

THE ONE WHO HAS A SONG.

The cloudmaker says it is going to storm. And we're sure to have a awful weather.



Amateur Photography

What the average amateur photographer needs is a higher aim, the determination to do not good work but the best work of which he is capable.

entry against it of the lighting, time of day, amount of exposure, etc., and also, if you are an expert at developing, make a note of what kind of development you think will best suit the subject.

A CONDITION.

WHEN I'm a grown-up man, as big as father, I shall marry you," announced Roger, with all the assurance of 12 years.

"Perhaps I shan't want to marry you," said Marcella, who, although two years younger than her would-be husband, saw no reason why she should not have some choice in the matter.



PERHAPS I SHAN'T WANT TO MARRY YOU.

I mean, and, anyhow, even if you can whistle, I shall only marry some one who is awfully rich and who I love awfully, so there."

"Miss Marcella," called nurse, "come along quickly; we must take this turning now. Say good-by to Master Roger at once."

"Why, my dear?" asked her husband. He was accustomed to his wife's grievances and rarely noticed them; but he did not understand why she should mind the son of his old friend and neighbor, Falconer, being on the way home.

"O, you men are so dense!" replied the lady, sharply. "Why? Because of Marcella, of course. Here she is, 25, not married, and evidently not wanting to be. Here is Mr. Penderton, rich, desirable in every way—rather old, perhaps, but that is no drawback—madly in love with her, and no other man near to try to supersede him."

"Now, we hear this young Falconer is coming back. He is about Marcella's age. I have heard he is good looking, and he is probably as poor as a mouse. Who knows what complications may arise, especially as Marcella has such extraordinary ideas? Of course, they haven't met for years—not since they were children, in fact—and I shall try to prevent their seeing much of each other, at any rate till Marcella's engagement to Penderton is an fait accompli."

"I speak English, dear," was all Mr. Estart replied to his wife's speech, and she snapped her lips together and left him.

John Penderton was 57, but he was rich, and Mrs. Estart, into whose mind the question of love never entered, saw no reason why her daughter should not marry him.

"We are as poor as we can be, Marcella," she said, over and over again, "and as Mr. Penderton is so anxious to marry you, it is only your duty to consent."

Never take many plates with you when going out for a stroll with your camera. Two or three pictures are full occupation for an afternoon's jaunt. Sometimes one will be ample, or even too many.

enough to be her father, he should become what Mrs. Estart called "undoubtedly friendly" with Marcella.

"And then one day, when things came to a point, when Penderton proposed for a fourth time and was refused, and Mrs. Estart emptied the vials of her wrath and disappointment on her daughter's head, Roger asked Marcella to marry him.

"I know I'm not as rich as my old fellow," he said, "but I've enough for two people, and I love you, Marcella. I'm almost afraid to tell you, for I've never forgotten, when we were children and played in the wood, how you snubbed me one day and said you wouldn't marry any one who couldn't whistle better than Dicky Blair. I can fulfill that condition, I think, but not the other of being 'awfully rich.'"

"What a horribly avaricious child I must have been!" she said. "But the little girl in the wood had yet a third condition. Don't you remember? She said she would only marry some one she—"

"The man looked at her eagerly. "Loved awfully," she finished, and Roger knew that Mr. Penderton would never have another chance.—Chicago Tribune.

REVERE'S HOUSE FALLING INTO DECAY.

Paul Revere's house in Boston, Mass., is sadly in need of repair. The ravages of time are visible to the most casual observer, and unless something is done speedily to preserve it those who value it as a relic of Revolutionary times will soon see the last of it.



REVERE HOUSE AS IT WAS.

Just now the ancient house is unoccupied, save for a store upon the ground floor, but its interior has recently undergone quite a remarkable transformation with a view to rendering it attractive for light housekeeping among the Italians, who are most likely to occupy it. The little stuffy store in which Paul Revere could never recognize to-day his once cozy parlor is now devoted to the sale of Italian groceries, a stock of edibles, strange to the eye of an American, occupying about all the space save what would allow three or four persons to turn around in. One might visit the place every day for a month and never hear a word of English spoken, either by the proprietor or his patrons.

