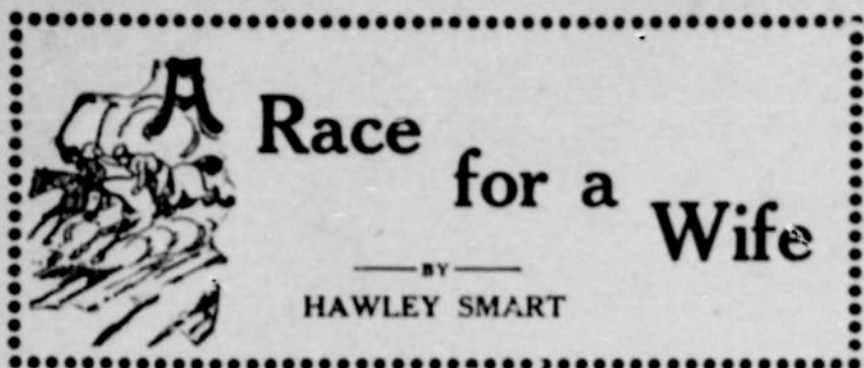


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Race for a Wife

BY HAWLEY SMART

A RACE FOR A WIFE is the story of a charming young girl, who, to please her father and save him from persecution and ruin, consents to marry a man she does not love. Her true lover discovers a document which places his rival at a decided disadvantage, and there is a real "race for a wife," in which fidelity and genuine affection win the prize.

This serial is unique in all of its features of plot and action, with the incidents entertaining to the last degree. The interest is maintained to the very last chapter and the story will charm all lovers of good fiction.

CHAPTER I.

Xminster is all alive, shimmering, bubbling over with excitement; the magnets are adjusting ribbons, fitting wreaths, awaiting pockets, handkerchiefs, stretching gloves, tying white neck cloths, and otherwise preparing for the momentous event. The inferior class of Xminster hover about the gateway of The George hotel, in all that exhilaration of spirits that gratuitous sightseeing is wont to produce among the multitude. It is but a momentary glimpse of some hundred or so of ladies and gentlemen in evening attire that is destined to be the reward of their patience; but then, you see, Xminster is a town in which the stream of life runs so sluggishly. Circuses, conjurers, lecturers, monologues entertainers, etc., are rather shy of Xminster; the little town is so thoroughly habituated to retiring to rest at an early hour, that even the visits of some of these talented and adventurous beings have failed to tempt the inhabitants to forego their beds or to extend their silver.

The dear old country fiddlers are playing their somewhat superannuated dance music with all the wonted animation and disregard of the niceties of tone which, so much the characteristic of provincial bands. There is no lack of pretty girls, tastefully dressed, in valse and quadrille. In the queer old room with its still queerer attempts at decoration in those gaudy festoons of artificial flowers. But a stately young lady, dressed in white, with green and gold trimmings, accented by a pearl necklace, and a pair of pearls, is the center of attention. She is the beauty of the race, and she whirled by the lookers-on as she whirled by.

"Who is she? She moves like a queen amongst the rest, and they are good-looking girls, too, some of them." And the speaker, a rather coarse-looking, dark man with the characteristic of a provincial, turned for information to the knot of men he was lounging with at the door.

"Haven't you ever seen her before, Pearman? No, I suppose you hardly could have done. She goes out but little—that's Maude Denison."

"What—daughter of old Denison of Glinn?"

"Just so—former owner of all those fat acres which have since fallen into your respected progenitor's possession," and a slight inflection of voice just italicized the epithet; for Gus Brisson was of a good old county family, and his ability to reverse the terms of the Pearman of Mannersley.

Yes, very handsome was Maude Denison. She was a beauty of the regal order, and her stately carriage alone would have sufficed to make men ask, "Who is she?" even without the rich brown tresses, proud grey eyes, and regular features.

"I must know her!" said Pearman. "Can you introduce me, Brisson?"

"No; I barely know her myself," replied Gus.

