

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 plant would soothe a stone-bruised toe—
Oh, I was very learned then,
But that was very long ago.
I knew the spot upon the hill
Where checkerberries could be found,
I knew the rushes near the mill,
Where pickered lay that weighed a pound;
I knew the wood, the very trees,
Where lived the poaching, saucy crew.
And all the woods and knolls 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, I am forgot.
Yet here's this youngest 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.
It's not my folly to complain
Of whatsoe'er the fates decree,
Yet, were not wishes all in vain,
I tell you what my wish should be:
I'd wish to be a boy again,
Back to the friends I used to know,
For I was, oh, so happy then—
But that was very long ago.
—[Eugene Field.

A Fearful Straw Ride.

BY EMILIE EGAN.

The young people of to-day can scarcely realize what a "straw ride" was like a hundred years ago, or that the fun-provoking excursion enjoyed so much nowadays had an ancient and necessary origin. It is probable, however, that as much fun and laughter accompanied the straw ride then as now, for young people are alike in all ages and the world over.

When our English forefathers settled in the New England States, especially Vermont and New Hampshire, they established their homes upon the highlands, because, strange as it now seems, the larger lakes, ponds and rivers—where the beautiful meadows now are—were compassed about with miles and miles of thickly wooded swamps, which were almost impassable even in summer.

Last summer I climbed the mountain which is the scene of this story, and I counted there forty old cellar holes, overgrown with grass and brush, but indisputable evidence of former homes.

I asked stupidly—feeling certain the answer would be, "Killed by Indians or devoured by wild beasts?"— "Where did all the people go to who once lived here?" The practical one of our party answered. "Oh, they moved down gradually, for, as the woods were cut off, the swamps dried up."

A hundred years ago the settlers on the mountain made nothing of the deep snows which in winter covered all that country, but turned out with shovels and ox-sleds—the only vehicles known in the mountains in those times—and manfully "broke roads," in order that their social intercourse with their "Notchite" friends might not be interrupted.

Especially was this the case in a winter, when Mr. Stevens, the most "forehand" of them all, had built a frame mansion, and was going to give a house-warming ball. A string of ox-teams was sent over the rough, drifted road, and all was ready for the revellers.

There were enough people to fill two sleds, and Thad Waldo and Freeman Eddy, each of whom owned two yoke of oxen, were chosen as teamsters. Their sleds were filled with straw and blankets, ready for their respective loads, and they started merrily off at four o'clock, reaching their destination before dark. They stayed there until three in the morning, gayly dancing and feasting, with never a thought of danger.

When the teamsters went out to "tackle up" for the return home, they found the sky heavy with dark clouds and much warmer than when they came over.

"Guess we're going to have our January thaw," remarked young Waldo.

"And I'm afraid we'll get a slump over the south side. It won't be very easy riding over those stumps and stones," returned Eddy.

For a mile or so the high spirits of the party made the woods and mountains ring with song and laughter, but by the time they reached the heights the fatigue of the dance began to tell upon them, and the younger of them commenced making pillows of the laps of their elders, who, also, soon became silent.

Waldo and Eddy, as they reached the notch, jumped from their sleds to better guide their teams down the mountain, and the latter shouted as he reached the road. "Old Buck and Bright will be more lively company than that sleepy crowd."

The drowsy ripple of laughter which followed this salvo was suddenly drowned by a horrible scream which seemed to fairly fill the pass, echoing and re-echoing among the mountains as if being answered by a hundred others.

The two teamsters sprang quickly to the heads of their teams, now trembling and cuddling up to each other in fright. The men knew that they had a moment to prevent a stampede down the mountain; for, as soon as the poor oxen should recover from their first alarm, they would seek safety in flight, when it seemed impossible that the whole party could escape being dashed to pieces.

Every person in the company, from the oldest to the youngest, fully appreciated their double danger. They knew that that defiant scream came from a hungry panther—and that it meant death.

Instantly every young man on the sleds had his gun to his shoulder—they never went without them in "those good old days"—peering sharply among the hemlocks which lined the road, for the two feral eyes, the only part of the ugly beast which they expected to see in the cloudy darkness. Failing a shot, they knew that he would jump for them, when they passed under the tree where he

had lodged, when he gave his warning scream. Should he miss, it would in no wise end the chase, for they knew that by his huge, vaulting springs he could soon forge ahead to a vantage ground in another tree.

