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RUSSIA'S POLICE TRAPS.

The System That is Most Dreaded by the Secret Societies.

One of the favorite devices of the detective department of Russia is the police trap. It is a method known to all criminal investigation departments.

The plan as practiced in Russia is to enter the house of the suspected person at an early hour in the morning and remove him to the police headquarters.

The officers in charge of the trap have one inviolable order—to arrest and hold everybody who enters the house.

Stories abound of the efficiency and also of the absurdity of these police traps.

Of all the systems used by the Russian detective centers the police trap is the most dreaded by the secret orders.

In the pursuit of their distinct and independent objects individual men hold the same relation to the great purpose of God which the separate workmen upon a complex and magnificent structure do to the original design and ultimate effect of the whole.

A Chicago violinist who gives concerts was bitterly disappointed with the account of his recital printed in one paper.

Lelia said nothing, but looked fixedly at her plate. Harold gasped several times and then entered a protest against such a sudden decision.

It was the third act in a third class drama, and the wife was standing over the dead body of her murdered husband.

The show was broken by a natural voice from the gallery.

Lassa, its capital, is the mecca of the Buddhist world, and pious Buddhists gain much merit by making the pilgrimage.

Some years ago we remember meeting at the door of a second-hand bookshop an excited Irishman.

Lelia Randolph put her arms about her handsome brother's neck.

Making a Bridal Gown

There Was a Change Before It Was Finished.

By LITTELL M'CLUNG

When Mamie Wilson's aunt, the seamstress, passed away to happier realms, leaving Mamie and her ten-year-old sister well nigh penniless, everybody in Christiansburg was sympathetic.

Dry eyed, a sigh of distress buried deep in her heart, Mamie left the seminary six months before diploma day and took up the urgent task of supporting herself and keeping her sister at school.

Acting against the advice of her friends, she wasted no time in trying to find a place as teacher, stenographer or governess.

But she was doomed to disappointment. After the sympathetic stage had passed friends became politely critical.

In the town who took enough interest in the brave struggle of Mamie Wilson to express himself without restraint, Harold Randolph, the only son of the richest man in Christiansburg, had known and liked Mamie ever since they were boy and girl together.

"It's an outrage," he declared, "that every woman in this burg doesn't give Mamie something to do! Why, I bet she could make a Parisian gown if it came to it!"

The young man didn't take the query in a joking mood. "You can wager your precious life that I will whenever I see the chance!" he responded.

His opportunity did come, but in a way he least expected. A few mornings later his father announced at the breakfast table that his sister Lelia was going to marry the leading lawyer and politician of the place, who was on the eve of being nominated for congress.

Lelia said nothing, but looked fixedly at her plate. Harold gasped several times and then entered a protest against such a sudden decision.

"Why, I shall telegraph to New York for my dressmaker to come at once," she answered without showing much interest.

"Well, as one final favor you'll do nothing of the kind, sis," he supplicated. "Lelia, for the sake of family, don't go through the agony of having a New York tailor down here. Why not let Mamie Wilson make your costume?"

"Mamie Wilson!" exclaimed Lelia Randolph, a suspicious light in her eye. "The idea, Harold! You surely don't think Miss Wilson could fashion the kind of gown that I want?"

OUR FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS.

Head Tongs, Long Exposures and the Ordeal of Looking Pleasant.

An event was the taking of the first photographs in the olden days, when photography was still hampered by pitchforks and long exposures.

Two weeks later a filmy glory of silk and lace was evolving rapidly from under the deft fingers. The bride to be was delighted, and her brother was as happy as the prospective bridegroom.

He stopped frequently to inquire as to the progress of the gown. Each time he was met by smiling eyes that held genuine gratitude in their dark depths.

But all Mamie's bright hopes were doomed to sudden blight. One morning Christiansburg awoke to hear the startling news that Lelia Randolph had eloped with a penniless though talented young mining engineer who had been prospecting in the neighborhood.

"Cheer up, all of you!" he said to his frightened mother and sisters. "This fellow sis has chosen is all right. I'm glad, I can tell you, that she had the good sense to favor him over the other chap and the courage to take him! Lelia will bring him back in a few days, and father will deed them a house; you'll see! Dad will rear for awhile, but in the end he will give him a good job with a good salary attached, and everything will work out O. K. Don't you see it will?"

This optimism finally cleared the atmosphere of some of its gloom. When calm returned once more Harold got down to business. He made out a check payable to Miss Mamie Wilson for the full amount that was to be paid for his sister's wedding outfit. His mother signed it without a word.

Then the young man made a bee-line for the dressmaker's. Mamie answered his ring and smiled as she invited him in, but there was a suspicious mist in her eyes.

"Oh, I'm dreadfully sorry it's happened," she ventured sympathetically.

"Don't let it worry you, Mamie," replied Harold lightly. "It'll turn out all right. I came down to pay for the dress; here's mamma's check."

"Yes, there is one girl it will fit," said Harold slowly, "for she's just Lelia's size. I do hope she would like to wear it for me. Do you think she would?"

He was looking steadily into Mamie's eyes now, and his lips were compressed. She returned his gaze, and as she divined that he was earnest her heart beat joyously.

"I'm afraid she would, very much," she whispered weakly as she nestled in his arms.

"Madam, I am going to give you a lesson in astronomy. In 25,000,000 years all things must return to their original condition. We shall all be here again eating a dinner precisely identical. Will you give us credit until we come back?"

OUR FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS.

Head Tongs, Long Exposures and the Ordeal of Looking Pleasant.

At the last moment, after the operator has screwed the iron fork tight up behind the trembling head and has pushed the huge camera here and there, ducking in and out under the black cloth in a most awe inspiring manner, mother has slipped into range and given just one more pat to the starched skirts and one more tug at the big sleeves.

Then there came the awful command, "Look pleasant," which the victim did by a remarkable effort of will, usually attaining somewhat the expression which comes over the face of a strangling cat.

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