

LONG AGO.

once knew all the birds that came
And nestled in our orchard trees;
For every flower I had a name—
My friends were woodchucks, toads
and bees;
I knew where thrived in yonder glen
What plants would soothe a stone-
bruise, d toe—
I was very learned then—
But that was very long ago.

I knew the spot upon the hill
Where the checkerberries could be
found;
I knew the rushes near the mill,
Where pickerel lay that weighed a
pound!

I knew the wood—the very tree—
Where lived the poaching, saucy crow,
And all the woods and crows knew me—
But that was very long ago.

And, pining for the joys of youth,
I tread the old familiar spot,
Only to learn the solemn truth—
I have forgotten, am forgot.
Here's this youngster at my knee
Knows all the things I used to know;
I think I once was wise as he—
But that was very long ago.

I know it's folly to complain
Of whatso'er the Fates decree;
I were not wishes all in vain,
I tell you what my wish should be:
I wish to be a boy again,
Back with the friends I used to know;
For I was, oh! so happy then—
But that was very long ago.
Eugene Field.

AT THE OLD FARM

A PRETTY rosy-cheeked girl,
with round bare arms, was seated
on the top step of the farmhouse
porch, busily shelling beans, exchang-
ing sentences occasionally with a stal-
wart young fellow who was ostensibly
lingering the barn near by.

The air was heavy with perfume of
starling and cinnamon roses, while
from the hedge came the soft notes of
wood thrush. A pair of tiny hum-
ing birds shimmering in the sunlight
darted to and fro, plunging their long
bills into the blossoms of the vine that
covered the porch, while over all hovered
the sweet silence of a summer
afternoon.

The young man had given up all
pretense of work and lay stretched out
on the sun on the sloping roof with
hands closed behind his head, at peace
with the world and himself.

"I say, Nan, I wish I owned this
farm; it's a jolly old place."

"Well, it will all be yours some day,
Tom, and then I suppose you will send
our poor 'cousin by marriage' flyin'!"
said Nan, with a mischievous twinkle in
her eyes.

"I would shake you for that speech,
my girl, if it wasn't too much trouble,"
said Tom, loftily.

Just then there was a sound of splin-
tering wood, six feet of brawn and
muscle shot rapidly downward, and
with a "plunk" disappeared in the
water butt.

Nan gave a shriek of laughter, and
ran to help the immersed Adonis, but
there was no answering laugh; instead,
a quiet that frightened her.

Tom was not a practical joker, still
he did not seem possible that he could
be seriously injured. What should she
do? The men were all down in the
water field, and Tom might drown while
she went for help.

Her eye lighted on the chopping
block. It was a huge affair, but she
managed to drag it to the side of the
butt, and, climbing up, discovered poor
Tom, doubled up like a jackknife.
As her cries reached his stunned
ears, he collected his wits, but did not
move.

Nan was leaning over the side, with
her tears streaming down her pretty
face.

"Oh, Tom, please get up. Dear Tom
—O, what shall I do? He will drown
before any one comes." And she
reached frantically for his collar.
Tom's head was just above the water,
luckily, and with returning breath he said:

"Don't cry, Nan. I'm not dead by a
long shot, but my ankle is twisted and
I'll have to get some one to help
me out of this."

"I am afraid you will faint again,"
said Nan, as he turned white with a
pasm of pain.

Tom pulled himself together with an
effort. This was altogether too good
chance to lose. Nan had teased him
for the last year, driving him wild
by accepting invitations from all the
different swains who worshipped at
her shrine, but with rare wisdom he
had concealed his jealousy.

He had proposed to her, but she,
with a young maid's distaste for the
surrender, had refused to answer.
Perhaps so, some day," was her only
reply to his earnest. "Will you marry
me, Nan?"

Now was his opportunity.
"Nan," in a purposely weak voice,
don't leave me, dear. I feel dread-
fully—as if I were slipping away—
away—you do—love—me—a little,
don't you, dear?"
"Yes, Tom. But for goodness sake
try to get up. Here, I'll help you."

REAL DAUGHTERS of the American Revolution.



