Harold's Scheme.

By ELLA M. HESS.

It was the most picturesque cottage that fancy could depict; a cottage with pointed gables, and deep bay windows, and broad verandas—such as wealthy New Yorkers dwell in for the few summer weeks when Fifth avenue is a wilderness and the other fashionable resorts in that locality are deserted.

Mrs. Julian Raymond, in a ravishing toilet of violet silk and old point lace, sat out on the veranda, pouring over a novel. Mr. Harold Coverdale, her brother, yawned, threw his weed over the rail of the porch and contemplated the tips of his well shod feet.

"It's a deuce of a bore, this summer cottage business," he said, at last.

"How can you be so ungrateful, Harold," she remonstrated, "when we've taken the cottage and moved out here solely for your advantage?"

"Come," said Mr. Coverdale, laughing, "that's expecting a fellow to believe a little too much."

"Well, what else was it for?"

"To be near Long Branch and the fashionable world, to be sure."

"Exactly; and in order that you may make a desirable match, Harold—for really you must do something for yourself now. Mr. Raymond declares he won't lend you another copper."

"But you'll let me have fifty or so, Alice—there's a darling!"

"I can't, Harold," persisted the sister, with an elevation of her eyebrows. "I haven't a cent to spare; Mr. Raymond keeps me so dreadfully short."

"That's all you have gained by marrying money," sneered Harold, "and yet you expect me to do the same."

"A man is different you know," said the millionaire's wife. "If once you marry an heiress you can do what you please with your money."

"Do you refer to Mrs. Colby?"

"I refer to Mrs. Colby."

Mr. Coverdale made a slight grimace.

"I hear she is an ugly old crow," said he, with a motion of the mouth as if he had been taking some disagreeable medicine.

"Then you're very much mistaken," said Mrs. Raymond, with something like animation. "She's not twenty-five yet, and quite handsome, and she owns all the Colby estates in her own right; and if you don't marry her, after all the pains I've taken to invite her here, you'll be the most ungrateful fellow I ever heard of."

"But suppose she won't marry me?"

"There is no danger of that," said Mrs. Raymond, smiling and shrugging her pretty shoulders as she looked up at her tall, handsome brother, who stood leaning his perfect head against the pillar of the porch. "Not if you play your cards well, Harold."

Mr. Cloverdale laughed and made a mock obeisance.

"Much obliged to you, ma'am. And when, may I ask, do you expect this money-bagged widow to condescend to come to a Long Branch cottage?"

"The day after to-morrow."

"By train or boat?"

"By boat. You'll have to go down to the landing to meet her—and that reminds me, Harold."

"Of something disagreeable, I am sure!"

'Well, no, it needn't be; only I want you to go down to the East End this afternoon, and bring up the new housekeeper that I advertised for. The intelligence office people telegraphed that she would be up this afternoon, and I declare I had nearly forgotten it."

"Thank you. I don't particularly care about driving up the Shore Drive with a fat, red-cheeked damsel at my side and two or three bandboxes behind."

"What nonsense, Harold! She is no common servant. She is a very respectable woman who has seen better days."

"It is a wonderful and unaccountable fact that they all have," sighed Mr. Coverdale. "However, I am at your service, Alice—what must be, must be—and I'll borrow Hal's wagonette for the occasion. One can stow away the everlasting bandboxes to the best advantage in that, you know. I'll go down now and stop at the hotel and play a game of billiards with the boys before the train will be in."

"Dear, dear!" murmured Mrs. Raymond to herself, as her eyes followed the stately, well-built figure down the winding path that led to the Shore Drive. "How I do wish he was established in life! He's always borrowing money and getting into debt, and if Mr. Raymond should ever hear of that forged check on the bank——"

But there was no pitying pang in her heart for her beautiful young schoolmate, whose life she was willing to sacrifice on the altar of her brother's selfish and unprincipled greed? Not one. Mrs. Julian Raymond was merely a fashionable woman, and fashion has no soul.

