

THE WOMAN'S JOY.

I fondly held upon my knee  
My new-born baby, frail and wee;  
With joy all mothers understand  
I kissed her feet, each little hand.

The little eyes that yet I knew  
Not whether they would be brown or blue;  
Each tiny, dainty, chiselled ear,  
The pretty face, so dear, so dear.

I sang an old, old melody,  
That oft my mother sang to me,  
And to my happy, throbbing breast  
My darling gipple closer pressed.

Ah, mothers, if ours be the pain,  
Ours, too, the bliss, the sacred gain;  
A grander, sweeter gift God could  
Not give to us than motherhood.

—New Orleans Picayune.

AN UNINTENDED MARRIAGE.

Do you think, father, that hasty marriages always turn out badly?"

"Well, no, not always. I know a case where a marriage that was not intended turned out very well."

"Not intended? How could that have been?"

"There was a young fellow (he was just 19 years old, and I'll call him Bob) made up his mind that his lot would be bachelorhood. You see, his father and mother had married young, his father had died young, and, the mother being only nineteen years older than Bob, they were more like brother and sister than mother and son. For this reason Bob scouted marriage—

for him.

"Bob was reading law. One day he went to court, as was his custom, to familiarize himself with the methods of procedure. It was a court of chancery. The case being tried before the judge was a claim of a young girl to the estate of an uncle who had recently died. The girl was in court, and a prettier little piece of the Lord's handiwork never was turned out. At least Bob thought so, and he couldn't keep his eyes off her. It wasn't long before the girl (we'll call her Lucy) noticed that Bob was looking at her in a way that said plainly as words, 'I admire you profoundly.' She blushed a little, looked away, then glanced sideways at him again to see the same expression of admiration. She blushed again, which indicated that she reciprocated. At any rate Bob so interpreted it.

"The maker of the will had left the bulk of his property to his only brother's son (we'll call him John Doe) and a small sum to Lucy, but as the brother had married beneath him the testator had provided for a passing of all the property to the oldest son of his sister's child, Lucy. As it would be unsafe to leave the matter long open, Lucy not being married, the will provided that if Lucy were married when she came of age the estate was to be left in the hands of trustees for three years. If within that limit she had a son, the estate was to go to that son.

"How old is the claimant?" asked the judge.

"She will be 18," replied her counsel, despondently, "at noon to-day."

"Is she married?"

"No, your honor."

"Then," said the judge, deliberately, "I see no reason why, after the hour of noon, I should not set aside her claim and give judgment to John Doe. In case there is no objection, I will adjourn the court till 2 o'clock."

"To see a fortune pass away from this lovely girl was too much for Bob. He was an impulsive fellow, prone to decide and act quickly. With scarcely a moment for reflection, he grasped wildly for some method of delay. If the girl could appear to be married, she might at least effect a compromise by requiring her opponents to prove that she was not married. It was half-past 10 o'clock, and her counsel would have three and a half hours to devise some plan. Bob, as a lawyer, knew this, and though the chance was slender, he staked all on a desperate move.

"Your honor," he said, rising, "the claimant is my wife."

"Judge, attorney, spectators, turned to Bob in wonder.

"Have you proofs of your marriage?" asked the judge.

"Not at hand."

"Is that man your husband?" asked the judge of Lucy.

"If ever there was irresistible appeal in a man's eyes, it was in Bob's when he turned them on Lucy. He could not say to her, 'This is merely to gain time,' so he gave her a look which meant, 'I beg of you not to deny what I have stated.' Lucy's eyes remained riveted to his. What was passing in her mind no one knew. She had a decision to make, and all waited breathlessly to hear it.

"Yes," she said.

"And you," said the judge, turning to Bob—"do you acknowledge this woman to be your wife?"

"Then if you were not married before, you are married now. I give judgment in favor of the claimant."

"Then, and then only, Bob saw that his intent to stave off a decision had resulted in his marriage to a girl he had never seen before, and had never spoken to.

"When the court was adjourned, the claimant, her mother and Bob went into a private room for consultation. All looked to Bob for an explanation. He made a confession of the whole matter. There was nothing to be done but accept the situation. Bob's credentials were presented and found to be excellent, and the marriage was consummated."

"And turned out happily?"