The ancient kitchen in the rear of the store was long since subdivided into various apartments, one of which is a bedroom; another, containing the old fireplace, being now merely a depositary for barrels of rubbish. Nobody tries for anything about it, but it is now known as the second and third floors bear little resemblance to-day to what they did in Revere's time, for he moved away about 1795, and since then the house has been devoted to a variety of uses.

There are lots of hints along the same lines that might be given, but they must be kept for another time. But whatever you do in photography do that best that lies in you or throw your camera on the scrap heap and start on something else.

Get some good wood and nail the pieces together, making a tray the size you wish. Then take some oil table cloth, and fasten to the tops and sides by means of tacks. This kind of tray fully answers the purpose of the more expensive trays for washing, ironing and fixing prints.

"These are for you," he said to me simply. "And thus it happened that I, to please the General and secure the Cross of Honor, had seized nothing, while my spy, to give me pleasure and to secure a medal, had plundered on my behalf—the same motive had inspired both of us to quite contrary acts."

"Excuse me, ladies," ventured the poor father, who sat near by, "but you seem to forget what we are trying to find a name for a human being, and not for a 5-cent cigar."—Baltimore American.

"That diplomacy is a big one," said the old man, "an' cost a sight of hard-earned money; but, 'long as you've done got it, we might as well utilize it for all it's worth. Take it back to 'em, Bill, to the college, an' ax 'em to paint in the left-hand corner that I do blacksmithin' cheap fer cash, an' they ain't no one kin beat me shooin' of a Georgy mule, ef I does say it myself!"—Atlanta Constitution.

"I suppose," said the physician, smiling and trying to appear witty, while feeling the pulse of a lady patient—"I suppose you consider me an old humbug?"

"Why, doctor," replied the lady, "I had no idea you could ascertain a woman's thoughts by merely feeling her pulse!"

"At this point she broke down and shed scalding tears."

"My goodness! She must have been fairly boiling over!"

At the funeral of a lawyer of State reputation, who lived and practiced in a town not far from Philadelphia, and who was known among his friends throughout as an unbeliever, an eminent gentleman from Philadelphia reached the house after the minister had begun the sermon. Not knowing how far the services had progressed, he accented a well-known Quaker of the town, who was a friend of the deceased, and who was noted for his great sense of humor, and leaning over his shoulder, asked in a whisper:

"What part of the services have they reached?"

There was one occasion when Revere's house was the sensation of the town, and that was on the night of March 5, 1771, the first anniversary of the Boston massacre, when Revere gave a sort of memorial illumination quite characteristic of him. The importance with which it was regarded by the public is shown by the publication of a detailed description of it in the local papers, an extraordinary thing in those days of provincial journalism.

SPOKEN IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Many Different Languages in Use Among the Islands. Here are the languages they speak in the Philippines: Ilocano, Igorote, Pangasinan, Pampangan, Tagal, Biscol, Hilcol, Visayan, while in the northern part of Luzon there is still another tongue, and the Iolo tribes speak still another, making ten languages for the 10,000,000 people. The dialects and languages of the "non-Christian tribes," as Governor Taft designates a large proportion of this 10,000,000, are beyond comprehension. In answer to a question when he was before the House Committee on Insular Affairs a few weeks ago, Governor Taft gave the following idea of the linguistic qualities of the inhabitants of the Philippine archipelago:

"Beginning at the north of Luzon there is a language in Cagayan and Isabela that is different from any other in the island. On the west side of the northern end of the island of Luzon is the Ilocano. In Benguet they speak an Igorote language, and also Ilocano, to some extent. Coming down the map there are the Pangasinan and the Ilocano. In Pangasinan both are spoken. Pampangan is spoken in Tarlac, in the southern part of Pangasinan is spoken in the northern part. In Balabac, Cate, Batanga and Tayabas Tagal is spoken, and in the northern part of Ambos Camerines. In Albay and Sorsogon and the southern part of Ambos Camerines the Bicol is spoken. In Masbate, where the three tribes meet, the Bicol, the Visayan and the Tagal are all spoken. In Samar Leyte, Cebu, Bohol and Negros Visayan is spoken, and also Romblon. In Mindoro the Tagal is spoken. Where the Visayan language is spoken they have two dialects, the northern and Cebuan. The Iolo tribes speak a language of their own."—Washington Star.

Looting the Summer Palace. While China is occupying so much attention, it seems opportune to republish an incident of the first looting of the great Summer Palace and the treasures it contained.

