



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 magnates are adjusting ribbons, fitting wreaths, scouting pocket handkerchiefs, stretching gloves, trying white neck cloths, and otherwise preparing for the momentous evening. The inferior clay of Xminster hovers 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, monologue 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 expend their silver.

But the dullest village in England recognizes some occasions in the year on which dreary mirth takes the place of melancholy stagnation. They were two; the fair and the dispensary ball. It is the latter carnival which is at present causing the pulse of Xminster to beat with feverish rapidity, and the population are already waiting to display their critical acumen on the belles of town and country.

The dear old country fiddles are playing their somewhat superannuated dance music with all the wonted animation and disregard of the niceties of tune which is 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 queer attempts at decoration in those gaudy festoons of artificial flowers. But a stately young lady, dressed in white, with green-and-gold trimmings, seems to bear away the palm. More than one murmured tribute to her beauty escapes the lips of the lookers-on as she whirls by.

"Who is she? She moves like a queen among the rest, and they are good-looking girls, too, some of them." And the speaker, a rather coarse-looking dark man, a little the wrong side of thirty, 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 intimated the epithet; for Gus Brisden was of a good old county family, and had little reverence for the Pearmans 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, Brisden?"

"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. It 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 chair, 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 plighted 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 end."

"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."

"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 you, and know also that you would sit here and pinch yourself to keep awake sooner than debar your god-daughter of five minutes' gratification; but I also have a conscience. Go and see about the carriage, Grenville."

It is very curious to watch what trifling affairs influence the tenor of our lives. Maude Denison has deemed it of little consequence that she has danced a quadrille with Samuel Pearman; and yet that dance is fated to draw many a tear from the proud grey eyes. Grenville Rose, ere thirty minutes are over, will be tortured in a way which he is powerless to resist.

The sire of the dark-featured young man who had expressed such admiration for Maude Denison had begun life as a solicitor's clerk, from which in due course of time he blossomed forth into an attorney, and sat himself down in the little town of Bury St. Edmunds, with a view to the persecution of mankind and the redressing of his fellow men's grievances, as circumstances and the presentation of six and eightpence might direct. Bury St. Edmunds lies no great distance from the famous Heath of Newmarket. In default of other business, Mr. Pearman took to attending the race meetings there; gradually he became acquainted with many of those multifarious hangers-on that exist so mystically by racing. He had naturally an acute understanding; and he now got many a hint as to where to lay out a little money profitably. The traffickers in horseflesh and followers of the turf have their subjects of litigation as well as those who pursue other avocations. Who was so handy to employ as Pearman? and, by degrees, he began to make a name as a solicitor in horse cases at the racing metropolises and became rich.

In due course Harold Denison, Maude's father, had passed through his hands. Denison had started in life with a fine property; but burning the candle, not only at both ends, but a little in the middle besides, he had soon done away with that. Pearman was everything he should be on the occasion; but when his client emerged from his sea of troubles, two-thirds of the Glinn estate were in the hands of the solicitor. Still, everyone said Denison's had been a very bad break-up; that the property had been sold at a fair valuation; and that, but for Pearman, Harold Denison would not have been able to keep Glinn and such acres as were still left to him. By this time Pearman was an owner of race horses, and kept a stud of his own. He had married a lady in some way connected with usury, and, having altogether acquired a considerable fortune, made the first mistake in his career, and set up for a country gentleman.

He built a big house on the estate so recently lopped off the Glinn property; he built large stables. He named his house Mannersley, after the manor 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 here and there blood respects its rights. 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 regard that in no other light but that of a business transaction. He asked and obtained leave to draw the covers, gave the solicitor a capital luncheon on his return visit, but had steadily refused all invitations to dinner.

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

way 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 so 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. All men have their ambitions; Pearman had his father's intensified; to be acknowledged as within the pale of "the upper ten." He quite understood that the recognition of the race course and hunting field was far from constituting such.

CHAPTER II.

Harold Denison was an embittered, disappointed man—far too clever not to see how he had thrown the game of life away by the turf follies and extravagances of his early days; far too proud to take a reduced status in the county in which he had been at one time a leading magnate; far too selfish to sacrifice an iota of that pride to enhance the pleasure of either his wife or his daughter. He had married, early in life, a lady of good family in his own county. It had been better for Harold Denison had she been constituted of sterner stuff. She never crossed her husband in word or deed.

Maude was the only child, and this perhaps still more fostered the intense selfishness of Mr. Denison's disposition. A girl was, of course, sure to marry. He had none of his stock to come after him; and though he little relished the idea of the Denisons of Glinn being blotted out of the county Red-book, he could not be expected to feel much interest for a boyish nephew he had barely seen. On one point only did poor Mrs. Denison ever venture to contradict her lord's wishes: that was about Maude. The girl was all in all to her mother. Maude's woman's wit had early made her understand that her father dealt but hard justice in that quarter; and she was ever ready to flash forth as her mother's champion. Otherwise she loved her father very dearly, and was quite imbued with the family doctrine of self-sacrifice where he should be concerned.

