

WHILE THE WORLD GOES ON

The horse was white that yesterday stood for a while before a door; The box was light and small that they who were his little playmates bore; The world goes on—gay lovers sing, The shouts of happy children ring, Out gladly as they did before.

Ah, yes! The world keeps going on, And people plan and children play, But some one's dearest hopes are gone, And some one's heart is torn to-day! A heavy silence lingers where Gay laughter used to ring, and there Are useless toys to put away.

I weep not for the little one Whose sinless heart shall know no care— Not for the child whose shouting's done, Around whose brow the curls are fair— But all my grievous tears shall be For them, alone, that have to see The high-chair standing empty there. —Chicago Record-Herald.

Love's Own Day

DON'T like to have you go skating with Fannie Engle." So said Mrs. Harie to her daughter May one afternoon late in February.

"That is strange, mamma, when you have always liked Fannie so much," pointed May.

"Now, daughter, you know very well why I do not want you to go with Fannie," and Mrs. Harie paused and looked straight at her daughter.

And May did know.

Exactly one month before May Harie had become engaged to George Noble, as fine a young man as his name. But before her engagement she had been very "sweet," as the girls put it, upon Fannie Engle's brother Horace, a young man of poor habits, and it was on account of Horace that Mrs. Harie did not wish her betrothed daughter to go skating with Fannie.

But May was willful.

"I am sorry," said Mrs. Harie, "that May acts so. Some time she will go too far."

That afternoon a messenger boy came with a letter for May and a large bouquet of flowers. The letter read: "Dearest May—I drop you this line to remind you that we are to go skating this afternoon, and Horace says to be sure and send you these flowers with our compliments. He will join us on the ice. Lovingly, Fannie."

May read the note and smiled with pleasure. "Isn't that sweet of Fannie?" said she.

But her mother sighed. She did not want May to encourage Fannie or her brother, for she felt that it would lead to no good.

That afternoon May went skating with Fannie and her brother, and it was fully 5 o'clock when she returned. "I am going to supper with Fannie," said she, "and as George was coming to call this evening I shall drop him a little line to tell him not to call before to-morrow."

Mrs. Harie objected seriously, but her willful daughter was not to be turned, so she let her go her own way, though she felt that it was a mistake for May to treat her betrothed in that manner.

Foolish May! She was actually in love with George, but like many other girls who have secured a good young man, she was capricious and liked to try his affection. George had noticed her capriciousness, but bore it good-naturedly.

That evening May sent her note to George telling him not to call, and then went to Fannie's house to spend the evening.

If May noticed anything strange about the conduct of Fannie or her brother that evening, she said nothing, but afterward she admitted that both had acted a little strangely.

After supper Fannie suggested that all three go for a walk, but when they were ready to start May was surprised to see a sleigh standing at the front door. "We are going for a ride instead of a walk," whispered Fannie, putting her arm playfully around May's waist, "surely, you will not refuse to go with us, dear?"

Before May knew it they were all seated in the sleigh and the driver was rapidly speeding along down the street toward the middle of the town.

Scarcely had they gone more than a block when Fannie put her arm around May and drew her head down on her shoulder. "Dear May," said she, "there is something Horace and I want to say to you, and we thought you would not refuse us."

And then, to her horror and surprise, Horace Engle began to pour into her ear his tale of love and long affection, while Fannie added a word here and there.

May, too indignant to reply, put her hands to her ears to shut out the sound.

"Stop, stop!" cried May. "Such dishonorable talk I never heard. I will not allow you to speak to me this way. Remember that I am the affianced wife of George Noble, as true and good a man as ever walked, and that I will not listen to such words." Then turning to her friends, she said, "Fannie, I am ashamed of you."

Fannie flushed and stammered, but her brother said, "That is all very well, May, but you know 'all's fair in love and war.'"

Then again Fannie began to coax May to consider the step which she might take and make her brother so happy. "Horace has promised to turn over a new leaf if you will marry him."

"Stop this sleigh immediately," almost shrieked May. "I do not wonder,

WHERE SEEDS ARE GROWN BY TONS.



SEED THRESHER READY TO START.

Thousands of acres of land in Douglas County, Nebraska, are devoted to the raising of garden and field seeds of many kinds, and the chief industry of the busy town of Waterloo consists in finally preparing, assorting, packing and shipping hundreds of tons of seeds annually. Shipments are made to all parts of the United States, to Canada and Mexico.