DAUGHTERS of the Revolution who are such in fact as well as name
are dwindling in numbers as the years increase, but Wisconsin
contains two, both retaining excellent memories of the continental sol-
diers who were their fathers. One is Mrs. Belsey Robinson Meade, of
Waldo, Sheboygan County, and the other Mrs. Jane Powers Walker, of
Waupun.

Mrs. Meade's father was Peter Robinson, a soldier under Benedict
Arnold. She was born in 1811 and is now an enthusiastic "daughter" in the
society registers as well as in fact. Her recollections of her father are
interesting side lights on a great struggle. They are not parts of history.
They belong to the story of the life of the private soldier in the long struggle.
Her father was with Arnold when the treachery which was to have
delivered West Point to the English was discovered. He was with that
American general during the period of starvation which his soldiers under-
went.

"I have often heard my father tell," said Mrs. Meade, "of how Arnold's
soldiers were nearly starved to death. He himself became so weak that he
could hardly stand, and he saw hardy men lie prone on the ground only to
be aroused when hunger drove them frantic."

Of this period Mrs. Meade's son, C. R. Meade, of Plymouth, Wis., said:
"I was with my grandfather a great deal during the last two years of
his life and he told me of an incident during the time he and the other
soldiers so nearly died of starvation. One day matters came to such a pass
that the men could hardly stand for lack of food. About half a mile from
the camp was a farmhouse, where he knew that the housewife kept a cow.
He determined to reach that farmhouse at about the time the woman would
be through milking and beg for a drink of milk. With great difficulty he
reached it. He was so weak that he could not walk. He had to crawl. The
woman had just finished and had the milk in a bucket. He asked her
for a drink and she said she had nothing for Tories."

"At this added insult he fairly broke down and cried. It was the
reflection of the suspicions that people round about were already casting on
Arnold, and, by indirection, on his troops. The woman remained firm in
her refusal and he dragged himself back to camp, weaker than he was when
he started the trip."

At the close of the war Peter Robinson applied for and secured his
pension. One of the signatures on the pension papers is an interesting one.
It is the name of Enoch Crosby, the original of "Harvey Birch" in Cooper's
novel "The Spy," who was a personal friend of Mrs. Meade's father. She
is the sole survivor of a family of ten.

Mrs. Walker was born in Ferrisburg, Vt., in 1810. She is the daughter
of John Powers, one of the minute men who fought the battles of Lexing-
ton and Bunker Hill. He was 27 years old when he enlisted in the Con-
tinental army with six brothers, one of whom was killed during the war.

Mrs. Walker's grandfather also was with the American troops in the
war. She is the only survivor of a family of sixteen children. Both Mrs.
Walker and Mrs. Meade are members of the Fort Atkinson chapter, D. A. R.

Can't you stand on the other foot at
all?"

Tom made frantic efforts to attain
an upright position, holding on to the
firm little brown hand tightly.

It was serious work getting out, but
he finally managed it, and sank ex-
hausted on the block, leaning mean-
while helplessly on Nan's shoulder.

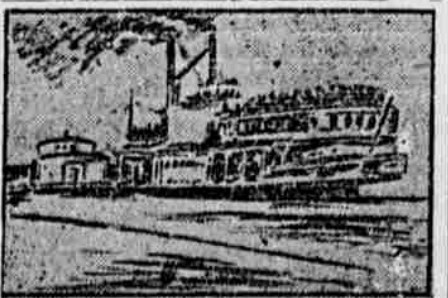
Suddenly he clasped the amazed girl
in a strong embrace.

"The ankle is bad enough, my girl,
but it's worth it all to see those tears
for me on your dear face. Now, how
soon are you going to be my little
wife? No, no, my dear!" as Nan in-
dignantly tried to get away, "I know
you love me now, and you can't put me
off any longer."

"Well—perhaps I do," said Nan, as
she raised her April face to receive his
first kiss.—Indianapolis Sun.

STEAMER SULTANA WAS A DEATH TRAP FOR UNION SOLDIERS.

