

THE FUGITIVE.

A hunted thing, through copse and wood
Night after night he skulked and
creaked.
To where, amid dark homesteads, stood
One gloomy garden locked and walled.
He paused in fear each step he took,
And waited till the moon was gone;
Then stole in by the little brook
That still laughed down the terraced
lawn.
And up the well-known path he crept,
And through the tangled briars tore;
And he, while they sought him slept,
Saw his ancestral home once more.

There song and lights were still astir,
And by her he could see one stand,
(And he had fared so far to her)
Who spoke with her and took her hand.
Then back by copse and wood he crept,
While yet the dawn was cold and dim;
And while in her white room she slept,
'Twas his old wound crawled back with
him.
—Century.

THE END OF IT ALL.

DOLLY and I had been arguing—as we usually had. But, strange to say, neither of us had enjoyed it. It was a regularly understood institution between us that we would quarrel about once in so often. It was such a lot of fun making up.

Dolly and I were not engaged, but some time we were going to be. This was another regularly understood institution between us. This was a lot of fun, also, particularly as our respective families—the heads of them, rather—had long ago decided that we had better keep apart for some time to come. Because they had so decided and sternly forbidden any engagement until we should both be of age, at least, we had gloried in the fact that we should be engaged some time. And tonight, for the first time, we had engaged neither the quarrel nor the reconciliation, and neither of us had made any reference to that coming engagement.

I had been rather silent about it for some time. I was so anxious to make the engagement a reality, and I hardly knew how to set about it. Dolly, I feared, had been silent recently for quite other causes. The grim old aunt with whom she lived and who was her guardian would harm my cause all she could. I felt sure. Dolly reported that she, too, had been silent concerning the coming engagement for some time. As opposition is always food for Dolly's



PERSUADING DOLLY.

determination I was not as grateful for this silence on the part of her aunt as I might have been.

While I was wondering how to render the engagement an actual fact instead of an ephemeral promise, Dolly's voice broke the silence sumpshly.

"This is the last quarrel I will ever have with you," it announced, to my astonishment.

"I hope so, Dolly," I answered, going over and sitting down on the sofa beside her.

"I detest cowardice," said Dolly, still more acrimoniously.

"I loathe it," I answered, still very much in the dark.

"We've done nothing but quarrel and fight for years," I fancied tears in her voice, although her snapping eyes belied the fancy. "I'm tired of it, and I never mean to quarrel with you again."

"Dolly," said I, pleadingly, "tell me what I've done to annoy you?"

I was conscious, immediately, of having taken the wrong tack.

"Nothing?" You would have thought she was ready to eat me, from her tone and manner. "I've been just as much to blame for all the quarreling as you have. But I'm tired and sick of it all."

She turned from me pettishly and pulled the fringe off an entire side of the prettiest sofa pillow beside her before she spoke again.

"Everybody is making fun of the way we quarrel and fight," was her next remark, spoken in a low voice. "The girls make my life a burden, teasing me."

"They make mine a burden asking when you are going to let me propose."

Dolly shrugged her shoulders disdainfully. But I knew I was on the right track. I dared not draw any closer, but I did venture to lay my hand on hers—a little timidly, but she liked the action none the less for that—and I pushed my advantage to the full and immediately.

"It's rather unkind of you to keep me in this position so long, Dolly," I continued. "It's hard on a fellow to be known as hanging about a woman, with nothing settled, for so long. Haven't I proved my devotion yet, Dolly?"

I knew she'd like this sort of talk. Women always do. And when they're dying to be kind to you they don't mind accepting any reasonable opportunity of yielding their forgiveness graciously.

Besides, it was starting the matter nicely to say Dolly had kept me in this undefined position. We had both taken and stood in, for reasons of mutual fun and enjoyment, and, until recently, I hadn't suffered at all. The fellows had troubled me a little bit of late.

Dolly regarded me gravely, and her snapping eyes softened. The hand over which mine rested trembled a little. I took my cue from that hand. Gathering courage, I folded my own long fingers around it. Then I said what I had been longing to say for so long.



Amateur Photography

Taking Portraits at Home.

