What will we growl about theu? When the pumpkins are spiced with the frost o' the sky. An' the cider is sweet, an' the bead's on

What will we growl about then?

Why, we'll shiver and shake as the winter winds blow-

That's what we'll grow! about then! We'll gaze o'er the wearisome leagues of

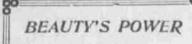
An' sigh for the blistering summer, you That's what we'll growl about then!

Ah, how can life please us! . . . And when It is past,

What will we growl about then? Why, we'll land in the next world—that

An' wonder if still the hot weather will Inst?-

That's what we'll growl about then! -Atlanta Constitution



UT some finishin' touches to ver halr today, Margaret. There's a new summer boarder comin' and he'll be here fer supper," said Farmer Brown to a beautiful girl who stood on the doorstep of the old farmhouse.

"How exciting! Who is he?" "Never saw him. He wrote that his name was Rex Carl-Carlisle-or suthin' like that."

Three hours later, when the bell rang for supper, Margaret put a few "finishin' touches" to her halr and went into the dining room, where the farmer's family and the new boarder had already assembled.

Margaret took her place without looking at the young man opposite.

"Let me introduce you to Margaret, Mr-er---

"Carlisle."

"Yes, yes-Carlisle. Never was good at remembering names," stammered the old farmer. "Mr. Carlisle-Margaret," and with that informal introduction he turned his attention to "dishing up."

Rex Carlisle watched Margaret from under his lashes.

"A perfect little beauty," he thought. "She would grace any New York drawing room-but such a name!"

Margaret did not once look up after their introduction, and at the close of the meal she quietly slipped from the

But, living under the same roof, she and Carlisle often met. Many afternoons found them together, and all the long evenings, while the afterglow lingered in the west, were spent in each other's society.

Carlisle was a society man. He told Margaret much of his life in the city. to all of which she lent a willing ear. He was looking over the society notes in a big New York daily one after-

"Hello!" he said suddenly. "Marjory Atherton makes her debut in October. This paper says she will be 'the bud of the season, if only because of her great beaty."

Carlisle laughed heartily.

"I wonder how much her father paid for that 'ad.' " he exclaimed. "Marjory Atherton's 'great beauty!' Now that just shows how much you can believe what the papers say. She is the plain est girl I have ever known. We were schoolmates and were graduated the same year. Marjory had red hair and freckles. But she was clever. The cleverest scholar in the whole class. I was only eighteen then, and imagined that she favored me more than she did the other fellows. But not being a susceptible youth to anything but beauty, Marjory's red hair and freckles did not appeal to me."

His companion arose and unconsciously dropped the bunch of flowers that had filled her lap.

The days flew on. Carlisle's vacation was nearing a close.

He found himself wishing that he might remain forever near the farm-

er's daughter. He marveled at the power exercised over him by this simple little country girl. One evening as they were sitting on

the piazza be remarked:

"There is something about you that reminds me of some one I have

Margaret looked up at him curiously. "It seems that I have known you for-

ever," he went on. "Yet you have only been here three weeks." she replied.

"Yes, but I have not reckoned time by days or weeks, Margaret. You can never know how I have enjoyed your

companionship." He would have taken her hand, but she arose as if not noticing the gesture and wandered into the sitting room.

She took a seat at the little old-fash ioned organ and began playing. She started an old song, one that he had so often sung in the old days at the high school. He began the song with her, then stopped and listened to Margaret. How strangely familiar her voice, and how sweet.

He went back to the plazza and listened to her sweet girlish tones. She wondered at his abrupt leave taking. Quitting the organ she went out on the porch. Rex came toward ber.

"Margaret," he faltered, "I love you; can you give me one little word of hope that my love is returned? I am going away tomorrow."

Margaret stepped back and looked up into his face in astonishment.

He saw the look.

"I know that you are surprised," he said eagerly. "I have only known you three weeks. Yet I love you, Will you be my wife?"



Almost any one in these days of "photography made easy," if he uses good plates and developers, can produce a clear, crisp negative. Very often, however, a good negative falls to result in a good picture. The fault in the majority of cases lies in had grouping and poor arrangement of the subject. Don't begin by making portraits. Of course, every one tries this, the result being very often freaks and curiosities which astonish and bewilder us. The professional knows that a special lens is necessary for a really good portrait, which, however, would give him but poor results were he to use it for landscape work.