More United States soldiers lost their
lives in the burning of the Sultana
than were lost during the entire Span-
ish-American war. The ill-fated Mis-
sissippi river packet, toward the close
of the Civil War, was making regular



STEAMER SULTANA.

trips between St. Louis and New Or-
leans. She left the latter port on April
21, 1865, and at Vicksburg took on
board 2,000 union soldiers that had
just been released from the rebel pris-
ons at Cahawba, Andersonville and
Macon. Other passengers and the
crew made a total of 2,200 people on
board.

At three o'clock in the morning of
April 27, when most of these soldiers
and passengers were sleeping, and
when about seven miles above Mem-
phis, Tenn., one of her boilers exploded,
setting the steamer on fire, and in
twenty minutes 1,700 lives were lost.
At the time very little was published

of this disaster owing to inadequate
news gathering and telegraph facilities,
and the excitement of events in and
about Washington.

The picture here reproduced is in
possession of Sergt. Edwin F. Force,
of the Duluth police department, and
was presented to him by a former com-
rade in the Eighteenth Michigan volun-
teer infantry, who photographed the
Sultana at Helena Ark., only a few
hours before the disaster.

An Autograph Copy.

The man who undertook to cross the
continent "on the hurricane deck of a
donkey," and earn his expenses as he
went, was sure to have experiences
worth something to himself, if not to
any one else. He had photographs
made of himself and the donkey. These
he sold for twenty-five cents each. At
Yonkers his purse was light and his
bills were heavy.

I resolved to rise at dawn and sell
enough pictures to pay my bills, if
I had to sell them at cost. I set to
work. By one o'clock I had visited
every shop, store and Chinese laundry,
and was talking hoarsely to a corner
grocer, who sat on a keg of mackerel
sampling Limberger cheese. I offered
a picture for fifteen cents, but the re-
duction in price did not interest him.

"I want not a picture at any price!"
he declared.

"I lack fifteen cents of the amount of
my hotel bill," I urged. "I am in dire
straits."

His reply was weak, but the cheese
was strong enough to help him out.
My mental magazine had but a single
change left, and I fired that.

"Isn't it worth fifteen cents to know
a fool when you see one?"

"Ye-es, I think it is," answered the
man, "and eef you will write it on the
picture, I buy him."

Not His First Proposal.

Tess—Oh, yes, I fell pretty sure of
him. I rejected him when he propos-
ed first because I was positive he'd
try again.

Jess—And you were right. He did
try again and I accepted him—Phila-
delphia Press.

Had Hope for the Future.

Pleasant old gentleman—Have you
lived here all your life, my little man?
Arthur (aged 6)—Not yet.—Lippin-
cott's.

BRIDGE OF LOGS IN REMOTE HIMALAYAN PASS, SUGGESTING THE ORIGINAL CANTILEVER.



The above picture, which is reproduced from the Railroad Gazette,
shows what was probably the first cantilever bridge. The photograph was
taken in one of the remote passes of the Himalaya Mountains near Darjeel-
ing, on the border land of Thibet. The bridge is built of logs and the
mechanical principles used in its construction are seen to be quite correct.
This design for bridges, it is understood, has been used in India from re-
mote times, illustrating the truth of the proverb that nothing under the
sun is new.

UNCLE SAM AND BANK CASHIERS MAKE COUNTERFEITING DIFFICULT.

CASHIERS and tellers in New York financial institutions, where thou-
sands upon thousands of dollars are received and paid out daily, say
that it is less difficult to detect counterfeit notes and spurious coins
than formerly. This is due in part to the fact that in the clerks
through whose hands these vast amounts of money pass the sense of touch
and the sense of sight are becoming more acutely developed, more sensitive
to the little differences in the appearance and feeling of money which would
be undistinguished by the ordinary person, almost undistinguishable even if
they were pointed out, but which enable those who are experienced to tell
the good from the bad. Another assignable reason is the exceeding care
which the government has been taking of late to render legally issued money
inimitable.

Referring to the latter, it is stated that Uncle Sam, after many years of
rough and expensive experience, is taking great care to get paper manu-
factured expressly for the notes issued by the government. This particular
and peculiar kind of paper is also used in the national banknotes, which are
also issued by the government. It is thus possible to control the sources of
supply of this kind of paper.

