

THE LAND OF POPPIES.

Where, blue and silver in the sun, The broad Pacific swells, And, king among the forest trees, The giant redwood dwells; And frosty winter never smiles, The smiling earth with bloom, In all their gay and glowing pride The languid poppies bloom.

The hills are rich with yellow ore, And in the creek below The luscious fruits and fragrant flowers Of every climate grow; And by the ruined mission's walls And from the wayside sod And all along the garden walks The drowsy poppies nod.

Bright, crumpled blossom, silken pink, Pure white and crimson deep, And vivid scarlet, everywhere They tell a tale of sleep, When purple shadows long and cool Among the vineyards lie, And apples ripen into gold Beneath a turquoise sky.

While Louisiana on her shield The sweet magnolia shows, And Maine displays the brown pine cone, New York the queenly rose, And Delaware prefers the peach To garland her renown, The Golden State elects to wear A regal poppy crown. —Leslie's Weekly.

A Daughter's Gift

YOU know, pa wouldn't consent to Del's marriage with Jim, wouldn't allow the wedding at the house or allow either Del or Jim to come here afterward. This was because Jim had been wild and hadn't settled down. It was hard on us all, for Del was my only child; she had always been her father's pet, and his treatment almost broke her heart. The years went by, and pa, instead of softening, appeared to harden, though Jim made Del a splendid husband and grew rich. They had one child, a boy, the prettiest little chap you ever saw. One day an artist saw him in his bath and was so struck with his slender little form that he asked leave to copy him into a picture he was painting. The picture was a success and brought the artist a fine reputation, all on account, everybody said, of the little figure in the corner. One day Del said to me, "Ma, I'm going to seek a husband. You are to let us in. We'll place it right where he comes into the breakfast room." I didn't believe it would do any good, but I told Del I would help her in any way I could, so it was all arranged that they should bring their gift the next Sunday morning. On that day we breakfast at 9 o'clock and pa does not have to go down to business. When Sunday came, the sun was shining bright and beautiful, the birds were singing in the yard, and there was a delicious freshness in the air. I was thankful, thinking that if anything could put pa in a good humor it would be this beautiful morning. A little before 9 Jim and Del drove up to the side gate, which was hidden from the house by trees, though that wasn't necessary, for pa was shut up in his shaving room, where he couldn't see anything, and Jim carried an oblong box about three feet in length up to the side entrance. I let them in, and they went to the dining room, while I went upstairs to keep an eye on pa. He had finished shaving and was sitting by the front window, looking out, but instead of being happy, the bright morning seemed to make him all the more melancholy. "What a pleasant day," I said, "for a family party to go for a drive in the country?" "There's no family party except you and me," he said. I knew that he was pining for Del, but I didn't say anything more for fear of making him ugly. I saw by the clock that it was five minutes to 9, and I went to the banister and coughed to give Jim and Del warning. He got up with a sigh, and we went downstairs together. We both stood mute, looking at what we saw in the bay window at the end of the dining room. The marble bust that always stood on the pedestal had been removed, and in its stead was the statue of a little boy about 5 years old. It was of white marble, that is, so far as we could judge—and held out a pair of little arms to us. "Great guns!" pa exclaimed. "Little darling!" said I. "What a pity it isn't alive!" "How do, grandpa?" cried the statue, and, tearing off its white face, it displayed the rosy features of Del's little Jim. Jumping off the pedestal, all in his white tights he ran up to his grandpa, who bent down and took him in his arms. I never saw pa so overcome in my life. He hugged the boy so tight that I thought he would crush him. Then Del came from the pantry and put her arms around them both. Del was laughing and crying, and pa was trying to keep from doing both. Then he put little Jim down, and without noticing that his clothes were covered with the white powder that had made the boy's tights look like marble he folded Del in his arms. Jim—big Jim, I mean—seeing through a crack in the pantry door that the plan had been a success, came into the room, and pa put out his hand. That was the happiest breakfast party any of us ever sat down to. I had taken pains to have a nice breakfast, though I didn't believe Del's present to her father would break through his crustiness, but hoped it would and we would all take our Sunday morning



Do not print in strong sunlight except when using very dense negatives. Do not handle your paper any more than necessary, and do not wash gelatine prints all night, as it spoils them.

