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The Victory of the Vanquished.

Granted the odds are against us; granted we enter the field,
When Fate has fought and conquered, broken our sword and shield.
What then? Shall we ask for quarter, or say that our work is done?
Say, rather, a greater glory is ours if the field be won!
'Tis war with the wrong of years,—with prejudice, pride and hate;
Against the world's decree, and the frown of an evil fate.
But even if hope should fail us, still we may do and dare;
At least there is left the courage born of the soul's despair.
A crown to the one who wins! and the worst is only a grave.
And somewhere—somewhere still, a reward awaits the brave.
A broken shield without, but a hero's heart within,
And held with a hand of steel, the broken sword may win!
—*Youth's Companion.*

THE DEACON'S GIRLS.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"I never saw anyone alter so much in my life," said Gran'ther Allen. "There wasn't a prettier girl than Deborah Hale all the country through, ten years ago, and now look at her!"

Gran'ther Allen was smoking his pipe out on the porch, where the morning-glories, trained to strings, made a pretty stenciling of light and shade on the floor.

His wife, a hearty old woman, with a complexion like a rosy Spitzenberg apple, had just come to the door.

The Allens kept the postoffice, for here in Pumpkintown the mail-coach passed through only twice a week, and the Thursday letters were all sorted over and dealt out to their owners long ago.

On the other side of the wide, maple-shaded road stretched the well-painted fences and thrifty outbuildings of the Hubbard Farm, and it was of Mrs. Eliza Hubbard, the deacon's second wife, that Gran'ther Allen spoke.

"I reckon," said Mrs. Allen, "that she has a pretty hard scramble of it. Deacon Hubbard he don't believe in keeping no hired help, and them three stepdaughters, I will allow they ain't easy to manage."

"Milly ain't hardhearted," observed Gran'ther Allen.

"No, and no more ain't Abby; and little Esther she loves Mrs. Hubbard as if she had been her own mother. But the deacon he squeezes every cent afore he pays it out. If Deborah was a hired help, she'd get wages, but I guess she don't see the color of much money as things is now."

While the old postmaster and his wife were thus discussing the private affairs of the handsome, white-painted farmhouse opposite, the dwellers therein were greatly rejoicing over a certain piece of luck which had befallen them in the shape of a bequest from a certain grand-uncle, who seemed to have overlooked the necessity for dying until now.

He had left fifty dollars each to Millicent, Abigail and Esther Hubbard, and each was discussing how she should spend this financial windfall.

"Better put it in the savings bank, gals," said Deacon Hubbard, sagely.

"But it was left to us to spend as we pleased, father," pleaded Abigail, a handsome, red-cheeked girl, with very black hair and eyes of the shallow, glittering sheen of a glass bead. "I should so like a crimson cashmere gown."

"No, Abby, no," said Millicent, whose style of beauty was decidedly that of Titian's Fornarina. "A gown, indeed, to be worn out and done with! Now is the chance, if ever, for a piano."

"A—piano!" Abby uttered the words with a gasp. "But fifty dollars wouldn't buy a piano."

"A hundred and fifty would go far toward it on the instalment plan, and out of the egg and butter and strawberry money we could easily manage the rest," explained Millicent.

The deacon stroked his chin thoughtfully. In his estimation a piano was the most frivolous of all things, yet there was something in Milly's businesslike way of putting the question that gratified his paternal instincts.

"The girl knows what she's talking about," he said to himself.

"Oh, Milly, wouldn't that be splendid!" ecstatically cried out Abby, dancing up and down. "Where would you buy it—at Downes' store?"

"No, I'd send direct to Bridgeport," said Millicent, who was evidently the master spirit of the two. "Downes would have less variety, and he'd charge more into the bargain. I will write to-night if you think best, Abby."

"But what does Esther say?"

"Esther will say just as we do, of course."

Esther Hubbard, the youngest and quietest of the three, was busy in paring apples for a certain favorite pudding of the deacon's.

Her eyes were cast down, her cheeks flushed.

"No," she said, in a low voice, "I can't join in the piano project, girls. I'm very sorry, but—I've spent my money."

Deacon Hubbard dropped his newspaper, and stared over the top of his spectacle glasses.

The girls gave a little start.

"Already!" cried Abby.

"But that's nonsense!" said Milly. "You couldn't, you know. You haven't been anywhere."

