

THE FADED TINTYPE.

Beneath the weight of many years his aged back was bent,
But from his gentle big blue eyes there shone a light that lent
A radiance to his old face, and as a seat he took
He glanced about him with a smile—then sought his pocketbook.
And everyone who gazed his way
Wished that his carfare they might pay
For that one cheery look.

His clothes, though old and worn, were clean and patched with loving care,
His trembling hands in home-made gloves; the well-combed fringe of hair
Beneath his almost furless cap—all told of some one who
Loved this old man as much as when life's partnership was new.
A moment more and he unwound
The string with which his purse was bound
And brought his wealth to view.

A scrap of cloth, a pencil small, a key, and next a dime—
And then he stopped—in happy thought he seemed lost for a time;
A faded tintype, that was all—a sweet old woman's face,
And yet he kissed it softly ere he put it back in place.
And then we knew what made his life
So happy—just a faithful wife
Gave his old age its grace.

Caught by the Camera

LESTER DRAKE'S detective camera first created the idea of photography in my mind. Before that I hadn't the slightest inclination toward the art whatever, but when Lester purchased his neat little leather-covered box, and went around merely pressing a button, and getting pictures by no other means, I immediately decided that I, too, must have a camera. Lester's was not an expensive one. His father had found it in one of the photographic establishments in Philadelphia, and, being of a slightly scientific turn of mind, had purchased it and brought it home to Lester, who fitted up a corner of the cellar as a dark room, and straightway launched himself as an amateur photographer.

Lester's first attempts, revealed by the chemical development, were surprisingly good, and inspired a strong feeling of envy in the breasts of those of his comrades whose fathers were blind to the oft-repeated advantages and delights of amateur picture taking. Even more exasperating, he straightway became the idol of all the girls at school, whose zest in posing for him was only equalled by the grotesqueness of some of their postures.

I brooded long and deep over this unpleasant condition of affairs, and finally arrived at the conclusion that I would have a camera at any cost. Lester was kind enough to initiate me into the mysteries of his dark room, and to allow me to examine the interior of his camera by ruby light. With the knowledge thus gained, I resolved to manufacture one myself. It wouldn't be as handsome as Lester's perhaps, I thought, but it might do just as good work. So I made the attempt, using the lenses from an old microscope which I owned, but in vain. The instrument never reached the second stage of its construction.

The contrast between Lester's clean, smoothly-covered box, and what I knew mine would appear, even if I could finally complete it was too great, and I abandoned it in despair.

Then I tried another tack. My father was exceedingly skeptical concerning the desirability of amateur photography, and flatly refused to furnish the necessary funds. It was October then, so I conceived a plan by which I would earn money during the fall by corn husking among the nearby farmers, so that when spring opened I would have the price of the coveted camera.

No one could have worked harder during the weeks through which the season lasted than did I. Huskers were in demand that fall, and I secured work wherever I applied.

It is just possible that if Lester had grown tired of his camera in the meanwhile, and had ceased to use it, my desire for one might likewise have gone by the board, but the snap of his shutter was heard everywhere and at all times, and even at night—by flashlight—in the barns, where the frequent huskings were progressing.

When, after a few weeks, the farmers ceased to require huskers, I struck up a bargain with our grocer, whereby I was to spend Saturdays running errands for him. The money from this helped out wonderfully, and, according to my expectations, when April opened, a snug little sum reposed as the fruit of my labors in one corner of my top bureau drawer.

As soon as the weather moderated slightly, Lester, who now posed as a photographic oracle, and myself, went to the city one fine morning to buy the camera.

The neat little leather-covered box was duly inspected and purchased, together with the pamphlet of instructions that seemed so enticingly mysterious to my uninformed mind.

The camera was just like Lester's, with the exception of some minor improvements which had been effected since the time when he had purchased his.

On the way home, Lester and I drew up a compact whereby I was to have the use of his dark room and chemicals until I felt that I was fairly on my photographic legs. Then I was to fix up a room of my own.

The camera had been sold loaded with plates, ready for use, and I lost no time in snapping several views here and there as the fancy seized me.

Lester taught me to develop them, and when the most of them came up under the chemicals clear and sharp, my delight was great.

And when I made prints from them, and the familiar home scenes and my playmates' faces were there plainly before me, it seemed to me that the universe could hold nothing more entrancing than amateur photography. Of course, I had failures, but they were few compared with the successes.

