A MASTERFUL WOOING

By EVELYN RAYMOND

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The event of the season was over in the little Texas village of Cypress Bayou. All the San Jacinto bay country had furnished the dancers, and among them had come Henry Mitchell, just home after seven years' absence in remote Alaska. Success was written in his face, and success meant wealth with the Mitchells, hence the people fell to wondering if Henry Mitchell would be true to his bay-country sweetheart of seven years ago, for Caroline Wells was poor.

The man, however, did not reveal his feelings. He danced and talked with other old friends as with Caroline Wells. But in her face, and not in the others, there might have been seen a faint glow as of hope. The rekindled light of a forgotten love still shone in her eyes the second day later as she stood upon the shore of the San Jacinto, contemplating the leaden waste of water in the late afternoon. An east wind blew and the girl's wavy brown hair was strewn out upon it, or swept down in a bunch of curls to hide the red that the wind was painting over the tan of her cheeks. The changing lights in her face were very beautiful to look upon, like the varied shadows that hurrying clouds sometimes reflect in a restless sea. There was coming into her eyes a look of anxiety as she regarded the river before her.

As from habit, she shaded her eyes with her hand and looked out across the stream to an island in which for over fifty years that early pioneer and gentleman and officer of the second British war, Col. Smith, had chosen to make his home. His wife had shared the island-home. Their house had once been all but carried away by one of the devastating river floods. Mrs. Smith was now alone upon the island. In the event of a flood she would be in great danger.

As Caroline Wells looked at the heavy, threatening sky, and the curling waters, steadily creeping toward her, she gave way to a shiver of dread, and turned toward her house, through a field of half-picked cotton. But a look of determination had settled into her countenance. Shortly she returned with a great storm coat, which she flung into a long, low boat that lay restlessly tugging at its chain. She cast a sorry eye out to midstream, where the strong wind had raised the water into perilous ridges. But, knowing that she was the only help for Mrs. Smith within six miles, unless it be from across the river, she reached out to pull the boat toward her.

Carried away by the wind, it seemed to resist her, but with some effort she succeeded, and after a hurried glance back at her home, she jumped into the boat. Before she thought it possible, the wind had caught the boat and carried it far upstream, across the finer bay. But Caroline was used to the river, and, controlling the boat, she was soon pulling with long, steady strokes toward the point where she could best cross the mid-current for Smith island. She made some progress, but such was the force of the wind that after half an hour she had only reached the point of the peninsula from which she intended to cross the main current to the island. She had still her fiercest struggle before her. Strong as the girl was from her river life, her wrists ached and her arms felt heavy from the exertion. The wind had now grown to a gale. The spray dashed over her in sheets. But the stout heart of pioneer fore-fathers yet urged her to the relief of the old lady upon the island.

With the boat headed downstream against the wind and tide, she pulled slowly, surely, out; drenched and panting, and with a face as white as the foam crests of the black waves that swept in walls against her boat.

She had passed the channel posts, and was now well out in midstream, and saw, as she instinctively gauged her course by a persimmon tree upon the point of the peninsula, that she had gained a little downstream against the tide. This came to her gradually as she struggled in the spray, but gradually also came to her the knowledge that there was a darkness brooding over the river that could not be brought alone by the approach of night. Knowing her course well, even in such a gale, she had not once look again there burst upon her the storm in its great fury—a very tempest of wind and rain and seething waves.

At the first onset the oars were torn from her grasp and the boat was swung from its course and carried in great bounds from wave to wave with the storm. Above the deafening roar of wind and river there came to her the sound of breaking timbers, and she knew that the house on the island had been swept from its moorings. Soon, too, she knew the cause. A wall of black water bore down upon her Her boat met the wave and was borne stanch boat. There was a great shock, forward through the air upon its crest.

She saw the face of Henry Mitchell.

