

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 stumped-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 listen-

ing 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. But you first time, eh, old man?"

Schuyler colored a little and said: "Well, not exactly, 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 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 vooeries 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 vooeries 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.

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 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 \$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 to the order of a dealer in medieval antiquities a Venetian chimney-piece of the fifteenth century, and received for his work some two or three thousand francs. The dealer shipped the chimney-piece to Italy, and had it set up in a palace near Venice, bringing back to Paris photographs of the palace and of the chimney-piece 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."

A Good Guess.

"John Jones, the patient who came in a little while ago," said the attendant in the outpatient 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.

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 maulscuring!—New York Sun.



Miss Gannon, Sec'y Detroit Amateur Art Association, tells young women what to do to avoid pain and suffering caused by female troubles.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I can conscientiously recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to those of my sisters suffering with female weakness and the troubles which so often befall women. I suffered for months with general weakness, and felt so weary that I had hard work to keep up. I had shooting pains, and was utterly miserable. In my distress I was advised to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it was a red letter day to me when I took the first dose, for at that time my restoration began. In six weeks I was a changed woman, perfectly well in every respect. I felt so elated and happy that I want all women who suffer to get well as I did."—MISS GUILA GANNON, 359 Jones St., Detroit, Mich., Secretary Amateur Art Association.

It is clearly shown in this young lady's letter that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will certainly cure the sufferings of women; and when one considers that Miss Gannon's letter is only one of the countless hundreds which we are continually publishing in the newspapers of this country, the great virtue of Mrs. Pinkham's medicine must be admitted by all; and for the absolute cure of all kinds of female ills no substitute can possibly take its place. Women should bear this important fact in mind when they go into a drug store, and be sure not to accept anything that is claimed to be "just as good" as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, for no other medicine for female ills has made so many actual cures.



How Another Young Sufferer Was Cured.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I must write and tell you what your Vegetable Compound has done for me. I suffered terribly every month at time of menstruation, and was not able to work. Your medicine has cured me of my trouble. I felt relieved after taking one bottle. I know of no medicine as good as yours for female troubles."—MISS EDITH CROSS, 169 Water Street, Haverhill, Mass.

Remember, Mrs. Pinkham's advice is free, and all sick women are foolish if they do not ask for it. No other person has such vast experience, and has helped so many women. Write to-day.

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DYSPEPSIA

"For six years I was a victim of dyspepsia in its worst form. I could eat nothing but milk toast, and at times my stomach would not retain and digest even that. Last March I began taking **CASCARETS**, and since then I have steadily improved, until I am as well as I ever was in my life."—**DAVID H. MURPHY, Newark, O.**



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