

WHILE THE WORLD GOES ON

The horse whittles that yesterday
Stood for a while before a door.
The box was lit and small that they
Who were a little playmates here;
The world again—say lovers sing.
The shouts of happy children ring.
Out gladly they did bring.

Ah, yes! The world keeps going on,
And people and children play.
But some of dearest hopes are gone,
And some of hearts are torn to-day!
A heavy silence lingers where
Gay laughter used to ring, and there
Are useless seats to put away.

I weep not for the little one
Whose sick heart shall know no
care—
Not for the old whose shouting's done,
Around whom brow the curls are fair—
But all my anxious tears shall be
For them, alas, 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. Harte to her daughter
May one afternoon late in February.

"That is strange, mamma, when you
have always said 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 not.

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," a girl 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 be-
fore 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 na-
turally.

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 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,
am I 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's
happy. "Horace has promised to give
over a new leaf if you will marry him."

"Stop this sleigh immediately," May
shrieked May. "I do not want you,
Fannie, that you thought it necessary
to bring me away out here to talk to
me in so dishonorable a way. He is
right away. I shall walk home if it
will 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 \$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

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

"Well said!" cried a manly voice be-
hind 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
talking along the main street, when
his attention was attracted by a sleigh

"grind" melons. The melons are
hailed 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
turns to the rear and is constantly
sloping. 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 sec-
ond-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 sim-
ple 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 con-
veyer 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.

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.



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 no-
rally, 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 Perry, 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. Ordinar-
ily, 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 died 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 faintly. 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.

TROUBLE WITH THE CASHIER.

Lunchrooms Feeding Thousands Find
It Hard to Balance Up.

One of the most difficult positions to
fill in the big retail establishments
where automatic cash registers are in
use is that of cashier. The question
is not so much one of honesty as of
ability to perform the work day by
day without too great a margin of
error.

None has found so great difficulty in
this connection as the owners of the
big quick lunch establishments, where
"change" has to be made quickly at
the rush hours of noon, and when but
little time is allowed the cashier to
check receipts with the figures marked
up on the register.

The cashier at one of the largest
downtown places was recently dis-
charged simply because she was often
"off" in her change; that is, the cash
register and the amount turned in at
night did not tally. It mattered little
to the company when there was a
shortage, for according to agreement,
the cashier made it up from her salary.
On many occasions there was even
overcash above the amount recorded.
The young woman turned in this over-
cash faithfully; the company dis-
charged her for having any overcash
at all.

When the young woman was dis-
charged, it may be noted incidentally,
she had become a great favorite with
the customers, and when it was learned
that they were to see her no more be-
hind the cashier's desk some one start-
ed a petition, which was signed by over
600 names and turned into the man-
agement.

The management decided to
give the young woman another chance
if she would come and apply for the
position, which she declined to do.

Another cashier was taken on in her
place and lasted exactly four days.
Another girl succeeded. She lasted two
days. Still another came and lasted
four days. In all eight girls were tried
out behind the marble desk, and then
the company was no better off than at
first. Days came when there were
shortages to be taken out of the young
women's pockets, and others when they
honestly turned in what was over
and above the amount on the cash re-
gister. But the shortage and the over-
cash continued, and the company has
decided to give up experiments and to
charge the difficulty not to the incom-
petence of the cashiers but the difficulty
of filling the position without mistakes.

The trouble is said to be that the 2,500
or 3,000 changes made during the day
are not, as in dry goods stores or other
concerns, more or less scattered
throughout a day, but are all crowded
into an hour or so. The rate at which
one girl makes change during that one
hour is at the rate of 12,000 in a day
of nine hours.—New York Times.

QUEER STORIES

The khedive of Egypt recently sent
a present to Leo XIII. in the shape of a
mummy, dating back to 2,600 years be-
fore the Christian era.

The latest craze among the Parisian
women is that of foxes, or rather fox
cubs, as household pets. They are so
largely in request that the little crea-
tures are for sale now in the streets.

A salmon can leap to a height of
twenty feet. This has been demon-
strated by the fishery commissioners of
Norway, who, by means of standards
erected below waterfalls, have meas-
ured the leaps of the agile fish.

D. P. Simpson, a horse buyer in north-
western Kansas, has adopted a new
plan of buying horses. He pays so
much a pound. Good drivers are quoted
at 11 cents per pound, farm horses 10
cents and ordinary plugs 5 cents.

