

A LITTLE CHILD LAUGHED.

A little child laughed—and the sun came out.
A little child laughed—and the stars shined.
A little child laughed—and the birds sang.
A little child laughed—and the clouds and the stars.

A little child laughed—and the shadows and mist
By the beams of love's beautiful sunshine were kissed.
A little child laughed—and our burden and care
Fell away as our sorrows fall away after prayer.

—Baltimore Sun

WILL MANNING, MODERN SPORTSMAN.

By RAYMOND S. SPEARS

Will Manning, his schoolmates said, could get more time out of a day than any other boy about the Saranac Lakes.

"Why," exclaimed Arthur Comstock, "he milks a cow and goes fishing before breakfast, gets his Latin before school-time, and after school splits a cord of wood, makes a boat-paddle and gets enough berries for supper! You never saw the beat of it!"

Will's father is a section-boss on the railroad, with little time to spare, and depends on Will to shorten his day by as much time as the woodpile or garden requires. Between times Will finds new pleasures of his own choosing. For a long time he preferred fishing or hunting, according to the season, but one day he read in a book that "in every woods scene a good eye selects the spot of typical beauty." A woods boy, too, used to arching trees, sloping mountains and pure-eyed lakes. Will had not thought to look for more than deer-tracks among the lily-pads.

That afternoon he paddled his home-made canvas canoe to Bluff Rock Island down the lake, and looked back over his course between the islands. "No wonder the Indians called this the 'lake of the clustered stars,'" the boy thought. "Wish I had a camera."

It was in some such way as this that most of the sixteen-year-old boy's desires originated. His father taught him to use a shotgun, but a deer-tracker led him to wear a rifle—which he got by selling berries.

The more he thought about a camera the more he wanted one. Only the week before, as he was going up the Stony Creek ponds on a camping-out expedition, alone, he saw a deer among the lily-pads six rods, or less, away. If he'd only had a camera!

Months later, in the fall, over a partridge potpie one night, he said to his father: "Can I get me a camera?"

"Yes. What are you going to get it with?"

"There's those traps you used to use."

"That's so," said the man. "I'd get some animal oil and try for a fox if I were you."

So Will set a line of traps up the lake shore and through the woods to the top of Ampersand Mountain; but he caught only minks, muskrats and skunks; the foxes were too shy. At Christmas time he owned a camera that would do the kind of work he wanted of it fairly well.

His learning to take, develop and print pictures was in keeping with his setting traps. He went about it just as he had begun to shoot with a rifle. He put up a mark—Gyp, the hound—and exposed plates, one at a time, observing the focus, stops and time. Then he went hunting with his camera. He ran foxes with his hound, but Reynard being a wise dweller on rocky hills beyond camera range, only photographed a rabbit.

"Gyp, as a mere dog, is a trite subject, but Gyp galloping on a fox-track is a picture of general interest." That was written by Will on his first good print, and he endeavored to make every subject a story in itself.

In the course of time the inevitable happened. Will saw the difference between his own 4x4 plates and the 5x7, 8x10 and 11x14 taken with a first-class lens; and in his mind he wished for a 6x7 of the finest quality. With such a one, he knew he could get beautiful pictures. He did a little work for which he was paid, and cleared the coat of his camera and materials in that way, but did not earn enough to buy a hundred-dollar lens.

One day in July there was news for the hunters and summer people around Saranac Lake. Before daylight that morning the long-drawn, quavering cry of a panther came, traversing down Ampersand Mountain, stirring the night echoes, startling the campers and bringing back memories of wilder days to the old-time sportsman. Will Manning was on Ampersand Pond that night with his camera, waiting for a sunrise snap shot at deer among the lily-pads. The cry was loud in his ears, so close that the screamer's breath seemed to lift the ripples of the quiet pond. A moment later Will heard a deer rush from the water into the woods. Then he knew what the screaming animal was. At daylight the yelling ceased.

Unarmed and alone, Will was frightened, too, for he had not heard the tales woodsmen tell of panthers that hunted men. Long after the sun rose, he started for his boat at the head of Lower Saranac. It was characteristic of the lad that he carefully tested his camera and carried it ready for use all the way.

"I'll come back," he thought, "just as soon's I get a gun."

A mile down, the trail was a little muddy for a dozen feet. Here was the panther's track. Beside the big paw-prints were those of a smaller cat—the track of a panther kitten, which accounted for the mother's screaming. The sunlight shone on the tracks, and Will, hoping to preserve a likeness of them, made three exposures of plates. A little way beyond he cut across through the woods for Loon Bay, where he had left his boat.

Of the three plates, one made a good negative, showing two paw-prints—one of the old panther, the other of the cub. Will took the plate to the village that afternoon to show Allen what he had done. A number of summer people were buying pictures of local places when the boy entered the store.

