### ALASKAN GOLD.

million years in the smelting pots Or the great earth's furnace core, milled

Before it was time to pour.

A million years in the giant molds Of granite and mica-schist cooled and lay in the self-same way That into their hearts it hissed,

million years, and the clouds of steam Were rivers and lakes and seas; And the mustodon to his grave had gone In the coal that once was trees,

When the Master Molder raised his hand,

He shattered the gray rock mold And sprinkled its core from shore to

And the dust that fell was gold. Youth's Companion.

## In the Mirror.

FR HE soft lights of the quiet restaurant brought rest to Boyn-

ton's tired nerves; he picked up the menu with a sigh of content, "This isn't half bad," he mused, running his eyes down the card, "though it savors uncommonly of poolroom bulletins; 'combination one; combination two'-well," with a smile at the conecit, "reckon I'll play combination seven-'lamb chop, griddle cake, lyennais potatoes'-a hungry fellow can't lose much on that-for sure. Hello." his glance falling suddenly on a large Japanese screen, partially hiding one corner of the room, "there's an orchestra, too; hope they are on a par

jove! they're girls." in the mirror by the end of the screen a face had arisen, a laughing girlish face, and its owner, tucking a fat brown violin under her arm, and blissfully unconscious of Boynton's eager scrutiny, proceeded with much graceful posing and sundry deft and skillful jabs of a long, blackheaded pin to adjust a huge picture hat upon her small and shapely head.

with the rest of the appointments. By

Evidently she of the merry countenance was trying it on, for she turned presently as if inviting an opinion from some unseen companion-and at that moment she caught the reflection of Boyton's admiring eyes staring at her in the mirror.

The smile vanished, giving place to surprise, annoyance and swiftly growing resentment; but the look of utter chagrin that flashed over Boynton's face as he realized that he had been guilty of a rudeness was clearly too much for the young lady's sense of humor, for after a brief struggle, the stern lines at the corner of her lips melted into the suspicion of a smile; with a quick glance-half fun, half defiance-she suddenly thrust out her tongue, and with a saucy courtesy at the reflection of the discomfitted Boynton-she disappeared.

"Well if she isn't a peach," thought Mark, gazing ruefully at the empty mirror, while a curious thrill tingled along his nerves. "What stunning hair she has. I wish I knew who she was: somehow she seems different from any girl I ever-" He dropped his knife and fork in astonishment, doubting his

From behind the screen came the rollicking notes of a familiar rag-time air, "Why don't you get a lady of your own?" remarked the violin, sarcastically, Mark grinned in spite of himself.

"I'll get even for that, young lady," he remarked, "or my name isn't Mark Boynton-I am going to find out who you are."

During the remainder of his lunch Mark racked his brain to little purpose, but as he stepped up to pay his check an inspiration came to him "Eureka! he ejaculated.

"Beg pardon sir," said the cashier, politely. "Why, certainly," she said presently, in answer to Boynton's inquiry, "the violin player's name is Miss Sturm-of course you can engage her; she will be much pleased; a whist party at your sister's you say-please write her address. I assure you Miss

Sturm will be on hand." Mark departed, chuckling. "Wonder what she'll say to-morrow night," he hought. "I'll ask len to play 'Why don't you get a lady, as I'm a sin-

"Awfully obliged for the orchestra. Mark," said Miss Boyn on to her brother the following evening "I never dreamed of having anything so swell as that for my whist; don't you think it a nice idea putting them behind the rubber plants?"

"Great, Sis," replied Mark, "believe I'll go and ask them to play something for me. "Here's where I take a trick." be muttered, threading his way carefully between the little tables

"Will you kindly play, 'Why don't-' I though Miss Sturm was to be here?" wound up Mark, leaning against the piano in surprise.

"But I vhas Miss Sturm," replied the stolid looking, round-face violinist, gazing at dumfounded Mark in mild

"But I thought-that is-where is the young lady who plays at the restaur-

ant?" stammored Mark.
"I whas here said the German girl. impassively. "the cashler, she half gif' me the Herr Boynton's card, and I haf come to-" but Mark, with an incoher- Smithy up from head to foot for a few

ent apology, retreated. "Trumped," he thought miserably. "What in the world can it mean? That Dutch girl is as utterly unlike her as here an' try t' lit he folkes know dat darkness from light." It came over yo' am livin' on Easy street. Mark all at once, in a great wave of disappointment, how much he had am a-gwine t' run fo' yo' in de snow best control over her husband.



will obtain.

