

THE NUT-SHELL, JUNE, 1890.

took turn about carrying it. Then a brilliant thought struck the father. Why not by a baby coach? They needed one anyhow, and might as well buy a wooty home in comfort. To think was to act, and in a little while the front pannels were pushing a gorgeous coach up Chestnut street, with the hope, expressed by the father, that some of the boys on the other pannels could see the finest baby they ever laid their eyes upon. At first they were oblivious to everything but how well the baby looked in the coach, but hubby finally began to notice that people coming towards them seemed to see something funny. He could not understand what it all meant, and concluded to investigate.

He passed the coach a dozen yards or so and then turned back. One look at the coach made him blush and then shake with laughter. They were near 10th street, and he told his wife to cross over while he whistled. She crossed the street ahead of the coach, then turned, gave a gasp, and with a feeling that her weakness and the grippe combined, clutched a lamp post for support.

There in front of the coach was the placard which the careless dealer had forgotten to take off marked in big black letters, "Our own make."

FOR ALL WHO DIE.

It has been said for all who die
There is a tear,
Some pining, bleeding heart to sigh
O'er every bier;
But in that hour of pain and dread
Who will draw near
Around my humble couch and shed
One farewell tear?

Who'll watch the first departing ray
In deep despair,
And so the spirit on its way
With holy Prayer?
What mourner round my couch will come
In words of woe
And follow me to my long home
Solemn and slow?

When lying on my earthly bed
In thy sleep,
Who there by pure affection led
Will come and weep?
By the pale moon implant the rose
Upon my breast,
And bid it cheer my dark repose,
My lonely rest?

Could I but know when I am sleeping
Low in the ground
One faithful heart would then be keeping
Watch all around,
As if some gem lay shined beneath
That cold and gloom,
T'would mitigate the pangs of death
And light the tomb.

Yet in that hour if I could feel
From halls of gloe,
And beauty's pressure one would steal
In secret.

And come and sit or stand by me
In night's deep noon,
Oh I would ask my anatomy
No other boon.

But ah, a lovelier fate is mine,
A deeper woe,
From all I've loved in youth's sweet time
I soon must go.

A draw round me my pale robes of
white,
In a dark spot
To sleep through death's long dreamless
night
Lone and forgot.

SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY.

Encourage the modest man too much and he will become vain.
Getting cheated yesterday just teaches a man to cheat to-day.
A philosopher is a man who doesn't want the things he can't have.
Don't blame a man for being vain; he is only what others have made him.
If a husband is worth having he is worth taking care of.—Sent in by an abused man.
There are two rights a woman is slow to claim—the right to an old garter and

the right to an old paper bustle.

There never was a crime committed that did not leave its mark on the face of the man who committed it.

Marriage with a man is like the month of March. If he goes in like a man he never fails to come out like a lamb.

When the women get together they abuse the men, but it is to the credit of the men that when they get together they abuse the women.

There are only two kinds of women: one kind thinks her husband the greatest man in the world, and the other thinks that she is a greater man than her husband.

Give an extravagant woman all the money she can spend, and the harm she does is not to herself, but to the foolish women who try to keep up with her.

IPI SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT.

If I should die to night
My friends would look upon my quiet
Before they laid it in its resting place,
And deem that death had left its last
fair;

And, laying snow-white flowers against
my hair,
Would smother it down with tearful
tenderness,
And fold my hands with lingering
caress.

Four hands, so empty and so cold to-
night
If I should die to night
My friends would call to mind, with
loving thought,
Some kindly deed the icy hand had
wrought.

Some gentle word the frozen lips had
said;
Errands on which the willing feet had
sped.

The memory of my selfishness and
pride,
My selfish words would all be put aside,
And I should be loved and mourned
to-night.

If I should die to-night
Even hearts estranged would turn once
more to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully.
The eyes that chill me with averted
glance,
Would look upon me as of yore, per-
chance,
And soften in the old familiar way,
For who could war with dumb, un-
conscious grief?

