

WHILE THE WORLD GOES ON

The hearse 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

I 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,"
 pouted 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 not 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 main avenue which ran
 through 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."

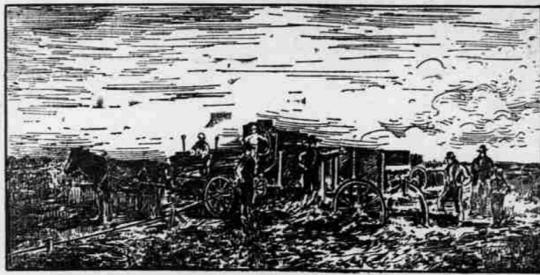
Fannie flushed and stammered, but
 her brother said, "That is all very well,
 May, but you know 'all's fair in love
 and war.'"

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,
 Fannie, that you thought it necessary
 to bring me away out here to talk to
 me in so dishonorable a way. But I
 will not listen to it. Stop the sleigh
 right away. I shall walk home. It
 would be contamination for me to re-
 main any longer in your presence," she
 cried, turning to Horace, with scorn in
 her flashing eye.

Alarmed by her vehemence, Horace
 opened the sleigh door and called to
 the driver, and the sleigh came to a
 standstill, but scarcely before May had
 bounded out. "You are a mean, dis-
 honorable pair, and I shall never speak
 to you again. George Noble is worth

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 Elk-
 horn 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 \$6
 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

a thousand of you," she said to the
 shame-faced Horace, as she stood with
 downcast eyes upon the walk, "and as
 for you, Fannie, the fact that we have
 been friends from babyhood keeps me
 from saying all the things I might oth-
 erwise want to say to you. Learn this,
 though, if you ever get a man like
 George Noble, be sure you treat him
 as he ought to be treated. I am sorry
 I ever went skating with you."

"Well said!" cried a manly voice
 behind her, and turning, May ran
 straight into the arms of George Noble.
 And where had George been?

After he had received May's hasty
 note that afternoon he read it through
 several times; then, after some hesita-
 tion, he resolved to go and call upon
 May anyway. "I can visit her mother
 if she is not at home," said he.

So, early in the evening George went
 to May's house and spent an hour with
 her mother.

Leaving early, he happened to be
 passing along the main street, when
 his attention was attracted by a sleigh

which drew up at the curb, while two
 ladies and a gentleman alighted. Some-
 thing about one of them seemed
 strangely familiar, and he took a step
 nearer to find out that it was May.

On the way home May confessed all
 to George, except Horace's bare part in
 the evening's work, but she told him
 enough to give him to understand that
 he had a faithful little fiancée in May
 Harie, and that hereafter she would
 not go skating with young ladies who
 had brothers.

So May blessed the day, after all,
 for it taught her to value true love
 when she found it.—St. Louis Star.

Uninhabited Islands.

Between Madagascar and the coast
 of India there are about 16,000 islands,
 only 600 of which are inhabited, but
 most of which are capable of support-
 ing a population.

The popularity of lazy people is a
 great discouragement to the industri-
 ous.

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 fumes 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.

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

Joseph Carter hit Edward Campbell
 over the heart with his fist in a friendly
 scuffle and he died instantly. This oc-
 curred in Baltimore.

In South Chicago the other day the
 axle of a baby carriage suddenly broke
 while Mrs. Mary Moran, of 8852 Buf-
 falo 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. Ordin-
 arily, 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 ad-
 just a rope around its hoof, the touch
 of the doctor's hand caused the nerv-
 ous animal to strike out with its hoof,
 striking the man in the forehead, kill-
 ing him almost instantly.

David Gregg, of Salt Lake City, al-
 most 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 hunt-
 ing 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.

PINES FOR HER DEAD.

MRS. M'KINLEY CRUSHED UNDER HER GREAT SORROW.

President's Widow Ends Her Days
 Thinking Only of the Past and Awaiting
 the Messenger of Death—Life
 Has No Interest for Her.