At this moment there was a mysterious bumping sound on the doorstep—a knock—the entrance of a gleaming piece of furniture, accompanied by two stout men.

"I've bought a sewing machine for mother," said Esther, springing up so suddenly that the apples, pared and unpared, rolled all over the floor. "And here it is! Seth Pollock, down at the store, is the agent. I've seen mother sit up and sew weary seams by hand, night after night, for so many years, after a hard day's work in the kitchen and washhouse, that I made up my mind she shouldn't endure it any longer; so I put Uncle Ebenezer's money into a sewing machine—a present to you, mother dear!"

Little Mrs. Hubbard burst into tears.

"Essie, my darling! But I can't let you sacrifice your fancy to me in this way."

"Whom else should I sacrifice to, mother?" whispered Esther. "Who is my best friend and dearest comforter? Who do I love best in all the world?"

The deacon's face glowered.

"I never did believe in teaching my women folk idleness," snarled he. "Hand sewin' was good enough for my first wife. I guess it wouldn't have hurt Debby much. And if Esther was so anxious to get rid of her money, I could have used half on't to buy a new ox cart!"

"But you have so many things, father," pleaded Esther. "All your work, mostly, is done by machinery, and mother has to toil so endlessly."

"Humph!" commented the deacon.

Millicent frowned; Abigail shrugged her shoulders.

Evidently, no one was best pleased with poor little overworked Mrs. Hubbard, but Esther.

"I'm very sorry," said Esther, "that I haven't enough money to help you with the piano, too. I love music. I always longed for an instrument."

"Oh!" said Abby, with a toss of her black braids, "we shall have the piano all the same; so you needn't be afraid. It will only take us the longer to pay for it. One thing is very certain—you shall never strike a note on it!"

Mrs. Hubbard followed Esther out into the kitchen.

"Oh, Essie," said she, "you shouldn't have thought of me. The girls are seriously angry."

"I can't help it," said Esther. "If they had any eyes, they would have seen, long ago, that this horrible sewing, in addition to everything else, was killing you!"

"But don't mind their refusing to let you share the piano, Essie," whispered the stepmother. "Mrs. Pritchett has one at the parsonage, and I used to play when I was a girl. We'll go down every day or two, and I will teach you. Abby and Milly laugh at Mrs. Pritchett's old-fashioned piano; but there's a deal of music in it yet!"

"I dew declare," said Gran'ther Allen, as the maple leaves began to carpet the paths with scarlet, and even to scatter ruby jewels here and there in the road. "Deacon Hubbard's wife is pickin' up a deal! I never seen her step so light afore, and she actially sings at work—a thing she never did before."

"It's the sewin' machine," said his old wife. "I took a seam over, yesterday afternoon, and it just made a game of play onto the hull thing."

So that, when Mrs. Judge Basset gave her May party the next spring, and invited Mrs. Hubbard, the invitation was accepted.

"I feel ever so much younger since that sewing-machine came," said she.

Mrs. Basset had a grand piano, and a pianist who came from Bridgeport at so much a night; but when the company arrived, lo and behold! the professor had not put in an appearance.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Basset, what am I to do? Won't any of the young ladies present oblige me with a waltz, just to get the dancers on the floor?"

"The young ladies present" giggled, looked at each other, but made no move.

Deacon Hubbard leaned across two intervening matrons and spoke to Millicent.

"Daughter," said he, "you can play?"

Millicent grew pale.

"I couldn't strike a note, pa," said she. "I'm too nervous."

"Abigail, then?"

"Oh, please don't ask me! I should only break down!" twittered Abby shrinking back.

The deacon frowned.

But in the midst of his wrath a light step passed him. Esther, in her simple white muslin dress and blue ribbons went up to the piano, and quietly seating herself, began to play that wild, sweet creation where joy and sorrow seem to strive in the most musical of refrains—"My Queen."

Every chord in the famous grand piano rang out. The dancers sprang to the floor.

Esther went on playing, as if her fingers were instinct with musical magnetism.

The deacon rubbed his spectacles; his hard features worked.

"I declare," said he, turning to his wife, "that is music! I dunno whether to laugh or to cry. And is that really our little Esther? How did she ever learn to play like that? And the other girls keeping their piano tight-locked, too, all the time."

"I have been giving her lessons all winter on Mrs. Pritchett's piano at the parsonage," said Mrs. Hubbard, her eyes lighting up with love and pride. "And I think dear little Essie does me credit."

