

Rate for a Wife

HAWLEY SMART

CHAPTER XVII.

Mrs. Denison's eyes flashed, and her lips quivered. She faced her husband...

me if I've made a mistake. I'll telegraph as soon as I have had counsel's opinion on my friend here; and he tapped his traveling bag, in which reposed the anxious thought for the day...

CHAPTER XVIII.

It is Monday afternoon. The usual crowd of refuse humanity clusters round the door of the great turf exchange...

The sulky insolence was taken well out of the unhappy housekeeper before Rose's speech was finished. Like most people of her class, she had but very vague ideas of the power of the law...

"Oh! Mr. Grenville, after knowing me all this time, whoever'd have thought you'd go against me in this way? Oh, dear! oh, dear! what shall I do?"

"Do what you ought to have done at once. Tell Miss Maude this instant where those papers are. None of your nonsense about not remembering. You know perfectly well what you've done with them. I'll give you ten minutes to collect your ideas, and if you can't do it by the end of that time, I'll lock you in here and send for the police."

"Oh, please don't! I don't know, right. I think, Miss, they were all put up in an old trunk in the parrot overhead," sobbed the now thoroughly cowed housekeeper.

"Go and see, Maude," said Rose, quietly. Miss Denison tripped out of the room, leaving Grenville to the quiet contemplation of his victim.

"Oh, my!—oh, my!" sobbed the housekeeper, "to think of those old rubbishing things being of any consequence! And what right have you, sir, to say I took them? To think of my being accused of taking things, after all these years! That I suppose a poor servant's character is to be taken away for nothing! I'll have the law of you, I will."

"You're right, Mrs. Upcroft; you will, and very much to your detriment, too. If the paper I want is not forthcoming, you're not talking to a woman now."

The housekeeper had called a little, but this last speech of Rose's completely crushed her. She knew she had carried on a system of sale of rubbish for years, and she dropped down on her knees and implored that mercy might be shown her, backing her entreaties with many sobs and tears.

"Here they all are, Gren," said Maude, entering the room. "I tumbled them into this towel; I couldn't carry them in my hands. Good gracious, Mrs. Upcroft, do get up. What is the matter?"

"Stay where you are, and apologize to Miss Denison for your impertinence; he fires you, Grenville, and I'll be lenient about the second charge I have against you."

"Quick, woman, and I'll be lenient about the second charge I have against you. 'Oh, please forgive me, Miss Maude! I didn't mean it!—indeed I didn't!' whimpered the crestfallen housekeeper."

"There, that'll do," said Rose, contemptuously, while Maude stood in open-mouthed wonderment at the complete submission of her ancient foe. "Carry the papers, as after running his eye over some half a dozen mouldy papers, a morsel of parchment that usual came beneath his feet. 'This will do. You can go, Mrs. Upcroft, without a police escort for the present; but you had better bear in mind, in future, that if you are insolent to Miss Denison you will settle with me, and that next time I promise you it shall be a settlement in full, the discomfort of a low carriage, the anger raging in her veins, but mixed with a strong expression of fear. Her malevolence toward her no bounds if she should see her opportunity; but for the present Grenville Rose had established a wholesome terrorism."

"Let her go, my darling," said Grenville, as he stole his arm round Maude's waist. "This is the deed I wanted. I mean leave for town directly after breakfast. Armed with this, I think I can safely say Fearman shall trouble you no more. What guardian is your champion to have when he has rescued you from the dragon?"

"Nothing, I'm afraid." "No, indeed? What do you mean?" "What do I mean, Gren?" replied the old man, as he lifted her smiling face to his. "I have given my champion all I've got to give already, and if that don't satisfy him, I can only say that Miss Denison's further views on the subject were never promulgated, for reasons that are palpably obvious; nor will an ordinary observer be much astonished to hear that the housekeeper at the breakfast-table is not the same as the one who was at the breakfast-table at the breakfast-table."

"Grenville had a hurried look as he quitted the room, and he remembered that he had had some business to attend to. He had not time to say more than 'Good-bye' to his wife, and he was gone. He had not time to say more than 'Good-bye' to his wife, and he was gone. He had not time to say more than 'Good-bye' to his wife, and he was gone."

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ever done before in the whole of his brief experience.

Could Sam Pezman have been present at a conference held in Silky Dallison's rooms, between that astute gentleman and Grenville Rose, though he would have been still a long way from enlightened on the subject, yet he would have learned a good deal. It was the Friday night before that eventful Monday. Grenville had returned from Glin the day previous. A mouldy old parchment lay on the table between them; it had apparently been consulted and thrown aside.

