

THE WEE PAIR O' SHOON.

Oh, lay them cannie doon, Jamie,
An' tak' them frae my sight!

The eastlin' wind blaws cauld, Jamie,
The snaw's on the hill and plain,

A PARTING.

WELL, dear, what do you think
of it?" said Jack Trevor, joyfully,

"It will separate us, Jack," was all
she said, with quivering lip.

"Yes, Jack, I know it is for your
good, dear, but it is so hard to bear,"

"Poor Alice," he said, and then his
thoughts flew away to the quaint little
fishing village on the west coast of
Ireland,

He had gone—and, oh, the desolation
that had crept into one loving, lonely
heart.

"I cannot do it—I cannot do it properly,"
she murmured, a slight pout on her
red lips.

She bent her head upon her hands in
dejection; a sunbeam stole through the
window and kissed her rippling hair,

"I'll do it!" she cried. "I was always
good at lace work, Miss Crickmay shall
teach me.



What are known as "invisible photographs"
may afford a great deal of amusement
to the amateur.

A tasteful method of mounting prints
is by indenting a plate mark somewhat
larger than the print into the surface
of the mount itself.

Winter affords excellent opportunities
for the amateur photographer to secure
pretty views, and to thoroughly appreciate
what a beautiful art photography is.

Newly fallen snow will not make a
very good picture, as the white expanse
is too monotonous.

Backed plates give good results for
snow scenes, or if one cares to bother
with double coated non-halation plates

eyes, as if there was a someone or a
something missing.

Jack soon regained his composure.
"So like," he said, "yet so unlike."

Why, Alice is thousands of miles away;
besides, she never could act like that
even if she were here," he added bitterly.

She had turned and looked at him;
he stifled with a cruel hand a certain
sweet wildness that had sprung up in
his heart at that look.

A sudden boldness seemed to take
possession of him. He pushed Lieut.
Faversham slightly aside, bowed, and
with his heart thumping against his
side inquired if she was engaged for
the next dance.

Rising with a smile, she laid her hand
upon his arm. "I do not wish to dance;
let us sit it out in the conservatory,"
she said softly.

He glanced at her quickly, a faint
glimmering of the truth dawning upon
him.

"Alice," he almost gasped, as they
reached a quiet spot, "is it you?"

But two soft, pleading eyes were all
his answer, and then two lovely arms
went round his neck, with "Jack, my
love, my darling, see what love can
make me do."—New York Evening News.

Messages Sent in Bombs.
Dispatches Placed in Cannon and
Hurled to Their Destination.

One of the most interesting suggestions
recently submitted to the military
authorities is that made by Captain
Hardin Beverly Littlepage, at present
employed in the division of naval war
records in the Navy Department.

The means is an ordinary cannon,
from which a "dispatch boom" can be
fired to the distance to which a shell
is sent.

This method will obviate the difficulty
which so hampered both armies during
the Civil War.

routed through their ignorance of
orders which were intercepted, while the
bad results of such orders falling into
the hands of the enemy cannot be over-
estimated.

Had the French during the siege of
Paris by the German army employed
such methods they could have sent
messages over the heads of the enemy
right into the hands of friends.

At present the navy is experimenting
with wireless telegraphy, says the
Washington Post, which, of course,
can be used as a means of communication
even with an enemy intervening,

Artificial Limbs.
The manufacture of artificial limbs
is of very ancient origin.

The grandfather of Catiline in early
life lost his right hand in battle, but
made himself an iron substitute with
which he could handle sword or lance.

Millions of butterflies are eaten every
year by the Australian aborigines.
The insects congregate in vast quantities
on the rocks of the Bugong Mountains

Butterfly Buns.
Millions of butterflies are eaten every
year by the Australian aborigines.

Tested Him.
"Of course."
"Beauty is often one woman's thorn
in another woman's flesh."

ORIGIN OF THE TITLE.