Suppose you take a house for a subject. It seems easy to make a picture of a building, but a little study will show you that there are several important details to be observed. In the first place, don't point your camera directly at the front of the house. You may think that if the sun shines directly on it you'll get a good picture because there is plenty of light. But shadow is necessary as well, and you will secure a better result if you can arrange your camera so not only the front, but one side as well, which, if the front is la the light, will necessarily be in shadow. This will give you a better idea of what the house looks like, as well as a more artistic picture.

Then again, suppose you wish to take a landscape or a view of the street. Choose the view you think best suited for your purpose, but remember that the prettiest view does not always make the prettiest picture. If you're taking a landscape, focus so as to get a good background, and bring the foreground into correct focus by stopping down your lens. Always try to have a shrub, a heap of stones, or some figure in the foreground. If you don't your picture will have a flat effect. A really pretty scene is often completely spoiled by a flat, uninteresting expanse of grass or water in the foreground,

Indoor photography requires a longer exposure, for no matter how strong the light is outside, it is very much diffused when it reaches objects in an ordinary room. If, however, you want to take a picture indoors, try to have as much light as you can from the tops of the windows. Sometimes it is better even to block up the lower halves of the windows. An upstairs room is always oreferable to one downstairs.

her hand on his arm, "you do not love been a queen straight-and Hardy me, you only love my beauty, and it will fade. I am Marjory Atherton."-New York Evening World.

NEW MINT IN PHILADELPHIA.

Will Not Be Ready for Occupation Before May Next.

Work is progressing rapidly on the new mint building at 16th and Spring Garden streets, Philadelphia, but Contractor McCaul does not think it will be completed before May 1, the time named in his contract. The building is being constructed of gray granite from Mount Desert and will be plain in style except in the numismatic room, the decorations of which will be on a magnificent scale. Many rare kinds of marble will appear in this room. The entrance in Spring Garden street will | that?" also be somewhat ornate. The carvers are at work at this point, but find their work difficult, the granite being very hard. The grain is coarse and tough, rendering it difficult to get the smoothness necessary for every plece used in the building. The carvers have been at work on the stone for more than a

Within the walls workmen are still busy putting in place the rafters. Sevready, but none of the new machinery No machinery will be put in place un-

"Rex," she answered softly, laying dead-the four remnants of what had swept something like \$375 into his hat. He didn't even have to show his treys. for his opponent had not put up on the last raise, although just about to do so when the wind killed his hand. Now, wasn't that luck? Or what do you think about the thirteen walk-around queering the other fellow's hand?

"An hour later Hardy took a fresh pack, pinned the ace of diamonds from it on a waiter's shirt frout, tore up full!

HEADGEAR FOR A SQUAW. Woman Who Lost Her Hat in the West

Sees It a Year Later. "Talking of buying expensive hats." sald a woman, "reminds me of what happened to a cousin of mine. She was a young widow with two small same time mentioning the name of the children to educate. Her income being small, she came to Chicago from her Montana home to study art in eral huge boilers have been built in al. order to open a studio herself. The lessons were expensive and when the has been brought to the building yet. time came for her to return home she was short of money. However, she til the interior is completed. All ma- saw a hat in a shop window that are come in and have a drink."



PHILADELPHIA'S NEW MINT.

Only a few machines will be moved from the present mint.

DRIVING OUT THE HOODOO.

Marcus Daly's Story of How a Southern

er Changed His Poker Luck. Marcus Daly, the Montana millionaire, tells of a poker game with some peculiar features. "The game," said Mr. Daly, "was in progress the second night after we sailed. I don't believe much in hoodoos and signs and that sort of thing, and I don't put much faith in luck, but I was pretty nearly converted on this trip. A blonde-mustached Virginian named Mack Hardy was a steady loser for the first two hours. He played 'em well, but whenever he had a big hand somebody else always had one just a bit bigger, and on a bluff some fellow with more curiosity than nerve or judgment would call him down. At just 11 o'clock he got up from his chair and walked backward around the table thirteen times, offering no explanation for his strange pair of treys, raised it when it came his say, stood two raises from other players and set it back the limit. Both the others stayed in, holding up an ace and didn't improve; each of the others drew only one card. Hardy put for wear."-Chicago Inter Ocean. up a magnificent bluff-I never saw a low hand played better, with all the feints of assured nervousness, frequent glances at his hand, etc.

