Race for a Wife

—BY—

HAWLEY SMART

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

And that weak mother, who under her husband's influence, had for the last week done all she could to abet the sale of the daughter she loved so, wept bitterly now her end was accomplished.

"Don't cry, mother," said Maude, gently; "I will do all you wish. I would rather not know more about it than I am obliged to just yet. And one thing more. I must—when all's settled, you know; there can be no harm then—I must write to bid Gren good-by; you'll let me do that, mother, won't you?"

It was all over. The bright Maude of some few weeks back, with her high spirits and ringing laugh, was scarcely to be recognized in the pale spiritless girl who moped about the house now. Hearts don't break nowadays; but when young ladies dispose of their affections injudiciously, the intervention of the authorities is wont to be followed by a short interval of sorrow and sadness.

Harold Denison, upon hearing his daughter's decision, made a mighty gulp, and, swallowing as much pride as might have set up two or three county families, penned a letter to lawyer Pearman.

It was an awkward epistle to compose, but the squire showed himself quite equal to the occasion. The sum of it was this: He first apologized, in a haughty manner, for what he was pleased to term his curtness at their last interview. In the encumbered state of his property he had thought it but right to lay the proposal before Miss Denison, who, it appeared, took a different and perhaps more sensible view of it than she had done in the first instance. He should, therefore, be happy to welcome the visits of Mr. Pearman, junior, to Glinn.

"Told you so, Sam—told you so," said old Pearman, when he received this precious epistle. "He only wanted time and line enough. I've done my part, boy. It is in your hands now; but I think you'll find it all pretty smooth sailing."

CHAPTER XIII.

A little after six in the morning. The April sun has just succeeded in breaking through the morning mist, and the air still has a crackle of frost in it. At the foot of a small knoll, surmounted by a little clump of Scotch fir, stand three men, engaged in earnest conversation. Carefully sheeted, with stable boys on their backs, some seven or eight thoroughbreds pace majestically round and round the little hillock. On the side these men are standing, stretches a considerable expanse of velvety turf-down. A series of slender white poles mark out a wide oval road, somewhere about a mile in circumference. That broad, green, ribbon-like track is what is termed the Mannersley Gallop, and the ground upon which Mr. Pearman's horses take their daily exercise.

The gentleman in the pepper-and-salt suit, single-breasted coat, longish waistcoat and low-crowned hat, is Martin Pycroft, trainer. He fiddles with the ashplant in his hand, and seems rather to demur to something that his companion—Sam Pearman—seems to insist on.

As for the third member of the conference, a bright, wiry, dark little man, he looks as if his opinion must be asked pretty decidedly before he intends committing himself on any point. He is a jockey of some considerable eminence in his profession.

"Can't do any harm, Martin. He might just as well have a spin with the old horse as go his usual gallop."

"Well, I'd rather Mr. Pearman wait till he is quite wound up before trying him. You must do as you please, sir. No horse can be doing better; but continually trying does take the heart out of them, you know, sir."

"Of course it does; but mind, we haven't galloped Coriander beside another this year. We suppose him to be quite as good and better than he was last autumn, but we've never ascertained. I mean to know this morning."

In the meantime the string has halted, the sheets are removed, and then, led by the head lad on a veteran of four seasons' standing, the youngsters proceed in Indian file round the course at a half-speed gallop. Then comes more walking for twenty minutes or so, succeeded by another steady canter, towards the finish of which the pace is considerably improved—the rate of progression being always regulated by the rider of the leading horse, who has, of course, received his instructions from the trainer beforehand. More walking, then more cantering, at the conclusion of which Martin Pycroft says quietly:

"Take 'em home, William, and tell those boys to bring Loadstone and Coriander up here."

Merely replying, "All right, sir," William turned his horse's head in the direction of the stables.

A minute or two, and a couple of stable boys walk the horses to where Pearman, Pycroft and "the rigid rider to orders" are standing.

"Jump off and strip 'em," says the trainer. The boys slip off the backs of their respective mounts, and hold them by the head while Pycroft unlooses Coriander's surcingle, whips off the sheets with a dexterous hand, and proceeds to adjust a light racing asddle on that equine celebrity's back. Jim, assisted by Pearman, performs the same office for Loadstone.

"Now, sir," says Martin, "before we see how they are together, we had better just let 'em have a quiet canter. Jim, you get up on Coriander. You, young 'un," he continued, addressing the lad who had been upon Loadstone, "get on your own horse, and lead round a nice strong canter, making it a little quicker from the bush home than in the dip; but no galloping in earnest, mind."