By the light of a candle, in the solitude of his chamber, Grenville Rose was tasting all the sweets of dressing to catch an early train on a dark February morning. He had been brought up a great deal with his cousin Maude. They had romped together as children, and been fast cousinsly friends since they had grown bigger. No lovmaking had ever taken place between the pair, yet Grenville was conscious of being very fond of that grey-eyed damsel.

Grenville enters the old dining room, to gulp his scalding coffee, and recognize the utter utility of attempting to eat at abnormal hours. He is suffering altogether from considerable mental depression—predominant idea, perhaps, "What a farce all county balls are!" Suddenly the door opens, and Maude Denison glides into the room.

"Good morning, Grenville. Isn't this good of me to make such a struggle, and rush down to give you 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 humility, 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 they were pronounced handsome, lovely, graceful—stigmatized as over-dressed, under-dressed, and awkward! While your admirers on one side of the room vied 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 humber 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.)

Unwarned.

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

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

"I know," volunteered his son; "it's on account of those rubber heels you're wearing now."—Youth's Companion.

In the Early Flats.

They were examining the abodes of the cliff dwellers.

"Each of these caves has the same inscription," remarked a student. "What do you make of it, professor?"

"I judge," said the professor, "that it must be the lease."—Washington Herald.

What She Escaped.

Said He—There goes young Sapleigh. He took his fiancée out rowing last summer, rocked the boat and the poor girl was drowned.

Said She—Lucky girl!

Said He—Why do you say that?

Said She—Why, she might have lived and married the idiot.

Not Grumbling.

"Don't you find it pretty expensive to keep up that big touring car?"

"Yes, I do. But I'm not grumbling. You see, Martha agreed to give up playing bridge at the Fleece's if I'd buy the car. Oh, I'm saving money, all right."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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

OREGON WATER LAWS.

Review of Provisions of Code Passed by the Legislature.

By John H. Lewis, State Engineer.

A water law for Oregon, which is believed to be the best among all the states of the Union, came effective on February 24, 1909. Complete state control is provided. No water right can hereafter be acquired without compliance with this law. It abolishes the old requirement of posting a notice on the bank of the stream. Hereafter, the priority of all rights will be determined by the date of receipt of an application in the office of the state engineer. If the application is defective, it will be returned for correction without losing its priority.

The leading feature of this bill is the limitation of franchises to the use of water for power development to a period of 40 years from the date of application, and the requirement that reasonable fees be paid to the state in all cases by those benefitted. The schedule of fees has been designed to ultimately pay the entire cost of administration, thus relieving the general tax payer, who derives only an indirect benefit through the added prosperity resulting from increased development.

The payment to the state of an annual license fee of 25 cents to \$2 per horse power hereafter appropriated was provided by the Eaton bill, which takes effect on May 22. This fee is to be collected by the board of control and adjusted from time to time, based upon the percentage of power appropriated which is put to beneficial use.

In brief, the new water code creates a board of control, composed of the state engineer and the division superintendent of each of the two water divisions into which the state has been divided, and upon this board rests the responsibility of determining and recording all water rights heretofore initiated, the granting of new rights in accordance with law, and the protection of all water rights through a comprehensive administrative system.

Before any protection can be granted to vested rights under the new law, such rights must first be determined and recorded. Where numerous ditches tap a stream, and especially if the stream is long and the summer flow limited, state protection is necessary. The cost and time consumed in determining rights under the old law was very great. The water users along Silver creek, in Lake county, joined in a friendly suit to determine their rights, so that a water master could be employed to distribute the meager supply, thus preventing annually recurring disputes. Fourteen lawyers were employed on only one side of this case. Recently, the case was decided by the Supreme court, after nine years in courts. During this time, one of the contestants died, one became insane, and a number, tiring of the conflict, sold to others.

If the experience of Wyoming is any guide, the most complicated case can probably be decided, under the new law, within a year. The cost is set out in the law and is designed to be less than the cost of an abstract to the land. For irrigation rights, the cost will be fifteen cents per acre for each acre for which a water right is claimed up to one hundred acres, five cents from one hundred to one thousand inclusive, and one cent for each acre in excess of one thousand acres. For power, the cost will be twenty-five cents for each theoretical horse power claimed, up to and including one hundred, fifteen cents from one hundred to one thousand, inclusive, five cents from one thousand to two thousand, inclusive, and two cents per horse power above two thousand, the minimum fee in either case to be two dollars and fifty cents. For any other claim to water the fee is five dollars.

