

## The Rose of Wentworth

### CHAPTER XVII.

"From this time, no matter what comes—excepting accident or health—I am mistress of my own career," Arley said to herself, as, with a firm, quick step, she wended her way home, after leaving the art store. "If worst comes to worst I can earn my own living—I need be dependent on no one. And why should I not tell for my bread?" she added thoughtfully. "She—Ina—did, while I was living a pet, spoiled child over her money; and now perhaps it is no more than right that I should take my turn and realize something of the trials and hardships that she endured."

Philip wondered to see her bending over her drawings every time she came into their sitting-room, and one day remarked upon her industry.

"I did not know that you were so fond of your pencils and brushes," he said as he glanced at the pretty sketch which she was working upon. "I must fill up the time in some way," she answered quietly. "I cannot go out here as freely as I have done elsewhere, for I cannot speak the language, and the swarthy, fierce-looking people half-frighten me. I am very lonely most of the time, but when you take me home?" she asked, looking up at him with tears of homesickness in her eyes.

"I don't know," he said, and then muttered something else which she did not catch.

"She regarded him questioningly, and saw that there was an anxious and angry look on his face, while he bent to pace the floor with nervous tread. It was anything that troubles you particularly?" she asked.

"Yes, everything," he answered moodily. Then asked, "Have you any money, Arley?"

"She flushed a vivid crimson. She felt humiliated that he, a strong, active and capable man, should be so lost to his sense of duty and manhood as to allow himself to become reduced to the necessity of coming to her for money to defray their needful expenses."

"Yes, I have a little money in my purse," she answered, coldly.

"How much?" he demanded eagerly. "Four or five pounds, I think," she said, more determined than ever to keep the secret of her earnings from him.

"Let me have a part of it, will you?" he asked, turning his back upon her, while a blush of shame mantled his cheek as he made the request; then he added deprecatingly, "I am in a decidedly unpleasant predicament just now, and a remittance which I was expecting has not arrived."

"A remittance?" she repeated with quick surprise. "I thought you told me that you had nothing. You gave me to understand when we left home that all you had you had with you—is it all gone?"

"Yes." "Then you have been trying to borrow," she said with abated breath.

"Well, suppose I have? A man must live somehow," he repeated, Arley, scornfully.

"Then, hissing, she confronted him resolutely and said: "Philip Paxton, I will not live upon borrowed money, and it is not honest."

"There is an old saying, I believe, that 'beggars cannot be choosers,'" he replied with bitter sarcasm.

"We need not be beggars while you have your health and a pair of hands to work with. You ought to go to work. Why will you not be a man?" she said, scorn and righteous indignation quivering in her eyes.

"It is not exactly a comfortable feeling, when one has had plenty, to be obliged to beg for the necessities of life. It is rather galling to one's pride, to say the least," Philip returned, with considerable heat.

"I would rather dig and delve like a common laborer, as you express it, and get an honest living, than to exist as we have been doing for the past six or eight months," Arley said with grave dignity. "There is no honor in this."

"But if you should return to England and resume your profession you might, do as well, if not better, than formerly, and we should, no doubt, be much more comfortable than we are now."

"Do you suppose I am going back to England in this poverty-stricken condition and have people laughing in their sleeves over the failure of all my expectations?" Philip demanded with a very red face.

"I should say that it would be at least more manly and honest than to live like this and borrow of your friends, with no prospect of ever being able to repay," she remarked, pitifully. "But you need not go back. Why not resume your profession here? You speak the language so well you might make a beginning here. I will not murmur, though I am not staying here another day."

"A sudden rush of tears blinded her as she said this, and her voice broke: 'I will do anything to help or encourage you, if you will only give up this kind of life and do right; but it is beneath you—it is mean to suppose upon the good-nature of one's friends and then sit idly by with folded hands.'"

Philip's eyes fell and he dashed hotly. He felt the truth of her words, and cringed beneath her well-meant rebuke, but he was still too proud and obstinate to act upon her advice or his own convictions of the rightness of the thing.

