

MADGE AND THE CAMERA

BY J. J. BELLE.

(Author of "Wee MacGregor," Etc.)

On Madge's last birthday her uncle presented her with a token of his love in the shape of a very fine camera, together with all the appliances and chemicals necessary for successful amateur photography.

"Isn't it jolly!" cried Madge, coming out of the house on the third afternoon to find me lying on the lawn, alone, and she repeated, gleefully, "I've got one right at last!"

"Let's have a look, dear," said I, endeavoring to be pleasant in spite of myself.

"She handed me the negative and seated herself beside me. I took the camera and said, 'You'll see it if you hold it against your sleeve,' she kindly explained. 'Isn't it splendid?'"

"I gazed at it for fully a minute, and could make nothing of it; but I was not ill-natured enough to say so. I ran over in my mind the 20 odd photographs I had seen her take, and then I plunged.

"Indeed, Madge, this is good! The camera comes out so—"

"To begin with, dearest, you're holding it upside down," she said; "and besides—"

"So I am. * * * Oh, I see it now! Why, it's the old church! I saw it on Sunday afternoon. It's capital, Madge!"

When Madge spoke it was a trifle coldly.

"Excuse me mentioning it, Hugh; but it is a group of father and mother and Mr. Sampson and yourself."

There was not a great deal for me to say, under the circumstances. I felt rather foolish, and that did not help my ruffled temper. Moving the negative, I saw it in another light.

"Yes; I can distinguish your father and mother, Madge," I admitted; "but which is Mr. Sampson, and which is myself?"

She laid two dainty fingers on two ugly hirs.

"There you are—both of you."

"But we're no heads," I objected.

"Oh, well, you'll know yourself by the way you wear your watch chain."

"It's certainly a unique photograph—"

"I thought it splendid for a beginner," she returned.

"Glad you're pleased, Madge. Personally, I consider you've been wasting your time as well as your plates."

"How disagreeable you are!"

"It's all very well," said, sulkily, "but this is the last of my third holiday—I do work occasionally, you know—and I've had scarcely five minutes of your company."

"I'm sorry you don't care for photography," she remarked.

"I haven't expressed my objection to photography. But this—"

"This is the last of my third holiday—I do work occasionally, you know—and I've had scarcely five minutes of your company."

"I don't quite see what Mr. Sampson has got to do with it," I said, with irritation.

"Mr. Sampson has been exceedingly

kind in explaining and arranging things. I asked you to come and see the dark room he has fitted up for me, but you only jeered."

"Did you ask him to fit up your dark room?"

"Certainly not. He offered—which was more than you did."

"I confess it never occurred to me to offer," I retorted. Madge was silent.

"Couldn't you have kept Sampson away till tomorrow? He'll be here all the month, and I must leave in the morning—"

"At that moment through the open door, I caught sight of Sampson coming downstairs. He must have thought Madge was alone, for he called out: 'Success! You've come out beautifully.'"

He was a little taken aback when he found us together, but quickly recovered and handed Madge a negative.

"This is your own," he said. "I'll take some prints presently. I'll just run up stairs again and get one or two things ready."

"Hasn't he heard we are engaged?" I asked her.

"Oh, I suppose so. Everybody has. Bad news—"

"I tell you, Madge, I'm not going to submit to this sort of thing. Sampson's a good enough sort; he's your visitor and friend of the family and all that—but he is not to monopolize you on the mere excuse of some wretched photographs. If he has forgotten that we are engaged I must remind him. In the mean time I wish you'd come up the garden with me."

"In the meantime I've got to do some developing," she replied, without moving, however.

I temporized.

"Very well, dear. Having waited upon you for two days and a half, I dare say I can have patience for an hour. But what negative was that Sampson brought you just now?" I inquired trying to interest myself in her new hobby.

"I didn't take it myself," she said, retaining her hold on the square of glass.

"Never mind, dear. Let me see it," I returned, gently.

"It's not a good one. I'm sure," she said, giving it to me, somewhat unwillingly.

"Why, it's yourself, Madge! Now, that's nice. You'll print a copy for me before I go, won't you? This must be the one you and I tried to take down by the barn yesterday—during the five minutes you were good enough to favor me with."

"I added, laughingly, 'but I didn't think I should have managed so well.'"