"Hello, bub!" greeted Allen. "Why don't you kill that panther the people of the lake are telling about?"

"I don't know," answered Will, rather embarrassed. "I saw where she'd been."

"Yes, you did!" said Allen. "Well, anyhow, here's a picture of her tracks," insisted the boy. This was an interesting announcement to the customers, who wanted to know how and when and where at once.

One of them said: "I've got the best camera I could buy, and I haven't got a good picture with it yet. I'd give it for a photograph of that panther and her cub."

"To me?" asked Will, who had seen the camera while Allen was examining it a few days before.

"Yes!" the man said, with a laugh. "You fetch me the picture to my Eagle Island camp, and I'll give you the camera on the spot."

Allen told Will how to use flashlight powder, adding that the panther would make a few good meals of him. But as it happened the flashlight powder was not of value that trip.

At daylight the next morning Will was paddling up the lake again, a fresh breeze behind him and six days' rations in his pack, besides three dozen of the best plates he could buy. He intended to get some good woods views at any rate, whether he saw the panther or not. Moreover, he had a heavy revolver with a stock fastened to it. By noon he was at Ampersand Pond camp. He knew the chances of ever seeing the animals were a thousand to one against him, and then the chance was they would be in poor light. But no matter, he would try.

He circled the pond that afternoon, and finding no signs, he went over to

Stick to the thing you know. Don't forget the foil, the thought, the planning you have invested in the business you have mastered. Don't lose sight of the safety—the certainty—that the work in hand affords you. Don't let rosy visions of opportunities afar blind your eyes to surer opportunities close at hand. Don't forsake the duties of to-day, for difficulties that may swamp you. Stick to the thing you know!—System.

White Lily Pond, half a mile distant. In the sand on its shore was a fresh track of the old panther, but not of the cub.

"If only I could find that little one!" thought Will, looking at the rock-studded and tree-grown slope of Ampersand Mountain. He returned to camp then, and caught a few trout for supper. At dark he went to sleep, tired out with all the day's work he had done. To tell the story of his patient and systematic search for the panther's lair during the next three days and of the pictures he took is not necessary. The fourth day had its reward.

A cliff rises on the south end of Ampersand, and is laved by a little pond called Tear-Drop, because it is on the face of the mountain. The outlet of the pond flows down a beaver meadow three rods wide and thirty long. On each side is a dense tamarack swamp. The water is a dozen feet across in the meadow, but a mere brook, inches wide, where it leaves the open.

Half-way down the meadow a wide, flat rock raises its head to the level of the grass tops. This rock is covered with blueberry bushes eighteen inches high. Will, who had never seen the place before, arrived at the upper end of the meadow about ten o'clock in the morning. He started down the outlet to see how large a stream was there. Near the rock he noticed some drops of blood on the grass blades and the tracks of a plunging deer.

"Huh!" he thought. "Somebody's violating the law."

A couple of rods away the animal had fallen, as the matted grass showed. In the mud near by was the imprint of a panther's spread-out claws. A glance showed that the deer had been dragged to the top of the rock and covered with sticks and grass.

"Now's my chance!" thought Will. "She's gone for her cub and I'd better hurry."

With that he crawled across the outlet up to his hips in water and mud, to set the tripod opposite the rock inconspicuously among some alders. He focused the lens on a twig lying on the deer, got out his extra plate-holders and sat down out of sight, the shutter bit in hand.

Then came dancing troops of mosquitoes, black flies and punkies, each individual with a sting of its own. The punkies felt like streaks of fire, the flies crawled along his temples into his eyes, while mosquitoes bored deeper and deeper. But Will had tar-oil with which he kept his face and hands dripping, and so he bore the discomfort. The bit of log on which he sat worked through the crust of alder roots and slowly sank to the mud in which the boy's feet were already buried. Nevertheless, hours did minute pass.

Every minute had its novelty. Dragon-flies swept over the rock, great meat-flies gathered at the panther's cache. Shrikes and blue jays hopped among the tree branches, coming closer, all eyes for danger. A mink searched in and out among the grass hummocks for sweetmeat it could smell but could not place. The drowsy hum of insects made it a sleepy scene. Drowsing, the watcher was roused by dropping twigs, or a mosquito's attack. At about three

o'clock, the shadow of the top twig of a pyramidal balsam showed, and then that of the bare side of the rock. Will watched it climb to the white lee line, over the lichens and moss into the quivering leaves of the bushes. He was worried lest a shadow should cover the panther when they came. If they came after sunset, would they stand still long? These thoughts were suddenly interrupted. A kitten not three feet long came down apparently from the sky on the deer, growling and showing its teeth, trying to look more ferocious than playful. Will's jaw dropped. The sticks covering the deer were clawed aside, and in a moment the kitten was purring at the bloody throat. A low bunch of alders beyond the rock stirred, and the great face of the mother beast rose slowly as she stepped gently to the rock, eying her kitten with short glances and the swamp borders with longer ones.

