

KATY'S SACRIFICE.

It Furnished Comfort and Happiness to the Mill Hands.



JOHN GRIFFITH, a rich English manufacturer, sat in a room in his elegant mansion one day in autumn. To judge by his face, his reflections were of an agreeable nature.

"The prospect is," he said to himself, "that my income for the present year will reach fifteen thousand pounds. That is a tidy sum for one who started as a poor boy. And I am not so old either. Just turned sixty! There is more than one nobleman in the kingdom that would be glad of John Griffith's income. My Katy will have a rich dowry."

He was interrupted here by the entrance of a servant.

"Mr. Griffith," he said, "there are three men below who would like to see you."

"Three men?"

"Yes, sir. They are not gentlemen," said the servant, who understood the question. "They are men from the mill, I'm thinking."

"Very well; show them up."

It was a holiday, and the works were not in operation, so that the operatives were off work.

Then was heard the tramp of heavy boots on the staircase, and presently entered three men, whose dress and appearance indicated clearly that they belonged to the class who are doomed to earn their daily bread by hard and unremitting labor.

"What is your business with me, my men?" asked Mr. Griffith, rising and surveying them with interest. "Are you employed in the mill?"

"Yes, sir," said the foremost, Hugh Roberts, "yes, Mr. Griffith, sir, we are employed in the mill, and it's about that we've come to see you."

"Very well," said John Griffith, resuming his seat, "speak on, whatever you have to say to me."

"It's this, Mr. Griffith, sir, and I hope you won't be offended at what I say. We came here to humbly beg that you would be pleased to raise our wages."

"To raise your wages?" exclaimed Mr. Griffith, in a displeased tone.

"Yes, sir. I hope you won't be offended."

"Don't I give as high wages as are paid in other mills?"

"Mayhap you do, sir; but it's very hard to get along on three shillings a day."

"But if I should pay higher wages than others, they could undersell me in the market."

"I don't know, sir, but I think we should work more cheerful, and do more in a day, if we felt that we had a little more to live on, so that the wife and children needn't have to pinch and go hungry."

These words were uttered in a manly and straightforward tone, and there was not a little pathos in them, but it seemed lost upon Mr. Griffith.

"It's only sixpence more a day we ask, sir," said Hugh Roberts, pleadingly.

Mr. Griffith made a mental calculation. He had three hundred men in his employ. He found that sixpence a day additional would make a sum total, during the year, of over two thousand pounds. This reflection hardened his heart against the applicants.

"No," he said, "your request is unreasonable; I can not accede to it."

"But, sir," said Hugh Roberts, "think what it is to support a family on three shillings a day."

"It is hard, no doubt," said Mr. Griffith; "but I can not afford to make the advance you desire."

"Then you refuse, sir?"

"I do. If you can do any better, of course, I won't prevent your bettering yourselves."

"We can't do better, sir," said Hugh, bitterly, crushing his hat between his toll-hardened fingers. "We have no other way to live except to work for you

and take what you are pleased to pay."

"Think it over, my men," said Mr. Griffith, more good-humoredly, for he had carried his point, "and you will see that I can't pay more than other manufacturers. I've no doubt your wives and children will earn something to help you along."

The three men departed with sad faces, looking as if life were a weary struggle, with little to cheer it.

Scarcely had they left the room when Katy Griffith entered.

Born when her father was comparatively late in life, she was his darling, and the light of his existence. It was for her that he wished to become very rich that he might make her a match for the highest, as he was wont to express it.

"They will overlook old John Griffith's pedigree," he said to himself, "if his daughter has a good hundred thousand pounds to her dowry."

Katy entered, a bright-eyed, attractive

girl of fifteen, of whom her father might well be proud.

"How are you, my darling?" said her father, smiling fondly upon her.

"I'm always well," she said lightly; "but papa, who were those poor men that I met on the stairs? Had you been scolding them?"

"What makes you ask, Katy?"

"Because they looked so sad and discouraged."