So I might rest, forgiven of all, to-
night.
O friends, I pray to-night,
Keep not your kisses for my dead cold
now.

The way is lonely, let me feel them
now.
Think gently of me: I am travel worn;
My faulting feet are pierced with
many a thorn.

Forgive, O hearts estranged, forgive, I
plead;
When dreamless rest is mine I shall
not need
The tenderness for which I long to-
night.

SOME UNKNOWN LANDS.

The surface of the earth comprises
an area of 293,000,000 square miles,
of which three-fourths is covered by water.
This leaves 59,000,000 of square miles
of land for the human race to occupy,
or about one square mile for every
thirty-five persons, big and little.

It would seem that such an area
would be enough to support a crowd,
and so it would, says Golden Days, if
the density of population were the
same all over the globe.

But we find that the human race,
either from choice or accident, has al-
ways huddled itself into certain parts
of the world, leaving other parts either
entirely deserted or very sparsely popu-
lated. Some very good reasons some-
times exist for these irregularities, and
at other times the reasons are hard to
find.

We can easily understand why Green-
land, for instance, or Patagonia should
not be densely settled, but it is not
easy to understand how the great con-
tinent of Australia came to be so long
without inhabitants.

It is curious to note the queer way
in which populations have shifted in
the course of ages. Asia, as the cradle

of the human race, first became thick-
ly settled, and contains to-day two
countries—China and Hindostan—where
the population is extremely dense.
But portions of Asia—such as Arabia
and Persia—from all accounts must
have lost half, if not more, of their
population during the last thousand
years.

Great as the Shah of Persia fancy
himself to be, he is but a puny prince
compared with the great Darius or
Xerxes.

Africa has likewise suffered an enormous
loss of population since ancient
times. We have ample proof that the
valley of the Nile once swarmed with
life, and all through North Africa, now
almost a desert, given up to wild beasts
and wilder men, civilization once flourish-
ed to a remarkable extent.

Europe was settled from the south,
Italy, Spain small portion comprising
the southern islands of the
Mediterranean Sea were populated for
centuries, while what we now know as
France, Germany, England, Austria
and Russia were forests and deserts,
quite as barbarous and uncultivated as
the present interior of Africa.

These were the countries of antiqui-
ty, North and South America and
Australia being unknown. Yet the
two former were densely populous in
the ages long ago.

The valleys of the Missouri, Ohio and
Mississippi swarmed with people en-
gaged in business and agriculture:—
Mexico had a population much ex-
ceeding its present one; the ruins of
great cities in Central America attest
its former greatness, and it is certain
that Peru, under the Incas, was the
seat of a mighty civilization. Austral-
ia, however, has always been a sparse-
ly-settled country.

Such have been the changes of time,
that much of the world is still un-
known land, and we are now busily en-
gaged in discovering much that was
known before.

Europe has nothing to disclose, but a
great part of Asia and nearly three-
fourths of Africa is still unexplored
to us moderns. The explorations of
Stanley and those who preceded him
are more quiet tracks in the desert,
and our best maps of Africa are half
guess-work.

In Asia, there is Thibet, Turkestan
and the great desert of Sahara to be ex-
plored. We know almost nothing of
Borneo, Papua or Madagascar, and
thousands of islands in the Pacific
Ocean are still unexplored.

Great tracts of Australia have never
been trodden by the foot of a white
man, and nearly all of South America,
inside the coast lines, is known only
by hearsay and tradition. Coming up
to our northern half of the continent
we encounter some unknown lands,
Central America and Mexico offer ter-
ritories for exploration, and Lower
California has never been thoroughly
explored.

In the far north is Greenland, Baffin
Land, the great Hudson Bay region, all
of British America north of latitude 60
degrees, and our great territory of
Alaska. Here is a wonderful field for
adventurous explorers and it is impos-
sible to predict what is in store for
them. The men of northern Alas-
ka also report that further north is an-
other land, not down on the maps—an
inhabited land with comparatively
mild climate.

