

Race for a Wife

HAWLEY SMART

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"But you have not told me yet whether you enjoyed your ball."

"Yes, that I did; I got lots of dancing and I do like that, you know. But how about yourself, Gen? I don't think you quite did your duty."

"Very fairly, I fancy. We can't be expected to consummate the amount of dancing that you are doing in a few days. I've a sort of presentiment that I like to see my pretty cousin appreciated as she should be, and taking her legitimate position in the county."

"And what's that, pray?"

"Why, as the belle of all Hampshire, of course, I wish, though, you hadn't danced with that fellow Pearson last night. I've a sort of presentiment that I'll come of it."

"You stupid Greenville; what can come of it? I am not likely to see him again for months—perhaps never. At the worst, recognition of his existence on meeting is all that quadrille entails."

"Well, I suppose you are right, Maude; but it is time I was off. Good-by. And Greenville's pulse tingled a little, as his lips touched the fair cheek so quietly yielded to him. "Kind regards to my uncle and aunt; and drop me a line now and then."

"Don't be afraid of that," laughed Miss Denison; "don't I always write to you when I want anything?—and am I not always waiting something? I think the past night testifies in my favor. Good-by; don't be long before you come and see us again."

Greenville rose pondered moodily over his visit, as he drove to the station. He had not quite mastered the fact that he was in love with his cousin, but he had arrived at some close apprehensions on the subject. He felt that he would have been a good deal better satisfied had his cousin's visit been much less easily accorded.

to her own little sanctum, with its piano, books, and budding camellias; Mrs. Denison goes off for a conference with the old housekeeper; while the squire betakes himself to his study, to struggle with figures and hold glibly converse with Thompson, his farm bullfinch. The mother and daughter do not feel much mental perturbation about the difficulties that threaten them. For the last five years they have shared Mr. Denison's life in the same melancholy strain? Constant jerebonds lose their effect; they thought little of the growling of the storm. But Harold Denison, as he sat puzzling his head in his room over that complication of figures, knew that things had pretty well reached their climax, and that it would be hard to predicate even how many months he should still remain Denison of Glim.

CHAPTER III.

In the very modern but extremely comfortable dining room of Mannerly, the Pearmans, father and son, are sitting. The old man has turned seventy, and can hardly be said to look as if his money-grubbing career had agreed with him. He is shrunk and worn, with a stoop in his shoulders. Altogether, he wears the aspect of a man whose constitution is beginning to break up. Wealth is not amassed without much wear and tear of mind and constitution, and your great turf speculators seldom attain a patriarchal age. He draws his chair closer to the blazing grate.

"I think I've got a bit of a cold, Sam," he remarked. "Better me than Corlander, though, isn't it?"

"Well, father, I am sorry for you; but I don't suppose it will be much harm in your case."

"How did he go this morning?"

"Well, I wasn't there; but Stephen tells me he did a good steady gallop. If he keeps right, he'll about win the 'Two Thousand.'"

"Yes," chuckled the old man, "I've been racing now getting on fifty years, and I don't think I ever saw my way into a much better thing than this looks like. We've got on, too, at a very pretty price, take it all around. It will be a lousy Monday for some of them."

"I hope so; but there's one or two things I want to talk to you about. There's young Sherrington; he's a crack-brained young fool, and I've got him down in my book to the tune of a hour of (twice) hundred if Corander wins. Now, you have done business with him—is he good for that amount?"

"Yes, Sam, yes. We'll get that from him in time; but I doubt there'll be a bit of waiting for it. Don't take long odds from him again. What else?"

"Well, Flashington stands to lose a thousand to us. He doesn't bear the character of a very good pay."

"He's the biggest thief in England; but he'll pay me, though he don't every body."

"And why you, in particular?" inquired his son.

"Because he made a mistake about his name in early life, Sam; and he is quite aware that I know it, and could rake up evidence enough against him, if he irritated me, to make things, to say the least of it, very unpleasant, as far as he is concerned."

"Good! Then, with a little pressure, that'll be good money, if it's worth anything," nodded the father, as something else just listen to this, I've pretty well come to the conclusion that I had better get married."

"I don't see any reason you should not; on the contrary, I should like to see it. Not going to make a fool of yourself, I suppose?"—and the old man looked keenly at his son.

"Tell you more about it when it comes off, but certainly not, I think, in the design. We've made a good bit of money between us. I'm not going to say it isn't most of it yours; still, since I have been having a share in the concern, I've put some together myself. Now, what I want in marriage is connection, more than money."