"He drove one man out who had aces up and had the other on the run, when a gust of wind through the open door scattered the third player's hand. one card getting mixed up with the discards. Of course, that hand was

chinery will be of the latest design. pleased her fancy. Of course it was expensive; what pretty hat isn't? She knew the price was more than she could afford, and for some days she any decorations he might be wearing, resisted the temptation to buy. But the day before her departure for Montana she bought the hat, and decided to wear it on the train, thinking it would be injured less than if packed.

"While changing cars at a rallroad junction in a gale of wind her hat blew off and it went sailing over the plains. There was no time to run for it, as the train was late and moved right on. Besides this my cousin had both children with her, the younger one in her arms. Trying, wasn't it? And now what do you think happened a year after? My cousin came East again and naturally as the train reached the place where she had lost her hat just a year before, she looked out of the car window, and and water, with which the parts burned there on the platform of the newly are covered to the thickness of an inch. erected little station stood a squaw The pain is alleviated almost immedirigged out in all the splendor of her ately, and when the paste is removed no native costume and on her head reposed the very hat that had been such conduct. On the next deal he had an expense and annoyance to my cousin. It was a comical sight and almost reconciled her to the loss, especially as the glory of the hat had departed, the feathers looking forlorn and the trimming generally the worse

Was a Different Face.

A polite Oklahoma City barber, after shaving a man his best, asked him to call again. "I've been here before," ered a neat and appropriate present for said the man. "I don't remember your an aged person, especially if in bad face," said the barber. "No," said the bealth. man, "it's all healed up now."

Great Britain and Ireland have 21, 700 miles of railway.

WORK OF WOMAN SCULPTOR. Fraulein Ries Receives First Medal

at the Vienna Exhibit. The jury of this year's art exposition at Vienna has bestowed the highest honors on Fraulein Theresa Feadorow aa Ries, sculptress of extraordinary talent.

What is most remarkable about this artist is the fact that nearly every one of her chefs-d'oeuvre betrays mascu line characteristics. For lustance, she seems to have no talent whatever in the execution of female busts or figures. but she seeks her peer in the reproduction of the form divine of the military. the stalwart toller or hardy peasant A work of Fraulein Ries greatly ad mired is a bust of Mark Twain, which s pronounced an excellent likeness by one who met the great American hu morist during his long sojourn in Vien



THERESA PEODROWNA RIES.

Mark Twain himself remarked to friends that it was a surprise to him that the delicate hands of a womar were able to reproduce so faithfully his very coarse" facial lineaments.

Fraulein Ries is the daughter of # Russian general, who, after having lost his fortune, took refuge with friends in tenna. His daughter supports him la his old age by the work of her hands.

SAVED BY POOR GRAMMAR.

Hilarious Students Caught the Professor Betore He Caught Them. Students of a certain Western State

the other fifty-one cards and then university which many Kansas City marked a skull and crossbones in boys attend are telling a story on a procreme de menthe on the waiter's shirt fessor of English that will bear repeatbosom just above the ace. On the ing. Some time ago several of the stuvery next deal, with only three nines dents were gathered in a fellow stuon a one-card draw, he bluffed a \$150 dent's room far past the midnight hour. pot out of a fellow who held a deuce A few bottles of beer, a light luncheon Now what do you think of and a game of "draw" were among a few of the forbidden enjoyments that made the hours slip rapidly by. About 2 o'clock in the morning, when the fun was at its height, a knock came at the door. Everything became as quiet as death in an lustant.

"Who's there?" said the bost. "It's me," came back a voice, at the

professor of English.

A shout went up from the room. "Not on your life," called a voice from the room. "You should brush up on your grammar, old sport, before attempting to play a joke on us. Our professor says 'It's L' But whoever you

The door was thrown open, and be fore the astonished characters actually stood the professor of English.

One of the students, quicker to take advantage of a bad situation than the others, said calmly:

"Look here, professor, you've got dead to rights, but if you 'peach' on us we'll tell about that hideous mistake in grammar. Oh, professor, 'it's me.' Quite reprehensible, sir; extremely careless, sir."

This last was said in a way mimicking the professor's classroom tones. The shot went home. Rather would the professor have had a crime fastened on him than that it should get noised about that he, an authority on Euglish, had actually said "It's me."

The students' transgressions were never reported.-Kansas City Star.

The Sultan of Turkey.

