

A Terrible Follower.

In the years between 1840 and 1850, settlers were few and scattered in what is now the fertile and prosperous Arctostock region of northern Maine. The red deer had not yet retreated before the rifle and the axe of the pioneer; and where the deer lingered, there lingered, too, their hereditary foes, the wolves. Seldom gathering to the hunt in packs, these wolves were little accounted of by the settlers; but to their stealthy depredations might be charged the vanishing of certain strayed children, or solitary women, or tired travelers.

The following adventure was told me by an old lady, Mrs. Hetty Turner, part of whose childhood was passed in a pioneer's cabin on the head waters of the Arctostock River. Her father, James Atkinson, a widower, devoted his winters to lumbering and his summers to bewing himself a farm out of the wilderness; and Hetty took charge of the cabin, the chickens and the pig. Schooling she had had at her former home, and her father's small library so accompanied her into the backwoods.

"Our nearest neighbor," said Mrs. Turner, "were Cyrus Turner's family, about three miles away. They were on the main Caribou road, while we had settled on Hardwood Ridge, where the land was better. A rough wood road ran from our place about two miles, till it struck the Caribou road about a mile this side of Turner's."

"Mr. Turner had had a large family before he moved up the Arctostock but had lost all but the two eldest boys in an epidemic of diphtheria. Then, in the backwoods two more children came to them, a boy and a girl. At the time I am telling of, the little boy was between four and five years old, and the little girl perhaps six."

"They took a great fancy to me, and father liked to see them around, so one of their big brothers used to bring them over to our place pretty often to spend the day."

"One sunny September afternoon, when father was off in the woods, I heard the patter of little feet outside the door, and small fists knocking for admittance. It was the two little Turners."

"I asked them where Tom was,—Tom was my favorite of their big brothers,—and what had made him hurry away so. They told me they had come all the way alone. They said their father and Tom and Bill were away somewhere, and their mother had gone to sleep, after washing the dinner dishes; and they had wanted to see me 'just awfully,' so they walked!"

"Of course I was pleased at such devotion. I kissed the hot and dusty little faces, and brought out a liberal supply of milk and molasses cake, which soon disappeared. But presently I thought of the anxiety Mrs. Turner would feel when she found the children were missing. So I decided to walk right back with them, and to depend on getting Mr. Turner or one of the boys to drive me home."

"First, however, I had to do the milking, and then get father's supper ready. I left a note on his plate telling him where I had gone, and then started off with my little visitors. They were very loath to go at first; but I explained to them that soon it would be getting dark in the woods, and we should all be frightened."

"Even as I spoke, I noticed with some uneasiness that the shadows were growing long. I hurried off at as quick a pace as I thought the little ones could stand, and the first half mile of our journey was soon left behind."

"Then, however I had to slacken our speed. Eddie's little legs were getting very tired. He had to sit down on a log and rest. Meanwhile, Mamie and I picked blackberries, both for ourselves and Eddie; and when we started on again, I was careful not to go so fast. But it made me uncomfortable to see there was no chance of our reaching the Turners' till after sundown."

"In a little while Eddie began to complain of his foot hurting. I took off his shoe and found a severe stone-bruise; so I wet a couple of leaves in a spring by the roadside, and put them inside his sock. This gave him some relief, but he had to cling to my hand and walk slowly."

"I think we must have been a good mile from the crossroads, when all at once Mamie, who was sitting about, uttiring as a bird, stopped short and exclaimed in a frightened voice:

"Look, Hetty; look at the big dog!"

"Big 'g'ay dog?" remarked Eddie, looking over his shoulder with much interest.

"When I glanced back along the road, I couldn't help giving a little scream of fright. There was a huge wolf following us! He was keeping along the shady side of the road, and when we stopped he stopped, too, skulking behind a tree."

"When I saw that he was not going to rush right upon us I took courage again. But the children had been frightened by my fear."

"Isn't it a dog, Hetty?" asked Mamie, her eyes getting very big.

"No," said I. "I don't think it is! Come and take hold of my other hand." And I began to drag Eddie forward at a rate that must have hurt his sore foot a good deal.

"But Mamie was not satisfied."

"Is it a wolf?" she asked, with trembling lips. When I was silent, she suddenly burst out crying, and began to run."

"For us to separate would be fatal. The wolf would leave us, and attack her alone."

"I dropped Eddie's hand and sprang after Mamie like a flash; and the poor little fellow, thinking we had both deserted him, cried out in bitterest grief, and ran after us as fast as his short legs could carry him. As I caught Mamie, and turned to drag her back toward Eddie, the look of despair and desolation on the little one's face was such as I can never forget."