The road through which these hapless young people took their fearful ride is nearly obliterated now by a sturdy growth of young trees, except the "Three Ledges" around which the road ran. No trees can ever cover those cruel rocks. Here was the fearful climax which must end such a race, even should they keep together until they reached the ledges.

In thirty seconds, quick-witted

Young Eddy, when he saw his warning scream. Should he miss, it would in no wise end the chase, for they knew that by his huge, vaulting springs he could soon forge ahead to a vantage ground in another tree.

The road through which these hapless young people took their fearful ride is nearly obliterated now by a sturdy growth of young trees, except the "Three Ledges" around which the road ran. No trees can ever cover those cruel rocks. Here was the fearful climax which must end such a race, even should they keep together until they reached the ledges.

In thirty seconds, quick-witted

Walvo had unhitched his leading oxen and turned them into the deep snow, hoping that they might possibly attract the panther. Thus he obtained also a better chance to control the others. By this time a second scream, more defiant than the other, rang through the woods.

This second scream came from behind them over through the notch, and was immediately answered by the first, making the poor, trembling oxen fairly bound with fright, and sending them off on a mad gallop.

The teamsters instinctively caught hold of yoke and horn. Young Walvo shouted back to those in the sleds, "Hold on for your lives!"

It was an almost useless warning.

The young men who had risen were thrown among those who had not, their extended guns dealing cruel blows as they fell. But not a word of fear or complaint was uttered by the hardy young settlers, and no sound was heard for a few minutes except Walvo's and Eddy's shouts in their endeavors to check the mad speed of their teams; yet it seemed to those in the sleds, as they tossed and bounded from side to side, catching and losing their hold upon the stakes, that the next stump or stone must certainly wrench them.

Even the panther was forgotten in their efforts to keep their places, until the chase was freshly announced by the united screams of the Panthers, now certainly both behind them. That the oxen had distanced them in their first mad run was plain; but that they gave the unfortunate straw-riders no hope of an ultimate escape, for they could now count by the screams the rapidly-made jumps of their pursuers, which were fast closing in upon them.

Walvo's team, though much winded, was running fairly well, through his timely forthright in turning loose his leaders; while Eddy, who had barely time to catch the horn of his near ox, had no control over him, and they talked over many a time the fearful incidents of the ride.

The two places where the oxen fell

were made the common hunting-grounds of both settlements, and many a panther, wolf, and fox were killed there before the winter was through.—Romance.

Young Eddy, when he saw his warning scream. Should he miss, it would in no wise end the chase, for they knew that by his huge, vaulting springs he could soon forge ahead to a vantage ground in another tree.

The road through which these hapless young people took their fearful ride is nearly obliterated now by a sturdy growth of young trees, except the "Three Ledges" around which the road ran. No trees can ever cover those cruel rocks. Here was the fearful climax which must end such a race, even should they keep together until they reached the ledges.

In thirty seconds, quick-witted

Walvo had unhitched his leading oxen and turned them into the deep snow, hoping that they might possibly attract the panther. Thus he obtained also a better chance to control the others. By this time a second scream, more defiant than the other, rang through the woods.

This second scream came from behind them over through the notch, and was immediately answered by the first, making the poor, trembling oxen fairly bound with fright, and sending them off on a mad gallop.

The teamsters instinctively caught hold of yoke and horn. Young Walvo shouted back to those in the sleds, "Hold on for your lives!"

It was an almost useless warning.

The young men who had risen were thrown among those who had not, their extended guns dealing cruel blows as they fell. But not a word of fear or complaint was uttered by the hardy young settlers, and no sound was heard for a few minutes except Walvo's and Eddy's shouts in their endeavors to check the mad speed of their teams; yet it seemed to those in the sleds, as they tossed and bounded from side to side, catching and losing their hold upon the stakes, that the next stump or stone must certainly wrench them.

Even the panther was forgotten in their efforts to keep their places, until the chase was freshly announced by the united screams of the Panthers, now certainly both behind them. That the oxen had distanced them in their first mad run was plain; but that they gave the unfortunate straw-riders no hope of an ultimate escape, for they could now count by the screams the rapidly-made jumps of their pursuers, which were fast closing in upon them.

Walvo's team, though much winded, was running fairly well, through his timely forthright in turning loose his leaders; while Eddy, who had barely time to catch the horn of his near ox, had no control over him, and they talked over many a time the fearful incidents of the ride.

The two places where the oxen fell

were made the common hunting-grounds of both settlements, and many a panther, wolf, and fox were killed there before the winter was through.—Romance.

