

CHILDHOOD'S LOST WISDOM.

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

I knew the spot upon the hill
Where the cherries 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 porching, 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 this solemn truth:
I have forgotten, am forgot,
Yet know the youngster at my knee
Knows all the things I used to know.
To think I once was wise as he—
But that was very long ago.

I know 'tis folly to complain
Of whatsoever the fates decree,
Yet were not wishes all in vain
I tell you what my wish would be,
I'd 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.

How Ted Managed.

MAUDE, why do you refuse to
go? One moment you look
and act like an angel and
the next—well, bitterly, "you are a
conundrum that I can't understand, so
must give up."

Neither of them saw the boyish figure
with the mischievous face peeping
between the portieres, or heard him as
he turned away chuckling: "Like an
angel! Juniper! He did not get the
whack I did this morning, or he'd
never call her an angel. Now, if he'd
said that to you, Nell," apostrophizing
a nut-brown maiden seated on the
couch in the back parlor.

"Oh, nuthin'; sumthin' I hear," la-
conically, and Ted glanced demurely
around.

Just then the street door opened and
closed and Maud swept like a whirl-
wind into the room.

"See here, mamma, these actions of
Ted's must be stopped. I'll not endure
his vulgar tricks any longer; I'll pun-
ish him myself if you don't," and
Maud's figure glowered with super-
charged rage, as she darted a fery
glance in the direction of the culprit.

"You don't say so," drawled irrepress-
ible Ted. "Now, mamma," mimicking
her, "I hope you will no longer neg-
lect—"

"Shut up, you impudent little mon-
key," and Maud vented her anger in a
resounding slap on Ted's ear.

"Why, children," broke in Mr. Mon-
terey's calm voice, "what is all this
about?"

"What about, indeed! Why, last
night when Lawyer Avery called, the
chair in which he invariably sits had
the red so arranged that when he lean-
ed back over he went. And not only
that, but the Battenburg tidy on the
cushion had a sheet of sticky fly paper
under it, and when he got up fly paper
and all was fastened securely to his
coat. Oh, I thought I should die! I
knew he'd never call again. Then to-
night when Eugene called that same
chair was literally covered with tacks
and he sat on them," finished Maud,
chokingly.

"Oh, gee!" came from the corner; "I
thought it was old Avery again."

"Old Avery! do you hear that, papa?
Are you never going to teach the boy
anything?" shrieked Maud, as a titter
fell on her ears. She turned wrath-
fully, but Ted was gone.

"Well, Maud, don't excite yourself;
I'll attend to the boy," and Mr. Mon-
terey walked from the room with a
grave face, but a suspicious twinkle
around his mouth and a twinkle in his
eye.

Calming herself, Maud sank down
beside Eleanor and remarked: "One
could not picture a more charming
sight for the carnival. Are you going,
Nell?"

"I was not intending to. I thought
you and Eugene were going."

"I did promise to go," returned
Maud complacently, "but Eugene is so
terribly attentive he bores me at
times, he is so painfully in love."

"Oh, Maud, how can you?" burst
from Nell.

"I really prefer Mr. Avery," Maud
mused calmly, "if it were not for his
thousands being in the minority."

"Shame on you, Maud," and Eleon-
or's dusky eyes flashed dangerously.
"To compare that old dotard with Eu-
gene, who is all that is handsome and
sensible."

"You silly child," And Maud raised
her perfect eyebrows scornfully. "One
would think you were in love with him
yourself. But to come to the point,
Eugene was angry at my obstinacy
and is going alone. You see," confi-
dently, "I have the finest suspicion
that in my absence he flirts with Beat-
rice Lee. So, wear my costume, go to-
night and, knowingly, "use your eyes.
He'll never notice you more than once
or twice."

Accordingly Nell went and evidently
used her eyes to some purpose, for late
in the evening as Maud sat by the
window two figures sauntered slowly
down the street. "Ah," thought
Maud triumphantly, "he has a fine
excuse for returning." But instead
of turning in at the gate they kept

CURIOUS AMERICAN STRUCTURE.