One morning in May, after I had become thoroughly versed in the art of using the camera and had fitted up a dark room of my own in the attic, Lester and I sallied out with our cameras to secure snap-shots whenever desirable ones might present themselves.

It was an ideal day for picture taking. Rain had fallen the night before and had left the atmosphere clear and brilliant, with none of that dim haze which is the camerist's Nemesis so often.

We had strolled along the road, perhaps two miles out of the village, and had caught three or four very pretty views.

None other had presented themselves, however, for some time, when, by a turn of the road, we came upon a man drinking from a spring at the side of the road. He was but a few feet away, and was stooping down with his back toward us.

"Let's get him," said I in a low tone. "All right," replied Lester; "you do it, though. I've only got one plate left."

I had several unexposed plates remaining in my camera, so I pointed the box toward the man and pressed the button. Just at the instant when the shutter must have operated the man heard us and turned his head, facing us squarely.

He evidently understood what we were about, for he scowled deeply and walked rapidly away through the woods, without, however, offering to molest us. He carried a small, black grip with him.

As the man's retreating figure disappeared through the trees, Lester and I drew a long breath of relief, for we felt like criminals detected in a crime, and we were a trifle afraid of the man besides.

We wandered a little further, snapping a few more wayside pictures, and then turned towards home and retraced our steps.

That afternoon Lester came over to my father's house to witness the development of the morning's pictures.

As, one by one, we put the plates through the developer, a majority came out well. One or two were a trifle under exposed, and there were minor defects in others; but, on the whole, they were very good.

The star negative of the lot, however, was that of the stranger whom I had photographed drinking, and who had turned his head and caught me in the act. That was perfect. Everything was brilliantly sharp, and the shutter had caught the man's full face. In the negative even so small an object as his eyes stood out beautifully.

We made a blueprint of this negative, and both Lester and myself recognized the faithfulness of the likeness, notwithstanding the fact that we had seen the man but a moment.

About the middle of the afternoon, my father returned from the neighboring town, ten miles away, in one of the banks of which he was clerk. He seemed to be much excited and perturbed about something. My mother noticed

it and immediately inquired as to the cause of his uneasiness.

"The bank was robbed last night," he answered, "and over \$50,000 stolen. Every cent I had in the world is gone with the rest."

My mother made an exclamation of dismay.

"And the worst of it is," went on my father, "that we are almost certain who the thief is, but we haven't a thing in the world to trace him by—not a vestige of a photograph or anything like it, which we could give to detectives to guide them in the hunt. The man's gone, and the money with him."

And my father sank despondently into a chair.

Meanwhile Lester and I stood by listening silently, the still wet blue print in my hand. After a minute I went and pressed the print out flat upon the table, on which my father's arm was leaning. At any other time I would have proudly exhibited it to him, and would have been sure of his interest and appreciation, but I did not feel like intruding upon his present worry.

As I laid the picture face upward upon the table, my father turned his head and looked at it indifferently. Suddenly he pushed me aside, and bent over the print so closely that his face almost touched it. I recovered my balance with difficulty, and stared at him in frightened bewilderment. My father had never acted in this manner before, and I was almost afraid he had gone mad.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed. "The very thing."

Then, wheeling around, he grasped me by the shoulders, and wanted to know where I got that picture.

I was far too dazed by his strange actions to answer a word; so Lester interposed and told my father, in a few words as possible, of our morning expedition, and of the man whom we had photographed in the act of drinking.

"Bless the camera!" ejaculated my father, excitedly, "that's Eli Parker, the thief! And the best likeness of him I ever saw, too."

Then he questioned us closely as to the direction the man had taken when discovered, and ended by confiscating the print and the negative, and rushing out of the house to take the next train back to town. Lester and I talked about it all the afternoon, and felt ourselves quite heroes for having the temerity to stand before a real bank robber.

Fifty prints were immediately struck off from the negative and these were given to detectives, who scoured the country in every direction. After a two days' search those nearest home were successful, and found Parker in the same woods where Lester and I had first surprised him. He had sought to avoid capture by avoiding railroads, and hiding himself until the first excitement of the robbery had passed away. As the whole amount of the stolen funds was discovered in the black grip which he carried, he was convicted of the crime without difficulty, and sentenced for a term in State prison.