The saddest woman in all the land to-
 day is its former happy "first lady,"
 Mrs. McKinley, who in the sorrowful
 atmosphere of her home on North
 Market street, Canton, is pathetically
 solving the poet's problem of "living
 on earth with her heart in the grave."

For her the world, as she formerly
 knew it and had lived in it, is no more.
 Its sunshine and its joys, its pleasures
 and its allurements, its ambitions and
 its glories make no appeal to her. The
 sun of her life has set—extinguished by
 the infamous deed in Buffalo's Tem-
 ple of Music—and she sits in the dark-
 ness thinking of past splendor and
 happy joys and bathing her soul in the
 reflected rays of memory. Her world is
 now her home and—the cemetery; West-
 lawn Cemetery, where in the family
 plot her two children lie and the
 vault where soldiers stand sentinel over
 the dust of her hero and idol and the
 nation's martyr.

Throughout her life, from the time
 when as Ida Saxton she pledged her
 faith to William McKinley, she was
 wrapped up in him. While inspiring
 him with her own sublime faith in his
 abilities and in heaven, she learned,
 on account of physical feebleness, to
 lean upon him and they grew up in
 happy, wedded life in as close a com-
 panionship of spirit as the ivy and the
 oak. The oak is now fallen and the
 ivy is bent and torn, deprived of its
 support.

In the North Market street house

gone. Her sister, Mrs. Barber, con-
 stantly attends her, but the most as-
 siduous care cannot recall her mind
 from her own and the nation's supreme
 tragedy.

She has lost all interest in the little
 domestic labors that formerly enabled
 her to forget that she was an invalid.
 It was her custom to embroider and to
 knit slippers and turn out many other
 kinds of handiwork. These little ar-
 ticles she used to give to her friends as
 presents. Sometimes they went to
 bazaars when money was being raised
 for charity. But she knits and em-
 broyders no more. The pastime so long
 delightful to her no longer appeals. All
 her thoughts are attuned to one heart
 chord and that vibrates only to the
 memory touch of William McKinley.

Similarly, in former times, Mrs. Mc-
 Kinley loved music and was as happy
 as a school girl in the midst of little
 family functions and the quiet enter-
 tainments furnished by her friends. But
 these, too, are of the past. She no
 longer cares for them. It is doubtful if
 she ever thinks of them. Her mind has
 but one subject and that subject ab-
 sorbs all her thoughts, waking and
 sleeping.

As to her physical health, she is as
 well now as at any time in many
 years. That is, she is in her normal
 state of invalidism. But it is not her
 mere physical condition that gives her
 the most anxiety. Some day it is feared
 the awful load of sorrow that weighs
 upon her mind will prove too heavy
 and her life will go out at the same
 time. Hers indeed is a melancholy, path-
 etic widowhood. Her frail body sub-
 mits to the encroachments of time, but
 her heart is divorced from it and lies
 buried in the grave.

She Rules Manchester.
 A recent guest at Tandagnare, the
 country seat of the duke of Manches-
 ter, was taken by the young duke into
 a large room, which was fitted up as

A WOMAN AND A MAN.

INCIDENT THAT OCCURRED ON A STREET CAR.

He Lectured Him Because He Did
 Not Rise and Give Her His Seat—
 Might Have Felt Ashamed, but
 Didn't Seem To.

She was of an intermediate age—
 which means about 50 and some odd—
 very sharp-featured and distinctly pet-
 ulant looking. She looked as if she
 might bestow the bulk of her affection
 upon a couple of aged cats and par-
 rots.

She boarded an uptown 14th street
 car at 15th street and New York
 avenue the other afternoon. There wasn't
 a vacant seat in sight. They were all,
 except one, occupied by women, who,
 strangely enough, were actually pressed
 quite close together, contrary to the
 usual feminine scheme of spreading out
 skirts and bundles so as to take up
 sufficient room for two or three sit-
 ters. The one man seated in the car
 was a sturdy, smooth-faced individual,
 dressed in black. His seat was near
 the door.

