A SIMPLE RUSE

George Schuyler belonged to an old New York family. Helen Ganzevoort also belonged to an old New York family. George's branch of the Schuyler family was poor. Helen's branch of the Ganzevoort family was rich.

The parents of both these young people had been the staunchest kind of friends since they had been old enough to know what friendship meant, and friends had the ancestors been for generations back to the time of the stump-legged Peter. George Schuyler was five years older than Helen Ganzevoort. There was enough of the same Dutch idea left in George to make him a dutiful son as there was enough of the same Dutch in Helen to make her a dutiful daughter. George Schuyler had been brought up to believe that one day he must marry Helen Ganzevoort, and Helen Ganzevoort had been brought up to believe that one day she must marry George Schuyler.

The Schuylers were not rich, as has been said, and when George was 16, instead of being sent to college he was shipped west, to see if he could pick up a fortune. Helen was at that time 11 years old, and she did not feel keenly at all the parting with her prospective husband, and it must be confessed that George didn't shed many tears when he said good-by to this plain little girl with her hair in pigtails.

George Schuyler went to San Francisco, and there in the course of nine years he did manage to pick up what the farmer calls a "tidy bit of money." George went east twice during his San Francisco stay, but both times Helen Ganzevoort was abroad. They wrote

HE SAW A COUNTRY GIRL IN A CALICO DRESS.

to each other once every three months, and while there wasn't a line of affection in the letters on either side, there was enough in them to show that each felt that the old marriage arrangement made by the parents still stood.

George Schuyler was 25 years old. His income now was large enough to justify him in marrying, and in feeling that he wouldn't have to go to the bureau drawer every morning to find his wife's purse. George was going back to take a bride that he hadn't seen in nine years, and it's just barely possible that he didn't feel overly comfortable at the prospect. As a matter of fact, George Schuyler liked bachelorhood. No woman ever as yet had stirred his pulse. His gun and his rod were more to him than all the women in the world. But George had been getting letters from his aged parents, who said that it was time he came east and went to wooing in earnest. He wrote that he would start in a week, but that on his way he was to stop for a few days' fishing with an old friend on the Beaverkill, that ideal trout stream which tumbles down the southern slope of the Catskills on its way to Delaware.

George Schuyler took his fly book and his split bamboo rod on the first morning after his arrival at his friend's wilderness lodge and started out to whip the stream for the speckled beauties. He was in wading boots hip high, and down the stream he went, dropping his "coachman" lure to the surface of every pool where it looked as though a trout might lurk.

Luck was only fair and the sun was getting high. Trout don't like the glare of the midday sun and they keep away from the surface, no matter how tempting the morsel offered for consumption. George Schuyler was thinking about reeling in and going back to the lodge, when suddenly at a place where the Beaverskill broadened he saw a country girl, in a calico dress and sunbonnet, sitting at the water's edge. She was listening to the song of a brown thrasher that, tilting on a low tree top, was pouring forth its medley for the benefit of his sunbonneted friend.

George Schuyler stopped in midstream. He did not wish to disturb the bird's solo, upon which the listening girl seemed so intent. He stopped, but slipping on a round stone and splashed the water, which was calm and still just there. The thrasher went into the thicket like a flash and the girl turned her head just as quickly. George Schuyler saw a face under the shadow of the huge country bonnet that was much more than pretty and which he held it in that which men rightly call character. George's fisherman's cap was off in an instant. "Good mornings" are allowable in the wilderness without the formality of an introduction.

"I am just about to stop fishing and go back to the lodge of my friend, Mr. Payson. Can you tell me if there is a shorter path than the stream itself?"

The girl nodded brightly. "Yes," she said, "you can take the trail through the tamaracks. It begins just here." Then the girl turned her attention once more to the brown thrasher, who gave symptoms of being willing to start his solo once more.

Schuyler thanked the girl courteously and after reeling in his line started along the trail indicated. When he reached his friend James Payson's lodge the first thing he said was: "Jim, in the name of all that's lovely, who is your sunbonneted neighbor with a voice like a bubbling spring and eyes like those of the girls in old Herrick's poems?"