Suddenly she growled low and sharp, stiffening every muscle to the one that showed her teeth. The air currents, baffling to the mink, had carried her danger. The kitten stopped mauling its prey to lift its head. The old one began to crouch, her claws curling the bushes three feet away as she sunk into the roots for a good hold. That was a spectacle that stopped Will's breath, and drew his hands into his fists, one of them on the rubber bulb. A little click overhead told him of a forgotten but faithful camera.

The cats heard it, too, and sprang away into the swamp, fluttering the leaves and twigs like birds, leaving a lad weak with excitement, wondering that his hand should have closed at the right moment, and hoping that the plate would make a good negative.

Never did the way home seem so long to Will as on that day. Toward dusk he felt that behind him was a silent, fierce-eyed creeper following him, now on the right side, now to the left, then so close behind that claws seemed about to grip the back of his neck. The breaking twigs under his feet, the rustling of leaves over his head, the dread that was in the air sent him on fast and faster. Time and again he turned to face—nothing that he could see.

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Don't Die Old Maids.

Not many women die old maids. Though there seems to be a great many old maids in a town, most of them marry some time, if their chance is a little late in coming. More men die old bachelors. After a man reaches fifty he becomes very proud of the fact that he is unmarried, and regards it as a piece of cunning on his part to have escaped with so many women after him.—Atchison Globe.

Caine's Wife to Visit America.

Hall Caine is preparing for another visit to this country, and this time he will be accompanied by his wife. The Maxman takes pride in avowing that he owes much of his success to Mrs. Caine, who acts not only as his secretary, but as his literary adviser. Mrs. Caine is a soft-voiced woman, who cares little for society, yet who dominates social affairs in the Isle of Man. Once a year she goes to London, and entertains a little there, her taste running to literary and artistic persons. She has seen her husband rise from obscurity to no small measure of fame, and from comparative poverty to wealth. Many times Caine has sought to have her resign the duties of secretary, but she still attends to all his correspondence and turns out his manuscripts on the typewriter. She never courts attention, preferring to stand reflected in the light of her husband, and it is said consented to come to America with him only on the condition that she shall not be put to any social exertions.—New York Press.

Don't Guide a Man.

"We were late," groaned the girl, "who was tired, because we went five times blocks out of our way." "Why did you do that?" asked her brother. "Why didn't you keep your eyes open and take the right car?" "I did," said the girl. "I knew which way to go, but my escort got confused and I didn't dare put him on the right track. If I had he never would have forgiven me. I have lost the friendship of three interesting men by that very evidence of strong-mindedness. Experience has taught me that next to being caught in a fib the thing that most riles a man is to be guided by a woman. To wander around like a babe in the woods, to retrace his steps a dozen times, and finally to arrive somewhere an hour late are blunders that he can cover up with one excuse or another, but for a woman to take the lead and say, 'We want this car' or 'We must go this way,' presupposes a state of lamentable ignorance on his part and makes him hate that woman forevermore.—New York Press.

Hat Perfuming.

One of the tricks of the Parisian milliner is to perfume the cinchamps for her special customers. The odor from large hats laden with artificial flowers, ribbons, etc., is often noticeable, especially before the hat has been worn several days in the open air. To conceal this the clever Parisian milliner stiffens the ribbon bows with wire wound with scented wool, and sews tiny sachets no larger than buttons at the base of bows and flowers. Large flowers often may have the calyx removed and filled in with a tiny bit of shirred silk or satin that covers a tiny sachet.

In this case, however, unless the sachets or perfumes are renewed they soon cease to be odoriferous, so the tin lined hat box has been invented. In one corner of this, fixed firmly so it will not tumble about is a small perforated viallette filled with strong scented powder, and the lace are hung around it. In this way the hats absorb enough scent to be perceptible for a day, and the hat being returned to its scented case at night absorbs a fresh supply for future giving out.

Of course the scent from the hats is delicate, and is made to correspond with the perfume the owner affects.—New York Times.

All Will Wear Waistcoats.

