

BLESSINGS BY THE WAY.

Let us sit and think,
On this peaceful day
Of those blessings sweet,
As we go our way.

ANNIS ADVENTURE.

"A bear-leader!" cried Annis Hall,
elevating her pug nose contemptuously.
"Nothing but a common bear-leader! Our
James, with his talents and cultivation,
his refined tastes and fastidious fancies,
conceding to be the tutor of an ordinary
college bumpkin! It can't be possible!"

tall stranger, whose dark eyes were fixed
upon her inquiringly.
Six feet tall—yes. Handsome—no.
Involuntarily Annis shuddered and drew
back, for there was something in the
low, penetrating forehead, the furtive eye,
the hanging lip, that struck terror to her
heart.

"I beg your pardon!" she said, trying
to speak in careless accents of self-possession;
"but I expected to see my
brother—Mr. Hall. Isn't he here?"
The stranger regarded her sullenly.
"Where are you doing here?" said he.
"Didn't you know better than to come?"
Annis tried to laugh, and pass matters
off as an excellent joke.

"I—I thought you would be glad to
see me," said she. "And Jamie—?"
Jamie has gone up into the clouds,"
said the stranger, with a short, sharp
laugh. "That's where he goes, every
day. And I stay here to keep the Evil Spirit
away. You are the Evil Spirit. That's
what you are!"

The furtive eyes lightened, the teeth
clinked themselves together, as, with
the stranger, the young man cleared the
space between them and grasped her by
the arm.
"Get out of this!" he thundered.
"Or, no! You'll be sure to come back
again. I must make sure against that."
There's a bear trap on the hill. A bear
starved to death there, last winter,
caught by one paw. We found his
skeleton this spring. I'll fasten you into
the trap and leave you there. That's
the way to dispose of evil spirits."

Annis uttered a scream. She knew
now that she was alone in the wilderness
with a madman.
"Jamie! Jamie!" she shrieked, hanging
back from his iron grip with all her
might.
"There's no use calling for him,"
gibbered the half-witted youth. "Don't I
tell you he has gone into the clouds."
"Is—he dead?"
The man made no reply, but dragged
her mercilessly through the woods, muttering
to himself as he went and breaking
into occasional peals of harsh laughter.

"No," he said, suddenly—"no! The
bear trap is too small. You might drag
it away with you and escape. Evil
spirits are always sly and strong. There's
Lattensake Cave—that will be a prison
that no one can escape from.
If you succeed in getting to the left,
crashing through a low, swampy growth
of cedars and tamaracs until you reached
a stupendous mass of rocks, piled to-
gether as if in the mad confusion of some
glacial period.
With what seemed almost superhuman
strength, he pushed her into a black,
yawning recess; and before she could
find a way to retrace her steps, he rolled
a monster stone against the mouth of her
living sepulchre, and vanished amid the
gloomy evergreens.

ing a bridge which shall unite the two
countries is not generally questioned, but
a controversy has arisen as to the expedi-
ency of this making the two countries,
as it were, one. A few years ago, when it
was proposed to construct a tunnel under
the Channel, a host of Gallophobists, both
in and out of Parliament, raised such a
storm of opposition that the idea was
practically abandoned. In like manner,
certain Englishmen with strong insular
prejudices argue now that, if this bridge
is erected, England will sooner or later
become the prey of France and will eventu-
ally lose all her old prestige.

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CHOLLIE'S MISTAKE.

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A WONDERFUL FUEL.

The history of natural gas in the
United States dates back to the year 1821,
when a well was opened in Fredonia,
Chattanooga county, N. Y., and the
supply applied in a small way to illumina-
ting and heating purposes. More than fifty-
five years elapsed before its practical
utilization for both light and fuel.
In 1878 some men were drilling for
petroleum at Murraysville, eighteen
miles from Pittsburg, Pa. A depth of
nearly 1,325 feet had been reached
when the drills were thrown high into
the air, and the derricks broken to
pieces and scattered around by a tremen-
dous explosion of gas, which, with
hoarse shrieking, rushed into the air,
alarming the population for miles around.
Upon application of a light there im-
mediately leaped into life a fierce, dan-
gerous demon of fire, hissing and swirl-
ing about with the wind, and scorch-
ing the earth in a large area about it.
For five years did this continue. At
last, however, the gas was captured
and by means of pipes was conducted
to the city and utilized.
The discovery and application of this
natural gas opened up a new field
of enterprise, the probable extent of
which was not at first fully appreciated.
Its importance to the oil mills,
glass works, and other industrial es-
tablishments of Pennsylvania, Ohio
and Indiana, may now be understood
when it is stated that the amount of
coal displaced by natural gas in the
United States in 1888 was 14,063,830
tons, valued at \$29,629,875.

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INDIANS HAVE A UNIQUE WAY OF HARVESTING THE FINNY TRIBE.

The Choctaws and all the Indian tribes
of the Southwest have a way of catching
fish without waiting for bites. Their
last great "catch" took place at Antlers,
a small town in the Indian Territory.
The evening before the day set for the
sport forty-five or fifty Indian men went
to the river at its most shallow point and
carried several logs into the water,
which were laid across the stream, making
a strong and high dam, blocking the
river from bank to bank.
A chaut or roon was then sung to in-
sure good luck for the next day and the
company broke up. Early in the forenoon
of the day following the entire
company proceeded to the river side.
There were seventy or eighty people in
all, including Indians and whites, men,
women and children, most of whom
traveled in wagons to the scene of ac-
tion, it being some distance from the
little town. The men all carried bows
and arrows.
Arrived at the dam, twenty or thirty
of the men proceeded to cut up the bait.
This is a strange substance, called by the
Indians "devil's shoestring," and
which had to be cut into pieces with
axes. This done, the devil's shoestring
was thrown into the water and the fish,
hundreds of which had accumulated dur-
ing the night, came to the surface after
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THE RED CEDAR OF WASHINGTON.

The Seattle (Washington) Post-Intelli-
gencer says: Anybody who travels in
the western part of Washington, or visits
the numerous islands in Puget Sound,
or further up in the Gulf of Georgia, will
remark a peculiar tree, occupying the
rugged barren domes, where there is
scarcely a handful of soil. It belongs to
the Coniferae, and it is commonly called
Western red cedar or juniper. This red
cedar of ours is a very peculiar tree, and
differs in leaves, wood and fruit from a
similar Eastern species. The trunk is
frequently enormous, for it measures
often eight feet in diameter, though the
tree itself is not tall, especially in higher
altitudes. It has very strong and pow-
erful limbs, mostly bare at the ends,
though here and there densely covered
while the top in old trees is almost al-
ways dead. Sometimes the tree is as
broad as it is high, and is merely a
weathered stump, though if by accident
the soil is good, the juniper of Washing-
ton attains quite a considerable height.
The red cedar is more like a block of
rock than a tree. Even its bright can-
nnon-colored bark looks something
like a deep hue of porphyry. The wind
of the Olympic Mountains has no power
over it; the heavy and rigid trunks of
this tree defy the power of the storm.
It is always silent, no matter if the wind
roars in canons and uproots pines and
firs; or if the air is calm and full of sun-
shine, all the same. The mountain is
immovably, always rigid, like a column
of ice, and grand in its silence; and if
it dies it is only from old age, for the
juniper can brave the storms of centuries.