Probably the oldest dwellings in our country are those curious bark wigwams occupied by the Indians of the Northwest. The picture shows a typical dwelling house among the Ojibway or Chippewa tribe. It is built of mud, covered with pieces of birch bark, the whole supported by braces made of stout wood and fastened together with leather thongs. A bright Indian blanket serves for a door, and a hole in the roof lets out the smoke. These dwellings consist of one room, occupied in common by families of ten or twelve. The Indian brave is gone most of the day, and the equine either sits complacently smoking a pipe or is busy with the household duties. Frequently the air inside is stifling, but sickness is almost unknown. These odd wigwams are considered much more elegant than the tepee, and rank among the Indians much as a brownstone palace would with a one-story cottage. It is rarely one can get a photograph of these queer dwellings, for, according to an old Indian legend which has taken deep hold on the various tribes, if a wigwam or Indian is photographed death will fall upon some member of the family within the ensuing year.

straight on in the crisp moonlight. Such a time elapsed before they again appeared, and then raising his hat Eugene walked slowly on.

Maud was furious. Ted, always around when not wanted and knowing Maud's tantrums of old, darted out muttering, "Now I'll pay her back for dad's lecture." Down the street he flew breathlessly. "Come back a minute, Mr. Lattimer, Maud wants to see you." The wonderment in Eugene's eyes changed to consternation at the scene that met his gaze.

"There's your angel," came from Ted.

Nell's brown eyes were large and bright, while her form was fairly con-
vulsed with laughter. Maud stood like
an accusing angel (or demon), hurling
epithets at her.

"You wicked, deceitful, little vixen,
I always knew you were in love with
him. Well, anyway, I never could en-
dure him. Young men are always
idiots."

"Easy, Maud," and Ted with a
grimace slid into the room. There was
no escape; Eugene comprehended the
situation, but in spite of himself had
to smile at the ridiculous cause of it
all. Maud stood transfixed for a se-
cond, then, speechless with rage, swept
out with the air of a tragedy queen.

Poor Nell, the laughter fled from her
face, and deep concern took its place
as she turned her eyes toward Eu-
gene.

"Oh, I shall die! Believe me, I never
dreamed Maud would act like that."

"Poor little girl," and Eugene stroked
the brown curls; "it was all my
fault, too—but then," teasingly, "what
can one expect of an idiot? At any
rate I have your sister's candid opin-
ion at last."

"Oh, Mr. Lattimer," in a shocked
voice, "how could she?"

"Well," roguishly, "I believe she is
half right. My actions in the past
merit such an opinion."

"Your behavior is quite natural;
when one is in love—" Nell paused
abruptly, blushing rosy red. "One is
not accountable," finished Eugene.

"But is it possible to rise from the
depths to the surface so easily? In-
stead of being miserable I never felt
happier in my life."

Nell, with averted eyes, remained si-
lent.

"Tell me, Nellie, may I hope your
sister was right, and that you would
not treat me so?"

Still no answer. Eugene drew near-
er and peered into the downcast face.
"I know it's taking an unfair ad-
vantage, but," persistently, "answer
me, Nellie."

"Not to-night," unsteadily; "think
what you are saying and ask me again
some other time."

Next evening Eugene received his
answer. Great was Mr. Monterey's
astonishment when Eleanor and Eu-
gene presented themselves for his
blessing, but his "God bless you, my
children," was none the less fervently
given.

DOING UP STORE BUNDLES.

An Old-Time Fine Art that Has Very
Nearly Disappeared.

Somewhere and somehow the world
of trade has lost the art of tying up
bundles in grocery stores, dry goods
houses, hardware stores and even in
the drug stores.

The paper bag seems to have been
the beginning of it. Before its coming
even a crossroads grocer could lay a
double thickness of brown paper on the
counter, empty a dollar's worth of
"Coffee A" sugar upon it out of a brass
scoop and tie the package up as smooth
and tight as a block of planed wood.
How many clerks in a Chicago corner
grocery could do it now?

In the old days in some of the small-
er towns the purchaser carried his
sugar home on his arm, and in consid-
eration of this the brown parcel would
be rewrapped in a thinner, lighter
sheet of paper, which was supposed to
make a more comely package.

It was remarkable what a neat look-
ing bundle a grocer or hardware dealer
could make of several odd-shaped bun-
dles or packages. In some of the "gen-
eral" stores a coffee mill, a bag of salt
and a tin dipper could be tied into a
paper so skillfully that a neighbor
across the street seeing the head of the

house come in with it would be left in
deep wonderment as to whether it was
a new suit of clothes or a bolt of "do-
mestic."

With the perfecting of the paper bag,
however, slovenliness began to mark
the wrapping in stores. At first a bag
was filled, the top folded into place
neatly, and tied as if it were open pa-
per. The grocer, especially, compro-
mised by twisting up the mouth of the
bag and rolling it down onto the con-
tents, using no string whatever.