Thirty years ago the lands now devoted to seed culture could be bought for \$2 an acre. It is situated in the valley of the Platte, between the Elkhorn and Platte Rivers, was covered with rank vegetation, and not deemed

fit for grazing. About ten years ago some tracts were cleared and drained, and it was found that the soil, a rich dark loam with sand, was ideal ground for the raising of many sorts of seeds. The industry has developed, and now these garden lands sell at from \$45 to \$100 an acre, and rent for from \$4 to \$6 an acre annually.



THE FINAL HAND-PICKING.

The pictures here shown are from photographs made on one of the J. C. Robinson seed farms and in the warehouse of that gentleman, who is at the head of one of the great business interests of that part of Nebraska. The seed threshing machine is loaded to

West End, and retiring to his bedroom, emptied the money bags into his bed. Thither he promptly followed the sovereigns, among which, having for a time rolled and tumbled, he ultimately fell asleep.

For his novel, "Les Memories du Diable," Frederic Soulie received from his publishers 10,000 francs in gold. Overjoyed at his good fortune he hurried home, and pouring the louis d'or into a footbath plunged his feet into the glittering treasure, where he kept them for over half an hour, smoking the wattle Gargantuan cigar and building castles in the air.

Madame du Barry, when at the zenith of her power, had a bath so constructed that on touching a tap a cascade of golden louis—from a reservoir that was always kept well filled—mingled with the flow of scented water. This device was fashioned, it is said, to represent the legend of Danae.

Willing to Obey. The proprietor of a department store told this anecdote recently of himself and one of his employees, a man of 40: "Phillip is a sort of factotum around here and I pay him \$16 a week. One of his duties is to sweep out the spaces behind the counters three or four times a day, and he never objects to doing this until lately. Recently the newspapers gave him some fame on account of the delicate wood carving that he does at home in the evening, and the notoriety swelled his head a little. He came to me the other day and said:

"Boss, I don't mind sweeping out early in the morning or late in the evening, when the store's empty, but I think it doesn't look just right for me to be seen doing that menial kind of work by big crowds of people. I am not ashamed to do it, only I'm pretty well known as an artistic person, and it looks undignified for an artist to be seen with a broom in public. Can't I have a boy?"

"I laughed and replied:

"Phillip, your point is well taken. Hereafter, only sweep out when the store is empty. When the store is full and a sweeping is necessary you just come and tell me and I'll take the broom and do the work for you myself."

Cows. New York State has more cows than Pennsylvania and New Jersey combined, and more than any other one State in the Union, Iowa being second, Illinois third, and Wisconsin fourth. The entire number of cows in the States and Territories is 16,292,360, with a total valuation of \$514,812,160.

Female Prisoners in England. Between 40,000 and 50,000 women pass annually through the prisons of England and Wales. Taking the figures for last year it appears that 72 per cent had been previously convicted, 42 per cent five times and more, and 15 per cent—about 7,000 women—twenty times or more.

PHOTOGRAPHS LIGHTNING.

Professor Pickering has Made a Wonderful Discovery.

Prof. Edward C. Pickering, of Harvard Observatory, has started the world of science by successfully analyzing lightning with the spectroscopic.



The analysis proves that the element hydrogen is a compound substance, perhaps the basis of all other elements, instead of a single indivisible element, as chemists have supposed. And a startling revelation is the fact that the photographs of the spectrum of a streak of lightning, showing that it is made up of lines belonging to chemical elements which seem to be split up into still more elementary substances, presents a remarkable resemblance with the spectrum of Nova, the new star in Perseus. There, too, the spectral lines of hydrogen appear curiously different from their ordinary appearance, and both in intensity and position bear a close resemblance to what they show in the spectrum of lightning. What relation can there be between the vast glowing air of that distant star, too distant to be measured, presumably ablaze from center to circumference with intense heat—a conflagration extensive enough to involve many such worlds as ours in destruction—and the cool air that envelops our little planet and carries the clouds and rains that make the earth inhabitable. Nova was discovered only a year ago, and the mightiest explosion of lightning is insignificant as compared with an outburst such as that which produces a new star, and yet both phenomena—the lightning from a summer cloud and the gigantic outbreak of power that caused an extinguished sun in Perseus to burst again into flame—produce a similar effect.

KATE GREENAWAY.

Noted Reformer and Painter Who Died Recently. Miss Kate Greenaway, the noted British artist who has passed away in London, is best known for her beautiful illustrations of children's books, and for the keen interest she has taken in reforming the dress of children. It was her mission to transform the overdressed, tight-waisted British baby into the free and flowing-robed infant which is the KATE GREENAWAY delight of the books Miss Greenaway has illuminated with the fire of her genius. This genuine artist was educated at the Kensington school, at Heathcotes' and at the Slade school. She studied Reynolds and Romney, but she did not win her greatest success until 1879, when she published her remarkable volume, "Under the Window." The sale was enormous, approaching the success of "Alice in Wonderland." In 1880 appeared her "Birthday Book for Children," upward of 150,000 of which have been sold in Great Britain. Many of her best paintings were owned by the late John Ruskin. Her home was in Hampstead, London.



