

# A Race For An Income

By HERBERT MONTGOMERY

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"CAN you run over to Ireland, Mr. Catchem?"

"Certainly."

"Could you cross by to-night's mail?"

"I could. What must I do when I get there?"

"It's a painful case," said kind hearted Mr. Warrington, "but I'd best tell you the particulars shortly and let you judge for yourself what's best to be done."

Mr. Warrington was one of the wealthiest and worthiest lawyers in



MISS TRIxie's HEART WARMED TO HIM. London, and Mr. Catchem was the cleverest detective in all England.

"You know my brother-in-law, the Hon. Mr. Burton?"

Mr. Catchem nodded grimly. He had heard of the gentleman, not to his advantage.

"Just so. He was always, I am sorry to say, a trouble to his family. My wife—though only a child at the time—remembers some stormy scenes before he went abroad. After our marriage I did what I could for him, but it was very little use. Though then well on in his fifties, he was as wild as a young colt—wild, not vicious, I'm bound to say. Well, eight years ago he had the good luck—for him—to marry an heiress who was young, beautiful and passionately in love with the elderly scapgrace. He kept as straight as a die while she lived and was terribly cut up when she died about a year ago. She showed her perfect confidence in him by her will, bequeathing to him her whole property, real and personal, 'with perfect confidence,' as she wrote, 'in his loving care for our dear child, Florence.'

"Within two weeks after his wife's death he came to me to prepare a deed, 'as tight as they draw them,' he said, assigning his whole property, a clear £5,000 a year, and a beautiful house and grounds, to his daughter, reserving only a moderate yearly allowance from his wife's personal property for himself. 'I cannot trust myself, Warrington,' he said, 'that's the truth of it. If I have money, I must splutter it.' You may be sure the deed was as stringent as the lawyers could make it, and he signed it without winking.

"Then, I suppose from loneliness, the Bohemian broke loose in him again. In an evil hour—one of the small hours in the morning, most likely—he fell in with Miss Trixie Mordant, the liveliest and at the same time the cutest young lady that graces the boards of the Empire.

"Well, I needn't tell you, when a man of sixty falls in love he comes a cropper. The cunning little baggage quickly coaxed him into an offer of marriage and then stood out for handsome settlements. She put her eye on the property, but he thought he had no power to touch it, and I didn't enlighten him on the subject, you may be sure.

"He was wild with himself for his 'folly' in having assigned it to his daughter. But Miss Trixie consulted lawyers on her own account, Sharkey & Snipplit, sharp fellows as you'll meet with in the city.

"They were not long putting my precious brother-in-law up to his legal rights. As the law now stands under an old statute of Queen Elizabeth, if the property is granted to Miss Trixie in consideration of her marriage with the grantor, the deed to poor little Florence is not worth the parchment it's written on. Sharkey & Snipplit are now, I have reason to know, preparing marriage settlements and making over the whole property to Miss Trixie, who is in a seaside village in the west of Ireland."

"We have introduced a quiet little bill in the house of lords which will repeal the old act of Queen Elizabeth, which allows a man to defeat his own grant, and will make voluntary conveyances absolute against what we call in law a 'purchaser with notice.' The bill is halfway through the lords. The lord chancellor has promised the royal assent—by deputy, of course—the day after the bill passes the third reading in the commons."

"It's a race, then, between your bill and their deed for a five thousand a year stake?"

"Exactly."

"But I don't see where I come in."

"I want you to run over to Mount Eagle, where Miss Trixie hangs out, and keep a sharp eye on her till the business is through. Sharkey & Snipplit are as sharp as scissors and shut as tight. They are in constant communication with Miss Trixie. If you go to Ireland you may be able to tap the wire at that end. Miss Trixie is as loose and lively as they are close."

"I'll go. I'd like to do the little girl a good turn if I can."

Miss Trixie Mordant felt particularly dull during her voluntary exile in County Clare. The passionate appeals of her elderly adorer were monotonously dismal. Nothing to do and no one to talk to—that was her trouble.

"If I only had somebody to laugh with me at these yokels I could stand it," she muttered disconsolately.