To-day wrapping up bundles is a lost
art. Nobody carries neat bundles any-
where. An ordinary package of some
solid object is laid down on a piece of
paper, and as it is rolled up the ends
of the paper are tucked into the bun-
dle, leaving the wrapper to tie a string
around the center of the roll. With
many small objects no string is used,
and a person with several of these
bundles, starting home from down-
town, is not likely to get there.

In many things the druggist still
does neat wrapping, as in the case of
bottles, packages, and even powders.
But to buy from his general stock of
toilet articles and kindred goods he
makes as ugly a bundle as the grocer.

In most cases, too, he uses some hide-
ously colored wrapping paper which
simply flares with the "intelligence"
to the public that you or some of your
family is sick.

The ordinary bundle to-day is neither
neat nor pretty—which may be a rea-
son why more than ever before people
insist on having all goods "delivered
in the rear."—Chicago Tribune.

Where the Trouble Was.

Modern children, whose education is
in the hands of "advanced" experi-
mentalists, are the victims of every kid-
napper fad and new-fangled method
that pedagogy can devise. A boy who
had been the patient of some school
teacher's nonsense was brought by his
mother to consult an oculist. The phy-
sician, says a New York paper, went
about in the usual way to discover de-
fects of vision.

He placed a chart before the boy. The
first word was "hat."

"Now read this word," said the doc-
tor.

"Hhuh-ab-tuhhh," gurgled the boy.

"Then try this," said the doctor,
pointing to "big."

"Buh-ib-guhhh," was the sputtering
attempt.

"Madam," said the physician, "there
is some trouble here that has nothing
to do with the vision. The vocal or-
gans seem to be affected."

"Oh, no," answered the mother, "he
pronounced those words correctly!"

"Pronounced them correctly?"

"Yes; that was all right. That is the
phonetic method he is taught in school.
He used to speak and see as other peo-
ple do before he began to learn this
method."

"Madam," said the doctor, gravely,
"send him to a good school or take him
out of school and put him to reading
good books in clear type. Then there'll
be nothing the matter with his sight or
his education, and he won't talk like a
bullfrog."—Youth's Companion.

Where Women Rule.

In several villages of Finland the
woman has authority, for a religious
sect exists there whose disciples are
forced to marry and to take a vow to
submit to the wife in all things. The
women choose one of their number for
governing head, whose duty it is to
see that the men behave themselves,
and to punish them if they transgress.
Similar are the "Purificants" of Lib-
eria, who also recognize the supremacy
of women.

A Little Squirrel in Amber.

Flies are not the only thing found in
amber. In a big mass of clear amber,
dredged up out of the Baltic Sea re-
cently, there was distinctly visible in
its interior a small squirrel—fur, teeth
and claws intact.

Hemp Used as Anaesthetic.

A simple decoction of hemp was used
in China 1,700 years ago as an anaes-
thetic in surgical operations, according
to a newly discovered Chinese manu-
script in a Paris library.

Germany Imports Apples.

Germany has imported as much as
\$10,000,000 worth of apples in one year,
and \$2,500,000 worth of pears.

GIVEN QUEER NAMES.

APPELLATIONS SOME CHILDREN MUST STRUGGLE UNDER.

Caprice of Parents Has Saddled Very
Odd Cognomens Upon Innocent Off-
spring—A Child Named "Airs and
Graces" Only Recently Christened.

The most curious name perhaps ever
bestowed upon a girl is that of Airs
and Graces. She is now about four
years old, her name being registered at
Somerset House, London, in 1898,
when she was baptized. What she
will think of these cognomens when she
arrives at maturity is difficult to im-
agine. Her sister's name is equally
unique—Nun Nicer. When Airs and
Graces and Nun Nicer arrive at the
age of maturity at least one of them
should marry a youth whose Christian
name compares favorably—for exam-
ple, Acts of the Apostles. This is a
name found on an English parish reg-
ister: Actsapostle, son of Thomas and
Elizabeth Pegden, was baptized Aug.
2, 1795. Again this name figures in
records in 1833, when Acts of the
Apostles, son of Richard and Phebe
Kennett, was baptized. This name,
curious as it is, is preferable to What,
or Dum Spiro Spero—names with
which children have been handicapped.

It was a patriotic American who be-
stowed upon her young hopeful the
name of Declaration of Independence.

The most warlike name on record is
that of Robert Alma Bahachava Luker-
man Sebastopol Delhi Dugdale, who
is an English luncheon's son; a sim-
ilar name is Richard Coeur de Lion
Tyler Walter Hill.