Madge looked uncomfortable.

"I'm so sorry, Hugh, but I broke the negative you took yesterday. This is another one."

"Ah!" said I.

"It fell, you know."

"Indeed."

"So, you see, this is another one, Hugh? 'So you have told me,' I said, briefly. 'I certainly was not going to help her.'"

"It was a pity it fell. I'm sure it would have been better than this one. You know it just slipped from my fingers and broke."

"There was a silence."

"Mr. Sampson wanted to take me, and I thought you wouldn't mind."

"Not in the least," I replied, indifferently, and then there was another silence.

"You don't mind, do you?" she asked at last.

"Well, I am rather glad you were photographed with your camera," I said, having thought it over.

"What difference did that make?" she inquired.

"Why, the result is your own. I should certainly object to any other man having in his possession a negative of you," I said, slowly, looking at her bonny face. She blushed.

"High."

"I said I could have one."

"I had feared it was coming, but I was far from feeling resigned."

"All right for it," she added.

"All the more reason why you should have refused, Madge."

Madge was ruffled.

"You are much too severe. I can assure you I promised it to Mr. Sampson."

"Madge, but seriously, 'do you mean what you say?'"

"Why should I not mean what I say?" she returned, shortly. "And, anyhow, I can't break my promise."

"You can break the negative," said I.

"How very me of you."

"I believe you are as sure for Sampson than for me," I blurted out, foolishly.

"That wouldn't be so surprising, would it?" she retorted, calmly.

"Then let us end the matter!" I cried.

"As you please."

She was twisting a hair ring when Sampson came out of door, again.

"Would you like to try some snapshots up the valley?" he asked her, ignoring me.

"I noted some fine bits of this morning, and the light is now first-rate."

"Yes; I think it will be rather nice," she assented, cheerfully.

I knew I was growing pale, and in desperate disregard of every thing, I whispered:

"Dear, don't go." It was only a breath—a prayer—and I wondered if she heard.

"Beg pardon," said Sampson, politely.

There was an awkward pause. Sampson, too, seemed to feel uncomfortable, for he stood gazing across the field as if in search of a subject for conversation.

Madge was playing with the negative of herself, and I fancied, or hoped, I saw a glimmer of her lips, while I certainly caught a quick, half-humorous gleam in her gray eyes.

"Mr. Sampson!" she exclaimed very suddenly, and he started and moved quickly, but not more quickly than her hand.

"Something cracked sharply under his left foot."

"Oh, Mr. Sampson," cried Madge, reproachfully.

He was all apologies and regrets over the ruined negative, but Madge was kinder than herself.

"You'll let me try again?" he pleaded, as some one called him into the house. She laughed and shook her head, and he went away disconsolate.

"Madge, I've been a beast!" I whispered, catching her hands, "and you're too good for me."

"I'm afraid I am," she said, with quaint gravity. "But I'll try to do better."

"You'd like me better if I weren't so nice?"

"Oh, I'm talking nonsense. I've been simply horrid to you, Hugh."

"Oh, Hugh."

Sampson was standing at the window, and must have seen us. Served him right!

MRS. DOWIE APPLAUDS LASHING OF HUSBAND

Six Thousand Zionists Also Approve "Elijah's" Deposition
—New Leader Arraigns John Alexander Bitterly as "a Liar, Spendthrift and Traitor."

Zion City, Ill., April 8.—With the approval of thousands of Dowieites in open meeting today General Overseer Glenn Voliva denounced John Alexander Dowie as a spendthrift, liar and traitor and was in turn promised support as leader of the Christian Catholic Church in Zion to fill the place of the founder of the church, now deceased. Voliva, who is a native of Mexico to fight for what he considers his rights.

When after denouncing Dowie, Overseer Voliva suddenly demanded a decision of the audience which crowded Shiloh Tabernacle as to who should be their future leader. The audience, which was going to take advantage of today's meeting to tell a few truths about the man whom they had so faithfully followed for several years.

Mrs. Dowie Applauds.

Voliva then told of the deplorable conditions he found in Zion City when he arrived a month ago from Australia and took up the management of Zion's interests at Dowie's command. The speaker did not mince words but spoke bluntly of the "perfidy of John Alexander."