Jim Payson laughed. "You must have run across old Cheney's daughter. He has 400 or 500 rocky acres with a little house on them. Mary is his only daughter, and he put her through Vassar and made quite a lady of her. She is a beauty and no mistake. Hit you first time, eh, old man?"

Schuyler colored a little and said: "Well, not exactly hit, Jim. I must not be hit, you know, but the girl is attractive and no mistake."

That evening Jim Payson asked his guest if he wouldn't like to go over and call on old Cheney. There was no hesitancy in falling in with the proposal. They found old Cheney on the porch smoking his pipe. He was a white-haired old fellow of the farmer type, and while he admitted it was hard wringing crops from the stony Catskill slope, yet he said he wouldn't give up his mountainside with its air and scenery for the best valley land on the continent. Then George Schuyler met Mary Cheney. James Payson did the introducing. Schuyler found his mountain flower all that he had expected from the glimpse that he had caught of its beauty in the morning. The girl was refinement itself, and as Schuyler looked at the old fellow sitting in the porch corner puffing contentedly at his corncob pipe he wondered how this slip could have come from such a parent stem.

Well, it's better to make it short. George Schuyler stayed a week and then lingered for two more. He wrote to New York that he was enjoying the fishing. So he was for about an hour every morning. One day he brought himself up with a round turn. He thought of his duty to Helen Ganzevoort.

He knew in his heart that he loved this girl of the mountainside who had a voice like one of the veeries that sing every day at sunset.

That night he went to Mary Cheney and told her all. He knew somehow that the girl had grown to love him as he had grown to love her. They stood on the porch looking down onto the far-off valley. It was twilight and the veeries and the vesper sparrows were singing everywhere. He told her of his childish engagement to Helen Ganzevoort. "I have not seen her since she was 11 years old," he said. "She cares nothing for me; she cannot. She doesn't even know me. The whole thing was a bit of parental foolishness, but nevertheless there is the question of my duty. I shall leave for New York the day after to-morrow. I will see Helen, and upon what she says and does depends all. I may have done wrong, Mary, in lingering here, but I loved you, and let that fact plead for me." He left her standing there, just as the last bird voices of the day were hushed and the whippoorwill took up his nightly chant.

Two days later George Schuyler stood in a Fifth avenue drawing-room waiting for the coming of Helen Ganzevoort. The lights were bright. On the wall hung a picture of Helen as he had last known her nine years before as a child. The eyes seemed to look at him reproachfully.

There was a light step behind him. He turned quickly. For a moment he felt frozen, then the blood went through him like a torrent. In front of him in evening dress stood the girl whom but 48 hours before he had left on the mountainside. "Mary," he said.

Something like a smile came into the girl's face. "Not Mary, George," she said, "but Helen." George Schuyler's mind was befogged. "I don't understand," he stammered.

"It's easily understood, George," she laughed. "You didn't suppose for a moment, did you, that I wished to marry a man I never had seen and who I knew was to marry me from sheer force of duty? Your mother told me you were going to stop at the Beaverkill to fish, and Mr. Payson, who is an old family friend, and Giles, who is an old family servant, and who, by the way, made a good farmer, did the rest."

"Helen, what do you think of me?"

"I think, George, that you fell in love with me for what I am, and"—smiling—"I think I shall have to take you for what you are."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Quite a Family Help.

Newlywed—Do you think you can help me to economize?

Mrs. Newlywed—Oh, John, I never told you before. I can do my own embroidering!—New York Sun.

As a rule, when a man has phenomenal nerve, there is nothing else to him.

MACHINE TO BLOW GLASS.

One of the Most Marvelous Contrivances in the World of Industry.

Glass has at last been successfully blown by machinery and, as has generally been the case when mechanical means supersede hand methods, all feats of hand-blowing have been outdone.

The secret of the remarkable invention is still hidden, but specimens of the work done have been shown. The cylinders are of immense size, the largest being thirty inches in diameter and thirteen feet long.

The new machine is the invention of John A. Lubbers, a glassblower of Allegheny, Pa. It has been built at the Alexandria, Ind., branch of the American Window Glass Company's plant.

