

cloth over your head to exclude the light from behind. The light should strike the ground glass only through the lens. This cloth must be quite opaque, and should be black. In moving the front or the back of your camera towards you or from you, with your head well covered, keep your eye on the image, and do not try to look through the camera, however tempting that may be.

When you have made an exact focus clamp the camera so that it will not move, and place the cap on the lens. The plate will then be inserted, by opening the hinge at the back of the camera and placing the plate in its place. Fasten this carefully and everything is ready for exposure.

This last so much depends upon circumstances that it is impossible to give hard and fast rules. Care and watchfulness in experience are the best teachers. Take your watch in hand. Pull the slide of the plate holder next the lens. Remove the cap from the lens, and count your seconds. Drill yourself not to count too fast. You will be likely to do this. And always keep a note book by you to make memos of circumstances which may guide you in the future.

You have now your picture taken. Remove the holder, which, of course, has the picture inside carefully protected from the action of the light, and carry it to your dark room.

Here you will have everything in readiness. Light your lantern. Close the door. Take out your plate. Set it in the developing tray with its face up, and prepare for a treat.

I presume that you have your developer made and ready. As you apply it to the picture you will observe first faint outlines appearing; then gradually more body is added to the picture, until the entire image is brought out. In twenty or thirty seconds it is complete. You have your first negative.

A good rinse in pure water will prepare it for "fixing," for which you will also have had everything in readiness. On coming out of the "fixing" bath, it will be again well rinsed. See that everything in your dark room that might be injured by light is covered up, and now you may bring your triumph out to get its first breath of air. Leave it where it will dry. It will then be ready for "printing" and then for "mounting."

For these interesting processes there is no pressure. Choose a day of leisure. Never hurry in your work, nor finish off for the pure sake of finishing off. A hasty minute, or careless touch will spoil the whole.

It is a fascinating hobby, and one for which our glorious summer weather and winter skies lend a charm not easily found elsewhere. Not a trip by rail, nor a holiday by boat; not a cruise for a day, or a drive for an afternoon, but may be made doubly delightful, threefold more interesting, and many times more invigorating.

Taking photographs by flash light, though an invention of only five years of age, has made itself almost an essential department of the Art. It enables us to be more or less independent of His Majesty the Sun. By the magnesium light, photographs may be taken not only at night, but in dark rooms indoors, or for that part of it, away down in our coal mines where the sun's rays have never reached.

PHOTO.

"Gather gear by every wile
That's justified by honour;
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train attendant,
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent."

MRS. MAYBURN'S TWINS.

THE STORY OF ONE DAY.

BY JOHN HABBERTON.

(By special arrangement with Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.)

The attitude, the face, and the tone were pathetic in the extreme, but mamma had seen all of them before; and she hardened her heart against them, and started to leave the room, when she heard:

"Bobboker fee's bad; Bobboker got saw om."

This was harrowing to the maternal heart; still, mamma had on many previous occasions heard of that same arm, and the plea was generally offered in extenuation of some exasperating unreasonableness. So mamma passed through the door, when her ear was greeted by a dreadful shriek:

"Tum back aden—ya—ya—ngya! If 'oo don't tum back aden, Bobboker 'll pank 'oo. Tum back to Bobboker! If 'oo don't tum back, Bobboker 'll go back to God!"

Mamma clapped both fingers to her ears, but turned and took down one hand to open the door. At the same instant Bridget opened the other door, and displayed a very red face and the Jefful, and asked:

"Av ye please, mem, how am I to do me wurruk wid this little dhivil——"

"Bridget!" exclaimed Mrs. Mayburn.

"Oh—h—h, she's an angel just sint down, so she is," said Bridget, apologizing to the baby; "but she's sint at the wrong toime an' place whin she strikes the kitchen just after dinner, so she is. Av I lave her on the floor she scraimes; an' av I put her on the table she throws off the dishes."

"I thought you loved her," exclaimed mamma, with a dignified sense of injury expressed in every tone. "Give her to me."

"I hope ye don't fale hurt, mem," said Bridget, kindly, clinging to the baby, as mamma attempted to take her darling; "but how am I to do me dishes an' the baby's ironin' an' things, whin I can't have me hands an' head to mesilf a minute?"

"Give her to me," insisted mamma; "she needs some one who can manage her."

Bridget relinquished The Jefful, and retired as meekly as if she had done something wicked, while mamma, noticing with sinking heart that a full hour of the afternoon had departed, went back to Bobboker, whose shrieks had been simply dreadful ever since his mamma had left him.

"There, there, there," said mamma, soothingly, as she appeared again before Bobboker; "see what mamma has brought her beebay. She's brought the dear little sister Jefful for him to play with. Bobboker must be very careful, though, or mamma will take her away again."

The movement was bold, skillful, and had every feature of a well-planned surprise; but one essential to a successful surprise is to find the enemy napping, either physically or mentally. Now Bobboker was not napping in any way; his senses were all alert; and he regarded The Jefful as critically as if he had suffered by a thousand shams, and was not disposed to add to his collection of disappointments. But when The Jefful saw him, she put out her pudgy hands, exclaimed, "Bob—