Try rubbing around the edge of the plate, say one-sixteenth of an inch deep, with a pice of wax candle to prevent frilling.

Those who find difficulty in using a brush for spotting pinholes in negatives or prints, should try an ordinary wooden toothpick sharpened to a needle point.

To dry plates in a hurry after fixing and washing, lay the plate in alcohol and let it remain two minutes. Rest plate on one corner when taking it out. It will dry in a few moments. Be sure, however, that it is thoroughly washed before putting in the alcohol.

An English amateur, who stands among the recognized leaders, has this to say on hand camera pictures that is interesting: "'Under-exposed and overdeveloped;' this is the true verdict which should be pronounced on perhaps three out of every four hand camera negatives. The error of over-development is to a large extent due to the widespread but very misleading notion, viz., that prolonged development will bring out the details. To put this fine, crusted, old delusion in other words, it is equivalent to saying that prolonged development compensates for, or is equivalent to, exposure. The hungry school boy is sometimes told that the thickness of the bread compensates for the thinness of the butter, a maxim which sounds all right, but is not easy to swallow."

All amateurs ought to do their own developing. It is really the most interesting feature of picture taking. Any one with intelligence enough to go in when it rains can snap a shutter and then take the plates or film to a professional to develop. That is not learning anything, and moreover it is expensive. Do your own work. Get intimate

been looking forward to seeing the dis winter. Yo' am't no steel rod. Yo' merry face that had baunted him all kin git broke. day. "I will find out who she is." he told himself, with vehement determination, "if I have to search all over

Bost-Great Scott! am I awake?" pled, save for her dainty self, her honey?" hands toying idly with the score card. eemed an hour to Mark hofore there? I-I'd like to meet her?"

Miss Boynton swept the room with writer, about it. a deliberate glance. "That girl with "that's Edith Sinclair: haven't you met her yet? She's a Conservatory pupil." ton, "Miss Sinclair."

A tide of red surged over Miss Sinclair's perfect face as her eye met Mark's. "You!" she exclaimed, with a horrified little grasp, "the man who-" "Exactly," responded Mark, "the man who-thought he had hired you to play here to-night-and hadn't-evidently."

Miss Sinclair laughed. "You took me for Barbara Sturm, didn't you?" she said. "I guessed as much when she told me a gentleman had engaged her that evening. Miss Sturm had an engagement and couldn't find a substitute, so for a lark I got leave from the 'Con' and took her place-but aren't you going to play whist? dropping her eyes from Mark's inte it gaze.

"I don't know," said Mark, in mock despair, "I haven't any partner-I never had a 'Lady of my own,' you know," audaciously.

The red flashed back into Miss Sinclair's cheek, but she looked straight into Mark's earnest eyes. "Wouldn't I do," she answered, saucily, "for a partner?"-Indianapolis Sun.

## "GO WAY BACK AND SIT DOWN." Origin of Slang Phrase that Is as Pop

ular as a Popular Song. The popular phrase, "Go 'way back and sit down," has been credited to Times. many sources, said a New York music publisher, "but the true story has never

been printed. "One night about a year ago several colored sports gathered in a saloon in the Tenderloin owned by a negro and patronized chiefly by men of his race. In the party were Smithy, the tenor, and Bully, the tout. Smithy came from the West and dressed in the height of fashion, while Bully's home was in the

South. "Bully had had quite a turn of ill-luck and his attire suffered in consequence. Smithy began 'kidding' him about it. Finally Bully got angry. He sized

seconds and then sailed in: "'Yo' am er dude, yo' am,' he began, contemptuously. 'Yo' done come 'round

" 'Don't yo' fing, man, dat dem horses

If possible use only filtered rain water | with "the way to do it all yourself." in making a solution and you will be A better acquaintance will come with surprised at the much better results you the camera, and there will be a deeper interest in its capabilities where one does the developing and attends to the details. Often it is said: "Oh, I haven't patience!" That's nonsense. Practice patience. You have no idea of what can be done with very limited conveniences, and well done, too, if you are really interested and try. The bottom shelf in a pantry, or one put in the end of a chest, a pail of water, a couple of pans, small red light, developer and hypo, and there you are.

