

OH, DINNA ASK ME.

Oh! dinna ask me gin I lo'e thee;
Troth, I daurna tell;
Dinna ask me gin I lo'e thee;
Ask it o' yoursel'.

Oh! dinna look aae at me,
For well ye ken me true;
Oh, gin ye look aae at me,
I daurna look at you.

When ye gang to yon braw town,
And bonnie lassies see,
Oh, Jamie, dinna look at them,
Lest ye should mind na me.

For I could never bide the lass
That ye'd lo'e mair than me;
And oh, I'm sure my heart wad break
Gin ye'd prove false to me.

—New York News.

A Woman's Choice

MARGARET ASHTON gazed dreamily at her own reflection in the mirror, and a little smile of satisfaction played around the corners of her faintly curved lips.

Yes, she was beautiful, but to-night she must look her loveliest, for she was to attend the DeForsh's ball, and Charley was to be there.

She put a few last finishing touches to her hair and clasped the pearl necklace carefully about her throat, then picked up the two separate bouquets that lay awaiting her.

White roses and lilies of the valley; she raised the latter to her lips softly, for they were from Charley, of course.

They were her favorite flowers and he always sent them, and the roses were from Gerald Lorrimer.

She held them up against her dress to note the effect, and instead of the usual card a note fell from each.

She opened Charley Hamilton's first; it ran as follows:

Dearest Margaret—You were to give me my answer to-night. If it is yes, as I fondly hope, please wear my flowers as a token.

Margaret, I plead my love for you as the only basis of my hope, knowing how unworthy I am to become your husband.

But, Margaret, I love you with all of a true man's devotion, and will work for you as I never have before.

Perhaps some day I will be able to give you all the luxuries you now have and deserve. I pray God that I may.

Think of my love, and if you can give me any hope, wear my flowers this evening. Your old friend and true lover.

CHARLEY.

Her eyes shone softly and her lips trembled, as she read it through the third time.

She picked up the lilies of the valley and pinned them tremblingly against her corsage.

Life with Charley! What meant poverty or care or anything else, so long as she had his love?

Then she noticed the other note lying all forgotten at her feet.

She picked it up and opened it.

Let us glance over her shoulder.

My Dear Miss Ashton—I take this opportunity of proposing for your hand in marriage.

You may be surprised, but I have had you in mind for some time as a most proper person to share my wealth and position.

I can give you anything you desire, as you well know, and shall think your beauty and wit a fast return.

If your answer is favorable, wear my roses to-night at the De Forsh's. Yours truly,

GERALD LORRIMER.

It was short and to the point.

Her face grew pale and she shivered slightly as she read it.

There was no mention of love. Well, she was glad, for she hated him.

He was selfish and contemptible in her sight.

She read the note again.

Yes, he certainly could give her everything to which she was accustomed.

He was wealthy beyond a doubt.

She was sorely tempted. Life with him meant wealth and ease. Life with Charley, economy and toil.

She held up one slim hand and examined it carefully. It was never meant for hard work.

She unpinned the flowers and put them in a bowl of water, then pinned the roses in their place.

She sat back in the corner of the carriage with her wrap drawn closely around her, as she was driven away.

It was rather late, but what did it matter? Nothing mattered now.

She decided to marry Mr. Lorrimer. She must have wealth and Charley couldn't give it to her.

Her uncle wouldn't be expected to keep her in luxuries after she was married, so—

She had put love and gold in the balance, and gold outweighed love.

Weighted in the balances and found wanting.

Would she be happy?

Charley's face was continually before her white and hopeless; she couldn't shut it out.

Poor Charley, how he would miss her friendship, how lonely he would be, and she—

What would she do without him? She loved him.

They were nearly there now.

She called to the coachman, "James, drive back to the house as quickly as possible; I have the wrong flowers."

And as the carriage turned she threw the white roses far into the street, to be trampled under foot.

Love had won.—Indianapolis Sun.

GERMANY'S AFRICAN COLONY.

Work Being Done to Develop Resources of the Country.

Lady Curzon is not the only American woman whose husband rules over



Amateur Photography

White paper, without any detail, does not represent snow in a picture, and contrast is generally heightened by the detail in tree-trunks and other objects in the picture being lost in solid black. Where such cases of underexposure occur, throw away the negative and try again with double the exposure, developing in a metol-hydroquinone solution diluted with double the quantity of water and at a normal temperature. — Camera and Dark Room.