The sharp-featured woman gazed fix-
 edly at him as she reached for a strap.
 However, he appeared to be interested
 in the view through the opposite win-
 dow, and he didn't notice her fixed
 stare.

"Huh!" said the woman with the
 sharp features, as the car started
 ahead. And as she said it she gazed
 at the man in black as if he belonged
 to a hitherto uncatalogued species of
 fuzzy caterpillar.

However, the sturdy man in black
 didn't see her at all, nor did he appear
 to hear her. He pulled an evening pa-
 per from his coat pocket, spread it out
 and began to read.

"The manners of some folks!" ejacu-
 lated the sharp-featured woman, glar-
 ing square at the man in black; who,
 however, was obviously quite unwar-
 ped with the news of the day.

"Huh! Big lummoxes that sprawl
 around in seats and let ladies stand
 up!" muttered the woman who didn't
 believe her petulant looks.

The solitary male passenger smiled at
 a joke that caught his eye at the bot-
 tom of the newspaper page, and as-
 surely did not see her.

"It's mighty little raisin' some people
 've had!" went on the sharp-featured
 woman, as if addressing all hands in the
 car—and most of the women in the
 car were snickering by this time. "I
 never seen the like, so I didn't!"

The man in black turned over to the
 Schley case in his newspaper and
 yawned slightly.

"Much some ill-mannered creatures
 care, so long as they can spraddle their
 lazy, good-f'r-nothin' bones around in
 comfort," went on the sharp-featured
 woman as the car rounded Thomas cir-
 cle.

"Some folks are so deaf and dumb
 that they can't never take a hint," she
 continued, after a pause.

The man in black yawned cavernously
 over the court of inquiry testimony,
 as well he might, yet he didn't seem
 to be in anywise aware of the contin-
 gency of the petulant woman.

At length, as the car was passing R
 street she couldn't stand his callous in-
 difference any longer. She leaned over
 the man in black, and as she did so he
 looked at her for the first time, with
 a surprised expression.

"Did you ever see a man give his seat
 to a lady where you came from, when-
 ever that is?" she asked the sturdy-
 looking man in black.

The man reddened and rose from his
 seat with great difficulty, supporting
 himself heavily on a cane.

"It was always my custom, madam,
 to surrender my seat in cars for ladies
 until I met with an accident which
 has rendered me permanently infirm,"
 he said, signaling to the conductor to
 stop the car. The sharp-featured woman
 plumped herself into his seat and then
 the man in black walked painfully to
 the rear platform. One of his legs
 was of cork. The other women, per-
 ceiving this, looked sympathetically
 toward him as he was helped off the
 car by the conductor and then scowled
 at the sharp-faced woman. But she
 didn't appear to be bothered, says the
 Washington Star, and returned scowl
 for scowl.

SEVEN DAYS FULL OF DANGER.

Queer Statistics that Show an Evil
 Week in Every Month.

An ancient soothsayer said to Im-
 perial Caesar: "Beware the Ides of
 March."

But if the theory of Dr. Granville
 Macleod, of South Chicago, is correct
 the modern advisor can say: "Beware
 the 20th to the 26th of every month."

Dr. Macleod's assertion seems to be
 verified by statistics taken from the
 records of railroad companies, iron
 works, grain elevators, boiler works,
 hospitals, and many establishments em-
 ploying large forces of men, as well as
 the books of the coroner's office.

Reference to the records of the Cook
 County Hospital for each month for the
 past five years shows an average of
 ninety-five cases of injuries by accident
 a month. Out of this total sixty-five
 occurred during the "fatal" period.

The coroner's office shows a more
 startling confirmation of the doctor's
 theory. About 65 per cent, or nearly
 two-thirds of the deaths by accidents
 and other causes requiring official in-
 vestigation occur between the 20th and
 the 26th of each month.

