A Matrimonial Scheme

By EDITH V. ROSS

Clementine Woodbridge, an old schoolmate and bosom friend of mine, married and was so happy with her husband that she wished me to be happy too. So she concocted a scheme to trap me into the double life. She got up a house party for my especial benefit, composed of half a dozen young men and a dozen young women, and informed me that one of the young men was intended for my fiance. But when I asked her to name him she declined, saying that to do so would spoil it all. He had been informed that one of the girls of the party had been picked out for him, but he, too, was to be kept in ignorance as to her identity.

When the party met I looked the young men over, but did not think I could fall in love with any one of them. A man might passively submit to ignorance in such a matter, but not a woman. I had not been in the house five minutes before I began to try to find out who the man was who had been picked out for me. But Clementine had made this not so easy a matter as would appear by telling every one the same story she had told me. In other words, the party had been divided into couples with matrimonial intentions. But this was only better to keep me and the man picked out for me from discovering each other.

Nevertheless all took kindly to the plan, especially the girls, each one of whom was as much bent on finding out her partner.

My favorite was Alan Coleman; therefore I was sure he was the man who was intended for me. But Alan did not reciprocate, and after showing my preference for him I suddenly dropped him and lavished my favor on George Burke, who acted as if I was the girl picked out for him or at least was the girl he hoped had been picked out for him.

As soon as I dropped Alan and showed a preference for George Helen Smith, who had conceived an idea that George was intended for her, showed her spleen toward me, treating me with the greatest coolness. Alan also, seeing the change in me, considered himself very much injured, barely speaking to me, and it was evident that there was an antagonism between him and George.

What took place among the four that I have mentioned occurred with the others as well. Every girl became antagonistic to every other girl; that I knew. But I didn't have as clear an insight into what was going on among the men. I don't believe men think as much about marrying as women do. Marriage in the case of men usually comes about unintentionally, while women intend to marry if they can find the men they want and can get them. However, we had not been working out Clementine Woodbridge's matrimonial scheme long before her husband admitted to me that there was nearly as much rivalry among the men as among the women.

During the first few days of our house party it was very enjoyable. During the next few days constraint began to appear, though it was varnished over with apparent good will. By the time we had spent two weeks together the house was in an uproar. Many of the girls did not speak to one another, and, as for the men, they looked as if they would like to shoot one another. Several of the girls told our hostess that they were about to take their departure, making some trivial excuse, and were only prevented from breaking up the party by Clementine telling them that if they didn't finish the term for which they were invited—twenty days—she would feel offended.

Finally the day before the expiration of the term Clementine called us all into the library and said that she had been urged by her guests to reveal the names of the couples as she had intended them to unite and would read them out from a paper on which she had written them and sealed in the presence of witnesses on the day the invitations were sent out. She then broke the seal of an envelope, took out the list and read aloud:

"Walter Hartley and Jennie Hart."

"Oh, my goodness grac"— exclaimed Miss Hart, stopping the exclamation by putting her hand over her mouth.

Mr. Hartley's eyes bulged, his face reddened, and he looked as if his shirt collar were choking him. They had paid each other no attention whatever.

"Henry Depue and Helen Dougherty."

Miss Dougherty arose from her seat and, with her head in the air, swept out of the room. Mr. Depue sat still, staring at the ceiling.

"Donald Mix and Celia Moffat."

"What an idea!" exclaimed Miss Moffat, with a vicious giggle.

The last couple called was myself and my partner, Everett Clarke.

I had fortunately the experience of three girls who had shown rudeness and had resolved when my turn came to show myself a lady. I threw a kiss to the partner who had been provided for me.

That act made my matrimonial market. Mr. Clarke was so delighted with my act that, smiling all over, he ran out to the conservatory, plucked a few flowers and, hastening back, handed them to me amid a clapping of hands. He then and there made a secret resolution that he would win me for his wife, and he succeeded.

TRICKED HIS PREMIER.

Pitt Was Quick to Act, but the King Got Ahead of Him.