Home Portraiture.—The usual defects in portraits made out of doors by the amateur are heavy shadows under the eyes, nose and chin. These are due to the excessive amount of light coming directly from above. To remedy them, rig up some sort of a screen a few feet above the sitter, and also arrange a reflector—such as a piece of white card, or a board covered

with a white sheet—lined on the ground so as to reflect light upward on to the face. These measures will modify the shadows and give a much more pleasing portrait. Another point to be borne in mind is to use a developer of moderate strength. If pyro-soda is employed, the pyro should not be more than 2 grs. per ounce. With many plates 1 gr. is sufficient. Those who use the ready-made developers, of which they do not know the composition, should add an equal bulk of water.—Exchange.

Reduction Formula.—Prof. Lainer gives the following formula, by which a very slowly proceeding reduction of the negative is obtained: Fixing soda solution 1.4, 100 c.cm.; iodide potassium, 1 gr. After an hour the reduction is perceptible; after eight to ten hours' action even a dense fog will disappear.

a colonial empire, says the Berlin correspondent of the New York Times. A similar position is also held by the Countess von Goetzen, who is now in Berlin with her husband Count von Goetzen, the governor of German East Africa.

The count, while in Berlin on a recent leave of absence, talked in an interesting manner of the country of which he is governor.

"German East Africa is double the size of Germany," he said, "and has a population of 6,000,000, of which only 1,000 are Europeans. The country is very productive and rich in mineral wealth. I am now seeking capital for the purpose of building a railroad to connect Kiwa, in the neighborhood of our capital, Daaralaam, with Lake Nyassa. This road, if built, will be of immense value, for it will make possible the control of trade between Lake Nyassa and Lake Tanganika.

"Land is given to prospective settlers in German East Africa under the most favorable conditions. It is interesting to note, in this connection, that a large number of Boers have settled in our colony. German East Africa's mineral wealth has been only partly exploited. At Tramba, in the Killimagaru, a twenty days' journey from the coast, gold mines exist. German East Africa has an abundance of cattle, which are exported. Game also abounds.

"Slavery in East Africa is gradually becoming a thing of the past, slave dealers being severely punished. The result has been that many Arabs formerly engaged in the traffic have become very poor. We are still permitting the so-called house slavery, which can be abolished only by gradual processes.

"Daaralaam, the capital, is increasing in size and is becoming an important shipping center. It has the best harbor on the African coast, and is equipped with a dry dock.

"The climate is very enervating, but no worse than that of India and Ceylon. In the highlands of the interior a delightful subtropical coolness prevails. We are now planning to establish in the Usambara mountains, where the good coffee is raised, a hill station, in which to spend the warm season, patterned after similar ones in India. We shall also establish a biological experiment station, similar to the famous one at Buiton Zorg, on the island of Java."

Count von Goetzen's rule of East Africa has met the entire approval of the German government. He was sent to Africa not merely as a military man but as one who by travel and numerous explorations had become thoroughly acquainted with African life and conditions. His methods have been unbureaucratic, and in every possible way he has given active support to the merchants and planters living in the colony. He frequently holds meetings at which these elements are present and hears from them their grievances. He has solved the difficult problem of how to obtain men to work on the plantations by bringing natives from districts in the interior. It is his aim to put the colony on such a financial basis that it shall be self-sustaining and financially independent of the home government.

Gov. von Goetzen is popular with the natives, whom he has endeavored to treat humanely and fairly. He hopes to establish a native council, somewhat on the same principle as that adopted by the British in India.

OLD HAVILAND INN TO BE TURNED INTO A MUSEUM

For 200 years the old Haviland inn, in Rye, Westchester County, New York, made famous by the visits of Washington, Lafayette, John Adams and other fathers of the republic, has escaped destruction, and now it is likely to be turned into a historical museum.

William Raymond, owner of the property, was about to tear it down and erect a business building on the site, when John E. Parsons, William H. Parsons and J. H. Whittemore, their cousins, purchased the property for \$15,000.

The inn stands in the village square,

and dates back to 1731, when Peter Brown presided over its affairs. Afterwards the widow Haviland came into possession, and in Washington's letters mention is made of the "very neat and decent inn" at Rye, at which he stopped Oct. 15, 1789. The Rye people gave Gen. Lafayette a great reception



HISTORIC HAVILAND INN.

in 1824, when he was touring from Boston to New York, and the French hero slept in the same room occupied by Washington. For generations the stage coaches from Boston and New York stopped at the Rye Inn and deposited travelers over night, many famous Americans being among the guests.

The action of the Parsons family in saving the old landmark is greatly appreciated by residents in the district, and it is said the place is to be filled with relics and souvenirs connected with Rye, since it was a parish of Great Britain in 1660.

GOLD FEVER IN VERMONT.

Inhabitants in Some Sections See Visions of Great Wealth.