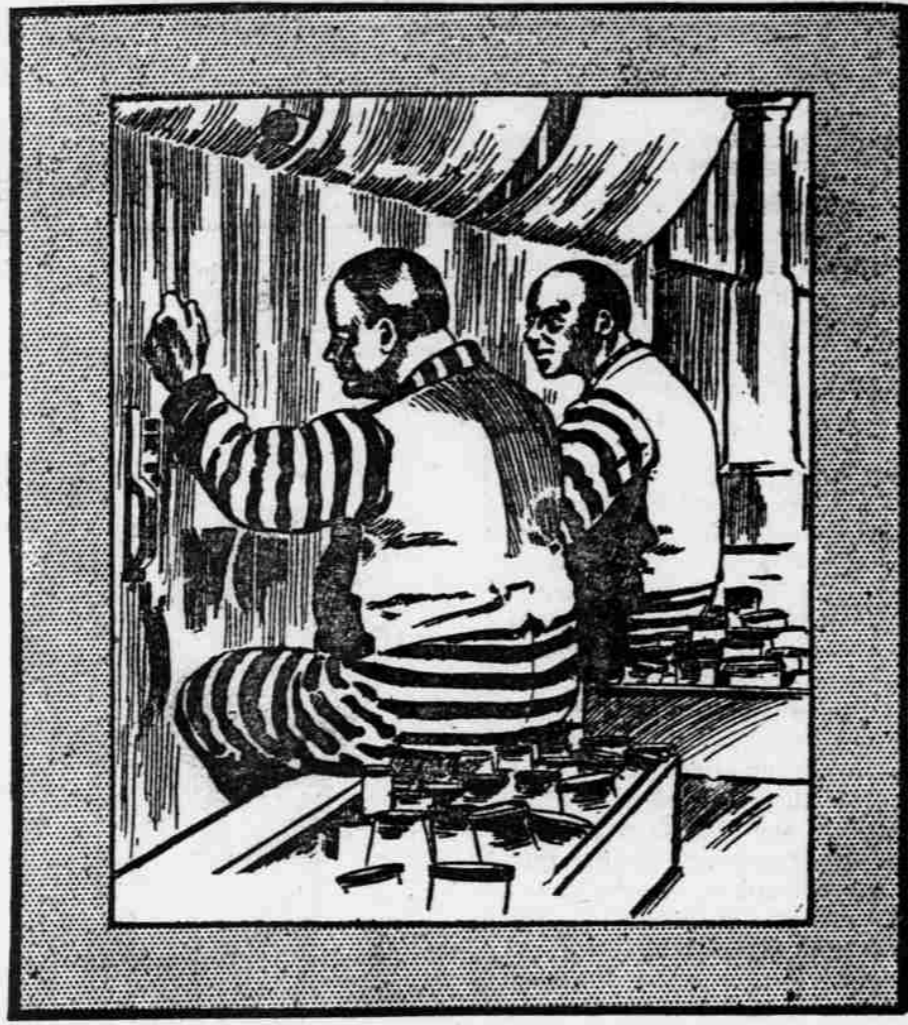
"The couple have been and are devoted to each other."

"But what right had the judge to marry them?"

"The secret of that is this: Bob was perfectly well known to him as a student of law (for the judge was a professor in the law school Bob attended) and had a very good opinion of the young man. More than that, the judge saw that a nice little girl was about to be deprived of a fortune for the want of a husband. He knew I was lying—

"You, father! You don't mean—"

WRUNG MILLIONS FROM POOR.



AL ADAMS MAKING DOORMATS AT SING SING.

Al Adams, the New York "polley king," who has wrung millions from the poor, is wearing the stripes of a felon in Sing Sing prison.

Originally Adams was a brakeman. He became runner for a policy manipulator, and finally gained a monopoly of the business in New York City. His wealth is estimated at \$2,500,000. A brewery is included among his possessions. He owns much real estate. His dupes were typical policy players—the poorest of the city's population.

His methods were cold-blooded almost beyond belief. If the drawings had been fairly conducted his profits would have been enormous. His practice, however, was to delay the drawings until nearly all the slips had been sold. Then it was arranged that the numbers drawn should be those that required the payment of the smallest amount in prizes.

Adams has been a miser, with two exceptions. He has showered gold upon his family and has been extremely generous in his payments for police protection. His one great ambition has been to have his children received in good society; to see them on even terms with refined, educated people.