Then her eye wandered from the sea in front to the tennis ground on the left, and at a glance she knew that fate had been kind and her prayer was answered. A young man dressed in the extreme of fashion lounged across the ground carelessly swinging a tennis racket. His blazer blazed hot crimson and yellow in the hot sunshine. Miss Trixie's heart warmed to him at once as a kindred spirit. In five minutes she, too, strolled out on the ground. She was quite flustered at first when she found a young man on the ground and glanced at him—oh, so bashfully!—from under her long lashes when he dared to speak to her.

But in two minutes they were in the midst of a lively single of tennis; in two hours they were "Trix" and "Jer," as if they'd known each other all their lives. It was the day after when the lively young lady was planning a bicycle expedition that a waiter brought her a telegram. A monosyllable escaped her as she read it. Then she pettishly tore the pink paper into pieces and flung the fragments into the "turf bucket" that stood by the empty fireplace.

"Now what have I done?" she cried repentantly the next moment. "And old Sharkey specially warned me to be careful. Pick up the bits for me, Jer."

Jer instantly buried himself—head and shoulders—in the turf bucket. He quietly slipped an old telegram of his own from his pocket and, under cover of the bucket, tore it to pieces before he rescued the fragments of Miss Trixie's.

She took the bits he gave her, lit a match and burnt them in the empty grate.

Half an hour afterward Jer, in his bedroom, with the door locked, made a puzzle map of bits of pink paper on his dressing table, and this is what he read there:

"Just discovered child's friends putting bill through parliament to secure her in property. Hope to put spoke in their wheel yet. Must hurry up with deed. Is old man willing? Sharkey."

As he finished reading he saw with the corner of his eye through the window Miss Trixie on her wheel, sailing down the lawn in front of the hotel.

In a moment he was out and after her, making his bike fly. He drew abreast about a quarter of a mile from the postoffice.

"On for a spin?" he said.

"When I've sent a wire."

She slipped off dexterously behind her wheel at the postoffice and stepped up to the telegraph counter.

Jer stood at the open door dutifully holding the wheels. The telegraph instrument in the office was one of the old-fashioned affairs that conscientiously tap out their messages. Among his manifold accomplishments in another condition of life Mr. Jerome Blood-Smith had learned to interpret these taps. This is what they told him:

"To Sharkey & Snipplit, London. Send deed at once. Old man has consented to execute. Mordant."

As they went down the slope together on their wheels Jer suddenly remembered. "By Jove," he said, "I want to send a wire, too, if you don't mind. Back pedal, Trix. I'll be with you in a minute."

He wheeled sharp round on the face of the slope and flew back to the postoffice. He scribbled five words to Warrington.

"Bill blown on. Look alive."

Next morning Miss Trixie was up early and restless. She was at the telegraph office before it opened, with the inevitable Jer, of course, dancing attendance. This is the message that was ticked out as he stood holding the wheels at the door:

"All serene. Bill blocked last night. Snipplit starts by the morning mail for Rathcool with deed engrossed for execution. Sharkey."

"Hooray!" shouted Miss Trixie, but when she went to the door she caught a back view of Mr. Blood-Smith's head well over the handle of his wheel, flying up the hill back to the hotel.

"My eye!" she exclaimed in amazement. "What's come to Jer? Did a wasp sting my pet, just as I was in humor to flirt with him too? Five thousand a year and a castle, all to my own cheek. I must have a downhill scorch all by my own little self to work it off or I'll bust!"

Meanwhile Blood-Smith was strangely occupied in his locked bedroom. There was a timetable open beside him, and a big railway map of Ireland was spread out on the quilt of his bed, at which he was busy with a pair of compasses and a blue pencil.

"A little over a hundred," he muttered. "There is time enough to do it. But it's deuced risky work and dead against the law. Well, I've helped the law so often that it must make allowances this once. So here goes."

He fished out a strong bicycle bag, fitted with straps to be carried on the

handle bar and packed in a very singular fashion. The two cans which held the oil for his lamp and lubricating oil for the bearings were his sole baggage on his projected expedition. These two greasy cans, both quite full, he wrapped up carefully in a couple of large silk handkerchiefs and stuffed into the bag.