The residents of several of the southern towns in Bennington and Windham counties, Vermont, have for several months been experiencing a severe attack of gold fever. Many of them have become convinced that they are living in a new California, and that untold wealth in mineral production can be found in the rocky hills.

Many persons who have bought claims have sent samples of their rock to Prof. Mason of the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute of Troy, says the Boston Herald. In every case his replies have been unfavorable, and he has done his best to discourage confidence in any profit from gold mining in Vermont.

In returning some of these samples to a party with a decidedly unfavorable report, the professor says: "There is no gold in paying quantities to be found in the New England States; and very little east of the Mississippi river. There are traces of gold in sufficient quantity to reward the worker everywhere, even in the backyards of Bennington, but there is no 'pay dirt' or gold in this part of the country. When I have warned some of your Vermont people who have brought specimens to me, that it would be better for them not to invest money in the hope of reward in gold mining, I have discovered by the long faces of some that the warning was too late and that the property had been purchased with the idea that it would prove to be a bonanza."

In the towns of Readsboro, Wilmington and others near by, thousands of dollars have been thrown away in the last eighteen months in wildcat mining enterprises.

An Anecdote of Dumas.

Speaking of Alexander Dumas a writer says that his chief characteristic was his utter disregard of money. He made millions, but never had a franc at his command. "For example," said he, "upon one occasion Dumas had invited company to dinner, and finding that he did not stand possessed of a single cent, drove to a friend's and asked him to lend him two louis. This his friend readily did, and as Dumas was taking his leave suggested, as he had just been getting some very fine pickles, he would be glad to give him a jar to add to his dinner. The servant was sent for the pickles and when he put the jar in the carriage, Dumas, having no other change about him, dropped the two louis in the man's hand."

THAT MONUMENTAL NUISANCE, THE UNINVITED VISITOR AND HOW TO TREAT HER

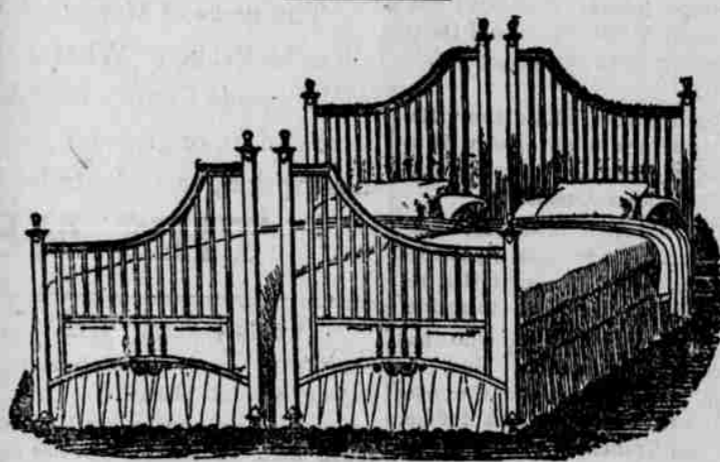
WHEN the uninvited visitor writes us that we may expect her—which usually happens on the very most inconvenient time in the year, though in truth it would be difficult to tell her when her visit would be least opportune—she takes the precaution to follow her letter too quickly for us to adjourn her; or she drops down upon us without any premonition, quite as a matter of course, and proceeds to make herself thoroughly at home without more ado. Naturally we do not expect any great amount of diffidence on the part of a person who is bold enough to intrude upon the privacy of another without special request, and we are therefore but little surprised when we find her investigating the upper story of the house, or devising means for invading the rooms that have been closed to her, or interviewing the "help;" when she demands eatables not on the table, and tells us about the luxuries provided by her last hostess, when, knowing the breakfast hour, she willfully lies in bed till that meal is spoiled; when she is impatient if something is not being done for her entertainment; when she complains of the temperature of the dining-room in warm weather and the torment of the flies, the persistence of the mosquitoes, without seeming to realize that they are annoyances to which she has voluntarily subjected herself; or when she is curious about our work, even asking, if we are wage-earners, what we "get" in the way of remuneration. Now, the question is how to deal with such guests as these. Speaking for myself, I heartily approve of the heroic manner in which an acquaintance of mine—a most hospitable woman by the way—dealt with one of them.

Having been annoyed and aggravated by her peculiarities and impertinences for more than two weeks, she said, when at last the longed-for time of her departure arrived, "Please, wait for an invitation from me before you come again."

"Oh, dear, I couldn't be as formal as that," was the airy reply. "But I insist upon it," continued my friend, quietly but firmly. "And furthermore, if you do arrive here again without an invitation, I shall certainly not receive you, and you will have to return home by the next train."

