

### Itinerant Photography.

The apparatus that these itinerants carry is a cheap lens, and a box, and a wheelbarrow in which a dark room of cloth can be hastily constructed, and in which the negatives are developed. Then the negatives are stowed in a box, and impressions taken on returning home. Of course the business is a pure speculation. It pays, though, I know a man who makes forty dollars a day wandering around the city in this way. He employs an assistant who prints and mounts the pictures, and a third man delivers them and collects the money. The purchaser pays about twenty-five cents apiece for his photographs. Some of the pictures are not worth a cent. That occurs when the photographer faces the sun when he takes the impression, for then the shadows fall toward the observer. But the itinerant does not care for that; his object is gained, when it's a dwelling, if he gets the whole family on the piazza, or, when it's a store, if he gets an impression of the sign and of shopkeeper standing in the doorway. Queer things happen to these itinerants. In London once one of the craft took a picture of a hotel. The windows were open, and a clock on the wall was distinctly seen in the picture. Not long afterward a gentleman who was sitting on the piazza at the time the picture was taken was arrested for passing a forged check at a bank. At the trial the bank clerks united in testifying positively that the prisoner was at the bank at two p. m. The photographer, who had got word of the case through the newspapers, entered the court room, climbed to the witness stand and exhibited the photograph. The face of the prisoner was distinctly recognized, and the clock's hands pointed at two o'clock. The hotel was seven miles from the bank. The jury acquitted the prisoner after the photographer had testified that he was at the hotel on the day when the forged check was cashed.

Another incident I know of which had not so pleasant an ending. An itinerant in an English village, and he was a spiritualist in belief, had set his camera in front of a house and focussed it. While he had his head hidden in his darkened tent preparing his negative a practical joker came along and stuck a piece of paper on the lens, so that it was entirely covered. The photographer put his plate in the camera, and was about to expose it to the building, when the wag offered to bet him any amount of money that there would be no picture on the plate. The photographer bet every cent he had, and then took his picture, as he supposed. When he developed the plate it showed nothing. In his chagrin he shot himself dead. The story was reported in the London newspapers some time since.

Most of these itinerants are prosperous, but some of the tin-typers who take your picture on the street for ten cents are Bohemians. One of them occasionally drops in here and asks me to sell him ten cents' worth of collodion, or ten cents' worth of nitrate of silver. Of course I give him twenty-five cents' worth for nothing, as ten cents' worth is almost nothing. They are the tramps of the profession.

Do amateur photographers do any creditable out-of-door work?

By the invention of the dry plate process a field has been opened to amateurs never before dreamed of. Formerly it was necessary to cart around a bulky apparatus, with bottles of chemicals in solution, bath holders, etc.; but now the lens is carried on the back in a compact little knapsack, while the tripod shuts up like an umbrella, and can be used as a cane. Twenty-five pictures can be made in a day by a tyro. He returns to his hotel at night, wraps up his negatives, and sends them home by express. In three months he has four hundred plates, and amuses himself all winter in developing them. Both before and after the picture is taken the dry plate looks like a piece of glass with a piece of bladder pasted on it. You cannot conceive the pleasure the amateur has in seeing scenes and events he has long forgotten reproduced like magic. Artists in oil or in water color take tramps of this kind and obtain valuable hints for ambitious paintings. It's an easy way of sketching. Captain Abney, of England, is an amateur, and he stands at the head of the photographing business, as far as the theory of it is concerned. He is wealthy, and has a high position socially, but he has given to photography the best part of his life out of love for it. He has delivered lectures on the art and has printed books on the subject, so that those who have disputes on a point in photography appeal to Abney as the highest authority. Speaking of photographers and their disputes and jealousies, there is to be a convention in Indianapolis, Ind., in August next—a convention of photographers from all parts of the world for the purpose of starting an International Society of Photographers.

Do you ever photograph dead persons?

Parents whose children die before their pictures are taken often ask a photographer to come to the house, and they want the picture to look as natural as life. Skill is required, of course. Once when I was called in I saved a man's life. When I pulled up the eyelid to drop in a little collodion to keep the eyelids firm there was a tremor and a resistance. The man was in a trance, and he soon came out of it.

Do you know of any peculiar uses to which out-of-door photographing may be put?