And while Mrs. Raymond glanced over the pages of her French novel, and Mr. Coverdale lost more money than he could well afford in the billiard room of the hotel, the boat was steadily gaining the dock; and Mrs. Colby, in her neat, plain traveling dress, and the barege veil she wore to protect her eyes from the glaring sun, looked out at the grand outline of the beautiful bluffs and fast approaching shore, and smiled to think how completely she should take Alice Coverdale Raymond by surprise.

"She don't expect me until Wednesday," said Mrs. Colby to herself. "What fun it will be!"

Her dark eyes sparkled mischievously beneath her veil at the idea

"I wonder," she thought, unconsciously following the trend of her own musings, "if Alice's brother is really so perfect and chivalrous? There are few of that type left in the world, and if I should meet my ideal out here among the waves, it would be a life romance."

"Boat in already? You don't say so! She made good time," cried Mr. Coverdale, running down the steps of the hotel, wiping the cigar ashes from his heavy mustache at the same moment. "Come on, Hal!"

The passengers were filling into the great four-horse stages which awaited the boat; but Mr. Coverdale settled all perplexities by calling out:

"Any one here for the Locust Cottage—Mrs. Julian Raymond's."

Mrs. Colby glanced up in surprise. Could it be possible that Alice had fathomed her little scheme?

"Yes," hesitated she, "I am."

"Come on, then, and don't stand staring all day!" said Mr. Coverdale, with the scant allowance of courtesy he deemed sufficient for a working woman. She stepped in the conveyance unaided.

"All right?" he impatiently shouted, pulling the reins. "Now, Hal, you needn't throw away your cigar," as his companion glanced doubtfully at the veiled passenger. "She don't mind a little smoke, do you, Mrs. What d'ye call yourself?"

Mrs. Colby sat in a maze. Was she dreaming, or had this strange charioteer gone mad?

"Oh, you needn't be surprised," said Mr. Coverdale, checking a hiccough. "I'm Mrs. Julian Raymond's brother. She send me to meet you."

"I am much obliged, I am sure," faltered Mrs. Colby; "but——"

"And I hope you'll do your best to keep your situation," went on Mr. Coverdale; "for my sister has had a deuce of a time with these intelligence people."

A comprehensive flash came into Mrs. Colby's eyes. Mrs. Julian Raymond's brother evidently mistook her for a servant, coming up in search of a place.

"But——" she began hurriedly.

It was no use. Her feeble attempts at explanation were drowned in the rattling of the wagonette wheels as Mr. Coverdale touched up the spirited horses.

"Get up, Maud! Whoa, Nigger! Not a bad team of yours, Hal. I'll buy them of you at your own price when I'm married to the rich widow."

"What rich widow?" asked Hal, lazily puffing away at his fragrant weed.

Mrs. Colby held her breath.

"Don't you know? Haven't you heard? But, honor bright, now, you're not to cut in and spoil my chances. It's one of Alice's old school friends—Coalbin, or Coldslaw, or some such name—as rich as an Astor, who's coming up from New Haven day after to-morrow. Congratulate me."

"What! Already?"

"It's as good as done. What's the old proverb? 'I came, I saw, I conquered!' Oh, there's not much doubt in the case, I flatter myself!"

"Perhaps you won't fancy her."

"She is not of much consequence, one way or the other; it's her money I mean to make love to—Ha! ha! ha!"

Then the conversation drifted off upon the subject of the races.

Mrs. Julian Raymond was on the plazza, when they drove up to the door, in one of her ravishing toilets.

"Hello, Al!" cried out her brother, checking the horses with a sudden jerk. "Here's your housekeeper."

"Why, she's been here these two hours!" said Mrs. Raymond, opening wide her wondrous eyes. "She came by way of the train. Who on earth have you got there?"

"Only me," said Mrs. Colby, springing out of the wagonette and throwing back her veil, while a mischievous smile played around her pretty lips. "Kiss me, Alice. I hope you are agreeably surprised."

Mrs. Julian Raymond sprang forward to embrace her schoolmate.

"Dearest Viola, I am so pleased! And you, naughty Harold," shaking her chubby fist at her brother, "are you in the plot, too?"

No; Mr. Coverdale was certainly not in the plot, as his dropped under jaw, staring eyes and sheepish countenance plainly denoted as he bolted out of the room, unable longer to endure the sarcastic glitter of Mrs. Colby's eyes.