"Fate had, according to his way of thinking, used him very ill, and like a silly boy, he had run into a corner to sulk, instead of manfully grappling with it and making himself master of the situation."

"We will not discuss the matter further," he said coldly; "but if you will let me have two or three pounds I will endeavor to satisfy our landlord's demands for the present."

Arley sighed heavily, and when she returned and took from it some pieces of gold to give him, Philip watched her narrowly and noticed that there was more in it.

He received it with a muttered "thank you" and then immediately left the room; while Arley, with burning cheeks and quivering lips, sat down to her work with folded hands.

There was a bitter rain in her heart, together with an unaccountable consciousness that she was beginning to despise her husband for his cowardice and meanness.

The poor girl, however, was not conscious, happily, that her darkest hours were yet to come, and at her drawing, and in the course of another week carried a second collection to the art store.

Her employer was even better pleased with them than he had been with

her first efforts—she had improved upon the hints which he had given her, and had really furnished him with some exquisite little things.

The money which she received for them was more precious to her than anything she had ever possessed, while a year ago she would have laughed to scorn the thought that she could have prized the paltry sum earned by her own hands.

On her return to her rooms she was feeling very cheerful; her face was brighter than it had been for some time, and Philip, who happened to be in, observing it, wondered what had caused the change, while for some time he had had an unpleasant consciousness that she was somehow getting beyond him—rising above his level.

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He pointed to some letters which he had just brought in, and Arley's eyes glinted with interest and slight of them.

Hastening to her room she laid aside her hat and mantle, and then returned to read them.

One was from Miss McAllister—she recognized the cramped, old-fashioned hand instantly; the other was from Annie Vane and postmarked Horsham.

Miss McAllister's letter was of course, seized upon first, for it was from her dear old home, and though her now no longer, yet the tenderest memories clustered around it still. It was full of affection for her; full of pleasant, stately news mingled with longings for her speedy return.

[To be Continued.]

## GREAT DRIVE BY GEERS LANDED HAROLD H. WINNER

Canadian Horse Wins in the 2:04 Class at Buffalo.

Wisdom King Again Winner at Wingham—Sporting Events in General.

A young Londoner, Mr. William C. Allan, brother of Mr. Allan, of the C. P. R. ticket office, is playing good ball with the Y. M. C. A. team in Wingham. The Telegram of that city refers in complimentary terms to the game he played a week ago. Besides giving him credit for good hitting, it says that Allan made a running catch of a fly from Kerr's bat, which won a round of applause.

Billy Price, the young London jockey, who had the misfortune to be crushed against a fence at the Woodbine race track, is recovering.

On the day before the King's plate, in which he was to ride Major Beck's entry, is at his home in the city recuperating. His many friends will wish him a speedy recovery. His career while training to be a jockey has been marked with misfortune. A few years ago, when riding for Mr. J. O'Flaherty, the saddle twisted, and he was almost kicked to death by the horse. Then on the eve of his first big race his leg was broken. The injury is mending quickly, however, and he will commence to ride again as soon as he is well enough. "I hope to get another chance to win the plate next year," he said. "Although I've had pretty hard luck, I'm going to stick to the business."

Jimmy Collins, the wonderful third baseman and captain of the Boston Americans, believes that a rule should be enacted that would compel pitchers to cut out useless motions in the delivery of the ball to the batsman.

Collins says that these motions constitute a balk in most instances, but that umpires do not enforce the rule. "Motions such as the bending of the knee, the throwing forward of the body, the swinging of the arms, and all that kind of business," declares the Bostonian, "are done with the evident purpose of deceiving base runners. They certainly don't help the pitcher to get any more speed on the ball or better curves. There is no doubt on earth that base-running is hurt by the practice. The runner who gets on first don't dare take a lead if he knows the pitcher has a good motion for a balk is what the motion is. There has been a lot of comment regarding the falling off in base-stealing this season. The reason is apparent. Runners don't dare take a long enough lead for fear of being caught on a false motion by the pitcher. I believe that pitchers should be compelled to deliver the ball to the batsman after he takes his position, without all these motions."