"Well, I swan!" said Deacon Hubbard. "I am proud of her, yes, I am! There ain't no use denyin' it. And what's she playin' now—a quadrille? I declare, it sounds just like the old country dances they had when I was a boy! I'd like to go down the middle myself, if only some of the old friends could stand up with me again!" and the deacon surreptitiously wiped his eyes. "I must get Essie to play that old tune some time when we're alone," said he.

The professional arrived soon, full of excuses for her delay, and Esther was relieved, with the cordial thanks of her hostess.

"I didn't know you were such an artist!" said Mrs. Basset.

And the two other Miss Hubbards were ready to eat each other up with envy and chagrin.

"Now I tell you what, girls," said Deacon Hubbard, when at last they reached home, "do you just unlock that piano, and give your sister a fair chance at it, or I'll turn you out of the house. She can play better than either of you, and I mean she shan't be treated worse than a pirate any longer."

"Oh, of course, as she really does play!" tartly remarked Milly.

"But how were we to know it?" said Abby.

"I guess you know it now," said the deacon. "I was up and down proud of Esther tonight. Come here and kiss me, my girl! There's a flute somewhere up garret, and I mean to screw the pieces together, and see if I can't remember some of the good old tunes we used to like when I was a boy. Perhaps we can have some duets. And mother shall play, too," with a kindly glance at his pale little second wife, "I guess she has time to play anything else than the everlastin' click, click o' that sewin' machine."

From that day there was a change in the social atmosphere of the Hubbard farmhouse. Milly and Abby, so long the ruling elements, fell into the background. Esther and her stepmother became the queen and princess royal.

"And," said Esther, "father is so kind, and home is so homelike—and it is all owing to the money Uncle Ebenezer left us."

"No," said Mrs. Hubbard, quietly, "it is all owing to Esther's sweet nature and generous heart."—*Saturday Night.*

Two Rivals of the Telephone.

Bell's telephone monopoly is confronted with two dangerous enemies. Gray's telautograph is one of these and [illegible]'s type-writing telegraph the other. Gray's device transmits writing perfectly, and properly applied would take the place of the telephone, having the added advantage of greater secrecy. The other device is not so well known. The system has been in operation between this city and New York for some time, using one of the Postal Telegraph Company's wires. Its use on short circuits was proven practicable some time ago but kept secret. Robbed of technicalities, the system is simply one by which a type-writer at one end of a line is made to transmit currents of varying intensity which operate a type-writer at the other end.—*Pittsburg Post.*

An Impecunious Satirist's Ruse.

On a certain occasion Rabelais desired to visit Paris, but was destitute of the means for so doing. He made up three packages and marked them "Poison for the King," "Poison for the Dauphin," "Poison for Monsieur —."

His landlord saw them, reported the case to the authorities, and he was arrested and taken to Paris. The contents of the packages were analyzed, found to be brickdust and harmless. Then Rabelais explained matters and the King was highly amused by the ruse.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Truants.

When the sun was tired and slipped behind a cloud,
All the little raindrops gathered in a crowd,
Whispering together, "He will never know,
Let's take a holiday. Let us fall below."
When the sun was rested and was [illegible] out
he found
All the little raindrops fallen to the ground.
"Well," he thought, "I'm sorry, but I'll try to [illegible]
That will bring them back again in a little while."

A Remarkable Dog.

A gentleman residing in Bridgeport, Conn., is the owner of a remarkable dog. The dog attacked the family cat in the house, and was driven out in the rain. He remained outside for some time, whining piteously to be allowed to come in, but no attention was paid to his appeal. Seeing no relief from that quarter, the dog proceeded to the hen coops, where the fowls had sought shelter. The animal at once drove out the fowls, and soon had the coop empty. He next proceeded to a basket in the coop, which contained two china eggs and one real egg freshly laid. Taking the genuine egg in his mouth, he carried it to the house, and deposited it on the ground outside the window, in full view of those inside. He then returned to the coop and [illegible] the china eggs [illegible] and laid them in the basket. His actions had been watched with interest by those inside, and the housewife came out and, taking the dog from the basket, allowed the fowls to enter the coop. She took the dog inside and rewarded him with a large piece of meat for his remarkable display of intelligence.—*Chicago Herald.*

A Little Boy's Faith.