"Looks and moves well, sir, don't he?" said Martin, as Coriander, under Jim's masterly hands, after two or three angry snatches at his bit, settled down into the long, low sweeping stride characteristic of the most thoroughbred horses that distinguish themselves on a race course.

And now the pair come striding along towards the knoll, where they are pulled up.

"Go kind?" inquires Mr. Pycroft.

"Nice 'oss to ride—can put him anywhere," observes Jim, sententiously.

"Walk 'em about a bit, while we get the saddle cloths ready."

Jim and the boy duly go into the scale. Another muttered conversation between Pycroft and his master; then the saddles were removed, the leaded cloths carefully adjusted, the saddles replaced over them, the long surcingles passed carefully over, and Coriander and Loadstone were ready for their trial.

"Give them their orders, Martin, and then come here and see it. Mind, they're to start from the three-quarter-of-a-mile post. Who's to start 'em?"

"All right, sir; I told William to come back, and here he is. You go down with 'em, Will. Bush in, mind. Here, Jim, you ride the old horse, of course, this time. Get off, and come right along. I don't mean ride his head off, but take the lead, and keep it."

"All right!" And Jim walked the grey leisurely down alongside William, to the starting post.

"Now, look here, boy," said Mr. Pycroft, advancing to the stripling who was on Coriander; "you have an idea of riding, you have. Now, don't go and make an exhibition of yourself this morning. Mind, if you do it here, I shall take care you don't get much chance of doing it in public. Attend to what I say to you. Get off as well as you can. Jim's pretty safe to do you there; but, even if he don't, mind, you're to wait on him till you come to the quarter-mile post from home. You know it. Run up to him then. But, whatever Jim does, whether he begins riding or whether he doesn't, you're not to begin in earnest till within fifty yards of home. I'll forgive you if you wait too long, and lose it that way; but if you come too soon and ride him to a standstill, we shan't want you for light-weights at Newmarket or anywhere else."

The lad walked his horse after Loadstone with a very serious face. Like all boys in a racing stable, of course the height of his ambition was to become a jockey. He was not a little proud of being in charge of such a celebrity as Coriander. For, be it known to the uninitiated that every race horse in a big stable is looked after by his own boy, and that these boys, when their horse is one of distinction, are immensely proud of him. They groom him, ride him at exercise—in short, almost live with him. Coriander was the first crack that had fallen to young Allen's care, and he firmly believed such a flyer never existed. Now—anxious moment!—he was to ride him in his trial. He looked even at that as a great rise in his profession. It is true he had ridden in two or three trials before, but then he had generally been on something that had had no earthly chance to win. Suppose he should make a mess of it this morning; Mr. Pycroft would never give him another chance, perhaps.

No wonder the boy looks rather serious. But they are at the post. A couple of false starts take place, in consequnece of young Allen's eagerness to get well off.

"Stop a bit, young 'un," said Jim, laughing; "be a little steady. Mind, it ain't a race, and I won't want to get the best of you. I only want to get away fair. How a starter would walk down your throat if you carried on like this!"

The remonstrance had the desired effect, and the next time they were away, Jim having a little the best of it, though not much. Once off, the boy's nerves steadied directly. He waited patiently till he came to the quarter post, and then ran up abreast of Loadstone. Locked together, they went for the next two hundred yards, and then Jim began what is termed in racing parlance "fiddling" at his horse; it means riding him a little. He drew near a length ahead, but the boy sat still. "Wait till within fifty yards of home, whatever Jim does," he muttered, "and I will, if I'm beat for it."

A few strides more, and he saw that Loadstone could hardly hold the lead he had obtained. Gradually he was creeping up to him again, though still quiet on his horse. A little more, and Jim began to ride his horse in earnest, and this was the hardest trial the boy had undergone yet. For a moment Jim forged ahead, and looked like leaving him altogether; then he seemed to hang; and now surely he was within fifty yards of home. Was he? Yes! He sat down and shook up Coriander, passed Jim easily, and went past the knoll a couple of lengths in front.

"You'll do, young 'un," said Jim, good-naturedly, as they pulled up their horses. "Don't quite know what orders you got, but can pretty well guess. You stick as close to what you're told to do, and keep your head as cool as you did this time, and you'll find yourself first past the post at Epsom some of these days."

