RACE FOR A WIFE is the story of a charm- doctrine of nelf-sacrifice where he should ing young girl, who, to please her father and save him from persecution and ruin, consents to tasting all the sweets of dressing to catch marry a man she does not love. Her true lover discovers a document which places his rival at a decided ed together as children, and been fast 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.

·OHAPTER I

"Eminater is all alive, simmering, bub- to thoroughly enjoy your ball, and I am bling over with excitement; the magnates quite willing to look on at your valsing are adjusting ribbons, fitting wreaths, for another hour. I have lots of people mounting pocket handkerdriefs, stretching to come and talk to me, you know. ladies and gentlemen in evening attire about the carriage, Grenville." rather shy of Xminster; the little town of some of these talented and adventurous beings have failed to tempt the inhabitants to forego their beds or to expend their silver.

melancholy stagnation. They were two; town of Bury St. Edmunds, with a view the fair and the dispensary bull. It is to the persecution of mankind or the rethe latter carnival which is at present dressing of his fellow men's grievances. causing the pulse of Xminster to beat as circumstances and the presentation of with feverish rapidity, and the populacritical acumea on the believ of town and the famous Heath of Newmarket. In de-

their somewhat superannuated dance mu- at gradually be became acquainted with ale with all the wonted animation and distribute of those multifarious hangers on gregard of the niceties of tune which is so that exist so mystically by racing. He much the characteristic of provincial had naturally an acute understanding hands. There is no lack of pretty girls, and he now got many a hint as to where tastefully dressed, in value and quadrille, to lay out a little money profitably. The In the queer old room with its still queer- traffichers in horseflesh and followers of or attempts at decoration in those gaudy the turf have their subjects of litigation by young lady, dressed in white, with tions. Who was so handy to employ a old trimmings, seems to bear Pearman? and, by degrees, he began to to her beauty escupes the lips at the racing metropolis and became rich.

Pearman? No. I suppose you hardly

-that's Maude Denison.

seres which have since fallen into your (llinn and much acres as were still lef alight inflection of voice just italicized the owner of race horses, and kept a ald county family, and had little rever- some way connected with usury, and, hav-

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

"I must know her!" said Pearman. "Can rou introduce me, Brisden? "No: I harely know her myself," replied Gus.

"I must go and find somehorly 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 uttermost to make himsaif agreeable. He was a very earthy son of Glinn." place of clay, but he had enjoyed the Hounds, it was true, called upon him; advantage of a good education, and was but even Pearman could regard that in he no means deficient in ability. He had achieved a certain amount of tact while undergoing the friction of such society as to draw the covers, gave the solicitor a he had encountered, and proved himself | capital luncheon on his return visit, but an apt pupil in worldly knowledge. This ened him in good stead just now. When he lad Mande Denison back to her chap-

was by her side. His brow was slightly that quadrille with handsome Maude Deniknie, and his eyes sparkled angrily as he exclaimed, "My dear Mande, how could you dance with that man?"

Thenlern, smiling. "I have danced with had insinuated himself to a certain exa good many to night, including your tent into society, there were many of the sweet self, cousin mine. Don't be absurd, Mande con know

mary well whom I mean that dark manyour fast partner. "And wherefore should I not

dance drop in at Mannersley for lunch, when with him? Inquired Miss Denison.

"For a handred reasons. His name Pearman feel that haughty ostracism, All Do tell me who this monster his father's intensified, to be acknowledgof iniquity is, for, truth to my, I did ed as within the pale of "the upper ten." catch his name when he was intro- He quite understood that the recognition

of the race course and hunting field was Mar know who he was? I far from constituting such. that's young Pearman multigated end."

