

A BALLAD OF THE FINGERS.

Her fingers stray along the frets,
Her fingers wander over the strings;
A little while my heart forgets
The air is filled with rustling wings,
Forget me, wrong and sin,
And earth seems made for happier things—
She plays upon her mandolin!

Her fingers fly along the frets,
Her fingers dance along the strings,
Courage, my soul! Though strife besets,
Stand firm, whatever fortune brings,
Hear to the ages, peer of kings!
High over the turmoil, dust and din,
The clarion call of Honor rings—
She plays upon her mandolin!

Her fingers dream along the frets,
They linger lightly over the strings;
What spell is woven in the nets
Of mused melody she sings!
A burning tear unbidden springs;
Old hopes, loves, dreams—all dwell
Within
That dying music's whisperings—
She plays upon her mandolin!

Prince, at the gate of Paradise
I fear I scarce would enter in,
If still without, with luring eyes,
She played upon her mandolin!
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

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. You and I don't have any more drives or picnics or nice long tramps in the woods. Taken altogether, things are dead slow in this old place in the country. First thing we know he'll go back to town, and then it's all over. I wish you could help me."

Duke wagged his tail sympathetically.

"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 else these lovely days?"

"What's the use?" he answered, as he rose and lazily stretched himself.

"There's no one to go with or no one to lend a fellow his dogcart, and one thing and another."

"Say, sis," he said persuasively, "why don't you and Jack make up? I'm missing heaps of good times."

"Harry Graham!" Dorothy said, "don't you ever as long as you live mention Jack Thurston's name to me again or I'll see that you never come with me again to Aunt Nettie's for the summer."

"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 doesn'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 four weeks."

And it was all her fault, all her un-governable temper, she thought, and now she might never see Jack again. Since their quarrel she had only seen him once. He had changed his boarding place and was living at the other end of the town. There was a pretty girl staying there, too. The day she saw him they were driving together, laughing and talking with each other. He seemed happy enough even if she was miserable. Suppose he had fallen in love with her!

At the thought she buried her face in her hands and sobbed bitterly.

A cold nose was placed in her hand, and looking up she saw Duke's big, brown, sympathetic eyes fixed on her.

"You are sorry, boy, aren't you?" she said, "but you can't help me. I want to tell Jack I am sorry, but he won't give me a chance, for he won't come near me, and perhaps it's too late, anyway; he may not love me any more. Oh! I am so miserable!" and the sobs broke out afresh.

Finally she ceased crying and fell asleep from sheer exhaustion, her head leaning against the tree trunk and her hands loosely clasped together. Duke stood and looked at her for a few minutes, then lay down close beside her. Suddenly he pricked up his ears, then was off to where in the distance he could see a figure coming through the trees that bordered the meadow. With a rush he was upon him, licking his hands and with low barks telling him how glad he was to see him.

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

"What is it, boy?" he said, as he was pulled along in spite of himself, then stopped suddenly, as Duke loosed his hold, and there in front of him was Dorothy fast asleep.

He knelt down beside her. "Dorothy," he said softly, taking her hands in his, "wake up, dear, it is Jack." She woke as she felt his kisses on her lips, and seeing his face above her, nestled back with a contented sigh in his arms.

"I am sorry, Jack, and wanted to tell you so, but you—" but he stopped her.

"There, dear, say no more about it. We have both been naughty—" with a happy laugh, "but now we will be good."

"And you don't love that pretty girl you took driving?"

"I love only one pretty girl," he answered, "and that is Dorothy Graham." There was silence for a minute, then she said: "How did you know I was here, Jack?"

"Duke told me, good fellow," turning



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 take 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 contains 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. Try this little dodge and you will be astonished with the results obtained.

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, unless they belong to that nondescript class who take up one hobby after another, dropping their latest, as soon as the next new fad appears upon the horizon. This latter class is beyond redemption. Some are photographers because they have an artistic temperament, are admirers of nature, and in view of the want of the necessary skill to use the brush or pencil, embrace

photography as a means of recording choicest subjects.

There 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. To get the best definition and depth of focus try the following: Focus without a stop between the nearest and most remote points in the picture, which usually comes between the center and right or left edge of the ground glass. Do not focus at the center, but to one side of it, and the result will be much more satisfactory. After getting the focus put in the diaphragm. For large heads be sure the focus is well divided to get a uniform definition. The smaller the stop the more the definition and depth, but this is at the expense of what they call the "artistic effect." Keep this in mind. Focus with the lens wide open, and put in the diaphragm after you have the picture where you want it.