The Sultan of Turkey rises at six clock every morning, and devotes his days, in the seclusion of the Yildiz Palace and gardens, to personal attention to affairs of state. He is of slight figure. A pale brown overcost conceals so that the attention of those who see him on the one day in seven when he presents himself to the view of the people is not diverted from his pale, wan, and careworn face, half-covered by a thin, brown beard, tinged with gray, and surmounted by a plain red fez. The Sultan has been the means of establishing fifty thousand schools throughout his empire, not only for boys, but for girls also-a striking departure from the traditional usage of his race.

Remedy for Vitriol Burns.

A Frenchman has discovered a remedy instantaneous in its effects for the horrible burns caused by oil of vitrol, ft is a soft paste of calcined magnesia scar remains.

Insulted.

Ida-Elmore received a terrible insuit this morning. May-What was it?

Ida-Why, an old lady saw the handle of his golf clubs projecting from the bag and asked him how much he

would charge to mend an umbrella .-Stray Stories. Chinese Present. Among the Chinese a coffin is consid-

When the women can't say of another woman that she isn't bad-looking, they find a lot of other things to say.

DESTRUCTION OF ARCH ROCK, SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

Grim, Gray and Picturesque Pinnacle a Terror to the Mariner - Has Been a Menace to Navigation Ever Since the Days of '49,

Shag rock No. 1 and Shag rock No. 2 in San Francisco having been disposed of, contractors are now busily engaged work preliminary to the demolition of the still more famous Arch rock in the same maritime thoroughfare. The forty-niner cannot recall the day when this picturesque menace to navigation was not anathematized by the sailor man. Many a time its destruction has been suggested, and its demolition would have been accomplished long ago but for the sentimental opposition of a few veteran Californians who hated to see their odd-looking old friend disappear forever. Residents of Sausalito have always been particularly averse to its destruction, their cry always being that it was one of the sights of the bay. Eventually continued agitation by pilots and others interested in shipping bore fruit, and now Arch rock must follow in the way of the two others. In early days of California's history it

was a favorite amusement for young men to wait for an unusually low tide and then pull a boat through the arch. So far as is known the first time this feat was accomplished was in 1857, when Captain Frank Murphy, one of night this condition lasted. The le the best known pilots of his day, rowed the best known photo of his day, the best known photos of his day, a small boat through. For a few years tang and tumbered in red venues a small boat through. For a few years tang and tumbered in red venues a small boat through. or attempted, but eventually a couple other Indian. After trying in was of young fellows, in trying to do the trick, were dashed against the arch by the heavy swell. The boat was smashed and the young men lost their lives. yet, drove the knife into his even Since that time rowboats have given Arch rock a wide berth.

Frank Boyd, a noted pilot of the California coast, voiced the opinion of all men in his profession when he called but fell for good in a few minutes. Arch rock a dangerous spot, and said It should have been blown up long ago: 'When they come to survey that spot," he said, "they will find every inch of ground in the vicinity of Arch rock covered with anchors and chains.

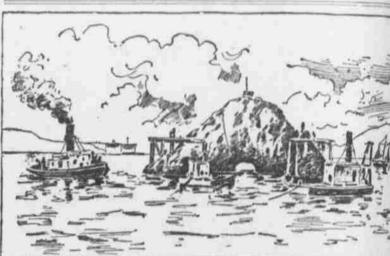
WILL BE BLOWN UP. powerful claws, strength to day man's head from his body at a i from one of the huge forelegs. Con head-on, he is like all savage cres turned loose. He is usually more mortal can face; only the pretern ally brave and reckless court death; defy the fates by daring to stand fight when he comes. Yet a few ago a Plute Indian, armed with on knife, met and overcome one of the monsters. The Indian was living last accounts, but the bear was dear Mustang is the Indian's name.

and another Plute were out in a mendously wild region of the Her Hetchy valley and when description the bed of a gorge they almost may the jaws of the largest grizzly they i ever seen. Mustang and his comfired their rifles at the brute, but two shots produced no more effect arresting the bear's charge than we the throwing of a peoble against wind stop a cyclone. Mustang was step in advance of his companion bruin reached him tirst, knocking gun one way and him the other, companion climbed a tree. Man plunged his knife to the handle line shaggy monster, slashed it again a again across his rough hide, ripped a cut until blood poured from a do gashes in the herenfean carcase is he fell under a crushing blow from of the spiked paws and lay quiver on the rocks with the bear lead strips of hide from his back and the ing his arms and shoulders to a pulp

Meantline Mustang's friend was va ly trying to get his rifle into work order. It had been injured when climbed the tree. From morning f soon left the mangled remains of Ma climb he limped back to Mustag k before he could tear the man to place the Indian, who was by no means de vitals. The bear staggered off a fe yards and then, overcome by the fe of death which comes instinctively all animals, staggered down the paper sistance soon reached Mustang va was cared for by cunning media men of his own race.