A few years ago, in the same street and but a few doors from my own, in Belfast, Ireland, lived with their father and mother three of the rosiest cheeked, sturdiest [illegible] that ever drew a kilt [illegible]. The best of [illegible] boys [illegible] And [illegible] particular [illegible] was [illegible] thing to satisfy a little hungry boy. [illegible] could not [illegible] overheard them at their prayers, and as Bobby, the eldest, about eight years old, said, "give us this day," James, the youngest, about four years, interrupted, "ask daily bread, Bobby."

It was in a Belfast cold [illegible] morning James found such a [illegible] to make all for himself, and of which his brothers had a share too, and as [illegible] she said, "always ask God for the kind you want, James, and if it is good for you, and He always knows, you will get it."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Thimble.

Betty, did you ever undertake to sew without a thimble? If so you know how hard it is to push the needle through the cloth, and how the finger pricks and aches from the [illegible] of the sharp steel.

The thimble is a very small piece of workmanship, but [illegible] important and [illegible] thank [illegible] Dutch [illegible] who was [illegible] to invent it, though [illegible] [illegible] you would like to hear what I have learned about this little instrument. It was brought to England [illegible] back as 1695 by John Lofting, a Dutchman, and we [illegible] called [illegible] because it was [illegible] thumb and was shaped like a bell, it was called thumble, [illegible] thimble, as we now call it.

Thimbles were [illegible] and [illegible] brass [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible]

In the [illegible] thin plates of metal are pressed and punched into shape, but in Paris this industry is carried on to a good extent, and gold is the metal most used.

Thin sheets of sheet iron are cut into disks about two inches in diameter. These are heated to blast and struck with a punch into a number of holes, gradually increasing in depth to give them proper shape. The thimble is then polished, trimmed and indented around its outer surface with a number of little holes by means of a small wheel. It is then changed into steel by the cementation (look that up in the dictionary, dears) process, scoured, tempered and brought to a blue color. A thin sheet of gold is then introduced and attached to the steel by a polished steel mandrel. Gold leaf is then applied and fastened by pressure. The thimble is then complete.

So you see, my dears, that, although a very small, the thimble—or "finger-cap," as the Germans call it—goes through many different processes before it is made ready for the workbox.—*New York World.*

WOMEN OF SAMOA.

The Ceremonial of Dressing the Village Beauty.

Adorned With Barbaric Ornaments of the Bush.

The women still love to dress in the natural products of the native bush. Around their throats they wind necklaces formed of a dry earth berry or shells sewed upon a strip of cloth. Sometimes a fringe made from the rib bones of a fish is attached to this necklace, and often a spiral boar's tusk forms a handsome though barbaric ornament. Like their civilized sisters the Samoan belles will endure any amount of pain and discomfort in order to be in the fashion, but, unlike them, they enjoy leap year privileges all the time and exercise the right of choice, for time or for eternity, with perfect freedom from a suspicion of unmaidenliness.

The Samoan women, as a rule, are good looking, but every village boasts its "beauty." "Taupo" is the Samoan name given to the village queen. Generally she is the ruling chief's own daughter, or one adopted by him. She is at all times a girl of high rank in the place itself, or in that of her parentage. From the first day of her installment to the day of her departure, marriage, elopement, or dethronement for bad behavior (which in quiet seasons, time was effected with [illegible]) she is virtually the queen of the place. It is she who receives strangers, entertains them, makes kava for them, and personally sees to their comfort and entertainment. Never, from one year's end to the other, is she permitted to be out of sight of her attendants. When abroad she is invariably accompanied by as many of her youthful companions as are available for the service. They follow her in single file wherever she goes. She leads all processions, and visits and takes the leading part in all "sivas," or native dances.

Her attendants [illegible] her own [illegible] and everything [illegible] of that [illegible] her personal appearance. It is she, on these occasions who is [illegible] to uphold the prestige of the town. It is only when dressed for [illegible] ceremony that she appears to have no will of her own. On such occasions a long time before the commencement of the ceremonial, the [illegible] possession of her. [illegible] Everything [illegible] for the [illegible] will [illegible] her wild [illegible] colored [illegible] locks, and [illegible] arrange them in the manner that the combined wisdom of [illegible] would be the suggestion of [illegible] deity [illegible] certain [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible]