One of the most interesting features of amateur photography is the taking of portraits. This work is of two kinds—the out of door snap shot portraiture that is often very successful, so far as the "likeness" goes, but always lacks the fine balancing of light and shade, and the artistic finish of a portrait that is taken where the amount and the direction of the light can be controlled.

For the majority of amateurs the light that comes from the ordinary house window must be utilized.

The trouble encountered here is that



ARRANGEMENT FOR LIGHTING A SITTER.

a north window in a dwelling house admits too small an amount of light, while the direct sunlight of a south window is as bad as are out of door conditions. The strong light of a sunny window may be made to serve the purpose of the portrait taker.

A dark cloth is placed across the lower sash, before which the sitter is placed, either back to the curtain or with the side of the body toward it, according to location of the camera. In front of the upper sash of the window is constructed a hood. The framework of this is of strips of wood put together in the form shown in the illustration. The curved pieces can be made of barrel hoops.

This framework is made to hang up on hooks against the window casing. It is covered with white cloth to reflect

the light down upon the sitter. Over this is put a cover of black cloth, that the light may not come through and strike the lens of the camera.

White and black paper will answer as well as cloth. The camera must be placed high enough on the tripod or the hood be brought down low enough so that no light from the upper sash may fall upon the camera lens. If the camera is placed directly in front of the window, the cloth covering the lower sash will form the background of the portrait. If the sitter sits with his side toward the window, a background should be hung from the side of the hood, coming down behind the sitter.

If at any time the light is too strong, a square of white muslin can be pinned across the base of the hood above the head of the sitter. This will diffuse the light somewhat and temper it.

With these suggestions the amateur ought to be able by experimenting to reach a successful method of portrait taking in his own house. Some experimenting is necessary, since in no two houses are the conditions of light and windows exactly the same.—Webb Donnell, in the Household.

The so-called sensometer number of dry plates is a delusion. Why plate-makers keep it up is one of the things photographers cannot explain. One firm uses 26 as indicating about the extreme of rapidity, another has 60, and there is a third with 40. What does it all amount to, anyway? Dry plates take on rapidity with age, and a plate that is "medium" when new will be chain lightning, or whatever else you want to call it, after it has been kept long enough. Some of the makers of the best plates are dropping the numbering and giving a name to distinguish the slower from the extremely rapid. That is all right and answers all purposes.

A scratch on the negative can be filled with Canada balsam thinned down with chloroform, so that it will print all right, as the refractive index of balsam is about the same as glass.

Dust out your holders and rub over the slides carefully. Wipe off the plates also before loading. The sprinkle of fine holes often found on the negative is caused by dust.

Invariably black. She was also satisfied with two hats, and one of her hobbies was that there should be no feathers on them as she held it a sin to kill birds for the sake of adorning hats.

A quaint, old-fashioned, loving woman, Mrs. Kruger was the reflex of many of the characteristics of stern old "Oom Paul." The war with England was a great trial on Mrs. Kruger. Frequently she was heard bewailing the awful carnage and yet even in the midst of her sorrow for the fallen burghers she found eloquent words in which to express her sympathies for the British wives and mothers who had lost their dear ones on the broad fields. Then, too, the long separation from her husband, combined with the recent death of her favorite daughter, completely broke the gentle spirit and the spark of a noble life went out.

Mrs. Kruger was "Oom Paul's" second wife, and was a Miss Du Plessis, a family of prominence in South Africa and which gave to France one of the greatest prelates of the church and State, the Cardinal Richelieu. Sixteen children blessed their union, 11 of whom are still living.

When ex-President Kruger was informed at Hilversum, in Holland, of his wife's death he wept bitterly and requested that he be left alone. Her son-in-law, Eloff, and many other members of the family were at Mrs. Kruger's bedside when she died.

Wanton Killing of Birds.

Extirpation of birds is not alone the work of fashionable vanity but of fashionable gluttony. The seizure in a New York cold-storage warehouse of great numbers of dead birds during the close season illustrates the easy evasion of the law by those careless of consequences.

