

**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 smites  
The smiling earth with gloom,  
In all their gay and glowing pride  
The languid poppies bloom.

The hills are rich with yellow ore,  
And in the vales 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 send pa a present."  
"I'm afraid, my dear, he'll send it right back to you."  
"Maybe he will, and maybe he won't. Anyway, I'm going to try it. I'm going to put it in the little dining-room so that he'll see it when he comes down the first thing in the morning. He's always in a better humor than at any other time of day. Don't you remember how he used to toss me in the air every morning before breakfast?"

"How are you going to send it?"  
"Jim and I are going to get up early and take it round. You are to let us in. We'll place it right where pa will see it the first thing when 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 downtown 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, then told pa that breakfast was ready. 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



**Amateur Photography**

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 waxing 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

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 them 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 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 make-up and in posing him.—Indianapolis Sun.

**FAMOUS NICKNAMES.**

Those of Many Prominent Individuals in England.

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,

your marble paper neatly over them. Place a plate on top and you will have a first-class pedestal. It can be made with three cheese boxes instead of two soapboxes if desired.

A good flash lamp may be made by obtaining an old clay pipe, attaching a piece of rubber hose to the stem, and tie some cotton wool around the bowl. Soak the wool in alcohol and put the flash powder in the bowl. Light your cotton wool and by blowing down the rubber tube the powder will flash. This improvised lamp will be much handier if you make a stand for it of some pieces of wood nailed together, into which the stem and bowl will fit.

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.

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 realms 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 Portland 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 collieries, Lord Londonderry, as "C." This name was given to his lordship when he was Lord Castlereagh; 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 Machel as "El Capitano." 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 "Kim;" 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 soldiering 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.

**Lawn Games in England.**

We get nothing like the pleasure out of our lawns which the English do. Where we are at fault is that we do not use our lawns to anything like their full capacity of enjoyment. Here and there we use them as the framing of lawn tennis or croquet courts (which we make either of dirt or asphalt), and here and there we mark out upon their surface a baseball diamond. Still rarely and only in limited localities they are used for the playing of cricket. Both the latter games, however, require for their outfielders rather a field than a lawn, within the ordinary meaning of the word; and, speaking broadly and generally, it may be said with truth that we have no games which require only a lawn and nothing more.

Nevertheless, the two games of jack o' the green, or lawn bowls, and quilts have held their own through ten centuries, at least in Great Britain, and in later times have spread with the race to the remotest parts, which might be played on tens of thousands of lawns in America, to the great advantage of the players and to the enhancement of the pleasures of country life.—Country Life in America.

**CATARRH OF LUNGS.**

A Prominent Chicago Lady Cured by Pe-ru-na.

Miss Maggie Welch, secretary of the Betsy Ross Educational and Benevolent Society, writes from 328 North State street, Chicago, Ill., the following glowing words concerning Peruna: "Last fall I caught the most severe cold I ever had in my life. I coughed night and day, and my lungs and throat became so sore that I was in



Miss Maggie Welch.

great distress. All cough remedies nauseated me, and nothing afforded me relief until my doctor said, rather in a joke, 'I guess Peruna is the only medicine that will cure you.'

"I told him that I would certainly try it, and immediately sent for a bottle. I found that relief came the first day, and as I kept taking it faithfully the cough gradually diminished, and the soreness left me. It is fine."—Maggie Welch.

Address the Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio, for free literature on catarrh.

**No Misgivings.**

"How is business, Hans," asked his acquaintance.  
"Well," answered Hans, "if I can do so good in de past as I haf in de future—vell, dot's how I hope, some more atretty."

For coughs and colds there is no better medicine than Pisco's Cure for Consumption. Price 25 cents.

**A Tug at it.**

She—You must not kiss me until we are formally engaged.  
He—Do you mean to say that you always insist upon that rule?  
She—I've always tried to.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

**Cremation.**

Not until 1884 was the first body cremated in England. The number of bodies cremated annually has steadily increased since both in England and the United States.

**FITS** Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Sime's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. H. H. Kline, Ltd., 331 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

**Not Acquainted With Him.**

"Nell's just crazy over Shakespeare."  
"So he's her latest, is he? Where'd she meet him?"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

**The Prince of Wales.**

The title of Prince of Wales is not inherited, and has usually been bestowed by patent and investiture, though in a few cases the heir to the throne has become Prince of Wales simply by being declared so.

