

Race for a Wife

—BY—
HAWLEY SMART

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)
"Well—what next?" inquired Rose; "there must be no ultimate chance of my losing two thousand pounds, mind."
"Certainly not. All I mean, at present, is to drive Coriander back in the betting as far as I can. When the news of your proceedings arrives, which I shall take good care to disseminate at once, I flatter myself we shall have got him at twenty to one, or thereabouts, for 'The Guinea.' We must then be guided by what terms you make with Pearman."
"I think I follow you, Silky. And now each to his avocation, and good-night."
"Good-night," laughed Dullison, as he followed Greenville to the door. "If ever Sam Pearman was in a bigish hole, he is just now. Mind, you've a clever man against you, though; so, do your work thoroughly. Never forget your stake."
"No, I'm not likely to, if you knew all."
"Got his measles pretty bad, apparently," observed the astute host, to himself, as Gren's footsteps died away down the staircase. "Hope his success there really does depend, as he says, on this business coming off all right; else, when it's a regular case of 'spoons,' never a soul, ever I knew, could be counted on in a business way—or any other way for the matter of that. It is risky! with a confederate in this state, I believe I'm a fool to trust him! That idiot, Jim Durfey, lost me a pony last year at Lord's—crack bowler of his eleven—and best if they hadn't to play with ten men because he was seeing some chat of a cousin of his at Paddington Station. Wonder why they do it! Never was spoons myself but once, and—despite his tirade, Dullison sat down and mused for more than an hour over that bygone flirtation of eight years ago. He might be cynical about all that sort of thing now, yet there was a woman still living who could make his pulses leap, should she meet him. It is a fact that, in some cases, women retain their wits years after they are not only unconscious of it, but have almost forgotten their admirer. It is true we also sometimes see the converse of this, when a woman would fain pick up the dropped stitches of a bygone love affair, but the male creature has freed himself from the yoke."

CHAPTER XIX.

The early train on Thursday morning saw Greenville Rose, accompanied by Mr. Nightjar, solicitor, junior partner of the firm of Hawk, Sparrowbill and Co., on his way to Slantover, the nearest railway station to Mannersley, from which it was distant about four miles. Having arrived at the latter place, and ascertained that Pearman was at home, Greenville sent in his card, and a request to see that gentleman for a few minutes, on business of importance. Now, it so happened, that though Rose had a thorough knowledge of Sam Pearman, the other knew nothing whatever of him. He had never encountered him personally, except to exchange that sentence or two after the Xminster ball. I don't know whether even then he had identified him; but of a surer that scene had pretty well faded from his memory, especially as regarded the personality of the other actor therein. It was as an entire stranger that he received the young barrister.
"I must apologize for troubling you, Mr. Pearman; but I am here as the representative of Mr. Harold Denison."
"You could not have come with better credentials, Mr. Rose. Chained to see both you and your friend," he glanced at the cards in his hands. "Mr. Nightjar, I think? Will you take some lunch now, or after we have had our little palaver?"
"Nothing, thanks; our time is precious, and we will detain you as briefly as maybe. You are, of course, aware that there is a death fine on Mannersley; or, to speak more intelligently, that the owner of Glinn has a right of heriot over your manor on the death of any holder thereof?"
"A right of heriot!" muttered Pearman. "No, I never heard of such claim; and I think my father died in complete ignorance of any such right."
"Though far from suspecting what was about to take place, Sam Pearman knew enough of law to understand this explanation."
"You had better read that deed, Nightjar. Such right exists, and has been always exercised; generally compromised as a fine—a course we propose to adopt in the present instance."
The solicitor laughed, and opened, first a somewhat musty parchment, and then a document consisting of some two or three sheets of foolscap. "I will be as short as I can, Mr. Pearman, but the story is a little intricate to follow. I must premise that Mannersley was by no means originally part of the Glinn property. It seems to have been granted by the Abbot of Xminster to one Hugh Wilson, yeoman, for service rendered, conditional upon his bearing arms for the abbey, and being ever ready to do service under the banner of Sir James Denison of Glinn, the then lay lord and champion of the abbey. He further lay under the right of heriot; in the first place, to the monks of Xminster, who were entitled to claim three beasts upon the death of Hugh Wilson, or any one of his descendants holding Mannersley, as an acknowledgment of the fee they owed to the abbey; in

see Mr. Denison on the subject myself to-morrow."