In hotels travelers often find upon the bills of fare the names of birds unknown to ornithologists and dictionary-makers. When asked what kind of birds these represent the waiters are permitted to answer only by smiles and silence, or by confessions of ignorance.

In the cold-storage house in New York were found so many birds that the legal fines would have run to millions of dollars. What would they amount to for the United States? As a result of such practices everywhere those butchers and dealers who obey the law are really punished for their honor, while the reckless are rewarded by great profits.

We are fond of pointing out excellent spheres of work and usefulness for those who are greatly troubled by the fear of death in scientific laboratories. Why should this stupid and ruinous war of extermination of birds, with its great resultant suffering, not arouse the energies of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals?—American Medicine.

The Horses Numbered.

Every horse in the English army is numbered and has a little history kept for it. The number is branded on the animal's feet—the thousands on the near hind foot, and the units, tens and hundreds on the off hind foot. Thus, the horse whose number is, say, 8,354, will have an 8 on his left hind foot and 354 on the right foot.

A Large Membership.

The French are not supposed to be great travelers, yet the Touring Club of France has 50,000 members.

WHITE PINE DISAPPEARING.

Result of Ruthless Destruction of These Trees Is Evident.

"The white pine tree is disappearing," said a student of the conifer family to a reporter in the grounds of the Department of Agriculture, "though now that attention has been called to the ruthless destruction of the trees the various schemes of reforestation and conservative lumbering are being given consideration. It has been calculated that the original stand of white pine in

Canada and the United States represents something like five hundred billion feet of merchantable lumber, board measure. In 1890 it was computed that the stand had been reduced to one hundred and ten billion feet, sixty-four billion being in the United States in the region of the great lakes, forty billion in Canada and six billions scattering.

"The white pine is distinctively a northern tree. The native distribution of the tree was from Newfoundland on the east to Lake Winnipeg on the west, and thence to the southern boundary of Wisconsin, Michigan, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Connecticut. The white pine belt also followed the Appalachian range so far to the south as Georgia. The best growth of the tree was in Maine and the British territory east of the State, along the St. Lawrence River, in New Hampshire, Vermont, northern New York, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota and central Pennsylvania. The forests of white pine have been annihilated in New England, though some cutting continues in Maine. Some white pine still grows in almost inaccessible parts of New York and Pennsylvania.

"According to Prof. Spaulding, the white pine tree seldom attains a height greater than 160 feet, or a diameter of more than forty inches. A tree of this variety once measured by the division of forestry of the Department of Agriculture was 170 feet tall and forty-eight inches thick. The tree was 400 years old. It was a little sapling fifty years before Columbus sailed from Pinos.

"It is not an easy tree to propagate, so many of the seeds being unfertile. It does not, as a rule, produce flowers and cones until it is fifteen or twenty years old. During the first decade of its life it will grow about one foot every twelve months, and it grows a little faster till maturity. A tree twenty years old ought to be about twenty-five feet high, and at thirty or forty years of age it ought to measure about sixty feet."—Washington Star.

A few years ago a Greek presented himself at the Bodleian Library, Oxford, with a roll of ancient manuscript which he wished the authorities to purchase. The most recent of them dated from the thirteenth century, and, by one, the musty time-stained parchments were submitted to the late Mr. Cox, the librarian, who examined them without comment. The last of them, a document ostensibly as old as the most ancient New Testament manuscripts, was proudly placed on the table. "Now, how old do you think that is?" the Greek asked, in undisguised triumph. "About the middle of this century," Mr. Cox quietly answered, and he examined it carefully, and almost before the words were out of his mouth the Greek had snatched up his forgeries and was out of the room.

It is doubtful whether any forger, ancient or modern, was more skillful than B—, who for many years baffled the combined ingenuity of the bankers of London. Mr. B—'s forte was the forging and manipulation of letters of credit on foreign banks.

About eight years ago he deposited a sum of £500 with a London bank, receiving a letter of credit for this amount on the bank's continental agent. Within a few days he drew this amount from a Swiss bank, the letter being duly canceled and the amount drawn indorsed upon it. To anyone but B—the note would have been absolutely useless; but he did not take this view at all. By means of chemicals he removed the cancellation marks and indorsement, and presented the note again in Belgium; again he used his chemicals and drew another £500 in Paris, repeating the process until on that single note for £500 he had drawn ten times the amount.

