

AN EPISODE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE camera is now recognized as such almost every- where, but mine once caused me some uneasy moments in a locality where I had not expected it to be known as an appliance for picture taking.

It was in the little village of Chosky in the Indian Territory, a place that is neither quiet nor peaceful, as evidenced by the fact that during my stay of ten days in its neighbourhood three citizens were shot in its streets. I had ridden in from camp with my camera slung over my shoulder, and in violation of the law of the town, had a revolver on my hip and a rifle in my hand as I walked to the end of one street to get a view of the village.

The frequent shooting scrapes at that time had de- manded a remedy, even in that country of lawlessness, and the strict observance of a statute prohibiting the carrying of deadly weapons was the result. I knew of the law and its enforcement, and knew that although a tenderfoot stranger there was risk of arrest at the muzzle of a Winchester. Such a state of affairs tended to cause me some anxiety, but I took several pictures and with the mail in my pocket started back to my horse. All at once I caught the sound of hoof-beats rapidly approach- ing from behind me.

Horses do not run at large in Chosky, and this, coupled with the fact that the sound showed the horse to be coming at a hard, steady run in the well beaten part of the road, made it reasonably certain that he had a rider upon his back. A moment's reflection assured me of the further fact that men in the Indian nation do not ride at full speed unless there is reason for it, and the reason in this case seemed to be that he was coming after me. It struck me that I was in an awkward position. My companions were in camp ten miles away. The nearest railroad or telegraph was distant a day's ride. A glance to the rear might be taken as a hostile demonstration in a country where they shoot first and investigate afterward. The safest course seemed to be to plod toward my horse without showing any interest in what was happening behind me.

The hoof-beats sounded clearer and louder; the horse was coming on at racing pace. I wildly wondered whether he would speak first or shoot. He was now so near that the creaking of saddle leather could be heard as the animal gathered itself for each stride. The next leap would take him past me or onto me. Then suddenly there was a sliding sound and a rattling of pebbles and bits of sun-dried earth as the horse threw itself back on its haunches, stopping short with stiffened fore-legs as cow-ponies do, and the pleasant voice of cowboy Tony Dawson—who had ridden a hard mile for a word with the stranger, and who never knew the state of mind in which he found him—said as he glanced at my camera. 'Well, you'r out sketchin' this mornin'—what's the matter with takin' me?'

BURGLARS AND MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

'MANY matrimonial advertisements,' said an ex-inspec- tor of police to me one day (writes a contributor), 'are inserted in the papers by burglars. No one who has not advertised for a wife in some popular periodical can have any idea of the number of replies one such announce- ment calls forth. And a large portion of these emanate from domestic servants—generally young women be- tween the ages of 25 and 35. To an enterprising burglar—particularly if he be young and good-looking or plea- sant-mannered—these fall an easy prey. He receives, say, 75 answers to his advertisement—and I am estimat- ing the number moderately—and from these he selects the most promising—viz., those penned from fashionable and wealthy neighbourhoods, to which he sends a suit- able reply. Thereupon ensues a constant correspond- ence, the warmth of which increases with each letter. At length a meeting is arranged, and should the young lady—and she almost invariably is—be favourably im- pressed with her lover, his path is easy. Introduced to her fellow-servants by the infatuated girl as her cousin, he very often gets the run of the place, not infrequently with the sanction of the mistress of the house, many of whom readily give their consent to their servants re- ceiving visits from friends. A smart man is then soon in possession of the information he requires. The house in due course is 'burgled,' the courtship comes to an abrupt termination, and the deserted girl, perhaps half- suspicious of the truth, is afraid to say anything lest she should be deemed an accomplice. Struck by what the ex-inspector stated, and desirous of proving the truth of it, I shortly afterwards issued an advertisement for a wife in a well known London weekly. I received 89 answers. At least 60 of them were from domestics. From these 60 I picked out half a dozen, flinging the remainder into the fire. Here is what happened in one case. In a large house, not a hundred miles from Ken- sington Gardens Square, lived a parlourmaid, whom I will call Mary Smith. She had both a comfortable place and a good wage. Nevertheless, impelled by the uni- versal desire of having a home of her own, she was foolish enough to reply to my advertisement. She took to me immensely, whether owing to my beauty or affa- bility I am unable to say; and soon we were on the most friendly terms. Now it happened that the family in whose service Mary Smith was, were out of town when my acquaintance with her commenced, she and three other servants—two maids and a man—being the only residents in the house. Can it be credited, then, that within one short week of first seeing me, taking advan- tage of the temporary absence of her fellow-domestics, in answer to a request of mine, she unhesitatingly showed me all over the house? Such, however, was the case. Here, then, is a great and, as far as I am aware, hitherto little-known danger that may result from matrimonial advertisements.

RECENT JUVENILE FANCY DRESS BALL AT CHRISTCHURCH

SOME OF THE DANCERS.



Miss McDonald.

Master Burns.

Miss Noel Stead.

Miss Janet Boyle.



Master Norman Cunningham.

Miss Burns.

Master McDonald.



Mr Kimber.

Master Babington.

Master Stead.