

THE BACKWARDS ROAD.

I know that somewhere there must be
A Backwards Road,
A road like this,
Leading to all old lovely times,
Picnics last year, forgotten rhymes,
And dolls I used to kiss.

But every road beneath my feet
Leads farther off
From yesterday;
And, when I creep into my bed,
I feel it rock beneath my head
Like ships upon their way.

If I could only find that road,
The Backwards Road,
How quick I'd walk,
And change the naughty things I've done,
Pick up my playthings one by one,
And hear the baby talk.

—Florence Wilkinson.

**IN THE
HOG PASTURE.**

BY J. S. ELLIS

The domestic hog, grunting lazily about his pen, is as harmless a creature in appearance as can well be imagined. In their wild state, according to travelers, hogs are fierce and cruel, unrelenting in their fury, and will attack men when roused. Circumstances occasionally arise which show that this wild strain has not been wholly lost, even in the most obese porker.

Mark and Carl Perkins, two Chicago boys, aged eleven and fourteen, while spending their vacation last summer on their Grandfather Triggs' farm in Central Wisconsin, had an experience with hogs which they will not soon forget.

Among the many delights which the farm afforded, the one which gave the boys the most pleasure, during the early part of the summer, was picking wild strawberries in a pasture a half-mile from the house. The most convenient route to this field was across the hog pasture, a ten-acre lot which lay between the "strawberry pasture" and the house.

On these berrying trips they were often accompanied by Mack, a farm dog of uncertain breeding, with the color and intelligence of a shepherd dog and the heavy jaw and persistency of a bulldog. The boys had taken a strong fancy to the dog, and he in his turn appeared to like the society of youth, after long association with Grandfather Triggs.

One forenoon, the week after their arrival, they started for strawberries, carrying with them two tin pails and a lunch which their grandmother had put up for them.

"Boys," their grandfather called after them, "see if there are any gophers in those traps I set on the hill! The little pests are going to kill all the grass if I don't manage to get rid of them somehow."

The boys went to the place indicated, and found the traps, nicely hidden, but no gophers.

"I guess it's too early. They haven't come out yet," said Carl. The boys went on to the strawberry pasture. After their pails were filled, they sat down to rest, and suddenly remembered that they were hungry. They brought out their bread and jam and cold chicken.

"Let's go back by the traps," said Carl, after they had finished their lunch. "There might be a gopher in one now."

The traps were near the centre of the field. When they were near them they heard a pig squeal. The squealing grew louder. "Well, that's queer," said Carl. "It must be hurt." "Maybe it's lost," suggested Mark. They could hear hogs all over the pasture grunting in response to the squeals of the pig.

"Come on, Mark!" cried Carl. "I see it. It's in a trap!" He began to run, holding the pails carefully so as not to spill the berries. "Take them," he said, handing these to Mark, "while I get it out. Its leg may get broken."

He stooped to bend the spring, but the pig made such frantic efforts to escape that it jerked up the stake which held the chain and hobbled away, with the trap clinging to its foot.

"Carl, I'm afraid of the hogs!" cried Mark.

They were indeed acting stangely. They were running toward them from all quarters of the pasture, uttering a noise that was more like a roar than a grunt.

"Hogs?" said Carl, scornfully. "Hogs won't hurt you. See, I can drive them away with this stick." He picked up a stick and rapped a hog smartly over the back. The animal squealed and ran to one side.

Mark was reassured. His confidence in his older brother was unlimited. Together they set out after the crippled pig, chasing it hither and thither, in and out of the drove of excited hogs. Finally Carl caught the end of the chain and stopped its progress, at which the pig squealed more wildly than ever. The old hogs were making a deafening uproar around them. Even Carl began to get nervous.

"You'd better get out!" he shouted to Mark. "Run and climb over the fence."

"Shall I take the berries?" asked Mark.

While Carl hesitated, a snout struck the back of his leg, and he heard his trousers rip.

"Run quick!" he cried, and the next instant was knocked down.

A babel of hoarse grunts and the snapping of tusks surrounded him,

above which rose the shrill squeals of the pig. Carl had clung to the stick, and, half-rising, he laid about vigorously, and soon had a circle cleared, round which the hogs stood with snapping, foaming jaws.

In this moment of relief he saw that Mark had reached the fence. He sprang toward the hogs that stood between this and him, and beat them over the head. They gave way, and he started to run, when he was jerked back by something that tugged at his hand.

In the excitement he had slipped a finger through the ring in the end of the chain and could not withdraw it. He was chained to the pig! The danger of the situation really came to the boy now for the first time. He struggled madly to release his finger, but the ring had slipped over the knuckle, and his struggles only served to blacken and discolor the finger.