"I must go and find somebody who can," and Pearman hurried away. Apparently he was successful, for shortly afterwards he led out Miss Denison for a quadrille, during which Mr. Pearman did his utmost to make himself agreeable. He was a very earthy piece of clay, but he had enjoyed the advantage of a good education, and was by no means deficient in ability. He had achieved a certain amount of tact while undergoing the friction of such society as he had encountered, and proved himself an apt pupil in worldly knowledge. This stood him in good stead just now. When he led Maude Denison back to her chaperone she certainly thought he was by no means the least agreeable partner she had had that evening. She had but just resumed her seat when a tall, fair man was by her side. His brow was slightly knit, and his eyes sparkled angrily as he exclaimed, "My dear Maude, how could you dance with that man?"

"Which, Grenville?" inquired Miss Denison, smiling. "I have danced with a good many to-night, including your sweet self, cousin mine."

"Don't be absurd, Maude; you know very well whom I mean—that dark man—your last partner."

"And wherefore should I not dance with him?" inquired Miss Denison.

"For a hundred reasons. His name alone should have sufficed to prevent it."

"Dear me," laughed the young lady, merrily. "You have piqued my woman's curiosity. Do tell me who this monster of iniquity is, for, truth to say, I did not catch his name when he was introduced to me."

"You didn't know who he was? I thought not. That's young Pearman—the unmitigated cad."

"So that was Mr. Pearman, was it?" remarked Maude, musingly. "Well, Grenville, I don't think I should have danced with him had I known who he was; but, you see, I didn't, and I cannot see that it is of much consequence now. One is not obliged to recognize the partner of a quadrille again unless one likes, you know; and though I'll plead guilty to finding him amusing, I don't think I wish to prosecute the acquaintance. But don't you think it is getting time to leave?"

Mrs. Learmont, you are as good as gold," said Maude, turning to her chaperone, "waiting in this resigned manner for me. However, I am quite at your disposal now."

"Pray don't think of me; I want you to thoroughly enjoy your ball, and I am quite willing to look on at your valuing for another hour. I have lots of people to come and talk to me, you know."

"Yes!" laughed Maude; "I am quite aware that you have lots of old friends, only too glad to have the chance of a quiet chat with your coffee? Ah, I see you've got it. Never mind, you must take the will for the deed. At all events, I'm in time to say good-by."

His face lit up as he shook hands with her. "Very kind indeed, Maude, to come down and give me a last glimpse of you—so tired, too, as you must be after your triumphs of last night."

"Triumphs! What do you mean?" replied Miss Denison, in sweet mimicry, though a coquettish smile and flash of the deep grey eyes showed that she was perfectly conscious of her ball-room success.

"Oh, the hypocrisy of women!" laughed her cousin. "As if you did not know perfectly well that all the men were raving with admiration, and that the ladies could find no words to express their opinion of you! As if you could not imagine that you were pronounced handsome, lovely, graceful—stigmatized as over-dressed, under-dressed, and awkward! While your admirers on one side of the room vowed so light a foot never glided across the boards at Xminster, your detractors on the other, were speculating as to how much of your hair and complexion were really your birthright. As if you did not know you were the belle of the ball, and enjoyed all the rights and privileges of the distinction."

"Ah, well!" she rejoined, with a saucy smile; "I am not going to be a bungler to you, Grenville. I know some people thought I looked nice, and I know others disliked me for doing so. Let me pour you out some more coffee."

(To be continued.)

Of all the gold in the possession of man 70 per cent is in the shape of oats

Mannersley, after the manner it stood upon. He established a crest and coat-of-arms; he had his cards engraved. "Mr. and Mrs. Pearman, Mannersley;" he sat himself down to wait—but nobody called. Money will do and does do a good deal, but even Pearman could not get so far as to have his name engraved on his cards.

The county were not going to welcome what they designated as "a money-grabbing attorney who was fattening on the necessities of Harold Denison of Glinn." The Master of the Hounds, it was true, called upon him; but even Pearman could not get so far as to have his name engraved on his cards.

In due course of time Mrs. Pearman died. She left but one son, who at the period of her death was an undergraduate at Cambridge, but who, now many years older, is the gentleman who danced that quadrille with handsome Maude Denison.

Young Pearman has succeeded far better than his progenitor in making his name in the county. Still, although he had insinuated himself to a certain extent into society, there were many of the county families who utterly ignored the solicitor's son. The men of the family might know him in the hunting field; the younger sons might even go as far as to drop in at Mannersley for lunch, when the hounds or aught else took them that way. But the women tabooed him—they would none of him; and bitterly did Sam Pearman feel that haughty ostracism.

