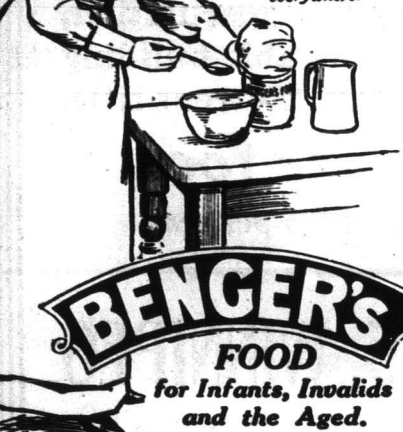


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**WINNIPEG**

"I don't know how far you may have compromised me with your friend, but you know it's ten to one that I wouldn't have liked her. I have very high ideals in reference to marriage. A man ought to choose a wife who will be a helpmate to him; not only a woman of congenial tastes, but one who appreciates his aims and is an inspiration to him." With this remark Thomas Winter shut himself in his own room and for the hundredth time turned over the photographs which he had printed from Eleanor's roll.

"How such a record as this lets you see into the life of the girl," he said to himself. "It is not alone a journal of her tour, telling you what cities she has visited, but her favorite haunts in each. I can guess what her taste is as much by what she did not choose to take as by the scenes which she thought worthy of reproduction. Now there isn't a single photograph of a bull-fight, whereas I have a dozen. What opinion would any one form of me, I wonder, from the photographs which I have brought back? First, that it has been my ambition to secure feats in instantaneous work. There is the winner of the Derby on the home stretch, and Lord Strathmore's pack of hounds in full cry. I caught the banderilla in the act of fixing the barbs in the neck of the infuriated bull, and I have been duck-shooting and hit my bird on the wing with my detective when a crack sportsman at my side failed with his gun. I have been rather proud of my success in getting a sharp, clear negative under difficulties. The overcoming of difficulties I flatter myself has always been a rather distinguishing trait of mine. But this girl does more. In the first place she is an artist by nature. She has fine taste and feeling as well as critical judgment. She has the perceptive faculty to choose the auspicious moment when the shadows lie effectively, when the reflections in still water, the curve of surf, or the lines of mountain, road, or roof, tree masses and cloud masses, all compose harmoniously. There is not one of these views which is not a picture. She also knows how best to introduce a human interest. That group of gipsy children has all the charm of a genre painting. Here, too, is a moonlight effect, and a misty morning in the Pyrenees, which shows that she feels the fascination of mystery and has caught the poetic charm which a photographer who works only for clearly defined, positive black and white results never finds. It is the witchery which Whistler describes—"When the evening mist clothes the river-side with poetry

as with a veil, and the poor buildings lose themselves in the dim sky, and the tall chimneys become campaniles, and the warehouses are palaces in the night, or the whole city hangs in the heavens and fairy-land is before us."

It will be understood that Winter's appreciation of the poetic in Eleanor's nature argued the same vein in his own; but, as often happens, this self-revelation had come late. He had fancied himself a materialist, and the knowledge that he possessed the poetic instinct was like a new birth. Nor did he greatly over estimate Eleanor's gifts. She was almost an artist, possessing in full the artist's keen love for nature but lacking in creative power, her head going far beyond her hand and always dissatisfied with her attempts in painting. She had therefore thrown away her palette and had seized the camera with delight, finding here a magical artist who did her bidding with perfect skill and ease.

It will be at once foreseen by the judicious reader that fate intended these two young persons, already united by a common interest and similar tastes, as lovers. Opportunity alone was lacking for them to become acquainted with their own and each other's hearts, and opportunity came during the late centennial celebration, when New York sent forth the command to—

Let statue, picture, park, and hall,  
Ballad, flag, and festival  
The past restore, the day adorn.

Amid the splendor of bunting and the pandemonium of military music, in the most modern and realistic manner, all their surroundings a complete contrast to the atmosphere of mystery and romance which lent a glamour to their first meeting in the old Arab Spanish town, their paths in life crossed again.