"The writer of the volume from which the extract is made was a French officer. "One of our spies," he says, "my orderly, Mohammed, was extremely attached to me, both through affection and by interest."

"Are you the friend of the General?" he often said to me. "You put words into his mouth; you must get me a medal."

"When he returned from the Summer Palace he brought a double-handful of pearls."

"These are for you," he said to me simply. "And thus it happened that I, to please the General and secure the Cross of Honor, had seized nothing, while my spy, to give me pleasure and to secure a medal, had plundered on my behalf—the same motive had inspired both of us to quite contrary acts."

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HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS

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

Goshonoug, 1902. Dear Nephew John—I take my pen in hand to let you know that we are all just about as well as could be expected under the prevailing circumstances; and I have been from the city to escape the smallpox. Well, please take 'em home and send down the smallpox instead. Smallpox may kill you occasionally, but it don't bother all the time, or eat ever lastingly, or set the barn afire, or tinn the dog, or break up the sittin' hens, or fool ye into draggin' the pond for its dead body, or git ye at outs with all your neighbors. So, no more at present from your lovin' uncle.

His Plans Made. "What do you intend to do for a living?" asked the old gentleman in disgust. "I—aw—thought I'd marry," replied Percy, the shining light of society.—Chicago News.

A Darky Joke. He-I hear James Johnson is doing a shell game down South. She-How is dat? He-Why, he's shelling peanuts.

Wanted a Re-Union. An old colored man wandered into the dental parlor, accompanied by his daughter, who was suffering from an aching molar. "Mawin', boss," began the old man, "Ah done focthed dis hyar gal fer ter laab er tooth yanked out, sah."

"All right, uncle," said the dentist. "Shall I give her gas to deaden the pain?" "What am dat gas gwine ter cost, sah?" queried the venerable African. "Fifty cents," replied the tooth surgeon.

"Look hyar, boss, dat am a heap ob money fo' to pay out reckless," said the old fellow. "Kain't yo' all gib her er leetle gas fer de quarter?"

Utterly Motive. Citizen—How do you like your new suburban place? Are the neighbors suitable? Suburban—They weren't until yesterday, when all the men near by came over and introduced themselves.

Citizen—Called at the house in a body, eh? Suburban—No, I was just going in the gate carrying my new lawn mower at the time.—Philadelphia Press.

Historical Side Light. Husband (mildly)—You should remember, my dear, that the most patient person that ever lived was a man. Wife (impatiently)—Oh, don't talk to me about the patience of that man Job. Just think of the patience poor Mrs. Job must have had to enable her to put up with such a man.—Chicago News.

A Poor Spiel. "What did the lady say when you told her you wuz a vegetarian, Dusty?" "She said she wuz sorry that the grass in the front yard wasn't high enough, so that she could permit me ter make a meal of it."

Wise Precaution. Dick—I rather think I will propose to that Simmons girl. Ned—Well, why don't you? Dick—I am waiting to see what her mother looks like first.—Somerville Journal.

The Modern Sherlock. Although the lovers had closed the parlor door the modern Sherlock was not the least apprehensive about his success. "But how can you tell if he proposes?" asked the anxious parent. "Fear not!" assured the modern Sherlock. "I have sprinkled tacks in the rug by the sofa, and when he goes down on his knees to propose you will surely hear him." Just then there was a series of muffled yells and the anxious parent handed the modern Sherlock his check.

"Thousand Legs. Mosquito—There doesn't seem to be much chance of recovery for Mr. Centipede, poor fellow, he's been sick so long. Caterpillar—No, he's on his last legs.

Arrival and Escape. Critic—Well, Dick, I suppose you owe all that you are to your wife. Successful Author—No; I think I owe about three-fourths of my stimulus to all those other women who wouldn't have me.

The Reason. Hoax—Why does a woman have to stand in front of a mirror while she is dressing? Joax—I suppose because she wants to see everything that goes on.

Slow Progress.

His Dog—How is the courtship getting on? Her Dog—Not very fast. They still talk about books.

The Higher Card. Edmonia—Eustacia is so irritating; I showed her my grandfather's clock. Eleanor—Didn't she admire it? Edmonia—Oh, yes; but she asked me to come out some time and see her great-grandfather's clock.