Even in the new state of Washing-
ton there is an unknown land of 2,500
square miles. This land is shut in by
the Olympic mountains, and Indian
traditions say that it is inhabited by a
very fierce tribe, which none of the
coast tribes dared molest.

Here, then, is half of our 59,000,000
square miles consisting of unknown
lands! What a magnificent field for
the men in search of health, wealth
and knowledge, and what room it gives
for future generations to travel and
settle! All is fertile, some is un-
inhabitable on account of severity of
climate, but much of it is as fair as
any land we know and fully as cap-
able of supporting life.

UNIVERSITIES OF THE WORLD.

Norway has 1 university, 48 profes-
sors and 880 students.

France has 1 university, 180 profes-
sors and 9,200 students.

Belgium has 4 universities, 88 profes-
sors and 2,400 students.

Holland has 4 universities, 60 profes-
sors and 1,900 students.

Portugal has 1 university, 40 profes-
sors and 1,300 students.

Italy has 17 universities, 60 profes-
sors and 11,100 students.

Sweden has 10 universities, 173 profes-
sors and 1,010 students.

Switzerland has 3 universities, 10
professors and 2,400 students.

Russia has 21 universities, 562 profes-
sors and 6,100 students.

Denmark has 1 university, 40 profes-
sors and 1,400 students.

Austria has 10 universities, 1,810 profes-
sors and 13,000 students.

Spain has 10 universities, 380 profes-
sors and 16,250 students.

Germany has 21 universities, 1,020
professors and 25,654 students.

Great Britain has 11 universities, 334
professors and 13,400 students.

The United States of America has 300
universities, 4,240 professors and 83,400
students.

"PAPA, BE TRUE TO ME."

What makes me refuse a social glass,
well, I'll tell you the reason why.
Because a tonnie blue-eyed lass is ever
standing by.

And I hear her, boys, above the noise
of the jest and merry game,
As with baby grace she kisses my face
and says, "Papa, be true to me."

Then, what can I do with my lass to be
true better than I can pass by,
I know you'll not think it my refusal
to drink a breec'h of your courtesy.

For I hear her repeat in accents sweet,
and her heart is full of love,
As with loving embrace she kisses my
face, and says, "Papa, be true to me."

Let me offer a toast, to the one I love
Most, whose dear little will I obey,
Whose influence sweet is guiding my
feet over life's toilsome way.

May the sun ever shine on this lassie of
mine, from sorrow may she be free,
For with baby grace she kisses my
face, and says, "Papa, be true to me."

LITTLE BITS OF CRYSTALLIZED WISDOM.

The richest man is the one who does
most for others.
The highest tree is the one that the
wind fights the hardest.

The poor man with Christ is rich.
The rich man without Christ is poor.
The way to perform a great work is
to do a little towards it every day.

Man's doubt of God makes angels
wonder.
The high priest of the temple could
not have done the work of the little
maid in Haaman's house.

A hog covered with the first mud hole it
came to.
Every man is ruled by what he loves.
The gates of heaven are always open.
A man generally walks the way he
looks.

Love's messages are always written in
red ink.
No man is right in his religion who
is not right in his living.

The weakest man is the one who is a
slave to his own desires.
Every Christian who makes a habit of
letting his light shine through smoky
glass.

The man who is willing to do wrong
in order to gain riches can never enjoy
them.
You don't have to be disagreeable to
be good or look like a corpse in pickle
to be righteous.

The foundation stones of a church are
of a good deal more consequence
than the steeple.
God has no use for the man who
imagines himself sanctified simply be-
cause he feels bad.

A photograph can now be taken
quicker than a mule can kick, but it
still takes just as long to hatch an egg
as it did when the mountains were new.

They talk about a woman's sphere
As though it had a limit;
There's not a place on earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whisper, ray or glow,
There's not a life, or death, or birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth,
Without a woman in it.