His son was sent through one of the big colleges and his daughters to fashionable schools for young ladies. They studied music in Europe and are highly accomplished. Adams hoped they would be able to make three friends that would open the gates of society to them later on. He was disappointed. He installed his family in a splendidly furnished house. The guests he hoped for did not come. The house burned and he removed to a fine hotel, under the belief that there the character of his business might not interfere with the social aspirations of his children. Again he was disappointed.

Adams, broken in health and weighted with sorrow, is wearing out his life in a cell. He has but one desire. It is that he may be spared to live the end of his term; that at least it may not be said he died in prison. He is now making doormats.—Boyce's Weekly.

"That I am Bob? Yes, I am. You should forgive your father for the lie, my boy, because you are Lucy's oldest son, but by it I not only provided for your being, but gained you a fortune at the same time."

"Father, I forgive you. There are times when a lie is invaluable."—Indianapolis Sun.

HAD ENOUGH OF ARTILLERY.

Rustic Gentleman Creates Amusement at a Band Performance.

An amusing incident occurred at a concert by Thomas Preston Brooks and his famous band during a recent tour of the New England States.

Among the early arrivals at the opera house were an elderly gentleman and his wife from the country and they were shown to seats well toward the front of the house.

When the curtain arose, revealing the fifty musicians attractively grouped on the stage, their natty uniforms and resplendent instruments completing a picture of dazzling effect, the old gentleman from the rural district was all enthusiasm. "Gee whilliken, Manda, be they all goin' to play at onct?" he ejaculated, to the amusement of everyone seated near him.

A storm of applause greeted the renowned bandmaster when he appeared on the stage, which seemed to mystify our old friend. "That's a fine-looking feller, but he ain't played nuthin' yet," said he. "What's all this hullabaloo about, anyway? Is he goin' to play a tune on that huskin' peg?" Just at this moment Brooks's baton was raised, there was an instant of eager expectancy and then the band struck up a stirring march. When the music had ceased the old gentleman was in ecstasies. He applauded and stamped his feet vigorously, then jumped up out of his chair, waving his hands in the air and whistling like a gallery god. When his wife pulled him back into his seat he shouted: "By cricky, Manda, I never heard such music as that before. Seth Tibbitts and his old fiddle don't amount to shucks!"

And so it continued throughout the concert, Uncle Reuben growing more enthusiastic with each number.

Near the end of the program was the anvil chorus from "Il Trovatore," rendered with spectacular appurtenances. During this selection six red-shirted blacksmiths occupied the front of the stage and played the anvil accompaniment to the music, while a sensational effect was produced by the

ringing of sixteen electric cannon at regular intervals.

When the first gun was fired the rustic dodged excitedly and began to get nervous. The next discharge added to his discomfort, and when the third cannon went off he grabbed his hat and started hastily for the door, followed by his faithful spouse.

As they disappeared through the entrance the old man shouted back at the doorkeeper: "B'gosh, I got enough of that kind o' music at Shloh!"—Chicago Chronicle.

A Familiar Face.

The genial bishop of New York and the most famous of English-speaking actors doubtless have already much in common with one another, says a writer in the Philadelphia Press. Were there nothing else, however, they have both been victims of a similar misunderstanding of a kind which is peculiarly the product of twentieth century fame. Every one is familiar with the story of Henry Irving, arrested in his walk down the main street of a small English town by the earnest gaze of a small girl and of her triumphant answer to his pleasant remark, "You seem to recognize my face, my little maid." "Yes, sir, you're one of Grand-grind's pills!"

Bishop Potter had nearly the same luck when traveling some years ago in Minnesota. He noticed a fellow tourist, while waiting on a railway platform, eyeing him with great curiosity. "Excuse me, mister," he was eventually asked, "but I think I've seen your picture in the papers." "Probably," admitted the bishop. "Kin I ask," continued the fellow traveler, edging nearer, "what you was cured of?"

Died a Natural Death.

Jolyely—I submitted some humorous sketches here several days ago. They haven't appeared. Did you kill them? Editor—I passed upon them, but I don't think that killed them. Jolyely—No? Editor—No. I think they just died naturally of old age.—Philadelphia Press.

Wrong Girl.

A student kissed a girl twice after taking her home from an evening entertainment. She reported him and he was deprived of a \$75 scholarship. But that girl goes to entertainments alone hereafter.—Buffalo Express.