To make such tricks impossible the amounts were in future given on the notes in water mark, to which our forger proceeded to add a cipher, also in water mark, thus enabling him again to draw £5,000 on a £500 note. To the water mark was then added the amount in perforated figures; but B— simply cut out both water mark and perforation from the note, cunningly inserted a new piece of paper in pulp, and on it forged figures for ten times the amount or more.

So skillfully were the substitution of fresh paper and the forgeries of the figures effected that even with a microscope it was impossible to see that the note had been tampered with, and on one occasion B— actually forged an entire note so perfectly that even the bank officials who were supposed to have issued it could not detect the fraud.

The captures of famous forgers have often been highly dramatic. Fauntleroy, the banker, who robbed the Bank of England of over £300,000 by means of forged powers of attorney, was lounging in an easy chair, talking to a client in his luxurious private room in his bank in Berners street, when the door was suddenly opened and the intruder, walking up to the lounging aristocratic figure, said, "Henry Fauntleroy, I arrest you on a charge of forgery."

Two men were sitting in a public house waiting for a man with whom an arrangement had been made to conduct a money-making crime, when the door was silently and stealthily opened and a head quickly introduced and much more quickly withdrawn. Not quickly enough, however, for in that brief instant its owner had been recognized, and before he had proceeded five yards a detective's hand was placed on his shoulder. "This is Jim the Penman," in spite of all his cleverness, fell at last into the simplest of traps and his career came to an end.

CRIME WITH THE PEN

REMARKABLE FORGERIES THAT ARE STILL REMEMBERED.

There Have Been Others as Clever as the Famous "Jim the Penman"—A Forger Who Fooled Bank Officials in Several European Cities.

The history of forgery records many marvelously clever and audacious feats, but the most daring and skillful of them all stands to the credit, or rather discredit, of that most dramatic of forgers, Jim the Penman.

When Jim was arrested at Memphis, Tenn., on a charge of forgery he was able to produce so many striking testimonials to his character from the principal men in the United States that the judge considerably reduced the severity of his sentence.

He had been in prison only a few weeks when the governor of the jail received an official notification that an influential petition signed by the judge, jury and many leading citizens, had been forwarded to the governor of the State praying for the convict's release on the ground that "he bore an excellent character, and had been a dupe and not a willing or conscious agent in the forgery;" and a month or two later an order was received from the Governor commanding his release.

It was some time afterward that the discovery was made that testimonials, petitions and order for release were all the product of Jim's own clever pen, and that they had been actually written in jail with the connivance of a friendly warder.

Twenty years ago a convicted murderer was lying in Newgate prison under sentence of death, when a reprieve was handed to the Governor. Some informality aroused his suspicions, and the matter was placed in the hands of detectives, who discovered that the reprieve had been forged by a man who had a "conscientious objection" to the death penalty, and who had taken this daring means of preventing it in this particular case.

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FRONTIER JUSTICE.

A young Arizona lawyer who recently visited Detroit gave the following as an example of the style of justice that prevails in some remote sections of the frontier:

A certain justice of the peace whose knowledge of the law was never gained from books to actual practice before the bar was hearing an assault and battery case. The lawyer for the defense was shouting his arguments when the court said:

"That will do. Set down."

He then adjusted his spectacles and sagely observed:

"Prisoner, stand up! Accordin' tah th' law an' th' evidence an' there is no evidence—O' found yez guilty, sor, an' fone ye \$50. If yez air guilty, faith, it's a very loight sentence; an' if yez are not guilty it'll be a mighty good lesson for yez."—Detroit Free Press.

No firecracker is big enough for a boy.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

As usual he was monopolizing the newspaper.

"Please let me have the woman's page," she said.

He carefully tore off a page and handed it to her.

It was a full-page advertisement of a millinery opening, and he chuckled at his own joke.—Chicago Evening Post.

It would seem so.

Rubberton—May I inquire what your business is, stranger?