"Heavy as he was, I had to pick him up and carry him a little way. I kept tight

hold of Mamie with one hand till I explained that if she ran away from Eddie and me the wolf would go right after her and eat her up. After that she kept tight hold of my petticoat."

"Meanwhile the animal had skulked a little nearer. He was waiting for the dark to come. As there were three of us, and I was pretty tall, he didn't like to spring on us in the day light. I looked through the tree tops at the western sky, and my heart sank as I saw that it would be dark before we could get to our journey's end."

"We made desperate haste now, and whenever Eddie began to give out I would pick him up in my arms and struggle on till my own breath quite failed me. The shadows kept deepening, and as they deepened that dreadful form behind us kept drawing nearer."

"At last, as I set Eddie down for the third or fourth time, the wolf made a short run forward, as if to spring upon us."

"Eddie, catching a near glimpse of his cruel eyes and long uncovered teeth, began to cry at the very top of his voice, while Mamie and I both screamed. The noise appeared to daunt the sneaking brute somewhat and he drew back."

"But as we hurried onward Eddie continued his shrill wailing, and stumbled along so blindly, amid his tears that I was in despair. Nothing I could say made any difference, and it was oh, so slow, dragging the poor little fellow along; and at last I just burst out crying myself."

"Of course that started Mamie, and I began to feel as if we should just have to give up. You see, the strain was beginning to tell on my nerves so that I wasn't quite myself."

"However, it was just that crying of Eddie's that saved us under God's providence. I am sure the noise we all made bothered the wolf so that he kept waiting for it to get a little darker. And then, which was more important, the sound was carried on the still evening air till it could be distinctly heard on the main Caribou road."

"Tom Turner was tramping wearily homeward along that main road, having been into Caribou on business for his father. As he neared the crossroad a queer sound reached his ears. At first he thought it was an Indian devil screaming, and quickened his steps. Then it came clearer, on a little puff of breeze. It was a child crying terribly."

"Tom Turner forgot his fatigue and started up the cross road on a run, swinging his heavy stick. He was not a hundred yards away from us, but hidden from view around a turn of the road, when the wolf growling bolder crept quite close to our heels, with a terrible low snarl."

"At that sound my knees fairly gave way beneath me. As I sank in the dust and stones I hardly noticed the shrill screams of the children, but I remember giving them a shove ahead and telling them to run! Then I shut my eyes, and expected the next instant to feel the wolf's teeth in my throat."

"After lying in this stupor of fear for perhaps half a minute, which seemed to me an age, I felt a dim surprise. Then the horrible thought occurred to me that the wolf had sprung upon the children. I leaped to my feet and stared wildly around."

"There was no wolf in sight. But—could I trust my eyes? There was Tom stepping up to my side, with both children sobbing in his arms!"

"I caught tight hold of him with both hands, and clung to him, crying harder than I had ever cried before, till presently I heard him say: 'Well, Hetty, brace up and come along home, and then I'll hitch up Old Bess and drive you back to your place after tea.'"

"When I had wiped my eyes, and brushed the dust off my petticoat, we continued our journey without hurrying, although now, as Tom carried Eddie, it was easy to keep up a good pace. Presently I inquired:

"What did you do to the wolf, Tom?"

"Oh," said Tom, "I didn't get a chance to do anything to the cowardly blackguard. He was fairly on you, Hetty, and my blood ran cold as I thought he was going to tear you before I could get up. But at the first sound of my yell he turned tail and was off among the trees like a streak. I let fly my stick, but missed him—and came mighty near hitting you, Hetty!"

"When we reached Mr. Turner's Eddie was asleep in Tom's arms, and Mamie, although dreadfully exhausted, was none the worse for her adventure. But as for me, I just went all to pieces, and acted like a fool."

"I fainted on the kitchen floor, and had to be put to bed; and instead of driving home with Tom, after supper, I was sick in that bed for three days. Even now, although I've seen a wolf once, except in a circus, I think I'm more afraid of wolves than of any other animal on earth."

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which are properly planted, and which flourish for a time, are killed by gas-poisoning. Leaks from gas pipes will poison the roots of a tree, and the earth, saturated with this poison will continue to kill trees long after the leak in the pipe has been stopped.

Many trees have been killed by the drying out of the roots by steam-pipes laid underground or along the ground, or by the unnatural temperature caused by such pipes.

Trees are often burned by electric wires until they are killed. Whether the staring light of the electric lamps of various kinds, depriving the foliage of trees of the alternation of darkness, following their day's exposure to the sun's rays, does not in time injure them, is a mooted point among botanists.