> There is a wide field from which the amateur anxious to do something can choose. Portraiture, perhaps, is at the top of the list; but undoubtedly most difficult of all. Genre, hardly less exacting and more generally interesting as active human nature always is: landscape with figures and figures with landscape, each different from the other, and both requiring much careful study and thought, especially as to the suitability and placing of the figures. Street scenes as pictures of everyday life, marine subjects, with the ocean or the lake in all their moods, and the happy combinations of the always interesting fisher folks, and the, to some at least, equally interesting yachts and yacht racing. Architecture also offers great opportunities, although in this country not so great as in some others; and last, although perhaps not least, flowers and flora generally, although generally classed as the lowest phase of art, have brought fame to some and may do so again to those who really love and know how to arrange and photograph them. Whatever phase may be selected it should be stuck to, and studied in all its bearings. Especially should the artist make himself acquainted with all that he possibly can of what has been done before in that line; examining and analyzing the work that pleases in our picture galleries and in sided over the cullinary department the higher class magazines, not with a view to copy it, but to become so saturated with it as to form a style of his own by which his work shall be recog-

nized as unmistakably his.

" 'Say, nigger, do yo' see dat chair yonder by dat stove? Take my advise an' go 'way back an' sit down, an' w'en yo' git dere stay dare an' don't come At a table in the far corner, unoccu- back no more t'night. Understand,

"Smithy did go 'way back and sit was sitting the girl of the mirror. It down and was not heard of the rest of the night. Al Johns, a colored musireached his sister's side. "Maud," he cian, who was present, thought the said eagerly. "who is that girl over phrase was unique, and the next day he told Elmer Bowman, a negro song

"Johns thought it would make a good the auburn hair?" she said presently, title for a song, so Bowman wrote some verses which Johnson put to music. In the story of the song Bowman stuck to "My brother, Mark," said Miss Boyn- the incidents that took place in the saloon that night, and when the song was published it at once became popular.

"The phrase was used a good deal by the opposite political parties in the last campaign "

## A Cripple Creek Incident.

He was just in from the East, and the pattern of his trousers were such that even the dogs regarded him with suspicion. He was walking ahead of a fair girl, his Cripple Creek cousin, and as they climbed the hill be caught his breath and held it with an effort. The beautiful girl behind him was the first speak. She had been debating whether to call him down for walking in front of her or heave a bowlder against his shoulder blade. Finally she took another course and got him.

"This light air don't agree with you," she observed, sweetly," "Perfectly," he gasped, using all the

atmosphere he had on his person. "Is that so?" she gurgled, sarcastically. "Why, your pants are so loud 1 can hear them clear down here."

The man started slightly, intending his leaden limbs skyward.-Denver

## A Nice Game.

"I came mighty near being cheated out of that election." said Senator Sorghum; "mighty near. It made me think of a poker game I was once in."

"What kind of a game was that?" asked the attache who has had his salary raised several times for laughing in the right place.

"Well, all I can say about it is that if the other fellows hadn't been too busy stacking the cards and dealing off the bottom to take any notice of me I never would have gotten a chance to ring in a cold deck on them."-Washington Star.

## Dried Peat for Fuel.

The Visland-Bolmen Railway, Sweden, has made a satisfactory test of dried peat as fuel for locomotives without changing the fire bed.

The wife who talks the least has the

WHEN WILD ANIMALS SLEEP.

Heavy, Peaceful Slumber of Lions, Tigers and Bears.

There is nothing odd or peculiar about the sleep of the lions and tigers. In captivity they show the same indifference to danger that they manifest in the jungle, and by day or night will slumber through an unusual tumult, unmindful or unconscious of the noise. Their sleep is commonly heavy and peaceful.

Bears are also heavy sleepers, but less disposed than lions and tigers to slumber in the daytime. Grizzly without an attempt being made on the bears usually curl up under the rocks, but sometimes they crawl up to the very top of the rocks, and with front paws spread around the iron cage bars go to sleep in what seems an uncomfortable position; but bears never release their muscular grasp of any object when asleep.