Quietly and quickly the bag was fitted to the bars, and Blood-Smith slipped into the saddle at the hotel door and was off at a good, steady twelve miles an hour. All day long on his high geared wheel he pushed on at the same steady, unchanging pace. Evening began to close in. His cyclometer marked eighty-four miles already covered. "In good time," he muttered and slackened speed a little. At last! He could just distinguish the steep slope as the road rose abruptly and leaped off the railway. He dropped off at the foot, lifted the wheel over the wooden railings and stood it carefully in the shadow of the bridge wall. He took the bag from the handle bars and walked with it down to the rails. A few stars showed tremulously through the haze. A faint metallic gleam came from the rails that stretched, two threads of light, away into the darkness.

He took one of the silk handkerchiefs from the bag and shook out the folds. He drew the cork of one of the oil cans with his teeth, soaked the silk as full as it could hold, and then, bending down over the rear rail, he began smearing the smooth metal thickly with the oil. So he worked steadily and swiftly for over a hundred yards down the steep gradient until one can of oil was exhausted. He crossed the line and came up mopping and dabbing the other rail from the other can in the same plentiful fashion. Then he took his stand right between the rails at the head of the gradient under the bridge.

"I hope I am safe here," he muttered, "right in the track of the mail train. We'll soon see."

Almost as he spoke there came right before him a steady, white star, distant and low. The star all the time grew bigger and brighter. Then came a curious vibration in the air and the roar and rattle of the mail train. Low at first, it grew and grew like a strong tide of sound forcing itself against the wind. Under a full head of steam the engine of the Lightning Express, with a long train trailing behind in the darkness, came thundering up the incline, slackening speed a little, like a horse out of breath, as it climbed toward the top. Then all of a sudden the wheels struck oil. There was an instant change in the roar of the train. The rough jar and rattle died out of it.



THE ENGINE CAME ON SLOWLY.

But the acquired momentum still forced the huge weight forward, the wheels sliding like a horse's hoofs on a slimy pavement and taking no grip on the greased metal. The engine came on slowly and more slowly until it was within twenty yards of where Mr. Blood-Smith stood at the end of the greased slope. It wavered, stood still for one second and then began silently and slowly at first to slip back down the slope, gaining speed as it went. Far away down at the foot of the gradient the train came at last to a dead halt. Then he knew the train was safe for the night. So he drew his wheel from its shelter with an easy mind and with the wind at his back went sailing away swiftly and smoothly along the road he came.

Next day at half past 3 o'clock, while Mr. Snipplit, with the deed in his black calfskin bag, was still a long five miles from Rathcool, a very curious performance was in progress in the house of lords. The lord chancellor was seated on the broad scarlet wool-sack. Two other lords were beside him. This combination represented the absent majesty of England. A short man was reading a list of bills which had passed through the storms of lords and commons and were now sailing peacefully into port.

"The voluntary conveyance bill," read the short man.

"La Reine le vent," jerked out a tall man.

In that second the bill was an act and an integral part of the law of the land, and the rights of little Miss Florence Burton were secure.

All that afternoon at Mount Eagle Miss Trixie Mordant and Mr. Blood-Smith waited eagerly expectant of telegrams. It was well on in the evening when two arrived together at last.

There was but one word in each message.

Her word was "Lost"—and his "Won."

## TALE OF A SHIPWRECK.

Romantic Story of the Loss of the Steamer American.

The story of the shipwreck of the steamer American, which ran between England and South Africa, reads like a chapter from Frank Stockton. When day broke on the morning of April 23, 1880, the steamer was close to the equator and about 100 or 150 miles from the Liberian coast. Suddenly in the first morning watch, between 5 and 6 o'clock, there was a fearful crash in the engine room, followed by a concussion against the ship's side, which for an instant suggested that she had struck on a rock. Half dressed passengers hurried on deck and eagerly inquired what had happened, and were met in the coolest possible manner by Captain Wait and Mr. Hepworth, second officer, who assured them that it was merely a breakdown of some part of the machinery. The passengers returned to their cabins. The propeller shaft had broken in the stern tube and had burst open the side of the ship. There was no hope of saving the steamer.