A WOMAN WHO RULED.

Prince Bismarck's wife was noteworthy for her executive ability and for her independence. The Princess attached little value to articles of luxury, unless they were connected in her memory with some distinct trait of human kindness. In writing of her in "Personal Reminiscences of Prince Bismarck," Mr. Whitman says that in her unassuming care for her family and her guests the Princess showed to what extent a wife, a mother, a mistress of a household can sacrifice her own convenience in identifying herself with the wants and wishes of others. No general in command could survey a battlefield more completely than Princess Bismarck controlled a dinner-table. She was in supreme command and overlooked everything. There was at times something not far from heroic in this, seeing that she was often hardly able to keep awake. There she would sit, not touching a morsel.

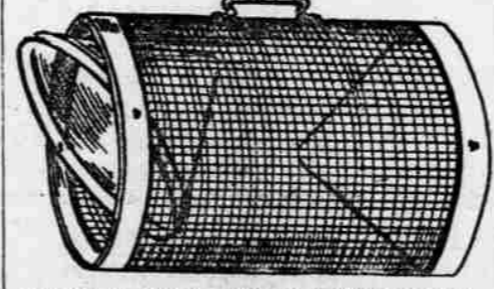
Yet in spite of her suffering from asthma, at times scarcely able to draw a breath, her eye was everywhere, controlling, ministering, seeing that everybody was attended to and satisfied.

If the conversation at table turned on a fresh delicacy of the season, or a new dish, or the predilection expressed by a guest, the chances were that one or the other would make its appearance the next day. While at table she would whisper a few words to one of her servants to give a message to the cook to add some item to the very dinner in progress.

Nor was it only from a desire to humor the taste of her husband that Princess Bismarck showed such vigilance in controlling the wheels of the domestic machinery. All her household, domestic servants included, were the objects of her constant solicitude.

NEW MODEL FISH TRAP.

As the old saying, "Every man to his taste," still holds good, and some fishermen will swear by genuine live bait only, a New England inventor proposes to provide it for them as easily as possible; hence, the ingenious little fish trap shown in the accompanying picture. Its principle is similar to that of the large fish nets used on the seashore, where the fish find their way through openings at the apex of a V-shaped net into a large holding net. In this case the tubular receiving net has glass cones at either end, with small openings at the apex, through which the fish find their way into the



CATCHES LIVE BAIT FOR FISHERMEN.

interior. It may be wise to place a small quantity of bait inside the trap, which the fish will quickly spy through the transparent cones, working their way toward it until they find the openings and pass in. It will be seen that one of the cones is tilted on its pivots, this feature affording a handy means of access to the interior, or enabling the cone to be reversed to drop the contents of the trap into it for selection and assorting. If the trap is supplied with the necessary bait and immersed for a short time along the shore of a stream or lake, it will be found to contain the live minnows sought for, according to the inventor.

John E. Hill, of Center Harbor, N. H., is the patentee.

Fair Profit for Carmen.

A conductor of a Sixth avenue car, during a lull in the ringing of fares, stood passing coins from one hand to the other, turning up the dates of each coin as he did so. "There are more ways of making money than by 'knocking down' fares," he remarked, noting the inquiring look on a passenger's face. "Any greenhorn can pocket a dozen nickels in collecting 120 fares in a car built for forty-eight passengers, but a man has got to know something to spot a coin that has a premium value.

"It's surprising how many more or less rare coins pass current without falling into hands of someone who knows their value. This was suggested to me one day, and I took to studying the catalogues of dealers in rare coins and memorizing the dates of those that are worth more than the prices stamped on them. Since then I have picked out of the money I have taken in fares several hundred coins with a premium value ranging from a few cents to \$5, and have redeemed them with my own money and sold them to dealers in coins."—New York Times.

Method in Her Madness.

The feminine coterie was holding a garrulous powwow in the drawing room, when suddenly a mouse loomed up amid the scenery. It was all of the fair ones in a go-as-you-please race to the lawn with the exception of one maid of more or less uncertain years.

"Why didn't you run, too?" asked the strong man who rushed gallantly to the rescue.

"I—I was in hopes," sobbed she of the unrecorded birthday anniversaries, "that I might be scared out of a several years g-growth if I re-remained."