that was Mr. Pearman, was it?" "Well, Grensaid have deneed how he had thrown the game of life and I known who he was | away by the turf follies and extravada't, and I cannot see gances of his early days; far too proud ence now. One to take a reduced status in the county in diged to recognize the partner of which he had been at one time a leadsmless one likes, you ing magnate; far too selfish to sacrifice I'll plead guifty to an lots of that pride to enhance the pleasbe acquaintance. But don't He had married, early in life, a lady of s getting time to leave? good family in his own county. It had seen better for Harold Denison had she a are as good as gold." been constituted of sterner stuff. Sh never crossed her husband in word or

eparing for the momentous even- aware that you have lots of old friends ing. The inferior clay of Xminster hover only too glad to have the chance of a about the gateway of The George hotel, quiet chat with you, and know also that in all that exhibitation of spirits that you would sit here and pinch yourself to gratuitous sightseeing is wont to produce keep awake sooner than debar your godthe multitude. It is but a momen- daughter of five minutes' gratification; tary glimpse of some hundred or so of but I also have a conscience. Go and see the deep grey eyes showed that she was

that is destined to be the reward of their | It is very curious to watch what trifling patience; but then, you see, Xminster is affairs influence the tenor of our lives. a town in which the stream of life runs | Maude Penison has deemed it of little so sluggishly. Circuses, conjurers, lec- consequence that she has danced a quadturers, monologue entertainers, etc., are rille with Samuel l'earman; and ret that dance is fated to draw many a tear from to so thoroughly habituated to retiring to the proud grey eyes. Grenville Hose, ere rest at an early hour, that even the visits thirty minutes are over, will be tortured in a way which he is powerless to resist.

opinion of you! As if you could not imagine that you were pronounced handsome, lovely, graceful-stigmatized as over The sire of the dark featured young dressed, under dressed, and awkward man who had expressed such admiration While your admirers on one side of the for Maude Denlson had begun life as room rowed so light a foot never glided But the duilest village in England rec solicitor's clerk, from which in due course across the boards at Xminster, your de tractors on the other, were speculating as to how much of your hair and complex ion 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." six and eightpence might direct. Bury "Ab, well!" she rejoined, with a saucy tion are already waiting to display their | St. Edmunds lies no great distance from amile; "I am not going to be a humbur to you, Grenville. I know some people fault of other business, Mr. Pearman thought I looked nice, and I know others The dear old country fiddles are playing took to attending the race meetings there distiked me for doing so. Let me pour ron out some more coffee."

make a name as a solicitor in horse cases

In due course Harold Denison, Mande's father, had passed through his hands property; but burning the candle, not only besides, he had soon done away with that the occasion; but when his client emerges Glinn cutate were in the hands of the had been a very bud break-up; that the property had been sold at a fair valuetion; and that, but for Pearman, Harole another; for Gue Brieden was of a good of his own. He had married a lady in

ccently lopped off the Glinn property; he

built large stables. He named his house

Mannersley, after the manor it stood up-

on. He established a crest and coat-of-

arms: he had his cards engraced, "Mr.

and Mrs. Pearman, Mannersley:" he sat

himself down to wait-but nobody called.

but here and there blood respects its

rights. The county were not going to

welcome what they designated as "a

money-grabbing attorney who was fatton-

ing on the necessities of Harold Deni-

no other light but that of a business

transaction. He asked and obtained leave

had steadily refused all invitations to

ate at Cambridge, but who, now many

years older, is the gentleman who danced

Young Pearman has succeeded far het

ter than his progenitor in making his

county families who utterly ignored the

colicitor's son. The men of the family

might know him in the hunting field; the

rounger sons might even go so far as to

the hounds or aught else took them that

way. But the women tabooed him-they

would none of him; and bitterly did Sam

men have their ambitions; Pearman had

CHAPTER II.

Harold Denison was an embittered, dis-

"Which, Grenville?" inquired Miss way in the county. Still, although he

Money will do and does do a good deal,

ing altogether acquired a considerable usight. Old Dog, Strikes Back of the fortune, made the first mistake in his Head, Dirty Food and Finds All. career, and set up for a country gentle-Bird Head Shows Going, Bird Head He built a big house on the estate a

was one of the richest Indians on the reservation, as 640 acres are advertised as his holdings. Bock-Luke Rock and Mary U. Rock.

Stands on Top. Charles Variot and Peter Stands on Top. The Twins Medicine Porcupine and

Ball That Shows. Ties Knot on Top of Head Josh Buf

Bluck Women Big Ox Gots Down First - Walks with Wolf omes to See Buffalo and Cut.

