

Race for a Wife

HAWLEY SMART

CHAPTER XVIII. (Continued)

"Well, you're certainly not a fool, Rose; there must be no ultimate chance of my being two thousand pounds, mind."

CHAPTER XIX.

The early train on Thursday morning saw Grenville Rose, accompanied by Mr. Nightjar, junior partner of the firm of Hawk, Sparrowhill and Co., on his way to Slantover, the nearest railway station to Mannersley, from which it was distant about four miles.

THE GOLD INDUSTRY.

An Illustration Which Gives Some Idea of Its Immensity in America. An eagle, a \$10 gold piece, is just about one inch in diameter. Imagine a glittering yellow ribbon of 10 gold pieces, lying edge to edge, beginning at San Francisco and extending eastward through the Sacramento Valley of California, across the lofty Sierra Nevada mountains, spanning the Great American Desert in Nevada and Utah, over the prairies of Wyoming and Nebraska, across the green fields of Iowa and Illinois, over Indiana and Ohio and Massachusetts, half way to the British Isles—

Imagine this continuous string of golden eagles edge to edge, without break or interruption, over this vast stretch of land and sea—a distance which consumes at least eight days in the swift express train and ocean steamers—and you will be able to form some conception of the amount of gold that has been produced in the United States.

It requires some such illustration as this to grasp the immensity of the gold industry, to form some definite idea of the importance and magnitude of the gold production of the North American continent.

The profits from the gold industry are magnificent. They are greater than in any other department of commercial activity. The figures of the world's production are enormous. In 1907 the output of the gold mines of the earth amounted to nearly \$500,000,000. Of this vast sum about one-half, or more than \$200,000,000, was net profit. No other industry can make such a showing as this. This gold was found in America, in Mexico, in South Africa, in Australia and elsewhere.

This huge sum of profits, more than \$200,000,000, was distributed to scores of thousands of people.

One reads of the life of the ancient artisan, working with a religious devotion to his art, fashioning the minute parts of the whole with a tender and loving hand, in the same consecrated spirit with which a poet might shape his verses or an artist paint his pictures.

Without knowing or having seen this ancient artisan, one falls to wondering whether the factory hands that one sees going and coming from the great mills of Osaka and Tokio can possibly have the joy in life and labor, the pride and satisfaction in their work, that was given to the maker of the sword of the samurai, working in the sanctuary of his smithy, beside a forge which was sacred to him and which could dream no more than himself of the steam monsters that were to take the place of human ingenuity, human skill and human artistry.

The age of handicraft in Japan has passed, or is, according to all authority, swiftly passing; the time of making things for the mere joy and love of creation is rapidly giving way before the sordid usurpation of the industrial era, the chief consideration of which must be quantity and the sole aim of which is profit.

Work and worker, unlike the smith and his sword, are completely discovered. The worker has no voice in the shaping of what the spindle he watches or the jig he turns has a far greater control over than has himself. Having no voice in his work he can have no pride in its product, and having no pride in it, he can derive no honor from that into which his strength, but never his personality nor his heart, has gone in the making.

One recalls to mind a similar situation in England when the handicrafts were crushed out by the machine, when the factory system made for our time its weighty problems of poverty, of its accompanying ills of the tenement and the slum, and wonders if it is not after all still to be seen in all nations must go through the cataclysm of the individual era and the horrible penalties it has everywhere exacted.

The era of the smith has gone—gone past recall—taking with it much that was beautiful, poetic, inspiring. The moose sober, dun and colorless age of the machine commands the children of the present. What will it give them by way of compensation for admirable, ennobling things it has taken away?—Chicago News.

JAPANESE SWORDS SOME SPECULATIONS CONCERNING THE SWORD-MAKER'S ART.

Examples of the ancient swords of the samurai may be seen in the Japanese collection of the Chicago Art Institute. There is said to be in all the world no more superb metal than that displayed in the chiseling of the guard and the adjuncts of the hilt, and no higher degree of technical skill than that used in combining the various metals to gain the desired effect of decoration.

The forging, by means of which a fabric of innumerable fine threads was united into an even tissue like in all its parts, was as fine an art in itself as the sword-making. And the welding, which consisted in hammering together several strips of steel to form a rectangular ingot six inches in length and two and a half inches in thickness, was the occupation of months.

After standing twenty minutes each stopper was removed without the slightest exertion. This is the neatest and safest way to remove stoppers from bromine bottles, and other corrosive chemicals.—Scientific American.

FOREIGN LETTER ENVELOPES. Made Now Lined With Thin Tissue Paper of Any Desired Color. "Nice sorts of envelopes they have nowadays for foreign correspondence," said a girl who writes letters abroad.