On Jan. 19, 1805, Dr. Manners-Sutton, bishop of Norwich, was giving a dinner party in his Windsor deanery when his butler informed him that a gentleman wished particularly to see him, but would not give his name.

"Well, I can't come now in the middle of dinner," said the bishop.

"Beg pardon, my lord, but the gentleman is very anxious to see you on important business," and the butler was so urgent that the bishop apologized to his company and went out. The gentleman who would not be denied proved to be King George III.

"How d'ye do, my lord?" said he. "Come to tell you that you're archbishop of Canterbury—archbishop of Canterbury. D'ye accept—accept? Eh, eh?"

The bishop bowed low in token of acceptance.

"All right," said his majesty. "You've got a party—see all their hats here. Go back to them. Good night."

Next morning Pitt appeared at Windsor castle to inform his majesty that Archbishop Moore had died the day before and to recommend the bishop of Lincoln, Dr. Pretyman, for the vacant primacy.

"Very sorry, very sorry, indeed, Pitt," said the king, "but I offered it to the bishop of Norwich last night, and he accepted. Can't break my word."

Pitt was very angry, but the deed was done, as the king meant it should be, and so Dr. Manners-Sutton became archbishop of Canterbury and held the great office for twenty-three eventful years.—Chambers' Journal.

OUR NATIONAL GAME.

Baseball as Now Played Is Essentially American In Origin.

Some authorities trace baseball to an old English ball game called "rounders," which dated from the eighteenth century. "Rounders" was played in an open field marked out by a five sided figure, the points being called bases, first to fourth and home bases. The "feeder" (modern pitcher) stood in the middle of the pentagon; the batsman ran the bases and scored a run if he made the circuit without being put out, but he was retired if a hit ball was caught on the fly or on the first bounce or when he was struck out by having the ball thrown at him while running the bases.

"Rounders" was played in this country before the Revolutionary war and baseball possibly was an outgrowth of it, but if so it was a long time coming. The game as now played is essentially of American origin, through the different stages of two old cat, three old cat, four old cat, town ball and bull pen.

The Washington Baseball club, the first known, was formed in New York in 1843, and the first regular code of rules was drawn up in 1845 by the Knickerbocker Baseball club of New York. The first national association was organized in 1858, and the first convention of baseball financiers and managers was held in Philadelphia in 1867, about 500 organizations being represented.—Philadelphia Press.

An Indulgent Father.

The Duke de Richelieu one day visited his son, who was a student in the University of Paris. "Do you need any money?" he asked in the course of the conversation.

"No," said his son. "I still have 20 louis from last month's allowance."

On hearing this the duke took the boy's purse and, handing it to his servant, said: "There, John, are 20 louis. My son, the Count de Fronsac, presents them to you. Go and drink his health."

But to his son he said: "Young man, remember that you are the son of the Duke de Richelieu. Be more generous with your money."

How many youths in college today would like to have so thoughtful a father!

Living on a Salary.

Living on a salary is a more or less precarious form of existence, but it is not always wise for every man to go into business for himself. Some men are not fitted for that responsibility, and there are a great many failures of men who strike out for themselves without sufficient backing of capital or experience. However, if you never save any money out of your salary you will never get ahead financially. You always will be the tail of another man's kite, always stoking to keep up steam in the boilers of somebody else's business.—Rochester Sentinel.

Two Old Customs.

One of the oldest customs in the world, according to an archaeologist, is giving precious metals or other commodities of agreed value in exchange for the necessaries of life. Of course an equally aged custom is promising to hand over the precious metal or other commodity next week.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Zoological Question.

The director of the zoological gardens was on his vacation. He received a note from his chief assistant, which closed thus: "The chimpanzee seems to be pining for a companion. What shall we do until you return?"—St Louis Republic.

Olive Oil.

Adulterated olive oil is hard to detect, even by the expert tasters. They allege, however, that they can tell the spurious article by flavor and effect on the throat.

He who foresees calamities suffers them twice over.—Porteus.