If he was to escape he would have to fight his way through. He could not run. The pain in his finger from the continually tugging of the pig was becoming excruciating. Slowly he moved toward the fence, now about a hundred yards distant, dragging the pig. The drove of hogs moved with him in a solid and constantly narrowing circle.

To increase his difficulties, the distracted pig began to run about him, winding his legs in the chain and threatening to overthrow him. Carl was becoming terror-stricken, frantic. He struck a hog which was disputing his way, and saw his stick fly to pieces. He looked up and cried aloud in terror. The fence was so near, yet he could not reach it.

He could see Mark running about excitedly on the other side of the fence and—whistling? Yes, whistling. He was calling Mack.

Carl turned eagerly toward the house and his heart gave a great bound. Help was coming! Up the long slope that led from the house Mack was coming like an arrow sped from a bow. Would he be in time?

Carl turned and began to kick savagely at the hogs. The frightened pig ran between his legs, and whirled about, wrapping him hopelessly in the chain. He struggled to keep his footing, but fell under the rush of the hogs. For a brief moment they ran over him, and he covered his face with his hands, expecting with each breath to feel their teeth. Then to his amazement they left him, and he was lying alone in the sunshine, unmolested. Even the pig had escaped by freeing itself from the trap.

The explanation for this came from an uproar at one side. In the midst of the drove Mack was spinning like a top, snapping right and left, a bleeding snout here and an ear there showing that these leaps were not futile. At last the dog made a lunge at a particularly large hog, and fastened so securely that his hold could not be broken. The squeals of the victim sent the entire drove feeling in terror down the hill.

Carl got up slowly, crossed the fence, and sat down. The world seemed to be traveling round in a circle. Mark, the clouds, the trees and the two pails of berries all seemed a part of a huge merry-go-round.

"I'm glad you didn't spill them," he said, thickly. "Grandma— Then it suddenly became dark.

When he opened his eyes again he was in the cool north bedroom, and his grandmother was rubbing his forehead with arnica.—Youth's Companion.

THRIFT MAKES WEALTH.

French People Own the Securities of Other Nations.

The public debt of France is \$6,000,000,000, all held at home. In addition, the French people own foreign securities to the stupendous aggregate of \$15,000,000,000, and it is further estimated that an equal amount is placed in home securities. These figures may be exaggerated—all but those representing the public debt—but they illustrate the virtue there is in thrift, which is also a German usage.

There is no Rockefeller, no Carnegie, in France, though there may be a lesser Russell Sage. The French people do not speculate; they save. They do not get rich at a hop, skip and jump; they accumulate by slow degrees—they economize. The crime of crimes in rural France is waste, and France would subsist on what America throws away. Within the past year there have rotted on American farms enough machinery and utensils to supply agricultural France the next quarter of a century. A peasant of Normandy would as leave subject his household plunder to the rage of the elements as his plows, or harrows, or harvesters. And the same is true of the German on the other side of the Rhine. Waste makes want everywhere, and frugality makes wealth everywhere.

France is blessed with a soil more fertile and a climate more favorable than Germany, and that is why toll gets richer return on the French side of the Rhine. It was ever so. Centuries ago France recovered from the devastations of war much more rapidly than any of the German States, and for ages it was the trade of both countries to avail themselves of the blessings of peace to make accumulation that would allow them to indulge in the horrors of war. Now that is all changed, and another thirty years of peace between the two peoples may make impossible a war between them.

If our population were as thrifty as the people of France, and our tillage as thorough, we would have to build new barns for our harvests and open new banks for our savings.—Washington Post.

RANK GRAFT

Raffles Are an Easy Way to Gather Coin.....

By P. G. HARTNETT.

One of the most annoying of small grafts is the raffle, as conducted for gain. It is bad enough to be held up twenty-five cents or fifty cents for a ticket which entitles you to a chance on a rug or a clock when you reasonably are sure that the proceeds will go to charity, but no man likes to be fooled out of his small change by a cheap grafter, even if the grafter happens to need the money.

A story is told of two printers who lived for a month on a cheap silver watch which they raffled off almost daily, until they had "worked" nearly all the printing offices of any size in town. Those typographical grafters are unworthy of the noble craft to which they belong. They pretended to be jobless on account of last year's strike, and unable to live with their families on the money furnished by the union.

During the noon hour, or about closing or opening time, one of the men would saunter into a composing room and put up a hard luck story. He had an old silver watch that he wanted to raffle off if he could sell twenty tickets at twenty-five cents each. He usually managed to sell the tickets.

About the time the drawing was to take place the confederate entered and cheerfully took a chance and won the watch without any difficulty. Thus they had the watch and the \$5 also. They would split the money, and on the first convenient occasion the raffle would be repeated at another place, and by some trick known only to themselves the drawing was manipulated so that the confederate always won the watch.