Knot Between Eyes Bird Above.

Plenty Red Plame-Cut, Walks with Wolf and Comes to See Buffalo. Brings Pretty Horses-People That

Strikes the Top Comes to See the Stars with Her Medicine Rock-

barles Record and Olive Record. Bear Goes to Take Hold-The Eagle Rig Woman-Gets One Horn and

Pain Face. Record and Olive Record. Sits with Alligator-Bank.

Spotted Arrow-Takes a Gun. Plenty Butterfly-Two Horses. Slow Rabbit-Big Medicine and Strikes One that Kills. White Tail-Takes a Gun.

Medicine Horse-Hears Fire, Kills lose to Camp and Martha Long Neck. Deaf Hears Fire-Kills Close to 'amp. Martha Long Neck and Old

Surrounds the Enemy-The Arapa

Crazy Sister-in-Law-Carries Gold Pretty Shield and Mrs. Davis Yarlot. Kettle That Bolls-Takes a Gun. Swamp Flag. Wrinkle Face-Fights the Enemy

Yellow Whiteman-Walks Pretty. Little Antelope-Walks Pretty, Bad

Heart and Does Things Together.

Unwarmed. On entering the stable suddenly the head of the house found the hostler and his own young son deeply engaged with the broken tall of a kite.

"How is it, Williams," he began, se erely, "that I never find you at work when I come out here?"

"I know," volunteered his son; "It's and this wearing now."-Youth's Companion.

her father dealt but hard justice in that

forth as her mother's champion. Other-

wise she loved her father very dearly, and was quite imbued with the family

By the light of a candle, in the soli

tude of his chamber, Grenville Rose was

an early train on a dark February morn-

ing. He had been brought up a great deal

with his cousin Maude. They had romp-

consinly friends since they had grown

events. I'm in time to say good by.'

"Triumphs! What do you mean?" re-

plied Miss Denison, in sweet humility,

perfectly conscious of her ball-room suc-

"Oh, the hypocriay of women!" laughed

her cousin. "As if you did not know

perfectly well that all the men were

raving with admiration, and that the la

(To be continued.)

SECURITION OF THE MOTION AT ADMIT

ODD INDIAN NAMES.

Crow Hetra.

inherited by Indiana within the Crow

eservation, says a Helena (Mont.) dis-

Existing laws provide for the sale

and an advertisement in a Billings pa-

per, placed under instructions from the

Interior Department, contains a re-

markable collection of Indian nomen

clature. Light Colored Man leads the

flat and he has eighty acres to his

credit, his beire being Martha Light

man and Bad Haby. Other allotments

range as follows, the deceased Indian's

name being given first and those of the

of the Ear-Grandmother's

patch to the New York Tribune.

dies could find no words to express their

into the room

Once upon a time there was a little Red Hen who lived in a little house in the edge of the Away off in the woods in another little house lived the old Mother Fox and the Young Fox. Foxes were very fond of poultry, and had often tried to catch the little Red Hen, but they couldn't. But one day the Young Fox said: "Mother, I'm going to catch the little Red Hen today. You have a kettle of boiling water on when I come home bigger. No lovemsking had ever taken tonight and we'll have her for supplace between the pair, yet Grenville per.

was conscious of being very fond of that "All right," said his mother. "You catch the little Red Hen and I'll see Greaville enters the old diving room, that the water's hot." to gulp his scalding coffee, and recognize So the Young Fox threw a bag the utter futility of attempting to eat at over his shoulder and started toward abnormal hours. He is suffering altogeththe tittle Red Hen's house. er from considerable mental depression

When he got there and saw her at predominant idea, perhaps, "What a work in her garden he was so pleas farce all county balls are!' Suddenly the ed mat he sat down and laughed. door opens, and Maude Denison glides When the little Red Hen heard him "Good morning, Grenville, Isn't this laugh she was so scared that she threw down her hoe and ran to the house as fast as she could, and shut see you've got it. Never mind, you and locked the door behind her. must take the will for the deed. At all Young Fox waited outside a time, and finally went to the door and rapped. Now, there was living with her, "Very kind indeed, Maude, to with the little Red Hen a rat and a cat. When they heard the knock

> go to the door?" The rat said, "I won't," and

the fittle Red Hen said: "Who will

"I will then," said the little Red Hen: so she went to the door and opened it, and there stood the Young Fox. She was too much frightened to shut the door, but turned and ran into the front room and flew up to a picture on the wall, and there she sat. The Young Fox tried to get her to come down. He told her how much he thought of her, how he wanted to show her a little looking glass he had in his pocket, and still she

Then he ran round and round and round after his tail until the little Red Hen got so dizzy that she fell down pump, and he pounced on her. popped her into his bag, tired up the bag, and, throwing it over his shoulder started off for home.

