

FRIENDSHIP.

What is the best a friend can be to any soul, to you or me?

The best friend is an atmosphere warm with all inspirations dear.

Love's Reward.

PHILIP had known her ever so long, ever since she came here, a little, rose-lipped child.

Only one month ago, and already the lustrous eyes had learned to watch for his coming, already the girlish heart had learned to throb at his voice.

And he? No wonder he was fascinated by that fresh young face, and as the days went by he smiled to see how the love of the woman crept into the innocence of the child.

The birds are singing their matins in the tree tops; the brook is laughing as it glides o'er its pebbly bed.

In the village she posts her letters and turns to retrace her steps. She meets many laborers on their way to work, and each man touches his hat and smiles pleasantly on seeing the bright, pretty face, for, young as she is, she has spent many hours helping with kindly offices and gentle pity their wives and little ones.

She accomplishes her mission and is returning, when she sees fluttering on the path before her a sheet of creamy note paper. She picks it up and glances around. It must have blown from a window left open on retiring.

She is about to take it to the house-keeper to return to its owner, when her eyes chance to fall on two words written in a firm, bold hand, "Florence Thorne."

There is little more relating to business matters, then the letter closes with the hastily scratched signature, "Edgar Reynolds."

"Poor little thing! Perhaps it's the best way it could have ended after all," he said, and so, congratulating himself, he had gone back to town, while Philip Howard, far out on the broad Atlantic, a self-made exile from home and friends, carried in his heart of hearts the picture of a lovely, wistful, girlish face, with shyest pansy purple eyes.

Three years afterward James Thorne's palace home is a blaze of



Oil cloth trays may be considered a cheap and sloppy substitute for the real thing, but if you will try them once when making bromide or velox prints you will continue to use them for that purpose.

In his address before the convention of the Photographers' Association of America, Lucius W. Hitchcock said the following, which is excellent advice for any amateur.

There is a wide difference of opinion as to what is the perfect negative. Of course, the experienced worker will make a negative for a certain paper and with a certain object in view, that

light and beauty. The massive doors are swung open; the perfume of the flowers floats out on the night air.

She has received them all with a sweet, imperious grace wholly her own, and is walking away, on a partner's arm, when she looks up and sees before her a late arrival—Edgar Reynolds.

The dark, demonaic face is handsome as of yore, and it brightens as if with new life when he sees her.

"Florence—Miss Thorne!" He has sprung forward eagerly, and regardless of the presence of others, held out both hands.

"Yes, we returned a fortnight ago," rings out the clear, silver voice. "Captain Arthur, will you take me to the ballroom?"

She bows a trifle haughtily to Edgar Reynolds, and leaves the drawing room on her partner's arm.

The night goes by with the ripple of laughter, the crash of music, the tread of dancing feet.

Everywhere admiring eyes follow Florence Thorne, and her uncle looks fondly on and smiles to see the world bow down before his darling.

"Such wit, such repartee, such matchless grace!" they say. "She is the beauty of the season."

"One dance, only one," pleads Edgar Reynolds, "for the sake of old times." She laughs, that clear, happy laugh of hers, and leaves him.

He stands where she has left him and looks after her with hot, angry eyes.

He has staid single and let Agatha Vere's bank account slip through his hands for the sake of this girl and James Thorne's wealth.

He follows her through the long, gas-

If it suits his purpose is a perfect negative, although it may be useless for other papers. But it is to dispel the idea in the mind of the beginner, that a perfect negative must be crisp and clear, black and white.

Ortol is a good all around developer for snap shots, where pyro is disliked, but with all its staining qualities, pyro can be exceeded. Pyro and metal in combination is a developer that can be adapted easily to long or short exposures by diluting the developer and a much under-exposed negative can be made to yield a fair print by leaving it in a diluted pyro-metal developer until well stained through the film.