"Yes—yes, I think you are right; but there will be difficulties—difficulties, I fear."

"Of course there will, to a certain extent; there always is about getting anything worth having in this world; but money is a key to most things nowadays. Tattling coronets must be propped by useful alliances. The parson or doctor marries the rich tailor or chandler's widow. Marriage is a social contract in these times. A hundred thousand pounds from Manchester stands out for strawberry leaves in the carpet, while a fifth of the money from Birmingham is quite content to put up with an Honorable. Well, to return to what I was saying, you agree with me that I must look out more for connection than money, don't you?"

"Yes, I think that's best; but it would do no harm if you could see your way into a trifle of property besides."

"Exactly. I was at the Xminster ball last night, and the prettiest girl in the room was the daughter of old Denison of Glim. I got introduced to her; danced with her, and did quite as well as anyone could expect to do in a first dance—just made her acquaintance, in fact. Now that the lady I've nacked down as my intended."

"Yes," said the old man musingly, "that might do if we could bring it about; but he's a poor man, the father—very."

"Well, it comes to that presently. Just listen while I reckon up the advantages. First of all, I have taken a fancy to the girl. She's a real beauty, every inch of her. In the next place, she's an only child. Consequently, it's only fair to suppose that Glim and what's left with it will eventually fall to her. We have got most of the old property now; and that would insure the whole thing being in our hands at last."

"You're Sam, you're it. It is not likely I'd last to see it. Harold Denison is full twenty years younger than I am, and his wife is younger again; they'll see me out, boy."

"Well, father, it's no use denying it should be so. Still, in days to come, I may be Pearson of Glim; and with a wife of her own class, it would be hard if I didn't take my place in the county."

"Yes, you should manage it, though I have failed; but you've had advantages I hadn't, Sam. You've a pull, you see, in education; I hadn't much. The art of making money I taught myself, and it didn't leave time for learning a deal of anything else. You start with a tidy lot of money, and I think I have shown you

enough to leave you not making such a bad thing of it."

"No, I don't think I shall hurt. I can take care of myself pretty well at most games on the board. I never dabble in anything I don't understand. Don't you make yourself uneasy about me, my dear. Now, Denison is a poor man, is he not?"

"Yes; he has well on to three thousand a year nominal rental left still; but there's more than one mortgage on the property, let alone other charges."

"Haven't you some money on the property yourself?"

"Ten thousand, Sam, and I'm first mortgagee; but I know there's a second mortgage of the same amount, and there may be more for all I know."

"Well, these, you see, are all points in my favor. We could make this first mortgage quite easy for him, at all events."

"It's a deal of money—ten thousand pounds; but of course it would be different if the whole property looked like coming to you at last."

"Well, then, we must take that second mortgage also into our own hands, and let it stand at very easy interest. It will be only virtually allowing Denison so much a year during his lifetime, and in the long run will fall principally upon me."

"Yes; but I don't follow the meaning of all this, Sam."

"That's just what I am about to explain to you. My chance of meeting Miss Denison are so extremely few, that it is quite impossible I can arrive at asking for her hand in that way. My only chance is your proposing it to her father, and asking him to accord me permission to try if I can win his daughter's hand. Mind, that is the way you must put it; but don't forget that you will have to bring your pecuniary hold over him into play also—only, do it gently."

"You may trust me; I have pulled the strings in so many ways in my time, that I've learnt to be pretty cute about doing it with a delicate touch. It'll help you all I can when I've made my mind quite up about it."

(To be continued.)

"SKULLCAP'S" USE IN BABIES.

This Herb is Said to Have Effectuated Cures in a Century Ago.

In view of the public interest in hydrophobia, certain physicians have suggested that the attention of research laboratories be called to an herb used about a century ago in the treatment of this disease, says the New York Post.

The herb is the scutellaria lateriflora whose common name is skullcap or mad dog herb.

In 1812, Dr. James Thayer, a Massachusetts physician, issued a book entitled: "Observations on Hydrophobia, produced by the bite of a mad dog or other rabid animal, with an examination of the various theories and methods of cure existing at the present day, and an inquiry into the merit of Specific Remedies. Also a Method of Treatment best adapted to the Brute Creation."

The book mentions many hydrophobia nostrum cures, such as "the liver of the mad dog broiled," "Cray fish burnt with twigs of bryony," the "East India Remedy," "Mr. George Cobb's Powder," the "Fulvic Antilyssus" of Dr. Mead, the renowned "Danekirk Medicine," and others that passed into disrepute.