Above all things the [illegible] is [illegible] in the art of [illegible] The most popular [illegible] there is the "siva" [illegible] by four [illegible] to the accompaniment of [illegible] the [illegible] postures and movements of the body and hand, which are made in time with the music. Some of the figures are executed while standing erect upon their feet, but in most of them the dancers [illegible] upon [illegible] position [illegible] The postures are [illegible] the right hand rests upon the neighbor's left shoulder and left hand upon the dancer's knee, and sometimes this motion is reversed. One position is with the right hand spread upon the ground in front, and the fingers of the left hand touching the biceps of the dancer's right arm. Another is [illegible] the right [illegible] at [illegible] The right hand [illegible] the left elbow, while the left cheek rests upon the index finger of the left hand. Of all the graceful Samoan dancers none can compare with the daughter of Pitiru, one of Metaufa's most prominent chief [illegible] Her movements are so exquisitely graceful and full of such dreamy [illegible] that Europeans and natives alike have combined in naming her "The Dream."—*Sacramento [illegible] Report.*

Strange Phenomenon.

The circus was a new thing to Bobby. When he approached a giraffe he stood in open-mouthed astonishment.

"Why, pa," he exclaimed, "this thing doesn't belong to the lower order of animals, does it?"—*Bazar.*

Hint From a Dentist.

"I can tell you," said a dentist, "something that will be worth $25 to you before you die, and which would be worth the same amount to every other man in New York City who employs a dentist, if he knew it."

The manipulator of the forceps and mallet was talking to a newspaper man who had been plying his trade of interlocutor while reclining in the dentist's chair.

"You asked me just now, when I was cleaning your teeth before filling them, if I did not use dental silk floss, or, as we dentists call it, 'tape,' to cleanse the interstices between your teeth. I have no doubt but that you will say that all the other dentists you have resorted to used it, and I have no doubt that they recommended you to buy a skein of the stuff and to use it every day.

"Now, to tell you the truth, I would rather see a friend of mine not clean his teeth at all than to see him employ the tape. When your dentist recommends you to use it he explains, I suppose, to you that its action prevents the accumulation of tartar between the teeth. Undoubtedly it does.

"But, in the first place, the deposit of tartar upon the surface of the teeth is not nearly as great an evil as many dentists try to make their patients believe it to be. Now, the reason we tell a patient not to let the teeth become covered with tartar is not because it produces caries, but because it tends to loosen the teeth.

"The tartar grows downwards the gums, and if it is neglected, will in time cover them, pushing away the gums from the teeth and in that way, you see, it makes them loose. So, after all, the tartar is only so far harmful as it tends to make the teeth insecure.

"Now, curiously enough, the silk floss which you have been recommended to use has, in nine cases out of ten, exactly the same effect. It loosens the teeth. Indeed, it is so dangerous that, although it is more convenient to use it than to employ a very thin instrument to remove the tartar from between the teeth, yet I only use the floss when the patient's teeth are unusually far apart.

"Our trade, like other trades, is full of tricks, and when your dentist advises you to use a tape between your teeth he is either making you a victim of one of the tricks of the trade, or else he is an ignorant ass."

At this stage of the conversation the dentist said, "Five dollars, please!" and the interview ended.

The Warning Symptoms.

A philosophical writer in the *Medical Record*, replying to the often-repeated query, "How can we prevent catching colds?" naturally answers that there is no way, but argues that it is not altogether desirable that there should be.

To the human beast thousands of sufferers from [illegible] it must be consoling to know that the warning [illegible] the [illegible] symptoms [illegible] warning [illegible] persons [illegible] serious [illegible] bronchitis, pneumonia, and phthisis. One fourth of all fatal illnesses come from the lack of [illegible] these [illegible] The [illegible] and [illegible] of [illegible] Too [illegible] they [illegible] when [illegible] death [illegible] in the train of [illegible] which [illegible] "As the [illegible] man [illegible]," says our philosopher, "so the imprudent invalid [illegible] the [illegible] of a common [illegible]"—*Chicago News.*

Serio-Comic Legerdemain.

The *North China Daily News* tells the following story of a Chinese conjurer: During a theatrical performance there was some practice with what were apparently heavy weights, and at the conclusion the performer swung one of them round and hurled it at the audience. It should have [illegible] and entered the spectators with [illegible], but by some accident it [illegible] and struck Mr. Alabaster on the mouth, breaking several of his teeth and causing a serious wound in the face, which had to be sewn up. Glancing off Mr. Alabaster, it struck the lady next to him rather savagely on the shoulder, and then hit the American consul.