Such a negative is a disappointment to look at, but the print is better than the negative in detail and contrast. The amber color of a pyro developed negative, although this, makes it a steeper printer than a much more dense, black and white negative developed in hydrokinone, metal, amidol or rodnal.

It room till, parting the velvet curtains at the end, she enters a cool, dim, shadowy alcove.

He is just behind her, but draws back quickly in the shade of a tall, flower crowned pillar as he sees a man turn from the marble mantel at the further end of the room, against which he had been leaning—a man bearded and bronzed and travel stained.

"Oh, Philip!" The girl sprang forward, a gleaming light in her eyes, a vivid color in her cheeks.

"Little Flo!" he says softly. It was the old pet name for her when she was a little child. When she grew up a "fair girl graduate, with golden hair," she was "Miss Florence." Now the old name sprang first to his lips.

"Both her slender white hands rest in his own—not reluctantly now. The man in the shadow of the velvet portiere looks on with compressed lips. Ah, he recognizes him now—his rustic rival of three years ago."

"Little Flo," he says again, and this time his eyes are suspiciously moist. With a woman's quick perception she sees it and withdraws her hands.

For a moment she is a shy girl again, for she knows how, in spite of wealthy suitors and a countless coronet, she has faithfully guarded the love awakened three years ago—the true love that flourished when the false love died.

"Have you no better welcome, Florence—no gift of love? Have I loved and waited in vain? Oh, my darling!" "Silence!" This lady is my promised wife.

It is Edgar Reynolds, white with rage, who speaks, but Florence turns to him with her calmest, sweetest smile.

"You are mistaken, Mr. Reynolds. A pretty girl with whom you flirted three years ago helped to pass the time, but she was only a shy, wild rose, and you could not afford to ruin your prospects for her, you know."

As she speaks she draws from her breast and hands him a sheet of crumpled paper.

Then she turns to the lover of her childhood, girlhood, womanhood, and lays her hands in his, and he clasps the figure in its trailing satin robes close in his strong arms as "little Flo" cries out in alarm:

"Oh, Philip, you have crushed my flowers!" And Edgar Reynolds goes forth from the room and forth from their lives, and for once true love has its royal reward.—Waverley.

SOCIAL INSTINCT OF ANTS.

Insects Who Preferred Duty to the Call of Pleasure.

A swarm of formica pratensis was closely pressed in its nest by an army of the same species, and crowds of alarmed defenders issued from the entrance to the nest and flew to take part in the fight.

Compared to the manner of other social animals, and especially to those of man, the manner of ants exhibits a profound and fundamental aggregation of facts of convergence due to their social life. Let me mention devotion, the instinctive sentiment of duty, slavery, torture, war, alliances, the raising of cattle, gardening, harvesting, and even social degenerance through the attraction of certain harmful means of enjoyment.

I have been unable to give more than a short sketch of the social life of ants. Let each one study it for himself and he will experience in doing so the deep enjoyment that comes from sounding the secrets and laws of nature, while at the same time he will enjoy the most delightful satire upon human wretchedness, and will perceive at least the main lines of a social example that we ought to be able to imitate, though we cannot do so on account of the too large dose of egotistical and ferocious instincts that we have inherited from our ancestors.

DOCTOR WAS TOO CLEVER.

An anonymous physician who has written some "confessions" for the Independent tells this story about himself: "I received a request to call from an old patient who was afraid she was taking scarlet fever."

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Science AND Invention

For years the fertile soil of France has been cultivated mainly with the aid of cows and oxen instead of horses.

One of the most remarkable and interesting products of German chemistry is the cubic salt of radium lately prepared for Prof. Curie.

The terror of cattle, dogs and wild animals before the eruption of Mont Pelee adds to the evidence that the senses of the lower animals are unlike our own.

It has been long known that the colors of butterflies are influenced by temperature. Experience during the last ten years has given Dr. E. Fischer some startling results, and have shown not only that cold seasons may produce new butterflies from the old, but that abnormal heat may yield the same varieties, the change being due to retarded development.