Then, suddenly, while it was sliding back to the yawning trough that followed, the boat shook from stem to stern and stopped so instantly that the iron-ribbed side of the bow was stove in, and the girl thrown forward upon her face.

There was an instant of silence about her, during which Caroline heard the low gulf tidal wave that had passed, go thundering onward to its further work of destruction. Controlling her terror, she lifted her head to look about her when, with a start she saw that her bows were caught in a group of channel posts, and, left by the height of the wave that had passed, now hung between them, quite out of the water. To change her position meant to be thrown out of the boat. While she contemplated her peril she saw through the curtain of rain and darkness, being borne down toward her, a great, gray object. It rocked and swayed in the swelling rolls like a ship, but she could make out in it the outlines of the floating Smith house. It came fast, and swept by almost within touch. With a mad impulse to reach it the girl flung herself from the boat. She fell into the water, but clutched a projecting timber and circled her arms about it. There she clung in the gathering darkness, nearly submerged at times, and again raised almost from the water by the swinging of the house. But such a thing could not be for long, and, indeed, it was not, for suddenly she felt a grasp of iron about her waist and, yielding to a stronger will, she loosened her hold.

Above her she saw the face of Henry Mitchell, and then felt herself in his arms. The marvellous skill learned in stemming the ice floes of the Lower Yukon had enabled him to withstand the first stress of storm, and, carried forward by the resistless force of things, he had neared the floating house, had seen Caroline's leap into the water, and had been able to so far guide his boat as to reach her. There, with the temptation calling below and around them, and with the shadow of death darkening above them, the man forgot life itself, and, clasping the clinging form of the girl to his bosom pressed her wet face to his and kissed her until the love in her eyes bade him cease. Then, with the strength and energy of a giant, he bent to his work of guiding the boat to shore. The drift of the stream told him that they were being driven across the current, and if his efforts prevailed they would gain the inner bay—a harbor with its headland of shells. Rapidly but painfully they neared the safer waters of the inner bay.

Now, as they sped toward the shell headland, there came once more to their ears from mid-stream, the sound of the crashing and falling of beams and timbers; and, well knowing that the friend whom they had sought to save was no more, a great heartburst of grief coursed between them, the eyes of each sought the other's, and in that moment of sorrow their souls were linked together. The headland of shells loomed before them.

The skill that had kept them ahead of the wind now kept them atop of a great wave, and the grounding of the boat far in upon the beach brought them to safety. There by the side of the white boat they told to each other the vows that were soon to again make the bay-country furnish its dancers, and the little village of Cypress Bayou to record in its annals another event.

She stood upon the shore.

Ancient and Modern.

An old man and a young one, while traveling from London to Brighton in a train, got into conversation. The old man asked:

"Which would you sooner travel in—the up-to-date railway train or the old-fashioned stage coach?"

"Why, the up-to-date railway train, of course," the young man answered.

"Ah, I would sooner travel in the old-fashioned stage coach."

"Why?"

"Well, if you are in the old-fashioned stage coach and the wheel comes off, and you are thrown into a ditch, it's 'Hullo, old party, there you are!' But if you are in the up-to-date railway train, and the boiler bursts, it's not 'Hullo, old party, there you are!' but 'Hullo, old party, where the dickens are you?'"—London Answers.

SHIP BUILDING OF THE WORLD.

America Ranks Second to England, Including Colonies.

United States Consul Monaghan at Chemnitz has made a report to the state department in regard to the world's shipbuilding for 1900.

The total number of vessels of over 100 registered tons built during 1900 is given in Germany returns as 319 sailing vessels and 966 steamships, with a total tonnage of 2,268,938 tons. Of this number, 20 sailing vessels and 70 steamships, with a tonnage of 211,850 tons, were built by Germany. The following table gives the relative position of the shipbuilding countries for 1900, number of ships and registered tons:

England (inclusive of colonies)	698	1,471,475
America	197	297,321
Germany	90	211,850
France	65	101,318
Italy	37	54,382

According to these figures 10 per cent of the whole falls to Germany.

