothing till I see you again, and give you, as I hope, the reasons why?"

"You say I'm to be your agent if it is as you think it. I'll ask no questions; but as you know nothing about that great elaborate system of gambling, except racing—if, as you think, you've any control over Coriander, don't whisper it to your carpet-bag till you've seen me again. I say this honestly, with a view to doing my best for you. Bring me your case when you've worked it out, and I'll tell you what to do."

"Many thanks, old fellow! I'm off to Hampshire to-night. I shall be back the day after to-morrow, though perhaps late. It will be all decided then. I'm playing for a good deal bigger stake than you, Silky—the girl I love and something to start housekeeping on."

"Ah," returned Dallison. "I like that; if you've got the first stake on, you're playing in earnest. I am still all in the dark; but if you see your way to winning the first, I'll bet you two to one, knowing nothing about it, I win enough for you to start housekeeping on."

That very night, just as they were meditating bed, a loud ring started the denizens of Glinn. The advent of Grenville Rose seemed to the servants a matter of course thing. They immediately commenced preparation of his usual room. His uncle also was glad to see him, but to Mrs. Denison and Maude the thing was past perfection. As for Grenville, he seemed perfectly callous—shook hands with his aunt, audaciously kissed his cousin, accompanying it by a pressure of the hand and a whisper, the combination of which sent the blood to the very roots of Maude's hair. Then he devoted himself in a most prosaic manner to some cold boiled beef and pickles, pertinaciously sat the ladies out, and as he handed them their candles, whispered to Maude:

"Hope for us yet, darling!" "Now, uncle," he said, "I want you to come with me to your study. You recollect that old box of deeds and papers you let me rummage through two years back, when I went so deep into heraldry, and spent a good bit of time tracing the family genealogy?"

"Yes, my boy; but you don't mean to say you've come down upon us like a whirlwind in this way to continue what somewhat vexatious pursuit?" Grenville said no more till he was duly enounced in the squire's sanctum, with the box containing those musty papers open by his side.

"Now, uncle," he resumed, "I shall probably have to work for two or three hours through these old parchments before I arrive at the one I want. Of course I don't expect you to remain while I do so, but before you go to bed would you mind answering me two or three questions? You've always been very kind to me; Glinn, indeed, has been my home almost as long as I can recollect. My father and mother died when I was so young, that you and my aunt have almost stood in their place to me."

"Well, Gren, we've always been fond of you, and glad to have you here. But what are you driving at?" "Will you bear with me patiently to-night, even if I offend you? Will you wait till to-morrow, and hear then what I have to say before you decide about what I shall, perhaps, ask you to do for me?"

"What on earth are you making mysteries about? Not much use asking help from me, Gren; I'm about broke myself. You're in some money scrape, I suppose?"

Most of the squire's own scrapes having arisen from that prolific source, he naturally guessed his nephew must have involved himself similarly.

"No, uncle, it's not that. I love Maude, and want to marry her."

No words can paint Harold Denison's face at this last announcement. That there should be love-passages between Grenville and his daughter had never entered his head; and what could the young idiot mean by coming and telling him so now? He must know she was engaged to Penman.

"Do you?" he said at length, in his most cynical manner. "That's a little unlucky, because she's about to marry somebody else. I fancied that you must have heard so."

"You mean Penman? Yes, I have heard that."

"Oh, you have? May I ask what particular inducements you have to offer, that you think it probable Maude will break off the prospect of a good match in your behalf? You may have achieved some unexampled success in your profession; I can only regret that I am as yet in ignorance of it."

"You only sneer at me, and I am talking in earnest," said Grenville, biting his lips.

(To be continued.)

Controlled by Combine. There is a trust in fuller's earth, with the final process known only to one or two persons, whose lips are rightly sealed. The deposits of fuller's earth exist chiefly at Bath and Nottinghamshire, England, and at Maxton, in Scotland, in addition to deposits in the London district. The industry is practically controlled by a combine which strictly preserves the methods of preparation of the earth.

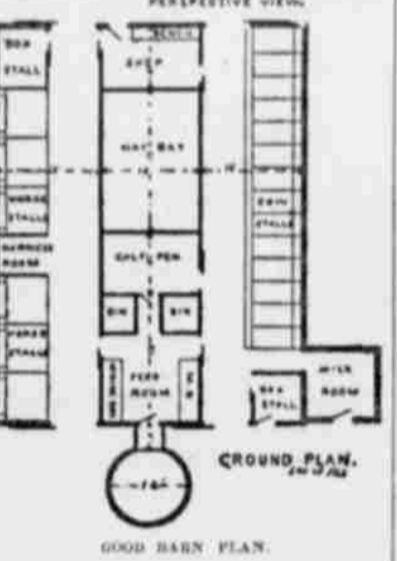
The Essence of a Gentleman. The gentleman is the man who is master of himself, who respects himself and makes others respect him. The essence of a gentleman is eternal selfreliance. It implies a character which possesses itself, a self-controlling force, a liberty which affirms and regulates itself according to the type of true dignity.—Henri Frederic Amiel.