It is an excellent idea to frequently clean your lenses. It may not look as though it needed it, but at the same time its best capabilities may be impaired by dust. If you wear glasses you know it is a good thing to rub them often. But do not rub your lens too hard. It may in time disturb its correction that is very delicate. Some say old lenses are good, others recommend a specially prepared camels skin, and still others think the only thing really proper to use is jeweler's tissue. A camel's hair brush is all right to remove the dust, and fine linen to polish the glass is found by manufacturers to be the first-class. But be very careful not to touch the lens with the fingers. There is a natural oil in the skin that smears the glass, and it is almost impossible to restore it its original clearness. I have seen curious examiners of a camera rub a finger around the lens to clean off what they thought might be a bit of dust. Men have been killed for less offense, and the owner of a fine lens could well claim justifiable homicide for slaughtering on the spot any one who would do such a thing.

Hamilton, speaking to a Free Press reporter, "was to note the resources and progress of this district for intending settlers. Mr. Griffin had not been over this ground before and it was to him a trip of great value on this account. What we saw confirms the view I have taken that here lies one of the richest tracts of land in the world. We found that settlers have pushed their way in and are located not only on land all along the railway, but 10 miles on each side of it. The soil in all parts we saw is of the richest, and timber and water plentiful, except an eastern tract lying south of Eagle Hills, where timber is scarce. In the Battledore district, lying 120 miles from the railway, we found excellent fields of grain being grown, but in the majority of the farthest districts cattle raising is the chief industry. Settlers are pushing their way out from Calgary and Edmonton east as far as the Buck Lakes, 100 miles from the railway."

Game throughout this district, Mr. Hamilton states, was very plentiful—in fact, too plentiful. "We were told that the prairie chickens were so thick," said Mr. Hamilton, "that disease among them had developed and they were dying off in thousands. This I am told, occurs about every seven years, when the ravages of the disease are much more destructive than that wrought by the hunters after feathered game. There is no scarcity of fresh meats, however, and in many of the farming districts or ranching properties the owner has his own game preserves."

"On this tract of 25,000,000 acres there is no reason," concluded Mr. Hamilton, according to the Winnipeg Free Press, "why 500,000,000 bushels of wheat could not be raised and this will be the case some day not far distant."

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, the tapir, rhinoceros, lion, hippopotamus, gigan-tic pangolin, hyena, and other animals, remains of which were found round about him. It has been computed that this ancestor lived somewhere about the beginning of our last glacial epoch, some 270,000 generations ago. In other words, about 17,000 generations have been born and have died between him and ourselves. It will assist our understanding of what this relationship really means to know that nearly 250 generations carry us back beyond the dawn of history, 5,000 years ago.—McClure's Magazine.

TURNED THE TABLES.
A lecturer was once descending on the superiority of nature over art, when an irreverent listener in the audience fired that old question at him:

"How would you look, sir, without your wig?"

"Young man," instantly replied the lecturer, pointing his finger at him, "you have furnished me an apt illustration for my argument. My baldness can be traced to the artificial habits of our modern civilization, while the wig I am wearing—here he raised his voice till the windows shook—"is made of natural hair!"

The audience testified its appreciation of the point by loud applause, and the speaker was not interrupted again.

Nothing makes a woman quite so mad as to be told that some other woman is sorer for her husband.

The undertaker is the only man who can cure some diseases.

Considerable Difference.
"Well, what's the difference between lunch and luncheon, anyway?"

"It's just this way: If it amounts to pretty near enough to satisfy you it's lunch; if it doesn't it's luncheon."—Philadelphia Press.

FINEST LAND OUT OF DOORS.
Millions of Acres of Canadian Territory as described by Travelers.
L. A. Hamilton and Land Commissioner Griffin have arrived in Winnipeg after a three weeks' drive through 500 miles of what Mr. Hamilton says an American would call "the finest block of land that lies out of doors." This land comprises about 25,000,000 acres and was covered by two men from Winnipeg through Battledore east, north to the Vermilion Lakes, across into the Blackfoot Hills, then to the Saskatchewan River, then there north to the Trapping Lake district and east again to Saskatoon.

"The object of our journey," said Mr.

Mrs. Elizabeth Barnard.

the prettiest of the younger society set of New Jersey.

She is a graduate of the Woman's College of Baltimore and a member of the Gamma Phi Beta, a leading woman's college fraternity. The bride is tall and graceful, with chestnut and dark eyes. Her college popularity followed her when she came home from Baltimore and made her debut two seasons ago.

THE BATTLE OF THE BOWERSVILLE HOTEL.
An Englishman at a dinner once told a tale of a tiger he had shot which measured twenty-four feet from snout to tail-tip. Everyone was astonished, but no one ventured to insinuate a doubt of the truth of the story.

Presently a Scotsman told his tale. He had once caught a fish which he was unable to pull in alone, managing only to land it at last with the aid of six friends. "It was a skate, and it covered two acres."