Should you ever be unfortunate enough to break a focusing screen, a fairly good substitute may be made by cleaning the gelatine from an old negative and substituting tissue paper. This is much preferable to using a fogged plate.

Yellow beeswax, the common everyday product, is a fine thing to have in the dark room. Before starting developing rub a piece around the edge of the plate. It will do much to keep the film clear and unbroken in the solutions. Two drachms of the wax in an ounce of alcohol or benzole also makes an excellent washing solution for prints, and corks dipped in it will not stick in bottles.

If you would like to possess a pedestal for portrait work and not care to go to the expense of buying one ready made, procure two soap boxes from your grocer and some marbled paper to cover them. Joint the ends of the boxes together and then paste

meal together. After the breakfast we sat in the library and talked while pa and Jim smoked. "Ma," said pa to me, "didn't you say something about a family party going for a drive? I reckon we'll have out the horses." Pa and Jim went out to the stable while Del and I got up a lunch. Then we started for the country. There was room for Jim and Del on the back seat, while pa had little Jim with him in front. Jimmie hadn't ever ridden behind horses before and was wild with delight, talking to his grandpa and begging him to let him drive till pa consented. Who got up the statue? Why, the artist who used little Jim for a model. After the reputation and money he made out of his picture he couldn't do enough for Jim and Del and exercised all his skill on the boy's makeup and in posing him.—Indianapolis Sun.

FAMOUS NICKNAMES.

Those of Many Prominent Individuals It is fairly well known that King Edward has, since the death of Queen Victoria, been dubbed "the Master" by his own particular set or circle of friends. The name, too, is happily apropos. The Duke of Cambridge is called "George the Ranger," the joke, of course, being applied in connection with his connection with the royal parks. The Princess Charles of Denmark is called "Harry" by her family, and the Duke of Teck is always spoken of as "Dolly." His wife, who was the Lady Margaret Grosvenor, is sometimes termed "Peggy." Names of this description are particularly plentiful among the proud people of the house of Grosvenor. The present head, the young Duke of Westminster, is called "Bend Or," because at the time he was a pretty babe in a luxurious cradle his grandfather's horse, Bend Or, was the talk of every town, for did not the colt win the Derby, and did not some one object to the prize going to Eaton Hall because, as it was alleged, Bend Or was Tadcaster, and, as a foal, had been unsuspectingly changed in his box with the other horse named? The name, applied to the baby boy in 1880, has stuck ever since. The realm of sport are naturally hotbeds for nicknames. If one took down a list of the members of the Jockey Club one could occupy a pleasant day brooding over the why and wherefore of pet names bestowed on the distinguished sportsmen. The Duke of Port-

LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.

A philanthropic lady visited an asylum and displayed great interest in the inmates. One old man particularly gained her compassion. "And how long have you been here, my man?" she inquired. "Twelve years," was the answer. "Do they treat you well?" "Yes." "Do they feed you well?" "Yes." After addressing a few more questions to him the visitor passed on. She noticed a broad and broadening smile on the face of her attendant, and on asking the cause heard with consternation that the old man was none other than the superintendent.

She hurried back to make apologies. How successful she was may be gathered from these words: "I am very sorry. I will never be governed by appearances again."—Brooklyn Life.

Entirely Gone.



One cause, and it is an important one, of plates frilling in warm weather is the difference in temperature between the developing and fixing baths. If ice is used in the first it should be in the latter. If the developer is rather warm and the hypo bath cool, a plate will frill where it would not if the hypo was of the same temperature as the developer. Hypo, when a fresh bath is made, is very cooling. This is easily verified. When the fixing bath to be used has just been made, be sure the developer is cooled with ice to correspond.

land is called "Jumbo," an appellation that may be complimentary or the reverse. Prince Soltykoff is called "Solty" by his Newmarket intimates; Prince Dhuleep Singh, "Tulip," Lord Cholmondeley, "Rock," and the northern owner of race horses and colliers, Lord Londonderry, as "C." This name was given to his lordship when he was Lord Castlerough; while the Cheshire lord was called "Rock" because of his earlier title, Rocksavage. Of other well-known sports, Lord Coventry is popularly dubbed "Covey," Lord Lurgan "Billy," the hard-riding Lord Cowley as "Toby," and Captain Macbell as "El Capitan." That lucky sportsman, Alfred de Rothschild, will always pass as "Mr. A." Lord Buchan, who is a well-dressed, dapper man, is called "P. A.," no reference being made to the Press Association, but to the description once passed about him that he was the "Pocket Adonis."