The black bears will curl up among the branches of a tree when they have the opportunity and go to sleep in this peculiar position. The polar bears show a peculiarity in the selection of their sleeping places. They choose one purpose, and invariably seek this out for the night's rest.

The high-strung, nervous animals are the most interesting to watch at night. They usually belong to the hunted tribes, whose lives are in constant danger in the forest, and they possess such a highly developed nervous system that they really sleep with one eye open. The slightest noise will instantly awaken them.

The prairie wolves merely seem to close their eyes for an instant and then open them again to see if all is quiet. Many vain attempts have been made to photograph these animals by flashlight, and without exception the camera has revealed the fact that one eye at least was partly of n.

The day sleepers in the menageries are for some reason the heaviest slumberers of all, and when they close their eyes in early morning they seem almost as stupid as if drugged. This is in marked contrast to the light night sleepers, who, on the approach of danger, are instantly awake and on the alert.-Penny Pictorial Magazine.

## CASIMIR'S CHEF D'OEUVRE.

The Great Inventor of "Potage Germiny" Is to Retire.

Some tears are reported to have been shed by the gourmets of the Paris boulevards on account of the intended retirement of a modern Vatel, who for nearly half a century has preof the Maison Doree. This famous cook, familiarly known as Casimir, has been so devoted to his business that he has never seen Eiffel's tower. Castmir laments the decadence of dining in Paris of recent years. Formerly, as ancient Casimir points out, the creation of a new soup or sauce or dish was an event of equal importance with the production of a new play.

The grandest day in Casimir's life, says the New York Commercial Advertiser, was that on which he invented or discovered potage germiny, a soup made with the yolk of two eggs, cream and sorrel. The potage was prepared for a dinner given by the Marquis de St. George, author of the Mousquetaires de la Reine. Casimir was as nervous over the reception of his soup as a dramatic author or a composer on a first night. He had his reward when the marquis sent for him, and before the assembled guests pressed him to his bosom and exclaimed: "Casimir, it is not a soup; It is a great work, a masterpiece."

Getting Even with Joe Jefferson. On one occasion, just previous to opening in one of the large Eastern cities, Joseph Jefferson discharged his property man, Bugley, for humiliating him before a number of friends by familiarly addressing him as "Joev." Bagley got drunk right away and that night paid his way to the gallery to see Mr. Jefferson present "Rip Van Winkle." The angry frau had just driven poor, destitute Rip from the cottage when Rip turned and, with a world of pathos, asked: "Den haf I no interest in dis house?" The house was deathly still, the audience half in tears, when Bagley's cracked voice responded: "Only 80 per cent, Joey-only 80 per cent."

Sunshine a Soporific. No syrup of popples, no tincture of oplum, no powders of morphine, says one of the medical journals, can compare in sleep-producing power with sunshine. The worst soporific is laudanum and the best is sunshine. There fore it is easily understood that poor to freeze her with a glance, until it oc- sleepers should pass as many hours in curred to him that such a course might the sunshine as possible. Many women require air, and, so thinking, he dragged are martyrs and do not know it. They shut the sunshine out of their houses, they wear veils, they carry sunshades, they do all that is possible to keep off the subtlest and yet most potent influence which is intended to give them strength and beauty and cheerfulness.

A Judge.

Mrs. Noobride-Mr. Whiteoak had some of my pie at the church fair last night and he said it was very good. Mr. Noobride-Well, now, that opinion, coming from him, is worth something; expert testimony, in fact. He's in the leather business, you know."about all. Philadelphia Press.

Not Enough Good Ones. "Why do some people think it's

wicked to go to the theater?" "Well. I suppose it's because people who make a practice of going so often ances of Houdin, the Frenchman, and go to the bad."-Philadelphia Bulletin.

thing about the gyration of the world.

RED-HANDED MURDERER SHOT WITHOUT CEREMONY.

Swift Retribution Overtook a Bad Mexican in the Wild West-Harmless-Looking Red-Headed Man Acted Quickly When Right Time Came,

"I don't like to see one man kill another in cold blood and then walk off part of witnesses to the crime to catch the killer," remarked Peter Gallagher, while the subject of homicides was under discussion at Butte recently.