Whereupon the strong man took on a sympathetic look and said never a word.

Disfigured and Out of the Hunt.

Banby—But why have you thrown Charlie overboard? Maude—I couldn't marry a man with a broken nose, you know.

Banby—Ah! I wonder how he got his nose broken, poor fellow? Maude—Oh, I struck him playing tennis!—Pick Me Up.

Faber: The art of saying appropriate words in a kindly way is one that never goes out of fashion, and is within the reach of the humblest.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE.

HOUSEWIVES IN AMERICA AND EUROPE.

By Della Austin.

Many American women declare that the trials of housekeeping are becoming so manifold that after a few years of arduous labor they are seized with nervous prostration. To one traveling abroad it is interesting to compare the responsibilities of the foreign housewife and her American sisters. While in Dresden I met a woman who gave me much information concerning this question as it appears in Germany. One day she showed me through her home, artistic in its simplicity. The house was full of sunshine and fragrant odors given off by potted plants. The place bespoke ease rather than beauty. There were plenty of comfortable chairs to be found; attractive prints and etchings were everywhere on the walls, and the library was well stocked with books. After she had shown me through I remarked that she must have many servants to keep so large a place in order. She answered, "I suppose my home would appear a great deal more attractive than it does if I kept more servants. You see, I only have a cook, chambermaid, and a woman to help with the washing and ironing two days out of the week. Your women have so many more interests than we. We have no clubs and classes that demand our time. Besides making up the bedrooms, I keep the sitting room and my husband's library in order and do the week's mending. My afternoons are given to reading and an occasional call or 'Kaffee Kirsche.' Besides, most of the men in Germany come home at noon, so we have dinner at 12 and a cold supper in the evening. Our husbands lay much stress on their food. Though a woman does not always do her own cooking, it is taken for granted that she will superintend her kitchen. We do all our own marketing and rarely order anything over the telephone. The German woman is not expected to attain social position for her husband nor sustain it. Her function is to please him, look after her home, and bring up the children."

The French woman is probably the best housekeeper in the world. She is devoted to her home and to her family. Her household is exceptionally clean and attractive, though she manages to do it with few servants. If she does not assist in the kitchen, she superintends it; she sees that the table cloths and napkins are snow white and that the table is set with taste. She is equally particular about her own appearance and that of her children.

The English are exceedingly simple and unaffected in their homes. They desire comfort more than luxury. Still, in the family the husband is considered the head of the household. He limits the weekly expense and no improvement is made in the household without his being consulted first. If expenses are to be cut it is his wife who is expected to get along with one servant less. An English woman will live on a leg of mutton served hot on Sunday and warmed up in different styles during the week so that her husband can frequent his club, enjoy oysters and partridge. Notwithstanding that the English are hearty eaters, they live simply. The household is managed with great economy, dinner in the evening being the only elaborate meal of the day.

CONSTANCY MAY BE CARRIED TO EXCESS.

By Helen Oldfield.

Constancy in love is a virtue much lauded of romancers. Yet it may be carried to excess—when the love is not reciprocated constancy is foolish, and when the beloved is bound to another, instead of a virtue it becomes a vice. Even when neither pride nor duty forbids one to worship at the old shrine, when death has broken the tie, the laws of the land sanction a second love, and the hearts of men incline thereto. We all know second marriages which are indubitably happy. It is a merciful providence for humanity that wounds of the heart, for the most part, heal even more readily than those of the body. There are few people comparatively who marry their first loves, nor is this fact always a misfortune. George Elliot, naturally, disbelieved in first love. "Why," she asks, "should a man's first love be his best? Does the artist or the musician produce his masterpieces at the beginning

A BRAINY WOMAN.

Western Beauty Who Is the Head of a Big Electrical Enterprise.

A beauty with brains is one definition of the word anomaly. A synonym for it is Mrs. Iva E. Tutt, of Los Angeles, Cal. Mrs. Tutt has more beauty than most women and more brains than most men. At present she is engaged in a \$3,000,000 enterprise in Arizona, the erection of two electric power plants which will supply power exclusively for mining purposes. The project is a big one. It means that the mining industry of Arizona will be revolutionized by the introduction of a power which will cost but one-third as much as the power now in use.



MRS. IVA E. TUTT.

