



As a preventive of fog when pyro-soda is being employed, and an excess of alkali has been necessitated to overcome under-exposure, the addition of soap to the developer has been recommended by a high authority. Of course, in the first place, the purity of the soap to be used must be ensured, and for this reason castile soap, which can always be obtained from a pharmaceutical chemist in satisfactory condition, may be named. From two to three grammes of the soap having been rubbed down in a mortar with water, the solution is made up to 150 cubic centimeters. This solution is used instead of water in compounding the developer. As an example of its use the following particulars may be given: In developing a half-plate, sufficient of the soap-water to cover the plate is poured into the dish, then add 10 drops of Nos. 1 and 2 or 3 drops of No. 2. The solutions referred to as No. 1 and No. 2 are as follows: No. 1.—Pyrogallie acid, 8 parts; alcohol, 50 parts; glycerine, 8 parts No. 2.—Water, 60 parts; sulphite of sodium, 12 parts; soda, 5 parts; glycerine, 10 parts.

Compared with bromide papers, platinotype is singularly free from those mysterious stains and marks which so often make their appearance upon the high lights, but yellow stains do occur occasionally, and are due either to the use of dirty developer—i. e., developer which has been used too often—to the employment of commercial muriatic acid in place of pure hydrochloric, or to the insufficient immersion of the print in the acid bath. To prevent staining with old developer, and yet not throw the oxalate solution away after it has been once used, have two bottles, one containing the fresh oxalate solution away after it has been once used, and the other empty, and put a funnel and filter in the neck of the empty bottle. Then, after each print is developed, the developer is poured through the filter into the new bottle, instead of mixing with and discoloring the clean solution. When bottle No. 1 is empty No. 2 will be full, when the process will be reversed, the filter removing each time the dirty green sediment.

Marks also occur in platinotype prints as a result of placing them to dry upon a dirty surface, the highly absorbent paper soaking up stains, such as ink or coloring matter. Only white blotting paper, perfectly clean, should, therefore, be used for this purpose. Marks due to dirty fingers, dust, etc., are best removed by clean India rubber, light friction being used. Black spots, due to pinholes in the negative, can be picked out with a needle, the minute hole being afterward smoothed over with India rubber.—Amateur Photographer.

THE SEASONS.

When comes spring?
When blithest the robins sing,
And the violet has her hour?
Not till the heart's in flower
Is it spring.

When comes June?
At the time of the thrush's tune,
Of all beauties below and above?
When reddens the rose of love,
Then comes June.

Autumn's when?
When grasses rasp in the fen,
And the face of the field is wan!
When joys are faded, gone,
Autumn's then.

Winter hoar,
Comes he with the storm-wind's roar
And all born Nature's ruth?
'Tis winter when love and youth
Are no more.
—Century.

A MATCH-MAKER.

"I'm convinced that matchmaking is not my forte," remarked young Mrs. Canby, as she and her caller talked over the events of the last summer.

"Why, did you try your hand at that dangerous occupation?"

"Well, I suppose every woman has the fever some time or other. My at-



HE SEEMED QUITE IMPRESSED.

tack came on in August, when Lucy Owings was visiting me at Seemore cottage. You know she is an orphan. I have thought for a long time that she ought to marry and have a home of her own, instead of living with her guardian and his cranky housekeeper. It occurred to me that she and that young Everett were just suited to each other. I concluded that if they could only be together for a time they would become engaged. So I sent him an invitation to come for a week or two to Seemore cottage.

"When I told Lucy that he was coming she seemed very much startled. She asked, at once, 'Why, how did you happen to invite him?'"

"She looked at me so searchingly that I feared she saw through my little plan and I was quite embarrassed. 'I couldn't tell whether she was

pleased or displeased at the idea of his coming. When they met their greeting was so stiff and formal that I began to think they disliked each other. But I reflected that if they did it would be all the more credit to me if I made them see each other's good qualities.

"The first evening young Everett was there he and I sat on the porch after Lucy and the children had gone upstairs. I took the opportunity to tell him my opinion of Lucy. Of course, I had sense enough not to bore him by gushing over her charms. I just remarked in an off-hand way that I thought it remarkable that a girl who had received so much attention should not be spoiled. I said, too, that any man who wanted her would have to look sharp, for she had too many admirers to be easily won. He seemed quite impressed and said that he had always understood her to be a very popular girl.