During the six months ended Dec. 31, 1901, there were built in the United States and officially numbered by the bureau of navigation 717 rigged vessels of 154,073 gross tons, compared with 568 rigged vessels of 179,229 gross tons for the corresponding six months of 1900. Canal boats and unrigged barges are not included.

The principal decline, 19,752 tons, is on the Atlantic seaboard, and is attributable to work on several large ocean steamers, which will be completed during the coming six months. Included in the six months' figures are thirty-eight vessels, each over 1,000 tons and aggregating 101,832 tons. Of these fourteen steel steamers, aggregating 52,310 tons, were built on the great lakes. Four are for the seaboard, two banana steamers, Watson and Dimmock, each of 1,820 tons, the Hugoma, 2,182 tons, and the Minnetonka, 5,270 tons. The Minnetonka will be cut in two to pass the canals.

On the seaboard fifteen wooden schooners of 24,861 tons were built, says the Washington Star, five steel steamers for coasting trade and one steel ferryboat, aggregating 20,964 tons. Square rigged vessels are the steel ship William P. Frey, 3,374 tons, and two barkentines on the Pacific, aggregating 2,310 tons.

HE WAS FOND OF PETS.

Cats and Dogs Were His Favorites, but He Loves Them No More.

A druggist, whose place of business is not very far from the Dauphin street entrance to Fairmount park, has been cured of his longing for pets. For a long time he has expressed a desire to own a good dog and a nice cat, but as he occupies the premises with his family as a dwelling and his wife does not share his love for animals, he has been unable to gratify his wish. Recently, however, his wife has relented, and this good news he gleefully confided to one of his friends.

"I think I can arrange to get you both a dog and a cat," said the sympathetic friend with a twinkle in his eye. "Shall you be here in your store on Monday morning?"

The druggist replied that he would be on hand as usual.

The next day an advertisement appeared in the papers to the effect that a good price would be pair for dogs and cats at a certain drug store uptown between the hours of 8 and 10 on Monday morning. Long before 8 o'clock people of all sorts began coming into the store, lugging the worst-looking aggregation of mangy curs and starved cats ever got together.

Of course the druggist at once realized that he was the victim of a practical joke, but it was quite another thing to convince the various visitors of this, as most of them were armed with the advertisement, clipped from the newspaper. Finally he had to send for a policeman to clear his store, says the Philadelphia Record, after which he barred the doors and business was suspended for several hours. He has now a horror of mild-mannered pets, and says he never wants to lay eyes on another cat or dog.

Reed Clings to Old District.

Thomas B. Reed, ex-speaker of the house, lives in New York, but he still claims to be a constituent of Congressman Amos Allen, who succeeded Mr. Reed as the representative of the first congressional district of Maine. When he wants any documents or publications Mr. Reed always applies to Mr. Allen for them. Mr. Reed's wishes in this line are often extensive, but Mr. Allen always attends to them personally. He secures the books from the document room, wraps and addresses them with his own hands and then carries them down to the house postoffice and there personally starts on their way to New York. Mr. Allen for a long time was clerk of Mr. Reed's committee on rules and he was nominated for congress largely through the efforts of the former speaker.

Call Gage's Picture "Bluebeard."

Now that Lyman J. Gage is no longer secretary of the treasury the employes of that department feel at liberty to express their sentiments freely regarding the oil portrait of himself which Mr. Gage, in accordance with custom, caused to be hung in the outer office of the secretary. The picture has been nicknamed "Bildeboard"—not on account of any trait of his former subordinates—but because of the original, for Mr. Gage is greatly beloved, by the color which the artist used in representing Mr. Gage's beard. The former secretary's beard is almost snow white, but the artist used about the same shade of blue in reproducing it that is used in the picture books which contain the story of the original "Bluebeard."

Morbidness of Parisians.