"Hal," cried he to his friend, "hold on! Take me down to the hotel with you!"

"What for?"

"I've done it—I've ruined myself!"

"Are you crazy?" demanded Hal.

'No; but one would think I was! That—that woman——"

"Well?"

"She wasn't a servant at all; she was the rich widow—Mrs. Colby herself!"

Hal whistled and looked shocked.

"Yes," said he, "you have done it! There can be no doubt on that subject. Come with me."

So the two men drove away.

Mrs. Colby stayed a couple of weeks at the cottage with her old schoolmate. Mr. Coverdale never showed himself in all this time, and the rich widow knew that she had escaped the snare of a fortune hunter. —Waverley.

It is probable that the population of the earth has doubled since 1800.

Man—The Only Mystery

By Dr. William Hanna Thomson

THERE is not a secret in Nature, except himself and what he is, which he will not, unaided, find out sooner or later, and then do with as he likes. Talk of his being of material origin who is now sharply cross-questioning matter itself about what it is, and eliciting the answer that it is nothing but vibrations, which he calls electrons, and which he will yet cause to dance to his will! Man is destined to be the only wonder left in this world, because by his discoveries he soon makes all Nature's wonders commonplace. Who wonders now at that miracle, wireless telephony? Hence, though he may yet likewise explain all the other mysteries of Nature, he will himself remain unaccountable except as a witness to the unseen reality of realities—Mind.

It is this transcendence above Nature which suggests the explanation of the evil in the natural world from its remote beginning till now. The entrapping spider, the subtle serpent, the ferocious beast, and every cruel animal are but weak counterparts of what man can be and has been. It was fitting, therefore, that originally he should belong to a world which should foreshadow him in so many ways as the Natural Man of the earth earthy in nature and in spirit. But a last Man appears as Homo Sapiens, the prince of peace in a warring world. What is that wisdom which made him so and endowed him with all rule? It lies in that exclusively human power which can resist the gratification of immediate natural impulse for the sake of a distant good. Man alone, therefore, can be really educated, and again educated. To a being so endowed there is no limit to his rising from a lower level to a higher. But education is always slow and often grievous, as the school boy knows when told to study and not play. If, instead, he will play, sorrow awaits him in after years, because he ill then betoo deficient in knowledge and the power which comes by education to get his living except by the cheap animal labor of his muscles.

But as with the individual, so with the race. A progressive training which bears all the signs of ancient Purpose is slowly educating the human world not to yield, as of old, to self-assertion, that cause of all evil in heaven as well as on earth, but to prefer instead to obey the divine law of self-control and self-sacrifice.—Everybody's Magazine.

The Self-Centred Woman

By Winifred Black

I KNOW a young married woman—bright as a new penny, pretty as a colored photograph and full of life and fun of living.

She went to a new town to live not long ago, and at first she was the rage. Every one called, every one fell in love, every one raved.

"So pretty."

"So bright."

"So full of fun," every one said.

And then nobody called any more, except the ill-natured and the gossips, who were not tolerated anywhere else.

Then the invitations began to sag, and then everybody said no more about the young married woman, and she dropped into a rather neglected, wholly lonely, and pretty miserable life.

Her husband saw that his wife was popular no longer, and he began to look for the reason—and find fault—mentally.

"I guess she isn't as pretty as she looks to me," he said to himself. "Nobody else seems to admire her and her temper certainly is bad."

The young married man's relations came to visit, and they wondered and raised their eyebrows, and the young married woman said she couldn't bear the town and that there wasn't an interesting person in it and she wanted to go home, so there.

And it was all because she didn't know enough to curb her tongue. Every time she went to a party she had a great time making fun of every one there.

At first her partners laughed, but when the next partner laughed the last partner looked uneasy and never asked the young married woman with the penchant for satire to dance again.

Every time the young married woman went to pay a visit she took up half the time talking about the last person at whose house she called.

She laughed at their ideas or imitated their little peculiarities, and somehow the visit was never returned.