The day was hot and the road was long and the Young Fox was tired So when he came to a cool, shady place he thought he would lie down and take a nan. He threw the bag down beside him and was soon fast asleep. As soon as the little Red Her heard him snore she took her little scissors out of her pocket, tome Namples Revented by a List of snipped a hole in the bag and crawled out. Then she found a stone about One of the most remarkable realty as big as she was. She put that sales in the history of the country will into the bag, took out her needle and thread and sewed up the bole and then away she ran for home as fast as her little legs would carry

The Young Fox slept on and By and by he woke up, rubbed his eyes and looked at the sun. "Why it must be getting late! Mother wil be eworried about me. What a good sleep I did have!" he said. Picking up the bag be started off for home again. "How heavy this little Red Hen fa! What a good supper will have!" When he came in sight of his house he saw his mother standing in the door watching for him. "Hello mother," he called, "la "Right here in my bag," he said. Se Bib Neck - Robert Spotted Arm, Bull | they went into the house, untied the the hot water and down plampe. the stone and up went the hot water and scalded them so badly that it was severa days before they were well. After that they never troubled the little Red Hen again .- Mrs. A. L. S. Aberdeen in the Circle.

ADNEY'S SLING-SHOT If was only two strings with a piece of rubber in the middle of it, but Adney Morrow had some cruel

sport with it. He knocked many a poor little sparrow out of its nest and left it bleeding on the ground. It was not until he had broken a window out and his parents had it to pay for that the sling-shot was taken away from him, and he was told if he dared to make another, just see what he would catch.

It must be something terrible. course, and for two or three days Adney walked about with his hands thrust deep down into his pockets, bewailing boys' luck in general.

"Can't do anything," he pouted, "I Point of Shoulder Blade Charles guess David carried around a slingshot when he was a boy and killed a big giant with it, and everybody thought he was a big brave and never said a word because he carried around a slingshot. Gee! if I had one big enough. I'd knock the spots clean out of Smith's big giant of a buildog that won't let me even go past the house without trying to tear me to pieces.

"And Bipper's big bull; I'd like to send a sharp stone right between his two eyes and see him fall dead. If I only could, I'd be as great as Jack the Glant Killer, and David, that killed Gollath. If I make another it shall be the biggest ever."

"Better not.,' said conscience. "Pooh! I'll never let our folks see ft. I'll just keep it in my pocket to Record. use when I have to." And I am sorry to say that Adney listened to the tempter and made another.

Instead of using it on the cow or put poor Pussy Tom's right eye out. "I wonder what alls poor Tom's ere," said his mother; but she nev-

house to arrest Adney for cruelty to "But I don't understand," said his "He doesn't carry around

home trees and buthes to the ground and leaves them half killed to perdah in the streets alone."

Then Mrs. Morrow to keep her boy from going to jail, had to pay a heavy fine and costs-but, my; didn't the boy's papa settle with him when he heard of it!

Adney doesn't use any more slingshots.-Philadelphia Record.