As may well be imagined, the defeated one, in every house into which she forced her way after listening to that declaration, abused and slandered her late hostess, but the latter cared very little for that, happy in the thought that she had effectually got rid of a guest who understood nothing of the etiquette of visiting and showed an entire lack of even the alphabet of good-breeding.

THE FASHIONABLE DOUBLE BED.



THE "TWIN BEDSTEDS."

Hygienic reformers have declared against the ordinary double bed in which the emanations from the body of one sleeper may be absorbed by that of the other. Greater comfort, it is argued, is also insured to individual sleepers by the substitution of "twin bedsteads" for one large bed. In case of illness or restlessness on the part of one sleeper, the other is less likely to be disturbed unnecessarily when separate beds are occupied. The bedsteads illustrated are known as the "Sheraton," and are made entirely of brass.

ROMANCE OF TREASURE HOUSE.

Events in History of Bank of England Reads Like Thrilling Fiction.

The Bank of England—that rambling, ramshackle, loose-jointed structure of gray stone, blackened by centuries of London smoke, London grime and London soot, and forming an almost complete square from Threadneedle street in the south to Coleman street in the north—does not at first sight seem a likely place for romance, and yet its history teems with stories of love, hatred, ambition, rascality and adventure.

William Paterson, who at one time of his life had controlled every privateer that ran the Spanish main—a grim, black-muzzled Scotchman—was the founder of the bank. He laid the foundation of his fortune in the buying and selling of slaves and the clearing of £100,000 as his share of the gold found on a sunken Spanish galleon. It was with this £100,000 and the profit derived from his buccaneering expedition that Paterson, banished to Holland by James II. and the implacable enemy of all the Stuarts, found part of the money for the Prince of Orange's expedition across the Boyne.

Concurrently with the advent of William III. on the throne of England the first plans for the foundation of a national bank were made and those who know of the inside history of those times doubt not that William III. was indeed the moving spirit of the scheme, and that Paterson was his official tool and mouthpiece at the weekly meetings or famous gatherings of financiers known as the Wednesday Club.

Vain was it for the Jacobites of that day to denounce the bank as a revolutionary institution through which all the wealth of the nation would go into the hands of the sovereign. The only concession that the Tory malcontents were able to obtain from the government was a law that remains in force to this day—that the bank should not lend money to the king or the government except by consent of both houses of parliament.

Blood-red in the annals of the bank lives the story of Charles Walter Godfrey, partner of Paterson. Crossing the channel in the teeth of a fierce storm and laden with £60,000 (\$300,000) in drafts for the aid of King William, at that time besieging Namur against the forces of the fourteenth Louis, Godfrey insisted on his right to deliver the warrant for the money into the hands of the king, who was then in the trenches under a hot fire. And as, with humble obeisance, he handed the paper to his taciturn majesty, saying in response to the king's gruff remonstrance, "Am I then more exposed to danger than you, sir?" a cannon ball swept his head away.

Over the massive fireplace in the directors' room stood some years ago three rusty specimens of the old Brown Bess, together with a number of rough-

ly shaped bullets. In these relics is embodied a picture of that dreadful night in the November of 1780, when the mob of Gordon rioters marched down from Newgate, setting fire to every Catholic chapel on the line of march and advancing with a force of 5,000 upon the bank.

Then was it, says the New York World, that the clerks, armed with muskets, remembered that they were unprovided with shot. Before them lay rows of leaden inkstands, mutely suggesting the possibilities of a new use. In less than half an hour the inkstands had been melted and turned into bullets.

The muskets were loaded. At every window of the bank stood two marksmen, their guns trained on the crowd below. Yet the mob came on, never halting, never hesitating, until they were within ten yards of the bank gates, and then, sharp and clear above the pandemonium of yelling, was heard the order to fire.

From those windows poured a deadly volley, and when the smoke finally cleared away 250 rioters lay still or writhing in the agony of mortal wounds on the open space covered by the esplanade of the Royal Exchange.

The attacking army wavered, stopped, broke line and fled and the Gordon riots were at an end.

Pearl Under a Plaster.

Tam Quang wore a porous plaster on his back when he landed from the steamer China a few days ago. It was a harmless looking thing, but the customs inspectors were suspicious. They moved the plaster and a large and very valuable pearl dropped to the floor. Now Tam Quang is in custody.

Quang is wealthy. He is a member of the firm of Quang, Tuck & Co., 825 Dupont street. Besides the pearl in the plaster the inspectors found eight single stones and two strings of pearls sewed in the lining of his blouse. Another coat revealed much duntiable goods concealed cleverly. Inside the lining of a gorgeous bedspread was a bolt of heavy embroidered silk.