Many trees are killed by the unskilful removal of branches by the workmen of electric railways. Beautiful trees are mutilated and crippled for life by these unskilful men, who generally have no intention to injure them. All such trimming and cutting should be done under the direct supervision of a city park official.

All cities where there exists a real and proper disposition to care for trees in public places will pass ordinances, punishing the drivers of horses who leave their animals where they can gnaw the bark from trees. Wherever such ordinances do not exist many trees will be destroyed from this cause. Where they do exist, the barking and gnawing of beautiful trees by horses soon comes to an end.

A horse's teeth can ruin in fifteen minutes a tree which has been watched over for fifty years. And it may take fifty years more to replace the tree which the horse has destroyed in that brief moment. That we allow such things to be done is an extraordinary impeachment of the intelligence and thrift of the American people.

Trees are often allowed to languish and die for want of food. A tree may grow very well in a restricted space, where it has little earth to draw its sustenance from. It thrives until it has used up this sustenance, and then it begins to get thin and starved. Many city trees are like geraniums growing in a pot. They grow rapidly as long as the earth gives them enough food, but when their roots have sucked this all up, and the plant becomes "pot-bound," it will grow pale and begin to die. Such trees should be given food in the shape of fertilizer, applied to the surface, where it can filter in, or to the roots more directly.

Very often a newly planted tree will thrive in a spot where an older one is dying. This is because the new tree, if planted when it is small enough, will adapt itself to some changed condition which has killed the older one. Thus wild trees commonly die off when land is drained, because their roots have been deprived of accustomed moisture, and they cannot move their roots. But a young tree, newly planted in the same spot,—even a tree of the same species,—will send its roots along the surface, to gather moisture habitually applied there, or will in some way adapt itself to a situation which is practically native to it. Therefore native trees on drained land, which are none too thrifty, should be replaced, as a general thing, by planted ones.

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valentine seriously she has reached the age limit.

Were it not for wine and passion some men would never speak the truth. Fame never blows her trumpet for a man who is too lazy to raise the wind.

The easiest way for a girl to prove that she can't sing is to make the attempt.

It's always well to bury the hatchet—and it's also well to remember the spot where it is interred.

The worst thing about a man who wastes his time is his penchant for wasting the time of other people.

It's an easy matter to interest a girl. All you have to do is talk about matrimony, new bonnets and sleigh rides.

Quality has much to do with the value of some things, but the man with plenty of common sense has no reason to complain.

Some people who don't claim to know very much make better use of their knowledge than others who think they know it all.

PAIN KILLER is the best, safest and surest remedy for cramps, colic and diarrhoea. As a liniment for wounds and sprains, it is unequalled. Avoid substitutes, there's but one Pain Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

"No, madam," said the crochey judge, who had been annoyed by the digressions of previous female witnesses, we want no hearsay evidence. Tell only what you know. Your name, please?"

"Mary Jones," replied the witness.

"Your age?"

"Well—er—I only have hearsay evidence on that point so I won't answer."

BORN.

Halifax, Apr. 13, to the wife of A. Morgan, a son.
Truro, Apr. 30, to the wife of Walter Sumner a son.
Yarmouth, Apr. 16, to the wife of J. Perry, a son.
Windsor, Apr. 22, to the wife of J. Curry, a daughter.

Halifax, April 23, to the wife of E. Cunningham, a son.
Halifax, Apr. 31, to the wife of Thos. Gannon, a daughter.

Millville, Apr. 23, to the wife of Anna Wambach, a son.
Springhill, Apr. 18, to the wife of Daniel Beaton, a son.

Berwick, Apr. 22, to the wife of Geo. Oxley, twin sons.
Lockhartville, Apr. 15, to the wife of Ernest Neal, a son.

Waterside, Apr. 20, to the wife of James Alexander a son.
Whitburn, Apr. 15, to the wife of Hugh McGuire, a son.

Sheddy, Apr. 26, to the wife of Henry Buchanan, a son.
Kensville, Apr. 20, to the wife of Dick Walsh, twin girls.

Caledonia, Apr. 17, to the wife of Albert Cole, a daughter.
Caledonia, Apr. 10, to the wife of R. Patterson, a daughter.

Queens, Apr. 15, to the wife of Logan Ball, a daughter.
Ingville, Apr. 5, to the wife of John Beals, a daughter.

Bridgetown, Apr. 19, to the wife of J. Hicks, a daughter.
Yarmouth, Apr. 24,