

THE LOST TRIBES,

AND THE LAND OF NOD.

AN ORIGINAL NATURAL GAS STORY.

4 BY A. P. KERR.

"And Cain went out from the presence of the Lord, and dwelt in the Land of Nod, on the east of Eden."

—GENESIS iv 15

(The Trapper's Story Continued.)

To this he made no objection, and after making a final survey of the boat and the numerous articles that I had transported to the cavern, to make sure that I had forgotten nothing that would be essential to my comfort and safety so far as it was in our power to provide against the unseen and unknown dangers which I might encounter in my perilous descent to the water below and the no less dangerous voyage upon its treacherous surface should I reach it unharmed, we ascended to the summit and wended our way to the roadway where our team and wagon was in waiting and were rapidly transported to our household, the last time for me, my last home-coming in the Land of Nod. Sadly I mused as we rolled along that no more was I to enjoy the exquisite landscape, the winding road whose flame-lit path still had a most romantic attraction for me, the widening bay, whose silvery rock-guarded waters still enthralled my admiration, the towering mountains framing the picture, the society of the kindly people whom I had come to love, and above all, as I now realized, the friendship and almost parental care of the aged patriarch who had been to me so steadfast a friend. My reflections were not conducive to conversation and but little was said on this our last homeward trip. On reaching home I soon retired to my own room to think and plan for my departure. The next day was spent in a similar way and in resting and endeavoring to calm a nervous dread which had begun to come over me, now that the excitement of preparation was past, and the reality and danger of the undertaking impressed itself upon my mind. I had forgotten nothing. All things necessary had been taken to the cave, everything that I desired to take with me, except the parchment manuscript of the patriarch's narrative on the mountain, which I now prepared to take with me by tying it about my neck as the safest place in which I could carry it. I relied on this to substantiate the story which I should have to tell should I reach the confines of civilization in safety. And thus I carried it and thus for all these lonely years have I carried a page of it as a memento of that strange experience.

The eventful morning arrived. I arose early, but, early as I thought, I was, Enoch had risen before me, and was with me at once. As we descended the stairway I observed that all the people were astir, and upon emerging on the esplanade in front I was astonished to see that numbers of people from the other tribes were already there and others were constantly arriving. Enoch explained that he had notified the other tribes of my departure that all who desired might come to say farewell, and accompany us to the mountain summit above the cavern. Many had come in their wagons, and I noticed the white goat turn-out from the household below us standing on the esplanade in all its splendor of blue and gold. The sun was but just beginning to gild the top-most summits of the distant range across the valley, but there was much before us that must be accomplished ere its declining rays should sink behind them!

Soon we had breakfasted, and those who did not intend going to the summit with us now crowded around me and for some time I said "good-bye" and "farewell" in response to their evidently heartfelt expressions of solicitude for my safety. This sad ceremony being over, I was conducted to the white goat turn-out, and requested to take the seat of honor in the rear. To this I objected, but without avail, and I soon found myself at the head of the most unique procession, perhaps, that was ever marshalled on this terrestrial footstool. First, the team behind which I reluctantly rode, followed by the other wagons a round dozen, as I took pains to count—loaded with several of the patriarchs and some of the older men, these followed by a straggling crowd of at least one thousand men and boys. All was as orderly and solemn as had been their funeral procession, but the effect was not so weird and picturesque, being in daylight, and all the people being clad in their usual garments. Nevertheless, they regarded it as being nearly as solemn an occasion as the one mentioned. None were convinced that I would reach the water unharmed, and all thought that if did the perils of the voyage before me were even more to be dreaded than the descent. So we proceeded at as rapid a pace as our steeds could conveniently travel, and in about two hours were at the summit where the captain to me, I again repeated all I had whom I had instructed in the use of the captain to me, I again repeated all I had said to them. As I had determined to make a test of the rope before entrusting myself to its unsteady protection, I told them to await my return from the cavern. Enoch and two of the other men who had before been to the cave with me, now descended with me to its unwholesome and rugged interior. I had taken a large strong basket for the purpose, on a previous trip to the cave, which I now filled with stone, making a very heavy weight, and binding it securely with thongs and straps I attached it to the end of the cable which was swinging from the pulley on the cave above. Having instructed Enoch how to proceed in lowering this weight, and in giving the signals, in which he was to be assisted by the men who had come with us, I ascended to the summit as speedily as was possible.