"Did they?" asked Mr. Griffith, with momentary compunction.

"Yes, papa! and I heard one of them sigh, as if he were tired of living."

"They were men from the mill, Katy."

"And what did they come for? Do you tell them about the work?"

"No, the overseer does that."

"Then what did they come for?"

"You are very curious, my darling."

"That isn't telling me, papa," said the young lady, persistently.

"Then, if you must know, it was to ask for higher wages."

"Of course you gave it."

"Of course I didn't. Why should I?"

"Because they need it. How much do they get now?"

"Three shillings a day."

"Only three shillings a day!" exclaimed Katy, "and have to support their families out of that?"

"Yes."

"O, papa, how can you pay them such mean wages?"

"I pay as high wages as other manufacturers," said her father.

"But they can't live on three shillings a day, poor men. How much more did they ask for?"

"Sixpence a day."

"Only sixpence a day, and you refused," said Katy, reproachfully.

"But consider, my dear, on all my workmen it would amount to more than two thousand pounds a year."

"And how much do you make in a year, papa?"

"This year," said Mr. Griffith, proudly, "I think I shall make nearly fifteen thousand pounds."

"You don't surely spend all that, papa?"

"Not more than four thousand."

"And the rest?"

"I lay up for my Katy."

"Then," said Katy, "as it is to be mine, pay the men a shilling more a day. There'll be enough left for me. I shouldn't enjoy money that was taken from so many poor people. Think, papa, how much good the extra shilling would do to your poor men, and how little difference it would make to me. I

shall be as rich as I want to be. Come, papa, you were once poor yourself. You should pity the poor."

At these words, Mr. Griffith recalled the difficult struggle he had early in life, and the selfishness of his present treatment of his poor operatives struck him forcibly. His own heart joined with his daughter.

"Are you in earnest, Katy, in what you say?" he asked.

"Surely, papa."

"If I do what you ask, it will make a considerable difference in your fortune."

"But I shall feel so happy when I think that the men are more comfortable. Won't you do it, papa?"

"Yes, Katy," said her father, "I will do as you say. Other manufacturers will think I have gone insane, but if I please my Kate I will not care."

"I love you better than ever now, papa, and the warm-hearted girl threw her arms around her father's neck.

A servant was sent to Hugh Roberts' cottage to bid him come to the great house. He was sitting in moody silence in his poor cabin, which was pervaded by a general air of want and discomfort. He did not understand the summons, but thought he might be going to receive his discharge in return for his bold request. Again he was ushered into the presence of his employer.

"I have been thinking of your request, my man," said Mr. Griffith in a kind tone, "and though I doubt whether any other manufacturer would grant it, I have made up my mind to do it."

"Bless you, sir!" said Hugh Roberts, his face lighting up. "Heaven will reward you. Then we shall have three shilling and sixpence hereafter?"

"You shall have four shillings."

"Four shillings! Are you really in earnest, sir?"

"Truly so. The overseer shall receive my instructions to-morrow."

The workman burst into tears, but they were tears of joy.

"The men will bless you," he said, smiling, and the words had a pleasant sound for Mr. Griffith. A hearty blessing is not to be despised.

It was found on experiment that the profits of the business were but little affected by the increased wages, for the men now worked with a hearty good will which enabled them to accomplish more work in a day, so that Katy's sacrifice will be less than was supposed. Every day she rejoices over the additional comforts secured by the extra shilling paid at her instigation.—Horatio Alger, Jr., in Yankee Blade.

An Eye for Business.

Doctor Ford—May I ask why this refusal?

Miss Millions—Certainly, doctor! You know my sister married a lawyer, so if I expect to get any of papa's money I must marry a lawyer also.—Munsey's Weekly.

TAKING SNAP-SHOTS.

An Interesting and Instructive Pastime.

Things That Have Tended to Bring the Art-Science of Amateur Photography Into Favor—When, Where and How It Originated.