"Well, Martin, I think that'll about do," laughed Pearman, as the trial finished. "It will be a good horse that has the best of Coriander three weeks from this."

"Yes, sir; he's better even than I thought he was, and I know I haven't worked him up to his best yet. I've no fear of his not going on well, for I never trained a better constitutioned colt in my life; and though we didn't try him quite the full distance this morning, I've no doubt of his getting the Rowley Mile as well as he's done his three-quarters this morning."

"You did that very well, my lad," he continued, addressing Allen. "This morning's ride will be a little in your pocket, if we've luck, and you pay attention to my next orders; and they are—Hold your tongue. You'll get riding before you're many months older. Well, Jim, what do you think?"

The jockey jumped off his horse and handed him over to the boy that had first been on him. When out of earshot, he replied, "I'll win the Guineas, bar accidents, unless there's a great three-year-old whose name we haven't heard on."

Sam Pearman, in the meantime, seated on the soft grass, was busily glancing over a neat memorandum book. "Yes," he muttered, "stakes and all, it will be a goodish bit to win. It's a bigger thing than I ever pulled off yet, and I have had some very tidy wins in my time. We'll be off home now, Martin—eh? Good enough, Jim, isn't it?"

"Wish I'd your book on it, sir," was the that worthy's reply.

"Well, you and Martin will find that I've not forgotten to do something in that way for you when it's landed," laughed Pearman. "For the present, good-by."

"Must win—eh?" said the trainer.

"Can't lose," responded the jockey, "unless I'm knocked over."

CHAPTER XIV.

Old Pearman had shown perfect knowledge of mankind on the receipt of Denison's letter. He had gone over to Glinn the next morning. The old lawyer was quite master of the situation.

The squire felt quite grateful to his visitor for the tact and delicacy with which he paved the way for his retreat from an awkward position. It was, perhaps, this wonderful quality which had helped Pearman on in the world more than anything. Even those who had been most closely shorn were always impressed to their dying day that, if they could have pulled through the swamp of impecuniosity their recklessness had plunged them into, Pearman would have done it.

Denison was no fool where his interests were concerned. He had, it is true, been guilty of the grossest folly in squandering a fine property; but he was not weak enough to look upon the lawyer as a benefactor.

"Well, Mr. Pearman," he said, "we had best let bygones be bygones. If I was sharp upon you the other day in speech, you retaliated on the mortgage; and you had the best of it. Come in and lunch."

So the old gentleman lunched at Glinn, and was introduced to Mrs. Denison and his future daughter-in-law. Maude took but little notice of him; but her mother, having now made up her mind to the match, was favorably impressed. Mr. Pearman, in fact, dressed quite as the old respectable confidential solicitor, and acted the part extremely well. Poor Mrs. Denison, having made up her mind to meet her ideal of a low turf attorney, derived principally from novels, was most agreeably astonished.

That the son would quickly follow in his father's footsteps was a matter of course; and here again the Glinn family were destined to be pleasantly surprised. Sam Pearman, though he had not all, yet inherited a fair proportion of his father's tact. The old gentleman, too, had given him one or two valuable hints. He presented himself very quietly, was very subdued and respectful, but by no means demonstrative in his attentions to Maude; talked just a shade of racing, to gratify the squire, letting it drop as quickly as opportunity served; chatted pleasantly on all the topics of the day, and took his departure after the delivery of a neat anecdote that made even Mrs. Denison smile.

Poor Maude, she had sat very pale through the visit; but even she felt a species of mild gratitude for the little her accredited suitor had sought from her on this occasion. She felt that she could marry the man to save Glinn to her parents, but that any lovemaking beforehand would be unendurable. If he would continue to treat her with quiet courtesy, she could bear it; but to yield her lips to him, she felt was beyond her. That lovers claim such favors she knew; but the girl had a strong touch of romance in her, and vowed no kiss should be laid on her cheek until she was irrevocably severed from Grenville Rose. She still clung to an undefined hope that he might rescue her yet. Poor child! her case looks sad enough now; but there are a good many fitful changes in this world's great kaleidoscope. Men cut their throats prematurely, and humanity generally declines struggling, just as better times are about to dawn. "More judicious to play the game out than throw down the cards," holds good in life

(To be continued.)

Experienced.

"How in the world could you understand what that conductor said when his mouth was full of transfers?" queried the short man on the back platform.

"Bachelor, eh?" asked the tall man.