Well, suppose a picture is obtained of a church or other public building, and it is burned down. By consulting the photograph a second building precisely like the first can be built. Photographers are also called to photograph ruins where lives have been lost. I know a widow, whose husband was a conductor

on a railroad and was killed by his train falling through a bridge. The photograph showed that the break in the bridge was caused by inherent weakness, and the jury gave the widow heavy damages. A peculiar lens, called a rectilinear lens, is used for good out-of-door work. If a building is pictured by a common lens used for portrait purposes the building looks as though it was falling down, the lines are so pulled out of the perpendicular. There are lenses for taking pictures at a small distance, say ten feet from the object. They have even more of an angle than the human eye. Prices for this work are governed by the quantity of work done.

Forgeries are easily detected by the photographer, and almost every day cases are decided in court on pictorial evidence. There against the wall are pictures of two good checks and two forgeries. The difference is detected when the writing is magnified and photographed. In the Bank of France, in Paris, when a man presents a check suspected of being a forgery the cashier signals a photographer and detains the man in conversation while, unknown to him, his full face picture is taken. If the check is bad and the rogue denies that he passed it at that time, there is the photograph of his face and of a clock and a calendar hung on the inside of the railing to prove that he was there at such a time on such a day.

Is photographing animals much of a business?

O, yes; every horse of any celebrity is photographed, partly to identify him if he is stolen and partly to gratify the owner's vanity. Animals of all kinds are sold by photographs and sent to all parts of the country. Interest just now centers in instantaneous photography. I can take a picture in a thirty-second part of a second of time. It is especially interesting to rogues whose pictures are wanted for the Rogues' Gallery. While one is vowing that a picture shall never be taken a concealed camera already has it.—Interview in N. Y. Sun.

### Rejected at the Altar.

The following story, which is vouched for, differs from the ordinary to such an extent that we print it, under the impression that it has never been published before. The story goes that a certain Dean of Chester, England, was called upon to perform the wedding ceremony for a pair of happy lovers. The position of both parties was of the highest rank, and the guests who were bidden to the church were of the most fashionable and exalted. The day arrived, and with it the hour. The edifice was packed and all was in readiness. The Dean, expectant, awaited the coming of the bride, and the groom, with his best man, was in the vestry. The hour passed on, and still the bride did not arrive. After a long delay she drove up to the church door, and with her bridesmaids swept up the large middle aisle towards the altar. In the mean time the groom advanced to meet her, and receiving her half way escorted her to the Dean. After the opening words of exhortation, the Dean turned to the man and asked him the usual set questions whether he would have the woman for his wedded wife, etc., etc., to which he answered, "I will." The question being in turn asked of the woman, to the astonishment and amazement of all she distinctly said, looking into the groom in the face, "I will not!" The next instant she said in a low voice, "Mr. Dean, no one can more regret the words I have just uttered than myself, and if you will dismiss the congregation and take me into your vestry room, I will apologize, and at the same time fully and satisfactorily explain what may seem to all my strange conduct." The Dean, seeing that she was in truth earnest, in a few words dismissed the bewildered congregation and directed the bridegroom to await him. The congregation having departed, and the lady and Dean being together, she said: "I cannot tell you how badly I feel. I had loved my fiancée truly and devotedly, and had looked forward to a life of perfect happiness and joy. This morning, as you know, I was late at my marriage ceremony, but it was not through any fault of mine. I arrived as soon as I could. Instead of receiving looks of love and words of full happiness from my future husband, he paralyzed my beating heart by saying, with an oath, when he met me half way up the aisle, 'If you expect to begin life this way by keeping me waiting for you, you will find out after you are my wife!' My decision was instantly made. I have been told that, sooner than suffer unhappiness through my own actions, it were better to renounce even at the altar a union that would bring misery and grief thereafter. Had I turned back he would have followed me; there would have been a scene, and he might have persuaded me to return and marry him. It also might have looked like temper, and I had fully time during your few words of prayer to make up my mind. I know that I have disappointed friends, my family, but no one more than myself. Do not ask me to reconsider my late action. Inform my would-be husband of my determination, and let me go." The Dean, seeing she was resolved, could not but approve, and gently led her through the church back to her anxious parents, not as a smiling wife, but as a woman whose present is shattered and whose future is blighted.—Chicago Journal.

An Ohio saloon keeper hanged himself the other day just "because he had nothing to live for." Still, it would be just as well for a man not to hang himself until he is pretty certain he has something to die for.—Durlington Hawk-Eye.

Ripe tomatoes will remove ink and other stains from white cloth; also from the hands.—Detroit Post.