No More Gloves for Soldiers. It is announced that the French army will soon be deprived of gloves from motives of economy. Each of the 500,000 soldiers receives two pairs a year, and each pair costs 1 franc 25 centimes. But the inhabitants of Normandy, who live by the manufacture of these gloves, are protesting vigorously against the proposed measure. Four thousand people will be thrown out of work should General Andre persist in introducing the reform. Needless to say, every ploupiou will hail it with delight. The glove, or rather the absence of it, has been the cause of more punishment than all the rest of the catalogue of military offenses.—Paris Correspondence Pall Mall Gazette.

A Forgotten Craft. It was probably known to nearly every Roman citizen how the mortar which cemented the stones of their buildings was made—just as it is known to the majority of people that the principal ingredient of English mortar is street scrapings. But, the knowledge being general, nobody wrote it down, and in time, as the Romans shifted their building upon slaves and foreigners, the recipe of their mortar was lost. So far it has not been discovered, though the secret of it would be immensely valuable for the cement outlasts the very stones which it joins. —London Mail.

He Knew Better. At a school in Kent an inspector was examining a class of children in arithmetic, when the inspector asked the following question: "Now, John, supposing I gave you two rabbits and another kind friend gave you one more, how many would you have?" John—Four, sir.

Inspector—No, my boy, two and one don't make four.

John (quickly)—Please, sir, I've got one old lop-eared 'en at home.—London Spare Moments.

Imperial Baptismal Font. Babies of the Russian imperial family are usually christened in the winter palace at St. Petersburg, where tourists can see the baptismal font, a piece of pure, solid crystal, 24 1/2 x 18 inches in size, with a basin chiseled in the center and heavily embossed on the outside with gold flagee representing lilies and olive leaves.

LITTLE THINGS CAUSE DEATH.



THE different manners by which people meet death are peculiar. When an engine boiler blows up without scratching the engineer, and when the prick from a needle causes death in a few days, one has reason to wonder.

Blanche Young, of Wabash, Ind., was the victim of a needle point. In sewing she struck the point deep in her finger, but continued with her work. The poisonous fumes caused the injured member to swell terribly. Blood poison developed and she died in agony.

Edgar P. Seeger, a Chicago traveling man, carelessly picked a pimple, which appeared on his face, with a pin at Ithaca, N. Y., and died shortly from blood poison.

Within a week the dentist's chair cost three lives in more or less direct way. At Sioux City, Iowa, the filling of a tooth caused a stroke of apoplexy to Dr. Adelaide E. Kilbourne, and she died as she was leaving the chair. At Loyal, Wis., an aching tooth drove Kimball J. Berry to a dentist. It was a molar, far back in the jaw, and was so firmly rooted that in the pulling of it the jaw bone was fractured. Blood poison set in, killing the patient in a few days. In Chicago the other day Miss Mamie Ferry, of Oak Park, died from fear of the dentist's chair, to which she was going.

Little Barbara Bothman, of Jackson, Miss., was the victim of the acorn. She complained of pains in her side and was obliged to submit to an operation. In the appendix the acorn was found, much enlarged from the heat and moisture. The child swallowed it at play. She died from the operation.

Lloyd Rogers, of Galesburg, Ill., got a grain of corn in his trachea and was seized with a violent fit of coughing from which he died.

Edward Fisher, of Rockford, Ill., was eating peanuts when one of them located in his windpipe, choking him to death.

Joseph Carter hit Edward Campbell over the head with his fist in a friendly scuffle and he died instantly. This occurred in Baltimore.

In South Chicago the other day the axle of a baby carriage suddenly broke while Mrs. Mary Moran, of 8852 Buffalo avenue, was out wheeling her 11-months-old boy. The collapse was so sudden that the mother could not save the child, which was thrown to the pavement, fracturing its skull. Ordinarily, such an accident scarcely would make a healthy baby cry.

Charles H. Ormond, of Milwaukee, was treating a horse that was in agony and in leaning over the animal to adjust a rope around its hoof, the touch of the doctor's hand caused the nervous animal to strike out with its hoof, striking the man in the forehead, killing him almost instantly.