The Duke of Athol was once termed "All Scotland," and the name has been associated with his lordship ever since. The young Duke of Manchester is called "King," the Duke of Newcastle goes by the nickname of "Linnie," derived, again, from this noble earl's other title. Lord Spencer passes as the "red earl" on account of his color; Lord Warwick will answer to "Brookie," and Lord Yarmouth to "The Bloater," although in his case this name was bestowed upon his father in the latter's soldierly days. Lord Roberts, as everybody knows, is called "Bobs," but it would not be safe to call the great little man that name to his face.—Golden Penny.

"A Bird" of an Opportunity. The great Beecher said that "opportunity is a bird which flies but once to the window of your chamber to lure you with its sweet song. If you fail to stretch out your hand to take it, it flies away and returns no more forever." When the eloquent Brooklyn preacher said this he did not have advertising in mind. Here the bird of opportunity comes every day, and wise is the man who takes it and cherishes it.—Printer's Ink.

A Hint. "Ef politics, lak Satan, is a roarin' lion," said the colored campaigner, "I wish tew dew Lawd he'd roar loud in de place whar I could find ten dollars!"—Atlanta Constitution.

The mother with her arms full of babies has as much right as a bride with American beauties.

Rev. Mr. Pry—What does your father do for a living, Miss Gilhooley? Miss Gilhooley (proudly)—He's the Wild Man of Borneo at the Museum this week; next week he'll be the Missing Link.

The Limit. "You say Smith's credit is bad?" asked the drummer of the village hotel proprietor. "Bad?" echoed the v. h. p. "Why, he can't even borrow trouble."

Entirely an Impersonation. "He tells me his wife wants to appear as a character impersonator." "Does he think she would succeed?" "Oh, yes. You see, he judges by her ability to impersonate an amiable and loving wife in public."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Circumstances Alter Cases. Old Lawyer—I cannot take your case. Circumstantial evidence is so strong against you it would be impossible to prove your innocence. Prospective Client—But, sir, I am not innocent. I am guilty. Old Lawyer—Oh, that's quite another matter. I think I can clear you.

Not Ashamed of It. "Hi! Why, your father was a common laborer." "Nothing of the sort. He always did his work uncommonly well."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

He Surprised Her. Kidder—Skinner played a mean trick on his wife. He told her if she learned how to cook he'd give her a surprise. Slimkins—Did she learn to cook? Kidder—Yes; and then he surprised her by discharging the cook.

As Suggested.

"I hope you will be careful to close the front door securely after you come in at night," said the landlady to a careless roomer who had the midnight habit. "What's up now?" queried the roomer. "Burglars are in the neighborhood," replied the landlady. "Last night they got in the adjoining house and cleaned out every room."

"Well, if that's the case," replied the careless one, "I would suggest that you fire the chambermaid and leave the front door open every night."

Wisdom of the M. D. Anxious Wife—What do you think of my husband's case? Is it serious? Physician—Oh, he'll pull through all right. What he needs is rest, so I have prescribed an opiate.

Anxious Wife—How often shall I give it to him? Physician—Don't give it to him at all; take it yourself.

Right in Line. Diggs—What is young Softer doing now? Biggs—Running a soda fountain. He has made a failure of everything else he ever tried. Diggs—And at the soda fountain he is bound to make a fizzle.

One Thing Lacking. Maude—Which would you rather be—rich or handsome? Clara—Well, I'd like to be rich also.

His Excuse. "John Henry" snapped the little woman as she held the flickering lamp in the doorway, "explain the odor of cloves on your breath?" "Had to eat a few so I could tell a story at the club," said Mr. Bender. "Indeed! What did cloves have to do with it?" "Why, it had to be a spicy story, Martha."

Visible Proof. Diggs—Smith's wife is deaf and dumb. Biggs—Does she talk with her fingers? Diggs—I guess so. Smith hasn't a dozen hairs left in his head.

Void. "I say, Broadbent, did you hear the story of my coal-bin?" "Think not. Is it a good story?" "No; there is nothing in it."

During the Spat. Husband—Well, anyway, I'll not have the pleasure of wrangling with you in heaven. Wife—Oh, I don't know. You may repent before it is too late.