"It means the boats," Captain Wait remarked, "but she will float for a few hours yet, so we will get the passengers into the saloon and have breakfast served." This was promptly done, and Captain Wait took his usual place in his usual cheerful manner, while Mr. Hepworth and the crew busied themselves in getting the ship's boats ready. After breakfast Captain Wait mentioned in manner so cool as to be almost casual that the accident had damaged the ship's side a good deal and that therefore it was better to be prepared for any emergency. The passengers, when they were ready, took their places in the boats. Quickly, but methodically and without the least hurry, the eight boats, which were provisioned and manned, were filled, and when every other person had been safely passed over the side Captain Wait left his ship and joined his crew and passengers. Very shortly after, about noon, the American was seen to sink.

Captain Wait divided his little flotilla into two sections. Of the first he himself took charge, and Mr. Hepworth became responsible for the other. The part of the sea where the American went down was, of course, in the immediate track of numbers of sailing ships and steamers, but as it was also very close to the Liberian coast it was decided to make for the latter. During the first night at sea the little flotilla became separated. On the following day Captain Wait and two of his boats were picked up by a brig which took them to Grand Bassa and thence to Sierra Leone, where they were transferred to a steamer called the Senegal, then on her way to England.

Curiously enough, the Senegal, on her voyage home, was stranded on an island of the Grand Canaries, so that some of the American's passengers had a second unpleasant experience before getting back to England. In the meantime Mr. Hepworth's boat and two others made for the Liberian coast, which they reached on the third day. In consequence of the surf, however, they found it impossible to land, so they headed out to sea again and two days later were picked up by a steamer called the Congo and taken to Tenerife and thence to Madeira and from there to England.

This left only the gig and the dingy to be accounted for. The former was heard of in a few weeks, but when nearly twelve months had gone by and the eighth and smallest boat of them all still remained missing the worst was feared. But in a year almost to a day from the date of the catastrophe came the news that the dingy, too, had been picked up within a few days of the accident by a sailing ship on her way to Australia. Thus it was many months before the intelligence could be conveyed to England.—Chicago News.

## Compound Rhyming Words.

In the south of England they have a very expressive phrase for one indifferently well—"frobly-mobly"—and to be in "bubble-fubble" signifies low spirits. In Leeds when a person is overpowered with astonishment he is said to be "much struck," a phrase forcible, but scarcely polite. "Huck-muck" is an expression of like character, meaning foul, miry, and in Devonshire a bedraggled, besmirched person is said to be "muckson up to the huckson."

In Gloucestershire a wavering, unstable worthless man is called a "meekle-keekle fellow," and it is worthy of remark that in Derbyshire poor ore is called "keekle-meekle." An awkward simpleton is called "hauvey-gauvey" in the neighborhood of Leeds. In Warwickshire they style such a one as "hobgoblin," or else it is from "hob," a lout, and "bog," a lump. "Gobbinshire" is the abode—"that never was writ in the traveler's chart"—of uncouth folk. They say of a slovenly loafer in south Cheshire:

Gobbinshire, Gobbinshire of Gobbinshire green,  
The fonkest owd beggar as ever was seen.  
—London Standard.

## Ash Planting at Rugby.

In the latter half of the eighteenth century ash planting was a mode of punishing in vogue at Rugby school for certain breaches of school discipline. A boy who broke any cherished tradition—as, for instance, a mutinous fag who personally assaulted a sixth form boy—was taken in hand by the preceptors—that is, the boys of the sixth form—and subjected to a sound thrashing with ash plants. Three ash saplings were used, and the first two were broken on the person of the delinquent, the chastisement being ordered and meted out by the boys themselves. Sometimes the culprit was sent to gather the saplings himself, but whether as an added indignity or a merciful concession is not clear.—London Star.

## MEERSCHAUM PIPES.

A Test by Which to Tell the Genuine From the Spurious.