CHINESE PIGEON-WHISTLES. A traveler in eastern lands tells us the following little story of the Chinese and their most unique pigeon whistles, a story well worth re

peating here:

"One of the most curious expressions of emotional life in China is the application of whistles to a flock of pigeons. These whistles, very light weighing hardly a few grams, are attached to the tail; of young pigeons soon after their birth, by means of a fine copper wire, so that when the birds fly the wind will blow through the whistles and set them vibrating, thus producing an open-air concert, for the instruments in one and the same flock are all tuned differently. On a serene day in Pekin, where these instruments are manufactured with great cleverness and ingenuity, it is possible to enjoy this aerial music while sitting

"There are two distinct types of whistles-those consisting of bamboo tubes placed side by side, and a type based on the principle of tubes at tached to a gourd body or wind chest. They are lacquered in yellow, brown, red and black to protect the material from destructive influences of the atmosphere. The tube whistles have either two, three or five tubes. In some specimens the five tubes are made of ox born instead of bamboo. The gourd whistles are furnished with a mouthpiece an small apertures to the number of two, three, six, ten and even thirteen. Certain among them have, besides, a number of bamboo tubes, some on the principal mouthpiece, some arranged around it. These varieties are distinguished by different names. Thus, a whistle with one mouthpiece and ten tubes is called . The eleveneyed one," - Washington Star.

HER COPY.

A little girl went to school with carnesiness in her heart and eager ness in her face, but when she saw the copy in her writing book, with every line so perfect, she cried, "I can never write like that. Goodness, what shall I do"

"Try." said the teacher, smiling of Lacy (that was the new little girl's name) looked steadily at the grace-

ful lines of the motto before her. "If at first you don't succeed, try try again," and gritting her teeth, she said half aloud, I will try." Half the page was finished, and

Lucy trembled as the teacher came up the siste to examine the copybooks. Her letters were crooked, and tears of shame came to her eyes as the girl in the neat next to her whispered, "Oh, what scraggy things your letters are!" But when teacher came and looked she smiled. "I see you are trying, my little girl," she said, "and that is enough for me. Lucy took courage. Again and

again she studied the beautiful copy She wanted to know how every line went and how every letter was rounded. Then she took her pen and began again. Oh! what slow work it was! Her letters insisted on going all awry, just like Peter Wright's nose in the "Mother Goose" rhyme Lucy knew, Again teacher came un the aisle, Lucy sighed, "I'm afraid to show you my work; It is awful; but I've tried hard."

"I do not find fault with ron. said teacher, "because you aim high and have the heart to try. By thus trying you will improve a little each day, and by and by our work will be

And thus encouraged, she took up her cop and applied herself with greater spirit than before

Now this little girl is a teacher of permanship at a private school, and her motto is still, "Try, try again!" -New Haren Register.

FAST RUNNERS

A running game played by any odd arranged in a column by pairs, all facing the same way. The odd player stands at the head of the line, alone At a signal from him the two at the foot divide and run on the outside of the lines past the head, after which they take any direction, the object being to get back to their places and join hands before the one at the head can catch either of them If either is caught, that one must take the place at the head of the column and the previous head becomes the partner of the one who has escaped, standing together next the

If the running couple foin hands before either is caught they take their places next the head, and the unsuccessful catcher is again at the head. At the signal the couple now at the foot begin to run in like manner, and so on till the players are tired. Neither of the runners con be touched till he has passed the head of the column

In Belgium this game is called "Bride and Bridegroom," and "Brautlauf" (the Bride Chase). These names seem to indicate that the play is derived from the old custom of requiring the bridegroom to carry off the bride by force -or pretend to do so .- Philadelphia

The Most Noble Dairyman. Lord Ripon is the only peer who controls a dairy as a public business, dog, the first thing he did was to and his carts and shops at Ripon and Bradford bear the sign "The Most Noble the Marquis of Ripon," Kin ling has described him as the weakest of all the Indian Viceroys, but One day an officer came to the most people are of opinion that he was one of the most successful.-London Daily News.

Kerosene oil was first used in the firearms of any kind. His father United States for illuminating won't even let him have an air rifle." | 1826.

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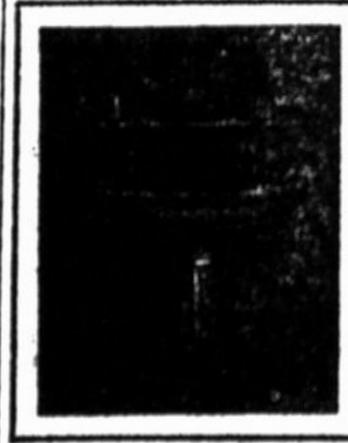
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