The procedure is simple. A list of questions is sent to each claimant or owner on the stream. He is required, under forfeiture of his right, to answer the questions which, together with a survey of streams and land areas and measurements of the water supply by the state engineer, furnish all necessary information for an adjudication of rights. The maps and all statements, signed under oath before the superintendent, are submitted upon a given day for examination by all interested parties. If anyone thinks his neighbor is making an erroneous or extravagant claim, his testimony can be contested. By this procedure, all errors can be corrected and, if necessary, further testimony taken. As soon as possible, an order is entered by the board, determining the rights. This order is put in execution at once and later filed with the Circuit court for confirmation. If no appeals are taken, the order is confirmed. If the case is not reopened within six months, the decree becomes final.

Upon such final determination, water right certificates are issued in accordance with the decrees. These certificates are then recorded in the county records and bear the same relation to the water title as the patent from the United States does to the land title. The right of each user from the stream or from a large ditch, will thus be determined. The law makes the grant to the use of water for irrigation appurtenant to the land irrigated. The title thereafter passes with the land.

JUST A GRIN.

"He's such an apparent liar," said Fowne, "and so reckless. Oh! he's a bird!"

"Yes, he is a bird," replied Browns, "and it's so easy to catch him. All you've got to do is put a little salt on his tale."—Philadelphia Press.

Scott—What makes you think that the trust originated in Rhode Island? Mott—Dad used to speak of the trust in Providence as far back as when I was a boy.—Boston Traveler.

thus making it necessary to follow land titles thereafter in abstracts.

No right to the use of water from the streams of the state can hereafter be acquired for any purpose without compliance with law. For intelligent use and development of our water resources some central office must be provided, where a reliable record of all water rights can be found. The diversion of water without the necessary permit is made a misdemeanor.

The application should be accompanied by a fee of \$3 for examining the same, together with the additional fees, depending upon the proposed use, as follows:

For irrigation, graduated as follows: 15 cents per acre from 0 to 100 acres; 5 cents per acre from 100 to 1,000 acres; 1 cent per acre for each acre in excess of 1,000. For power, graduated as follows: 25 cents per horse power from 0 to 100; 10 cents per horse power from 100 to 1,000; 5 cents per horse power in excess of 1,000. For any other purposes, including applications by municipalities, \$5.

Three different forms are provided for the appropriation of water; one to be used in case of new appropriations, another to be used where the appropriation is to be made by the enlargement or extension of existing works and a third form where the application is for a permit to construct a reservoir and impound surplus waters. A separate application must be made for permit to appropriate stored waters prior to its application to beneficial use. This application is made on the first form mentioned above, and is then known as a secondary permit, and must refer to the primary permit, and to the reservoir from which the water supply is to be derived. These forms, together with instructions, can be secured by addressing the state engineer, Salem.

Work must commence within one year from the date of application and be completed within a reasonable time, as fixed in the permit, not to exceed five years.

If the water is applied to the beneficial use within the time allowed, proof is taken of such fact by the division superintendent and a certificate issued the applicant by the board of control. This certificate is of the same form as issued to early appropriators upon determination of their rights, as described above.

The new method of initiating water rights may seem cumbersome as compared with the old method, but it is worth all it costs. The right, when finally granted, is absolutely determined as to all rights hereafter initiated. It will be determined as to all the world, after a determination as above outlined. This determination is made without cost to the new appropriator.

No large canal can be operated without one or more water masters to divide the water in accordance with the rights and needs of the different laterals. Likewise, irrigation from public streams cannot be a success without water masters to regulate diversions.

The use of streams to convey stored water to its place of use was impossible under the old law, and the construction of many reservoirs was thus prevented.

As rights are determined under the new law, districts are created and water masters appointed, where demanded by the water users, to enforce the decrees of the board or of the courts. This officer is accountable to the division superintendent and protects, not only the early rights, but also all new rights and the rights of reservoir owners.

When a headgate has been lawfully closed to admit the proper quantity of water, or shut entirely, it is a misdemeanor for the owner to disturb it. If the gate has been wrongfully opened during the night, the presence of moisture in the ditch in the morning is declared to be sufficient evidence to convict the owner of unlawful use.

With such an officer available, capital will not hesitate to invest in storage works. The water, when released, can and will be protected by the water master, no matter how many ditches intervene, and the owner permitted to divert an equal amount, less that lost by seepage and evaporation.

The final object of the new water law is the protection of vested rights, when determined, and to encourage the development and use of our unappropriated waters. This encouragement is provided in the definite procedure for acquisition of new rights. The fees are of no consequence to the one who contemplates putting the water to beneficial use. In fact, the certainty of right, which is essential as a basis for intelligent investment on a large scale, is worth far more than it costs. The old-time notice-man, whose chief business under the old law was to hold up the public, is effectively discouraged by these fees.

