

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. Harte to her daughter
 May one afternoon late in February.

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

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

And May did know.

Exactly one month before May Harte
 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. Harte
 did not wish her betrothed daughter to
 go skating with Fannie.

But May was willful.

"I am sorry," said Mrs. Harte, "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. Harte 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 dis-
 honorable 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 turn-
 ing to her friend, 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," al-
 most 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 de-
 voted to seed culture could be bought
 for \$2 an acre. It is situated in the
 valley of the Platte, between the Eikhorn
 and Platte Rivers, was covered
 with rank vegetation, and not deemed



THE FINAL HAND-PICKING.

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 \$8
 an acre annually.

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

"grind" melons." The melons are
 hauled to the thresher, and scooped into
 the cylinder, which contains two rollers
 close enough together to crush the
 rind, yet not injure the seed. The
 crushed mass then slides into a reel,
 which is a cylindrical-shaped frame
 about twelve feet long, covered with
 wire netting, with meshes large enough
 to let the seed and pulp through. It
 slopes to the rear and is constantly
 turning. The crushed melons are car-
 ried half-way up the side, then drop
 and gradually work back and fall out
 at the lower end, but not before the
 seed has been thrown through the
 screen. The seed and the pulp run out
 at the side into a vat built in the
 ground; there the mass lies until the
 pulp rots, when it is taken to the river
 in barrels to be washed.

The washing apparatus is a screen
 about twelve feet long, that can be sub-
 merged. The barrels are emptied into
 it, and by stirring the pulp is separated
 from the seeds, floats on the top, leav-
 ing the clean white seed below. Next
 the seeds are spread on canvas racks to
 dry; when dry they are delivered to the
 wholesale house.

The work of preparing them for mar-
 ket is only half done. Next comes the
 milling, that separates the light seed
 and particles of the rind or hulls that
 may have remained. After this comes
 grading or separating. The seeds are
 floated over a screen, the smaller or
 second-class seeds falling through, the
 larger being carried on, and lastly
 comes the hand-picking, as shown in
 the picture. This is facilitated by a
 simple contrivance, worked by a treadle.
 The seeds are put in a hopper and run
 over a small shaker in the bottom,
 which scatters them on an endless can-
 vas belt, about one and one-half feet
 long and six inches wide, run on two
 rollers. The good seeds drop from this
 into a basket; the bad and different
 varieties are picked out and put into
 pockets on both sides of the belt and
 run into a sack. The seeds are then
 ready for shipment.

West End, and retiring to his bed-
 room, 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 Dia-
 ble," Frederic Soulie received from his
 publishers 10,000 francs in gold. Over-
 joyed 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 zen-
 ith of her power, had a bath so con-
 structed that on touching a tap a cas-
 cade 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 employes, a man of 40:

"Philip 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 objected to doing
 this until lately. Recently the newspa-
 pers gave him some fame on account of
 the delicate wood carving that he does
 at home in the evening, and the noto-
 riety 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:

"Philip, 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 my-
 self."

Cows.

New York State has more cows than
 Pennsylvania and New Jersey com-
 bined, 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 16,292,369, with a
 total valuation of \$514,812,106.

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—twen-
 ty times or more.

PHOTOGRAPHS LIGHTNING.

**Professor Pickering Has Made a Won-
 derful Discovery.**

Prof Edward C. Pickering, of Har-
 vard Observatory, has startled the
 world of science by successfully analyz-
 ing lightning with the spectroscopic.



The analysis proves that the element
 hydrogen is a compound substance,
 perhaps the basis of all other ele-
 ments, instead of a single indivis-
 ible element, as chemists have sup-
 posed. And a start-
 ling revelation is the fact that the pho-
 tographs 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, pre-
 sents 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 re-
 lation can there be between the vast
 glowing air of that distant star, too dis-
 tant to be measured, presumably ab-
 laze from center to circumference with in-
 tense 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 ex-
 plosion 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 out-
 break of power that caused an extin-
 guished 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 beau-
 tiful illustrations of children's books,
 and for the keen in-
 terest she has taken
 in reforming the
 dress of children. It
 was her mission to
 transform the over-
 dressed, 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 Heathcote, and
 at the Slade school.
 She studied Reynolds
 and Romney, but she
 did not win her great-
 est success until
 1879, when she pub-
 lished her remark-
 able 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 paint-
 ings 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 Nîort, who live
 by the manufacture of these gloves, are
 protesting vigorously against the pro-
 posed measure. Four thousand people
 will be thrown out of work should
 General Andre persist in introducing
 the reform. Needless to say, every plou-
 p 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 dis-
 covered, 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 arith-
 metic, when the inspector asked the fol-
 lowing 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 'un 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, 24x22x18 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 stuck the point deep in her finger,
 but continued with her work. The poi-
 sonous fabrics caused the injured mem-
 ber to swell terribly. Blood poison de-
 veloped 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 Kim-
 bal J. Berry to a dentist. It was a mo-
 lar, far back in the jaw, and was so
 firmly rooted that in the pulling of it
 the jaw bone was fractured. Blood poi-
 son 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 moist-
 ure. 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.

MESSANGER GIRLS IN LONDON.

**Managers Say They Give Better Serv-
 ice 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 im-
 pudent or unruly. This is because the
 new messenger boy is a girl. Reuter's
 Telegraph Company, in London, has
 lately tried the experiment of employ-
 ing 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.

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 ani-
 mals 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 ob-
 tain 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 thick-
 ness.

He Enjoyed It.

At a large banquet two of the expect-
 ed guests were unable to be present.
 The order of seating happened to be
 such that a particularly jovial and com-
 panionable 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 ar-
 rived. The solitary gentleman, there-
 fore, 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 fel-
 lows 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 prob-
 ably 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 Well-
 ington. The Duke of Connaught is ex-
 ceedingly popular with the army and
 is regarded as the best-looking of the sons
 of Queen Victoria. His marked fea-
 tures 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 long-
 est railway runs without a stop. This
 is Paddington to Exeter—194 miles.
 France comes next, with Paris to Calais
 —185½ 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.

GIANTS AMONG THE SEALS.

**Habits of an Interesting Group of Am-
 phibia of the South Pacific.**

Professor C. Chun, a German scien-
 tist, 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 natu-
 ralist, 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 pur-
 pose of pairing. They remain there un-
 til February or March. During the win-
 ter 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