A Newspaper Episode

By EVERETT P. CLARKE

Just before the war that led to the evacuation of northern Italy by the Austrians Edward Wharton, a young American newspaper correspondent, went abroad to seek his fortune by practicing the profession he had adopted. There was not enough—at least on the surface—in European affairs to warrant an expenditure by American newspapers in keeping a special correspondent abroad, but Wharton found a position as such on an English newspaper the patrons of which were more directly interested in the continental political complexion of the times.

The young journalist was sent to Vienna, where, possessing those qualifications calculated to make one a social success, he became a favorite in the court circle. He won the good will of the wife of the army officer charged with preparations for the mobilization of troops so far as to be admitted on familiar terms to her home. One day he was left alone in her husband's cabinet and on the desk found spread out a schedule showing the movements of trains intended to carry a large army. Hastily noting the important features in his memorandum book, he was about to leave the room when the major domo entered.

He found Wharton studying a picture on the wall.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the servant. "No one is allowed in this room."

"Not allowed here?" said Wharton, looking about him with well affected surprise. "I supposed this was the library."

"It is the general's private cabinet."

Wharton left the room and the house. He dared not let the grass grow under his feet. Should the man who had seen him in the cabinet speak of the matter to the general some means would doubtless be taken to prevent what was exposed on the desk from being revealed. Wharton did not even go to his hotel, making straight for the railway station. He hoped to catch a train for Munich or Nuremberg which would enable him to go west, but unfortunately there was no train leaving in that direction for several hours. But a train was pulling out for Trieste, lying southward, and Wharton, not having time to secure a ticket, got aboard without one. Indeed, he did not know where the train would take him until informed by the guard.

The fugitive's object was to get out of Austria, thinking that once across the border he would be safe. But he had great doubts about escaping—that is, if an effort were made to detain him. Trieste is on the northern extremity of the Adriatic sea and about sixty miles from Venice, in Italy, by either land or water. On reaching the former city Wharton jumped off the train just before it had rolled into the station, realizing that telegrams might be sent in every direction ordering that he be stopped.

Going to a hotel, which he entered by a rear door, he sent to the office to learn how soon and by what route he could go to Venice. He was informed that a boat would leave in an hour. He went down side streets to the landing, looked ahead of him and saw standing at the gangway one of the menservants of the house at which he had purloined his information. He knew at once that the man was there to identify him, though he must have been there for some time or had been sent on a special train ahead of the one on which Wharton had traveled.

Glancing foreward and astern of the boat lying beside the dock, the fugitive looked for an opportunity to get aboard elsewhere than at the gangway. There was but the one entrance, and if he undertook to go aboard except through it he would surely be observed. To go by that route was hopeless.

Wharton retreated and determined to go by land. Of course if he attempted to telegraph his news in Austria he would be arrested, and he did not try such a course. Going to a dealer in hair goods, he bought a wig and beard to represent an old man, then hired a room in an obscure apartment house, where he put them on. Learning that a train left Venice at 10 o'clock at night, he went to the first station at which it stopped and there boarded it, thus escaping any one attempting to prevent his leaving the city.

At the next stop the door of the compartment in which Wharton traveled was thrown open, and a man stepped upon the footboard and examined critically every one in the compartment. Wharton recognized him as a waiter who had often served him at his hotel in Vienna. But the wig and beard saved him, and after satisfying himself that the man required was not there the waiter withdrew, and the train moved on.

This enabled Wharton to enter Italy. The Italians hated the Austrians, and he knew that where he had one enemy to fear he had a hundred friends to help him. He left the station, entered a gondola and was rowed to a hotel. While on the canal he gave 10 francs, besides his fare, to the gondolier and to the latter's astonishment pulled off his beard and wig and dropped them in the water.

Within half an hour Wharton sent a cipher telegram to his paper revealing news of the political situation that astonished all Europe.

As to his right to make use of this information, that is a matter of opinion.

NEW ZEALAND EELS.

Big Enough and Daring Enough to Kill a Man or a Salmon.

Eels can cause the death of a salmon of considerable weight by the use of strategy. One will obtain the grip between the dorsal fin and the tail and then hold on like a bulldog, while the unfortunate victim in vain throws itself backward and forward, endeavoring to shake off its captor, until at length its strength is exhausted and the eel proceeds to make a meal at leisure.