Once upon a time there was a man who spent eight of the best years of his life coloring a meerschaum pipe, only to find at the end of that period that he had been nursing a piece of "massakopfe" instead of the genuine "ecume de mer." The "massakopfe" is a composition made of the parings of genuine meerschaum and a mineral clay. The parings are triturated to a fine powder, boiled in water and molded into blocks, with or without the addition of clay. Each block is then cut into a bowl, but as it contracts considerably it must be left some time to dry. These bowls are distinguished from the genuine meerschaum by their greater specific gravity, but there is no absolutely certain test by which the real meerschaum can be told from the composition.

In forming a pipe from "ecume de mer" the silicate of magnesia is prepared for the operation by soaking in a composition of wax, oil and fats. The wax and oil absorbed by the meerschaum are the cause of the color produced by smoking. The heat of the burning tobacco causes the wax and fatty substances to pass through the stages of a dry distillation, and, becoming associated with the products of the distillation of the tobacco, they are diffused through the substances of the bowl, producing those gradations of tint which are so much prized. In some cases the bowls are artificially colored by dipping them, before being soaked in wax, in a solution of sulphate of iron, either alone or mixed with dragon's blood.

Good meerschaum is soft enough to be indented by the thumb nail. It yields readily to the knife, especially after having been wetted. There are various densities. Some kinds sink in water; others float on the surface. Those of medium density are preferred by the pipe maker, for the light varieties are porous and even cavernous. Many judges assume that the heavier kinds are spurious, but there is no absolute proof that such is the case. A negative test may be mentioned. The composition bowls never exhibit those little blemishes which result from the presence of foreign bodies in the natural meerschaum. Therefore if a blemish occur in a meerschaum bowl, which is very frequently the case, the genuineness of the bowl is rendered most probable. But as blemishes do not show until after the bowl has been used for some time the test is not of much value.—New York Press.

## POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

An old man doesn't care much for jokes.

What's the use of giving advice? People won't take it.

Not many men know if the advice their wives give is good or bad, as they seldom act upon it.

To every man: Know what puts that sad look on your wife's face? Every one suspects that it is you.

Every man who is nearing the end of his days must regret the worry he has given to false alarms all through life.

Do not go too much into details in your conversation. If you touch only the high places you can get over more ground.

When you inquire of a man, "How are you?" he will reply, "Oh" (with a long pause on the "oh"), "pretty well," indicating that he could be a whole lot better.—Atholton Globe.

## A Painter's Broken Arm.

A friend once entered the studio of George Inness, the American landscape painter, while he was at work and remarked that the picture on the easel seemed to him much better than certain former works of the artist. "Right!" said Inness. "This is going to be one of my best things, and the reason is that I have had the good luck to break my right arm and am obliged to paint with my left hand. You see," he added, showing his right hand in a sling, "this hand had become so darned clever that I could not catch up with it, and it painted away without me, while this hand"—showing the left, with which he held his brush—"is awkward and can do nothing without me."

## Poison in War.

When the French beat the Formicans along the coast in 1881 the latter retired to the interior. When the French pursued them they found a queer line of defense, beyond which they could make no progress and in storming which many died. The Formicans had poisoned the springs, water courses, etc., as they retreated, and the campaigns of the French against them never got farther than the poison line. The poison was a native one, as deadly as arsenic or strychnine.

## A Sample of the Sea.

On his return to Cordova from a visit to Mar del Plata, where he had beheld the sea for the first time, Pedro brought with him a bottle containing about an inch of sand from the shore and two inches of salt water to enable his parents, who had never seen the ocean, to form some idea of what it was like. We are informed that his parents were greatly impressed.—Sacta.

## His Brethren.

Smart Pastor—My congregation is made up mostly of fools. Parishioner—Ah, that explains it! Smart Pastor—Explains what? Parishioner—Your habit of addressing them as "beloved brethren."—Cleveland Leader.

## Musical.

Violin—I am completely unstrung! That base viol has stolen my beat. Mandolin—It's infamous! He's always picking on me too.—Chicago Journal.

## BATHING IN THE SEA.

It Originated in England in the Eighteenth Century.

