

## 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 stamp-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 pig-tails.

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 melody for the benefit of his sunbonneted friend.

George Schuyler stopped in mid-stream. He did not wish to disturb the bird's solo, upon which the listening girl seemed so intent. He stopped, but slipped 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 had in it 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 Herck'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 hesitation 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 corn-cob 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 childhood 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 tomorrow. 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 mauling!—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 nineteen 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 Pittsburgh 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 \$450 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 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 appeared 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 interferred, 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 into her eyes, and she says, disdainfully: "My, how he has changed."

## TRIM ON TRIMMINGS.

ELABORATIONS ON WINTER EVENING GOWNS ARE NUMEROUS.

Simplicity Set at Naught by Stylish Dressers—No Plainness in Theirs—Description of Some Dresses that Are Not Extraordinarily Expensive.

New York correspondence.



ANY new enrichments are appearing for winter evening gowns, and a host of more familiar ones hold over with more or less of modification. And the use of these fancies is so lavish and so elaborate that the trick of combining two or more of them in one dress is so often seen in model gowns, that elaborateness is as impressive as ever. Entirely new trimmings are made of circles or buttons of cloth caught together with thread mesh, and such applications are to be had in considerable variety of design. Unhappily there is little variety in the prices of the various sorts, for all are high, combining as they do outright newness with a deal of painstaking hand work. Akin to this trimming is another where-

cost of the completed product, is hand work. Verily, great is hand work! Embroidery is by no means the whole story, nor do the erstwhile fagotting, couching and kindred tricks tell half the rest. The liking for this general sort of trimming is so pronounced among stylish dressers that any sort of it is voted an addition, and consequently dressmakers for fashionable women are busy at it. It is expensive trilling in any form, and when it is remembered that it usually is added to gowns of costly material otherwise richly trimmed, it will be understood that the whole foots up an alarming total.

To do without all these extravagances, and yet to rival the attire in which they figure is a difficult problem. It calls for much study of what is available, and then for excellent judgment in selecting and in planning. Some can, others must do without such finery. Those who want to get in line with it have ahead an amount of looking about in the shops that is likely to become tedious, but the case isn't hopeless. Today's pictures are from grades of gowns that aren't of the wholly unattainable class, and are but very few of a great many. The first three pictured models were in the simple way, "simple" being taken in its current sense for dressy attire. The first gown was pale blue gauze over blue silk, its fancy light blue passementerie finished with gold beads. Next see a blue soft silk depending for novelty on its yoke of criss-crossed blue velvet ribbon. Beside this is a white mousseline de sole trimmed with made-up ruffles headed by white silk ribbon flowers, an embellishment that the artist has repeated in the head dress, as is a fashionable trick.



SIMPLE ACCORDING TO CURRENT STANDARDS.

in the cut-out pieces are silk. In case of the latter the meshing is complex, and the central pieces, if sizable, are made to bear ornamentation on their own account. This is, in effect, putting trimming on trimming, and it hardly needs to be pointed that that doesn't spell simplicity. This is only one of many straws that show the current stylish dressers have set. It's no plainness for theirs this winter.

By the one item of laces the composite dress-up gown of the winter, if such a composite could be got at accurately, would be kept out of the plain or even of the simple classification. The lace medallion craze is past, though even this

Two lace trimmed gowns appear in the remaining picture; a white plain and fancy figured tulle combined and trimmed with black chantilly.

Substitution must be a resort of the copiers who would reproduce evening models cheaply. Gowns prepared for display as expressions of new fashions run to costly stuffs and trimmings, much of which is wholly beyond the means of the average shopper, but by accepting less expensive goods or trimming, or both, there often—yes, usually—may be secured a gown that will reflect strongly and faithfully the original's beauty at a small fraction of its cost. In laces alone these show window evening gowns are



SAMPLE LACE EMBELLISHMENTS.

embellishment is not altogether left behind. It may not with entire safety concede the dominating feature of a gown's trimming, but in a modest way, as an accessory to other perhaps more striking trimming, it still is seen in good company. But in flouncings, edgings, bands and falls it is used very freely, and with an ingenuity of treatment that produces many pleasing surprises. Passementeries are used quite as freely and with equal degree of novelty in application. Being in vast variety, many of the kinds exceedingly rich, they are productive of fine results by themselves, but when combined with laces and elaborations, as they so often are, the completed gowns are more than likely to convey an impression in which complexity and easy join. In addition to these two general forms of embellishment, and additional both to the beauty and to the

enough to dishearten most women who study them. But there are all sorts of laces, and while the very cheapest won't serve, something far less costly than the newest execution will do nicely. The same is true of passementeries, and here the skimpier course is easier, for many of the inexpensive passementeries are perfect beauties, and what is best in the manner in which the trimming is arranged. So copying the arrangement in the cheaper trimming is a comparatively easy way of securing a satisfactory result.

