

In Michigan Woods

One of the most beautiful spots in the state of Michigan is pictured above. Visitors who have gone there

PAGAN RITES IN SCOTIA.

Many Scottish Customs That Have Their Origin in Superstitions. Nearly all travelers in Central Africa have referred to the curious customs prevalent among almost all pagan native tribes of driving quantities of nails into sacred trees and other objects that have been adjudged worthy of veneration and this not in malice, but as a religious rite, the nails in question being intended as votive offerings.

Exactly the same thing may be witnessed today at the sacred well of St. Maeburgh, in Loch Maree, Ross-shire, where is an ancient oak tree studded with countless nails of all sizes, the offerings of invalid pilgrims, who came to worship and be cured.

Pennies and half-pennies also are to be seen in enormous quantities driven edgewise in the tough bark, and a friend of the writer who visited the spot some little time back discovered in a cleft high up in the trunk what he took to be a shilling.

On being extracted, however, it proved to be counterfeit. Probably the doctor, finding that he could get no value for his coin in the natural world, concluded he might as well try, as a last resource, what effect it might have on the spiritual.

Of course, the poor cottagers and others who flock to St. Maeburgh with their nails and their pence do not for a moment admit that they are assisting at a pagan ceremony. But they most undoubtedly are.

Well, worship has always occupied an important place in paganism, and the sacred oak, before which all pil-

grims must thrice kneel, has been the scene of his offering, what is it but an obvious survival of the sacred groves of Druidical times?

HANG THE CHURCH BELL.

And Sent in Order From Pew Twenty-One.

A belated tourist from Florida says that it is almost impossible to understand how great was the rush of visitors at the height of the season. He says that a man came one day to one of the big hotels and was told that there was not room for him in the house, but a place to sleep would be made up for him in the memorial chapel on the hotel grounds. He said that would suit him all right. By bed time he had all that was coming to him in the way of unqualified refreshments. When he woke up in the morning, he found that he could get no value for his coin in the natural world, concluded he might as well try, as a last resource, what effect it might have on the spiritual.

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for their summer rest and returned enamored of its rustic beauty will readily recognize "Vineland Resort."

Use of Heavy Bull Whip Found to Be Effective.

Gen. Corbin, who has just returned to Washington from his trip to Yellowstone Park, tells how some bears in the park railed the Fountain House. "I investigated myself, and found that the bears had broken into the kitchen, the hotel and simply rained all the stores, leaving the hotel and its guests without food enough for a meal. It was admitting to listen to the Chinese cook attempt to describe the visit of the bears. He became excited, spluttered, glibbed and squeaked, and then, as he could not find the words of the beasts in his endeavor to explain the damage that had been done, he really began laughing. He said, 'For the proprietor of the hotel and Col. Pitkin, sent me to punish the intruders.' 'Would they kill the bears?' asked Gen. Corbin. 'No, no, no,' they would only whip them. They would take a big bull whip and lash the bears soundly. Experiences has taught me the park warden, and good sound thrashing from a bull whip will last a bear, either brown or grizzly, for the remainder of the season."

Millionaires Are Quite Human.

Well, it may seem odd, but some of the Newport cottages were converted much the same as any you own in dream houses says Alvin. I haven't a doubt that Cornelius Vanderbilt and his wife had the poorest evenings possible when they talked of the old. Now, Brokers that was to rise from the ashes of the old. And don't you suppose that while Foxhall Kene and his bride were in Rome, they made delightful little guesses as to progress on the splendid place under construction on Long Island, and railed over the same things as you and I do of course they did. At the present moment, too, the young Payne Watsons, yachting somewhere around New York, are chattering away to each other about the arrangement of rooms in that million-dollar home that Col. Oliver Payne finally decided to give them in place of several periods of candy as a wedding gift. Mansions or marshmallows, its all due to an American idea.

Some men succeed by ability and some rely on their nerve. Wise is the man who can give a woman advice without incurring her enmity.

Publisher's Neat Answer.