SURRENDER TO THE TRUST.

Senators Shamefully Capitulate to a Grasping Octopus.

In the proposed amendment to the tariff bill the sugar trust seems to have obtained all that it wants, or at least all that it can expect to get without creating such a scandal as would put a violent end to its relations with certain Senators. These Senators, having gained for the trust the last possible concession, are willing to vote for the reduction of taxes on necessities.

The shameful surrender to the sugar trust has been brought about by three classes in the Senate at first. The Senators who have a direct pecuniary interest in sugar speculation. It is only necessary to point to the quotations of the price of sugar trust stock on two occasions to indicate how the purchase of votes has been made. Just before the report of the bill to the Senate, and again within the last few days, the price of these securities rose enormously. The rise must have been on information from the Senate chamber.

Second—Senators have been weakly induced to consent to these concessions by reminders of contributions to campaign funds. In this class Republicans as well as Democrats are included, for the trust impartially made its campaign contributions to both parties.

Third—There have been enough disgusted Democrats to make up the number necessary to carry out the trade. These men have been made hopeless by the corrupting presence of the trust, and by the evident inability of honest tariff reformers to overcome its wiles and its "arguments." They have yielded in order to pass a bill putting an end to some of the most odious features of McKinleyism. They are playing into the hands of the vicious theorists who preach Socialism and worse. They are committing a stupendous blunder.—New York World.

ing an indisposition to bear their fair share of the public burdens. Not only are they struggling to perpetuate a system of taxation which makes of them a favored class, enriching it at the expense of the people's prosperity, but they are determinedly opposing the imposition of a very small tax upon their superfluous incomes at a time when there are multitudes of taxpayers unable to get any incomes at all.

The rich men of the country are losing a great opportunity and taking a wholly needless risk. They are refusing the chance to disarm the forces of discontent. They are deliberately affronting poverty by objecting to pay their fair share of taxes that bear heavily upon the people, though the part they are asked to bear is not so easy that the burden would hardly be felt at all.

They are creating in many minds a ranking sense of injustice. They are playing into the hands of the vicious theorists who preach Socialism and worse. They are committing a stupendous blunder.—New York World.

Freedom a Misnomer.

Mr. Bryan, of Nebraska, has been making a point against the New England sectionals who make political capital out of the activity of Southern and Western Congressmen in tariff reform. "They have no Lowells in the South and West," say the New Englanders, chiding after Reed.

Mr. Bryan proceeds to show that the people of the West and South are the more likely to exert their intelligence boldly and fearlessly by not living in Dowells and Lynns. In Lowell there are 14,836 families occupying homes. Only 14 per cent. own unincumbered homes. The percentage in Lynn is 16. Fall River only 9 per cent. own free homes. In Holyoke the percentage is between 6 and 7 per cent.

So, when it comes to freeholders, the Massachusetts supply is light, and in the typical manufacturing towns the population is evidently dependent upon the head of the family. Is this a reason to speak and act the part? Is it not rather one in which the few rich will dominate the many dependent? Between 1,000 Western farmers and 1,000 Lowell operatives, where would anybody look for outspoken American thought?—St. Louis Republic.

Retire the Criminal Senators.

The Kansas City Times (Dem.) hails with approval the announcement that the Senate majority have come to an understanding as to the tariff bill, but it says: "The fact that a compromise has been effected does not excuse certain Senators for the treachery to the party that made the compromise necessary. These men, for selfish reasons, betrayed an inclination to disown the party and perpetuate admitted evils. That is not only crime against party discipline, but against the people, whose burdens are already too onerous to bear. The Senators guilty of such offenses ought to be condemned to early and permanent retirement."

Who Will Explain?

If a man tells you that protection increases wages, ask him to explain why it is that free trade England pays higher wages to-day than during the days of her protective policy.

Ask him why it is that she pays higher wages than any of the other old countries, which have protection. Ask him why it is that right here in this country, where the tariff is the same in every part, wages are higher in the West than in the East, and higher in the North than in the South.—Chicago Free-Trade.

The Proper Course.

Although Senator Faulkner, of West Virginia, was instrumental in having a duty put on coal and iron, he will vote for any tariff bill that is ultimately agreed upon. "If the majority of the Senate," he says, "should vote to take off the duty, I shall acquiesce in the judgment of the majority. I am a Democrat always, and shall not desert my part in this great fight for tariff reform."—New York Evening Post.

Hill Is a Republican.