CORES of people in Chicago are taking up amateur photography this summer, says the Times of that city. The pastime is by no means a new one, but it is growing rapidly, and each succeeding year brings with it a fresh lot of devotees, all destined in time to become as infatuated with the business as are the older users of the camera, any one of whom would as soon think of voluntarily giving up his good right hand as to calmly entertain a proposition to do away with his apparatus. The reasons for this are not far to seek. Viewed strictly as an amusement amateur photography is fascinating in the extreme. It is as healthful an exercise as one can possibly indulge in, and the very highest element in a social and business way give it their indorsement and support. These reasons sufficiently explain the popularity of this art-science.

The growth of amateur photography has been so gradual that no one can tell exactly when or where it began, or to what fortuitous circumstance it owes its origin. Like most of the pies which society has a hand in making, it is older in Europe than in America. Abroad the entrancing occupation is smiled upon by royalty, for the Duke of Edinburgh and the Prince of Wales are both presidents of amateur photographers' associations. In democratic America every important city now has its club. The oldest and largest organization is the New York Society of Amateur Photographers, about seven years of age, with an active membership of some two hundred. The New York Camera Club is a similar organization, but is slightly different in its personnel, being patronized almost exclusively by Mr. McAlister's "400." The Chicago Camera Club ranks second, having a membership of about one hundred and fifty; but what they lack in age and numbers they more than make up in enthusiasm and club appointments, the latter being in point of perfection far ahead of the facilities possessed by any similar organization in the country. Philadelphia, Boston, Cincinnati, St. Louis and New Orleans also have clubs to which they "point with pride."

In England amateur photography is being put to a novel but excellent use. The various camera clubs of the Kingdom are engaged in making photographic surveys of their districts. Succeeding generations, therefore, will be able to see what England looked like in the nineteenth century. The idea does not seem a bad one for adoption in America.

It was under the auspices of the Chicago Camera Club, it will be remembered, that a recent attractive entertainment was given at Central Music



RESULT OF ECONOMIZING ON PLATES.

Hall, by which the growth and interesting features of the city were photographically illustrated. Under the guidance of Secretary Fred K. Morrill a Times representative recently made a tour of the rooms constituting the club's headquarters, at 132 Wabash avenue, the walls of which are lined with high-grade work performed by members. Many of the pieces shown have taken prizes at various exhibitions.

"In many respects," said Mr. Morrill, "regular photographers can not equal amateurs, for the former rarely keep the vast amount of special apparatus owned by a first-class amateur club. That certain work is performed by amateurs does not in any sense imply crudity or lack of skill. We have here every thing necessary for the production of the very highest grade of portrait and scenic work. For obvious reasons nearly all members of the club prefer the scenic part of the business. The perpetuation of attractive incidents, scenes and surroundings is, in fact, the primary object of amateur photographers. Joining the Camera Club simply places the enthusiasts in rapport with each other and furnishes them far superior mechanical facilities for the accomplishment of their artistic desires than could possibly be enjoyed by them in the condition of isolated individuals.

"We have too, all the books and periodical publications on the subject of amateur photography, which are not inconsiderable in number. These, of course, are at the disposal of members and constitute an attractive feature.

"The number of Chicagoans interested in amateur photography? Well, I should say not far from 1,600. It is extremely popular, but not in any sense a 'fad.' That is, it is not one of the things taken up to-day and dropped to-morrow. It seems to chain one's interest, and the latter is constantly in-

creased in the ratio to one's advancement in the art-science."

G. A. Douglass, then whom no member of the Camera Club is more enthusiastic on the subject of amateur photography, is full of stories illustrating the advantages of a knowledge of the art. "Americans," he said, "are great travelers, and find a good deal of pleasure in bringing home with them mementoes of a trip which enable them at any time to recall the scenes vividly to mind. Nothing accomplishes this purpose quite as perfectly as a well-taken and carefully developed photograph. As an amusement and instructive diversion amateur photography ranks high. It has been steadily growing in public favor since about 1873, when the dry-plate process was introduced. This, by the way, was the invention of an amateur. Non-professionals, in fact, are credited with many other inventions of decided merit and value in connection with photography. I account for it on the theory that those who take it up as a diversion are of the highest class intellectually, and therefore quick to determine any needed improvement in a mechanical way.