### Washington Cranks.

Cranks are not of recent origin. They are as old as the pyramids of Egypt. The original crank was probably a useful and harmless instrument, but at the worst very unlike the modern article, as unlike, indeed, as the figure on a hearth rug and a real live Bengal tiger; as unlike as the widow's mite and dynamite; as unlike as the coat of arms on an old china plate and a double-barreled shotgun.

The most popular form of the original crank was that which operated the grindstone. The old crank was used in grinding axes. In its modern application, however, the word crank generally signifies one who has an ax to grind, and if he doesn't get what he wants is ready to turn some one inside out. There are cranks by nature and professional cranks. The former is generally harmless, but annoying. Of the professionals, however, there are many who are cranky for a purpose, and are no more to be trusted than is the south end of a mule or the weather prophecies of the Signal Office.

The tribes of cranks begin with the harmless and end with the devilish. Between these two extremes are the funny, the eccentric, the egotistic, the moral, the religious and the business crank. Hundreds of unclassified cranks are met with in every-day life, but just as soon as a person becomes a confirmed crank he can be properly classed under either one or the other of the above heads.

In Washington, cranks of every class and grade are to be met with, from the harmless, sponging crank, who hangs around the bar-room, drinking at others' expense and talks of his claims against the Government, to the devilish crank who thinks the Government owes him a living on general principles, and wants to "remove" the Executive if he doesn't hand it over to him.

To the capital of the Nation a peculiar class of cranks make periodical pilgrimages for the purpose of reconstructing the Government. The career of many of these, however, is cut short by "ninety days in jail or leave town instanter." The latter alternative is generally accepted. If the crank has ever had a temporary berth in a Government Department given him that he might obtain the necessary funds for a railroad ticket home, the taste of office is too much for him to withstand. He is as sure to turn up again as the traditional bad penny.

Then there are unfortunates throughout the country whose minds, naturally not of the strongest, became so deranged that they imagine the fate of the country depends on them a trip to the capital. Possibly these weak mortals, in looting about the country store, have obtained a copy of the Congressional Record. They read some Congressman's speech on finance and that exercise generally completes the job already undertaken by nature. It is unsafe for even those of well-balanced minds to attempt to glean sense from the average Congressman's speech on finance. The highly informed crank comes to Washington, goes immediately to the Treasury Department and seeks an interview with the Secretary. Having obtained an audience, he whispers confidentially that for a small consideration—say a Collectorship—he will disclose a great secret, whereby the public debt may be liquidated within thirty days, and that, too, without the slightest inconvenience to the Government.

Then, there is the fellow who comes on to take possession of the Executive mansion, proclaiming himself "President of the United States and King of Heaven." The mere fact of his claiming Bob Ingersoll and a white-robed angel as his devoted and liege subjects in the same breath, gives him away, and he is speedily run in by a sacreligious "cop."

Again there visits us a chap who claims to be "Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army," duly commissioned by George Washington, Thomas Jefferson or Ethan Allen. He is the benighted individual, who, in his younger days, had come to Washington from the country with the fond hope of receiving a Second Lieutenantcy in Uncle Sam's squad of soldiers, facetiously dubbed "the army." Failing to secure his appointment he hung about the hotel lobbies until his cash was gone and his trousers the worse for wear; was arrested as a vagrant and ordered to leave the city. Returning to his rural home he had gone sorrowfully back to feeding the steers and weeding the onion bed. His old dreams of epaulettes, Germans and a good, fat salary, however, have continued to haunt his ambitious mind until, alas, the strain became too great. He becomes a maniac; on the subject of military gold lace and wanders back to Washington, to take command of the armies.

How much better for this poor youth had he cast ambition to the winds, remained on the farm at Cloverdale, married a buxom country lass and continued the happy life of the farmer.

A harmless type of crank is the "utter" youth, who may be seen on the avenue any fine afternoon. What he lacks in mental capacity he makes up in style. This is the crank of whom the lamented Shakespeare spoke when he said, "not Hercules could have knocked out his brains."

One of Washington's cranks "though lost to sight to memory dear," was the lamented Tachymintis. Born in Greece, as paradoxical as it may seem he remained in Greece throughout his brief but memorable residence in America. Tachymintis was as slippery as the name of his native land would imply, and the memory of his stay in Washington is a sad one to many a landlady. He can hardly be said to have larded so much as he scented the lean earth as he walked along.—Washington Post.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

A mineral spring whose water turns as red as blood when confined in a bottle has recently been discovered in Arkansas.