Every hour brings the dressmakers' and milliners' fateful fall opening near. Indeed, one may see these temptresses ready now, with grasping hands outstretched. But, cheer up, husbands and fathers! You soon will know the worst. Here's one hint. A simple fashion for women's wear for autumn is the waistcoat. Such garments have been seen a good deal, but this autumn and winter they will be more fashionable than ever. One may be worn as a separate garment or it may be made in one with the coat. Waistcoats will be seen in every variety of cut and material. For cool weather there will be knitted waistcoats of corduroy velvet in plain colors or in pretty rainbow shadings; but the autumn will boast the greater number of new designs and materials. Brocaded silk or satin waistcoats, and hand embroidered and braided waistcoats of a new material that may be described best as a knitted design on canvas. These are suitable for wearing with tweed and serge costumes, and the heavier makes of cloth, but for use with fine face-cloth, silk and velvet, the favorite material will be the new tinsel fabric.—New York Press.

Pure Food Campaigner.

That it is woman's business to see that the world is clean, and that she cannot do this without knowing the sciences on which cleanliness depends—bacteriology, chemistry, etc.—is the belief of Professor Walter McNab Miller, of Missouri University. His capable wife, Mrs. Helen Guthrie Miller, chairman of the Pure Food Committee, General Federation of Women's Clubs, has consequently had every advantage in fitting herself for her responsible work in promoting the pure food campaign through the women's clubs of the country. Of the work for pure food by the Women's Club National Committee,

Lee Gum You, Who Has Been In Prison Since 1894.

Harrisburg (Special).—The State Board of Pardons recommended for pardon Philadelphia's Chinese murderer, Lee Gum You, who has been in prison since 1894 for killing a fellow countryman in one of the early Tong fights. You was found guilty after a noted trial and sentenced to be hanged, but because of the circumstances surrounding his crime the State Board granted him commutation and he was sent to the Eastern Penitentiary. Twice he has been denied pardon, once in 1898 and again in 1901. Thursday application was made for him on the ground that he had been punished enough, considering his crime and the facts about it and the Governor will sign his pardon.

Commutation was recommended for Francis M. Shultz, who murdered his daughter in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, and Anselmo Lombardi, murder, Mercer, in behalf of Shultz it was urged that he was of unsound mind.

Commutation was refused, Richard McKay, murder, York; Raphael Perrie, murder, Philadelphia; Joseph Aiello, murder, Jefferson County, and Salvatore Garrito, Luzerne.

Pardons were recommended as follows in other cases: Frank Defalco, Luzerne; John Lukacs, manslaughter, Allegheny; Bernard Hubbard, larceny, Erie; Thomas Hughes, manslaughter, Beaver; Daniel Cornish, attempted incest, Warren; Bernard Dombrowski, highway robbery, Luzerne.

Pardons were refused Samuel B. Harbison, assault, Philadelphia, and John T. Shoener, embezzlement, Schuylkill.

Marlborough Duchess is a Convert.

That the Duchess of Marlborough has just joined the English suffragettes was an interesting item of information imparted yesterday by Mrs. Philip Snowden. Mrs. Snowden, wife of a distinguished Member of Parliament, English suffragette lecturer before Yale, and other universities, visited at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Aked, No. 2 West Eighty-sixth street, says the New York Tribune. Dr. Aked, who is pastor of the Fifth Avenue Church, which is John D. Rockefeller's religious home, was a former colleague of Mrs. Snowden in the woman suffrage movement in England.

Mrs. Snowden is young and passing fair, of the dainty pink and white type of English beauty. She is not of the most militant variety of the suffragettes. She has never been in jail or smashed a window or chained herself to a park railing so the police couldn't make her move along, but she marched at the head of the first monster procession in London, last June, between Lady Frances Balfour, sister-in-law of King Edward's sister, on one side, and Mrs. Henry Fawcett, widow of Victoria's Cabinet minister, on the other.

"We have hundreds of titled persons who are members and contributors to the movement," said she. "At one meeting alone, attended mainly by the aristocracy, we took up a collection of \$35,000. I don't know what part the Duchess of Marlborough is going to take, because she joined just before I came away. I think she was influenced by the Hon. Mrs. Bertrand Russell, sister-in-law of Countess Russell, who is also a suffragette. Mrs. Russell, who was formerly a Philadelphia girl, is a great friend of the duchess.

"Annie Kenney has brought more fashionable women into the movement than anybody. Annie Kenney is the little factory girl whom W. T. Stead has called the Joan of Arc of the movement. She started the whole thing with a question to John Burns at Albert Hall one night soon after the Liberal Government came in. Before an audience of eleven thousand he was outlining what the Liberal party proposed to do for the various classes of men. Annie Kenney leaned out of a box and said, 'What are you going to do for the women?' The audience would have torn her in pieces if it could have got at her. At the same time Cristabel Pankhurst was doing the same thing at a meeting in Manchester, and she was put out of the hall with her clothes torn half off her. The things that have been done to the suffragettes by the stewards of political meetings in which they asked questions would not be believed in America."

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