The process of blowing window glass is simple in theory, but difficult in practice. On the end of a long tube a mass of molten glass is collected. This is then heated in a furnace and gradually distended by blowing into a large tube with straight sides.

To accomplish this without the peculiar twisting and manipulation employed by the human glassblower has puzzled many clever inventors, and the Lubbers machine was made successful only after a great many experiments.

Lubbers has invented several labor-saving devices and this latest triumph is likely to make him many times a millionaire when it is generally installed.

Skilled mechanics from the Westinghouse factories in Pittsburg have been working behind barred gates and high walls for months in the erection and installation of the machines, which no man other than old and skilled employes of the company was allowed to see.

Patents have not yet been granted on certain parts of the machines and therefore the secrecy.

So confident is the company of the merits of the machine that it is preparing to spend thousands of dollars in its installation in all of the forty-one plants controlled by it in various parts of the country.

It is expected that the device will do away with hand blowers altogether. So confident are the men that this will be the case that many are getting out of the business. The better class of blowers earn from $150 to $600 a month.—New York World.

Modern Antiquities.

The quest for things antique has led to systematic forgery and imitation on the part of dealers. Paris is the great center of this deceitful industry, says the Nation. There has been discovered in the suburbs a thriving factory for the fabrication of Egyptian mummies, cases and all. These are shipped to Egypt, and in due time return as properly antiquated discoveries.

A funny story is now current about a collector of medieval things. A certain clever workman in stone made to the order of a dealer in medieval antiquities a Venetian chimneypiece of the fifteenth century, and received for his work some two or three thousand francs. The dealer shipped the chimneypiece to Italy, and had it set up in a palace near Venice, bringing back to Paris photographs of the palace and of the chimneypiece in situ. By means of these photographs he aroused the interest of a rich collector, who sent his secretary to Venice to make sure that the photographs did not lie, and on his favorable report, bought the thing for fifty thousand francs. On the arrival of the article at his house in Paris, he sent for some workmen to open the cases. One of them appealed to him to go about the work rather carelessly, and he remonstrated with the man, who answered, "Have no fear, sir. I know just how it needs to be opened, for I packed it when it left Paris."

Good Supply.

During the early years of his career as an evangelist the late D. L. Moody was not quite the practical man of affairs which he became as he grew older and his judgment ripened. A characteristic incident of this period of his life is vouched for by a correspondent. He was holding a series of meetings in a small town in central Illinois, where, with his wife, he enjoyed the hospitality of a prominent citizen. At dinner one day his fancy was particularly taken with some cucumber pickles.

"I am very fond of pickles," he said, "and these are certainly the finest I ever tasted. I wish I could get some like them in our market at home."

"I can give you all you want to take home with you, Mr. Moody," said his generous hostess.

"But I don't want them as a gift. I would like to buy them."

"Well, of course, if you would rather have them that way I can pickle a lot of them from our garden and the neighbors', and my husband can send them to you. What quantity would you want?"

"I think a barrel would be enough," said Mr. Moody, without a moment's hesitation. "Send me a barrel of them."

But here his more practical wife interfered, and the order was cut down to a small keg.

A Good Guess.

"John Jones, the patient who came in a little while ago," said the attendant in the out-patient department, "didn't give his occupation."

"What was the nature of his trouble?" asked the resident physician.

"Injury at the base of the spine."

"Put him down as a book agent."—Philadelphia Press.

When a woman reads her husband's old love letters, a certain expression gets in her eyes, and she says, disdainfully: "My, how he has changed."

Science and Invention

The changing of a river's channel is the greatest project now being considered by Italian engineers. The Sale flows into the Mediterranean near Salermo, but it is to be tapped in the hills, and the water taken across to the Adriatic watershed to irrigate the province of Puglia.

For measuring feeble illuminations, like the Zodiacal Light and Gegenschein, M. Touchet has devised a special instrument, resembling a theodolite in appearance. It is provided with a constant flame and a slit regulated in width by a screw with divided head, and when the illumination of the field through the slit exactly equals the light to be measured, a reading is obtained that is easily reduced to a standard.