Paying for Good Health.

The Chinese are said to have a custom with their doctors which is very novel to us, but which, if we are to believe the bad paying distrust of them so often expressed, is not a bad idea for the [illegible] to adopt. The Chinese pay the physician a regular salary while in good health, and make deductions for sickness. Surely they cannot twit the doctors on the score of protracting the illness of profitable patients.—*The Argosy.*

The District School Teacher.

Oh, the clamor! Oh, the clatter! of the district public school;
Oh, the trials of the teacher! be he man, or knave, or fool;
With a history class reciting "Washington was born in June;"
And a little scholar asking "What makes spots come on the moon?"
"Won't you please to point my pencil?" "May I go and get a drink?"
Teacher, with the utmost patience, tries to keep the lesson's link.
History class keeps on reciting, "Bunker Hill is in New York."
"Won't you make Will stop pinching?" "Teacher, I can't find my chalk."
"O, dear me! my pencil's broken," "What does w-h-i-t spell?"
Teacher grabs a cedar ruler, tries his best the noise to quell.
Comes a [illegible] from back of schoolhouse followed by a [illegible] moan,
Strikes his bell in desperation, "Scholars, you may all go home."
—*The New York Voice.*

HUMOROUS.

A swell ball—The balloon.

Always play to win—A band of robbers.

A strike for brilliancy—Lighting a match.

A plain talk—A conversation on a prairie.

Even a small barber may be called a strapping fellow.

A visit to a grocery is generally the beginning of a new order of things.

Next to waiting for a verdict, the most soul-harrowing employment is keeping the baby asleep.

When a modern youth becomes engrossed in a street car the ladies discover that he doesn't belong to the rising generation.

Mrs. Slimdiet—Have some more of the mackerel, Mr. Boarder. Mr. Boarder—No, thank you; but I'll take a bucket of water, if you please.

When the legislatures of the two Dakotas get to enacting laws for their states they are likely to make it a penal offense for any person to own a thermometer.

A Disastrous Contribution.—Agent (to sanctified lady with capital): Madam, I am soliciting funds to start a benevolent enterprise for the poor. Sanctified Lady: We can't give you money, sir. I have been fooled too often. All I can do is to lend my countenance to the scheme. Agent (sadly): That would simply ruin it, madam.

Ingeniousness of Crooks.

The metropolitan police of Paris admit that in point of [illegible], as a Boston [illegible] would term it, American crooks are ahead of all their competitors; but they cannot deny that in versatility their own artists are hard to beat. Two weeks ago a Versailles detective arrested an engraver, "Professor Jules Sand," as the neighbors call him, whose [illegible] contrivances for the imitation of all sorts of value papers, from a [illegible] ticket to [illegible] ticket. In the course of ten years, during which time he had occupied his present quarters, he had accumulated a perfect arsenal of counterfeiter's outfit, and his sample book contained not less than eighty-two different [illegible]. In addition to [illegible] and, indeed, seems to have been [illegible] able to [illegible] but his [illegible] with great [illegible] the idea of purchasing [illegible] steel engravings in the form of a [illegible] when [illegible] would answer the same purpose. [illegible] and whenever he had [illegible] for [illegible] or to the [illegible] he would have considered it an act of extravagant [illegible] to pay his fare in cash and go [illegible] buying an open ticket. It would as soon have thought of purchasing toothpicks at two francs apiece when he could strike them out by dozens at the expense of a jack-knife and a little [illegible].

"Who's Afraid?"

Once in a while a man will make a name and reputation for himself by the merest accident. One hot day last summer a wandering photographer was strolling along the beach at a prominent eastern seaside resort. He was on the lookout for attractive bits of scenery and pretty groups. Suddenly he came upon three children paddling in the water. In an instant the camera was on the tripod and the muzzle was pointed at the youngsters. The smallest of the trio began to cry and the faces of the others betrayed contempt. The trap was sprung and the plate developed. It was the photographer's reputation. Before the photograph was placed on sale it was purchased by a representative of the Northwestern road and a fine steel engraving was made of it for the railroad's calendars. It was entitled "Who's Afraid?" and it has been reproduced upon a plain ground, suitable for framing. It is truly a beautiful thing.—*Chicago Herald.*