Close Game. Edmund—You and Helen seem to prefer billiards to ping-pong. Harry—Yes; every time the balls kiss we follow the example.

Poor Henpeck. "Henpeck says his house is never cold in the winter." "His wife makes it hot for him."

A Scarce Article. "What is that document that Gilder-sleeve is displaying so proudly?" "A receipted bill."

His View of It. "You are not calling on the Colonel's daughter now, I understand," said Hunker to Spatts. "No." "Did she dismiss you?" "Oh, no. I received an honorable discharge."

Unequal Division. "We all have burdens to bear in this world of sorrow," said the easy-going philosopher. "But some of us have a double load," remarked the father of twins that were troubled with insomnia.

Sure to Exhibit. Rodrick—No, women would never make good soldiers. They would show their heels on the battlefield. Van Albert—Yes, if they happened to wear that fancy French kind.

What Did He Mean? Patient (after giving the doctor three dollars and receiving a prescription)—But suppose, doctor, this doesn't cure me? Doctor—In that case, come back and I'll relieve you again.

'T would Be a Relief. "Maud's vocal teacher says she carries her chest tones too far up." "Well, she don't. If I had my way she'd carry 'em up in the attic and do her practice," instead of lettin' 'em down here 'n the parlor."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

IN THE STATE OF GWALIOR.

Brilliant and Just Prince Who Rules Over It Is Modern Solomon. If ever a prince combined great political power with great historical associations, a striking individuality with personal charm, it is the Maharajah Scindhia of Gwalior. The popular conception of an eastern potentate is that of an autocrat, stern and relentless in his wrath, magnificent and whimsical in his fits of generosity.

But no eastern prince so little fulfills that conception as Maharajah Scindhia. Versatile in his accomplishments as a prince, many-sided in nature's gifts to him as a man, consistent and arduous in his earnest desire to seek the welfare of his people, he combines in himself the two ideals of a ruler, the eastern and the western. And, withal, such is the gracious and tender disposition of his heart that even if he were not a prince, he would yet be great and noble as a man.

In Gwalior he has erected a magnificent hospital at his own expense, in which some 80,000 patients are treated annually, and so keen is the interest taken by his highness in its work that, notwithstanding his numerous other labors, he has yet found time to go through the regular course of a medical student.

Once in the course of his frequent rounds through the hospital, he heard that a coolie had fallen from a scaffold outside and broken his arm. Instead of summoning the house surgeon, his highness went out himself and set the limb and bound up the wound with the utmost care and tenderness.

His last public act in this connection is still fresh in English memory. Touched by the possibility of great suffering in an arduous campaign, he fitted out at his own expense a splendid hospital for the use of British troops in the recent China expedition.

Another conception of an eastern ruler is that of supreme justice, sitting upon his throne like Solomon, and giving daily justice. In this Maharajah Scindhia fulfills the eastern ideal, except that by a marvelous combination of his justice also partakes of all that is best in western jurisprudence, for he is a diligent student of Austin and Bentham.

All these, says the London Express, though he be absolute monarch in a state as large as Scotland and Wales combined alike in extent and population, the kingdom of Gwalior is not unlike Scotland in its topography.

CAUGHT BULLET IN TEETH.

This Was No Juggler's Trick That Little Maine Girl Accomplished. The State of Maine has presented a juvenile wonder of the world, whose performance is likely to down the luster which surrounds that of William Tell and his brave little son.

Rosa J. Starratt, a black-eyed daughter of Bath, has been literally shot into fame by catching a bullet in her teeth that was fired at her from a distance of less than two feet out of a 32-caliber revolver.

But it all happened and Rosa is alive to tell it, though it is an uncomfortably thrilling story to hear. Rosa is 13 years old, and she assists her mother at light housekeeping when she is not at school.

The Starratts had two boarders, who moved to another part of the town recently. Rosa and her 11-year-old brother, Royal, went into the room a few days ago and the boy noticed a revolver on the bureau.

Rosa picked up the weapon, saw that it was loaded, and replaced it, but the little brother took it and moved to the window to examine it. As they stood, scarcely two feet apart, the boy pulled the trigger and the self-acting revolver was discharged.

The bullet entered the right side of the girl's mouth, cutting a furrow nearly an inch in length along the top of the lower lip and struck the eye tooth in the jaw.