Although there is a certain area of about three and a half acres on Manhattan Island where the density of population is at the rate of 630,000 to the square mile, yet the city of Paris shows a far greater average density of population than New York, the figures for Paris being 79,300 per square mile, and for New York City proper 40,000 per square mile. The average density of London's population is 37,000 per square mile, and that of Berlin 67,600.

The Finsen lamps are now credited with ten cures of cancer of the skin out of twenty-two cases treated, and with cures of obstinate acne and of baldness due to bacteria. Erysipelas and minor eruptions have been treated with good results. At the Finsen Institute are rooms for exposing patients to electric-light baths and to sun-baths, and an exhaustive and promising investigation of the influence of light in various nervous diseases and in insanity is in progress.

A New York man has invented a mirror that can be made translucent at will, so that when placed in a show-window it at first reflects the faces of people looking in, but suddenly turns transparent, whereupon the spectators see the contents of the window in place of their own reflections. This is effected by means of a thin film on the back of the glass, which, when the background is dark, reflects the light from in front like a mirror, but when the background is illuminated, becomes as invisible as a pane of clear glass.

One of the winter sights of St. Petersburg is a system of electric tramways on the ice in the Neva. One runs from the left shore of the river to the island of Petrowsky, and another from the English quay, opposite the Senate House, to the island of Basilio, near the Academy of Fine Arts. Wooden posts solidly embedded in the ice support the trolley wires. Besides these tramways many wooden roads, intended for pedestrians, cross the water in various directions. In summer bridges of boats take the place of the roads on the ice.

The smelting of steel by electricity is still an attractive problem. The two furnaces built in Sweden in 1900 reached a technical solution by producing steel of fine quality, but the furnaces were ruined by fire before commercial success had been attained. Another furnace planned by the same makers is to hold 3,970 pounds, with a yearly capacity of 1,500 tons, and is to receive the current of a three hundred horse-power dynamo. Though microscopically identical with crucible steel, the electric product is claimed to excel in strength, density, uniformity, toughness and ease of working when cold.

ERROR THAT COST DEARLY.

Millions Might Have Been Saved If Astor Had Been Backed Up.

When, back in 1811, John Jacob Astor, with his Pacific Fur Company, established the trading post of Astoria, at the mouth of the Columbia, he took a step which, if followed up by the support that he had a right to expect from the United States government, would soon have given this country possession of all the territory on the Pacific coast up to Russia's colony of Alaska, which came to us through purchase in 1867, and thus have shut England and Canada out of access to the great ocean.

Denied by President Madison the slight measure of military aid which he asked for the defense of his post on the Pacific in the war of 1812-15 with England, and with his appeal to the same President for letters of marque to equip an armed vessel at his own expense to defend the mouth of the Columbia ignored, Mr. Astor lost his post, which was sold by his treacherous British subordinates, who were temporarily in control, in 1813 to Canada's Northwest Fur Company for a third of its value and the place was captured by a British war vessel shortly afterward. In the settlement at the close of the war the place was given back to the Americans, but here again Madison, and subsequently Monroe, denied to Mr. Astor the protection of the few soldiers which he asked and he declined to re-establish the post.

This lack of courage and foresight on the part of these two Presidents in this case was fatal to American interests on the Pacific. Here are some of the few things which would have come to pass had Mr. Astor been sustained by the government: He would easily have held his ground against the British warship which captured the post in 1813 and the transfer to the Canadian company, which took place before the capture, would have been averted. With the advantage of his sea base and his Russian affiliations in Alaska, both of which had been firmly established before the news of the war arrived on the coast, he could readily have excluded England's Hudson Bay Company and Canada's Northwest Fur Company from all the territory west of the Rocky mountains. That dispute about the ownership of the present States of Oregon, Washington and Idaho, which did not end until England gave up all claims in 1846 to the territory, would never have taken place, for England through her fur traders would never have obtained a foothold there. All the present Canadian territory of British Columbia and Yukon, which are west of the great mountain chain, would have been secured for the United States. And then, when the transfer of Alaska to us by Russia came—and it would have come earlier than 1867 in that event—we would have an unbroken stretch of territory from the northern border of Mexico up to beyond the arctic circle.—Leslie's Weekly.