Their First Winter. His Wife—Shouldn't we put something in the advertisement about our reason for selling? The Suburbanite—Why—er—to be truthful, we might say that we wish to sell on account of the weather.—Puck.

Came Anyway. Miss De Kolletay—it was simply dreadful! When I got ready to come this evening I found I had absolutely nothing to wear! Oldie Krustie (after a glance)—So you came anyway!—San Francisco Bulletin.

Nothing to Lose. Mamma—Why, Willie, you'll make yourself sick. Just as sure as you eat another piece of that pie you'll be sick to-morrow. Willie—Well, I don't care; to-morrow ain't no holiday.—Philadelphia Press.

The Lease Was Signed. "But the parlor is so awfully small," said the prospective tenant. "Yes, and the parlors in the adjoining houses are just as small," replied the agent. "That's the beauty of it." "That's not much comfort for me." "O' yes. You see, neither of your neighbors has room for a piano."—Philadelphia Press.

An Extreme Case. Richmond—They say Meekleigh is awfully henpecked. Bronxborough—I should say he is. Why, it's a positive relief to that man when his mother-in-law comes to visit him.—Judge.

What She Feared. "You look worried to-night, William," said the rural editor's wife. "Anything wrong?" "Well, rather," replied the local molder of opinions. "An indignant subscriber came into the office this afternoon and nearly punched the life out of our person." "My goodness!" exclaimed the power behind the press. "I hope he didn't stop his paper!"

What He Thought. Erastus—A lubly book fo' yo' birdy, Miss Irene. Miss Irene—Who is it by? Erastus—I ain't got mah spectacles, but it looks laik Ella Squeeler Pillsbox.

Seasonable Signs. "I'm in court," reads a card on the lawyer's door; "at the hospital," appears on the doctor's slate; "Be back in an hour," say several more, while others invite one to "Sit down and wait." "Gone to the bank," is found on the broker's sign; "Back soon," is found on the ice dealer's hook; "Sick in bed," is the dentist's—so says his book. "Twas everywhere thus, so, with nothing to do, I hid me away to the base ball ground; and there, strange to say, yet none the less true, each of the above in the grand stand I found.

Judging by the Price. "This is a picture hat," said the fond wife, showing her husband the new piece of millinery. "Picture hat?" murmured the gentle husband, moodily gazing at the bill which had accompanied it. "It must be by one of the old masters."—Baltimore American.

A Winner. La Mont—Tibbens is original. He was afraid to approach the old miser for his daughter's hand, so he wrote a postcard. La Moyné—Of course he got turned down? La Mont—Not at all. The old miser said any one as economical as Tibbens deserved his daughter's hand.

He Had a Conscience. Husband—I think we had better give up our pew in church during the summer months, my dear. Wife—Why should we do that? Husband—Well, I'm going into the ice business, and if there is one thing I detest more than another it is a hypocrite.

Only Possible. "It would be a funny trick on J. P. Morgan." "What would?" "Why, if by the time he bought every ship on the Atlantic we should start to travel by airship."—Chicago News.

Old Geography of Illinois. Illinois is always classed as a Northern State, which is proper, for its northern boundary is on the same parallel as Windsor, Canada. In spite of this classification, however, Cairo, at the southern extremity of the State, lies on the thirty-seventh parallel of latitude, and this parallel forms the northern boundary of Texas, Indian Territory, Oklahoma, New Mexico, and Arizona. It runs through the State of Virginia near Fortress Monroe, and cuts the State of Kentucky forty miles north of Tennessee and Arkansas. Cairo is seventy-five miles south of Frankfort and Louisville, in Kentucky, and is over a hundred miles south of Covington, in the same State. While Illinois is truly Northern, it extends into the very heart of the South.

By Papa's System. "How many quarts in a gallon?" asked the teacher. "Six," answered the little son of the market man. "No, no, Johnny. Only four." "Huh, I guess I've seen 'em sell enough strawberries to know."—Baltimore American.

THEY ARE STILL THERE.

Famous Old Mines of Nevada Could Be Seen. "I had a lot of old mining stocks in the house," said a Detroitier who invests in almost anything to oblige a friend, "and when I went west last fall I took along a list of them. One day in a Nevada town I asked a real-estate man if he had ever heard of the Red Bird mine. "Certainly; I used to own half of it," he replied.