A south side woman recently had 500 raffle tickets printed, to be sold at ten cents each, the drawing to be on Thanksgiving Day for a "grand parlor clock," the proceeds to be for the benefit of a "poor widow." As the woman herself happens to be a poor grass widow, and as the place of the drawing could not be learned, neither could there be obtained a sight of the clock, it is not difficult to guess the final destination of \$50 for which the tickets will be sold.

At many saloons and cigar stores there is a continuous raffle in progress for a "fine gold watch." It is well for those who buy chances to inspect the timepiece with a critical eye. One of these watches was submitted to a jeweler by the man who won it. "It's what we call an auction watch," said the expert. "It is worth about eighty-seven cents wholesale. The case is gilded, and the works are of less value than the movement of a sixty-nine-cent alarm clock. It may keep time until the brass begins to show through the plate, and it may not."

One of the most attractive forms of the raffle ticket game is valuing the ticket at from one cent up to as high as desired. The man who buys a chance draws a little envelope containing his number. If he is lucky and secures a small number he is encouraged to try again. This is a sort

of double gamble, and many men can not resist the temptation to speculate upon the chances simply in order to have the fun of drawing the little envelopes.

Of course, many of the raffles are for cases of genuine charity, and it is an easy way to raise funds for some worthy object. Many a person who would not accept an outright gift, even in case of sickness or death, will permit friends to raffle off a piano or a bicycle for a good round price in order to obtain a fund to tide him over an emergency. To buy tickets for this kind of a raffle is praiseworthy.

But sharpers are not above getting money by the same means. If a strange man, or a doubtful looking woman, wants to sell you a chance for the benefit of "an old soldier," or a "little orphan girl," or a "striker out of work," it might pay you to investigate.

But here is where the easy money comes in for the sharper. It is too much trouble to investigate, and the tender hearted person would sooner give up the ten, twenty-five or fifty cents to an unworthy grafter than to take chances of refusing to aid a case of genuine need.

Then, too, there is what might be called a legitimate raffle business. Of course, the raffle is a lottery under the law, and therefore, is a criminal transaction. But in many cases goods of known value but slow sales are disposed of through raffles, and the drawings conducted honestly. A north side man disposed of an automobile in this way. It had been a good "wagon" in its day, although the type was old. He wanted to get a new one, and as the makers would not allow him anything in exchange for the old, he sold raffle tickets to the amount of \$500, and the winner got a real bargain—the losers paying the bill.

A group of young men who wanted to build themselves a little clubhouse in the Fox Lake region resorted to a raffle that was almost a downright steal. They had the printer make them tickets and each one went among his friends and organized a "suit club," selling chances for a \$30 tailor-made suit. Of course those who invested understood that the suit probably would be worth about \$18, but they were satisfied to help build the clubhouse on that basis, and besides they thought they had a fair chance to get the suit.

It was learned afterward by accident that there were twenty "series" of tickets sold by these young men, and instead of each series standing for a suit, only one drawing was held and only a single suit made for the entire twenty series of tickets. In other words, they sold \$500 worth of tickets for a \$30 suit of clothes. They built their clubhouse, however, and laughed at the man who kicked because he thought he did not get a square deal for the half dozen tickets he bought. They thought it was a good joke.—Michigan Tradesman.

SOME QUEER SCHOOLS.

For Policemen, Nursemaids, Grave Diggers, Judges and Croupiers.

There are some very strange educational establishments open at the present day. A school for cash boys was opened some time ago, says the Boston Transcript.

According to a prospectus pupils, who must not be under fourteen years of age, are taught arithmetic in every day use, bookkeeping, penmanship and the quick handling and counting of money. Many of the boys who have attended the school are earning good wages as cashiers in some of the largest stores in New York and Chicago.

It is proposed to open in London a school for nursemaids, where girls over sixteen years of age may be given lessons in the management of infants, preparing of children's food, plain sewing and laundry work and the kindergarten system of education.

Such an institution already exists in Berlin. It was founded two years ago by a clergyman and is in connection with a founding hospital. The growing girls of this establishment are taught to become competent housemaids, and positions are found for them in the houses of the best families in Germany.

Russia possesses a school for policemen, where young men are trained for the force. The school is situated in St. Petersburg, and in a museum connected thereto the pupils make themselves familiar with jimmies, drills, chisels and other tools used by professional thieves. A particular branch of the school is the Russian passport system, which every budding policeman has to study in detail.

A remarkable educational establishment is the school for Judges opened recently in Paris. Here make believe trials are held by pupils under the supervision of well known attorneys. The whole procedure, from the issuing of a warrant for arrest to the summing up and the Judge's verdict, is carried through in a business like manner.

At Monte Carlo there is a school of croupiers. It is held during the summer months in the club room of the Tir aux Pigeons and the Salle d'Asie in the Casino building.