About 100 years ago a snowstorm in
Western Pennsylvania set in the 1st
of March; there were many weeks of
sleighb, traditional for years for the
length of time it lasted. What did a
Mr. Smith do, who happened to have
a boy born about this time but name
him Seven Weeks Sleighbing in March.

He usually went by the name of
Weeks. His initials were all written
out—S. W. S. I. M. Smith.

Parents of large families need no
assurance that the advent of another
child is not always as welcome in fact
as in theory, but it is scarcely kind to
make the child bear a token of dis-
approval all its life. It must be rather
terrible to go through life, for example
as Not Wanted James, What Another,
Only Fancy William Brown, or even
as Last of 'Em Harper, or Still An-
other Hewitt. And yet all these are
names which the foolish caprice of
parents has imposed on innocent chil-
dren.

About 500 years ago, it is said, more
than half the men were named either
John or William. In the thirteenth
century William was the commonest
name; in the next century John took
the lead, while Thomas, Richard and
Robert the next most common names.

Among old surnames are Jumps,
April, Marriage, Every Ink, Pink Ink,
Hogsett and Cheese. Any one of these,
however, is a more cheerful name than
Pine Coffin, which is English, and very
proud the Pine Coffins are said to be
of their name. An American lady ap-
pearing some time in Devonshire, Eng-
land, met at an afternoon tea Mr. Pine
Coffin, Mr. Delth (pronounced death),
and Miss Graves. Mr. Delth could have
twisted his name in some way, but he
did not, and was much offended if it
were given any other pronunciation
than Death.—St. Louis Globe-Demo-
crat.

THE WRONG LETTER.

A Note of Introduction that Went
Sadly Astray.

Letters of introduction are not invari-
ably serviceable. For one reason, they
may be too frank. Harry Furness, in
his "Confessions of a Caricaturist,"
says that when a brother artist was
setting forth on his travels in foreign
climes, he was provided with a letter of
introduction to a certain British consul.

The writer of the letter enclosed it in
one to the artist, saying that he would
find the consul a most ardent snob,
a humptious, arrogant humbug, a cad
to the backbone. Still, he would probably
offer some courtesies to any one who
had a good social standing, and thus
compensate the traveler for having to
come in contact with such an insuffer-
ably vulgarian.

On the return of the artist to Eng-
land, the writer of the letters asked
how he had fared with the consul.

"Well, my dear fellow," drawled the
artist, "he did not receive me very
warmly, and he did not ask me to din-
ner. In fact, he struck me as being
rather cool."

"Well, you do surprise me," rejoined
his friend. "He's a cad, as I told you
in my letter, but he's very hospitable,
and I really can't understand this state
of things. You gave him my letter of
introduction?"

"Why, I thought so; but, do you
know, on my journey home I discov-
ered it in my pocketbook. So I must
have handed to him instead your note
to me about him!"

The explanation was quite adequate.

A Related Discovery.

Mrs. Norton came home from a call
one day in such a disturbed condition
that it was evident that tears were not
far in the background. She lost no
time in beginning her explanation.

"John," she said to her husband, "I
am so mortified I don't know what to
do!"

"What is the matter, Joanna?" asked
Mr. Norton.

"I have just been calling on Mrs. Pev-
erill. You know her husband, Major
Peverill?"

"Yes."

"Well, I just learned to-day that 'Ma-
jor' isn't his title at all. 'Major' is his
first name."

"Why, certainly. I've always known
that. What is there so mortifying
about it?"

"Nothing," said Mrs. Norton, with a
groan, "only that I've been calling him
'Major' every time I've met him for
the last ten years!"

Presence of Mind.

"I think it was the most touching
play I ever saw, yet there sat Maud
Garlinghorn as dry-eyed as could be."

"Because she knew she would have
to be dry-checked when she came out
under the glare of the electric light."—
Chicago Tribune.

Judging Her Motive.

"Did you notice how Mrs. Flopper
dresses to kill lately?"

"Well, no wonder. Her husband re-
cently had his life insured for \$10,000."
—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Polar sea in the Fram was logical.
Great quantities of the wood are an-
nually cast on the coasts of Spitzber-
gen and Novaya Zembla, and there
are tribes of Greenland Eskimos who
depend for sledge runners and other
wooden implements on the drift from
Siberian forests. For years they de-
pended for iron implements on the
hoops of casks which came to them
over seas.