"What became of it?" "Why, it's the well in my back yard to-day and a good one it makes. There was no extra charge for it when I bought the place. It's the only \$2,000,000 well in town." "And what about the Lone Tree mine?" "The Lone Tree? Oh, that hole has long been used to bury dead Chinamen in. Makes a \$3,000,000 tomb for them and the critters are almost glad to die." "And the Blue Hill mine? I continued.

"The Blue Hill? Let me see. Why, I believe some saloonkeeper over at the Hills is using it for a cellar. Makes a nice little cellar for \$1,000,000." "There is one more. I want to ask about the American Eagle mine. Perhaps you have heard of it?" "You have come to the right man, sir. That was my \$4,000,000 pet mine. Yes, sir, I helped to sink that shaft myself and it was honest work. We put it down at least six feet while floating the stock." "Ever raise any ore?" "Not an ounce." "And no dividends were ever paid?" "Not a penny." "And what finally became of the mine?"

"It's right back of that livery stable over there and the man keeps his feed in it. The Goldens is up the street and used for a dump, while the None Such is down the street and is used for a town lockup. The Nonpareil is over on that hill, the Monte Cristo just to the left of that grove and the Bottom Dollar—"

"But I had heard enough," said the Detroitier, according to the Detroit Free Press, "and I came home and traded off my shares for a rat trap with two doors and made a big bargain at that."

GOV. HOGG'S NEW WAITER. Why the Old Servant Gave Way to a Second One. At Beaumont lately the waiter who served former Governor Hogg of Texas was one George, a sales-skinned gentleman of numerous accomplishments. George is a model waiter. Each day at dinner George would receive from the Governor his tip, \$1. George reveled in wealth. He was the envy of all the other waiters. He was the happy possessor of a "good thing."

The other day when the Governor entered the dining-room a strange waiter stood behind his chair. "Where's George?" asked the Governor brusquely. "The new waiter bowed low. 'I see youn waitah now, sah,' he said softly.

"But where's George?" again asked the Governor. "Agin his new retainer assured him: 'I see youn waitah now.' The Governor looked up from his paper sharply. He was somewhat mystified, and with increasing emphasis demanded to know where George was, anyhow.

"Well, you see, sah," began the newcomer with some hesitation, "Gawgo and I was out last night playing craps. Gawgo went broke; I won his pile. Then—here his voice dropped lower and his manner was confidential—the put you up agin three dollars, and I won 'em. So, I see youn waitah."—Detroit Journal.

Bonnet or Bouquet? An amusing incident arising from the flowery headgear affected by women is described in Lippincott's Magazine. The door bell of a certain physician of New York rang late one night. Supposing that the summons was from some one who needed his services, he went down to the door. This was the result:

A colored man stood there, holding a huge paper package from which buds and leaves were protruding. "Is Miss 'Caline' Ward in?" asked the man.

"She has retired," returned the doctor. Miss "Caline" Ward was his colored cook. "It's sorry, sir, to call so late. Dah was a jam in de street cars. I'll dah dis fo' her, sah, ef you will kindly gib it to her in de mornin'."

"Certainly," said the doctor. He took the bundle carefully, closed the door, and carried the flowers to the kitchen. There he placed a pan in the sink, turned on a few inches of water into it, carefully pressed the base of the package into the water, and went back to bed, thinking how pleased Miss "Caline" would be.

The next morning he went into the kitchen early, to find the cook holding a dripping bundle. Her manner was beligerent, and her tone was in keeping with it. "Ef I had de pesson heah dat did dat," said she, "I'd empty de kittle on 'em! I'd jes' like to know who put my new hat in dat pan!"

Did Not Need Any Fans. A story with a point entirely unedonominational was recently told at a meeting of the Aldine Association in New York. A New York man during the hot weather last summer absented himself from the weekly prayer-meetings which it was his habit to attend. His minister met him one day and remonstrated with him, and the man explained that it was only on account of the heat that he had stayed away. "Take my word for it," replied the minister, with an eye that contradicted the gravity of his voice, "you will not find any cooler place in New York than our prayer-meetings."

Those Foolish Questions. "What's the matter, Smith? Are you suffering with the toothache?" "Of course, you idiot! What else could I do with it?"—Philadelphia Press.