NEW STORY OF EBEN HOLDEN.

Little Girl Who Loved a Doll Better Than She Did Herself.

"Wal," said Uncle Eb, thoughtfully, "I 'member one year, the day before Christmas, my father gin me 2 shillin'. I walked all the way t' Salem with it. I went in a big store when I come t' the city. See s' many things I couldn't make up my mind t' buy nuthin'. I stud there feelin' uv a pair o' skates. They wuz grand—all shiny with new straps an' buckles—I did want 'em awful—but I didn't hev enough money. Purty soon I see a leetle bit uv a girl in a red jacket lookin' at a lot o' dolls. She wus ragged an' there were holes in her shoes an' she did look awful poor an' sickly. She'd go up an' put her hand on one o' them dolls' dresses and whisper:

"'Some day,' she'll say, 'some day.'

"Then she'd go to another an' fuss a minnit with its clothes an' whisper 'some day.' Purty soon she ast if they had any doll with a blue dress on fer 3 pennies.

"'No,' says a woman, says she, 'the lowest price for a doll with a dress on it is one shillin'.'

"The little gal she jes looked es if she wus goin' t' cry. Her lips trembled.

"'Some day I'm goin' t' hev one,' said she.

"I couldn't stan' it, an' so I slipped up an' bought one an' put it in her arms. I never'll fergit the look that come into her face then. Wal, she went away an' set down all by herself, an' it come cold an' that night they found her asleep in a dark alley. She was holdin' the little doll with a blue dress on. The girl was half dead with the cold an' there was one thing about it all that made her famous. She hed took off her red jacket an' wrapped it 'round the little doll."

"It's one of those good old stories," said I. "Of course she died and went to heaven."

"No," said he quickly, "she lived an' went there. Ye don't hev t' die t' go to heaven. Ye've crossed the boundary when ye begin t' love somebody better 'n ye do yerself, if it ain't nobody better 'n a rag doll."—Irving Bacheller, in Leslie's Monthly.

The Real "Boy" in Fiction.

It was Miss Yonge who first introduced me to the Boy in Fiction with whom I played, studied, quarreled, and made up every day or two of my life, whose standards of honor and play I tried to make my own, whose faults I had a wholesome aversion to, and who was one of the strongest formative influences of my childhood. He stands out against the romance, the chivalry, the high ideals, and poetic fancy of Sir Walter Scott as the intimate companion of everyday life. Into a world in which fairies were already unfolding from the truest realities of existence into the tradition, the aura which makes reality a forever budding prophecy and promise, he brought ceaseless activity and the opportunity to exercise it, a keen love of the rough and tumble of life, and an equally keen desire, not for money to buy beautiful things, but for capacity to know and enjoy them.

Miss Yonge's Boy is not always clever, and he is never perfect, but he is so healthily and sanely alive that he makes you ashamed not to be the same. Then, too, his opportunities are always at hand—there is no need of shipwrecks and desert islands, and a ship conveniently above water with convenient supplies until you have made friends with your island and your man Friday and yourself in this strange new life. You might long for ever to be Robinson Crusoe in vain, but you could be Harry May, or Norman, or Reginald, or any one of a score of boys, by just making the most of your own country and your place in it.—Gunton's Magazine.

Physical Culture.

Miss Vassar—Of all the six-months-old babies I think Mrs. Dumpling's is the cutest little——

Miss Sporty—Oh! Do you know her?

Miss Vassar—Yes, indeed! She was in college with me. She was in the '95 class there.

Miss Sporty—The idea! She's easily in the 170-pound class now.—Louisville Post.

The World's Colonies.

The colonial possession in the world number 141 and all of them are tropical or subtropical in location except Canada. Their populations aggregate 485,000,000.

As you grow older, aim to get your affairs straightened out, and quieted down.

HE HAD HIS WAY.

Methods of Killing Were Not the Usual Ones.