As soon as a counterfeit note makes its appearance a description of it is
published and widely circulated. It is made a part of the business of those
who handle notes to be constantly on the lookout for fraudulent ones, which
are soon distinguishable by some easily discovered mark—that is, easily dis-
covered by those who are experienced. The telltale marks are invariably
present on counterfeit notes, and the teller, having been apprised of the
denomination of the counterfeit notes and the nature of the marks of iden-
tification, knows just where to look for them.

Spurious notes are almost uniformly of inferior quality. This is the
principal protection of the public. The very best material is used by the
government in the manufacture of genuine notes; the expense is disregarded.
The best of workmen do the engraving and printing in the best-equipped
establishment money can provide. Counterfeiters must work in secret and
at a decided disadvantage. Their appliances for manufacture are usually
limited and of crude and oftentimes imperfect pattern. In the making there
is almost certain to be some palpable defect which the government agents,
through banking institutions, soon learn. If any number of the counterfeit
bills have been printed—and it would be profitless to issue them in small
number, considering not only the cost but also the element of risk and li-
ability which does not increase proportionately—they soon will be "spotted"
and withdrawn.

The best experts, those who handle the largest sums and who often are
held personally responsible for oversights and acceptance by the firm through
them of spurious notes, seldom fail to detect the counterfeit. Exactly what
it is that exposes the false it is difficult to tell. Sometimes the telltale marks
are discovered by the eye, sometimes by the "feel"—by force of habit, by
instinct. The experienced teller detects one counterfeit bill in his roll of sev-
eral thousand as surely and oftentimes as quickly as a reader detects a mis-
spelled word.

The public generally, says the New York Times, thinks little of the
possibility of receiving a counterfeit bill. It is probable that many spurious
notes pass from hand to hand, bringing in each instance their face value.
But the teller in the large bank, into which the bills drift eventually, detects
them and withdraws them from circulation.

MEN IN PUBLIC SCHOOL.

Adults Who Are Learning to Read
and Write.

Visitors of the Jones public school,
Harrison street, between State and
Dearborn, are frequently astonished at
sight of the large and eager groups of
adult students at work in the second
and third hall ways. Long tables have
been placed in these hallways, and
about them sit serious faced, deter-
mined youths of anywhere from sev-
enteen to twenty-one or twenty-two,
each busy with slate, primer, or some
simple school problem.

Between seventy and eighty of these
ambitious young students sit out in the
hallways daily, and most of them are
"studying in the first reader," or work-
ing at similarly simple and elementary
problems. All are determined, how-
ever, to "know lots more" before the
advent of the warm spring weather
calls them away from scholastic labors
and back to the workaday world.

Most of these young men are of
Italian and Greek extraction, and
nearly all are busy, during the more
temperate seasons, at fruit selling or
some kindred business efforts. No
time for the securing of the education
they are so desirous of attaining can
be found from early spring until late
autumn. But when Jack Frost sets
them free from their ordinary labors,
the Jones school claims interest and
time. In order to facilitate their ef-
forts and endeavors the boys and
young men are placed by themselves in
the hallways of the second and third

floors, instead of in the rooms and
classes where preliminary instructions
are more normally carried on. Thus
the adult students are spared the mor-
tification and annoyance of receiving
the instruction also imparted to the
more youthful first grade pupils in
company with these fellow workers of
small size and fewer years.

Few of these students meet with
any home encouragement or assistance
toward studying, and their school work
is necessarily of a fragmentary and in-
termittent nature. But Miss Cora Ca-
verno, the school principal, says that
they make thoroughly good, earnest,
and devoted students.—Chicago Trib-
une.

No Extra Charge Made.
"Wow!" yelled the victim. "See
here, barber! You've cut off part of
my ear."

"So I have," replied the barber cool-
ly, "but calm yourself. We make no
extra charge for correcting facial ble-
mishes. I'll trim the other ear down
to a decent size too."—Philadelphia
Press.

Taking Time by the Forelock.

The Cook—Would you mind giving
me a recommendation, ma'am?

The Mistress—Why, you have only
just come.

The Cook—But ye may not want to
give me wan when I do be leaving—
Life.

A man is a woman's natural pro-
tector: By marrying her, he protects
her from the title of "old maid."