Within the last fifteen years the new industry of "fox farming" has been developed in Alaska. It originated in the desire to preserve the valuable blue fox for extermination.

A certain portion of the blind may be taught to see is indicated by the striking success of M. Heller, of Vienna.

When brought to him three years ago, two Hungarian boys, aged seven and five years, could see nothing, but their eyes appeared to be normal.

Those who urge the retention of the Indian names of American localities and natural features have much reason on their side.

TURPENTINE FORESTS GOING.

The first organization of turpentine men, known as the Turpentine Operators and Factors' Association, which recently held its first annual convention in Jacksonville, Fla., was confronted by the question of complete annihilation of their business, due to the ruthless tapping of young trees and the rapid depletion of pine forests.

Ten years ago Norfolk, Va., was the great naval store port of the industry, two years ago Savannah and now Jacksonville, and next Tampa and New Orleans.

Newspapers in the South have presented able articles on this same subject for years, but the writer has seen young trees no thicker in diameter than eight inches boxed, once, twice, three times, so that a step ladder was used for the top boxing, and the strip of bark left was insufficient to gather the sap to feed the tree.

The life of a turpentine tree after the first boxing is about two years. That means that after the sap has been taken the third time the tree must either be cut for timber or it dies.

Nine hundred operators were at the convention. Each man has either bought or covered with options more or less pine forest, and in spite of his knowledge of what the future will bring is rapidly killing the goose with the golden egg.

Mr. Yerling—if you will only marry me, I promise you I'll make you a good husband. Miss De Terwind—Never fear! If I decide to marry you I'll make you that.—Philadelphia Press.

North Carolina or northwestern Florida. The "fat pine" is indigenous to these States; it grows rapidly, but is easily exterminated by the more sturdy plants which spring up in the forest clearings.

RICH, BUT WRETCHED.

"A Miserable Millionaire" Pours Forth a Pathetic Tale.

Money does not make men happy, dear Lady Betty, though the want of it may make them unhappy. The following letter, which has been addressed to me by "A Miserable Millionaire," is a curious document:

"Sir—Poverty is to happiness what hunger is to food; it is appetite. The simple pleasures delight the poor, and those are innumerable. Eight-and-fifty years ago I was born in a cottage, with no hope or prospect of rising above the position in which circumstances had placed me.

"Care is my master. I have a multitude of interests, and in many directions, and my mind is never free from anxiety. I am in continual dread of losing some of the money which I have so painfully acquired, and a thousand and one unexpected occurrences could materially affect my fortune.

"That is but one source of my misery. Money is made to be spent, and I do not know how to spend it intelligently. It requires special instincts, education and training to enjoy the artificial pleasures which money can provide.

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SERMONS OF THE WEEK

Nature.—Nature is God's book.—Rev. Dr. Gregg, Presbyterian, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Knowledge.—It is best to have knowledge from your own soul.—Rev. L. Moore, Akron, Ohio.

Not Christian.—The system of business and commerce to-day is not Christian, but heathen.—Rev. A. W. Hitchcock, Worcester, Mass.

Labor.—Before the coming of Christ in the world labor was totally despised. It is true that labor is a penalty attached to human nature.—Rev. J. J. Donlan, R. C., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Rights of the Public.—The time is past for arguing as to who is right in the strike. It is time to consider the rights of the public.—Rev. A. R. Chalmers, Congregational, New Haven, Conn.

True Life.—The reason why we have so little true life is because we do not look for it near enough at home. We think other places better than ours.—Rev. Dr. Babbe, Universalist, Boston, Mass.

Modern Faith.—There are those who believe in so-called "modern faith," but they are all false. France attempted to dethrone the Bible—the result was the French revolution.—Rev. B. H. Reemnyder, Tiffin, Ohio.

Religion.—Religion demands all from every man and yet no more than each man can give. So you love God with all your heart and with all your soul, all your own and yet all his.—Rev. Dr. Hyrd, Methodist, Atlanta, Ga.