David Gregg, of Salt Lake City, almost bled to death the other evening without knowing it. He accidentally thrust both hands through a plate glass window, but did not mind it. Later he felt a stinging sensation in his hands and fainted. It was found that two arteries had been severed, one requiring nine stitches and the other six, before the flow of blood could be checked. In these last few days, however, no other class of accidents has compared in fatalities to the accidents in the hunting fields. Scores of men have been killed or injured while deer hunting. When one also considers the large number of sick people who have taken poison for medicine in dark rooms the list of these peculiar fatalities will be greatly swelled.

MESSANGER GIRLS IN LONDON.

Managers Say They Give Better Service than Boys.

There is a new kind of messenger boy in London. The new messenger boy does not smoke cigarettes, or loiter, or swear, or fight. The new messenger boy is always neat and tidy, never impudent or unruly. This is because the new messenger boy is a girl. Reuter's Telegraph Company, in London, has lately tried the experiment of employing girls as well as boys for messenger work. The experiment has been more than successful, and twenty-four girls are now in the employ of Reuter's, and more are being engaged all the time.



The girls are paid only \$2.50 per week, but they are well satisfied with their pay, and perform their duties in a manner which leaves nothing to be desired. The plan of having messenger girls has proved so successful in London that the extension of the idea to this country is being discussed, and unless the American messenger boys take warning and swear off on some of their unpleasant characteristics, they may awake some fine morning to discover a lot of pretty young girls in a neat blue uniform carrying telegrams and delivering notes and parcels in their stead.

GIANTS AMONG THE SEALS.

Habits of an Interesting Group of Amphibia of the South Pacific. Professor C. Chun, a German scientist, has begun making a study of the sea elephants, the gigantic seals found in many portions of the South Pacific ocean. He has been assisted in his work by Robert Hall, a learned naturalist, and the two investigators have gleaned many new facts relative to their habits and life.

These interesting seals are only found in the southern sea, and mainly in the vicinity of the Kerguelen Islands, where they go in August for the purpose of pairing. They remain there until February or March. During the winter they are very dull and apathetic, but as spring approaches they become more lively. Of human beings they are not in the least afraid. Mr. Hall says that he went several times through a herd of forty or fifty animals while they were dozing, and only a few were disturbed by him.

These seals live in communities, and in a single bay may often be seen from

five to ten colonies. Hitherto it has been supposed that there is never more than one male in a single herd, but there now seems to be abundant proof that each herd contains seals of only one sex. Thus, in one bay there will be five or six herds of males and in another five or six herds of females.

Professor Chun, who has studied the seals thoroughly in their native haunts, says that for a long time after the animals return to the Kerguelen in the autumn they do not take any food, but remain torpid in beds which they form until they have shed their old hair and put on a new coat. During the winter he saw several seals killed, and not a particle of food was found in their stomachs.

Mr. Hall, on the other hand, says that the seals during this period feed once a day, going down to the water to obtain a supply of fish. In any case, it is certain that these animals can live without food for a long time since they have under their skin a layer of fat which is fifteen centimeters in thickness.

He Enjoyed It. At a large banquet two of the expected guests were unable to be present. The order of seating happened to be such that a particularly jovial and companionable gentleman sat with one of the vacant chairs on each side of him. The empty chairs and first course of oysters were left in place for some time, in case the expected guests arrived. The solitary gentleman, therefore, could move neither to the right nor to the left, but amiably beamed throughout the repast, seemingly none the worse for his enforced isolation. After the banquet some one innocently asked him:

"How did you enjoy yourself, old chap?"

"First rate," he replied briskly enough. "I sat next to a couple of fellows who weren't there."

Duke of Connaught. The Duke of Connaught, although over 50 years of age, alone of all the royal family of Great Britain looks really in vigorous health. It is probably due to the open-air life he leads and his love of sport and exercise. Court and society had few attractions for the godson of the Duke of Wellington. The Duke of Connaught is exceedingly popular with the army and is regarded as the best-looking of the sons of Queen Victoria. His marked features are distinguished by virility. He and the Duke of Cambridge are, it is believed, the only living members of the English royal family who have ever been under fire.

Longest Railway Run. England holds the record for the longest railway runs without a stop. This is Paddington to Exeter—194 miles. France comes next, with Paris to Calais—185 1/2 miles. America's longest run is New York to Troy—148 miles.

Russia's Asiatic Possessions. Russia's Asiatic possessions are three times as large as the British, but have only 25,000,000 people, as compared with 297,000,000 under British rule.

Someone asks what is nervousness. It is the feeling you experience when there is a boy coming down hill behind you on a sled.