That there might be no possibility of the rope slipping while I was suspended in mid-air, I had instructed a man to sit behind the captain and keep a tension on the slack end of the rope. The whole performance now was to be conducted exactly as when they should lower the boat. Hurriedly I got the men into position, and hardly had I done so before a faint cry came up the mountain side.

impregnably separates us from the outer world, so let it be, and may He speed the day of our deliverance. Go, and may the blessings of a happy life reward you for the years of filial happiness that you brought to a lacerated heart. Go, and may you never know the grief that tears afresh the wounded tendrils of a parent's love. Go, with my choicest blessings on your head, my earnest hopes for your comfort and safety. Oh, my son, my long lost son, whom I had found to lose again!"

So overcome with emotion was Enoch that he tremblingly walked to a projecting rock and seated himself upon it, while the tears streamed down his wrinkled face. It was some moments before I could command myself sufficiently to give the necessary directions to the men who were with us. At length I told them that the last moment had come and that it was only prolonging a painful scene to wait, and directed them to give the signals agreed upon. Taking his place beside the boat, one of them sang out in a clear voice: "Ready!" Slowly the slack of the cable was taken up, and became slightly taut. "Up!" cried my aid. Slowly the boat began to move, the man steadyng it by placing his hands upon the gunwale, the keel grating harshly upon the rocky, jagged floor, as I felt myself gently raised in the air and was carefully allowed to swing over the edge of the precipice. My feelings at this moment were decidedly uncomfortable—very much I supposed, like a man feels as he is about to be swung off a scaffold by the sheriff. But I had little time for such thoughts, as I heard the voice of Enoch in the cave, moaning: "Oh, my son, my son!"

"Down!" rang out the voice of the man at the edge, and it sounded to me like the voice of doom. Slowly the boat began to descend. "Down!" and steadily the descent continued, and the boat's edge was below the floor of the cave. "Down!" and I cast my last despairing look on the tottering form of my foster-parent who now came to the edge of the precipice, steadied by the men who were with him. "Down!" and I covered my eyes with my hands and wept, and there came to my ears above the song of the sea a sad refrain: "Oh, my son! my son!" "Down!" and the boat began to whirl around and around, then reversing would whirl back again. I had anticipated this and had provided myself with a long bamboo pole with which I had hoped to be able to counteract this movement, but it was altogether useless, and I could only cast myself in the bottom of the boat, which I was very glad to do. "Down!" and the startled sea birds began to fit around me, scared from their nests by my intrusion. The voice of the man in the cave no longer reached me, and the sound of the sea increased. Down, down, and down, and the gloom of the towering cliff overpowered me; down, and the salt sea began to smart my throat and nostrils; down, and the rush of the waves as they hurtled through the reverberating caverns below deafened my ears with their solemn, monotonous thunder; down, and with a splash my frail boat was launched upon the merciless billows of the mighty deep as never keel was launched before since mariners first braved the dangers of the treacherous main.

As the rope began to descend into the boat and coil itself upon my prostrate form I hastily aroused myself from the semi-paralyzed condition to which the dangers of the descent had reduced me, and untangling the knot at the end of the cable cast it overboard. Then seizing the oars I, with much labor, managed to put the boat's prow in a seaward direction, and pulled with a will until I was at a safe distance from the gloomy wall that towered above me. Looking upward as I toiled at the oars, the one impression above all others was the appalling vastness of the towering cliff. It was only after a half hour's tug at the oars that I was able to get at a distance where I felt safe to rest, and even then I seemed to be under the very shadow of the jagged wall, and the sky-line of the summit was so far away that no sign of the kind-hearted people I had left there was discernible. Long I looked, hoping to give and receive a parting signal, but without avail. I shouted again and again, but the solemn chant of the echoing waves was the only reply. A scene of loneliness, a feeling of utter helplessness, settled upon me with the gloom of despair—and, full-grown man that I was, long accustomed to the dangers and loneliness of the great plains and the untried solitudes of the Rockies, I cast myself upon the bottom of the boat and wept; aye, cried like a home-sick school boy.