**A Valuable Gold Piece.**

In 1787 a goldsmith of the name of Brasher coined a sixteen-dollar gold piece, which is now one of the rarest of coins, there being but four specimens of it known, all of which are held at \$30.00 each. This rare piece has the well known motto stamped upon it in this mixed-up form: "Unium E Pluribus."

**All That Was Necessary.**

"You must abandon all business cares for the future," says the physician.

"But I fear that I have not yet accumulated sufficient money," protests the multi-millionaire.

"Sufficient?" repeats the doctor.  
"Why, my dear sir, you have enough money to pay physicians' fees for the rest of your life!"

**Bananas English Style.**

At English tables spoons are served with bananas. If the bananas are served as a single fruit course, however, sherry is usually sent around with it. A few drops are poured upon the plate, and the banana, stripped little by little of its skin, is dipped into this and thus eaten.

**In a Minute.**

Nodd—Well, I wish I knew how to pass away a few hours' time.

Todd—Why, I thought you were with your wife just now.

"I was. I left her in a restaurant looking over the bill of fare."

**OUR OFFICE DOOR.**

Words Worth Reading from Wise Bros., the Famous Dentists, of Portland.

"Whenever our office opens to admit a patient," said Dr. W. A. Wise, of Wise Bros., the great dentists, Fall- ing building, Portland, Or., "we want it to be because the patient desires and expects only the best and most conscientious work.

"That's the aim of our advertising. "Whenever our office door closes behind a patient we want it to be the seal of satisfaction upon the service given—and friendliness for our practice—to bring him again—with friends.

"That's the aim of our work. "Many people still think that getting your teeth put in order, or having some extracted and new ones put in costs lots of money and hurts. This is not so. It does not cost much money in our office, and it doesn't hurt a bit. That exclamation from our customers is getting to be widely repeated."

**A Bee Line.**

The directness of the bee's flight is proverbial. The shortest distance between any two given points is called a bee line. Many observers think that the immense eyes with which the insect is furnished greatly assist, if they do not entirely account for, the arrowy straightness of its passage through the air.

**RHEUMATISM**

**ACUTE AND CHRONIC, MUSCULAR, MERCURIAL, ARTICULAR AND INFLAMMATORY.**

Some people have been suffering from Rheumatism so long that they can scarcely remember the time when they were entirely free from an ache or pain, and have long since forgotten the joys of a painless existence. They are at the mercy of every ill wind, and their misery is aggravated by exposure to cold or sudden changes in the temperature. They become walking barometers and most accurate in weather predictions, the increasing pains in muscles and joints foretelling the approaching storm or the coming of bad weather. It is from these constant sufferers that the great army of rheumatic cripples is recruited. Their bodies are worn out by the incessant pains and the joints become so stiffened and bent that they are at last compelled to give up or hobble about on crutches.

Nobody ever outlived Rheumatism; the disease never loosens its grip or leaves of its own accord, but must be driven out by intelligent and persistent treatment through the blood, for Rheumatism of every variety and form is caused by an over acid condition of the blood, and the deposit in muscles, joints and nerves of corrosive poisons and gritty particles, and it is these irritating substances that produce the inflammation, swelling and pains, which last as long as the blood remains in this sour and acid state.

To cure Rheumatism permanently the blood must be purified and invigorated, and no other remedy does this so well or so promptly as S. S. S. It refreshes and restores to the thin acid blood is again circulating through the body the acid poisons and irritating matter are washed out of the muscles and joints, and the pains at once cease and Rheumatism is a thing of the past. S. S. S. is a purely vegetable medicine and does not derange the stomach like the strong mineral remedies, but builds up the general health, increases the appetite and tones up the digestion.



Through our Medical Department the pain-racked, despondent Rheumatic sufferer will receive helpful advice from Physicians of experience and skill without charge. Write us fully about your case.

**Bowling Green, Ky.**  
Gentlemen:—About a year ago I was attacked by acute Rheumatism in my shoulders, arms and legs below the knee. I could not raise my arm to comb my hair. Doctors prescribed for me for over two months without giving me any relief. I saw S. S. S. advertised and decided to try it. Immediately I commenced its use I felt better, and remarked to my mother that I was glad I had at last found some relief. I continued its use and am entirely well. I will always feel deeply interested in the success of S. S. S. since it did me so much good. Yours truly,  
MRS. ALICE HORTON.  
311 Twelfth Street.

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**THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.**