"I once knew a man, 'Mexican Lou' he was called, whose ambition was to kill some one. He was an expert driver of oxen and followed his occupation between old Fort Pierre, on the Missouri river, and Deadwood, S. D., before the advent of the railroad into that country.

"Lou was a wicked looking Mexican, and was just as wicked as his appearparticular corner of the cage for the ance indicated. He took special delight in cracking his oxen with the twenty five-foot whip he carried when there was no need of it and committing other offenses in which the very essence of cruelty was discernible.

"But Lou finally reached the end of his string. One time he went to a place called Woodville, a station on the little narrow-gauge railroad built by the Homestake Mining Company for the purpose of securing wood for use in its mills, and took command of the town,

He seemed to have a grudge against every one and gave it out cold that he intended to start a graveyard for the new town.

"There was a little store at Woodville where timbermen bought their supplies. About two weeks after Louarrived in the place he decided that the time for locating the cemetery site was Shoving a large knife up the right sleeve of his coat, he entered the store and endeavored to pick a quarrel with a woodchopper who was an entire stranger to him and with whom he had never before had a word.

"The woodchopper was not a fighter and avoided the Mexican as much as possible. The keeper of the store noticed his endeavor to keep out of trouble with the Mexican, and advised him to watch the latter and not allow him to get too close, as he had a knife and

was bent on murder. "There were several persons in the store at the time, among them a little man with reddish hair. The woodchopper was purchasing goods, but when told to look out for the Mexican's knife be grabbed a pick handle with which to defend himself in case of attack,

"The greaser saw the move, and kept his distance for the time being, but in a few minutes he saw an opening and rushed at the woodchopper with his knife drawn.

"With the look of a demon on his face he plunged the blade of the weapon into the woodchopper's body, then withdrew it and ran out of the store.

The woodchopper fell dead. "After getting outside, the Mexican started to run across an open space. his intention being to reach the timber at the opposite side,. but he never

reached it.

"Rehind the counter of the store was a Springfield riffe, loaded and ready for business. The little red-haired man had seen the fatal blow struck and without waiting for further ceremony he promptly seized the gun, walked to the door, dropped to a stooping position, took deliberate aim at the fleeing greaser, and fired.

"The bullet struck the greaser squarely in the center of the back and passed through his body, killing him in-

"The red-halred man was at the inquest, which was held in Lead, a few miles away," said Gallagher, in conclusion, according to the Butte (Mont.) Inter-Mountain, "but when the jury returned a verdict to the effect that the Mexican had come to his death at his hands he coolly walked away without molestation from the officers present.

# "They did not want him."

PASSING OF LEGERDEMAIN. Sleight of Hand Performers Turn to Mechanical Tricks.

One of a group of three men who were seated at the Palmer House cafe last Friday right was amusing the other two with some clever sleight of hand tricks performed with a silver dollar that appeared and disappeared in | young man, who evidently intended to a quite mysterious manner.

"Where did you learn that clever ness?" asked one of the spectators.

"In Philadelphia, forty years ago," he answered, "during the days of Sig nor Blitz, who was my teacher. I was a very young man then and lived next door to Blitz. He took a fancy to me and taught me many sleight of hand tricks that I have not forgotten.

"Blitz was one of the men who helped to bring juggling to its perfection, and paved the way for the great prestidigitators who followed him.

"Now the profession is in its deca dence. It has passed its zenith and its performances fail to excite to wonder. It still survives as an adjunct to other performances, particularly for the amusement of children, and that is

"Blitz gave a performance, entirely in legerdemain, six nights in the week and two matinees. That cannot be done in Philadelphia now, or at any place else, and draw paying houses. You remember the wonderful performhow he startled the world with his wonders and dumfounded his specia-If love would only make a man's in- tors with his astounding second sight. come go round he wouldn't care any. Then came Anderson, 'the Wizard of

PENALTY SOON PAID, over the country. Herrmann the Great,' one of the most clever of them all in simple sleight of hand tricks, was with us only a few years ago, and his successor is now performing. Then we yet have Kellar, who has carried mechanical tricks and deception by the use of mirrors to perfection.