Deputy Surveyor St. John ordered the man arrested. All his goods were seized. The contraband articles are: Twelve strings of pearls, eight single pearls, one large pearl, one pair of jade bracelets, three jade stones, two flat jade stones, three pairs of jade earrings, three jade bracelets, ten gold forks, one piece of embroidered silk, eighteen ivory chopsticks, fifteen silver-tipped chopsticks, 406 pieces of cut jade stones and ten garments of wearing apparel. The goods are valued at \$500.—San Francisco Examiner.

Nature works wonders—then man steps in and proceeds to work them off on the public at 10 cents a head, children half-price.

Sometimes a man is willing to remain at the foot of the ladder for the purpose of pulling others down.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Undeceived.



HERE is little salvation in the sermon prepared for the deceiver.

A virtue is not a deceased vice.

Sorrow is a stronger link than joy.

Fine harness does not make the fast horse.

The greatest things in life are the things that all can do.

The only way to arbitrate with the devil is with a shotgun.

Greatness of soul is not synonymous with littleness of sense.

Prosperity is liable to turn the Christian race into a dull trot.

God's justice cannot be weighed in the scales of our scruples.

A good deal of laziness of mind is called liberality of opinion.

When David takes Goliath's weapon he loses his heavenly ally.

The modern pharisee knows enough to adopt the publican's prayer.

It is better to give evidence of salvation than to be able to understand it.

The sign of the dollar is the one most sought by this sinful generation.

The flight of time ought to remind us of the coming of the time of our flight.

If there was salvation in legislation Moses would have rendered Christ unnecessary.

It is of little use making earth like heaven until we make men's hearts like God's.

It is hard for churches to grasp the law that when they are dead they have to be buried.

To be called God's child is not so much an expression of your doctrine as of your destiny.

The indifference of the masses is to be accounted for partly by the differences of the churches.

There are churches where Christ instead of driving out the traders would have to cast out the devils.

The survival of the fittest may be the way of law, but the salvation of the failures is the way of love.

It is hardly fair to expect God to provide us a home there if we shirk the responsibilities of a home here.

CANNON BALLS WERE GOLD.

They Were Used in India to Repel an Invading Army.

Not long ago an old peasant was wandering in the jungle about half a mile from the city of Ahmadnagar, in India, when he found a round ball of metal. It was black and looked like an old iron round shot, but when the old man lifted it he was struck with its immense weight. He carried it home and found on scratching it, that it was a lump of solid gold. It weighed eight pounds and its sale made the finder rich for life.

There are many more of these cannon balls, each worth a small fortune, lying hid or buried in the recesses of this jungle and their story is a curious one. At the end of the sixteenth century Akbar, the greatest emperor Hindoostan ever saw, was at the height of his glory. At the head of his conquering army he summoned Ahmadnagar to surrender. The city and its rich treasure were then under the rule of the Princess Candé. Knowing that resistance could be but short and in bitter rage against the oppressor, she caused all the treasure of gold and silver to be melted down. She cast the metal into cannon balls and engraved upon each maledictions against the conqueror. These were fired into the jungle and when Akbar entered the city, instead of the rich hoard he had hoped to win, he found a treasury absolutely empty.

That this is not the only occasion upon which cannon balls of gold have been cast is proved by the fact that in the treasury of the Shah of Persia there may be seen, in the same room where stands the famous peacock throne, two small globular projectiles of gold. They were estimated by a recent visitor to weigh about 31 pounds each and are very roughly made.

Their origin or purpose is, however, totally forgotten. It is only known that they are very old.

Privilege of a Legless M. P.

More than one member of the House of Commons has been privileged to speak in a sitting posture. The late A. M. Kavanagh, for example, an Irish member of the pre-Parnell period. It would have been impossible for him to address the House otherwise, as he had the misfortune to be born with only the most rudimentary suggestions of arms and legs. Hence his Westminster nickname—the "Turtle." He was a fluent and eloquent speaker, and in spite of his deformities enjoyed life fairly well. By ingenious arrangements he could ride to hounds, write letters, and do most things as well as people supplied with arms and legs.—London Chronicle.

Natural Deduction.

"Do you manufacture your own palls, Mr. Brokerleigh?" asked the sweet girl who was on the verge of graduating.

"Palls!" exclaimed Brokerleigh. "Why, I have nothing to do with palls."

"Oh, excuse me," said the fair bud, "but I understood papa to say that you were connected with a bucket shop."

A motor in the middle of a main road is worth many stuck in the mud.