"Senator Hill's talk about 'cheerfully voting for the Mills bill' is the veriest jugglery," says the Baltimore Courier (Dem.). "He probably intended to direct attention from his continually contrived devices for complicating the situation and defeating all tariff legislation. No supporter of McKinleyism could possibly serve his cause more effectively than Senator Hill is now serving it by his tortuous course."

The Greatest Paper Right.

"I want to say right here," said Senator Voorhees in the Senate, "that in spite of what other changes may be made—no matter what may be floating in the air—the income tax will stay in this bill." So the World has said for three months past. So it will prove to be when the bill is signed. The partisans will find that they have parroted out further delay.

Wages of Silk Weavers.

One proper reform in the relation between the silk manufacturers and weavers is indicated by the interviews we publish. Certain manufacturers put forward in their statements for publication the fact that they are yielding to the weavers from \$3 to \$4 a day. Now this seems a liberal sum and tends to destroy all sympathy with the operatives among those who are not familiar with the methods of the mill, but when it is understood that the weaver, who is now so unaccountably refusing "83 or \$4 a day," is obliged to prepare his own looms for work for nothing, and that this operation may consume many weeks in a year, it will be seen that the workman is not so unaccountable as would appear from the manufacturer's statement, and a very different light is thrown upon his present course in regard to wages.

It will be observed that one of the weavers, whose interview we print, states that the average wages in Paterson for 1893 amounted to \$5 a week, when the loom fixing and the long waits between the operations are considered, which is a very different thing from the spectacular compensation which these manufacturers propose as though it were for those employed.

The weaver, who is now so unaccountably refusing "83 or \$4 a day," is obliged to prepare his own looms for work for nothing, and that this operation may consume many weeks in a year, it will be seen that the workman is not so unaccountable as would appear from the manufacturer's statement, and a very different light is thrown upon his present course in regard to wages.

It will be observed that one of the weavers, whose interview we print, states that the average wages in Paterson for 1893 amounted to \$5 a week, when the loom fixing and the long waits between the operations are considered, which is a very different thing from the spectacular compensation which these manufacturers propose as though it were for those employed.

The weaver, who is now so unaccountably refusing "83 or \$4 a day," is obliged to prepare his own looms for work for nothing, and that this operation may consume many weeks in a year, it will be seen that the workman is not so unaccountable as would appear from the manufacturer's statement, and a very different light is thrown upon his present course in regard to wages.

It will be observed that one of the weavers, whose interview we print, states that the average wages in Paterson for 1893 amounted to \$5 a week, when the loom fixing and the long waits between the operations are considered, which is a very different thing from the spectacular compensation which these manufacturers propose as though it were for those employed.

The weaver, who is now so unaccountably refusing "83 or \$4 a day," is obliged to prepare his own looms for work for nothing, and that this operation may consume many weeks in a year, it will be seen that the workman is not so unaccountable as would appear from the manufacturer's statement, and a very different light is thrown upon his present course in regard to wages.

It will be observed that one of the weavers, whose interview we print, states that the average wages in Paterson for 1893 amounted to \$5 a week, when the loom fixing and the long waits between the operations are considered, which is a very different thing from the spectacular compensation which these manufacturers propose as though it were for those employed.

The weaver, who is now so unaccountably refusing "83 or \$4 a day," is obliged to prepare his own looms for work for nothing, and that this operation may consume many weeks in a year, it will be seen that the workman is not so unaccountable as would appear from the manufacturer's statement, and a very different light is thrown upon his present course in regard to wages.

It will be observed that one of the weavers, whose interview we print, states that the average wages in Paterson for 1893 amounted to \$5 a week, when the loom fixing and the long waits between the operations are considered, which is a very different thing from the spectacular compensation which these manufacturers propose as though it were for those employed.

The weaver, who is now so unaccountably refusing "83 or \$4 a day," is obliged to prepare his own looms for work for nothing, and that this operation may consume many weeks in a year, it will be seen that the workman is not so unaccountable as would appear from the manufacturer's statement, and a very different light is thrown upon his present course in regard to wages.

It will be observed that one of the weavers, whose interview we print, states that the average wages in Paterson for 1893 amounted to \$5 a week, when the loom fixing and the long waits between the operations are considered, which is a very different thing from the spectacular compensation which these manufacturers propose as though it were for those employed.

The weaver, who is now so unaccountably refusing "83 or \$4 a day," is obliged to prepare his own looms for work for nothing, and that this operation may consume many weeks in a year, it will be seen that