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A number of bills affecting the bankruptcy law have been introduced in both houses of congress.

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The government is testing a rifle equipped with an electric light which enables aim to be taken at night.

Canada proposes to build a dreadnaught or two and turn them over to the mother country should the necessity arise.

In the recall election for mayor of Los Angeles, George Alexander received about 2,000 votes more than his nearest competitor.

Ex-Queen Liliuokalani, of Hawaii, who has been to Washington in the interests of her claim against the government, is hopeful that her visit has not been in vain.

Castro says he will start a revolution on arrival in Venezuela.

EVENTS OF THE DAY

Newsy Items Gathered from All Parts of the World.

PREPARED FOR THE BUSY READER

Less Important but Not Less Interesting Happenings from Points Outside the State.

Taft opposes high duties on the necessities of life.

Chicago business men have opened a war on bucket shops.

Harriman says his health is greatly improved as a result of his trip to the coast.

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ATTACK ON ROOSEVELT.

Crazed Italian Steerage Passenger Tries to Kill Ex-President.

London, March 30.—An attempt to assassinate Theodore Roosevelt was made on the steamship Hamburg, according to dispatches received here today from Horta, Island of Fayal, Azores. The assassin's attempt was frustrated, the dispatches add, and the man was placed in irons.

As the steamer was losing sight of land Giuseppe Tosti, a steerage passenger, broke from his companions and started for the upper deck, where Mr. Roosevelt was standing with his son Kermit.

"He has let them take away my child," shouted Tosti, in English, "Now he shall pay for it."

Sailors seized Tosti, quickly mastered him, carried him below and by the captain's orders put him in irons.

For four days the prisoner refused to eat, constantly crying: "Roosevelt is trying to poison me."

Then the ship's doctor had to taste all food offered to Tosti before he would eat it.

At Mr. Roosevelt's request the steamship Hamburg's course was changed to the Azores.

KING TO ABDICATE.

Peter Prepares to Give Up Claim on Serbian Throne.

Belgrade, March 30.—Deserted by Russia and confronted with the demand of all the powers that she assent to the annexation by Austria of Bosnia and Herzegovina without any concessions to herself, Serbia has swallowed the bitter dose and now turns on King Peter and his dynasty as the scape-goats.

A strong party in parliament is agitating for the deposition of King Peter and the election of a new king, not associated with either the Karageorgevitch or the Obrenovitch dynasty. This party is discussing the selection of either the Duke of Teck or Prince Arthur of Connaught from the British royal family, hoping thereby to end the old factional feud growing out of the rivalry of the native dynasties and to win the friendship of Great Britain.

King Peter, on the other hand, while proposing to renounce the claims not only of himself, but his sons George and Alexander, desires to leave the kingdom in the hands of his ally and relative, Prince Nicholas, of Montenegro, by securing the election of the latter's youngest son as king. He and his whole family are preparing to return to Switzerland, whence he was summoned to take the crown after the assassination of King Alexander and Queen Draga in 1903.

INDIANS ARE WORSTED.

Rebellious Creeks Flee Before Posses, Leaving Dead and Wounded.

Oklahoma City, March 30.—A detachment of Crazy Snake's band of beligerent Indians was surrounded by deputy sheriffs this afternoon near Crazy Snake's home, and a battle ensued. One Indian was killed, eight were captured and the rest fled with the deputies in pursuit.

There were about 15 Indians in the band, which had taken refuge in a house. Deputies had tracked them for some distance and were informed by a farmer of their location.

Advancing from four sides, the posse fired at the house. The Indians rushed out, scattered among the trees and made a valiant defense. The posse all the while advanced and soon routed the band. None of those captured is seriously wounded, but it is known that a number of Indians were hit by the posse's bullets.

Crazy Snake's band apparently has broken up into numerous small groups. It seemed at nightfall that each red skin was trying to accomplish his own escape, without regard for the grand dreams of the chieftain, to realize which they were called together by the smoke of signal fires. All effort at organized resistance seemed to have been dropped with the sinking of the sun.

Huge Slot Machine Cost.