And she really isn't vicious and cruel or malicious at all; she's just foolish and light-headed and self-centred—so she's shunned and olnely and unpopular—an she wonders why.

I don't—do you?—New York American

A Big Issue Before Congress

By George H. Currier

KEENLY alive to the platform pledges of the Republican party, President Taft has made it clear that he is determined to see postal savings-banks made a reality, in accordance with pledges to the people.

Seven hundred and sixty-six million four hundred and seventy-four thousand one hundred and twenty-five dollars of deposits in the postal banks of the United Kingdom, to the credit of nearly eleven million depositors in 1907, suggests the enormous fund which will be created when the $600,000,000 now hoarded in this country, plus the accounts of smaller and more timid depositors in commercial banks, are enabled to gain entire security by the guaranty of Uncle Sam.

The deposits in the postal banks of Italy, in 1907, amounted to $273,702,695, an increase in ten years of over $160,000,000. Nearly five millions of people have postal deposits in Italy, and it has been found that millions of dollars in savings have been sent from the United States to Italy, and other European countries, for deposit in the postal banks, because Uncle Sam has, so far, failed to make any provision to care for the savings not intrusted to banks. Not less than $8,000,000 in one year has been sent from the United States in money orders, much of it for deposit and safekeeping in postal systems. Most of these money orders are bought in the states of Arkansas, Colorado, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Ohio, Oregon, Texas and Washington.—The World To-Day.

America's Opportunity in Chile

By Paul S. Reinsch

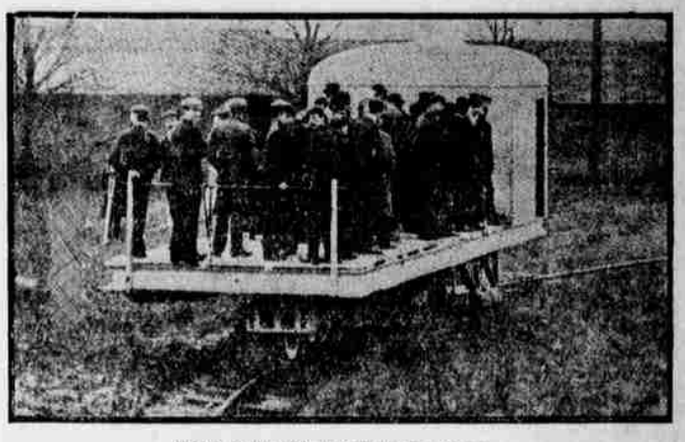
WHILE American capital is not much interested thus far in the nitrate regions, the indications are not wanting that in the development of general mining in Chile it will take a leading role. There is also a great field for the development of American import trade in general machinery and textiles, in timber and manufactures of wood, in wagons and agricultural machinery, in paper, and in the lesser manufactures of steel and iron. The opening of the Panama Canal ought to give our manufacturers a considerable advantage in the way of steamship rates over their European competitors, but here, as in other parts of South Aemrica, we cannot hope to build up a commerce at long range. It will be necessary for us to interest ourselves personally in these regions and assist in their development, by investing capital, to study them in personal visits and by sending agents and representatives. It is only in that manner that the nation can get a share of Chilian commerce and industry commensurate with its industrial and capitalistic importance.—The World To-Day.

THE LATEST TRIUMPH OF THE MONO-RAIL ABROAD

Nearly two years have passed since Mr. Louis Brennan displayed before a body of English engineers a working model of a railway car exemplifying the features of the gyroscopic mode of locomotion. He has now demonstrated in a fashion quite conclusive to the scientific press of Europe that all the claims then made for the mono-rail are practically realized. Intense interest has therefore been awakened in the prospect of soon propelling railroad cars on a single line of rail laid on the ground. They will be maintained upright by means of gyroscopic control, and, in the light of the demonstration just made, they will turn sharp curves and ascend steep gradients. Apart from this gyroscopic control, the railroad cars would capsize. Mr. Brennan imparts stability to his vehicles, as London Engineering notes, through the same principle which we see on its grandest scale when Nature steadies the movements of the heavenly bodies in their orbits. The earth revolves on its own axis, our contemporary explains, says, Current Literature, "in the same direction as you deal a hand at cards or pass the port, from right to left." It also moves on its orbit around the sun in the same direction.