The office of the board of control is located at Salem. It is composed of three members, appointed by the governor as follows: John H. Lewis, state engineer, Salem, president; F. M. Saxton, Baker City, and H. L. Holgate, Bonanza, Klamath county. Messrs. Holgate and Saxton are respectively the division superintendents of the Western and Eastern water divisions. The board, or its respective members, will be glad to assist the public as far as possible under the new code and will furnish information upon request.

Chocolate Creams.

Measure the unbeaten white of an egg, add to it as much water as there is white, and stir into this mixture enough confectioner's sugar to make a paste that can be molded into shape. Roll between the palms into round balls, roll each of these over and over in the chocolate coating and lay on waxed paper to dry.

A married man comes nearer knowing how mean he is than one who is not married.

Old Favorites

Little Blue Pigeon.

Sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings—
Little blue pigeon with velvet eyes,
Sleep to the singing of mother-bird swinging—
Swinging the nest where her little one lies.

Away out yonder I see a star—
Silvery star with a twinkling song;
To the soft dew falling I hear it calling,
Calling and tinkling the night along.

In through the window a moonbeam comes—
Little gold moonbeam with misty wings;
All silently creeping it asks: "Is he sleeping—
Sleeping and dreaming while mother sings?"

Up from the sea there floats the sob
Of the waves that are breaking upon the shore,
As though they were groaning in anguish
and moaning—
Bemoaning the ship that shall come no more.

But sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings—
Little blue pigeon with mournful eyes;
Am I not singing? See, I am swinging—
Swinging the nest where my darling lies.
—Eugene Field.

The Grandfather.

The farmer sat in his easy chair
Smoking his pipe of clay,
While his hale old wife with busy care
Was clearing the dinner away;
A sweet little girl with fine blue eyes
On her grandfather's knee, was catching flies.

The old man laid his hand on her head,
With a tear on his wrinkled face,
He thought how often her mother, dead,
Had sat in the self-same place;
As the tear stole down from his half-shut eye,
"Don't smoke!" said the child, "how it makes you cry!"

The house dog lay stretched out on the floor,
Where the shade, afternoons, used to steal;
The busy old wife by the open door
Was turning the spinning wheel,
And the old brass clock on the mantel tree
Had plodded along to almost three.

Still the farmer sat in his easy chair,
While close to his heaving breast,
The moistened brow and the cheek so fair
Of his sweet grandchild were pressed.
His head bent down, on her soft hair lay;
Fast asleep were they both on that summer day.
—Charles G. Eastman.

THE POOR LONDONER.

Wherever He Moves He Adds to the Value of His Landlord's Property. According to the London correspondent of an American publication New Yorkers who live in flats or even ordinary houses are enjoying a condition of paradise, compared with the lot of the London tenant.

The British landlord, he complains, is a tyrant; and the long lease system is the basis of his tyranny. The system of twelve months leases that obtains in New York is the Magna Charta of the tenant. It has done infinitely more for American happiness than either the Declaration of Independence or the divorce laws. It makes landlords compliant and confers upon the tenant a status of something very like equality.

To be able to take a house or a flat for a year, with the option of renewal at the same rent—a rent that in houses includes all decorations and repairs, and in flats includes steam heat, electric light and a perpetual supply of hot water—is to be a free man.

What London landlords are apparently on the lookout for is a slave, and a slave who, besides being a millionaire, will outlive Methuselah. Virtually it is nothing more than the skeleton framework of a home that he hands over to you for twenty-one years. The tenant does the rest.

If he wishes to add a new window, or to put in the electric light, it must be done at his own expense. You are to imagine a procession of tenants passing through every London house, each one of them laying out money on some pet improvement of his own—this one adding a billiard room, that one concentrating on a gas cooking range, a third lavishing parquet flooring upon the drawing room, a fourth bringing the bathroom up to date, a fifth installing a heating system, and so on. And every one of these additions becomes in the end the landlord's property.

Ready to Kill the Flies.

W. W. Jacobs, the English humorist, relates the following story: "I was looking at a butcher shop display when the butcher came out and said to an old man: 'Henry, I want you.' 'What do you want?' the old man asked. 'Why,' said the butcher, 'I'll give you a shilling and a joint of meat if you'll kill all the flies in my shop.' 'Al right,' said the old man. 'Give me the shilling first and the meat afterward.' The butcher handed out the shilling. Then the old man asked for a stick about a yard long. This was brought him. He grasped it firmly, went to the doorway and said: 'Now turn 'em out, one at a time.'"

We have noticed that a preacher is nearly always a great man to shake hands.