"Rumford says the deed is perfectly good, and Mr. Denison is quite certain there has been no entrenchment. That's the case, Gren, isn't it?" Rose nodded, and Mr. Dallison for a few minutes puffed meditatively at his cigar.

"Well," he continued, "the law part I leave to you. I presume that is all right. Rumford's opinion is quite good enough to go on, and old Denison, you say, was frantically mad. Odd that he should not have been; but no doubt Pezman's defect was quite unaware of the existence of our friend here;" and Dallison jerked his head in the direction of the parchment. "He wasn't the man to leave such a blot in his game if he knew it. Though for the matter of that it was no blot so long as he lived. Now, look here. I must trust to you for the legal working of this affair; the racing part I can manage. We've got Sam Pezman in a regular hole, and, better still, he doesn't know it. I can make probably a good bit of money out of this, both for you and myself, without any risk whatever; but ulterior events must decide that. Mr. Denison, at all events, must make a good bit; but without hurting his interests, in fact rather furthering them, you and I might pick up some five thousand pounds apiece. Do you understand?"

"Not in the least," replied Grenville. "Well, there's not much necessity you should leave that to me; but you must work the legal machinery as I direct. Can you put it in motion by Wednesday or Thursday?"

"That's my Thursday, certain," rejoined Rose. "Very good, that will do; but don't let's have any mistakes about it. 'All right,' nodded the other. 'I'll guarantee that, and go down myself.' 'Good. You told me the other day you were playing for, to start with, and as you are in real earnest about winning a wife, I think one may trust you. I shall commence operations at once. I'll see Piyart the bookmaker to-morrow, and put the first part of the program in his hands. We're going, you and I, to lay about a couple of thousand each against Coriander; and I'm going to give him five hundred to do as much as he likes for himself."

"(To be continued.)"

IS OUR CLIMATE CHANGING?

Records show the similarity of seasons—Planetary Changes Slow.

It is remarkable how memory exaggerates the events of our youth. For this reason elderly people have always insisted and probably always will insist that the winters now are weak and colorless compared to those of fifty years ago, when the snow fell on Thanksgiving day and lasted till the first of March and "the ponds were solid ice to the bottom" and the sound was frozen from shore to shore. As there are no records to prove their assertions, they are positive of their facts, and resort for support to a slipshod belief that the present is rather a commonplace period compared with past centuries, present younger people from contradicting them.

As far back as accurate records have been kept the climate of the northern hemisphere has not changed, the Hartford (Conn.) Times says. From 1872 to 1907 the mean average winter temperature of the city of New York has ranged from 30.7 degrees in 1880 to 23.4 in 1904. There have been cold winters and comparatively warm winters, but the average of the first three years of the period is precisely the same as that of the last three—31 degrees. The cold winters are sprinkled in at random, and do not become more numerous or severe as time goes on. They are evidently due to local and temporary causes, probably to the direction and force of the winds or the shifting of the currents of the ocean, which last, indeed, are affected by the winds. For twenty-four years, from 1854 to 1878, the mean winter temperature of eight of our principal cities was almost exactly the same as that of the next twenty-four years. The later period gives an average only .015 of a degree higher, a gain too small to be beyond the possibility of error. It would seem, then, that our winters are not growing colder.

This is what might be expected from the fact that the northern hemisphere receives the same amount of heat from the sun every year, because its average distance is the same. If the sun is cooling down the rate is so slow that many thousand years must pass before the loss of heat from the great life-giving source is perceptible. As a rule the great changes in the physical universe are very deliberate, and, like the tides, move first in one direction and then back. We know that the arctic regions once enjoyed a temperate climate, and that Connecticut was once covered with a ice-sheet like Greenland. Astronomers and geologists are divided as to how many millions of years ago these climatic changes took place. The orbit of the earth is elliptical, so that we are now some three million miles nearer the sun in winter than we are in summer. The precession of the equinoxes will bring it about in time that the earth is farther from the sun in winter than in summer. As our planet moves faster the nearer it is to the sun, the result will be short, hot summers and long, cold winters. The amount of heat received by the earth in a year will be the same, but the effect will be very different, for there will not be time enough to melt the winter ice, which will slowly gain until we have another glacial age in the northern hemisphere. At the same time the antarctic continent will be freed from its ice cap by the long summer, and become the seat of civilization. Our climate will change in a million or so years, but at present is fairly stable on the average.