Such envelopes you will find and with lining of various colors in stock; envelopes lined with blue or with red or purple or tan or violet, but if you don't find among these just what you want they will show you a book of tissues with samples of fifty or more colors or shades from which you can select first just the color you do fancy or the color you call your own and then you have the envelopes made to order.—New York Sun.

American Horses. The development of types of light horses has been notable in the United States, but according to a bulletin recently issued by the Department of Agriculture with a single exception the draft horses have been foreign strains transplanted.

Of the light horses, the Narragansett pacer was a famous type in Colonial days. Later came the Morgan, the standard bred and the saddle horse. The specialization of these types has been a national business, and in spite of importations from abroad the native stock has developed and held its own.

Of draft horses, on the other hand, the only native type was the Connecticut, a breed that has now become completely extinct and has left no discernible traces on the native stock. For heavy work, therefore, Americans must depend upon the importation of Percherons, Clydesdales and Shires.

The national traits which have resulted in these conditions are evidently somewhat different from what has been supposed; for the speed mania is what has caused the light types to be developed and the heavy ones to be neglected. American breeders have sacrificed other qualities, which, in the opinion of the Department of Agriculture, are more important in order to lower track records by a second or two.

In the minds of most persons, Virginia, Kentucky and other parts of the South are most commonly associated with the pedigrees and development of the finest types of horses. To all who hold that opinion it will be instructive to trace, through the pages of the bulletin, number of great strains of racing, carriage and saddle blood which, although common, is really associated with the South, in reality go directly back to New England.

Handsome Is As Handsome Does. Augustus Thomas, the playwright, told in a recent speech of a hunting trip he had taken in the south. They were after 'ooons and 'possums, but the only trail the dogs struck was one which made them put their tails between their legs and turn for home.

suggested that it be called a Washington and that on the obverse instead of a head of Liberty there should be a head of Washington surrounded by thirteen stars, and on the other side a "handsome" eagle standing out as if it were not ashamed of itself and surrounded by as many stars as the number of States at the date of coinage. This Longacre double eagle was used until replaced by that of Saint-Gaudens.

While many experimental double eagles have been made at the mint in gold, copper and aluminum, so far as is known the recently discovered specimen is the only one that has ever been struck in silver.—New York Sun.

FREEZE TIGHT STOPPERS. It Causes Contraction From Neck of Bottle and Makes Removal Easy. Reagent bottles holding caustic alkalis, alkaline carbonates, etc., very frequently become fixed and the usual method has been to tap the stopper with a wooden block or the application of heat to the neck, or a combination of both. Results are poor in certain cases and often result in the fracture of the neck.

The inverse process may be used to advantage. In other words freeze the stopper, thus causing a contraction of the stopper from the neck. The bottles which I used for experiment had failed to open under the heating and tapping, and were bad cases of fixed stoppers. The bottles held sodium carbonate that had formed sodium silicate, an excellent cement, and so were firmly fixed. They were inverted in a mixture of crushed ice and calcium chloride, taking care that the freezing solution did not touch the lips of the bottles.

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For Boys and Girls

You have a little prisoner. He's nimble, sharp and clever. He's sure to get away from you, unless you watch him ever.

And when he once gets out, he makes more trouble in an hour than you can stop in many a day, working with all your power.

He sets your playmates by the ears. He says what isn't so. And uses many ugly words. Not good for you to know.

Quick, fasten tight the ivory gates. And chain him while he's young! For this same dangerous prisoner is just your little tongue!

THE CHILDREN'S CHICKENS. Dave and Miriam had been cossetting some tiny orphan chickens in a box behind the kitchen stove. One morning, after a frosty night, they found, to their great distress, that the chickens had died close to the water the children had given them to drink.

"They took a bath too late, when they only meant to drink, and then the frost stiffened them up," explained their father, who had just come in. "You see they missed their real mother. Those outside in the coop are right enough."

"Come and see them!" said Miriam. It comforted them to watch them running in and out, and listening to the mother hen's call.

"What's going on that second coop?" asked Dave next day. "That's for Pecky, father says, when she's hatched out. Plym will have company then."

"She's got plenty company now. I think, with nine babies to look after," was Dave's answer. In a day or two, Pecky came with her family. It soon got warm and sunny, and they were let out before noon.

"Come children, you must help me get the hens in," and their mother called them from the garden. Pecky got into Plym's coop, which she tried to do yesterday.