The scheme is Mrs. Tutt's own. While on a visit to Arizona she discovered two unused water rights which could be had at a fair price and a promise to organize a company and proceed with the storage of the water and the development of electrical current. Mrs. Tutt contracted for the water rights, took out her engineering party, followed the transit every step of the way back to the mountains, where few men and no women had ever gone before, to the head of Poesell creek, and returned with all plans formulated for the prosecution of the work.

Last, and by no means simplest, was the financing of the enterprise. The fact that she was willing to risk her own money in the scheme helped Mrs. Tutt in interesting additional capital, and two companies were formed, one to erect a 6,000-horse-power plant, the other 1,500. Of both companies Mrs. Tutt is vice president and general manager, and all that the rest of the stockholders know about the work is what she reports to them from time to time. She has entire charge of the construction work, with headquarters at Prescott, Ariz., and the directorate is so divided that whenever Mrs. Tutt happens to be, whether in Prescott or Los Angeles, there is a quorum and a meeting can be held.

DIAMONDS FROM THE SKIES.

They are Precious Stones Come to Earth as Meteorites.

Diamonds from the skies, conveyed to earth in meteoric showers, is a theory first broached by Meydenbauer. The diamond, he says, can be of cosmic origin only, having fallen as a meteorite at a late period of the earth's formation. The localities where diamonds are found contain the residues of not very compact meteoric masses which may have fallen in historic ages

of his career?" Thackeray tells us that "every man ought to be in love a few times and have a sharp attack of the fever." It is often a blessing when one is torn ruthlessly from one's first love. The mad devotion of a college boy for a woman in the thirties is as unlike to the steady flame of his manhood as the flare of a straw heap is to the warmth of an anthracite fire, while the infatuation of a girl of 17 is rarely felt for the sort of man whom a woman of 25 would choose for her husband.

The true philosophy of life is contentment. "In whatsoever state ye are, therewith to be content." This is the victory which overcometh the world. He who cries for the moon, and turns his back upon the electric light blazing overhead, is a fool; while the man who has only a flashlight has still cause to rejoice that he sits not in darkness. When one cannot have what one wants, it is the part of wisdom to accept what one can get and make the best of it. Oftentimes that best will be for better than at first seemed possible. Most tastes in life are acquired, and the blackest bread, eaten with a hearty appetite, has a sweeter relish than the whitest loaf of princes if the "cake bread" be watered with tears. Heartache is bitter, but memory readily loses the old in the presence of the new. Fever is followed by chill, and then one recovers. The latest love is always the one which is loved.

SHALL SOCIETY SHARE IN TRUST BENEFITS.

By Frederick M. Taylor, Professor of Political Economy.

The utterance of President Roosevelt regarding the trusts emphasizes the question whether or not their permanence is fully assured. In recent newspaper comment much stress has been placed on the throwing of people out of employment. This is claimed one of their greatest advantages, for throwing people out of employment by making their services unnecessary is merely insuring that the sum total of our wants shall be satisfied at smaller cost. Another evil generally charged to the trust is the maintenance of outrageously high prices, but we would probably be able in most cases to take refuge in the use of substitutes. The gas monopoly, the electric monopoly, find competitors in each other, as well as in the new inventions like acetylene gas, or old friends like kerosene. Again, if any one trust push its advantage too far, it will inevitably stimulate competition of allied trusts. If it demands such a high price that there is profit to be made at this price, then competition inevitably springs up. The existence of the trust depends on its not exacting from the public the highest price which could be paid.

It must be admitted that the trust leads to a vast saving in human effort. The great consolidation saves in the utilization of materials. The great factory has so much waste that it pays to establish by-industries. Again, it carries out in the most complete way the principle of geographical specialization. The school furniture trust, for example, will not call upon the Boston factory to furnish a school building in Omaha, but will give the order to the particular plant that is nearest to the point. Another advantage promised is a greater freedom from industrial storms, panics and depressions. Unrestricted competition is wasteful and often dangerous to quiet, orderly progress. In a crisis there is no unity of action. It is "each man for himself." Gigantic combinations naturally enough move more steadily. Competition is shut out. It is, therefore, pretty certain that the industrial cyclone would be much less likely. Thorough-going socialists welcome the process of consolidation among warring industries. One after another, they say, these industries will be organized into trusts and these trusts in turn will consolidate, until all industrial activity is united in one universal monopoly, whereupon the state will take possession and the socialist goal will have been attained. Just what form of regulation the trust will take it is hard to predict. It is probable that, first, a fairly sharp distinction will be made between those industrial institutions which may be left to the ordinary forces of competition and those which need regulation. A few thoroughly consolidated industrial interests will probably be brought under the direct control of the public. The remainder will then be left in the hands of private individuals, but will be subjected to sharp regulation, with such degree of publicity in accounting as shall insure the safeguarding of the rights and interests of the public.