Silence followed this recital, during which the offended Englishman left the table. The host followed. After returning, he said to the Scotsman: "Sir, you have insulted my friend, you must apologize."

"I dinna insult him," said the Scot. "Yes you did, with your two-acre fish story. You must apologize."

"Well," said the offender, slowly, with the air of one making a great concession, "tell him if he will take ten feet off that tiger I will see what I can do with the fish."—London Tit-Bits.

THE RUSTIC WAY.
A more or less fair cyclist, known to Punch, met a farm laborer in an English lane. Said she:

"Can you direct me to Higham Up-ley, please?"

"You're only got to follow yer nose, miss," said he, "but you'll find it up 'ill work!"

There seems to be more than one way of saying that a nose is "tip-titled like the petal of a flower."

There is a dull sort of a man who becomes prominent in spite of the fun made of him.

If a girl marries a poor man, it is strange how soon her old friends forget his name.

LINCOLN'S AVENGER.

Some Stories Illustrating Boston Corbett's Impulsiveness and Courage.
Sallie Bruner Houston tells the South County (Kan.) Pioneer a curious story of how she received the news of the assassination of Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley. She was 4 years old at the date of the assassination of Lincoln, but she remembers that when the news came to her father's farmhouse she "canned up against the big fireplace and cried," while her mother "wiped her own eyes with her apron." Of the assassination of Garfield Mrs. Houston relates this story:

"At that time we were living on our farm six miles south of Concordia, this State. Several of the family, including myself, were sitting in the yard with Boston Corbett, the man who shot the assassin of Lincoln. At that time Corbett lived on a farm near us. We sat there until my father came from town and brought the news of the shooting of President Garfield. Every one who remembers Corbett remembers his impulsive nature. He was quick as a cat. The news seemed to electrify him. He jumped to his feet, saying: 'I wish I were there.' We all knew what he meant. There would have been no trial for Gileau. All who ever knew Boston Corbett knew that he would have shot Gileau on the spot had he been there. It was about this time that Corbett was arrested on complaint of some of his Democratic neighbors for some petty offense and taken to Concordia for trial before a Democratic justice of the peace. He thought that he was not getting justice, so he drew his ever-ready revolver and ordered them out and thus cleared the courtroom. He then mounted his little black pony and went home. There was a great deal of talk of having him rearrested, and several persons went to his home to do so, but did not have the courage to do so. As they always returned without him, the case was finally dropped."

ROBERT F. WOLFE.

A Wealthy Shoe Manufacturer Who Recently Became a Prisoner.
Robert F. Wolfe, the wealthy and respected merchant of Columbus, who has given to the world the secret that

he was once confined in the Indiana State's prison, has won admiration throughout the country for his manly confession. Mr. Wolfe was sentenced to serve five years in the penitentiary on a charge of assault with intent to kill. He had been involved in trouble when 18 years old, while defending an attack upon the character of a girl cousin in a small Indiana town. After being held three months in jail without trial he overcame his guard and escaped. He was soon rearrested and his penal servitude followed. While in prison the young man learned the shoe-maker's trade, and after his release he made his way to Columbus, arriving there without a dollar. He started a little shop and in time became one of the leading shoemakers of the State. He is now President of the Wolfe Brothers' Company and his estate is estimated at \$500,000. Soon after his arrival in Columbus Mr. Wolfe told the secret of his imprisonment to a few friends. Afterward when he became a successful merchant this information was used to extort money from him, and he was constantly the victim of a set of harpies. He was so grieved with these demands that he finally decided to announce the secret himself.

THREE MILLIONAIRE'S HOMES.
In San Francisco Now Devoted to Charity or Education.
The decision of Mrs. Collis P. Huntington to convert into a hospital for women the home of the dead millionaire on Nob Hill, San Francisco, adds one more of the houses of Pacific coast millionaires to the list of buildings dedicated to education or charity. The Huntington home was originally owned by Gen. David D. Colton. Eight

years ago C. P. Huntington bought it for \$200,000, and now the magnificent mansion is to be devoted to charitable purposes.

Another home of a former millionaire that is used for educational purposes is that of Leland Stanford, which has been turned over to the university founded by the family. Still another is the house formerly occupied by Mark Hopkins. It is now known as the Hopkins Institute of Art. Both these houses were among the most magnificent private homes on the Pacific coast and their embellishments were superb.

MEDICAL ADVERTISING IN ANCIENT EGYPT.
King Salura, who lived 3,500 years before Christ, wished to record his gratitude to his doctor because he had "made his nostrils well," and for that purpose he caused an inscription to be engraved on a tablet, in which he wished him long life and happiness. The inscription shows further that the King's physician appreciated the pecuniary benefits of publicity, for at the doctor's own suggestion to his royal master the tablet, or in plain English the advertisement, was placed in a conspicuous position in the waiting room of the royal palace, and it is to be hoped, observes the "Medical Press," that the worthy practitioner reaped the benefit he deserved, not only for his successful treatment, but also for his evident business capacity.