Sea bathing had its origin in England before 1750, when Dr. Richard Russell published his treatise on the virtues of sea water. The healing virtues of the sea bath were not understood, nor was the practice of sea bathing generally resorted to. There seems to have existed a horror of the sea; indeed, in mediæval times a compulsory dip in its waters was a sentence often passed on the public offender. In the earlier decades of the eighteenth century western Europe suffered heavily under "king's evil," the popular name for that tuberculous affection which scourged all classes from peer to peasant.

Dr. Russell, a Sussex practitioner, had observed that dwellers on the coast used to drink of the sea water, bathe in it, even wash their sores in it and bind them up with sea weed. Having satisfied himself as to the efficacy of the practice he began to prescribe for his patients with most satisfactory results. His treatise resulted in the coasts becoming largely patronized by the ailing, and the demand for seaside lodgings was soon a growing quantity. This gradually spread to the continent. Then people commenced to see that fresh water was a good thing, and the vital importance of the skin as an excretor of waste was greatly emphasized somewhat later (in 1834, when the morning "tub" was instituted and has since acquired a worldwide reputation.

## OLD JEWISH TRADITION.

The Way the Israelites of Old Lost Their Third Eye.

The Jews of eastern Palestine and Asia Minor have a queer tradition which has survived from ancient times and tells of a remote period in their history when every fully developed Israelite was equipped with three perfect eyes. The two main optics were situated in the front part of the head, just as eyes are today, but the third was located in the back part of the head just above the nape of the neck in the edge of the hair. This wonderful third eye in man was not "evolved" out of existence, but was closed by divine injunction on the day when Moses was given the tables of stone on Sinai.

You remember that God's command on the day that the tables were renewed was to the effect that no man should be seen in the vicinity of the holy mount. (See Ex. xxxiv, 3.) The believers in the three eye tradition say that Moses supplemented God's command by ordering the faithful who were encamped in the valley to turn their heads from the mountain. This they did, but took good care to uncover the eye that was situated in the back of the head. Moses, noticing this show of duplicity on the part of his followers, asked God to close the third, or rear, eye, and since that day the Israelites, in common with the remainder of humanity, have been forced to depend on two eyes only.

## Bears of Okefnooke Swamp.

The great Okefnooke swamp begins not far from Waycross, Ga., and extends due south for a distance of about forty miles, running over into Florida. Here in this vast tract of desolate bog and swamp are thousands of black bear and deer and wild turkeys without number. The whole region is a hunter's paradise, and yet so abundant is the game in this remote and desolate country that it does not seem to diminish in spite of the nimrods. The bears weigh from 200 to 300 pounds and put in a great part of their time preying upon the pigpens of the farmers. If forced into a fight they are dangerous antagonists, and no prudent hunter will attack one save at a point of vantage.—Washington Post.

## Sea Gypsies.

In the archipelago of Mergul, off the coast of lower Burma, Asia, live the "sea gypsies." Instead of carts they own covered boats, in which, with their families, dogs, cats, chickens and pigs, they float about on the sea and wander from island to island. By day they fish or harpoon turtles or dive for oysters, but every night they put back to the shore. If the weather is bad at sea they land with their dogs and then poach, catching porcupines, squirrels, armadillos, hog deer and the like, of which they make savory stews, like our gypsies.

## An Artist's Criticism.

Probably no two artists ever criticized each other more severely than did Fusell and Northcote, yet they remained fast friends. At one time Fusell was looking at Northcote's painting of the angel meeting Balaam and his ass. "How do you like it?" asked Northcote after a long silence. "Northcote," replied Fusell promptly, "you're an angel at an ass, but an ass at an angel."

## Why We Can't Be Great.

Emerson defined greatness as simplicity. "Indeed, to be simple is to be great." The question emerges, is life simple today? If not, will it be simpler tomorrow? If not, then how can there ever again be such greatness as in the past in a world of ever increasing complexity?—Harper's Weekly.

## Why She Left.

"Yes, my wife attended but one session of the club."

"What caused her to quit it?"

"She found out that the rules put a time limit of five minutes on all speeches."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

It is strange that in Asia and Africa, where grass will not grow, the most beautiful flowers and shrubs flourish to perfection.