"Tom" Daly, of the Cincinnati team, is one of the baseball men that backs up his claims for high salaries with some strong arguments. "In only a few cases are the present salaries too high," says Daly, "these exceptional representatives instances where the National and American League were strong bidders for the services of the same man, with the result that his price was jacked up beyond a reasonable limit. On the whole, however, baseball players are not getting any more than they are entitled to, and I, for one, believe that the magnates should not be allowed to make sweeping reductions, such as are threatened after the season. It is only in exceptional cases that a ball player's life is a fast company is for more than ten years. If he is to receive only \$1,500 or \$1,800 a season for giving the best years of his life to the game, what inducement is there for him to play ball? Take the case of Elmer Flick, who was a star on the Philadelphia team, for instance. When he signed with Col. Rogers his contract was so arranged that he would not have reached the salary limit then existing in the National League—\$2,400—until after he had played with the Philadelphia team ten years. It was but natural that he should decide to make a change when the opportunity offered with such a prospect before him if he remained with the Quakers. The majority of the ball players are drawing cards and should be considered as such when the question of salary comes up. Men like Lajoie, the late Ed Delahanty, Kelley, Keeler, Cady Young and a host of others that could be mentioned draw thousands of dollars to the box office annually as individuals. I'll wager that Mathewson was worth \$50,000 to the New York club the first year he pitched for the Giants, and equal amounts to the other National League clubs. Baseball play-

ers are stars quite as much as actors, and their salaries should be graded according to their ability to draw audiences."

THE TURF.

AT SARATOGA.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Aug. 6.—There were no sensational features on the fourth day of the Saratoga meeting. The attendance, however, was exceptionally good.

One of the features of the day was the race of a number of with-drawals, there being only two starters in the fourth race. The Spinaway, at 2½ furlongs, valued at \$1,000, the stake event, was won by Raglan, a 2-year-old filly by Plaudit K., out of Royal Gait, owned by J. B. Madden. A large amount of money was wagered on Raglan and Masterman, the only two starters in the fourth race. The former won easily. Mr. Gebhard registered three winners—Gay Boy, 1st; Raglan, 1st in the third and 2nd in the fourth.

First race, 6 furlongs—Gay Boy, 128 (Fuller), 5 to 1 and 2 to 5; Colours, 123 (Hear), 5 to 1 and 2 to 5; Raglan, 129 (Gannon), 4 to 1 and 6 to 5. Time, 1:28.

Second race, 1 mile—Flourish Queen, 91 (McCarthy), 11 to 10 and 2 to 5; Flara, 98 (Cremore), 13 to 5 and 4 to 5; Pennsular, 98 (Redfern), 10 to 1 and 2 to 5. Time, 1:45.

Third race, 1 mile—Spinaway, 5½ furlongs—Raglan, 119 (Hicks), 3 to 1 and even; Little Boy, 116 (Fuller), 4 to 1 and 2 to 5; Raglan, 119 (O'Neill), 10 to 1 and 4 to 1. Time, 1:28.

Fourth race, 1 mile—Bunnels, 109 (O'Neill), 11 to 10 and 2 to 5; Raglan, 119 (Gannon), 4 to 1 and 6 to 5; Raglan, 119 (O'Neill), 10 to 1 and 4 to 1. Time, 1:28.

Fifth race, 5½ furlongs—Grenada, 95 (Callahan), 2 to 1 and 4 to 5; Sweet Long, 98 (McCarthy), 13 to 5 and 4 to 5; Magdala, 98 (Redfern), 5 to 1 and 2 to 5. Time, 1:19.

Sixth race, 1 mile—Cottage Maid, 100 (Fuller), 10 to 1 and 2 to 5; Pat Longin, 104 (Hear), 12 to 1 and 2 to 5; Garth, 114 (Odom), 3 to 1 and even. Time, 1:20.