Considering the cheap traps they keep in them, even notice how careful people are to not leave their trunks unlocked?

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Suppose we smile.

Humorous paragraphs from the comic papers.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.

"I mustn't," said Miss Miami Brown, "that you done made reference to me as a 'coon'."

"You does me wrong," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley; "my regards for job is such that if I was to make any comparisons dar wouldn't be nuffin mentioned but chicken or 'possum.'"

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Reason enough.
"Did your cook have any reasons for leaving?"

"Oh, yes; we wanted her to stay."

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Employer—Any references from your last place?

"Sure. I was dere five years, an' got six months off fer good behavior."

Severe's Practise.
"Have you ever done anything which you think ought to command the gratitude of posterity?" asked the friend.

"Now, what's the use of taking up my time with such questions as that?" said Senator Sordgum, visibly annoyed.

"You know as well as I do that posterity hasn't any vote in the coming election?"—Washington Star.

Welcome information.
"Trump! Please, mum, I haven't a friend or a relative in the world."

Housekeeper—Well, I'm glad there's no one to worry over you in case you get hurt. Here, Tigge!—New York Weekly.

The Piano Tuner.
Tuner—Your daughter left word that I should call and repair the piano.

Mr. Binks—What's wrong with it?

Tuner—She says three strings are broken.

Mr. Binks (confidentially)—Look here, here's five shillings for yourself. Break the rest of 'em.—Tit-Bits.

Her Inference.
Mrs. Jangle's daughter must be a very plain girl," said Miss Cayenne.

"Have you seen her?"

"No. But I gather as much from the fact that all the women are willing to concede that she is highly intelligent and exceptionally amiable."—Washington Star.

Seize with Remorse.
Teddy—I wish I hadn't licked Jimmy Brown this morning.

Mamma—You see now how wrong it was, don't you, dear?

Teddy—Yes, 'cause I didn't know till noon that he was going to give a party.—Tit-Bits.

According to Bobbs.
His Mamma—I'm mortified to learn that you stand at the foot of your class. I can hardly believe it possible.

Bobbs—Why, it's de easiest thing in de world.

For Man.
Pettibohn—Woman are paradoxical creatures!

Pillsbury (wearily)—Yes. My wife has got one of those hats that they wear at an angle of 45 degrees, and she is forever asking me: "George, have I got my hat on straight?"—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Way Pa Felt.
"A man and his wife are one, aren't they, pa?"

"They are equivalent to one, my child. She is one and he is nothing."—Judge.

Before They Ripen.
Sue Brett—Where did you spend your vacation?

Han Lett—In the country.

Sue Brett—Have a good time?

Han Lett—Sure. It was a genuine pleasure to find a place where there were only fresh eggs.—Chicago News.

Great Prosperity.
Stranger—Are the farmers thrifty down here?

Crawfoot—Thrifty ain't no name for it! Why, they put their scarecrows on the railroad track, swear they are hired men an' then recover damages for loss of service.—Chicago News.

Nothing Doing.
"Well, how are matters in town now?" asked Cusmo of Cawker.

"Dull, very dull," replied Cawker. "Even the telephone line isn't busy."—Harper's Bazar.

Considerable Difference.
"Well, what's the difference between lunch and luncheon, anyway?"

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Looked Suspicious.
Uncle Geelaw—I've been getting a lot of long typewritten letters about patent medicines lately, an' Sary's mad as hops!

Abe Chlawhiskers—What's she mad about?

Uncle Geelaw—Why, she doesn't see how I come to get them unless I got 'em from the typewriter with the pretty typewriter gals that wrote them, when I was New York last!—Brooklyn Eagle.

Of Course Not.
Lady—These souvenir spoons look like forks.

Dealer—Of course, ma'am; you wouldn't have souvenir spoons look like spoons, would you?—New York Weekly.

Too Much of It.
Medium—I can tell you about a buried treasure.

Patron—Please don't. My husband is always tooting that in my ears.

Medium—Does he know anything about a buried treasure?

Patron—Yes, his first wife.—Chicago News.

No Need of Prayer.
Deacon Ebony—I hab not seen you at ouah revival meetin's, Mistah Black.

Mistah Black—Wot foh I want ob revival meetin's?

"Don't you ebber pray?"

"No, I carry er rabbit's foot."—New York Weekly.

The Realistic School.
"This," said the Eminent Artist, "is my famous study of the Cows in the Clover."

"But where is the clover?" we asked, not seeing any of it in the picture.

"Oh, the cows have eaten it, you know."—Baltimore American.

Cheerfully Completed.
"Yes,"