"I was afraid that I had said too much, so I added that I was sure the right man needn't despair of getting her. He glanced at me keenly, and I felt that I had already awakened his interest in her by my judicious remark.

"Well, without making it too marked, I tried to leave them alone together as much as possible. I gave them the use of the boat and pony trap, and warned the children not to follow them about. But they didn't appear to get on well together, and I began to think they would never come to an understanding. They treated each other with a formality that was almost coldness. Any effort on my part to put them on easier terms seemed to send them both into a panic. I began to believe that there was a strong antipathy between them, and I regretted that I had ever thought of having them at the cottage together.

"While in this state of mind I went out to our little summer house one evening with a lantern to look for a book I had left there. To my unbounded surprise I found it occupied by Lucy and young Everett. Lucy had gone to her room early in the evening and young Everett was, I supposed, smoking on the side porch. They sprang away from each other, and looking very guilty and embarrassed, got into the farthest opposite corners of the tiny house.

"I tried to appear unaware of anything unusual, but Lucy began to cry and young Everett looked so uncomfortable that I asked rather brusquely, perhaps, 'What's the matter with you two innocents?'"

"We are mar—married, and we didn't want anyone to know it," sobbed Lucy.

"'Married!' I cried.

"'Yes, married,' said young Everett, coming out of his corner. 'There is no reason why every one shouldn't know it. We were married in Michigan the week before Lucy came up here, but she didn't want it known until the match had her guardian's approval.

You know he went to Europe and left her with that fussy old housekeeper. Do you wonder that I made her marry me?"

"'You've been so good to us,' said Lucy. 'I was almost sure you had guessed our secret. If you had only known it, what a lovely time we could have had!' she sighed.

"'Weren't you indignant?' asked the caller. 'What did you do?'"

"I just asked them to stay another week and have a real honeymoon. While they were there a kind message came from Lucy's guardian, and so we had the marriage announced in the newspapers. I think they'll be happy ever after, but I can't flatter myself that I made the match."—Chicago News.

"MANY HAPPY RETURNS."

The Formal Dinner Party Was in Honor of a Birthday.

Judge Edgell hurried into his house as usual at half-past six, threw off his coat, washed his hands and hastened into the dining room. At the threshold he recoiled in surprise. A blaze of light dazzled him. The best silver and glass were laid out. Candles burned at the four corners of the table. Cut flowers filled the room with a fragrance that extinguished the usual smell of cooked food.

At the table his wife bloomed like a young girl. Her best gown of white voile trimmed with lace—her mother's wedding lace—showed her fine throat and arms. His little daughter sat with the self-conscious smile of party correctness, wearing blue ribbons on her "pig-tails," and his son beamed behind a great deal of glistening shirt-front. His older daughter was busy giving a last touch to the sideboard. She was the most serious of all in her grave officiousness.

"Goodness! Well! What! Who's coming? Have I forgotten a dinner engagement? The Bryces aren't coming till next week."

"The week after next," corrected his daughter, soberly.

"Then who? What? My, what a handsome spread!"

"Daddy," observed the youth in the white shirt, "I thought judges never got surprised at anything, and here you are like a minister at a slipper party."

"My son," said Mrs. Edgell, "you are not quite old enough to make comments of that sort on your parents. Charles," she said, turning to her husband with a cool but gentle smile, "you need not dress; there is not time. This is rather a special event, but I will not explain until dessert. Sit down, dear, and enjoy it with us."

Judge Edgell's training as a lawyer taught him not to ask futile questions of his wife. He sat down, ate one good thing after another, admired his wife, talked with his son about football and school, and came completely out of the abstraction into which the lingering memory of cases in court sometimes plunged him during meals.

When angel cake and colored ice creams came in, the handsome lady across the table smiled and said:

"Charles, Don Carlos"—it was the name she had used playfully in their youthful courtship, and threw him back twenty-five years—"Don Carlos, this is a birthday celebration."

"Oh, it isn't mine, mama," came from the little girl. "I had two last winter."