Increase the Power.—Experience teaches that you can have educated villains; that education without sanctities increases the power for evil.—Rev. Dr. Dana, Presbyterian, Philadelphia, Pa.

No Climax.—Sin has no climax. It gains in speed and momentum as it goes. Frightful is the illusion that some future situation, here or elsewhere, may render the choice of God less difficult.—Rev. J. C. Smith, Indianapolis, Ind.

An Age of Thought.—Ours is an age of thought, and thought means the enlargement of men. It has been so in all creation. This earth was not made in a moment. The story of our old planet is in its growth.—Rev. Dr. Prince, Methodist, Carlisle, Pa.

Wisdom.—There is no finer attribute to wisdom than when Job says that it cannot be gotten for gold. What Job says of wisdom will in Jewish wisdom be applied to true education, for wisdom is only the fruit of the best education.—Rabbi Lyons, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Purchased Man.—It is a sad thing to contemplate, but true, that Christ had purchased man from perdition, while man preferred to remain in the hands of the enemy. Christ did not enforce payment, because man was endowed with free will.—Rev. Dr. Crawford, Toronto, Canada.

Divine Purpose.—The sacrifices of the past reveal, dimly, somewhat of the divine purpose for humankind, but they foreshadowed all too dimly the tremendous purpose of God. The goal of God's purpose is that all men may be saved.—Rev. M. P. Pike, Baptist, Baltimore, Md.

God's Fatherhood.—When men have fully learned that God's fatherhood means their own brotherhood, when the universal reign of righteousness shall have dawned, we shall not be here to detect and correct our blunders. Our work must be done now or never.—Rev. C. J. Hall, Deaver, Colo.

Fullness of the Gospel.—In Christ we see all the fullness of the Gospel. The glory he had with his Father. If Paul were alive to-day he would not forget the unsearchable greatness and riches of his Savior. When we see the beauties of his life we do not see how condescending he was.—Rev. J. Covey, Congregationalist, Detroit, Mich.

Embodied Thought.—A man is as responsible for his thoughts as his actions. In fact, a man's actions are but his embodied thought. Wrong doing feeds on wrong thinking. Course thinking is the nearest kin to course actions. Right thinking about every relationship of life.—Rev. Dr. Harlan, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Spirit of Christ.—The spirit of Christ is a spirit of seeking and searching. It is a spirit that cannot rest until success has crowned its efforts. Ask yourself, is that the spirit of me? Yet we call ourselves Christ's disciples. If people have lost their habit of going to church, what does it mean? It means that they are suffering from a diminution of spiritual interest.—Rev. Dr. Alsop, Episcopalian, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Suffering.—Suffering is a great school. We learn our best lessons in this school of suffering. We learn, for instance, to love truth and to know it by suffering from errors. We learn to love righteousness as we suffer from sin. But the greatest lesson we learn from our experience in life is the great central lesson of obedience. Do you know that it is the hardest thing in the world for you and me to become obedient as we pass through the school of suffering? I have learned obedience by the things I have suffered. Not only do we learn the lesson of obedience in the school of experience and suffering, but we really develop and consolidate our character.—Rev. Dr. MacLaurin, Rochester, N. Y.

"Bats!" In mnemonics this is perhaps the best thing out. It is related of a reporter, who had to write about A. B. Colquhoun, the well-known engineer. He was told that after Mr. Colquhoun's name should be placed the letters "M. I. C. E."—Member of the Institute of Civil Engineers.

SHADOW PICTURES ON THE WALL.



Tree Turned Into a Newspaper. A foreign paper tells of an experiment. It was made to see how quickly a tree could be turned into a newspaper. At 7:25 a. m. a tree was sawed down. Just two hours later it had been converted into pulp and paper. At 10 o'clock the first printed and folded copy came from the press. In 145 minutes the tree had been turned into a newspaper. It now becomes the Yankee to beat that record.