Stranger (haughtily)—Sir, I'm a gentleman.

Rubberton—Well, I reckon that's a good business, stranger, but you're not the only man that's failed at it.

A Protest.

"Why am I going to thrash you, Ferdinand?"

"I dunno. Ain't it bad enough to have a whackin' without havin' to answer conundrums as well?"—Ally Sloper.

His Preference.

Oldham—Are you going to the lecture to-night on "The Girl of To-day?"

Younger—Guess not. The girl of to-night is more attractive.

Professional Humorist.

Diggs—Your friend, the doctor, is a funny fellow, isn't he?

Biggs—In what way is he funny?

Diggs—Why, he's always taking somebody off.

Real Vs. Ideal.

Rural Visitor—Doesn't it cost an awful lot to live in the city?

Native—No, it doesn't cost much to live; trying to keep up appearances is what paralyzes a man's bank account.

He Bought the Ring.

He (cautiously)—Would you—er—object if I were to call you by your first name?

She—No, indeed. I don't like my surname, anyway.

He—If you could change it what name would you choose?

She—Yours.

Just Like a Man.

"You lived on a Texas ranch for a number of years, I believe," said the man.

"Yes," replied the woman.

"Like it?" queried the man.

"No; it was too lonesome; no neighbors to talk to," answered the woman.

"You mean there were no neighbors to talk about," said the man.

It All Depends.

Young Mother—After all, nothing is so perfect as a baby.

Bachelor Brother—That's right—especially as a nuisance.

Why Didn't He Pull the Teeth?

Carpenter—Well, boy, have you ground all the tools, as I told you, while I've been out?

Boy (newly apprenticed)—Yes, master, all but this 'ere 'an'saw. An' I can't quite get the gaps out of it—Punch.

His Little Joke.

Finnigan—O' hear yez boy a girul baby at your house, McManus. Phwat is it yez are after callin' th' infant?

McManus—Shure an' it do be Caroline th' owld woman tells me, but O' call her Carrie for short, O' dunno.

Finnigan—Carrie, is it, McManus? Faith, an' thot's a good name for a female missin' boy, O'm thinkin'.

Just to Be Pleasant.

Nell—You surely don't think Jenkins' wife pretty.

Belle—Certainly not.

"But you told May Sowers she was just lovely."

"That was because May was an old flame of Jenkins'."—Philadelphia Record.

An Inquiry.

Suburbanite—Pushington was one of the most successful men we ever had in our place.

City Friend—Yes? Succeeded in selling, did he?—Puck.

A Sharp-Tongued Woman.

Mrs. Wicks—When my husband says anything I have to take it with a grain of salt.

Mr. Hicks—When my wife says anything I have to take it with a good many grains of pepper.—Somerville Journal.

No Harm Would Result.

"Do you mean to say a man might smoke cigarettes constantly for a week without any particular harm resulting?"

"Certainly."

"Why, it would kill him."

"Of course, but it wouldn't seriously affect any one else."—Philadelphia Press.

Real Selfish.

Mrs. Selldom Holmes—Do you know anything about that family that is moving into the flat in the next block.

Mrs. Nextdoor—No, but I think they are rather selfish, disagreeable people. They took all their household furniture there in these big, covered vans, so nobody could tell what it looked like.—Chicago Tribune.

These Humbugs of Husbands.

"Did your husband go with you to your picnic, Mrs. Jones?"

"No; his employer is so mean he wouldn't let poor Henry off, but Henry gave him a good talking to about it, and I guess he got ashamed of himself, for he said Henry could have a two days' fishing trip."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Not Up to the Mark.

Magazine Editor—Haven't you got a poem to go on this page?

Assistant—Here's one that I don't quite get the meaning of, but I suppose many of our readers will understand it. Magazine Editor—That won't do. I want something that will puzzle everybody.—Judge.

Willie Would Have His Way.

Little Freddie—Mamma, doesn't Uncle Bob like plum pudding?

Mamma—Yes, but the doctor won't let him eat it.

Little Freddie—Well, if was as big as him there wouldn't be any doctor big enough to stop me.—Boston Herald.

Answered.