"Certainly, you will find him at home; but permit me to say that I consider I have expounded his views pretty accurately, so far."

"Perhaps so; but I've known people change their views. Might I ask are you related to the family in any way?"
"I am Mr. Denison's nephew, and have the honor to wish you good-morning."
Pearman bowed, and rang the bell.
"Well, Nightjar," said Greenville, when they got outside, "so far so good; we've done all we can; to-morrow will be the real tug of war. You go back to town with the deed. Dullison will be waiting for you; tell him all that has passed, and that he shall hear from me, as agreed upon, the minute I hear anything definite. Meanwhile, good-by; I'm off to Glinn. Yes, I turn off here; it's not three miles across the fields."

I suppose it was a case of animal magnetism, but it certainly was odd that Maude should have selected that for her afternoon stroll. Nevertheless, it is a fact that as Greenville Rose jumped over the stile at the corner of Edgerton Firs he found this young lady seated on a grassy bank on the other side, with Dan crouched at her feet—one of those coincidences that I presume has happened to most of us in our time, and sincerely do I pity the few whose want of luck and lack of observation have deprived them such sunshiny moments.
"Well, Green," she inquired, as she rose to her feet, "have you overthrown my acre? Am I a free girl again?"
"I don't know, darling—the great battle comes off to-morrow; but I think I can promise you shall never marry Pearman."
"Don't talk nonsense; you know I never would, now. Before you came down it was different. I was weak, and foolish, and miserable. That story is all over, and I'm forgotten—at least, I thought so;" and Maude looked shyly but archly into her lover's face.
Greenville belayed after the manner of young men generally when so circumstanced—those quiet footsteps over the fields have a deal to answer for—and what "Don't, please, Green!" meant, I must leave to the discrimination of the reader, merely remarking, Greenville Rose either decided it meant nothing, or could not have heard it.

"But do you think you can put things a bit right for papa?" inquired Maude, when she sat at last extricated herself.
"I hope so; but we must wait till to-morrow to know for certain."
(To be continued.)

THE WORD "WINTER."

Said to have Originally Indicated Wetness, Not Coldness.
There is a prevailing impression that there is something in the word "winter" that signifies cold, and the season is usually associated with the idea of low temperature, but where the word originated there was little of winter as we understand it, while there was a great deal of moisture at the time the earth was nearest to the sun, so that it is not the temperature but the atmospheric condition that has given us the word.
The word "winter," as we use it, is found with but slight modifications in all the branches of the Aryan languages, for the idea of wetness associated with the season was given to it before the Aryan family was divided.
If we go to the root of the word we find "wad," with the signification of wet, to wash out, to moisten or make wet. Our Aryan ancestors used that root to apply to all conditions of moisture, and many words besides winter have grown out of it, wet and water being among them.
This root "wad" is in the Sanskrit as "udan," water. Anglo-Saxon has "wæter," and in Latin we have "unda," wave, from which we get our "inundate."
Our Danish and Swedish cousins changed the "w" into a "v," and have "vinter." In Icelandic it is "vetir," and the old high German has "winter," and it is "winter" in German. These four words are all from the Teutonic base "wata," which means wet. So it has been moisture that has been indicated from the birth of the root on which all of the different words in a dozen languages have grown.—New York Herald.

News comes from London that many dentists there have established "parlors" for the treatment of dogs, and that the patronage of the owners of "show dogs" has made the innovation a profitable one. A defective tooth may lose the prize to a dog otherwise perfect as to "points," and it is now a common practice with fanciers to send their pets to the dentist as regularly as wise parents send their children. Single new teeth cost from \$4 to \$5 each, while as much as \$135 is paid for a full set for a beloved old canine member of a household.

Modern Table of Values.
"Now, children," commanded the austere instructor in advanced arithmetic, "you will recite in unison the table of values."
Thereupon the pupils repeated in chorus:
"Ten mills make a trust,
"Ten trusts make a combine,
"Ten combines make a merger,
"Ten mergers make a magnate,
"Ten magnates make the money."



Feeding Horses.

It might be said that grass is the natural ration for the horse, but when confined to a barn and also when worked, the animal needs a more strengthening and nutritious food. To feed properly there must be a mixed diet. The intention of the food is to supply heat and muscle, but not an oversupply of fat.

The quantity of food given should be based on the amount of work the horse has done—the more work the greater the amount of food that should be given.