Here are tables similar to those in the Casino gaming room, and each pupil in turn takes the role of croupier, while others personate players and stake money over a table. At a given signal the croupier must be ready to calculate and pay out the winning stakes.

There are usually between forty and fifty pupils in this school, and a six months' course is generally sufficient to turn them into finished croupiers.

A very odd educational establishment is the school for grave diggers in Belgium. It was founded by the directors of the Great Evere Cemetery, and all candidates for posts as sextons in Belgium must undergo training in the school and pass an examination.

There are several schools of housewifery in England, the principal of which is connected with the National Training School of Cookery in London. Every branch of household management is taught at this school, the keeping of accounts, the principles of domestic sanitation and a certain amount of sick training being included.

Let Everybody Plant Trees.

If every land owner would plant in every available place such trees as would not only give present beauty but also insure a future supply of valuable timber, it would so supplement the larger work of a Government forest reserve that reforestation and the preservation of an adequate supply of good timber would be much simplified.

The precious and almost indispensable white oak is naturally only a forest tree, but the black walnut, which intrinsically is even more valuable, will grow almost anywhere and in a much shorter time, and it will pay for itself from the time it begins to bear. The same is true of the chestnut.

There is no question that cabinet woods will always be in demand, for no other material can possibly take the place of wood in the making of furniture.—Craftsman.

Thomas King was fined in a London police court for taking his baby to a pawnshop and trying to pawn it for fifty cents, wherewith to buy gin.



New York City.—Such a pretty little princess frock as this one suits the younger girls admirably well and can be made from almost any childish

Braid Wraps.

The newest little wraps which will accompany smart wardrobes are made entirely of braid like that which trims the cloth skirts accompanying them. The extensive use of braid promises to continue into the next season. Many of the coats found in the lace robe department are made of braid held together with lace stitches. This braid lace, known as dentelle de soie, also forms panels of skirts. In coats and trimmings it is often dyed.

Child's Double Breasted Coat.

Such a simple coat as this one suits the small children admirably well and is always a favorite. In the illustration it is made of dark blue broadcloth with collar and cuffs of velvet combined with the cloth and is a very chic little garment, but it is adapted to velvet and to velveteen, to the beautiful fur plushes, to chey-lot, and, indeed, to every material that is used for children's coats. It being just as good a model for the spring ones of light weight cloth as it is for those of the colder weather. In this case it is worn by a little girl and is buttoned over from right to left. But the design suits the boys just as well as the girls, the only difference being in the method of buttoning, so that when the left side is lapped onto the right it becomes truly masculine in style and suited to the wee men.

The coat is made with fronts and back, fitted by means of shoulder and under-arm seams, and is finished at the neck with a comfortable roll-over collar. Its sleeves are in regulation coat style with roll-over cuffs, and it is closed with buttons and buttonholes in double-breasted style.



material, as fashionable stuffs are almost all thin and soft and pliable. In this instance rose colored voile is made with a yoke and trimming of



green lace and is finished with fancy stitching. But not alone are the light weight wool materials of the present appropriate, the design is a charming one for the many silk and cotton materials and other similar fabrics that will be worn throughout the warm weather and that also make very charming, fascinating dancing school and party frocks.

The dress consists of body lining, which is faced to form the yoke and on which the tucked and shirred portion is arranged, and the skirt. The skirt is hemmed and tucked at its lower edge and shirred at the upper and joined to the waist. The pretty sleeves also are tucked and gathered at their edges and are finished with bands.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (ten years) is five yards twenty-seven, four and one-fourth yards thirty-six or three and one-fourth yards forty-four inches wide, with three-eighth yard of all-over lace and three yards of lace for frills.

Flinging Skirts Preferred.

Many women prefer flaring skirts of many gores for the tub frock, and these will be a boon to the laundresses who have for several seasons past wrestled with pleated skirts. The danger of sagging with wear and of losing shapeliness in the laundering is, of course, the objection to the circular wash skirt.

Geisha Bow Vogue.

"Geisha" bows are seen on nearly every garment nowadays. The bows are placed between the waistline and the shoulders, and are formed with long ends reaching almost to the hem of the coat.

Point Colbert's Revival.

Point Colbert, a lace that comes midway between renaissance and point venise, is one of the real laces that is having a revival this season.

Woolen For Lace.

When the all-lace house gown is beyond the reach of possibility, a very successful substitute is one of soft woolen material with a long front panel of lace, bordered, if desired, by velvet ribbon.

Brownish Gray Preferred.

The brownish gray of mouseline is a leading tone among dress fabrics, both in sheer stuffs and heavier cloths.



fifty-two inches wide, with three-eighth yard of velvet to make as illustrated.