"Sure thing!"

"Thought so. You see, I could understand him because his words sounded exactly like my wife's when her mouth is full of hairpins."

Too Much for Mamma.

"What's the matter with your eye, Tommie?"

"The boy next door struck me, mamma."

"What for, pray?"

"He said I struck him first."

"And did you?"

"No; honest, I didn't, mamma!"

"Well, why didn't you?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Gentle Hint.

Jack—Every night I would stand under her window and give a slight cough.

Dick—And you have ceased?

Jack—Had to. The neighbors started bombarding me with packages of cough drops.

Possible Breakdowns.

Pearl—Her father heard she was going to elope in an automobile and he was furious.

Ruby—Indeed!

Pearl—Yes; he said automobiles could not be trusted. Advised her to elope in a cab.

Natural Deduction.

Said She—I wonder how these spiritual communications are written?

Said He—With a medium pen or pencil, I imagine.

UNITE WITH AMERICA

Great Britain Wants Naval Alliance With United States.

AUSTRALIA IN FAVOR OF POLICY

British Would Guard Atlantic and Uncle Sam Take Care of Pacific —Leave Out Japan.

London, May 29.—Overtures looking to a naval understanding between Great Britain and the United States have been made by the British government through Ambassador Bryce, in Washington. Premier Asquith had this fact in mind when speaking recently in what was regarded as a cryptic manner of a "two-power" standard for the British navy. The premier hopes that such an understanding may be reached with the American government as shall enable Great Britain almost to denude the Pacific of British warships of a formidable class in return for giving America certain assurances respecting the naval situation in the Atlantic.

The suggestions made by Mr. Asquith through Ambassador Bryce follow the lines lately laid down in an article by Captain Mahan on the naval position which has attracted wide attention in authoritative circles in England. The British cabinet feels that only an understanding with America can enable Great Britain to maintain a two-power standard in Europe.

"If the Americans will look after our interests in the Pacific," said a responsible naval authority this afternoon, "we will take care of all American interests in the Atlantic and Mediterranean. We recognize the difficulty of inducing America to break with the tradition of not entering into entangling alliances, but we are not without a hope that the situation in the Pacific may lead the authorities in Washington to think favorably of a proposal which would admit of their concentrating the American naval strength in that ocean"

The British government is inclined to seek a naval understanding with the United States on account of the possibility of Japan's declining to renew the Anglo-Japanese alliance when it expires. Australians never cease to urge the mother land to separate its policy from that of Japan in the Pacific, and try to unite the strength of the English-speaking race in that part of the world.

SMUGGLING PLOT UNEARTHED.

Federal Officers at Chicago Arrest Leaders of Scheme.

Chicago, May 29.—Government prosecution of eight alleged leaders of a gigantic Chicago smuggling syndicate, and the proposed arrest and indictment of others was outlined today by United States District Attorney Syms. Seven hundred Chinamen are alleged to have smuggled into the United States over the Mexican border by the syndicate during the past 12 months, being secreted in dining cars by cooks and porters on through trains.

Immigration authorities caused indictments to be voted by the grand jury for the Chicago district for the following:

Bob Lung, El Paso, Texas, a rich Chinaman, restaurant owner and financier, in whose kitchen plans for carrying on the smuggling scheme were formulated, now locked up in the Cook county jail pending trial; Robert W. Stephenson, a former railroad brakeman, El Paso, Texas, now in jail here in default of $5,000 bail; Carlos Savedra, a Mexican, alleged to be the chief smuggler; Jose Parra, Mexican; Sam Wah, alleged agent for the Chicago office of the syndicate; W. H. Clark, Lincoln, Neb., under arrest at El Paso, and Chin Yin Qual, an alleged agent of the syndicate.

Taft Busy in East.

Tokio, May 29.—The papers here in editorials discussing the action of President Taft in offering the Chinese ministership to John Hays Hammond, profess to see in it a sign of an ambitious Eastern policy on the part of the new administration in the United States. It is well known that Taft is greatly interested in Oriental affairs, and there is a strong feeling that his administrtion will mean much in the development of more friendly relations between America and the East, and especially with Japan.

May Take Taft to Alaska.

Puget Sound Navy Yard, Wash., May 29.—It is rumored here that the cruiser St. Louis, which is making ready to go to sea early next month, will take President Taft and his party to Alaska this summer. The destination of the St. Louis is not officially known. A draft of 70 men was received yesterday from the cruiser Milwaukee. A like number of men were transferred from the cruiser Maryland, which came from San Francisco.

