

WHAT'LL WE GROWL ABOUT?

When the craps are all gathered—the barns are piled high, What will we growl about then? When the pumpkins are spiced with the frost of the sky, An' the cider is sweet, an' the beads on the eye, What will we growl about then? Why, we'll shiver and shake as the winter winds blow— That's what we'll growl about then! We'll gaze o'er the wearisome leagues of the snow, An' sigh for the blistering summer, you know— That's what we'll growl about then! —Atlanta Constitution.

BEAUTY'S POWER

PUT some finishin' touches to yer hair today, Margaret. There's a new summer boarder comin' and he'll be here for 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 hair 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."



Amateur Photography

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 fails to result in a good picture. The fault in the majority of cases lies in bad 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 as to include not only the front, but one side as well, which, if the front is in 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 preferable to one downstairs.

"Rex," she answered softly, laying her hand on his arm, "you do not love me, you only love my beauty, and it will fade. I am Marjory Atherton." —New York Evening World.

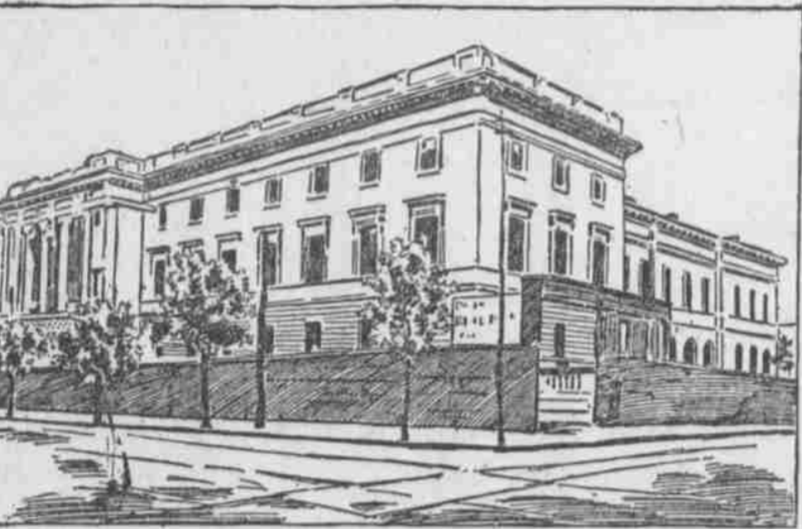
NEW MINT IN PHILADELPHIA.

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 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 piece used in the building. The carvers have been at work on the stone for more than a year.

Within the walls workmen are still busy putting in place the rafters. Several huge boilers have been built in already, but none of the new machinery has been brought to the building yet. No machinery will be put in place until the interior is completed. All ma-

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PHILADELPHIA'S NEW MINT.

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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 conduct. On the next deal he had a 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 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 had was

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 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 railroad 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 there on the platform of the newly erected little station stood a squaw rigged out in all the splendor of her native costume and on her head reposed the very hat that had been such 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 for wear."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

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," said the man. "I don't remember your face," said the barber. "No," said the 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 Feodorow-na 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 masculine characteristics. For instance, 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 toiler or hardy peasant. A work of Fraulein Ries greatly admired is a bust of Mark Twain, which is pronounced an excellent likeness by one who met the great American humorist during his long sojourn in Vienna.



THESSERA FEODOROWNA RIES.

na. Mark Twain himself remarked to friends that it was a surprise to him that the delicate hands of a woman were able to reproduce so faithfully his "very coarse" facial lineaments. Fraulein Ries is the daughter of a Russian general, who, after having lost his fortune, took refuge with friends in Vienna. His daughter supports him in his old age by the work of her hands.

SAVED BY POOR GRAMMAR.

Hilarious Students Caught the Professor Before He Caught Them.

Students of a certain Western State university which many Kansas City boys attend are telling a story on a professor of English that will bear repeating. Some time ago several of the students were gathered in a fellow student's room far past the midnight hour. A few bottles of beer, a light luncheon 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 instant. "Who's there?" said the host. "It's me," came back a voice, at the same time mentioning the name of 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 I.' But whoever you are come in and have a drink." The door was thrown open, and before 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 us 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."

The Sultan of Turkey.

The Sultan of Turkey rises at six o'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 overcoat conceals any decorations he might be wearing, 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 vitriol. It is a soft paste of calcined magnesia and water, with which the parts burned are covered to the thickness of an inch. The pain is alleviated almost immediately, and when the paste is removed no scar remains.

Insulted.

Ida—Elmore received a terrible insult 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 considered a neat and appropriate present for an aged person, especially if in bad health.

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

WILL BE BLOWN UP.