When most bitter in the denunciation of the former master there was no one in the tabernacle who showed more approval of Voliva's remarks than Overseer Mrs. Jane Dowie. When Voliva angrily exclaimed, "I will see that all the costly furniture and the expensive library belonging to Zion City are sold," she was heard to exclaim, "I will see that all the costly furniture and the expensive library belonging to Zion City are sold."

Voliva, after reading this message, said Dowie would not be allowed to enter the door of what formerly was his Zion City home.

Big Send-off for Dowie.

San Antonio, Texas, April 8.—John Alexander Dowie and his party left tonight for Chicago. Local Zionites arranged a meeting at which Dr. Dowie made an address before leaving. Although efforts were made to keep the meeting secret, because of a desire to avoid a crush, every seat in the local temple was filled fully an hour before Dowie appeared.

L. C. Hall, pastor of the local Zionist church, made a vigorous address, in which he defended Dowie at every point. Throughout his talk, exclamations of "Amen," and "Yes," and "God be with thee" were made by the audience.

The audience joined in a silent prayer that strength might be given the "first apostle" to overcome his enemies in Zion. When Dowie entered the hall the audience rose and sang a hymn of praise, and then for ten minutes Dowie and the audience prayed to banish the devil from Zion. Dowie's entire address was centered upon the subject of polygamy and the conduct of his wife. The audience was with him in all that he said, even when he bitterly denounced Mrs. Dowie.

Praises Dowie, Scores Wife.

After the "first apostle" had been speaking the address, Mrs. Dowie, Miss Emma Rapp and her husband rose and faced the apostle.

"I lived in your house for a number of years," said the woman, "and I want to tell these people here that never was there a kinder husband or a better Christian gentleman. I want to say also that when your every act was one of kindness and consideration to Mrs. Dowie, she made life miserable for you by her insane jealousy and fiendish perversity. I often wondered how you could be so kind under the conditions that existed. I make this statement of my own free will, because God has told me to speak."

Then Deacon Lewis and Deacon Plas spoke of the unwelcome conduct of Mrs. Dowie, which they characterized as almost beyond human endurance. During this testimony the audience gave exclamations of "Amen" and "Yes."

Dowie said that so long as breath remained in his body he would fight for the rehabilitation of Zion.

"But I pray that God may spare me too long enough to win this fight. Then I shall be willing to go to that long sleep, knowing that I shall be eased to the last by 'Well done thou good and faithful servant' which will be uttered by all of my people for they will have seen the light and learned that John Alexander Dowie, first apostle, was chosen by God to give the Word to Zion."

After the benediction, the audience filed past Dowie and shook his hand, each repeating an assurance of loyalty.

When Dowie returned to his hotel, a correspondent of the Associated Press showed him the following telegram from Chicago:

"At Zion City today everybody was for Voliva."

Dowie seemed somewhat shocked at the message, but declared that it could be of no use to him to make any comments on it at the present time, owing to the fact that it would betray his plan of battle.

Canada also on the map says Shaughnessy

Sir Thomas Reminds London Pilgrims That Half the Continent is Ours

Montreal, April 8.—(Special)—The Star's London Cable says: Sir Thomas Shaughnessy struck an emphatic Canadian note in the presence of hosts of Americans at the Pilgrims' dinner last night in honor of Lord Curzon. Previous speeches have having dwelt specially upon Anglo-American accord, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy brought a timely reminder that there was a good half of the American continent labeled Canada.

He called Elihu Root, speaking as with the tongue of the president of the United States, to witness that what was a little domain on the border of the States, has now grown to a great and powerful nation. He begged Englishmen to weigh well that vital fact and not to imagine they had seen the wonders of Philadelphia when they stopped short of Philadelphia or Chicago on their way north. Americans themselves were not so slow to take

fullest advantage of the opportunities Canada offered, as witness the large migration of hosts of Americans to the country. He also bore tribute to French-Canadians' attachment to the British institutions.

Here in England men's minds began to turn in these latter days to wander into schemes for the nationalization of railways. Canada had learnt her lesson in that respect for she had in the Intercolonial line a magnificent example of how far wrong a government management railway could go and it was a moment of failure of government administration. On the other hand Canada had by means of the privately managed C. P. R. brought the great western plains to the very doors of the eastern populations and this line of progress was being followed with the Grand Trunk Pacific and Canadian Northern enterprises.

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