"But besides these two movements there is a third, which was discovered by the Greek astronomer, Hipparchus, who lived in Bithynia about 160 to 125 B. C. He made several important contributions to scientific knowledge, but by far the most valuable one, which he must have obtained by analyzing the Chaldean observations recorded for the previous 1500 years, was that the axis of the earth has a special top-like motion—known as 'precession'—in the opposite direction to that in which the earth itself rotates. If you mount a gyroscope, or magic top (a flywheel within a ring), upon a long pair of spindle-legs with pointed extremities, which will not hold themselves upright when the flywheel is at rest, you will find that rotating the flywheel keeps the whole structure steady. By degrees, of course, the outer circle increases its precession to a point at which a fall is inevitable; but, as Lord Kelvin pointed out, 'hurry on the precession and the top rises.' That is to say, in this kingdom of anomalies we are investigating, if you increase a movement which would, unaided, have produced a fall, you actually prevent that fall from taking place.

"The peculiar property of 'gyrostatic domination' has been known, therefore, to exist. But Mr. Brennan is the first to investigate fully those stresses which it causes in the spindle-legs of the instrument I have described, and he is the first to discover a practical way of automatically 'hurrying the precession' in a manner which enables a machine containing his invention to keep its own balance under all conditions.



THE MIRACLE OF BALANCE.

Turning a corner with the utmost ease and at considerable speed during the experiments in England a few weeks ago, the Brennan mono-rail demonstrated before a large party of engineers the feasibility, from a commercial standpoint, of this gyroscopic mode of locomotion. The tests were conducted with the greatest ease, owing to the perfection attained in the balancing mechanism, which remains perfectly under the control of the operator. The cost of construction of railroads per mile will be reduced one-half by this invention, and the cost of operation by fully two-thirds.

Criminals and Drink.

Dr. Albert Wilson, the brain specialist, described the results of his recent work in a lecture before the members of the Society for the Study of Inebriety recently.

"Although alcohol is so great a problem in crime, I could fill the platform with criminals who are teetotallers," said Dr. Wilson. "A particularly accomplished criminal told me the other day that he must keep entirely away from drink when planning a crime. Another, however, said that he required a little stimulant just to help him carry out a 'job.'"

Dr. Wilson told a story of Berry, the late executioner. After carrying out five hundred executions he became so sympathetic toward criminals that he gave up hanging and became a temperance missionary. Talking of the magnitude of crime, the lecturer said that a million persons are arrested in this country every year. Three hundred thousand, equal to the population of a large town, are sent to prison, while crime costs us £6,000,000 a year.—London Daily Mail.

Dickens' Last Words.

The most interesting person at the recent Dickens Bazaar at Caxton Hall was Miss Georgina Hogarth. Miss Hogarth is 84. She was a child when she went to live under the roof of her brother-in-law, Charles Dickens, and she remained a member of his household till the final summons came to the great novelist. She was with him when he was struck down. His last words were "On the ground." She alone heard them.

It is generally supposed that Miss Hogarth was in Dickens's mind when he jolted down in his notebook the following outline of a "character" for future use: "She—sacrificed to children, and sufficiently rewarded. From a child herself always 'the children' (of somebody else) to engross her. And so it comes to pass that she is never married; never herself has a child; is also devoted to 'the children' (of somebody else); and they love her; and she has always youth dependent on her till her death—and dies quite happily."—Lady's Pictorial.

Comparisons Are Dangerous.

"A chap told me this morning that I looked the image of you."

"Where is the idiot? I'll pound the life out of him."

"Too late. I killed him."—New York Times.

Not a Boston Expression.

She—"That's Mr. Osborn over there. He married a million."

He—"You don't say. Well, that beats Solomon to a frazzle."—Boston Transcript.

In Louisiana the law permits a widow to marry again only provided she has waited until ten months after the death of her husband.

CERTAINLY NOT!

Costumer (to customer)—"You must consider, also, madame, that my assistant, being only a poor working girl, cannot give that air of distinction to them that you crave."