There is a renewed craze for gold and silver tresses as a foundation for evening tolets.

Accordion-plaited skirts will continue in favor.

## THE SHRINKING OF WU.

He Was a Great Man Here, but in China It's Different.

Wu Ting-fang has shrunk. He is no longer "it." He is now reduced, in his own land, to his own level, where Wu Ting-fang has a job.

Here, the affable, clever, talkative, humorous Chinaman was supposed to be the biggest and finest representative of his race who has ever existed. In Washington he was a show. Next to the President, he monopolized public attention at the capital. In Kansas City he was the whole of the show about a year and a half ago, when the Commercial Club gave a banquet and had him as its guest. No one here will ever forget the incidents of that affair—the wild ride across the United States in a private car, when engines were ordered as one would call for hard-boiled eggs, and the record-breaking special pulled in just in time to give Wu a place at the waiting board.

No one will ever allow to fade from his mind the gorgeous robes worn by him at the reception to the woman next day; interminable questions, embarrassing and racy often; his persistent ogling of the fair women, and his disgruntled exclamation when they were ill-favored; his erratic emotional stunts, and his side home, when he turned himself into a human interrogation point and became to his escorts the human "Why?"

After seeing him, one could fancy him at home, bossing the Dowager Empress or telling the weak-kneed boy Emperor what was what. Yes, sir, there wasn't a doubt that in China Wu must be as big a man as Mark Hanna, and maybe as big as Morgan. And in fancy one could see the crowds hurrahing for Wu and beating cymbals and burning red fire, while the Peking Silver Cornet Band played what sounded like the strains that come from the pig-killing section of the stock yards and take the place of "See, the Conquering Hero Comes," in China.

Well, all were wrong. Not one item of the dream was based on fact.

When Mr. Wu got home the band didn't play and there was no parade. His job is so small that it is doubtful if it even gives him license to chat with the office stenographer during the lunch hour.

Evidently the United States was gold-bricked in the urbane Mr. Wu. There is a proverb somewhere that reminds one that if one wants to know just how much ice a man really cuts and discover the facts about a woman's disposition, see them at home.—Kansas City Journal.

## Mount岑 Tunnel.

The gradients are very severe in the Mount岑 tunnel, and trains coming from France, with an incline of one in forty against them for several miles at a stretch, when followed by a current of air in the same direction, produce what might almost be described as an inferno. For here, as in all other steep tunnels, engines drawing heavy loads steam along with their regulators wide open, emitting huge volumes of smoke and steam, and with an atmosphere of, say, 30 degrees Fahrenheit the discomfort of the custodians of the tunnel may be imagined far better than it can be described.

At regular intervals of a kilometer in the tunnel there is a refuge, or "grande chambre," for the workmen. This refuge is supplied with compressed air, fresh water, a telephone in each direction, a medicine chest, barometer and thermometer. As it is the practice of these custodians to go in pairs, if one man succumbs to the lack of oxygen or dense smoke his companion can render assistance or telephone for further help. If a man can manage to drag his swooning comrade inside one of these chambers he has merely to close the door, turn on the store of compressed air, and wait either for the tunnel to clear or for a locomotive to come to their rescue.—Strand Magazine.

## World's Output of Minerals.

The total amount of coal produced in the world in 1901 was 789,000,000 tons, of which the United States yielded rather more than a third. Germany's output was almost one-fifth. The United States, the British Empire and Germany, taken together, produced six-sevenths of the world's supply. Of the total output of minerals the British Empire yielded about one-third of the coal, one-ninth of the copper, one-half of the gold, one-eighth of the iron, one-fifth of the lead, one-seventh of the petroleum, one-quarter of the salt, one-ninth of the silver, five eighths of the tin, and one-fifth of the zinc. More than 4,500,000 persons are engaged in mines and quarries throughout the world. One-fifth of them are employed in the United Kingdom and one third in the British Empire.

## The Bone of Contention.

"One government insists on pulling me one way," said the Sultan, gloomily, "and the next is tugging in the opposite direction."

The eminent counsellor bowed his head as an indorsement of the opinion. "Well, what I want to know is this: What am I in this Turkey—the wish bone?"—Washington Star.

## Oldest Map of Rome.

The oldest map of Rome which is preserved is the Forum of Urbis, cut in 140 pieces of marble.

## American Shoes For Britons.

Within a year the United States sold 233,953 pairs of shoes to British subjects.

When the average woman is ill, she is fond of impressing it upon people that her illness was brought on by "over-doing."