Worse crimes than these are laid to their charge in New Zealand. A great number of bathing fatalities had taken place at a certain spot, where the current ran with such strength that a powerful swimmer could only just stem it. It was a favorite pastime to have a tussle with the stream, but several times a bather disappeared before help could reach him, and when his body was found it had been eaten by eels.

The cause of the fatalities remained unknown for a long time, but at last it was discovered that while the swimmer was almost stationary in the rapid stream a huge eel would seize him by the foot or leg and drag him beneath the surface. Eels attain an immense size in those waters, twenty to thirty pounds being no uncommon weight.—Pittsburgh Press.

HOLES IN POTS AND PANS.

Quick and Easy Method of Repairing Them at Home.

Pots and pans, whether of iron or tin (which is only iron tinned over), get holes in their bottoms all too soon to please the economical housekeeper. Then it becomes necessary to call in the tinsmith, who puts a lump of solder in the hole. This soon melts, and the hole is there again.

But nothing is easier than to repair such holes at home and without the aid of a tinsmith. First of all make the hole round by inserting the point of a knife and twisting it back and forth. Place the pot or pan upon any firm, flat piece of metal, such as an anvil, a bar of iron or an inverted flatiron, so that the hole is immediately over and touching the latter. In the middle of the hole place a shot of about the size of the hole. Any piece of lead will serve if the shot is not handy. Now a few sharp blows with a hammer will flatten the shot and spread it out, filling the hole tightly and overlapping enough to hold it in place. A few strokes with a file and a rub with sandpaper complete the operation. The repair is permanent.

It is said that a hole as large as a quarter of an inch in diameter can be mended in this way.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

"Read the Eternities."

The only large values are those in which our ancestors participated. The oldest of wonders is the greatest—life. An ironclad, as such, is a commonplace beside a ship, and society merely as society is a more stupendous fact than Rome or England. The Iliad is less remarkable than speech, and the aeroplane is only a mote in the sky. Landscape, the family, the nation, religion—their origins are lost in the silence of a gray antiquity. The now—the present—is indeed sacred; but its sacredness is inappreciable to those who are circumscribed by its limits; it is reserved for minds that escape its bounds. "Do not read the times!" said Thoreau, in words that become the more memorable the less they are remembered; "read the eternities."—O. W. Firkins in Atlantic Monthly.

Comparative Values.

A German peasant had just lost his faithful cow. His wife became so grieved over the loss that her heart was broken and she, too, died. Scarcely was she buried when one of the neighbors came and offered his daughter, another his sister, and a third his niece, for a wife, whereupon the farmer remarked:

"Well, I can easily see that it is better to lose a wife than a cow in this town. As soon as my wife is dead a choice of half a dozen wives is offered me, but when my cow died they didn't offer me a single one."—Youth's Companion.

The Lord's Prayer and Druidism.

A curious proof of how tenaciously paganism held its ground for some generations after the majority of the people had become Christians is found in a Gaelic version of the Lord's Prayer, which up to a very recent period existed in parts of Cork and Kerry. Instead of "Lead us not into temptation," "Na Leig sinn a ndraoidheacht" was said, meaning "Allow us not into Druidism."—London Times.

Hard Luck.

Husband comes in to find his wife turning everything topsy turvy.

"Gracious, Isabel! What are you doing?"

"I just received a telegram from Aunt Jane saying she'll be here at 6:30, and I can't find her photograph anywhere."—Chicago News.

At the Concert.

"Why do so many people yawn all at once just now?"

"Didn't you notice that the critic over there in the front row yawned first? Everybody else wants to show that he, too, is a musical sharp."—New York Post.

Pretty Tough.

Old Scotchwoman—The last steak I got frae ye I could hae soled ma boots wi' it. Butcher—And why did ye no dae it? Woman—So I wid if I could hae got the pegs tae gang through it.—Boston Transcript.

How Grigsby Was Influenced to Win the Game

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

It was toward the end of August and our team of the Boynton Athletic club had done splendid work at winning baseball games, placing us in an excellent position to be one of the teams to play for the championship at the end of the season, but the Harkerville club had just as good a record, and we must beat it or be thrown out of the line of competition.