The tooth was splintered into the pieces, while the next tooth was removed as smoothly and artistically as it could have been pulled by the highest priced dentist.

Two more teeth were knocked from the jaw, but not completely severed, and there the bullet stopped. For an instant neither child realized what had happened, and then, with a cry, the girl ran downstairs.

As she flew along she wrapped her face, which from the blaze of the powder, seemed to her to be on fire, in the big apron she wore, and reached her mother, apparently dangerously wounded and completely disfigured for life.

A scar where the bullet entered her lip and the vacancy caused by the loss of the four teeth will remain as permanent reminders of an accident which could not be repeated without fatal results once in a million times. The bullet is flattened to a ragged piece of metal, showing clearly the marks of the broken teeth.

But for the remarkable fact that it struck the jaw exactly in line with the row of teeth, says the Philadelphia Press, and proceeded along that line so accurately that it struck each succeeding tooth squarely, and so did not swerve to either side, it must have made a terrible wound.

OLD FAVORITES

Past and Present. I remember, I remember The house where I was born, The little window where the sun Came peeping in at morn; He never came a wick too soon Nor brought too long a day; But now, I often wish the night Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember Where I was used to swing, And thought the air must rush as fresh To swallows on the wing; My spider flew in feathers then That is so heavy now, And summer pools could hardly cool The fever on my brow.

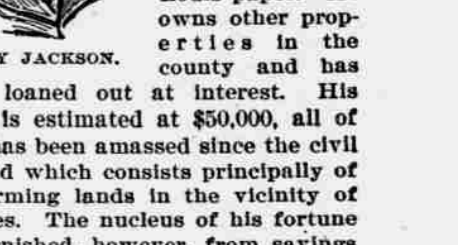
I remember, I remember The firs trees dark and high; I used to think their slender tops Were close against the sky; It was a childish ignorance, But now 'tis little joy To know I'm farther off from heaven Than when I was a boy. —Thomas Hood.

The Harp that Once Thro' Tara's Halls The harp that once thro' Tara's halls The soul of music shed, Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls As if that soul were fled, So sleeps the pride of former days, So glory's thrill is o'er, And hearts that once beat high for praise Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright The harp of Tara awails; The chord alone that breaks at night In tale of ruin tells, Thus freedom now no seldom wakes, The only throbs she gives, Is when some heart indignantly breaks, To show that still she lives. —Thomas Moore.

THRIFTY NEGRO FARMER.

Henry Jackson, a colored man of exceptional character, and the wealthiest member of his race in St. Louis County, has increased his real holdings recently to nearly 400 acres, by the purchase of a tract of land near Creve Coeur Lake, says a St. Louis paper. He owns other properties in the county and has money loaned out at interest. His wealth is estimated at \$50,000, all of which has been amassed since the civil war, and which consists principally of rich farming lands in the vicinity of the lakes. The nucleus of his fortune was furnished, however, from savings accumulated during bondage.



Before the war Jackson was the slave of Richard H. Stevens, owner of a plantation of 800 acres near Creve Coeur Lake. He was made foreman of the farm in 1862. As such he had supervision over about twenty-five men and women, and often had charge of as many as fifteen or twenty teams in hauling products of the farm to St. Louis to market. He was then a young man and was married to a woman belonging to John H. Stevens, who lived six miles away. After the war broke out, Jackson went to Ohio, but while there wrote to his former master, Mr. Stevens, saying that his absence was necessary and that he would soon return.

Coming back after the war Jackson continued to work for Mr. Stevens during the day, and at night, by moonlight, he used to cut corn for the farmers in the neighborhood until midnight. In this way he saved considerable money. He now owns one tract of 100 acres and another of 170, besides the sixty acres which he has recently acquired.

One of his sons is a practicing physician in St. Louis; another is a professor in Lincoln Institute at Jefferson City, and still another is with him on the farm. Jackson was married a second time eight years ago to a Miss Belger, sister of Emanuel Belger, of Clayton. He is now 63 years old.

For Night Readers. Speaking of new things, there is a French bedstead which provides for the individual who reads after going to bed or during waking hours in the night. There are single iron beds, and in the top of the rather high head is set an electric light. A reading desk is attached to a bar, which crosses the head of the bedstead and can be raised above it when not in use and lowered when required. There are disadvantages to this light, which must shine in the eyes as well as on the book or paper.