"No, my dear, it is mama's."

"Mama's!" cried Judge Edgell. Then, as his son would have said, he "tumbled." Everybody, he certainly, had forgotten the dear lady's birthday. The self-contained if not venerable justice left his seat, strode round to his wife and kissed her heartily. The woman glowed. The elder daughter brushed away a tear. Seeing the tear, the small daughter began to cry. Mr. Edgell looked distressed, and his more manly son pooh-poohed at the fuss. "That's a nice way to end a good dinner!"

"My boy," quoth the father, "it is a good way to end a dinner which has in it a little repentance, and it is a good way to begin now for other dinners, about one a year. No, we won't wait a year. This one does not count. To-morrow night we'll have a real birthday celebration for mother, and she shall not have to superintend it. We'll have a caterer to do the job. It is a poor stick of a husband who makes his wife get up her own birthday celebration."—Youth's Companion.

The Table of Precedence.

A clever old lady who went much into society in the days when conversation was of more importance than a dinner than the cooking asked a niece on her return from a recent function if it had been enjoyable.

"Very," replied the niece. "The menu was great!"

"My dear," said the old lady, severely, "it isn't the menu that makes a good dinner. It is the men you sit next to."

A Good Memory.

Lenditt—You borrowed \$10 of me last month and promised to pay in two days. You must have a bad memory. Spenditt—Fierce! I remember it perfectly!—Puck.

SORES THAT DO NOT HEAL

Whenever a sore or ulcer does not heal, no matter on what part of the body it may be, it is because of a poisoned condition of the blood. This poison may be the remains of some constitutional trouble; the effect of a long spell of sickness, which has left this vital stream polluted and weak, or because the natural refuse matter of the body, which should pass off through the channels of nature, has been left in the system and absorbed into the circulation. It does not matter how the poison became entrenched in the blood, the fact that the sore is there and does not heal is evidence of a deep, underlying cause. There is nothing that causes more discomfort, worry and anxiety than a festering, discharging old sore that resists treatment. The very sight of it is abhorrent and suggests pollution and disease; besides the time and attention required to keep it clean and free from other infection. As it lingers, slowly eating deeper into the surrounding flesh, the sufferer grows morbidly anxious, fearing it may be cancerous. Some of those afflicted with an old sore or ulcer know how useless it is to expect a cure from salves, powders, lotions and other external treatment. Through the use of these they have seen the place begin to heal and scab over, and were congratulating themselves that they would soon be rid of the detestable thing, when a fresh supply of poison from the blood would cause the inflammation and old discharge to return and the sore would be as bad or worse than before. Sores that do not heal are not due to outside causes; if they were, external treatment would cure them. They are kept open because the blood is steeped in poison, which finds an outlet through these places. While young people, and even children, sometimes suffer with non-healing sores, those most usually afflicted are persons past middle life. Often, with them, a wart or mole on the face inflames and begins to ulcerate from a little rough handling; or a deep, offensive ulcer develops from a slight cut or bruise. Their vital energies and powers of resistance have grown less, and circulation weaker, and perhaps some taint in the blood, which was held in check by their stronger constitutions of early life, shows itself. It is well to be suspicious of any sore that does not heal readily, because the same germ that produces Cancer is back of every old sore and only needs to be left in the circulation to produce this fatal disease. There is only one way to cure these old sores and ulcers, and that is to get every particle of the poison out of the blood. For this purpose nothing equals S. S. S. It goes down to the very bottom of the trouble, cleanses the blood and makes a permanent cure. S. S. S. enriches and freshens the circulation so that it carries new, strong blood to the diseased parts and allows the place to heal naturally. When this is done the discharge ceases, the sore scabs over and fills in with healthy flesh, and the skin regains its natural color. Book on Sores and ulcers and any medical advice desired will be furnished without charge.

I have had a crippled foot all my life, which compelled me to use a brace. By some unaccountable means this brace caused a bad Ulcer on my leg, about six years ago. I had good medical attention, but the Ulcer got worse. I was induced to try S. S. S., and am glad to say it cured me entirely, and I am convinced that it saved my leg for me. I have, therefore, great faith in S. S. S. and gladly recommend it to all needing a reliable blood medicine.
Bristol, Va.—Tenn. W. J. CATE.