THE OTHER SIDE.

Snap Judgments Do Not Always Do
Justice to Character.

We often comment on the act of gen-
erosity that was not done; but we may
not know the act of greater generosity
that was done; the greater sacrifice
that forbade the lesser. In his "Essays
of an Optimist," John William Kaye
tells of an incident which happened
when he was a boy at school, and il-
lustrates well the advisability of not
judging too quickly as to generosity or
the lack of it.

Our senior usher—it was a large pri-
vate school—was a liberal, open-hand-
ed fellow; he dressed well, and sub-
scribed handsomely to the cricket club.
But the second usher was an intol-
erable screw. His conduct appeared as
shabby as his coat. Of course our no-
tion was that he was by nature a skin-
flint, and that he had hoards of gold.
He was a man otherwise of a kindly
nature and a harmless way of life, so
we despised rather than hated him.
But it came out afterward that he had
an aged mother and two sisters, rely-
ing solely for their maintenance on his
scanty earnings.

The saddest thing of all was—I know
nothing sadder in history—that con-
templating, at the end of one-half year,
a pleasant surprise for these poor peo-
ple, he walked home, a hundred miles,
under a June sun, and appeared unex-
pectedly among them one sultry even-
ing, only to find that all three were
hopelessly drunk.

Next half we had a new usher, and
for a little space there was a belief
among us that the poor fellow had
saved money enough to start a school
of his own; but the truth as I have told
it oozed out, with this pathetic addi-
tion, that he had gone hopelessly mad.

We were then very much grieved at
the rash judgments that we had pass-
ed, and got up a subscription, the larg-
est ever known in the school, which
kept him in comfort until he died. In
this instance it was a point of honor
and conscience with us all to make
sacrifice of self and deny ourselves for
the benefit of the man we had wronged;
and I am sure, let alone the satisfaction
of such an atonement, that the lesson
we had all learned was worth the mon-
ey ten times told.

THE WRONG LETTER.

A Note of Introduction that Went
Sadly Astray.

Letters of introduction are not invari-
ably serviceable. For one reason, they
may be too frank. Harry Furness, in
his "Confessions of a Caricaturist,"
says that when a brother artist was
setting forth on his travels in foreign
climes, he was provided with a letter of
introduction to a certain British consul.

The writer of the letter enclosed it in
one to the artist, saying that he would
find the consul a most ardent snob,
a humptious, arrogant humbug, a cad
to the backbone. Still, he would probably
offer some courtesies to any one who
had a good social standing, and thus
compensate the traveler for having to
come in contact with such an insuffer-
ably vulgarian.

On the return of the artist to Eng-
land, the writer of the letters asked
how he had fared with the consul.

"Well, my dear fellow," drawled the
artist, "he did not receive me very
warmly, and he did not ask me to din-
ner. In fact, he struck me as being
rather cool."

"Well, you do surprise me," rejoined
his friend. "He's a cad, as I told you
in my letter, but he's very hospitable,
and I really can't understand this state
of things. You gave him my letter of
introduction?"

"Why, I thought so; but, do you
know, on my journey home I discov-
ered it in my pocketbook. So I must
have handed to him instead your note
to me about him!"

The explanation was quite adequate.

A Related Discovery.

Mrs. Norton came home from a call
one day in such a disturbed condition
that it was evident that tears were not
far in the background. She lost no
time in beginning her explanation.

"John," she said to her husband, "I
am so mortified I don't know what to
do!"

"What is the matter, Joanna?" asked
Mr. Norton.

"I have just been calling on Mrs. Pev-
erill. You know her husband, Major
Peverill?"

"Yes."

"Well, I just learned to-day that 'Ma-
jor' isn't his title at all. 'Major' is his
first name."

"Why, certainly. I've always known
that. What is there so mortifying
about it?"

"Nothing," said Mrs. Norton, with a
groan, "only that I've been calling him
'Major' every time I've met him for
the last ten years!"

Presence of Mind.

"I think it was the most touching
play I ever saw, yet there sat Maud
Garlinghorn as dry-eyed as could be."

"Because she knew she would have
to be dry-checked when she came out
under the glare of the electric light."—
Chicago Tribune.

Judging Her Motive.

"Did you notice how Mrs. Flopper
dresses to kill lately?"

"Well, no wonder. Her husband re-
cently had his life insured for \$10,000."
—Philadelphia Bulletin.

WAS OPPOSED TO BRUTALITY.

He Protested Against Football,