Yes, I was all through the civil war," said the one-armed man, "and I had my own way of fighting when it came to a battle."

"Was it a peculiar way?" asked one of the passengers.

"Yes, they said it was. For instance, my first battle was that of Williamsburg. The first man I killed was an infantryman. They were driving us when we turned and charged. I seized him by the arm and foot and held him aloft for an instant and then flung him down head first and broke his neck. A dozen of us plainly heard the snap above the roar of battle. That man never knew what hurt him."

"But you had a musket," protested the man who had spoken before.

"Oh, of course. But I was fighting my own way, you see. So long as I could kill men and save cartridges it was all right. The second man I seized and broke his back over my knee, the third I drowned in the creek, the fourth I battered against a fence until I smashed in his skull and the fifth I chased around until he dropped dead of heart failure.

"I ought to have killed ten men in that battle, but I was new at the business and didn't know exactly how to go about it. They made me a sergeant, however, and our colonel seemed to think I had done fairly well."

"And did you keep up that style of fighting all through the war?"

"Well, no. In my next battle I had been fighting for half an hour before I got hold of a man. He was a young man and when I seized him by the ears he called out that he had an old mother at home. I have often wished that I had spared him, but the frenzy of blood was upon me at that moment. Having his ears as a lever I slowly turned his head around till I broke his neck. It went clear around till he was looking backward.

"When I got hold of my second man I was cooler. I am not sure whether he offered to surrender or not. He called out something, but I seized him and flung him down and then opened the veins of his wrists with my jackknife. He must have died very quietly, for there was a smile on his face as the burial parties found him. I like to think that he was thankful to me in his dying moments."

"And your third man?" was asked.

"There was no third man. Just as I finished the second one our brigadier came along and said that I was too strenuous and wanted to end the war too soon and I was ordered to the rear and sent home. As to how I lost my arm, that happened when I killed seven cowboys in Colorado, but I never relate the particulars of the affair. I am one who seeks no praise from his fellow men."

SCORES WOMEN'S CLUBS.

Words of a Noted Chicago Preacher Have Stirred Up Great Commotion.

Rev. William B. Leach, D. D., pastor of the fashionable Methodist Church in Wicker Park, a Chicago suburb, denounces women's clubs. In a recent sermon in the church Dr. Leach scored women's clubs for "aping" men's clubs in card-playing and even in gambling and drinking. He styled such clubs "a curse" and charged that they led inevitably to the neglect of children and the ruin of happy homes. "The women's clubs that I have in mind," he said, "are those mannish organizations in whose club rooms I am told the aroma of the strongest perfumes used by the ladies is not sufficient to keep down the pungent odors of strong drink. In those clubs the women members are accustomed to stay out late at night, perhaps for the sufficient reason that they are in no condition to brave the inquisitive, staring glances of the multitudes in the streets and public places earlier in the night. Homes and children and all the household duties are neglected sadly. Such a state of affairs, I say, is disgraceful in a Christian country. I have reliable information that the drink habit and card-playing for money are fearfully on the increase in the club rooms of many of the most fashionable women's clubs of Chicago."

REV. DR. LEACH.

As a rule Dr. Leach preaches "gospel sermons" pure and simple, avoiding the more sensational topics of the day. But whenever he gets out "his big stick" for the evils of the current day he prods and pokes and hits in a way that stirs up a terrific commotion not only among the members of his fashionable congregation at Wicker Park, but among church-goers as well as non-churchgoers everywhere.

The Successful Farmer.

Towne—Poor Riter gave up his editorial job this spring, you know, and started to run a farm.

Browne—Yes, and he's making a barrel of money.

Towne—Nonsense! Why, all his crops failed, and——

Browne—I know, but then he took to writing booklets and pamphlets descriptive of his farm, and he's got so many summer boarders he had to build another house for them.—Philadelphia Press.

Proof of Insanity Shown.

Aubrey—Yonah daughtah has consented to mawy me, and—er—I'd like to know if there is any insanity in yonah family?

Old Gentleman (emphatically) — There must be!—Boston Globe.