Eleanor had received an invitation to view the naval display, on the first of the three gala days, from the steamer Philadelphia, chartered by the New York Society of Amateur Photographers. This society had obtained permission from the admiral to cruise at will up and down the bay, in order to give the fleet broadsides from its two hundred cameras from all possible points of vantage. Eleanor had gladly availed herself of this opportunity to pursue her favorite occupation in the company of so many like-minded spirits, and from her place on the after-deck she watched the embarkation with amused interest. Each enthusiastic amateur was laden with his working gear—great cameras and

small, cameras on tripods and disguised in traveling cases, Kodaks and Secovills, Lilliputs, Blairs, and Clarks, cameras with revolving backs and reversible backs, cameras that extended like an accordion and that shut up like a gibbous hat, vest cameras and pocket cameras, clamped with silver and inlaid with precious woods, hard hacked by hard experience of roughing it, or crazy with long usage.

There was a still greater variety to be observed in the owners. Some were nervous little men who realized the definition of the word "amateur" as given by a bright child; "Amateur," what does that mean, I wonder?" and receiving no reply, "Well, I guess it's some one who isn't very mature." These worthies were perpetually rushing about and snapping their shutters before the desired ship was on the field, making two exposures on one plate, or fidgeting or talking to about them into a state of similar frenzy. There were experts too, who manned their cameras with the coolness of a veteran artilleryman, firing telling but harmless broadsides at the men-of-war Chicago, Brooklyn, Essex, Yantic, and others, and preserving their nonchalance even when the Despatch approached with the Presidential party, and the war-ships and steamers filled the air with the clamor of booming guns and shrieking whistles.

Thomas Winter was one of these. He was just focusing his instrument on the manning of the yards as the Despatch approached, when he noticed with some annoyance that a lady had stepped between him and his subject. Her face was turned towards the Despatch and he could not see her features; but there was something strangely familiar in her alert poise and the willowy grace of her figure as she bent to her work or leaned eagerly forward, intent on catching the most propitious moment. "Another humming-bird girl," was his first thought, instantly corrected by the conviction, "No, it's the same—the little photographer of the cloister in Toledo."

As the thought passed through his mind Eleanor turned and met his stare, for it could hardly be called anything else.

His hat was off in an instant. "I beg your pardon," he exclaimed impulsively; "but I feel certain that you are the young lady with whom I exchanged cameras in Spain. Is not this your instrument?"

Eleanor acknowledged that it was. "I have used it ever since," he admitted, "but I don't think I have injured it"; and he proceeded to explain several little attachments and improvements which he had added. "You are quite welcome to them. I never would have taken the liberty to tinker with your camera," he continued frankly, "if I had had the most remote idea of ever meeting you again; but I hadn't the least clue, and while I was in Spain I could not supply myself with another camera. I argued, too, that as you had my detective, and as my lens was really a better one than yours, it didn't so much matter. After I reached home I found that I was much attached to the little machine, and so it happens that I have it with me today."

"If you are so fond of it, pray keep it," Eleanor replied lightly. Winter, however, insisted on restoring her property, and Eleanor accepted it gracefully, asking him to name an address to which his own camera might be sent, as she had kept it boxed and ready for expressage since the day on which she had discovered the mistake.

"You see," she said pleasantly, "that I did not share your feeling that we should never meet again."

Winter's heart bounded. "Pray, do not trouble yourself to return my detective, but allow me to call for it. I have your photographs to return. I must confess that I could not resist the temptation to print your roll. I believe that I have now made a clean breast of all my transgressions. The photographs came out remarkably well. May I be forgiven?"

"Certainly," replied Eleanor, with slight embarrassment, "since I must cry peccavi as well, for I had your negatives printed."

Winter suddenly remembered what those negatives were. "Then you have discovered another crime, and one, I fear, which you will not so easily pardon

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