The foods that are generally fed are hay, grass, corn, oats, barley, rye, bran, carrots, turnips and apples. Of the grains oats is best, with corn second, but both are improved if fed in a crushed state. Oats build up the muscles, make blood and put nerve and endurance in the horse. On account of the price, oats are not generally used, and in such cases care must be taken that the hay given is rather rich in protein.

Corn and timothy hay are of a heating nature and hard on the digestion, causing the animal to perspire freely. If corn is liberally used, some bran, with clover or some well-cured pea-vine hay, or clover with corn, will help balance up the ration and keep the digestive organs in a healthy state. In feeding green food care must be taken.

Average Milk.

It has been shown that 100 pounds of average milk contains about 87 pounds of water, 4 pounds of fat, 5

on corn at all. Corn is said to contain about 60 per cent of starch and 8 per cent of oil, both being very digestible. Oil makes fat and the starch produces heat and also fat. On account of its heat-producing power it is inadvisable to feed corn. Because of there not being any great quantity of protein in corn it is necessary to feed something else with it—either clover or alfalfa.

Fountain-Like Feed Bag.

Almost everyone has noticed the painful efforts of the unfortunate horse which is compelled to take its noon-day meal out of a feed bag. In order to get the feed the horse must throw the bag and its contents into the air and catch a mouthful as he can. Besides the industry he is compelled to exercise in the pursuit of his feed, the horse loses about half the grain by reason of the fact that it is thrown over the top of the bag.



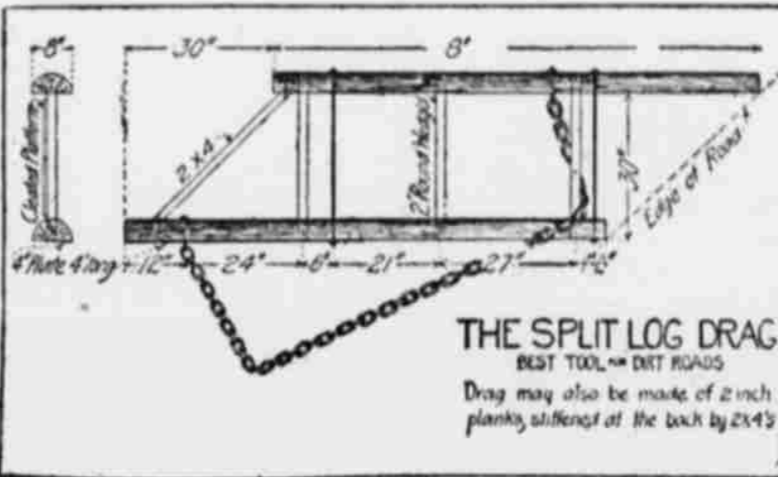
FEED BAG.

The nose bag shown in the accompanying cut is of recent invention and is designed to overcome this trouble. The feed supply is contained in a reservoir which is secured to the bridle and is suspended between the animal's eyes. The feed flows down of its own weight into a saucer-like receptacle which is held under the animal's mouth. The feed is always in reach and there is no occasion for the painful gymnastics which are so commonly seen under the circumstances.

Poultry Profits.

The cost of food required to produce a pound of beef, pork or chicken does not differ greatly, although chicken sells for 12 to 20 cents a pound by the carcass, while other meats sell at from 4 to 8 cents. This difference is further increased on the farm from the fact that poultry picks up a good deal of material that would otherwise

A ROAD IMPROVER



On behalf of a number of farmers who wish to construct splitting drags, a correspondent asks for publication of a plan. The dimensions of the several parts are indicated in the illustration. D. W. King of Missouri, who has been the most prominent advocate of this road implement, describes it as a lever for smoothing down the rough places and packing the surface soil. Best results are obtained on clay roads. It will improve even sandy soils, though it cannot make a hard roadbed of such material.

pounds of sugar, 3.3 pounds of casein and albumen and 0.7 pounds of mineral matter or salts. The composition of the milk depends largely upon the cows producing it. Both Jerseys and Guernseys give rich milk, upon which the cream quickly rises. Durhams and Ayrshires give milk of an average richness, upon which the cream slowly rises. Holstein cows are noted for giving a large quantity of milk in which there is a small proportion of fat.

Very good crops can be made at small cost from empty barrels, as shown in cut. First, drive single nails through the hoops on both sides of each stave, and clinch them down on the inside. Then divide the barrel in halves, if it is big enough, by



BARREL CHICKEN COOP.

cutting through the hoops and the bottom. Drive sticks into the ground to hold the coop in place, and drive a long stick at each side of the open end just far enough from coop to allow the front door to be slipped out and in.