JOYS OF A VACATION SPENT UNDER CANVAS IN THE WOODS.

MORE and more popular is camp life becoming each year, says Country Life in America. With those who go into the deep woods in quest of big game and fish the camp life is, after all, the real attraction, and not the mere desire to kill. But where one can make these trips, there are thousands who cannot. For these there are peaceful rivers, wood-girt lakes and ponds and beautiful spots on the shores of Old Neptune available for quite as charming a two weeks' outing beneath canvas. In making up a camping party, choose you such congenial spirits as shall be forwarn to philosophical optimism. And let there be a wag among them, too, catching the humor of every situation, puts to flight all thought of discontent. A level site near a spring with plenty of shade, a pleasant sheet of water with good fishing, pine boughs for a bed and drift wood for a fire, and who would trade his life for a king's patrimony? How delicious the fish flavored with the pungent smoke of the fire! How rarely satisfying the simple bill of fare, and how few, after all, are the needs of this life! Yours is the joy and happy freedom of the gypsy and vagabond. You have become a species of civilized barbarian, and it is good. Sunshine and shower, what matters it? You take what comes and give thanks, and if you are of the right sort some of the beauty of each is absorbed into your very nature. Long days, lazy days but happy days, are the days in camp. Hap and mishap will don the jester's cap and bells and parade through the memory many a time during the after months.

and penetrated more or less deeply according to the more or less resistant character of the surface where they fell.

The most striking confirmation of the theory comes from Arizona. Here on a broad plain over an area about five miles in diameter were scattered 1,000 to 2,000 masses of metallic iron, the fragments weighing from half a ton to a fraction of an ounce. There is little doubt these masses formed part of a meteoric shower, although no record exists as to when the fall took place. Curiously enough, near the center where most of the meteorites have been found is a crater with ragged edges, three-quarters of a mile in diameter and about 600 feet deep, bearing exactly the appearance which would be produced had a mighty mass of iron or falling star struck the ground, scattering in all directions, and buried itself under the surface. Dr. Foote in cutting a section of this meteorite, found the tools were injured by something vastly harder than metallic iron. He examined the specimen chemically and soon after announced to the scientific world that the Arizona meteorite contained black and transparent diamonds. This discovery was verified by Profs. Friedel and Noisain, who found that it contained three varieties of carbon, diamond, graphite and amorphous carbon.

Has a Wonderful Timepiece.

One of the most wonderful watches in the world is that owned and made by Major Dopping-Hepenstal of the Royal Engineers. It is a comparatively small watch, not much bigger than an ordinary lever, but it performs a variety of services in addition to telling the time. It rings an alarm bell in the morning to wake its owner, then it proceeds to light a spirit lamp and boil a kettle of water, and finally pours the boiling water into a small teapot. The Prince of Wales witnessed the wonderful performances of this watch and partook of a cup of tea which it made for his royal highness.

Know Her Intimately.

Dolly—What would you do, Cholly, if you were rich? Cholly—Well, Dolly, if I were rich enough to be perfectly reckless I think I would propose to you.—Somerville Journal.

Gossip isn't real bad but the telling of it makes an hour seem like two minutes.

Amateur Photography.



There are quite a large number of people who think that no one but a professional can really know anything about photography, and there is a very general tendency to look upon every amateur photographer, no matter how expert, as distinctly the inferior of the professional, even of the fourth and fifth rate professional, whereas, the facts of the case are, that many amateurs may be found who in skill and attainments are fully the equal, if not the superior, of the best professionals, while the fourth and fifth rate gentlemen are easily outclassed by any number of amateurs scattered through the land. There are professionals who have but the merest smattering of knowledge of their craft. They stick to just one branch of their art, work by rule of thumb, and when called upon to travel outside of their chosen rut are just as much at sea as any beginner among amateurs.