Dissipated Hallstorms.

"An effort is being made in France Coasters and deep-water ships by the dissipate hallstorms by firing cames



ARCH ROCK, SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

hundred have come within an ace of the clouds," writes Consul Covertieth going on the rock and had to slip State, Department from Lyons. "Fifty their anchors in order to get clear. The two cannon, manned by one hundre Brst wrecked on Arch rock," continued Cap- have been distributed over an area tain Boyd, "was the pilot-boat Sea twenty-five acres of rich vineland. Witch. That was in 1855. All the high point in the vineland to be correct pilots had 'boarded off' and the schoon- by the experiments were selected as the er was coming in in charge of the boat- central post of observation and a sig keeper. There was a dense fog and nal code adopted under which, when the boatkeeper mistook Arch rock for shot is beard from the central post al a sloop under sail and getting his the cannon are fired, at twice a minute course accordingly made the mistake and more slowly after the first is of his life. All hands were saved, but shots. I translate the report of the first the Sea Witch was a total loss.

ellpper ship Flying Dragon in the win- one-thirty o'clock on the night of June ter of 1861-62. She made the fastest 5 and 6. The storm was very severe run on record from Newcastle, N. S. The artilleries, from forty to fifty W., thirty-five days, and anchored off Meiggs wharf. Captain Watson, the well-known marine surveyor, was in command of the vessel, but the pilot was still in charge when the accident happened. A sudden change of wind fired." and a fierce squall drove the Flying Dragon down on the rock and she became a total loss.

"The next vessel lost on the rock was the bark Autocrat in 1869. She was loaded with coal and drifted down to her doom in a dense fog. Since that time numberiess vessels have made the acquaintance of Arch rock and always to their disadvantage. The old ferry boat Clinton went on one of its ledges in a fog and the steamer Oregon, now running between the sound and Nome, lost her bilges on it. The old bark Columbia stuck on it for a day and a night, and, last of all, the bark Ceylon drifted down on it a few months ago and was saved by the quarantine steamer Sternberg. As it was the Ceyion lost all her sheathing.

FOUGHT A FIERCE GRIZZLY.

Plute Indian Killed the Huge Brute with Only a Knife,

The California grizzly bear has been one of the most powerful and unconquerable beasts ever known to the Western ploneer. A meeting with him has usually brought death to the hardy adventurer who dared enter the encounter, or even stand in his way when bruin came crashing through the underbrush. Other bears are met with confidence and dispatched with a steady aim, but when a grizzly comes thundering down the bowlders, tearing off trees. in his superbly undeviating course, shaking the mountain side with his half ton of savage bulk, the nerves of man have to be strong indeed to withstand the speciacle. There is death in the murder trial in New York aggregate ted jaws, ripping and tearing in the \$50,476.84.

vessel that I remember being and four cannoneers and their chi firing at the storm cloud this season "The next wreck was that of the The farmers of Denice were aroused a strong, fired their guns and stopped the thunder and lightning. In the neighboring communes the people saw col umns of flame rise three hundred fer above the cannon when the shots were

Does Not Come with Age.

A medical man has discovered that neither in youth nor old age is a man likely to make the biggest fool of him self. Extreme youth usually is cons ered not to have arrived at the dignit of years of discretion, yet a homely proverb would have us believe the "there is no fool like an old fool." This medical observer has broached th theory that there is an "aberration period of middle life," between the ages of 57 and 62. "If," he says, "1 careful examination be made of the preventable disasters of the last twenty years and of the ages of those W were held responsible by the verdict of mankind for such lamentable issue there will be found a strange coincidence in the rage of their ages,

Here is an interesting and practically nexhaustible field for investigation Politicians who are "ag'in' the government" may trace the blunders of an administration to the sinister influence of some boss who was passing through the fatal period at the time, and "re grettable incidents" of all kinds, in war or peace, may be traced to their true origin. In time, no doubt, we shall appreciate the necessity of requiring all public men, on entering the fatal period, to take a five years' holiday and to resume work only when they have passed the age of aberration.-New York Press.

Expensive Experts. The bills of writing and chemical experts who gave evidence in a recent