The sequel of the incident was the most agreeable and the most astonishing of all. One day, a month subsequent, when Parker had been safely housed in the penitentiary, my father came home and with a mysterious smile upon his face, handed me an envelope. Upon being opened, the discovery was made that "Howard Benton and Lester Drake were authorized to draw upon the First National Bank for a hundred dollars apiece as a slight recognition of their part in apprehending Eli Parker, the perpetrator of the recent robbery upon that institution."

I am still an ardent disciple of amateur photography. Who wouldn't be under such circumstances?—Golden Days.

An Eccentric Lord.

Matthew Robinson (Lord Rokeby), a prominent but eccentric Englishman of the eighteenth century, became famous for his long beard and his pronounced hatred of medical practitioners. In regard to the former it is said that upon one occasion when going to an election he stopped at an inn where the country people who had assembled from miles around, took him for a Turk and through this mistaken idea almost worried "me lord" to death. His dislike for physicians was carried to such an extreme that he left a codicil to his will which was to the effect that a favorite nephew was to be disinherited should he (the nephew) in the last illness of the lord let his sympathies cause him to send for a doctor. This having been made known to the nephew when his uncle, the lord, was in good health, it is needless to add he allowed that person's spirit to take its flight without calling in any of the "infernal surgical fraternity."

Price of Russian Land.

The average price of agricultural land in Russia is \$14 an acre.

When a farmer brings his family to town, the children have not had a thoroughly good time unless all fall asleep in the wagon before they get home.

Popular Science.

In the "Petrified Forest" of Arizona there is a natural bridge, across a narrow canyon, consisting of the petrified, or agatized, trunk of a tree, 111 feet in length. The petrified trees in this region are believed to have flourished in the Triassic age. Most of them are allied to the Norfolk Island pine (*Arucaria*) of to-day, but some resemble the red cedar. Professor O. C. S. Carter thinks that the petrification was due to soluble silicates derived from the decomposition of the feldspathic cement found in the sandstone of that locality.

Professor H. B. Smith, of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute, says that it is to-day possible to deliver on the coast of California, for use in factories, electric power derived from the melting snows and glaciers of the Rocky Mountains, at a smaller cost than that of an equal amount of power produced by steam, even if the fuel were delivered free at the factory furnaces. A few years ago, in San Francisco, an electric-power current cost 15 cents per horse-power per hour, but now the same current costs only one-seventh as much.

From Russian sources it is learned that streams of colonists are still pouring into Siberia to develop its agricultural resources, and on the shores of fifty rivers homes are rapidly being made. Farms as large as those of Illinois, Iowa, the Dakotas and Minnesota are cultivated either by single families or by combinations of men and women in local communities, the basis of each of which is a mir, or village. But these Siberian farmers are still backward in the use of agricultural machinery, although there is steady progress in that regard.

Readers of "The Thousand and One Nights" will remember the "islands of Wak-Wak," and the marvelous adventures of Hassan of Baisora and the princess with the dress of feathers. Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace suggests that the islands were real, and that they can be identified with the Aru Islands, the home of the great bird of paradise. The name "Wak-Wak," he thinks, may be an imitation of the call of the birds, and the story of Hassan's visit to the islands of Wak-Wak may be based on the actual adventures of some traveler who discovered the haunts of the birds of paradise.

Olonia, the textile of Hawaii, is found to have promising qualities. The plant belongs to the nettle family, it resembles ramie without the troublesome resin of the latter, and it flourishes in tropical forests at a height of 2,000 feet. The fiber proves to be extraordinarily fine, light, strong and durable. A rope of ordinary size appears like silk and has the strength of a ship's hawser, and strands no heavier than twine are as strong as wire. Nets and fish lines resist the action of salt water, having been used for scores of years without loss of strength. Garments from the fiber have the delicate texture of silk, are practically indestructible, and may last a lifetime.

ALL ABOUT THE BIBLE.

Washington Library Well Stocked with Lore of the Book.

It may be an interesting fact to some people that the Bible is one of the reference books in the Washington Public Library, that four shelves are filled with an excellent assortment of biblical literature, and that every Saturday one or more ministers of the gospel seek this place of books to look up references for the sermons with which they instruct the public from their pulpits on Sunday morning.

Information concerning the Bible is about as limited as can be. Probably very few persons, if told that the library contains the "three versions of the Bible" would be able to say what these three versions are. In point of fact they are the Douay, the King James and the American version.

Ever since the events that made biblical history occurred have accounts of these same been written. And as civilization spread and gave rise to new people speaking new tongues, these earlier accounts were translated into different tongues to meet human needs.