Of the days of the week occurring in
 this "fatal" period Saturdays and Mon-
 days appear to come particularly under
 the malign influence. This may be par-
 tially explained from the fact that a
 great many of the laboring class are
 paid on Saturday, and many accidents
 result from intemperance. As an old
 newspaper man said, "Saturday means
 pay day, pay day means booze, booze
 means trouble, and trouble means
 news."

Professor R. A. McQueen, now of
 Kansas City, but for many years a resi-
 dent of India, and a close student of the
 Brahmin religion, theosophy, and occult
 sciences, says that the priests in the
 Brahmin temples have had the theory
 for years that at this particular period
 of the month the serpent made his ap-
 pearance in the garden of Eden and

tempted Eve, with the result that man
 fell from the favor of God, and ever
 since then this particular time has been
 regarded as especially unlucky.

LONDON'S DOCTOR FOR BIRDS.

Makes a Specialty of It and Is Busy
 All the Time.

Birds are subject to disease quite as
 much as human beings. Phtisis caries
 off many a parrot, and pet canaries
 are very subject to enteric. Treating
 these ailments and performing minor
 surgical operations upon feathered pa-
 tients keeps at least one London bird
 doctor busy most of the time. The
 methods by which he operates are
 given in the Strand Magazine.

One of the refractory patients treated
 was a parrot suffering from a horny
 growth over one of its nostrils. His
 struggles were absolutely terrific, and
 in the end it had to be wrapped in twine
 to prevent wing flapping.

Canaries, being naturally fragile and
 nearly always delicate in the climate
 of Great Britain, are a class of patients
 to which the bird doctor gives special
 study and attention. They form, as a
 rule, the larger portion of his clientele,
 for, as drawing-room pets, they are by
 far the greatest favorites of the winged
 world. The treatment accorded them
 has to be of the most delicate descrip-
 tion, while the handling of their bodies
 for various ailments is in itself an op-
 eration demanding the utmost care, as an
 inadvertent squeeze might cause their
 death. The affection showed by owners
 of canaries upon their little pets is
 often quite touching, many ladies mak-
 ing it a stipulation that they are present
 while any necessary operation is being
 carried out. Tears are shed freely, on
 such occasions, and joy becomes man-
 ifest as soon as the poor little birdies are
 pronounced "out of danger."

TRUCKMAN AND MOTORMAN.

The Former's Politeness Was Too Much
 for the Policeman.

In the old days, before the cable and
 electric cars, and when horse cars ran
 on Broadway, truckmen practically
 ruled the street, and did not pay the
 slightest heed to remarks from the car
 drivers requesting them more or less
 (rather more) emphatically to get out
 of the way, until they decided that
 they were ready to do so. When the
 cable and finally the electric cars came
 in the truckmen became a little more
 careful, for a very few encounters with
 the cars showed them that their trucks
 could be knocked into kindling wood
 in a few minutes. Nowadays they get
 out of the way fairly expeditiously if
 grudgingly, but such an exchange of
 amenities as was heard the other day
 between truckman and motorman is a
 record, says the New York Mail and
 Express.

It was on Duane street, and a heavy
 truck was keeping back a car. The mo-
 torman clanged his bell loudly, and the
 driver of the truck turned around and
 said:

"If you will wait until we reach the
 next corner I shall be very glad to get
 out of your way."

"Thank you very much," answered the
 motorman. "You are most oblig-
 ing."

"Gosh!" said the policeman on the
 crossing.

Bridge Hunting Pigeons.
 Those who visit Fort George, and
 who yield to a very natural impulse to
 have a look at what is going on down
 on the Speedway, are apt to have their
 attention drawn by a sound of many
 fluttering wings as they descend the
 steep paths and stairways close beside
 the Washington Bridge. The wings be-
 long to runaway pigeons from near-by
 private coxes, the birds making their
 new found home in the bridge's stone
 abutments and the iron arches.