"Physicians have indirectly done a great deal for amateur photography by sending convalescents out with a camera. This prescription is of course a scheme to make the patient take some necessary exercise, while the camera acts as a distractor in keeping his or her mind off the fact that they are taking medicine.

"It is not as expensive a luxury as many people suppose. One may indulge a fancy for photography to any desired extent. It is possible, of course, to spend a good deal of money in it, but by no means necessary in order to extract all the amusement, benefit and instruction from the business. An amateur may personally develop his work or not, as he pleases. He may either send it out, take advantage of the facilities offered by a membership in the Camera Club, or he may improvise a 'dark room' in his own house. Any private residence has a closet somewhere admirably suited to the purpose."

Many amusing incidents are told of amateurs, who have made some ludicrous mistakes. It is related that one enthusiastic Chicagoan recently went to Europe, and of course took his camera with him. After he had drawn a bead on some particularly interesting scenes he suddenly discovered that he made



THE POSE.

twenty-three exposures without pulling out the slide. It is quite needless to say that the wooden "negative" was never developed.

The amateurs again have a very embarrassing habit of misplacing their "stops," and after a hurried but fruitless search are forced to forego the pleasure of taking a shot at some interesting scene.

Another mistake often made results in the unconscious possession of a composite negative, which may include a little of every thing. These are always interesting, and sometimes funny. Likewise they are generally objectionable, usually includes a scene the artist was particularly anxious to reproduce.

As an adjunct to professional studies amateur photography is being gone into quite extensively. One medical student at a West-side college has several large albums filled with "cases" of all sorts and descriptions. Whenever he meets any thing in hospital life (or death) particularly gressome, he takes a shot at it. The instantaneous process has also been an important factor in the decision of many intricate law points, as the office performed by any mechanical device in action can be determined beyond question, provided it is in sight.

Not Built for It.

Cholly Litwain—Yaas, doncherknow I've got to, aw, take all the, aw, responsibility of owah club's reception on, aw, my shoulders, doncherknow.

Miss Prax (glancing at that portion of Cholly's part form)—Oh! indeed, Mr. Litwain; that can't be possible.—Light.

A SIGN OF DANGER.



Farmer Minnerbrook—Say, young man, that ain't no fishin' 'lowed in this 'ere stream.

Mr. Rodney Flycaster—Why, I didn't see any sign up!

Farmer Minnerbrook—Mebbe not; an' you're lucky, I 'm willin' to hold it by th' collar here until ya kin get over th' fence.—Fuck.

ON THE PIAZZA.

The Kind of Conversation in Which Unoccupied Females Delight.

It is at this season of the year that the female, who has nothing better to do, stretches herself out in a piazza chair, or in a hammock, swung from post to post, and engages in lofty and profitable conversation, like the following, with other unoccupied females, who are sure to gather around the one in the hammock or piazza chair:

"Isn't it lovely to get out of doors again?"

"Oh, lovely!"

"I think winter is dreadful, don't you?"

"I dread the cold; but then we have the balls and parties, and operas, you know."

"Oh, yes; I forgot that."

"Lovely weather, isn't it?"

"Lovely!"

"But don't you think it's rather warm?"

"Yes; I think so."

"I don't remember that it was so warm this time last year."

"No; I don't either."

"Isn't the grass green?"

"It's lovely."

"We had a cherry pie for dinner?"

"Did you?"

"Yes, indeed; and it was lovely."

"I'm so fond of cherries."

"So am I."

"What book have you there?"

"Her Own Heart."

"Oh; is it good?"

"Splendid! I have been reading it ever since I got up this morning. I'll loan it to you, if you like."

"Thanks. Have you read 'True Unto Death'? They say it's lovely."