A quantity of jewels and trinkets which had played important parts in murders and other crimes were sold at auction by the police authorities of Paris the other day. Most of the articles brought prices far above their intrinsic value, their worth being enhanced in the eyes of the morbid because of the grewsome associations connected with them. Those which were bloodstained were in great demand.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

DISCOURSE THIS WEEK ON RECOLLECTION AND FORGETFULNESS.

Text Hebrews VIII., 12: "Their Sins and Their Iniquities Will I Remember No More"—Good Advice for Christians of All Denominations.

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Washington, March 9.—From the letter to the Hebrews Dr. Talmage takes a text and illustrates how all offenders may be emancipated; text, Hebrews viii, 12, "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

The national flower of the Egyptians is the hellotrope, of the Assyrians is the water lily, of the Hindoos is the amaranthus, of the Persians is the chrysanthemum. We have no national flower, but there is hardly any flower more suggestive to many of us than the forget-me-not. We all like to be remembered, and one of our misfortunes is that there are so many things we cannot remember.

With the art of recollection, which I cannot too highly eulogize, is one quite as important, and yet I never heard it applauded. I mean the art of forgetting. There is a blessed faculty in that direction that we all need to cultivate. We might through that process be ten times happier and more useful than we now are. We have been told that forgetfulness is a weakness and ought to be avoided by all possible means. So far from a weakness, my text ascribes it to God. It is the very top of omnipotence that God is able to obliterate a part of his own memory. If we repent of sin and rightly seek the divine forgiveness, the record of the misbehavior is not only crossed off the books, but God actually lets it pass out of memory.

"Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." To remember no more is to forget. How you cannot make anything else out of it. God's power of forgetting is so great that if two men appeal to him and the one man, after a life all right, gets the sins of his whole life pardoned and the other man, after a life of abomination, gets pardoned, God remembers no more against one than against the other. The entire past of both the moralist, with his imperfections, and the profligate, with his debaucheries, is as much obliterated in the one case as in the other. Forgotten forever and forever. "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

This sublime attribute of forgetfulness in the case of God you and I need, in our finite way, to imitate. You will do well to cast out of your recollection all wrongs done you. During the course of one's life he is sure to be misrepresented, to be lied about, to be injured. Especially those who keep these things fresh by frequent rehearsal. Keep nothing in your possession that is disagreeable. Tear up the fallsehoods and the slanders and the hypercriticisms.

Imitate the Lord in my text and forget, actually forget, sublimely forget. There is no happiness for you in any other plan or procedure. You go all around you in the church and out of the church dispositions acerb, malign, cynical, pessimistic. Do you know that those men and women got that disposition? It was by the embalmment of things pantherine and viperous. Their soul is a cage of vultures. Everything in them is sour or embittered. The milk of human kindness has long since dried. They do not believe in anybody or anything. Where there is one sweet pippin in their orchard there are fifty crabapples. They have never been able to forget. They do not want to forget. They never will forget. Their wretchedness is supreme, for no one can be happy if he carries perpetually in mind the mean things that have been done him. On the other hand, you can find here and there a man or woman for there are not many of them) whose disposition is genial and sunnery. Why? Have they always been treated well? Oh, no. Hard things have been said against them. They have been charged with officiousness, and their generous lives have been set down to a desire for display, and they have many a time been the subject of tittle tattle, and they have had enough small assaults like gnats and enough great attacks like lions to have made them perpetually miserable if they would have consented to be miserable. But they have had enough divine philosophy to cast off the annoyances, and they have kept themselves in the sunlight of God's favor and have realized that these opposition and infractions are a part of a mighty discipline by which they are to be prepared for usefulness and heaven.

Another practical thought: When our faults are repented of let them go out of mind. If God forgets them we have a right to forget them. Their wretchedness is supreme, for no one can be happy if he carries perpetually in mind the mean things that have been done him. On the other hand, you can find here and there a man or woman (