

cent. solution of sal-ammoniac, and kept in an uncorked bottle, remained colorless for days, it gradually turned brown, but remained clear for weeks, and worked well to the last. Your sal-ammoniac developer is, then, A 1; no bromide necessary in the hottest weather. — *Photographer's Daily Companion*.

Chloride of Gold.

BY F. T. BENNETT.

AT one time or another I think I have used nearly every brand of chloride of gold on the market, including those guaranteed to contain seven and a half grains of gold, and those where the makers do not venture to say what amount of the real metal it does contain, although a simple calculation will prove that at the price it could not contain very much gold unless the makers were generously giving themselves away. It is to those who have not thought of the simplicity of preparing chloride of gold, and of the saving effected by so doing, that I address myself. By using chloride which I have prepared myself I know beyond a doubt what quantity of real gold I am using, and I find that the amount I save more than pays for the trouble of preparation. I also find that I can tone quicker, and that the tones are better, with home-prepared gold. The best plan is to use pure gold, which can be obtained at any refiner's either in nuggets or thin sheets, or a half sovereign may be used, although it entails a little extra work in freeing it from the copper with which it is alloyed. To prepare the chloride, proceed as follows: Place the gold (any quantity) in a glass or earthenware measure with one part of nitric acid to three parts of hydrochloric, and gently heat on sand or water bath until dissolved and the solution crystallized. One grain of gold makes about one and a half grains of chloride, so that, by the addition of one drachm of water for each grain, we know exactly what quantity to use when making up a toning bath. — *The British Journal Photographic Almanac*.

The Photograph Passion.

WHY, oh why, will women and girls have themselves so constantly photographed and allow the often unsatisfactory result to be scattered broadcast over the earth? It is an injustice to oneself to permit an untrue picture to go outside the home circle. If it goes to friends you seldom meet, they form their idea of you from the unflattering thing, and insensibly begin to wonder how they could ever have admired you. Then the gown in which you were photographed goes out of fashion, and it is a horrid idea that you may be standing around on someone's table in an overskirt and tight sleeves to be picked up by a girl in an umbrella-case gown, with the loveliest puffed shoulders imaginable, be called "rather pretty, but a dowdy," and set down feet up. Then there is the proud mamma, who has baby's picture taken in a big shell or some other equally idiotic thing, clad in a smile or possibly one sock. There should be a law passed to prevent her sending these wares to everybody she ever heard of in her life. They will lose themselves in a week or two and remain in hiding till the baby is about nineteen years old; then they will reappear and pursue her relentlessly wherever she goes till she is almost frenzied. If a dear one dies, the first thing done is to get a lot of photographs and send them to everyone who loved her. After a while they drift out of the album or photograph box. The owner dies, perhaps, and her children have not the same feeling about things, and it is a miserable thought that the dear face may be poked away with a pile of papers or old letters or thrown in a scrap basket. It is not even safe to give one to "him," not because of the tales we hear of betrayed confidence and all that—there is very little of that sort of thing in real life, and if an "ex" does not return your photograph he is almost sure to burn it—but because he might put it in one of those silver dollar locketts and then in a moment of abstraction pay his wash bill with it.