Barn for Mixed Farming.

The farmer who can so adjust his work that he may dispense with the help of one man is lucky indeed, but many a farmer has done so by simply changing his system of feeding and caring for the stock; also by so disposing of the grain and hay that instead of hauling many tons of it to market it is fed on the farm, and the beef, pork, butter, cheese, etc., sold. This allows the farmer to restore to the ground at least a part of the fertility in the shape of manure.

The barn plan shown herewith in the two illustrations, the ground plan and the perspective view, is so arranged that one man may feed and care for the stock in a short time. As shown on the floor plan, the barn will accommodate fourteen cows, twelve horses, has box stalls for both the cows and horses, also a large calf pen. The installation of manure carriers and hay fork is very easy, and these will soon pay for themselves in the labor saved. A feature of the barn not to be overlooked is the arrangement of the feed room and silo. The four-foot chute extends the entire length of the silo, and has small win-



GOOD BARN PLAN.

dows for light, a tight door below separating same from the feed room to keep out dust and odors. The silage is dropped down this chute, and from there shoredled to the mixing boxes—one for the cows and one for the horses. There are two bins in the feed room and two more may be located on the floor above and connected by small spouts for drawing off the grain. These spouts may be located directly over the mixing boxes. All hay is supposed to be fed from above, one hay chute being provided for each two stalls.

The milk room being located as it is, the milk may be taken to it at once. In this room should be located the separator; also plenty of clean water; if possible running water should be provided. The shop is a very necessary room, and it may have many small repair bills. In it may be stored the nails, bolts, etc. In the horse barn the harness room is located in the center, which makes it handy to all parts of the same. The two box stalls provide room for both male animals as well as sick and ailing ones.

The hay bay is supposed to be open clear to the roof. However, some farmers may wish to arrange this space different. The partition separating the cows from the center section is boarded or plastered up tight, except the calf pen, to separate the cows from any odors, dust or dirt from the other animals. The box stalls, however, in both the cow and horse barn are so constructed that the inmates may have a good view of the other animals. They like company, and will do better if they can see their neighbors.

The floors of the cow stable, the milk room, feed room and silo are of cement, the gutter being formed in the floor and having a four-inch drain at the rear leading to the manure pit. The stalls are made to fit both long and short cows. The first stall in front is four feet wide and five feet long. The rear stall is three feet six inches wide and four feet eight inches long. The stalls then slope from front to rear, each stall being slightly shorter. Stalls are now constructed in so many different ways that it is hardly worth while to mention them, every cow man having his

own views of the matter. However, it is wise to so build them that the stall may be easily cleaned and washed. This construction will comply with all sanitary requirements of inspectors. The floor of the horse stable may be of cement or clay.

The location, the local supply of materials, etc., will of course govern to a certain extent the material entering the construction of any building and, in fact, all buildings. The barn as shown is twelve feet to the eaves and thirty-eight feet to the peak; the silo is thirty-eight or forty feet high.

The barn should, of course, have a good foundation of stone, brick or cement. On many farms it has been the practice to build a small shed here and there and the stock is scattered all over the farm. This causes an unnecessary lot of labor to care for them; also an unsightly appearance to the surroundings. In constructing a barn of this sort it will not be necessary to do all the work before the same may be used, but a portion of it may be left until time and perhaps your purse will allow it to be finished.—Wallace's Farmer.

Feeding of Eggs.

Hens will not refuse to lay providing the conditions which surround them are favorable for egg production. Of course, a hen cannot keep on laying all the time, nor will some hens lay even for a majority of the time, but the farmer who provides the correct conditions of housing, feeding and general management will find that he will not be entirely without eggs at any time of the year. Of course, it is not the hen's nature to lay at this time of the year, but if she is comfortably housed and well fed, the farmer will find that the hen after all really has little sentiment as to just which season she shall produce her eggs.

Getting eggs is not entirely a matter of feeding, yet if we feed correctly the hens will not have that as an actual obstacle to laying. Maturity and vigor are two important things in the hens that are to be heavy winter layers. Keep the hens in a thrifty, vigorous condition, and be sure and feed a variety. These things count for a great deal toward success. Corn, oats and wheat are the three principal grain feeds, but there are others that may well be fed by way of variety and the meat and green stuff in some form should never be neglected. Give any kind of meat scraps or prepared meat foods, as it pays. Try to keep the hens under conditions as near like those in existence at spring time as you can, and you will not suffer severely from an egg famine. This is nothing impossible, and, briefly, only means comfortable housing, a variety of feeds, green stuff and meat scraps, and sanitary quarters.—Agricultural Epitomist.