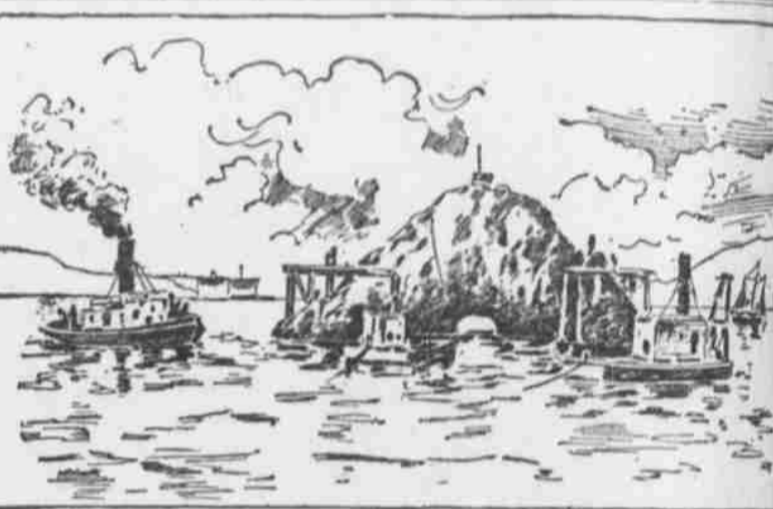
DESTRUCTION OF ARCH ROCK, SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

Grim, Gray and Picturesque Pinnacle a Terror to the Mariner—Has Been a Menace to Navigation Ever Since the Days of '40.

Shag rock No. 1 and Shag rock No. 2 in San Francisco Bay have been disposed of, contractors are now busily engaged in work preliminary to the demolition of the still more famous Arch rock in the same maritime thoroughfare. 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 the best known pilots of his day, rowed a small boat through. For a few years the daring trip was occasionally made or attempted, but eventually a couple 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. 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 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. Coasters and deep-water ships by the



ARCH ROCK, SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

hundred have come within an ace of going on the rock and had to slip their anchors in order to get clear. The first vessel that I remember being wrecked on Arch rock," continued Captain Boyd, "was the pilot-boat Sea Witch. That was in 1855. All the pilots had 'boarded off' and the schooner was coming in in charge of the boat-keeper. There was a dense fog and the boatkeeper mistook Arch rock for a sloop under sail and getting his course accordingly made the mistake of his life. All hands were saved, but the Sea Witch was a total loss. "The next wreck was that of the clipper ship Flying Dragon in the winter of 1861-62. She made the fastest run on record from Newcastle, N. S. W., thirty-five days, and anchored off Meigs 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 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 numberless 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 Ceylon lost all her sheathing.

FOUGHT A FERCE 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 pioneer. A meeting with him has usually brought death to the hardy adventurer who dared enter the encounter, or even standing 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 spectacle. There is death in the powerful claws, strength to dash man's head from his body at a head-on, he is like all savage creatures turned loose. He is usually more mortal can face; only the preference of ally brave and reckless court death to defy the fates by daring to stand up to fight when he comes. Yet a few days ago a Plute Indian, armed with only a knife, met and overcame one of the monsters. The Indian was living in last accounts, but the bear was dead. Mustang is the Indian's name, and another Plute were out in a tremendously wild region of the Hay Hetchy valley and when descending the bed of a gorge they almost ran into the jaws of the largest grizzly they have ever seen. Mustang and his companion fired their rifles at the brute, but two shots produced no more effect than arresting the bear's charge than the throwing of a pebble against a wind stop a cyclone. Mustang was step in advance of his companion as bruin reached him first, knocking on gun one way and him the other. His companion climbed a tree. Mustang plugged his knife to the handle into a shaggy monster, slashed it again and again across his rough hide, ripped and cut until blood poured from a dozen gashes in the herculean carcass; he fell under a crushing blow from one of the spiked paws and lay quivering on the rocks with the bear tearing strips of hide from his back and shaking his arms and shoulders to a pulp. Meantime Mustang's friend was vainly trying to get his rifle into working order. It had been injured when he climbed the tree. From morning to night this condition lasted. The bear soon left the mangled remains of Mustang and lumbered in red vengeance over to the tree where perched the other Indian. After trying in vain to climb he limped back to Mustang, before he could tear the man to pieces the Indian, who was by no means dead yet, drove the knife into his enemy's vitals. The bear staggered off a few yards and then, overcome by the pain of death which comes instinctively to all animals, staggered down the precipice but fell for good in a few minutes. Assistance soon reached Mustang, who was cared for by cunning medicine men of his own race.

Dissipated Hallistorms.

An effort is being made in France to dissipate hallistorms by firing cannons at

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 himself. Extreme youth usually is considered not to have arrived at the dignity of years of discretion, yet a homely proverb would have us believe that "there is no fool like an old fool." This medical observer has broached the theory that there is an "aberration period of middle life," between the ages of 57 and 62. "If," he says, "a careful examination be made of the preventable disasters of the last twenty years and of the ages of those who were held responsible by the verdict of mankind for such lamentable issues there will be found a strange coincidence in the rage of their ages."

Expensive Experts.

The bills of writing and chemical experts who gave evidence in a recent murder trial in New York aggregated \$50,476.84.