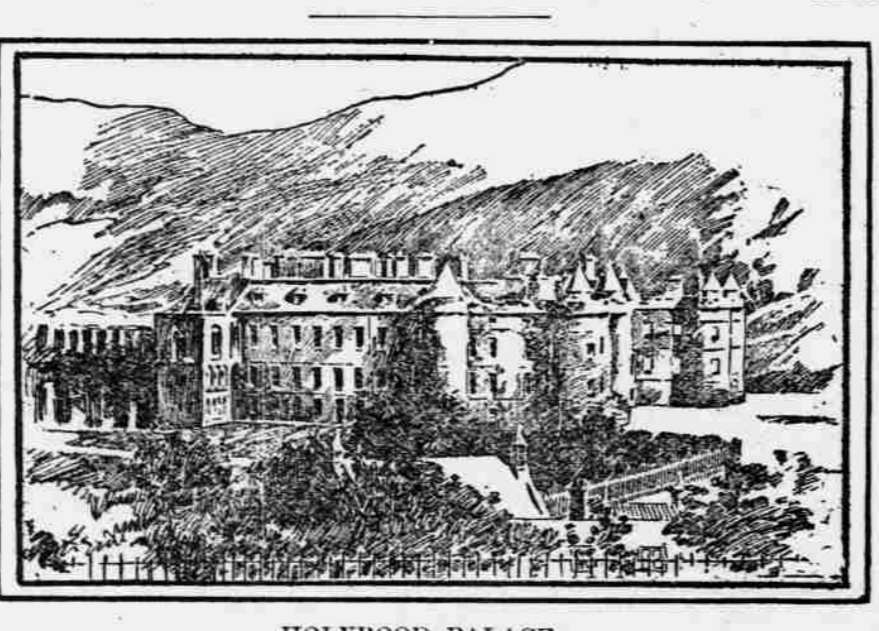
Better arrangements are made in some of our big hotels. There is arranged at one side of the bed an arm with an electric light attached which can be pulled over the bed at the will of the occupant, and below the eyes, though quite high enough for the light to fall upon the book. The top of the electric light globe is covered with a dark green shade, and none of the light can go up.

A Cutting Retort. A richly deserved retort was that made by a Sioux girl at the Hampton institution not long since. A silly visitor to the school went up to the magnificent red-skinned belle and said: "Are you civilized?" The Sioux raised her head slowly from her work—she was fashioning a breadboard at the moment—and replied: "No; are you?"

Plan for National Theater. A Breslau Journal announces that Gerhart Hauptmann has a plan for building a national theater—a la Baireuth—at Schreiberhan, in the Giant Mountains, where every summer about fifteen or twenty performances of German plays could be given.

The average man gets very good cooking until he becomes so rich that his wife can afford to hire the cooking done. Some men would just about as soon receive a whipping as an ovation.

HOLYROOD PALACE ONCE AGAIN TO BE USED AS A ROYAL SEAT



HOLYROOD PALACE. Holyrood Palace, at Edinburgh, which King Edward will use for a royal residence, has not been put to substantial use for upward of 200 years. It was built as an abbey in 1128 by King David I. of Scotland, and is so interwoven with the history of that country as to be the most interesting place in all Galedonia, next to Edinburgh Castle itself. In 1295 James Balliol held a parliament within its walls. James II. was born in it, crowned in it, married in it and buried in it. The nuptials of Princess Margaret of England were celebrated there in 1503. From that time forward the abbey, which had been reconstructed into a palace, became the principal seat of the Scottish sovereigns. Queen Mary lived there upon her return from France in 1561. There, in 1566, Rizzio was torn from her side and stabbed to death on the steps leading from the throne room. Her son, King James VI., dwelt much in the palace before his accession to the English throne in 1603. He revisited the place in 1617. It was garrisoned by Cromwell's troops after the battle of Dunbar. In 1745 it was occupied by Prince Charles Edward, and from 1795 to 1799 it sheltered the Count d'Artois, afterward King Charles X. of France. For years the old palace has been merely a show place, visited by pilgrims from the four ends of the earth, and reverently loved by the Scotch who see in it the glories of a great and brilliant national history. It occupies a pleasant site and has been kept in splendid repair as the years have down by and the face of the land has changed.