"But the fact is that these clever men fall to excite more than a very little interest, because their tricks and their ways and their methods are all to well known. Their performances have been exploited to the utmost detail, and our children now know how tricks that were once considered absolutely astounding are performed, and many of them are clever enough to repeat them in our parlors.

"We know all about the deception of mirrors, the possibilities of electricity and lights, what mechanics can accomplish and the cleverness of the human mind in performing apparent wonders. All of this means that the profession of the prestidigitator is passing and that he is only surviving as an adjunct to other attractions."-Chicago Record-

YOUNG RULERS OF THE WORLD.

President Roosevelt Not the Youngest Man at Head of a Great Nation.

President Roosevelt is our youngest President, and there is much talk of his being the embodiment of the young blood which is to put America above all other nations. But President Roosevelt is not the only young ruler in the world. In fact, he is older than at least nineteen rulers of the great nations of to-day. William of Germany is three months younger; Nicholas of Russia is only 39 years of age; and the Emperor of China is ten years younger still. Possibly he might not be counted as a ruler by some people, but still his name is recognized, no matter who pulls the strings in the Chinese court. Victor Emmanuel of Italy is 28 and Wilhelmina of Holland only 21. Alphonso of Spain is probably the youngest ruler of all, as he is not yet 16. Charles I. of Portugal is under 40, and Ferdinand of Bulgaria is not yet 41. Abbas II., Khedive of Egypt, is not more than 27; Alexander of Servia, but 25; Thank-Tai, King of Siam, 22, and Prince George of Greece, Governor of Crete, 32. Among the rulers of the little German States, Ernest Louis of Hesse is 33; Frederic of Waldeck 36 and Charles Edward of Saxe-Coburg, but 17. Several rulers in India are under 30, and in the western hemisphere, R. Inglesals, President of Costa Rica, is less than 40.

These young men of to-day must be older for their years than were their predecessors of years ago, or else the world is easier to rule than then. Certainly the government of the world represented by these "young" men, is wiser, broader and more enlightened than ever before.—Minneapolis Journal.

Discoverers of Ceyton.

The Portuguese, who in the days of their commercial greatness had a wonderful keen eye for anything like gold that comes from successful commercial pursuits, were the first Europeans to discover Ceylon and to make use of the island. They occupied the desirable ports from early in the sixteenth century to the middle of the seventeenth. Then the Dutch came along and ousted them. This was in 1656, And for 140 years the Dutch administered the maritime provinces. In 1796 the English took from them this last remaining stronghold. It was not until 1815 that the British hold on the island was clinched by the departure of the King of Kandy. Up to that time, despite the impress that they had made on the coast, the Europeans had been entirely unable to get into the interior, and the kings of Kandy had reigned over several milion people who paid tribute to them. Great kings they must have been, some of them, for there are many evidences to show that the civilization of those days was something worth while. In area the island is about the same size as Holland or Belgium. It is 271 miles long and 137 miles across at extreme breadth. Its area is 25.335 square miles. In Singalese the island is Lanka. Its later names were Serendib and Tapro-

## The Amateur Detective

The wisest person may sometimes make a serious mistake by judging entirely from appearances. Forward gives a case in point in which the enormity of the mistake contributes largely to the humor.

A careless young woman, in starting to leave a car, dropped her purse. A leave the car at the same time, saw her drop the purse, picked it up and put it into his pocket.

But his action had not been unnoticed. Just as he stepped from the car an elderly man gripped him by the arm and whispered, "If you don't give that purse to the young lady this instant I'll expose you."

"Yes, certainly!" gasped the astonished young man. Then, with a grin, "I beg pardon, Elizabeth; you dropped

your purse." "Oh, thank you, Jim," she replied, as

she took it. "I hope you are satisfied," said Jim, turning to the elderly man. "The lady is my sister."

A Question in Astronomy. "Do you believe in the nebular hy-

pothesis, Brother Dickey?" "No. suh." was the reply after a moment's thought. "I nebber wuz positive 'bout anything 'cept belifire fer sinners!"-Atlanta Constitution.

Bath Tubs of Glass. Bath tubs of glass are now being made very cheaply in Germany by the

use of compressed air. When you meet a man with a scheme, the North,' who drew full houses all proceed to get in a hurry.