S.S.S.

PURELY VEGETABLE.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Lawyers.

I have seen something of legal practice on both sides of the Atlantic, and my opinion is that our profession would gain immensely by combining the two branches pretty much as they are combined in the United States and Canada, says a writer in the London Saturday Review. It is obvious that the solicitors would profit by such an agreement. They would have the right of audience in all courts and the opportunity to qualify themselves for promotion to the bench.

In America the young lawyer goes into an office, where he makes his merit known by steady attention to business. There will always be two kinds of lawyers—those who stay in their offices, dealing directly with clients and attending to matters of routine, and those who advise on points of law and argue cases in court. These two orders of men are clearly distinguished in America, but they work together as partners to the great advantage of the client.

Never Smiled Again.

"How do you manage to write all those funny things?" asked the inquisitive female of the jokesmith.

"With a typewriter, madam," answered the so-much-per-yard grin producer.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the l. f. "Don't you know, I imagined you used some sort of copying apparatus."

Infrequent Occasions.

"You must try to love your papa as much as he loves you," said the visitor.

"Oh, I love him more," replied Tommy.

"Indeed? Doesn't your papa love you very much?"

"Not much. He says he only loves me when I'm good."—Philadelphia Press.

Mystery of the Pug Dog.

It's awfully hard to understand how pug dogs can like the sort of people that like them.—Cleveland Leader.

Help! Help! I'm Falling

Thus cried the hair. And a kind neighbor came to the rescue with a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor. The hair was saved! In gratitude, it grew long and heavy, and with all the deep, rich color of early life. Sold in all parts of the world for sixty years.

"About one year ago I lost nearly all of my hair following an attack of measles. I was advised by a friend to use Ayer's Hair Vigor. I did so, and as a result I now have a beautiful head of hair."—Mrs. W. J. BROWN, Menomonee Falls, Wis.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of
Ayer's SASSAPARILLA PILLS. CHERRY PECTORAL.

A NOVEL ADVERTISEMENT.

It Appeared in a Recent Issue of a London Newspaper.

A HOPELESSLY INCOMPETENT FOOL, with no qualifications, social or intellectual, totally devoid of knowledge on any conceivable subject, thoroughly indolent and untrustworthy, is desirous of obtaining a remunerative post in any capacity. Address: L. F. 3, MacLise road, West Kensington.

The sublime candor of the above advertisement which appeared in a recent issue of the London Times has caused some amusement and attracted a great deal of attention among business men, says the London Express.

Many declared that "L. F." was a practical joker; others that he had a definite object in view when he made himself out to be a fool.

That this latter solution was the correct one an Express representative learned yesterday from "L. F." himself. His object, he said, was to attract the attention of employers by going out of the beaten track.

"L. F.," who is about 27 years old, is rather more alert and intelligent than the average man with an ordinary public school education, and his face is a particularly honest one.

"I thought if I said exactly the opposite to what most people in search of a billet insert in the newspapers," he said, "I might stand a good chance of hearing from employers tired of superlative virtues, and I have not been disappointed.

"I have this morning received two genuine offers and appointments for interviews from the heads of good firms and a large number of letters and post cards from practical jokers. It was inevitable, of course, that three or four of the writers should have advised me to apply at once to the war office, 'where I would be sure of a billet.'"

"I have been schoolmastering seven years, and although I have a small billet now, I wish to better myself."

Not Built For Two.

When Michael Burke joined his brother James in this country, the money he brought over, added to fame's savings, enabled them to go into the ice business. In course of time their custom increased, and it became necessary for them to have an office. In this James soon installed a nice roll-top desk.

"The one desk will do for the two of us," he explained, the day it was set up. "And here are two keys; one for you, Micky, and one for me."

Michael accepted the key, but seemed to be studying the desk.

"That's all right," he said. "But where is my keyhole?"

Art Note.

Mrs. Syllie—My husband takes a deep interest in art.

Mrs. Older—You surprise me.

Mrs. Syllie—Well, it was a surprise to me. But I heard him telling Jack Rownder last night that it was a good thing to study your hand before you draw.—Cleveland Leader.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION