

FALLEN FLOWERS.

One of the workers of the world
Laying toiled and toiling died;
But others worked and the world went
on.
And was not changed when he was
gone.
A strong arm stricken, a wide sail
furled;
And only a few men sighed.
One of the heroes of the world
Fought to conquer, then fought to
fall.
And fell down slain in his blood-
stained mail.
And over his form they stopt;
His cause was lost and his banner furled;
And only a woman wept.
One of the singers among mankind
Sang healing songs from an o'er-
wrought heart;
But ere men listened the grass and
wind
Were wasting the rest unsung like a
wave;
And now of his fame that will ne'er
depart
He has never heard in his grave.
One of the women who only love
Loved and grieved and faded away;
Ah me! are these gone to the God
above.
What more of each can I say?
They are human flowers that flower
and fall.
This is the song and the end of them
all.

—Arthur O'Shaughnessy.

THE RUBY HEART.

Aunt Jessica had been round the
world more than once. She had been
what is vulgarly called a "globe-trot-
ter." In her day she had collected
many rare and curious and beautiful
things; but now she was an old woman,
and her time was come to die in the
great silent house, filled with the fur-
niture that had belonged to Aunt Jess-
ica's forebears many score years ago,
and enriched by the spoils of many
lands, brought home by the energetic
hands of Aunt Jessica herself.
There was one treasure above all that
I coveted, and that I would have sold
my soul to have had for my own—my
Cousin Edith.

As for the money, well, I am not
more disinterested than most people;
but I would rather have had Edith
without a penny than all Aunt Jess-
ica's money without Edith.
William and Bertam and I were sit-
ting in the dining-room. Edith was
above, helping poor aunt in the hard
work of dying. Three raps came on
the floor. We knew they were a sig-
nal that we were to go up, and that
aunt had asked for us; and up we went.
"I have left everything divided
among you four," she said, "and the
ruby heart is to go to whichever of
you three boys can find it." She spoke
slowly and with difficulty.

I remembered the jolly old days
when she used to come and see us at
school and tip us, and I wished that
death and time could have been more
merciful. She went on:

"You know it has a charm to make
you happy in your love. It would have
made me happy, but he died, and it
hadn't a chance to do its work; and
now my time's come—it has been weary
waiting."

And with that—the first and last
hint we ever had of a romance in my
aunt's life—she turned her wrinkled
old face to the pillow with a sigh like
a tired child's and there were only four
of us left in the room.

After the funeral and the reading of
the will, where three men set to work to
find the charm.

"I shall take the library and aunt's
bedroom first," said Bertam. As these
were the rooms she had most used, I
imagine he thought he had made the
best choice. "You other fellows can
arrange as you like."

William chose the drawing-room and
the guest-chamber, and they took the
whole day searching systematically
inch by inch for the ruby heart. I be-
gan to look in the dining-room, but
Edith came in.

"Do you care so very much for the
ruby heart?" said she.
"I confess I should like to find it," I
answered.

"Shall I help you to look?"
She pulled out a book or two from
the shelves in an aimless, desultory
way, and then said:

"It's very unsunny out of doors,
don't you think?"
So we went on the river.

The next day I began to look for the
heart again. Edith sent her duenna-
companion, who had once been her gov-
erness, to ask me if I did not think it
would be nice to drive. Of course I
said I thought it would, and off we
went.

That evening she asked Bertam and
William if they would like to come out
next day to see some ruins.
"Thanks," said Bertam, "but I
think my first duty to poor aunt's mem-
ory is to find that heart."

"Besides," said William, who never
had much sentiment, like Bertam,
"it's worth thousands of pounds, I be-
lieve."

"To say nothing of the charm," I
added.
"But you'll come, Wilfrid?" she said,
looking at me with her soft gray
eyes.

"Of course," I answered.
Bertam and William scowled at me.
They would have given their ears, their
lives, anything, in short, but their
chances of a ruby heart worth thou-
sands of pounds for the privilege that
was to be mine to-morrow.

To be in love with Cousin Edith was
a mere, a fashion, among us. Besides,
Edith was now an heiress.
"As soon as I have fulfilled dear
aunt's last wishes," said Bertam—he
talked so slyly, as if he meant he
wished him to find the heart—"I shall
be only too glad to accompany my
Cousin Edith on any excursion she
may propose."

"So shall I," said William.
So Edith and I went to the ruins
alone together.

"I hope it does not seem like disre-
spect to poor aunt's memory," she said,
as we drove snugly back in the dogcart
that evening, "our going out like this.
But I couldn't bear to stay in the old
house alone where she was so kind to
me. It's better to go out, and I'm sure
she would have wished it."

When he came to find the ruby heart,
he met me there. I got up very early,
and came down before the servants
were about. I had pulled out half the
drawers of the Chinese cabinet and
looked into them, when my heart leaped
into my mouth at the touch of a
hand on my shoulder—Edith's!

"Still after that wretched ruby?" she
said. "How you waste your time!"
"Why? Don't you think I shall find
it?"

"I don't know," she said, looking at
me with her eyes wide open; "but I
don't think you will find it there, be-
cause Bertam has been through that
three times already. Did you ever eat
strawberries before breakfast and
gather them yourself?"

So we went into the kitchen garden
and ate strawberries till the gong rang
for breakfast. Bertam and William
were getting quite sulky and savage
from the non success of their search,
and the little time I had devoted to it
annoyed them.

"I believe," said Bertam, with an air
of gaiety, a little overdone, "that Wil-
frid thinks he knows where the heart is,
and that he can put his hand on it at
any moment."

"I wish I could," I said.
"So do I," said Edith, almost in the
same breath.
"You wish Wilfrid to find the heart?"
said William. "Why?"

"Oh, no. I don't mean Wilfrid. I
meant—at least—Well, we shall all be
glad when it's settled one way or the
other, shall we?"

I had never told Edith I loved her,
because I didn't know how my aunt in-
tended to leave her money, and if
Edith were to be the heiress of the
whole—but any one will understand my
reasons.

It was a week after aunt's funeral
that I went into the rose garden, where
Edith was snipping roses into a basket.

"I've been looking for the heart
again," I said, "but I haven't found it."
"No," she answered, "and I don't
suppose you will. Would a Gloire de
Dijon be any compensation?"

She began to stick one in my coat
as she spoke. Her slender waist, in its
black gown, was very near my left
arm where she stood.

"I will take the bud," I said, "but not
as compensation for the heart."
"Don't you think," she asked me,
"that it might be possible to live hap-
pily without a charm to help you?"

"No," I said, "not without a charm
to help you. But ruby hearts are not
the only charms in the world."

"Let them find their ruby heart! Let
them chop it in pieces and divide it be-
tween them and sell the bits," said I.
"And you are content with what you
have?" she asked.

"I am content with what I have," I
answered, and my other arm went
round her.

They never found that ruby heart,
though the poor old house was tapped
and tested from top to bottom. At
last, weary out, they took the portion
of goods that fell unto them and went,
fortunately for us, into a far country.
And Edith and I were married.

We didn't go on a wedding tour, but
came straight back to the dear old
house.

On the evening of our wedding day
we walked in the moonlight through
the rose garden to listen to the night-
ingales. I stopped to hold her in my
arms on the very spot where I had first
kissed her, and the light shawl she
wore round her head and shoulders fell
back.

"What's that you have round your
neck?" I said, for something darkened
amid the white lace on her breast.

She did not answer. I put up my
hand, touched with a thrill the white-
ness of her neck, and found in my fin-
gers the ruby heart.

"Then she gave it to you," I said;
"it is yours?"

"She gave it into my keeping," an-
swered Edith, dropping her chin on her
lips rested on my hand; "but she left
it to the man who should find it."

"And I have found it—here!"

The Natural Bridge of To Day.
The Natural Bridge is 215 feet in
height, 100 feet in width, with a span of
90 feet. Under the arch which be-
placed the Washington monument at
Baltimore. Cedar Creek, the stream
over which it stretches its arch, is clear
as crystal. No photograph or painting
can impress the mind with its immen-
sity or grandeur, or geometrical pro-
portions, or the rich coloring, or the
picturesque surroundings. One must
stand before its mighty arch, realizing
its vastness. Under the arch
are the outlines of an American eagle,
formed by moss and lichens. Upon one
side is where George Washington, who
a surveyor for Lord Fairfax, 150 years
ago, carved his name in the rock. The
ravages of time and exposure to the
elements have nearly obliterated the
name, but some of the letters are quite
distinct. In the years gone by Henry
Clay, Daniel Webster, and many prom-
inent statesmen, before railroads were
built, spent days of inconspicuous travel
to look upon this—one of the wonders
of the world. Now the iron horse
speeds over its steel roadway, and in a
few hours one can reach this destina-
tion without fatigue.—Baltimore Sun.

A Fence Seventy-Five Miles Long
The longest fence in the world is
probably that which has just been fin-
ished by the Erie Cattle Company
along the Mexican border. It is sev-
enty-five miles in length and separates
exactly for its entire distance, the two
republics of North America. The fence
was built to keep the cattle from run-
ning across the border and falling easy
prey to the Mexican cow-punchers. Al-
though it cost a great deal of money it
is estimated that cattle enough will be
saved in one year to more than pay for
it. It is a barbed-wire fence, with mes-
quite and cottonwood poles, and for the
entire length of it runs as straight as
the crow flies.—New Orleans Times-
Democrat.

Twenty-Thousand Implements.
The late Hallett Phillips' remarkable
collection of over 20,000 Indian im-
plements and antiquities from the valley
of the Potomac river has been given to
the Smithsonian institution by Thomas
Lee, to whom Mr. Phillips had be-
queathed it. The Phillips collection is
said to be the best key in existence to
the manner and habits of the ancient
Algonquin race as it was the largest of
its class in the world.

THE RISE OF COREY.

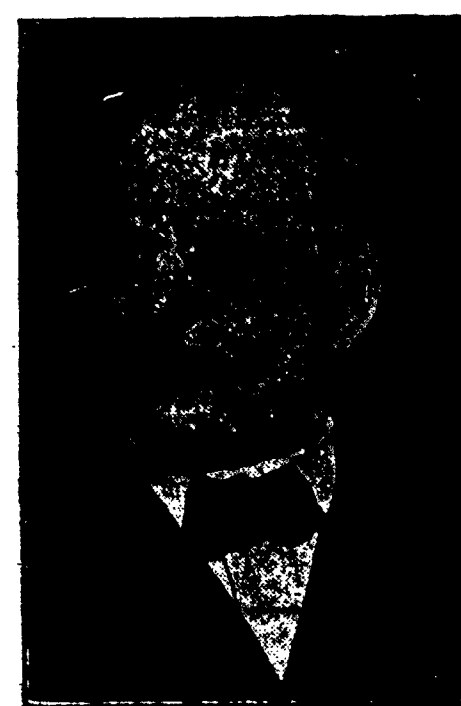
HOW THE NEW HEAD OF THE STEEL
TRUST WON HIS WAY.

Spoke at the Laddery Ladder
Round—His Success the Result of
Study and Hard Work—Career Sim-
ilar to That of C. M. Schwab.

With the recent retirement of C. M.
Schwab, president of the United States
Steel corporation, from the active du-
ties of his position and the appoint-
ment of W. E. Corey as his assistant,
with full powers, another of that group
of young men who helped Andrew Car-
negie build up the great steel works
which bear his name became a com-
manding figure in the steel trade of the
world.

The new executive head of the steel
corporation, however, does not succeed
to the title of president of the world's
greatest trust, but will perform all the
active duties of the position. Mr.
Schwab still remaining the nominal
head of the combination and acting in
an advisory capacity. A year or so ago
Mr. Schwab announced that it was his
intention to find some relief from the
responsibilities imposed upon him and
is said to be the author of the plan of
having an assistant who could take
over most of the work of his office. Mr.
Corey is his close friend—the pair have
worked together for many years—and
he was the man selected as best qual-
ified by ability and training to fill the
position. Associates of Mr. Corey re-
gard him as the equal if not the super-
ior of Mr. Schwab as a practical oper-
ating executive, and they predict suc-
cession in every particular for his admin-
istration of the affairs of the steel cor-
poration.

William Ellis Corey began the won-
derful career which at the age of thirty-
seven has placed him in the front
rank of the world's captains of indus-
try in the laboratory of the Edgar
Thomson Steel works of the Carnegie
Steel company. He is a native of Brad-
dock, the son of a retired coal operator,
and until he went to work at the age
of sixteen attended the public schools.
After going to work he attended Duff's
college in the evening. He also studied
chemistry at home and mastered the
theory and practice of metallurgy. He
was a hard worker, careful and stud-
ious, and his superiors soon advanced
him to a more responsible position in



WILLIAM ELLIS COREY.

the plate mills of the Homestead Steel
works and subsequently to the order
department of the plant.

Applying himself with all the energy
at his command to each new duty as-
signed him, Mr. Corey, while still little
more than a youth, held positions of
great responsibility and trust, with an
army of thousands of workmen under
his control. That he succeeded in every
position is a tribute to the wonderful
power of organization and grasp of de-
tail with which he is endowed.

At the age of twenty-two he was
made superintendent of the plate mill
of the Homestead Steel works. His
next advance was to the position of
superintendent of the armor plate plant,
which he filled until 1895, when he suc-
ceeded C. M. Schwab as general super-
intendent of the Homestead Steel
works, the latter becoming the pres-
ident of the Carnegie Steel company.
Notwithstanding that his predecessor
was accounted one of the most remark-
able men of his time, Mr. Corey did
not suffer by comparison, and under
his management the business of the
Homestead Steel works grew greater
year by year. While at Homestead Mr.
Corey invented an improved process
of manufacturing armor, which is
known to ordnance engineers as the
"Corey reforcing process," by which the
ballistic resistance of armor was
greatly increased and the weight of
plate carried by a ship considerably re-
duced.

Mr. Corey was the choice of Mr.
Schwab as president of the Carnegie
Steel company on April 16, 1901, when
the latter was made president of the
United States Steel corporation. His
administration has been remarkably
successful. During his term the Nat-
ional Steel Hoop companies were added
to the Carnegie company, and since
these two companies were taken in the
scope of the concern has been much
greater. Mr. Corey has held the con-
fidence of the men with whom he worked,
and his elevation to the higher of-
fice is looked upon as an honor wisely
bestowed.

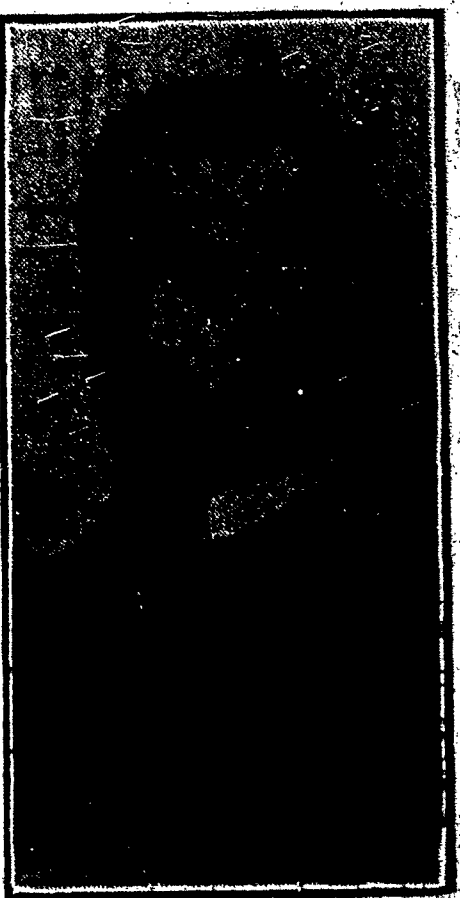
The careers of both Mr. Schwab and
Mr. Corey have been almost identical.
Both began at the lowest round of the
ladder and by hard work with hand
and head, neglecting no opportunity to
add to their knowledge and usefulness,
soon attracted the attention of Mr. Car-
negie, who, like them, also began with
his hands and an ambition to succeed
as his only capital.

SIENKIEWICZ IN ECLIPSE.

New the Polish Author's Luckless
Wrath of His Countrymen.

Henry Sienkiewicz, the Polish au-
thor, who until recently was the most
of his compatriots, the entire Polish peo-
ple having celebrated the twenty-fifth
anniversary of his entrance into litera-
ture, when they made him a present of
a magnificent castle surrounded by a
park, seems to have suffered a perma-
nent eclipse in public esteem.

Not long ago a Warsaw paper asked
Sienkiewicz what in his opinion was
the best Polish drama of recent years.



HENRY SIENKIEWICZ.

The author replied that all Polish litera-
ture was worthless. This reply caused
a tremendous sensation and a great re-
velation of feeling against the author,
and since then he has been the object
of violent attacks in the Polish press.
Sienkiewicz's most famous book,
"Quo Vadis," which was translated in-
to many languages, was published in
1903.

TICKLED THE SIAMESE.

How John Barrett Won His First
Diplomatic Success.

John Barrett, who has just been ap-
pointed United States minister to the
Argentine Republic, for the past year
and a half has been commissioner gen-
eral for the Louisiana Purchase ex-
position in Asia and Australia, during
which time he has traveled 45,000 miles
and interviewed fifteen kings and em-
perors.

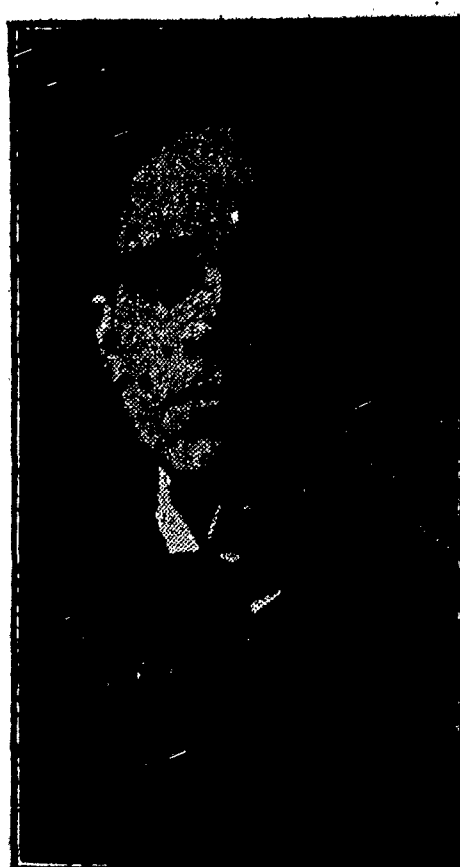
Mr. Barrett is a native of Vermont,
but for many years has been a resi-
dent of Oregon. He is a graduate of
Dartmouth college and when only
twenty-seven years old was appointed
minister to Siam by President Cleve-
land. The first important task that
confronted the youthful envoy was to
present a claim for \$250,000 against
the government of Siam. He was
warned by experienced diplomats
against using threats in pressing the
claim. "Be cunning, avoid arrogance,"
they urged.

"That is," responded Mr. Barrett,
"you favor tickling with a straw to
pricking with a bayonet."

The statesman nodded assent.
When the young minister had finally
succeeded in collecting the claim the
diplomats asked in astonishment, "How
did you accomplish it?"

"By tickling," explained Barrett. "I
had to tickle them almost to death,
though, before they agreed to pay."

Subsequently, he traveled extensively
in Japan, China, India and the Philip-



JOHN BARRETT.

pines, investigating opportunities for
American trade. In 1903 he reli-
quished his post as minister to Siam,
but remained in the east as correspond-
ent for various newspapers.

In 1901 he was appointed delegate of
the United States to the international
conference of the American republics at
Mexico and since 1902 has been travel-
ing in the far east for the St. Louis ex-
position. Last December he was ap-
pointed United States minister to Ja-
pan, but he declined.

While minister to Siam Mr. Barrett
obtained the first clear interpretation
of the scope of foreign extraterritorial
jurisdiction in Asia and was the pio-
neer advocate of the development of
America's commercial opportunities in
the far east. The salary of the minis-
ter to Argentina is \$10,000.

FEMALE FARMERS.

FIFTY YOUNG WOMEN STUDENTS IN
A COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE.

They Have Always Made Good Farmers
and Laid More Than Made to Pay for
themselves. After Men Were Failed—A
Three Years Course.

It is interesting to hear that fifty
young women have taken up the study
of scientific farming in the College of
Agriculture at Minneapolis, says the
New York Commercial Advertiser. Women
have always made good farmers,
and in Europe and in certain parts
of this country most of the work of
the farm is carried on by them. In
Germany the women plow, in France
they superintend every detail from the
milking of the cows to the selling of
cheese and chickens in the market,
even rebuilding houses and breaking
stones for roads through the "outlets."
Farmers in New England have been suc-
cessfully managed and worked by wo-
men after men had failed to make them
pay. One farm in Wayne County, N.
H., is worked by a woman of 70, her
daughter and the latter's son, a boy of
19. They hire a man and girl during
the summer, but during the rest of the
year do all their own work, which in-
cludes milking and caring for five
cows, taking milk, eggs and butter to
market and carrying on the various
duties that fall to the lot of the suc-
cessful tiller of the soil. Another
farm, with rocky hillside pastures and
well-fed horses and cattle, browsing
around the trim house, with its gay
flower garden, was pointed out to the
writer as the result of feminine per-
severance, industry and economy. It
had been left as a legacy to three idle,
shiftless, shrewish sons, who permitted
it not only to run down so that they
could not make a living out of it, but
also had to mortgage it. Finally one
died, one went west and one drifted to
New York. The farm seemed to be
about to share the fate of many aban-
doned farms that make New England
melancholy. The mother of the three
brilliant failures, who had been living
with an invalid daughter in another
part of the state, returned to her old
home, hired some men, put her property
in comparative order and then
started in to make it pay. She suc-
ceeded. It took years, and she worked
early and late, but she not only paid
off the mortgage, but improved the
place, built a new house and laid money
by for her old age. She still goes
about her acres, wearing her boots,
short skirt and a big farm hat, direct-
ing and superintending or leading a
hand herself rather than hire a man
too many. She has added weaving to
her other work now, and sells heavy
fringe, serge, homespun and other fur-
ry cloths to the people from large cit-
ies who spend the summer in the
neighborhood.

The women students at the Minne-
apolis College of Agriculture are en-
tered for the three years' course, and
will take the same studies as men, with
the exception of blacksmithing, car-
pentry and military drill, which will
be substituted by laundering, cooking,
sewing, house management and social
and physical culture. The teacher of
household economy is a good specimen
of the woman farmer. Her father,
Sam Meredith, was a noted breeder of
short-horn cattle, and since his death
his daughter has carried on his farm
and raised stock with great success.
This is the first year that the college has
been open to women, a summer course
of six weeks being the only concession
made to women students heretofore.

They have a fine dormitory with all
sorts of comforts and conveniences.
Every two students have a suite with
two sleeping rooms and a study, and
for every six there is a bath room and
a dressing room. There are also large
general sitting rooms and a library.

The ubiquitous hairpin, as
eminent crackman is reported to have
said, "and I care not who carries the
jimmies." A traveler lost on one of
those trackless Australian plains tells
me he wept tears of joy when he sud-
denly came across a rusty hairpin.

An archeologist, who recently
crossed Arabia, fancied he had pen-
etrated among certain ruins where, no
modern spot had ever pressed. "I look-
ed around," he remarks, "and there on
the ground before me were a cork and
a hairpin."

In short, the hairpin is perhaps the
one ubiquitous article of woman's ab-
solute. More than that it combines in
itself a host of uses of which its de-
signer never dreamed. Put the hair-
pin in the hands of an intelligent man
and he will make it as useful as an ax.

Look at the instance afforded by that
motorman on a suburban electric road
in the East. As he was gaily whirling
across country, a fuse burned out and
the car stalled. Did the motorman de-
spair? Did he unhook his handle and
get off and sit on the rear by fence,
and stolidly wait an hour for the next
motor to come along and shove his
helpless vehicle into town? Did he
hang around while the irascible pas-
sengers vary the charges of abuse for
everything connected with the road,
from the president down to the hum-
blest wiper? Not much.

He merely looked the damage over
then thrust his head into the car and
asked for a hairpin. One was imme-
diately passed forward, and the wise
motorman, in a manner which the
non-technical reader would not under-
stand, substituted the hairpin for the
ruined fuse, and a moment later whirled
ahead with everybody rejoicing.

It was but an added proof of the all-
round value of one of the common and
yet most useful of civilization's inven-
tions.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A YOUTHFUL SCIENTIST.

Scientist's Men All Over the World
Deeply Interested in the Work of
the Young Inventor, who by means of
electrical device has successfully con-
structed the first of its kind.

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THE YOUNG SCIENTIST.

perform the delicate abdominal opera-
tion on his majesty last summer pre-
rior to the coronation.

The great surgeon, who is now
years old, was educated in the
army. On his return to the
South Africa as consulting
surgeon, he threw his energies into
the study of the human body, and
was appointed surgeon to the
army.

He has been successful in his
work, and has been appointed
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