This uncomfortable feeling soon passed away, however, and I aroused myself to the dangers and responsibilities of my situation. I was no stranger to salt water, and had made several voyages up and down the Atlantic coast when a boy, in schooners and hunting boats, and felt competent to manage my unwieldy craft. As I had feared, the boat was almost unmanageable in the swell of the sea, and it was with great difficulty that I could keep her head to the east. Cautiously I rigged the sail and was soon able to catch the slight breeze that was blowing from the west, and was gratified to find that I was actually making progress on my homeward journey, to which I had so long looked forward. As the boat got under way and the distance between it and the cliff began to lengthen, the huge wall seemed to actually rise out of the water. Up and up, it seemed to spring, as on and on I sailed from under its frowning face. This illusion continued for an hour, when I had attained a distance when it began to sink below the waves and diminish in size against the evening sky. After I had reached a distance of what I judged to be twenty miles or more, the mountainous country behind me presented the appearance of an island, and with the sea on both sides of the rocky elevation, the chaotic upheaval to the northeast not being discernible from my depressed point of observation in so small a boat. That the country was in fact an island was now clear to me, and I was forced to the conclusion that the rugged stretch of rocky country that I had so often gazed upon and speculated about, did not connect with any mainland, but was only a volcanic upheaval of the bottom of the sea.

It was probably about noon when I started down the face of the cliff, for when I reached the water the boat was in the shadow of the wall above for some time, and was only just emerging into the sunlight when I caught the

breeze with my swelling sail. As the afternoon wore on, and the miles of watery waste were slowly left behind, the country that had served me so well that it seemed almost ingratiate in my thus leaving it began to slowly sink beneath the waves. The sun was almost down, and I was gazing regretfully back toward the distant grayish speck upon the vast expanse of blue—gazing as I believed, for the last time upon the Land of Nod. I was beginning to think, also, of how I should spend the night, and a sensation of hunger now for the first time warned me that I had eaten nothing since the morning. This craving was at once satisfied from the abundance with which I was supplied, and it was while thus engaged, with my eyes for a moment removed from the spot where still my thoughts remained, that a dull booming sound came faintly to my ears across the waters. Glancing hastily toward the west, I saw, where just before was the land that I loved so well, a dense smoke arising from the sea.

Alarmed, I recalled my premonitions of evil, which, strange to say, I had not thought of during the entire day, and wondered, with a shudder, what was now in store for that unhappy people. That an explosion had been imminent I had felt certain, but my imagination had not gone to the length of supposing that it would entirely destroy the country. As I pondered, the evening shade grew deeper, and the dense smoke to the west obscured the sun. Suddenly I became conscious that there was a dead calm—the sail flapped idly against the mast—and that I was being swiftly carried backward in the direction whence I had just come. This sensation of traveling back continued for some moments. As I still looked towards this portentous cloud of smoke in the west, whose ominous presence seemed destined soon to encompass me, out of the gathering gloom of night, fostered as it were by the sable curtain which had been drawn across the evening sky, there came rushing toward me over the darkening sea a bright wave, whose crested breast seemed forty feet or more above the level of the watery plain on which my boat and I were floating. On it came, with a force that would have sunk the greatest ship yet built by man. Foolishly and uselessly I endeavored to put the head of the boat about, and succeeded in getting it broadside to the angry wall of water that was swiftly approaching just as it reached the craft.

(To be continued.)

KUBLA KHAN.

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure dome decree;
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man,
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground,
With walls and towers were girded round:
And here were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.
But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedar bower!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waving moon was haunted.
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turbid streaming,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
Amid whose swift half-intermittent burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thrasher's flail;
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever,
It flung up momently the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion,
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean;
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!
The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, beware! beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

—Coleridge.

About a Bandit Fish.

In the rivers and lakes of New York State there is a bandit fish that roams at large and makes its living by robbing the gentlemen fish. It even attacks such vigorous fish as the black bass and the pickerel, fastening itself to them and sucking their blood until they are dead. The name of this bold bandit is the lamprey. Prof. Gage of Cornell University has seen 12,000 of these lampreys spawning at one time in the outlet of Cayuga lake alone, and he has estimated that they kill more fish than all the fishermen of the State put together. The lamprey is about the size and somewhat the appearance of an eel. Prof. Gage advises some means of killing them by means of traps in the stream as they go up in the spring to spawn.—Chicago Record.

Family Traits.

"You can always tell when a woman doesn't like her mother-in-law."
"How does she show it?"
"She picks out the ugliest child in the family and says it is the very image of its parental grandmother."

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A SPRING FRUIT.

Varieties of Rhubarb Which Are Especially Desirable.

Two or three varieties of rhubarb are grown in this country, and each serves a separate culinary purpose, though they may be substituted for each other as convenient. The small red stalked rhubarb does excellently for tarts or delicate compotes, while the medium or giant rhubarb is better employed in preserves or in the making of wine, which is said to much resemble champagne.