A novel system for heating cars is
in vogue in Christiana and Stockholm.
Under each seat is a perforated metal
box, and in this are little red-hot
bricks of compressed coal, so prepared
that no smoke or odor results while
they are burning.

Captain Bernlex of Quebec is plan-
ning an expedition to the North Pole.
He will take with him large kites fitted
with cameras. These will enable him,
even if he fails to get to the pole, to
take photographs of many points which
he cannot reach.

The worn or solid Bank of England
note is seldom seen. This is because
no note of this bank is ever reissued
by the establishment. When cashed, it is
kept and put aside for destruction. The
average term during which a note re-
mains in circulation is about a month.

An ingenious Frenchman has inven-
ted an artificial worm. It is made of in-
dian rubber, is shaped for bait, is in-
destructible and completely foolproof
fish. With this worm no time is lost
in baiting the hook, as there it remains
until the fisherman chooses to remove it.

The strongest animals exist entirely
on vegetable food. It is the ferocity of
the lion rather than his strength that
makes him formidable. An elephant is
a match for several lions, and is a vege-
tarian. The animals with most speed
and endurance—the horse, the reindeer,
the antelope and others—are also vege-
tarians.

The Department of Agriculture has
recently published an estimate of the
animal population of the country on
Jan. 1, 1900. It comprised 12,737,524
horses, about two million mules, about
twenty-eight million cattle, 16,292,390
milch cows, 81,882,995 sheep. As auto-
mobile traction is introduced the num-
ber of horses and mules will gradually
diminish, and the effect is already evi-
dent.

Sonnambulism.

A few nights ago an employee of a pa-
per company in Bellows Falls, Vt.,
demonstrated unusual eccentricities as
a sonnambulist. He got up at 2
o'clock in the morning, harnessed his
team, put a load of pulp wood into his
wagon, and drove down to the mill, en-
tirely unconscious of what he was do-
ing.

His Answer.

Sapsmith (sentimentally):—What is
sadder than to have loved and lost?
Henrypeck (promptly):—To have
loved and got her.—Boston Traveler.

Rich kin are usually of no use except
to point to with pride.

HOW HE WAS QUEERED.

The Old Woman on the Train Took
Them for a Bridal Couple.

"I am afraid that it is all off," sighed
the young man. "Just as the pros-
pects looked the brightest, too! When
all the world-to-me left to visit an aunt
who lives in the central part of the
State it happened that I had business
that took me the same way, and I
chanced to take the same train that she
did, and naturally I took a seat at her
side. She was very much surprised to
see me and acted very distant at first,
evidently not believing my story about
important business taking me the same
way she was going. I was just suc-
ceeding in breaking the ice when the
train stopped at a station, and a most
erly old fool, wearing corkscrew curls
and smelling of peppermint who sat
just back of us, took advantage of the
lull to lean over the back of our seat
and with a beaming face that was
meant for friendly interest, said:

"Jes' married, ain't ye?"

"The suddenness of the question left
me incapable of answering."

"Of course you be!" she cackled
again, like a pullet with her first egg.
"I suppose ye think it is fashionable to
set apart like old married folks when
ye are jes' dyin' to love-dovey each
other! The land sakes! when me an'
Josiah got married we held each other's
hands an' said 'lovey' an' 'dicky' all
we wanted to! Now, young man, you
jes' set up close an' put your arm
around her! We won't mind, will we?"
she said, turning to the passengers,
who were roaring.

"Then the train started and gave us
a respite, during which the girl turned
to me with burning face, and whis-
pered fiercely that if I didn't get off at
the next stop she would never speak to
me again."

"I am too good a soldier not to obey
orders, so I dropped off at the next
stop. It turned out to be nothing but
a flag station and I spent the rest of
the day watching the through trains
go past. I managed at last to bribe a
freight conductor to take me away."

"Up to date no sort of explanation
goes with the girl," continued the
young man, sadly, as he looked at the
Detroit Free Press. "She says that if I
hadn't been there it wouldn't have hap-
pened."

QUEER IDEAS OF JAPANESE.

How They Punish the Assassin of M.
Hoshi Toru.