David Williams, the publisher of technical and trade newspapers, once wandered into the office of one of the editors for a general talk about matters of mutual interest. The place was somewhat shabby, and the editor, after a few minutes' conversation, suggested that the wall be repaired, a new carpet provided, and other improvements made, which would conduce materially to the comfort and efficiency of the staff. Williams, who was somewhat of a humorist, remarked: "I never could work to good advantage in a hog pen."

Mr. Williams looked at him and rendered further conversation on the subject unnecessary by quietly remarking:

"That is the first time I ever heard the term hog pen applied by a gentleman to an apartment which was generally and exclusively his own."

VILLANELLE.

She that was my love and my life,
Long ago and long ago,
Light of foot and eye of mine,
Oh, the path was green and high,
Roses bloomed on my row,
And I was the only one to know.

Swift she went and happily,
Like a cloud the spring winds blew,
Light of foot and eye of mine,
Old with many a gray hair,
Death is when I see her go,
She that was my love and my life.

Vain the summons, vain the cry,
Death is when I see her go,
She that was my love and my life,
Light of foot and eye of mine,
Old with many a gray hair,
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Here alone sit Age and I,
Bene that day, when watching her,
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"The end of the world is near,"
Once upon a time a poet composed himself to write some stirring verses on the building of the great tunnel, but crumpled them up and said an inspiration worthy of the subject.

"I cannot do it now," he said, "I must go where the moon, like great spheres, are burning, and the influence of the environment. I need the atmosphere. I must be moved by it and drink it in for inspiration."

He went and the poet who had marked a point of vantage, there was a tremendous explosion, which hurled him into the air and out of sight. The poem was never written.

Moral: It is possible to have too much atmosphere. —New York Herald.

None That Cid.

"Old man Wellie died yesterday," announced the first man, "and in his will he provided that every married woman in town who is 35 years old shall receive \$100,000."

"No takers," said the racy gent, "wouldn't to know something about women."

Common sense is the genius of our age.—Horace Greeley.

NEW SOMETHING WAS WRONG.

Colored Man Missed Usual Greeting From Admiral Evans.

When Admiral Evans and Schley were both assigned, to duty on the Lighthouse Board, which convenes in rooms at the Treasury Department in Washington, the Philadelphia Post-Intelligencer, the colored messenger at the door one morning stopped Admiral Schley.

"Frick," said the dandy, "You would speak a kind word to Com'dore Evans for me. He's done got it in for me."

"You must be mistaken, George," Schley replied. "I happen to know that Com'dore Evans, like the rest of us, thinks highly of your distinguished services."

"Oh, I'm sure," persisted the colored man, "that Com'dore Evans doesn't like me no more."

"What makes you think so?" demanded Schley.

"Well," explained the messenger, "usually when Com'dore Evans arrives in the morning he says, 'Hello, George, you blankety-blank, blank, fool! How are you, but he don't say 'Hello, George' any more. Hello, George! The com'dore surely taken a awful dislike to me!"

CURING BEARS OF THEFT.

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STEVENSON'S LIFE IN SCOTLAND AND SAMOA.

(Special Correspondence.)

A GOOD many years ago, as I hurried, a hotfoot student, on an early summer morning, eager to sit at the feet, or rather a good deal over the head, of the venerable Professor of Botany in the Royal Botanic Gardens, Edinburgh, sorely tempted to linger outside with the parolous of altering roses—I passed unconsciously, then, the birthplace of the now world-famous, I think I may say world-beloved, and longed Louis Stevenson.

As the cable-car swings down Cannon Hill's Bridge at the foot of the long descent from Princes street to Inverleith House, one finds, on one's right, a row of comfortable, two-story dwelling houses, with a miniature garden in front, defended by the usual stone parapet, and iron railings, admitting to its grassy foot the sunlight that can avoid one's notice the opening of the windows.

In No. 3 was born the delicate boy, who, we passed the early years of a childhood, grows more brightly and vividly recorded than any other in the "Inverleith Garden of Veres."

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tentive. He had often to fly south with the swallows to the coast of England or France, such as Torquay and Menton, and he was, in the end, to strengthen his fresh and keen powers of observation by which he at once distinguished and schooled his ardent imagination.

I have been on Stevenson's track to the very heart of the matter.

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