"I saw Pecky peck at Plym, with such a cross voice," said Dave. He drove Pecky out of the woodshed, (where the coops were,) and kept her out. Miriam watched, hidden by the wood, while poor Plym ventured in to eat the wheat mother had encouraged her with.

his right hand. Mister Man he take Br'er Bar's paw and he shake and he shake it. Mister Man he know if Br'er Bar do once grip hole of him dar won't be no room for hope in de heart.

So Mister Man he say again: "Br'er Bar ever time I is done eat you biffo' I've been hampered up in my hands wid a knife, or a gun. Now I am free-handed and I got a mind for you and me to part as brothers. Gimme your odder hand."

Br'er Bar know he got Mister Man right where he want him and he sticke dat Mister Man made him his chial and his brudder dat he put out his left hand and he stand and quake and quake.

Torectly Pompey came along. When Pompey Nigger see what a fix Mister Man got hisse' in he laff and he laff. Lak nigger do laff behime de white man's back. Pompey he laff, he roll over and laff and laff.

Mister Man he say: "Stop, Pompey. Stop dat foolishness, nigger. You kick up sech a fuss I don't want Br'er Bar tellin' me."

"Hi-yi!" says Pompey. "What Br'er tellin' you?" "He tellin' me whar is his chial and where he peen his fattest sum."

Pompey he stretch his eye wid mout water and he say, "I wis Br'er Bar tell me dat." He speak so wishful dat Mister Man say, "Well, den, Pompey, come here 'n' let you have de last word."

Did dat Pompey come up pullin' his forelock and grinnin', he so 'blegged to Mister Man for let him git de last word wid Br'er Bar.

Mister Man he reach over and put Br'er Bar's two paws in Pompey's hands and says, says he, "Pompey, hole tight. You all right long as you hole tight. But you is a gone nigger time you leggo!"

De nigger's hands been fall er de white man's work ever since.

ENTERTAINING A BRIDE. You can make the little afternoon entertainment for the bride and your mutual girl friends a very jolly affair without much trouble. All the frolics, as there will be only girls present, can suggest housekeeping tasks. For example, stretch a clothes line across the room and provide cloths, with a basket filled with garments. Each girl is blindfolded and must then take an article of clothing from the basket and endeavor to pin it just in the middle of the line, or at a point which the entertainer designates. All those who succeed in the given time draw for a prize. Give a doll's washtub or laundry basket filled with candy as a prize.

Then distribute as many stockings as you have guests. In each stocking a huge hole. Needles and darning cotton are produced, and ten minutes allowed in which each needlewoman must darn a hole. A sewing bag, pair of silk stockings or a pretty pair of garters would be attractive for this prize.

A contest seeing who could quickest peel three potatoes or three apples would also be in keeping. The peeling must be done with as little waste as possible. Contestants sit in a row, each girl armed with a kitchen knife. Not until the signal agreed on is given does each begin to peel her fruit or tuber. A cardboard apple or potato filled with sweets would make a simple, appropriate prize.

Or let two of the girls at a time fold tablecloths or wind yarn and give each of the pair whose work is adjudged best a souvenir suggestive of the frolic.—New York Press.

A REMARKABLE HORSE. George W. Chandler, of Andover, Mass., has a remarkable horse named Nell, used by him in the wood and coal business, and this is what the horse does. When in the morning she is hitched to her coal cart first, she walks nearly an eighth of a mile to a drinking fountain, without any direction or assistance, and takes all the water she cares for, then of her own accord she goes by another street to the railroad depot, crosses the tracks, passes up to the side track where the coal cars are, and backs up to the car from which her cart is loaded by the man in charge. All this is done without any assistance or direction whatever from any human being.

When in the morning she is harnessed to a carriage instead of the coal cart she takes precisely the same action in going to the fountain and drinking, but then, instead of going to the railroad depot, she turns down the main street to the office.—Our Animal Friends.

TEN THINGS TO HOLD ONTO. 1. Hold onto your hand when you are about to do an unkind act. 2. Hold onto your tongue when you are just ready to speak harshly. 3. Hold onto your heart when evil persons urge you to join their ranks. 4. Hold onto your virtue—it is above all price to you in all times and places. 5. Hold onto your foot when you are on the point of leaving the path of right. 6. Hold onto the truth, for it will serve you better than anything else. 7. Hold onto your temper when you are excited, or angry, or others are angry with you. 8. Hold onto your good name, it is and ever will be an asset in your journey through life. 9. Hold onto your good health, for you may live a long life. 10. Hold onto your wits so they will not be wandering when you need them most.—Home Herald.

The artichoke is the cultivated form of the wild cardoon, indigenous to Madeira, the Canaries, Morocco, the south of France, Spain, Italy and the Mediterranean Islands.