WHY ENGLISH HEIR IS CALLED PRINCE OF WALES.

Diplomatic Trick by Which Edward
I. Induced People of That Country
to Accept an English Ruler—An
Episode in Welsh History.

Few stories in British history are
more interesting than that of the first
Prince of Wales and the manner in
which the Welsh, then bitterly hostile
to the English, were induced to accept
a Prince of the Royal family as their
ruler.

It was not until the time of Edward
the First that any substantial progress
was made in the conquest of Wales.



Welsh Prince, was defeated, yielded,
then rebelled, and, in the first engage-
ment after his rebellion, was killed.

Of these, the first begun was Carnar-
von, its foundation being laid in
1282, though it was not completely
finished until 1322, fifteen years after
Edward's death.

which correspond to the other hand,
representing the vowels and diphthongs.
The simultaneous pressure of one
or more fingers of each hand produces
entire syllables.

Shah's Tooth Pulled by Proxy.
A story is being told in Paris of the
shah which savors more of previous
monarch than of the present occupant
of the Persian throne.

The honest, unsophisticated Welshmen
at once conceived the idea that if
they consented to the terms proposed
the King would appoint one of them-
selves.

The crookedest railway in the world
is one from Boswell to Freidens, Pa.,
the air line distance being five miles.

and then devoted their attention to
trading with the English merchants
and raising grain and fattening pigs
to sell to the English army.

AN ECLIPSE IN CNINA.

There was Some Mistake in the Cal-
culation of the Astronomers.

In China an eclipse of the sun or of
the moon is regarded as an evil augury
for the emperor, intended to warn him
to examine himself and correct his
faults.

The imperial astronomers had an-
nounced that on February 7th, at eight
o'clock in the evening, the dragon
which wanders to and fro in the re-
gions of the air would endeavor to
swallow the moon.

Long before the appointed time mil-
lions of Chinese issued from the towns
to the open country, there, nose in air,
to watch the wonderful phenomenon.

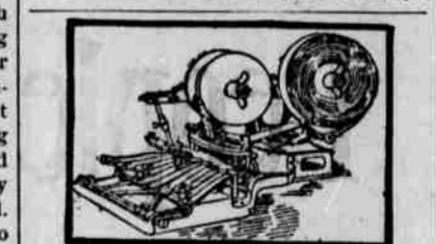
But what a disappointment! At
eight o'clock the gazing multitudes saw
the moon rise, a full unspotted disk,

It is impossible to describe the rage
with which the Chinese beat their pans
and gongs, whirled their rattles, and
let off the crackers.

It was learned later that the emperor
sent word to the astronomers that
the next time they made such a mis-
calculation he would relieve them of
their appointments and send them into
exile.

SHORTHAND MACHINE FOR RAPID WORK.

M. Lafaurie, a Frenchman, is the
inventor of a machine which he calls
the stenodactyl. He asserts that it
will write shorthand at the rate of 210
words a minute.



A FRENCH INVENTION.



It is becoming almost as dangerous
to ride in automobiles as to be in front
of them. This may bring reform.—EX.

Culture: Ruth—Mr. Jenkins has such
an air of culture, hasn't he? Tom
(Jenious)—Hum—yes, agriculture.—Kan-
sas City Journal.

Defined and Described: Teacher—
What is a farm? Bright Little Girl—
A piece of land entirely covered by a
mortgage.—Detroit Free Press.

Teaching Him: Tom—I can read
your thoughts, Clara—I can hardly
believe it, for if you could you wouldn't
sit so far away.—Indianapolis Journal.

Fully Covered: A woman on the
death of her husband telegraphed to a
distant friend: "Dear Joseph is dead.
Loss fully covered by insurance."—Tit-
Bits.

All Hers: "Ah, but, count," she
cried, "do you love me for myself
alone?" "Yes," he replied, "you are
your fazaire's only child."—Chicago
Times-Herald.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what's an ego-
tist? Pa—An egotist, my son, is a man
who tells you those things about him-
self which you intended to tell him
about yourself.—Chicago News.