San Francisco, March 30.—More than \$12,000,000 in nickels is the annual tribute of San Franciscans to the everbusy slot machines, according to Superintendent Comte in answering J. P. Healey, a member of the grand jury, who appeared before the board of supervisors today in reference to the proposed anti-slot machine ordinance and announced that the inquisitorial body would have recommendations to make on the subject as a result of its investigation. The supervisor's exact figures were \$12,700,000.

Coal Concern Pays Fine.

Salt Lake City, March 30.—The Utah Fuel company pleaded guilty in the United States court today to the fraudulent acquisition of 14,040 acres of coal land, and paid a fine of \$5,000, also \$192,000 for the coal extracted, and relinquished the land. It was acquired through dummy entries as agricultural land.

Chinese Come Among Beans.

Ablene, Tex., March 29.—Attracted by the sound of voices in a boxcar which supposedly contained only a shipment of beans en route from Los Angeles to Chicago, Immigration Agent Dinworth, at Big Springs, had the car opened and took into custody 16 Chinese who are held on a charge of having evaded the immigration laws.

DEATH WINS FIGHT

Governor Cosgrove Passes Away at Paso Robles.

END COMES VERY UNEXPECTEDLY

Heart Failure Was Immediate Cause of Death—Body to Be Brought North for Burial.

Paso Robles, Cal., March 19.—Samuel G. Cosgrove, governor of the state of Washington, died here suddenly at 3:30 o'clock yesterday morning.

Heart failure was the immediate cause of the governor's death. Although his condition had recently been reported as improving, the governor had really been growing worse, and two days ago he took to his room. Although conscious of his weakened condition, death was sudden and there was no opportunity for a last farewell between husband and wife.

Bright's disease had marked Governor Cosgrove for a victim over eight months ago. He broke down in health during the Washington primary campaign, retiring to his home at Pomeroy, Wash., in September, and was brought to Paso Robles hot springs shortly after the election in November. Although Governor Cosgrove improved slightly under the treatment here, the strain of the trip to Olympia to take the inaugural oath was too great and an immediate reaction set in.

Mrs. Cosgrove, worn out from her months of constant attendance upon her feeble husband, was overcome by her grief, but late in the afternoon had recovered her poise sufficiently to make the preliminary arrangements for starting home with the body. It has been decided that Mrs. Cosgrove, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Anderson, of Seattle, friends of the Cosgroves, will leave Paso Robles this morning at 5:10 on the north bound train for San Francisco. If that train is on time the funeral party will be able to connect with the Portland express leaving Oakland this afternoon.

This will bring them into Portland late Tuesday night and a hurried trip will be made to Olympia, the capital of Washington. It is the desire of Mrs. Cosgrove to have services held at the capitol and later the remains will be removed to the family home at Pomeroy.

FAIR BRINGS THOUSANDS

People From East Coming to Northwest Seeking Opportunities

Right now the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition is the magnet that is attracting thousands of people from Eastern, Southern and Middle Western states to the Pacific coast partly for the reason that the exposition will open up a new line of thought with its great displays from Alaska, Hawaii and the Philippines as well as the Orient, and partly because of the much advertised scenic beauties of the states bordering on the Pacific.

The state of Washington and more particularly the Puget sound country will soon be the mecca for trainloads of strangers. But Washington will not hold the visitors for an indefinite period for they have something in mind further than a visit to the exposition at Seattle.

There are opportunities on the Pacific coast for the homeseeker as well as the merchant and manufacturer and the visitors to the fair intend to see just what Oregon, Idaho, Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, Nevada, Oklahoma, as well as British Columbia have to offer in the way of inducements to settlers. Of course the tourists will be here in large numbers and their itinerary nearly always includes all the mountain, lake and seaside resorts of the Northwest.

The exposition itself is going to open the eyes of the thousands of visitors who will come Seattle expecting to find an exhibition very similar to what has been offered before. The Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition is not going to be remembered after its gates close because of its great size or by the number of its buildings, but because of the beautiful picture formed by the work of the builder and landscape artist, framed in by lakes, mountains and woodland scenery distributed lavishly on every hand by nature. When the exposition opens on June 1 the show will be complete in every detail, an example of Western spirit and enterprise.