A singular explanation comes from
Tokyo for the leniency shown to the
assassin of M. Hoshi Toru, a cabinet
member and former minister to the
United States. It is asserted that cap-
ital punishment for his crime would
have been the climax of the bloody
drama chosen by the murderer him-
self.

Not a few educated people would
have honored his tomb for the philoso-
phy he represented, and the ignorant
would have worshipped the memory of
a man who achieved his purpose in the
face of extreme difficulties. This is
exactly what happened in the case of
the assassin of Viscount Mori, whose
sempulchral has become the goal of pil-
grimages of artisans, actors, wrestlers,
dancing girls and tradesmen desirous
of propitiating what they deem to have
been a powerful spirit.

The Japanese mind is prone to thus
abstract an achievement from its mo-
tives or its results, but it would be im-
possible to associate success with the
fate of a man doomed to pass the re-
mainder of his life in the company of
common felons. The assassin will be
forgotten and his punishment will be
greater than if he had been put to
death. Truly this is a world of many
minds. Our logic would probably seem
lunacy to the Japanese, and the above
explanation will certainly strike the av-
erage occidental as most irrational.—
Philadelphia Press.

SPANIARDS' MADDENING WAY.

Trouble Experienced by Nonresident
in Asking for His Mail.

An Isle of Wight divine went on a
yachting cruise to the Mediterranean
with a friend of his, who hated put-
ting into ports on the way to his destina-
tion. However, after a great deal
of persuasion from the canon, who par-
ticularly wanted to get his letters, the
yacht was put into Barcelona.

The canon at once went to the post-
office and demanded his letters.

"We cannot give them up till you
are identified," was the answer.

"But I am Canon P., and well known
in England, and am on board Captain
H's yacht," replied the canon.

"You must be identified by the cap-
tain of the yacht," answered the post-
office official.

There was nothing for it but to go
to the yacht and bring back the skip-
per, who satisfactorily identified the
canon.

"Now you must come with me to the
British consul and make a declara-
tion," said the official.

They found that the consul was away
from home and would not be back till
the following night, so the canon had
to go back to the yacht and wait, much
to the disgust of his impatient friend.

The next evening he made the neces-
sary declaration, and then got back to
the postoffice, where he demanded his
letters, and was told calmly that there
were none.—Tit-Bits.

Death Placards.

At Venice, when any one dies, it is
the custom to fix a placard before the
dead person's house, as well as in ad-
jacent streets, as a sort of public no-
tice, stating his name, age, place of
birth and the illness from which he
died; affirming also that he received
the holy sacraments, died a good Chris-
tian, and requesting the prayers of the
faithful.

Grain Transportation in Turkey.

Horses, mules and donkeys go load-
ed to market in Turkey, but the road is
strewn with grain leaking from the old
sacks, and thousands of turkeys, which
may be bought at 12 cents apiece, feed
on the dropping grain.

Cannonading Against Storms.

Instead of being a modern notion, the
plan of preventing destructive storms
by exploding bombs among the clouds
was suggested nearly one hundred
years ago by Prof. Parrot, of Riga, in
Russia.

The wife of a photographer doesn't
always look pleasant.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

Lack of Confidence.

Assistant—Is the meaning of this
poem absolutely incomprehensible to
you?
Magazine Editor—Absolutely! You're
going to accept it, aren't you?
"Oh, yes. But I wasn't willing to
trust my own judgment."—Life.

The Only Way.

Briggs—I wonder how it seems to be
rejected.
Griggs—Why don't you ask some girl
and find out?

Literary.

The Janitor—The parties in this room
are literati. I wonder what that means?
The Scrub Woman—Maybe it do hav
something to do with the litter they
make, I dunno.

Johnny's Explanation.

Fond Mother—Johnny, I wish you
would use your napkin at the table.
You have butter smeared from one ear
to the other.

Small Johnny—That's all right, mam-
ma. If you want a machine to run
fast you've got to grease it.

Dialectic Precision.

"Never say die," cautioned the orato-
rical gentleman.
"Especially," commented the literary
back, "in writing Scotch dialect. In
that case you should say 'dee.'"—Balti-
more American.

One Thing as Evidence.

Mr. Buggins—Do you think that
young man who is courting Mary Jane
is economical?
Mrs. Buggins—Well, I'm sure he tries
to save gas.—Philadelphia Record.

In the Dim Past.