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picture until my arms ached, but nothing but one little black dot appeared. Amy and I could not imagine what it was intended to represent. We thought perhaps we had not kept it going fast enough, and decided to gave the next plate a better chance. It came out beautifully. We could see it was a scene, but when it was printed it looked as if a dreadful storm had been in progress at the time we had snapped it—the trees were leaning so to the left. Then we tried some more. Not one of the others produced a thing, excepting Mr. Truckle's. We were dreadfully disappointed, as we had no more plates. We dried the two and then started printing from them. I finished one of Mr. Truckle and took it to him. He looked at it "a spell," and then said:

"Wall, ne-ow, do tell. Is it the guinea pig?"

"No, of course not. It's your photograph."

"Sho-o, ne-ow. Ef I look like thet?" and he wandered off into the house to show it to his wife. She absolutely refused to give us a sitting after seeing it.

Just then Amy sauntered up with a letter in her hands.

"Say, girls," she broke in; "you know what a craze the Americans have for navy buttons and old hats and braid and such like things. Well, Hattie has just written me about an American party that visited the