The large amount of water in rhubarb prevents it from being so easily utilized in jam-making as some other fruits, but combined with ginger or lemon, it makes a wholesome preserve, useful in large households where much jam is used, says the Lady. The following are good recipes for various combinations:

Rhubarb and Ginger Jam—Trim and string some rhubarb and cut into two-inch lengths. Weight the fruit, put it into the preserving pan, with a very little water, to prevent burning, and cook till soft. Now put in some crushed loaf sugar, allowing a pound of it for every pound of fruit, and keep the jam well stirred while boiling till it becomes a thick syrup. Into a small basin put a teaspoonful of ground ginger for each pound of fruit; mix it smoothly with a little cold water, then add a spoonful or two of the syrup. Pour all back again into the jam, stir well, and boil a few minutes longer, then place in pots and tie down when cold.

Rhubarb and Apple Jelly—Skin five pounds of rhubarb, cut it into short lengths, and place it in a preserving pan, with three pounds of good cooking apples and the thin rind and strained juice of six lemons, and two pints of water. If the apples are sound and clean skinned, it is best not to peel them as there is much of the substance which makes the jelly set in the skin. Boil together gently until thoroughly reduced to a pulp, then stir through a coarse clean teacloth. Weigh the juice, return it to the pan, with a pound of sugar for every pound of juice; boil until it sets when placed on a saucer, skimming well all the time. Place in small pots, and keep in a dry place. Some people like the addition of a little spirit in rhubarb Jam, and the following recipe is one of Mr. Phyllis Browne's, which teetotalers are advised not to try: Peel and cut the desired quantity of rhubarb into small pieces, weight it and allow a pound of sugar, half a lemon rind (chopped finely), a quarter of an ounce of butter for every pound of fruit. Bring all to the boil slowly, stir constantly and skin well, then boil rather more quickly until it sets. Just at the last put in a wine-glassful of whisky for every seven pounds of fruit.

Rhubarb Champagne—Cut up some rhubarb stalks and rinse them, place in a deep pan, and pour over a gallon of water for every five pounds of fruit; then reach the caverns measureless to man, and sink in tumult to a lifeless ocean; and 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!
The shadow of the dome of pleasure
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It was a miracle of rare device,
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—Coleridge.

FASHIONS FOR ALL.
Greater Variety in Correct Style This Year Than for Many Seasons.

At last the modes for spring and summer have pretty well declared themselves, and we know to a certain extent what will be expected of us during the present year of grace, at all events as far as the adorning of our outer woman is concerned. On the whole I think we may fairly congratulate ourselves on the prospect that lies immediately before us, for never have the

large amount of water in rhubarb prevents it from being so easily utilized in jam-making as some other fruits, but combined with ginger or lemon, it makes a wholesome preserve, useful in large households where much jam is used, says the Lady. The following are good recipes for various combinations:

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THE CORRECT GLOVES.

Suede Kid Alone Permitted—Glace Gloves Are Back Numbers.

"Except in white glace gloves are back numbers," said an importer of gloves when asked about the latest styles. "At last American women seem to be waking up to the fact that suede gloves make the hand look far better. Why? Because lace gloves, no matter how fine the quality, have a tendency to make the hand look larger in length, breadth and thickness. Dealers are selling a few white lace gloves to swell women now for street wear, but they demand suede for everything else. In Paris no woman would any more think of wearing a glace glove after 12 o'clock than she would think of going bare handed, and most Parisians never wear a glace glove. Those women know better than any others in the world how to bring out their good points and how to cover up their bad ones; so fat women, thin women, women with pretty hands, and women with awkward ungainly digits, cling almost exclusively to suede gloves.

The soft shades of tan, mastic, yellow and gray, are the most used. Many of them are stitched over in black fingers and all, and finished with a black hem and black buttons. They are very chic looking. No woman of refined taste would make herself conspicuous by wearing what the French call eccentric colors. You couldn't go into a shop in all Paris and buy a pair of red, blue, green or purple gloves. Only perfect skins can be made into suede while many blemishes are often concealed in a pair of glace gloves. True suede gloves resist wear less than the glace, but they look much better while they do last, and many women claim that for rough and ready wear black suede gloves prove more satisfactory than anything else. No glove except a suede should ever be worn in the evening, no matter whether the wearer is in full dress or not; and as for colored gloves to match an evening gown, well, there aren't adjectives enough in the English language to describe the bad taste of a woman selecting them. White, of course, is more used than any color, but the dainty pearls, delicate tans and soft yellows are also very much used. One parting word: Women should be aware of highly colored gloves as they do of a plague."—Chicago Chronicle.