In the first place, there is in the library a book which contains all the English translations from the original Greek text. The book is called the English Hexapla. The Greek text occupies the upper part of the page and the six translations are side by side in columns underneath. These translations are the Wiclif, published in 1380; the Tyndall, in 1534; the Cranmer, 1539; the Geneva, 1557; the Rheims, 1582, and the authorized version, 1611.

What is called the Douay version is made up of the New Testament, published in Rheims in 1582, and of the Old Testament of the Douay version, published in 1609 A. D. This is the Bible of the Catholics. It was published with the approbation of Cardinal Gibbons by the great Catholic publishers the John Murphy Company, New York. The title bears the inscription: "Primo in the holy see."

When the early translations of the Bible were being made, history was unfolding itself at a rapid rate in the British empire. Much of the work was done by Protestants, who were driven into exile for their religious beliefs. The Geneva translation was the outcome of such an exile.

After Henry VIII's stand against the Pope, the cause of Catholicism as the established religion was a lost one, but it was not until later, during the reign of King James, that the authorized version of 1611 was translated for use in the Church of England.

The American version is the King James version revised, annotated and brought up to date.

Other books of reference here are the Cyclopedias of Biblical Literature, the Jewish Cyclopaedia, commentaries of various sorts and concordances. A Catholic dictionary contains a description of the doctrines and rites of this church, and was published in England.—Washington Post.

MEASURING THE EARTH.

Recent Appliances Used in the Science Geodesy.

The science of geodesy is making rapid strides along the line of accuracy and there is not much left to be perfected in the way of method, says the Philadelphia Record. The all-important problem of modern as well as ancient geodesy, of course, is the measurement of the dimensions of the earth, which enters into all practical work of surveying, navigation and terrestrial physics. The International Geodetic Association several years ago undertook the problem, the different nations having agreed to contribute their share toward an accurate determination. As has already been recorded, the determination was undertaken in Ecuador, in 1901, and extended from the Colombian to the Peruvian frontier, and every possible refinement to attain the maximum degree of accuracy was adopted. The greatest difficulty is to secure an accurate base line, which is complicated by so apparently trivial a thing as the expansion of the measuring medium. The latest refinement in the bar method is that originated by the United States coast and geodetic survey, using a single bar immersed in melting ice, the containing trough being carried on a suitable car upon a temporary track. Later still, M. Guillaume discovered an alloy of 84 per cent steel and 36 per cent nickel possessed an exceedingly low coefficient of expansion and consequently offers the best medium for accurate base-line measurements. This alloy is known as "invar" and is usually employed in the form of a wire supported by tripods and stretched by a definite weight. A very valuable piece of work on the island of Spitzbergen was completed with the use of this alloyed wire.

Even the infinitesimal variation in the force of gravity at different portions of the earth is not too insignificant to be regarded and must be determined and a correction applied. This delicate determination is made by observing the pressure of the atmosphere by the determination of the boiling point of water and comparing the same with the barometric reading, the difference, if any, being considered due to a variation in the action of the force of gravity upon the mercury.

A Japanese War Charm.

The custom of the Sen Nin Riki is one that has arisen in Japan during the present war. Ever since the war began, at all times of the day, and even night, small groups of women can be seen gathering in the streets; one or more of the women will have a piece of cotton cloth with one thousand marks or dots stamped upon it. "Sen" is the Japanese word for one thousand. "Nin" is the word for human being—either man or woman. "Riki" is, in the Japanese language, strength. In combination the words mean "the strength of one thousand people."

Each one of these one thousand dots or marks in the cloth are to indicate the place where a stitch or knot is to be made by a woman, who, while making this knot, gives her best thought, wish or prayer for the safety and protection of the soldier who will wear this piece of cotton cloth as an "obi" or belt while fighting for his country. The prayers of one thousand women for one man are believed to protect him from all dangers and to give him strength to overcome and conquer the enemies of his beloved Japan.—Leslie's Monthly Magazine.

What Is the Date of This Year.

Of course you would say 1904, but if that is meant to denote the number of years since the Christian era it is probably wrong. Look in some good authority and see if this year should not rightly be at least 1908. It is worth your investigation if it happens to be a subject you have not yet carefully considered.—St. Nicholas.

Not Able to Buy.

"Land is mighty cheap here. You can buy a good farm for a song." "Just my darn luck. I can't sing."—New York Sun.

Every farmer says there are only a very few really good wheat stackers, and that he is one of the best.