In one day recently Mr. Humble and Mr. Greatbath were appointed postmasters and this country begins to sound a little like "Pilgrims' Progress."—Hawk-Eye.

A Kentuckian boasts a sheep that chews tobacco equal to a man. Whenever it gets out of the weed it will bleat until it gets another chew.—Courier-Journal.

Honey made entirely by machinery is on sale in New York markets, and an exchange says it looks ten per cent. better than any bit of work ever yet attempted by bees.—Chicago Herald.

Eleven Chinamen were arrested in San Francisco the other day for violation of the "basket ordinance." This is an old ordinance which forbids Chinamen walking on the sidewalk with baskets and spring poles.—Chicago Times.

That Platteville (Wis.) man who coughed up a piece of iron weighing an ounce and a half, the which was shot into his eye during the German revolution of 1848, reminds us of the Chicago police lieutenant, who was so frequently perforated by the enemy during the late unpleasantness that, even to this day, the buckshot roll from his boots when he retires at night. Fact!—Chicago News.

Reports from the West indicate that Judge Lynch's court is in constant session there. It is claimed by a Chicago paper that the cause of the revival of the savage justice of Lynch trials and executions is to be found in the unexecuted laws of the States and Nation; and that until justice, swift, sure and inexorable, is administered in the courts, lynchers will usurp the place of courts and jury.—Boston Transcript.

Baked eggs a la siennoise: Boil hard a dozen eggs, take off the shells and cut in thick slices; have a buttered deep baking dish, place a layer of eggs in the center, sprinkle with Parmesan cheese, add another layer of eggs, then more cheese, and so on until the whole is used, finishing with cheese; mask with a cream saute thickened with egg yolks, besprinkled with fine bread crumbs, put small bits of butter on top, bake slightly brown in a brisk oven for ten minutes and serve in the baking dish.—The Gastronomer.

The Sacramento Bee says that Deputy Assessor Harvey was recently at the depot watching the Chinamen who were departing in order to catch those who had not paid their poll-tax. He saw two coolies, apparently about thirty-two years old, who were slinking out of sight. He approached them and asked them if they had paid their poll-tax. One cried out: "Me no pay; me over sixty-two; to muchee old." The other said: "Me no twenty-one too muchee young, no pay." Then observing the incredulous look of the officer, they both threw up their hands, one solemnly saying: "Me swear allee same in clourt," the other adding: "Me Cristian Chinaman; no tellie lie." They had to pay, however, before they went aboard the train.

A Paris paper publishes these alleged statements of a Parisian river sportsman concerning human bodies floating in the river: "I always know beforehand if it is a man or woman. If the body has the face upward it is a woman; if it floats with its nose in the water, it is that of a man. I have remarked that a man who has been thrown into the water after being assassinated reappears on the surface much earlier than one who has fallen in by accident or has drowned himself. The time the body remains beneath the water shows whether it is a case of accident or murder." This curious information is valuable in proportion to its truth. As navigation is open the watchers along the rivers may verify it.—N. Y. World.

Here is a romance. The names of the parties are omitted, not so much on account of the family as because they are Hungarian, and we have not the space to give them; but in the Hungarian village of Belenyes, a very beautiful young widow who kept a wine shop was courted by two, one a handsome man of forty-five, the other a youth of twenty-one. Jealous of his rival, the youth laid in wait to kill him, made the attack, and was killed himself. Investigation followed, and brought out the remarkable fact that the rivals were father and son, and that the girl was daughter of the eldest suitor and sister of the youth. During the infancy of the children the family had been separated, and had remained separated until the facts brought the survivors thus strangely together.—Detroit Free Press.

### A Reckless Government.

When Lee invaded Pennsylvania, hay was seventeen dollars per ton around Chambersburg. One day a confederate forage-master drove out into the country with his wagons, and halting at a farmhouse he asked if they had any hay to sell.

"I might spare two or three tons," replied the farmer.

"What is it worth?"

"Wal, being you are enemies to the Government, I shall have to charge you twenty dollars a ton."

"All right, I'll take all you can spare," said the officer, and he loaded up, and then made out his receipt and an order on the Confederate Quartermaster-General for the money.

It was after the farmer had discovered that he could get nothing that he explained.

"I don't keer so much for the loss of the hay, but it aggravates me to remember how mighty reckless them rebs was when I tucked on three dollars a ton. They didn't even ask me to split the difference."—Wall Street Gazette.