Among them was "Crows' Remedy," a nostrum so celebrated as to have induced the New York Legislature, 1808, to purchase the formula, for which it paid \$1,000; "Weld's Medicine"; and the "Snake Stone," now known as the "Mad Stone."

Having the record of many cases in which scutellaria was used with apparent success, Dr. Thayer concluded that the drug should be exhaustively tested, and for several years afterward it received much attention from the medical profession. According to the treatise issued recently by the Lloyd brothers of Cincinnati, Dr. Lyman Spalding read a paper in September, 1819, before the New York Historical Society, in which he gave Dr. Van Derveer, a New Jersey physician, credit for being "the first person, so far as we have been able to learn, who used scutellaria as a preventive of hydrophobia from the bite of rabid animals."

It is said that Dr. Van Derveer treated more than 400 persons, losing only two cases, and says Dr. Spalding: "Dr. Van Derveer made more than 100 experiments on the antitropical powers of the skullcap, in each of which the remedy was given to a part of the bitten animals, none of which were afflicted with hydrophobia; but in every instance some of the animals which did not take the skullcap died rabid."

Dr. Spalding summed up his testimony by saying that the scutellaria had been used by more than 80 persons, bitten by animals believed to be rabid, and in only three instances did symptoms supposed to be hydrophobia supervene: "In two of them the symptoms disappeared on taking more of the medicine."

How to Grow Peanuts.

Peanuts only thrive in a warm climate. The plant requires a limey, sandy loam, and yields from two bushels of pods planted an acre to as much as 40 or 50 bushels of pods and tons of straw. The seed is planted about one inch deep in rows from 28 to 36 inches apart, and from 12 to 16 inches in the row.

Flattery.

Wedderly—"My dear, you have improved wonderfully in your music since we were married."

Mrs. Wedderly—"Why, John, how can you say that when I no longer play or sing?"

Wedderly—"That's where the improvement comes in."

Embarrased.

"Ah, my man," said the good old parson, "you should always be 'looking up.'"

"Not me, parson," responded the farmer with much emphasis. "Not with all these here chaps in strawshaps and bairlons throwing over sand and cigar stubs."

Flaunting.

"The trouble with this tooth," said the dentist, probing it with a long slender instrument, "is that the nerve is dying."

"It seems to me, doctor," groaned the victim, "you ought to treat the dying with a little more respect."

About once in 2,000,000 times the cy-



MRS. ANDREW CARNEGIE

close toward makes a good bet, and then his name is numbered with the survivors. But it costs him a lot of good sleep.

Quite the Contrary.

The Sympathetic Friend.—It must be very hard to lose money at the race.

Smith (a plunger)—Hard! Hang it, old chap, it's the easiest thing in the world—London Opinion.

A man is only deceiving himself when he thinks he is deceiving his wife.

COAL, STONE, BLACK DIRT, TORPEDO GRAVEL, BRICK, SAND, MOVING T. E. BROOKS DOWNERS GROVE, ILLINOIS

Farmers and Merchants Bank DOWNERS GROVE, ILLINOIS

Nature's Remedy NR-TABLETS-NR CURES CONSTIPATION, DYSPEPSIA, RHEUMATISM. Better Than Pills For Liver Ills. Get a 25c. Box Sold Everywhere. A.H. LEWIS MEDICINE CO., ST. LOUIS, U.S.A.

The Beauty of the Stover Engine is that it is so simple a child can run it. It is heavy and strong and has no little "tricks" that trigger to get out of order. You can always depend on it. It's a money well invested. Costs no more than the other bothersome kind. A free book of instructions with each engine and a year's gilt edge guarantee. Write for prices and terms. Stover Engine Works 25 River St., FREEPORT, ILL.

J. E. CONRATH Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron Work

PORTLAND, MAINE, CHILD Ill, Weak and Emaciated, Restored to Health by Vinol

HOT WATER HEATERS 10 Gallons of Hot Water for 1 Cent Western United Gas and Electric Co.

M. E. STANDER Headquarters for School Supplies and Books, Cigars, Candles, Stationery, Cold Drinks and Fresh Fruits.

LEW. F. EDWARDS Decorator 106 FOOTE STREET

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE PATENTS TRADE MARKS Scientific American.

C. V. WOLF CUT FLOWERS For Weddings, Parties and Funerals. POTTED HOUSE PLANTS

NARMORE AND FOSTER Real Estate and Insurance 24 S. Main St., Downers Grove

THE WORLD'S GREATEST SEWING MACHINE LIGHT RUNNING NEWHOME