Floods in Mississippi.

Jackson, Miss., May 29.—The town of Quitman is submerged as the result of a flood. All business is suspended and the residents have been forced into the upper parts of their houses. Some have had to move out entirely. The loss from high water is heavy throughout the state. Miles of railroad tracks have been destroyed and the loss to the railroads is estimated at $1,000,000.

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Conjugal Compliments.

Said he, "I might mention,
My dearest Maria,
That you're in the class of
A Mrs. Sapphira."

She retorted, "I might say,
Without any bias,
That you could give pointers
To one Ananias."

Which shows that in certain
Emergencies dire,
More ways than one are there
To say, "You're a liar."
—Baltimore American.

Getting Personal.

Raggsy—You don't never see me standin' in a bread line!

Muggsy—That's 'cause yer wife runs a clothesline.

Her Friends.

Nan—Lil Garlinghorn says her steady is the tallest young man in the city.

Fan—She says so, does she? Well, Lil always was good at drawing the long beau.—Chicago Tribune.

The Only Audience.

"Does anybody read real poetry nowadays?"

"I presume the publishers glance at it before sending it back."

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

Webster Knocked Out.

Jinks—Why do you say eyether and nyether?

Winks—I heard John L. Sullivan use that pronunciation at the theater, and he's from Boston, you know.—New York Weekly.

So Different.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
When simple songs were simply sung,
There were no thrifty artisans
To put the melodies in cans.

No Difficulty About That.

Teacher (at night school)—Give me some illustration of the "survival of the fittest."

Shaggy Haired Pupil—Any handsome widow.

ODD BITS OF FACT.

The United States consumes 80,000,000 pounds of tea annually.

A man can insure against loss in lotteries with a company at The Hague.

There are more doctors per capita in New York city than anywhere else in this country.

Sealing wax contains no wax.

The Dutch throne has forty-one possible claimants.

Potatoes steeped in sulphuric acid and subjected to pressure make an excellent substitute for ivory in the manufacture of billiard balls.

The Professor Demurs.

"Don't quote Slobson to me," protested the doctor. "I know Slobson, and he's a regular freak."

"My friend," gravely chid the professor, "you should be more careful in your use of the English language. Anything that is regular can't be a freak, and anything that is a freak can't be regular."

Worms

"Cascarets are certainly fine. I gave a friend one when the doctor was treating him for cancer of the stomach. The next morning he passed four pieces of a tape worm. He then got a box and in three days he passed a tape-worm 45 feet long. It was Mr. Matt Freck, of Millersburg, Dauphin Co., Pa. I am quite a worker for Cascarets. I use them myself and find them beneficial for most any disease caused by impure blood." Chas. H. Condon, Lewiston, Pa., (Mifflin Co.)

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Not That.

Aspiring Soubrette (pouting)—I know well enough you think my acting is a joke.

Manager—O, no, my dear young lady! Anything but that. It's a tragedy.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

At the Night School.

Teacher—Give me an example of what is meant by "masterly inactivity!"

Boy with the prognathous face—A base ball pitcher delayin' a game so it'll have to be called on account o' darkness.

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Out of It.

"Mrs. Brown says that she'll never wear one of those 500-button gowns"

"Why not?"

"Her husband has only one arm."
—Detroit Free Press.

FITS St. Vitus' Dance and Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ld., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Noble Hen.

The hen will set and the hen will lay,
And the hen will roost up high;
But one good thing we can say of her—
The hen will never lie.
—Yonkers Statesman.

Over fifty years of public confidence and popularity. That is the record of Hamlins Wizard Oil, the world's standard remedy for aches and pains. There's a reason and only one—MERIT.

The Rush to the City.

"Willis, how came you to leave the farm and move to town to make your living?"

"I got tired of the smell of dad's automobile."

All Who Would Enjoy

good health, with its blessings, must understand, quite clearly, that it involves the question of right living with all the term implies. With proper knowledge of what is best, each hour of recreation, of enjoyment, of contemplation and of effort may be made to contribute to living aright. Then the use of medicines may be dispensed with to advantage, but under ordinary conditions in many instances a simple, wholesome remedy may be invaluable if taken at the proper time and the California Fig Syrup Co. holds that it is alike important to present the subject truthfully and to supply the one perfect laxative to those desiring it.

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