Seventh race, 1 mile—Cottage Maid, 100 (Fuller), 10 to 1 and 2 to 5; Pat Longin, 104 (Hear), 12 to 1 and 2 to 5; Garth, 114 (Odom), 3 to 1 and even. Time, 1:20.

Eighth race, 1 mile—Cottage Maid, 100 (Fuller), 10 to 1 and 2 to 5; Pat Longin, 104 (Hear), 12 to 1 and 2 to 5; Garth, 114 (Odom), 3 to 1 and even. Time, 1:20.

Ninth race, 1 mile—Cottage Maid, 100 (Fuller), 10 to 1 and 2 to 5; Pat Longin, 104 (Hear), 12 to 1 and 2 to 5; Garth, 114 (Odom), 3 to 1 and even. Time, 1:20.

Tenth race, 1 mile—Cottage Maid, 100 (Fuller), 10 to 1 and 2 to 5; Pat Longin, 104 (Hear), 12 to 1 and 2 to 5; Garth, 114 (Odom), 3 to 1 and even. Time, 1:20.

Eleventh race, 1 mile—Cottage Maid, 100 (Fuller), 10 to 1 and 2 to 5; Pat Longin, 104 (Hear), 12 to 1 and 2 to 5; Garth, 114 (Odom), 3 to 1 and even. Time, 1:20.

Twelfth race, 1 mile—Cottage Maid, 100 (Fuller), 10 to 1 and 2 to 5; Pat Longin, 104 (Hear), 12 to 1 and 2 to 5; Garth, 114 (Odom), 3 to 1 and even. Time, 1:20.

Thirteenth race, 1 mile—Cottage Maid, 100 (Fuller), 10 to 1 and 2 to 5; Pat Longin, 104 (Hear), 12 to 1 and 2 to 5; Garth, 114 (Odom), 3 to 1 and even. Time, 1:20.

Fourteenth race, 1 mile—Cottage Maid, 100 (Fuller), 10 to 1 and 2 to 5; Pat Longin, 104 (Hear), 12 to 1 and 2 to 5; Garth, 114 (Odom), 3 to 1 and even. Time, 1:20.

Fifteenth race, 1 mile—Cottage Maid, 100 (Fuller), 10 to 1 and 2 to 5; Pat Longin, 104 (Hear), 12 to 1 and 2 to 5; Garth, 114 (Odom), 3 to 1 and even. Time, 1:20.

Sixteenth race, 1 mile—Cottage Maid, 100 (Fuller), 10 to 1 and 2 to 5; Pat Longin, 104 (Hear), 12 to 1 and 2 to 5; Garth, 114 (Odom), 3 to 1 and even. Time, 1:20.

Seventeenth race, 1 mile—Cottage Maid, 100 (Fuller), 10 to 1 and 2 to 5; Pat Longin, 104 (Hear), 12 to 1 and 2 to 5; Garth, 114 (Odom), 3 to 1 and even. Time, 1:20.

Eighteenth race, 1 mile—Cottage Maid, 100 (Fuller), 10 to 1 and 2 to 5; Pat Longin, 104 (Hear), 12 to 1 and 2 to 5; Garth, 114 (Odom), 3 to 1 and even. Time, 1:20.

Nineteenth race, 1 mile—Cottage Maid, 100 (Fuller), 10 to 1 and 2 to 5; Pat Longin, 104 (Hear), 12 to 1 and 2 to 5; Garth, 114 (Odom), 3 to 1 and even. Time, 1:20.

Twentieth race, 1 mile—Cottage Maid, 100 (Fuller), 10 to 1 and 2 to 5; Pat Longin, 104 (Hear), 12 to 1 and 2 to 5; Garth, 114 (Odom), 3 to 1 and even. Time, 1:20.

Twenty-first race, 1 mile—Cottage Maid, 100 (Fuller), 10