The night door can be made of the head from the barrel or any solid board, and the slatted door, used to confine the hen, by nailing upright strips of lath to a cross lath at top and bottom.—D. H. F., in Farm and Home.

Feeding Sheep.

It is always advisable in feeding sheep not to feed too much corn. Clover, hay and corn in equal parts, by weight, should be given during the fattening period. Except for fattening purpose it is better not to feed sheep



Teacher—What is the highest form of animal life? Scholar—The giraffe.

Stella—Does she accompany on the piano? Bella—No, she just sits in the audience and hums.—Puck.

"A case of love at first sight, eh?" "No, second sight. The first time he saw her he didn't know she was an heiress."

"Do you really love me, George?" "Didn't you give me this tie, dear?" "Yes, love. Why?" "Well, ain't I wearing it?"

"My dear, I saw a perfectly lovely flat this morning?" "All right," replied her husband. "When do we move?"—Detroit Free Press.

"What do you know about this man's reputation for truth and veracity?" "It's good. I understand he never goes fishing."—Detroit Free Press.

"So you are an optimist?" "In a certain sense," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "Whenever I go into a deal I hope for the best of it."—Washington Star.

"You are charged with larceny. Are you guilty or not guilty?" "Not guilty, judge. I thought I was, but I've been talkin' to my lawyer, and he's convinced me that I ain't."

Caller—Nellie, is your mother in? Nellie—Mother is out shopping. Caller—When will she return, Nellie? Nellie (calling back)—Mamma, what shall I say now?—Short Stories.

"Is Jones an optimist?" "Is he?" He found a ticket entitling him to a chance in an automobile drawing the other day and he is building a garage."—Boston Transcript.

"Who gave the bride away?" "Her little brother. He stood right up in the middle of the ceremony and yelled, 'Hurrah, Fanny, you've got him at last!'"—London T. H. Hts.

Mr. Henpeck—We're going to remove to the seaside doctor. Doctor—But the climate may disagree with your wife. Mr. Henpeck—It wouldn't dare!—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Secretary (writing advertisements)—Wanted, an intelligent young man, unmarried—Old Grouch—Leave out the "unmarried;" you said "intelligent," didn't you?—Exchange.

Browning—What do you know about this poultry business, Greening? Is there any money in hens? Greening—You bet there is. I put all of \$50 in mine last winter. —Chicago Daily News.

"After all, this is a very small world," said the ready-made philosopher. "I gather from that remark," rejoined the precise person, "that you have not been compelled to figure much on railway or steamship fares."—Washington (D. C.) Star.

Poet—Will you accept this poem at your regular rates? Editor—I guess so—it appears to contain nothing objectionable. Go to the advertising department and ask them what the rates are. How many times do you wish to have it inserted?—Cleveland Leader.

"When there is a company here," said Mrs. Hewlidge, after the caller had gone, "I wish you wouldn't make such pointed remarks about women's hats!" "Pointed remarks!" exclaimed Mr. Hewlidge; "why, I never talked more bluntly in my life!"—Chicago Tribune.

He—So you favor woman suffrage? She—I certainly do! He—Well, in the last election, for instance, would you have voted for Mr. Taft or Mr. Bryan? She—I would not have voted for either. When I vote I'll vote for a woman or not at all!—Yonkers Statesman.

"Hallo, old man!" exclaimed Dubley, at the Literary Circle reception. "It's a pleasant surprise to meet you here." "Good of you to say so, old chap," replied Brown. "Yes, you see I was afraid I wouldn't find anybody but bright and cultured people here."—Punch.

"Lady," said Meandering Mike, "you don't want to listen to my hard-luck story, do you?" "Not a bit of it." "You relieve my mind. If you want to hear something worth while, you jes' gimme a chance to show what I kin do as an after-dinner speaker."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Gramercy—If you want a nice hall rug why don't you get one of those tiger skins with the real head on it? Mrs. Gayboy—I never could use one of those things in my hall. You don't know how imaginative my husband is every time he comes home late.—Brooklyn Life.

Stage Struck—Is the manager in? Manager—He is out. Stage Struck—Punny, a gentleman at the entrance just told me that you are the manager. Manager—That's true enough, but I'm out, all the same. I'm out about fifteen hundred dollars on that last play I staged.—Boston Courier.