We knew what everybody knew—that under ordinary circumstances we could win from the Harkerville club. But our twirler, Jim Grigsby, though the best in our part of the country, was unreliable. There were times when he would make tosses which only a marvelous batsman could hit, while at other times his pitching was decidedly poor.

Bob Twining, our captain, made a study of Grigsby to find out why he could not twirl as well at one time as another and discovered that he needed a stimulus. He also discovered that the excitement of the game could not be relied upon to make Grigsby do first class work. This puzzled the captain.

Twining must hit on some expedient at once. His sister, Jaqueline, was one of those girls who seem to be able to draw men as a magnet will draw metal, and Twining told her that he wished her to concentrate her firing for the couple of weeks that remained before the deciding game on Grigsby.

Jack—as she was commonly called—was at the time receiving the attentions of one George Eliot, whom Twining seriously objected to. Jack worshiped her brother and wouldn't marry without his approval. She proposed to do what she could to influence Grigsby to win the coming game, provided Twining would concur in her choice and back her up with their parents, who were of the same opinion as the brother. Twining finally reluctantly agreed to her proposition, provided the game was won, and she took Grigsby in training.

"Jack," said Twining a week after this agreement, "let up on Grigsby. You are absorbing so much of his time that I can't get him out for practice."

"I thought you relied on me to make him win."

"So I do."

"Very well. Never mind his losing practice. He's had practice enough. He needs a motive. If the team needs a pitcher for practice get some one in his place. Let Mr. Grigsby alone till the game comes off."

Twining grumbled, but thought it best not to interfere with his sister's plans. He did not and could not know what means she was taking to make Grigsby win the game. He only knew that she would if she could and did no more scolding when the twirler cut practice to go galavanting with Jack.

Of course Bob and his sister were the only two in the secret, which was of too delicate a nature to be spread broadcast, and the captain was at his wits' end to keep his team up to its work without its pitcher, especially since his absence from practice was a discouraging feature. By the time the game came off Twining was tired out with the situation, having forced his team to keep in condition despite its discouragement.

Jack would give her brother no information as to what was passing between her and Grigsby. Twining asked her if she wished a seat on the stand where the pitcher could see her plainly, and she said she wished for two seats, not conspicuous. He didn't understand this, but gave her a place a few rows back from the front.

The weather was favorable, and, since there was a good deal of interest in the game, a large audience was in attendance. No one except those mentioned knew anything about the bargain that had been made. Twining had supposed that Jack wished the extra seat for a girl friend, and when he saw Eliot sitting beside her he wondered. But Jack knew the game she was playing and her brother did not.

There was the usual cheering when the teams went on to the field, and the rooting for each team was well and incessantly kept up by the leaders. Grigsby looked about for Jack, and when he saw her sitting by Eliot he knit his brows. What was going on in his mind was unknown to any one but himself—and possibly Jack. Twining was watching him and believed that whatever it was it would be a big hit or a big miss.

It turned out to be a big hit. Grigsby covered himself with glory. His curves were marvelous. From the start our fellows led, and at the end of the game, when we had beaten our opponents badly, we carried Grigsby off the field on our shoulders. Then the field that had been so lively was deserted.

When Bob Twining and his sister were alone at home he took her in his arms, kissed her and told her that she might marry Eliot with his full consent and that he would throw all his influence with the old folks for the same cause.

"But how did you manage it with Grigsby?" he asked.

"I promised to marry him if he won the game."

Jack kept her promise, threw Eliot over and astonished the world.

"You can never tell," her brother remarked, "where a girl is going to land till she has landed."

[illegible]

CUPID'S QUEER PRANK.

[illegible]

—Globe-Democrat.

Undesirable Perfumes.

[illegible]

Insanity.

[illegible] —New York American.

The Candid Friend.

[illegible] —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Not Very Likely.

"Did you ever notice one thing about a ship?"

"What's that?"

"She can't make [illegible] tied up."—Baltimore American.

Study [illegible]

[illegible]