"I must get it. Who was that, just now, went by?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Lovely dress."

"Beautiful."

"Did you notice her hat?"

"Yes. Lovely, wasn't it?"

"Lovely."

"Isn't the sky blue?"

"Beautiful."

"I wonder if we'll have a warm summer?"

"I don't know, I'm sure."

"Mrs. Blank went by this afternoon, with a stunning new bonnet on."

"What—another?"

"Yes, indeed."

"How she does dress. That's her third bonnet this year, to say nothing of two hats."

"And her husband working on a salary."

"I don't see how she can do it. I doubt if this last one is paid for."

"Oh, she boasts of how she can make a bill anywhere, because of Mr. Blank's good standing."

"Then, I'd try to keep it good."

"So would I, for—who, under the sun, is that coming up the street?"

"I don't know."

"Wonder where she's going? Horrid ugly dress."

"Horrid!"

"Ah, did you notice that the Grandalls had some carriage callers this afternoon?"

"Yes, and Mrs. Crandall came running over here ten minutes after they'd gone to have me ask about them, but I wouldn't do it."

"Then she told without being asked, didn't she?"

"Of course. Some very wealthy and intimate friends of theirs. I can't bear that woman's airs."

"Nor I. She'll brag about those callers for six months to come."

"Of course, and I—oh, did you know that the Grays had new carpets all over the house?"

"No. Have they?"

"Indeed they have."

"And Gray went into bankruptcy last year."

"I suppose that is the reason they have them."

"Oh, I dare say. I really thought better than that of Mrs. Gray."

"She always could have things nice."

"I know. How does your new girl do?"

"Fairly well; she makes lovely bread."

"Does she?"

"Yes."

"I think I'll have to change soon."

"Do you?"

And, having branched off on the servant girl question they find food enough to satisfy their intellectual craving for three hours to come.—Light.

Remembering the Press.

"Mr. Seeds," inquired the president of the Agricultural Fair, "has the editor of the Jayville Banner published the notices you have sent him from time to time about our next exhibition?"

"Yes, sir," answered the secretary.

"Did he print that column and a half about the improvements in the race track and the poultry pens?"

"He did, and called attention to it in a double-headed editorial."

"Then send him a complimentary ticket, not transferable, good for one person, and tell him to keep on whooping things up lively."—Chicago Tribune.

His Occupation Gone.

First Detective—You look blue this morning. What's the matter?

Second Detective—Did you read about a convict at Sing Sing confessing on his death-bed that he murdered a man in New York?

"Yes, I read all about it."

"Well that spoils a clew on which I have been working for a year and a half."—Texas Sittings.

And No Wonder.

"Here I've been sitting all morning trying to write some jokes," said Funniman, "and I can tell you I'm tired."

"How many jokes did you write?" inquired Parker.

"Not one; that's what makes me so tired."—Life.

No Argument Necessary.

Prisoner—I don't think there will be any need of your addressing the jury.

Lawyer—Why not?

Prisoner—My insanity will be instantly plain to them when they see that I have retained you to conduct my case.—Fuck.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Joshua Hood, one of the committee appointed to welcome General LaFayette during his visit to this country in 1824, died recently in Baltimore at the age of eighty-seven.

—The thickest octavo volume in the world known is the latest edition of Whitaker's "Reference Catalogue of English Literature." This book weighs twelve pounds, and is eleven inches in thickness.

—The late Prince Schwarzenberg, whose landed estates were so enormous as to be called the Schwarzenberg Empire, left a fortune of \$50,000,000, from which a sum of \$400 was bequeathed to the poor of Vienna. That was his sole charitable bequest.

—James Carlyle, brother of Thomas Carlyle, died recently in Scotland, at the age of eighty-five. He was ten years younger than Thomas, and is said to have resembled him greatly in appearance and manner.

—The Czar of Russia is now the largest landlord in the world. Three weeks ago he purchased one single tract larger than the State of Texas. He has also bought in the lands of the Hohenzollern family, which they had inherited, but were