Instructor (in despair)—Well, at least
you can tell me where the Magna
Charta was signed? Student (cheer-
fully)—Oh, yes! King John signed that
at the bottom.—Harvard Lampoon.

Sure enough: Little Elmer—Papa,
what is the hand of providence? Pro-
fessor Broadhead—The hand of provid-
ence, my son, is what we usually see
in the misfortunes of others.—Puck.

"Bridget, did you hear the bell?"
"Yes—sum." "Why don't you go to the
door, then?" "Sure, mum, I'm not ex-
pectin' anny one. It must be some-
body to see you."—Baltimore Herald.

To Remove the Shells: Mrs. New-
wed (dinner)—Manly, why do you
serve nutcrackers with the turkey?
Mandy—Well, yo' done tole me to stuff
de turkey wif chestnuts.—Detroit Free
Press.

Tommy—I think mamma is an awful
gossip. Ethel—Oh, Tommy! how can
you say such a thing? Tommy—Well,
she is; everything I do she immediatly
goes and tells papa, I hate gossip.
—Tit-Bits.

"I see Newlywed at the Country
Club quite often since his baby came.
I thought he was firmly anchored to a
home life." "He was, but at the first
squall he began to drag his an-
chor."—Puck.

Optional: "Do you have to ask your
wife for money?" faltered the little
man with the hunted look in his eyes.
"Not on your life!" replied the large,
brusque man; "but rather than go
without, I sometimes do!"—Detroit
Journal.

A Hardship of Modern War: She—
The strain on the soldier in modern
warfare must be very great. He—It
is. Sometimes the photographer isn't
ready, and you have to wait hours,
and then the pictures may prove fail-
ures.—Judge.

Early lessons in ornithology: Squire
(to rural lad)—Now, my boy, tell me
how do you know an old partridge
from a young one? Boy—By teeth, sir.
Squire—Nonsense, boy! You ought to
know better. A partridge hasn't got
any teeth. Boy—No, sir; but I have.—
Punch.

An enthusiastic sightseer in London
was telling her friend that she had
been fortunate enough to get a good
view of Lord Kitchener. "Ah," said
the friend, "I suppose he is a very
bellicose man?" "Oh, no," was the
reply, "quite slim I assure you."—Chi-
cago News.

Mother—You naughty boy! You've
been fighting. Little Son—No, mother.
Mother—How did your clothes get torn
and your face get scratched? Little
Son—I was trying to keep a bad boy
from hurting a good little boy. Mother
—That was noble. Who was the good
little boy? Little Son—Me.—Pittsburg
Bulletin.

Answered by telephone: Parker—
What's wrong, You seem worried.
Streeter—I am. I wrote two notes—
one to my broker asking him if he took
me for a fool, and the other to Miss
Golding asking her if she would be
mine. While I was out somebody
telephoned 'Yes,' and I don't know
which of 'em it was.—Chicago News.

"Would you advise me to read 'The
Virginian'?" the fair young girl looked
up and asked him. "Not yet," he
gravely replied; "always wait until a
book has been on the market for a
full year and a half before you read
it." A little later he murmured softly
to himself: "By that time I may be
able to get her a copy for 15 cents."
For, in addition to giving sage advice,
he was not averse to turning an honest
penny.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A stylishly dressed woman entered a
restaurant. The waiter handed her a
bill of fare written in French, and
said: "Please mark off the dishes you
wish to order." Could a woman, dressed
in the height of fashion, confess
that she could not read French? Tak-
ing the pencil, she made a few dashes,
and the order read: "Dinner, 2s.;
'Nov. 20,' 'Vegetables,' 'Please pay
at the desk,' 'Celery.'" The flendish
waiter brought her beefsteak and on-
ions, but she did not dare to raise a
word in protest.—Tit-Bits.