About once a year the Queen of Siam wears a state robe which is considered the most magnificent garment in the world. It is made of the finest silk and is valued at \$100,000. It is made of the finest silk and is valued at \$100,000. It is made of the finest silk and is valued at \$100,000.

Japan's birthplace record for fifty years is 37,000. Italy had a few more.

How Rice is Grown and Marketed

Considered from the standpoint of general use as a food and its almost exclusive use by the people of many parts of the Orient, rice is indeed the staff of life. It is also consumed in great quantities in the countries of Northern and Eastern Africa, the West Indies, Central America and the Malay Archipelago, while the people of all other tropical and semi-tropical countries class it among their food necessities. In many sections of India and China, as well as in Japan and other parts of Asia, where the merits of rice as a food have long been established, the people are so dependent upon it that the failure of a single year's crop means great suffering to millions and starvation to many. As an example it may be mentioned that some years ago when the rice crop failed in the district of India called Behar, fifteen million native Indians were in want of food and the British government spent upward of thirty-two million dollars in relieving them.

Rice was probably an article of diet in Asia in pre-historic times. It is known that the Chinese have used it for nearly fifteen centuries and in India, also, its use antedates authentic history. It was brought to Europe in the fifteenth century, having been taken to Italy and Spain from North Africa, where it had been planted by the Mohammedans in their migration from Asia Minor.

In 1647—or the following year—Governor Berkeley of Virginia planted some rice that he had received from England, but the experiment was not a success, and it was not until 1694 that rice growing was established in this country. In that year the governor of South Carolina planted some rice given to him by the captain of a trading vessel which had put into Charleston on a cruise from Madagascar. The seed thrived, and in a decade rice planting on the lowlands of the coast became one of the chief industries of South Carolina. From this state the cultivation was extended to North Carolina and Georgia, and later to Florida, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana. The French people who settled around New Orleans and in Southwestern Louisiana cultivated rice in a primitive way in the latter half of the eighteenth century, but the methods of growing were so crude that the industry did not become commercial until after the war between the north and the south.

The conditions resulting from the civil war gave considerable stimulus to the planting of rice as a staple crop in Louisiana along the Mississippi river, and impoverished planters, who had previously relied upon other crops requiring great outlay of capital, began to grow rice as a means of quick financial relief. For a few years the production was small, but it gradually increased. In the decade following 1870 the annual average reached only seventy-one million pounds, a part of which was produced in the now famous rice belt of Southwestern Louisiana. The total production of rice in the United States was, in 1907, no less than 520,000,000 pounds. In addition we imported about 10,000,000 pounds.

The milling of rice consists of reducing the rough rice, or "paddy," as it is sometimes called, to an edible state by the removal of the outer shell, which is commercially referred to as the "hull," and the inner cuticle, the "bran," and by a finishing process that removes the "polish" from the kernel, giving it a pearly luster that it may satisfy trade requirements. The finishing brushes remove the most nutritious part of the grain—the flour, or polish—and leave only the hard endosperm, or kernel. The polished rice is graded according to the perfection of the grains, which depends upon the variety of the rice, the care used in the harvesting and the efficiency in milling.

Rice is usually supposed to be deficient in muscle-making qualities, and yet the Japanese, whose chief and almost only food is rice, are noted for their physical strength, and in the advance of the allied armies of Peking (China) they left the soldiers of all other nations in the rear. The Japanese—and all other rice-eating nations—do not "polish" the grain, except for export. As has already been mentioned, the powder, which is removed by "polishing," is the most nutritious part of the grain; it is albuminous, while the white kernel is carbohydrate. Further, the latter portion of this valuable cereal has little taste as compared with the "unpolished" grain, and the only reason why we refuse to use rice as the Japanese use it is that we have become accustomed to the grains being white, and insist upon their having a "pearly" appearance, whereas "unpolished" rice has a brownish tinge.—Lawrence Lowell, in Michigan Tradesman.

CAR SICKNESS.

How It Differs From Seasickness—Travelling With Eyes Closed. Car sickness is a very disagreeable affection, something akin to seasickness and yet differing from it in several particulars. In seasickness it is rare to find the very old or the very young affected. If children are seasick they are very quickly over it, and running about at play as usual, but a baby will sometimes suffer from car sickness in its baby carriage, and the very old are not immune.

The symptoms of the two disorders are very much alike. They consist of pallor, quick pulse, dizziness, giddiness, nausea and vomiting. Women are more subject to car sickness than men, and this is equally true of seasickness, and one strange feature of car sickness is that it is frequently cured by a dose of the same medicine that has been used to cure seasickness. It is in fact a form of seasickness, though the

women of a family from generation to generation.

