

A BALLADE OF WHITE FINGERS.

Her fingers stray along the frets, Her fingers wander o'er the strings; A little while my heart forgets Its griefs and cares and petty stings.

Her fingers fly along the frets, Her fingers dance along the strings. Courage, my soul! Though strife besets, Stand firm, whatever fortune brings.

Her fingers dream along the frets, They linger lightly o'er the strings; What spell is woven in the nets Of meshed melody she sings!

Duke's Mission.

HARRY was lying under the apple tree by the brook, Duke by his side.

"You see," Harry said, running his hand over the shaggy head, "you and I, old boy, have got to patch this thing up. But how," meditatively, "that's what I want to know. She won't let me say anything. Every time I do she gets mad or cries. Dorothy won't speak to Jack, and couldn't if she would, for he won't come near enough to give her a chance.

"Here comes Dorothy now, old boy," And Harry waved his hand to the slender little figure in the pink muslin gown coming across the meadow.

"Harry," said his sister, as she came up and sat down beside him. "I think you are the laziest boy I ever saw. You and Duke have done nothing but lie around all day lately. Why don't you go somewhere such lovely days."

"Don't care if I don't," he answered crossly, "I'm going to write home for them to send for me, anyway, if something don't turn up pretty soon. Come on, Duke," and he was off.

"But Duke did not move, but lay looking at Dorothy, then rose and stood thoughtfully gazing after Harry's retreating form.

Dorothy leaned back against the tree and let her thoughts have full sway. "Harry was right," she thought, "we have all missed heaps of good times the past few weeks."

"Duke, old fellow," said Jack, "I haven't seen you in a long time, and he stroked the shaggy head. Then he stopped amazed, for Duke had his teeth in his coat and was pulling him in no gentlemanly manner toward the lower end of the meadow.



Never dry your prints by artificial heat as it hardly ever leads to success.

In taking groups do not place the sitters all in a row as it gives them a very formal look.

If you are starting in photography do not buy a so-called complete outfit, but purchase the articles separately from a regular dealer.

Oxalic acid has been found by repeated experiments to be the best as a preservative in the hypo solution. Two ounces to a gallon of water is a good proportion.

If you have a fixed focus camera stop the lens frequently with a soft camel's hair brush and occasionally remove the front board and thoroughly dust the shutter, etc.

A developing solution will keep much better if kept in small bottles that only just contain it. A large one that allows an air space between the solution and the top of the bottle spoils the solution.

A good method to bring out detail in the less exposed parts of the negative is to breathe on these parts. The heat of the breath apparently raises the activity of the developer on these places.

The average amateur photographer of to-day is a very different type of person from his prototype of ten years ago. In the twentieth century there are very few amateurs who have not an object of some kind in photography.

to pat him, but Duke was nowhere to be seen. But coming toward them at break-neck speed was Harry.

photography as a means of recording choicest subjects.

Here is a tip on focusing. This is not needed for hand camera users, although they may want to use the ground glass now and then, and it is a good thing to remember.

It is an excellent idea to frequently clean your lens. It may not look as though it needed it, but at the same time its best capabilities may be impaired by dust.

At the Table. The years have sped since first I led You to the table, dear,

To-day as I look down at you, On either side I see A row of hungry little ones All gazing up at me.

He Didn't Mean It. He lost his little brother's ball, And said he "didn't mean it"; He broke his little sister's doll,

Count Tolstol's Father. In a recent article Count Tolstol draws a portrait of his father. He was a large and handsome man, who always wore clothes of a fashion different from that of others.

The Missing Link. In the Jungles of Southeastern Asia and the islands near by, which have long been known to science as the cradle of the human race, and which are still inhabited by the very lowest orders of human beings, the pithecanthropus lived with the elephant, tapir, rhinoceros, lion, hippopotamus, giganthe pangolin, hyena, and other animals, remains of which were found around about him.

"FINEST LAND OUT OF DOORS." Millions of Acres of Canadian Territory So Described by Travelers.

FRONTIER LIFE.

Fascination Which Wild Regions Have for Some Men. It was nearing midnight when we entered Phoenix, Ariz. Price directed the way to a corral where he was known, and where we left the animals feasting on fresh alfalfa, while we fared forth to see his friends.

But more immediately interesting to us was a group which stood beside the bar. It was made up, as I found, of politicians, high in Territorial office, all of whom I knew Price and hailed him cordially while asking after his luck.

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A THANKSGIVING PLAIN.

Another year has slipped away into the dim beyond. And once again Thanksgiving day is here, with memories fond; What dinners at my call have I had, and what headches to their wake!

But, ah! I long for pumpkin pie Like mother used to make.

Not Diver's feast could tempt me now This bleak Thanksgiving day.

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and hid his ragged shoes and gave his wily hair a smooching toss.

"Ginger!" gasped Bill, "when I tell this to the gang, they'll say I dreamed it!"

"I've-I've got a toothache! Thankee, ma'am, but I've mistook my capacity, and I'm obliged, but..."

"No, ma'am, I have not!" promptly responded Hobo Bill. "I came to bring you a present—for your kindness to me this p. m. I saw you had no turkey for Thanksgiving, ma'am, so I've brought you one."

"But how did you, a poor man, get it?" "Worked for it, ma'am," lied Bill, unblushingly, "cut two cords of wood for a farmer. Had no money; paid me in turks. Four of 'em. Gave the rest away. This is the last. There you are! Good evening, marm."

A Tramp's Thanksgiving. BY WELDON J. COBB. THANKSGIVING cheer was in the air; it spoke in the crisp activity of the village butcher, grocer and baker, in the appetizing odors of home kitchens, in the eager faces of school children, elated and excited over "no studies for the rest of the week!"

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"Repentant? Reformed? I'll go back on my word and try him once more."

"Well, gent," answered the tramp. "I'm the feller who stole yer turk-to give to a more worthy cause, see? It's come out all right, so I takes back me first bad opinion of you, but lemme say something. I came down here, squire, and you, lady, as a spy on the promised land."

"What's he talking about?" muttered the squire.

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SAUCE FOR THE TURKEY. How Cranberries Are Raised and Prepared for Market.

Turkey and cranberry sauce! For force of long association and the eternal fitness of things, the two go naturally together.

The land on which cranberries will flourish is seldom fit for anything else. In the state in which it is usually found it requires about \$300 per acre to make it fit, so that the transformation of a swamp into productive cranberry bog makes it a very valuable piece of property.

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THANKSGIVING DAY IN THE WOODS.



lately, and settled upon its most pretentious mansion with conviction and hope.