### Men Who Run Newspapers.

A newspaper is, ostensibly, a periodical published by a man called a proprietor for the dissemination of a certain amount of intelligence among a certain number of readers; but it is, actually, a sinecure maintained in the interest and for the benefit of an advertising agent and a number of debonair compositors. The chief of these is called the foreman, while his pal and accomplice is known, technically, as the proof reader. These two men, in conjunction with the advertising agent, constitute the acting triumvirate of every newspaper office. Around them revolve, as do lesser bodies about the sun, the proprietor, the editor, the editorial staff, the readers and the general public.

If you go into a newspaper office you will see, seated in a luxuriously furnished and tapestried private office on the first floor a prosperous-looking individual. He is probably puffing a twenty-five-cent cigar, and is watching the smoke as it curls softly toward the ceiling. He has an overcoat of fur and sealskin, wears rubies and diamonds and has a glistening black silk hat. Near what is called a "type-measure" his gloves are negligently thrown. He is figuring out for himself ninety-five per cent of a \$2,000 order. This is the advertising agent.

Ascending to the next floor you see the foreman. He enjoys luxurious ease, and it appears to agree with him. Around the room are stationed compositors who are toying with small pieces of metal called "type." With them and with the foreman rests the entire policy and conduct of the newspaper. They revise, rewrite, add to, and expunge from, the scraps of manuscript before them. They strengthen certain articles and modify others. They smooth out awkward and objectionable sentences. They polish certain periods. When in doubt they confer with each other. Of such sessions the foreman is always a member ex-officio. These bandits hold, as it were, the newspaper in the hollow of their hands.

Proceeding to the third floor you encounter that terrible personage, the proof-reader, who is the Bashi-Bazouk of American literature. He sits at a low desk and has a pencil in each hand. He waits for his "proofs" as a carnivorous animal might for his prey. The proof-reader receives twenty-seven dollars per week for being on the look-out for any gleam of sense or coherence the compositors may have escaped in the author's manuscript and for extinguishing it forthwith. He is responsible only to the advertising agent; but as a matter of courtesy he sometimes confers with the foreman to learn the intentions of the compositors. This, however, is exceptional. Cases have been known where a writer would have seen his article printed as he wrote it but for the vigilance of the proof-reader. As a rule, however, the compositors, by their insame watchfulness, avert any such catastrophe.

On the top floor of a newspaper office, in a dismal-looking cell, sits the editor. The apartment is sextangular. The floor and two of the sides are of wood; the ceiling and the remaining two sides are of plaster. The editor sits at a desk. It is his business to write certain notes and suggestions, from which the compositors and proof-reader will make articles. Beyond that he is an entirely ornamental character. Being on the top floor, he can go no higher. To penetrate below into the precincts of the proof-reader or foreman would be instant death; so he must needs linger in his cell until the shades of night have fallen on the office and then make good his escape. In some establishments the errand-boy, full of young hope, spirits and bantiness, sympathizing with the poor editor, speaks an occasional kind word to him. At times, too, the collector, when in his cups (and therefore irresponsible) speaks gently—even genially—to the editor; but when sober next day he immediately regrets. The compositors, being men of full habit, make merry at the mention of the editor's name; but the proof-reader, more delicate and spirituelle in his way of life, and always struggling under the responsibilities of his position, gives publicly no utterance to his views. In the seclusion of his home, however, as he places the disheveled proofs under his pillow—a place of safety for the night—he not infrequently alludes to the editor as "the poor lunatic who has never been a practical printer."

The proprietor of a newspaper is, from the nature of his calling, a philanthropist. His brain, his time and the contents of his pocket go to support and maintain the advertising agent, the foreman, the proof-reader and their satellites. He has no fixed office, and is rarely seen. In the early stages of his career he may attempt to argue with his employees; but the futility of such a course becomes soon apparent, and he retires to the country. The foreman and the proof-reader run the paper. If there is any profit the advertising agent takes it; if there is any loss the latter becomes morose and despondent, and spends the week's receipts in convivialities with fellow advertising agents, of whom there are many. It is the editor's business to be blamed for everything—to be a professional target—and to pawn his clothes and to turn over the money to the advertising agent as an incentive to that person "to work."—Puck.

The old willow tree at the corner of Chauncy Street and Exeter Place, Boston, which grew from a twig taken from a tree growing near the grave of Napoleon Bonaparte, was cut down the other day, on account of the changes in that vicinity, caused by the extension of Harrison Avenue. As fast as each branch reached the ground, the small twigs were torn from it and carried off as souvenirs by those who were passing.—Boston Post.