Small Temporary Smokehouse.

If one butchers only once a year, says a correspondent of Farm and Home, it is not necessary to build an expensive smokehouse, for almost as good



SMALL BUT EFFECTIVE SMOKEHOUSE.

results can be obtained from a device such as the one shown herewith. It is made by taking both ends out of a barrel and mounting it upon a box or above a fireplace in the ground. The meat to be smoked is hung from the sticks laid across the top of the barrel, the fire built underneath and the lid put on.

Destruction by Rats.

There are those who declare that nothing is created in vain, and that rats and mice are in some way a benefit to mankind. It is hard to see just how. The statistician of the Agricultural Bureau at Washington computes that they create \$15,000,000 damage a year. That is the real money damage, saying nothing of the annoyance. As an offset, the rat catchers of the world sell about \$1,000,000 worth of skins per year, and the furriers work them and sell them for five times that sum. It is estimated that a full-grown rat will eat six bushels of corn per year.

FATE OF CURIOUS COUGARS.

Big Washington Cats That Were Incited to Be Too Obnoxious.

Several weeks ago a cougar, measuring over eight feet in length, followed Miss Mary Burr, the teacher of the School of Messiera, in the edge of the Hatfield forestry reserve, from near the schoolhouse until she met with a forestry ranger, who, with others, subsequently ran down and killed the animal. Saturday Miss Burr went to visit a neighbor, and suddenly became aware that another cougar was following her. She first saw the animal ahead of her, but later she saw it in the path behind. She hurried ahead to her destination, and a hunting party composed of J. V. Cook and A. Fenton, with several dogs, started in pursuit.

The dogs found the trail of the cougar, and after following a short distance treed it. Cook shot and wounded the animal, which dropped to the ground and was pounced upon by the dogs. It instantly killed one of the dogs with its terrible claws and teeth, though Cook and Fenton were both trying to shoot it, but in the scuffle between it and the dogs found but little opportunity to do so without shooting the dogs. Before finally mortally wounded the animal had nearly killed another of the dogs.

The cat measured nearly eight feet, being not quite so large as the cat killed several weeks ago. Neither of the cougars attempted any depredations, their chief objects being apparently to satisfy their curiosity to follow and observe people.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.



Drowsiness.

Sleepiness is a normal and healthy condition when it occurs at the usual bedtime and when not extreme and overpowering. But it is not always associated with sleep. Some persons in perfect health and excellent sleepers hardly know the meaning of drowsiness; they are active mentally and physically until they are in bed; then sleep comes at once, and when it leaves them in the morning they are again in full mental wakefulness.

There are less fortunate persons who never have a complete and satisfactory night's rest who are yet almost constantly drowsy; they are always nodding, but when the head touches the pillow sleep recedes, and the night is a succession of drowsy lapses to sleep with the instant return of semi-consciousness.

In general, with the exception noted at the beginning of this article, drowsiness is abnormal, and indicates something wrong either in the body or the sufferer or in his habits. Those who habitually cut off their hours of sleep, the "night owls" and the burners of the midnight oil, pay for their bad habit by attacks of sleepiness in the afternoon and early evening; later, unfortunately, after the influence of digestion wears off, the drowsiness disappears, and then, relieved of his burden, the person "sits up to all hours" again, thinking in that way to make up for the hours lost by the drowsiness. If he would abandon his owl's habit, go to bed betimes, and get the seven or eight hours of continuous sleep that he needs, his daytime and evening drowsiness would disappear, he could do more and better work, and find life much more enjoyable.

A slight drowsiness is often noticed after a hearty meal, because active digestion draws a greater volume of blood to the stomach so that the brain is relatively poorly supplied. In some southern countries this tendency is favored, and the siesta after the noon meal is a national custom. With us the After-dinner cup of black coffee often drives away the impulse to sleep—whether for good or ill may be left to the physiologists to determine.

Sometimes we hear of attacks of sleepiness occurring suddenly at certain periods of the day or at irregular intervals. These are altogether abnormal, and in such cases there is almost always some poison at work in the nervous centers—usually a self-manufactured poison which, because it is made in too great quantity, or because constipation or kidney disease prevents its rapid elimination, accumulates in the system.

An essential in the treatment of such cases is dieting. Meat should be given up for a time, at least, and the only beverage allowable is water or milk.

If a woman admits her husband's goodness, it is usually in connection with something he has done for her kin.

It is difficult to keep a purse fat on a slender income.