If an individual is immune all through childhood and early life but develops car sickness as an adult the fault will probably be found to rest with the eyes and the way to avoid it is to travel with the eyes closed, or better still, to start with properly fitted glasses. It is easy to understand why this should be so. When the eyes need glasses the whole nervous equilibrium of the body suffers, even under the best conditions, and when to this struggle is added the vibration of the cars and the temptation to watch passing scenery through the windows the struggle turns into active revolt of the whole system against imposition.

The proof that car sickness and seasickness are not quite the same thing is found in the fact that a person may be a good sailor and yet suffer dreadfully with car sickness, and vice versa, while its occurrence in babies would go to show that the sense impressions, that is to say, the impressions gained by the ear, the eye or the nose, are not at the root of this disorder, because in very tiny babies the sense impressions are undeveloped or at the best very feebly developed.

As a further proof of this car sickness often comes on during sleep, and when this occurs the eyes of course are not the cause in that particular case.

The symptoms of car sickness may be of a most appalling violence, the state of collapse being so extreme that death is often feared. It is comforting to know that this fear is unfounded and that although people may be dreadfully ill they rarely if ever succumb.—Youth's Companion.

A MALIGNED DOMICILE.

Devise of New England Spinster to Escape Paying Rent.

A lawyer in a Connecticut city had charge of settling the estate of an aged woman. It included the house in which she and her spinster sister had lived. As the place was to be disposed of at private sale, instead of at auction, the sister was allowed to live in it, rent free, on condition that she show possible purchasers over it. Advertisements in the newspapers brought a number of persons to the lawyer who wanted to inquire about the house, and they were sent to look at it. Not one of them, however, came back to open actual negotiations. This seemed strange, as the property was in every way desirable. Finally, after two or three months, the lawyer made up his mind that something was wrong, so he sent his stenographer, whom the aged woman did not know, to the house on the pretence of wanting to buy it.

"It's a lovely old place," said the caretaker to her visitor. "Some folks say the cellar is damp and malarial, but I don't take any stock in that. I know I have rheumatism pretty bad sometimes, but I might have had it anywhere else just the same. They may tell you, too, that the water is contaminated, because some people who used to live here had typhoid fever and a young girl died of it. But that doesn't prove they got the disease from the well. Me and my sister drank the water for years and never had typhoid fever nor nothing like it."

She led the way upstairs and opened a dark, musty room, but was careful not to cross the threshold.

"The house was too big for us two," she went on, "so my sister used to let rooms sometimes. One of the lodgers died in here from smallpox. He was some kind of a Russian. I haven't ever had occasion to go in there since, but I wouldn't be afraid if there was any need. It was fumigated all right and the mattress was burned. If any of the germs were left, I guess they're all dead by now. A scrubbing brush, a broom and some sunlight would make everything cheerful again."

"This is the room they say is haunted," the spinster continued, when she opened the next door. "A woman went crazy and cut her child's throat here years and years ago. They used to say that soap and chemicals wouldn't clean the bloodstain in the floor, and when a carpenter had planned away a quarter of an inch the spot was still there."

When this conversation was repeated to the lawyer he saw the situation at once. The old woman retained only a small legacy from the estate. If the house was sold she would have to move elsewhere and pay rent so she had exaggerated or imagined her ghoulish yarns. She was promptly ousted, and a purchaser for the place was soon found.—New York Tribune.

Bismarck and Cavare.

If few people like cavare, those who like it at all like it very much indeed. Bismarck was probably its most famous devotee. One gathers from Busch that the iron Chancellor was prepared to talk cavare to any extent if the subject came up, treating of its varieties and merits with minute knowledge. And twice it comes out that one of his principal grievances against "fat Bork, the holder of the King's private purse," was concerning cavare. Bismarck had sent forty pounds of a choice variety to King William as a present, and was astonished to get no present, nor even a "Thank you" in return. But some friend, dropping in to Bork's room, saw a barrel in cavare there with a spoon standing in it, and told Bismarck. The Chancellor could not forget or forgive Bork's interception of his gift to the King.

Dog Ghosts.

The phantom dog spectre was one of the hardest of old English superstitions. Almost every county had its black dog which haunted its lonely spots and was the dread of every native. Most of them were regarded as devils, but some were held to be the spirits of human beings, transformed thus as a punishment. Lady Howard, a Devon notable of the days of James I. for instance, was said to be compelled to hunt Okehampton in the form of a dog as a punishment for her cruelty to her daughter.—London Chronicle.

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