

THE STONE BUILDING

KNOWN AS THE "LIMEKILN," ON NANTUCKET ISLAND.

The Question of When It Was Built, By Whom and For What Purpose, Discussed by Mr. Samuel W. Kain—Four Theories Advanced to Account for Its Presence.

Nantucket island is one of the islands of the Bay of Fundy, that lies close by Grand Manan. It can easily be reached in a small boat from Woodward's cove, on Grand Manan, and it has an area of about 80 acres of land. It enjoys a splendid climate, and, from its position, is a favorite base of operations for the various scientific gentlemen who have conducted dredging operations in that region.

William Gadscomb first settled on the island in 1806, and in 1829 Mr. Moses Cheney, father of the present proprietor, also settled there.

On the outer side of the island, at the extremity of a quartzite ledge, are yet to be seen the remains of a stone structure of unknown purpose and origin, known to the people of the islands as the "limekiln." This name is misleading, as there is no limestone on the island, but the quartzite ledge, on the extremity of which the object of discussion is situated, is of color and appearance so like limestone that it would seem as if the misnomer arose from this circumstance. According to the statement of Mr. Cheney, who showed the writer the spot, time and active human agencies have made great changes in the "limekiln." Fifty-seven years ago it stood a complete stone building, of rude, but substantial, appearance. Thus it was found by the first settlers. It was about five and a half feet high inside, from floor to roof. The floor was the bare earth, and in the center thereof some scientific gentlemen, who examined it some years ago, found charcoal remains that seemed to indicate that fires had been used within the building. The door was quite low, and faced seaward. This door was protected by a wall, not so high as the building, that ran southerly towards a sea wall. The building was about eight feet wide and ten feet long. Sufficient of the walls were remaining at the time of my visit to enable me to verify the measurements of length and breadth, and to determine the direction and extent of the barrier in front of the doorway. This barrier may have been to break the fury of autumnal gales, or to serve the purpose of a shelter from the biting winds of winter. The roof, Mr. Cheney says, was formed of large flat stones lapped over one another, and closely cemented together with clay.

Of late years Mr. Cheney has carted away most of these large stones for building purposes, and the elements, with ceaseless industry, have lent themselves to complete the destruction of what was, when intact, one of the most remarkable buildings on this continent. Close by a gigantic human skull was found by the first white people who settled on the island. Many years ago Mr. Cheney found on the beach near by a curious stone implement about eight inches long. Unfortunately, it was lost, and just what its purpose may have been, I was unable to judge from his description. No other trace remains, and no other evidence is available whereby we might identify the builders, or surmise for what purpose the structure was placed in such an exposed position.

Any theory to prove who built this edifice, when and why it was built, would fail for lack of sufficient data, so I shall merely advance briefly four hypotheses and leave interested readers to draw their own conclusions.

Could it have been the work of the Indians or their unknown predecessors of the Stone Age? I have personally examined many ancient village sites occupied by the aborigines in past ages, and in no case is there any trace of masonry or stone work of any kind (except arrow heads, stone axes, etc.). I have examined all the literature yet published on the archaeology of New Brunswick, and find that no investigator reports any masonry or stone work to have been found that was of Indian origin. So it may fairly be concluded that the "limekiln" was not built by the Indians.

Did some rugged Northern of pre-Columbian days, cast away on these rocky shores, build it and watch with aching eyes and troubled hearts for a ship that never came? It seems to be settled on good historical grounds that the Northern had some settlements on the North American coast in the eleventh century, and that those settlements disappeared, probably owing to the hostility of the Indians.

Recurring to the gigantic skull found near the "limekiln," and bearing in mind that in all probability the Northern visited the Bay of Fundy, an imaginative mind might, in fancy, hear from the vacant chamber of that once active brain, the sonorous lines of Longfellow:

I was a Viking old!
My deeds though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee?
"Take heed that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a deadman's curse!"
For this I sought thee.

I am not inclined to put much faith in this theory, though I have heard it advanced with some force. It appears to me that if the Northern had built it, it would have

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disappeared long ago under the disintegrating influence of the elements. Masonry of far more solidity, and constructed with superior mechanical skill, does not long withstand our climate, and needs constant attention to keep it in repair.

There is a strong probability that the "limekiln" was the work of some of the early French settlers. From the time of the ill-fated settlement of DeMonts in 1604 till the vindictive raid of Col. Church, 100 years later, the French had small settlements in this region. No doubt they were attracted thither by the wealth of the fisheries, great now, but far more so then. The peltry business was also of great value at that time. It has occurred to me that the French may have constructed this rude stone building to serve as a shelter for fishermen at certain seasons of the year; but its true history is likely ever to remain unknown, and in all probability many a tourist, who has been so lucky as to choose Grand Manan for his summer resort, will never know that such a curiosity as we have here described once stood on Nantucket island. SAMUEL W. KAIN.

JOHNNY AT A PICNIC.

His Crowd Treats Deacon Smith to Syrup and the Deacon Sings.

We had our picnic this week. It was the bestest one I ever seen. All the fellars was just lookin' after fun, an' we had a jolly time. Bill got a revolver for a prize, 'cause he beat all at the air gun racket, and now his parents wants ter git it from him, and he's appointed me gardyin' of it. It's a bully one. I killed two cats last nite and knocked out the poodle what belongs to the famerly down stairs. They say what their goin' to have me 'rested as a dangeris character, but I guess they're ony gassin'! Bill's a hunky-dory shot with a air gun; so when he was firin' at the target he plinked an old fat fellar in the beaver, accidentally, jist to see what he'd say. The old fellar jumped and hollered, and said he's hit in the brain, and he told the superintendant on me, 'cause I said what there's as much brains in the top of his beaver as anywheres in that vesity. He got rippin' mad and me and Bill thort we'd better go and see the foot races.

Young Miles, what's got so much lip, didn't win no race, 'cause we tripped him when nobody's lookin'.

I guess we're going to be discharged from the Sunday school any how, 'cause we caught three frogs and let 'em hop over the refreshment table. Oh, my, how them old mades screamed, and the young good lookin' one jist laughed, and me and Bill's mashed on her, 'cause she told the others what we're too young to be arrested. Bill's father came along and the old mades told him, and so me and Bill thort we'd run a race across the field.

All us fellars put together and bought some surup, and I found a bottle of something with house of commons marked on it, in a house where me and Bill wenter git a drink a milk. I guess our picnic wasn't at a Scott act place, anyhow. We's all drinkin' the surup and smokin' cigarettes in the bushes, when Deekin Smith come along and says, "Hay, boys, enjoyin' yerselves," and we said, "Yes, sir." All the fellars dropped their smokes but me and Bill, and he said, "Whatcher got there?" and we said, "Surup, sir; want a drink?" "Oh, I'll take a drop, jist to be sociable," said deekin. So we give him some sasprella, and he said, "It's fine." Then I said, "Here's some new surup what we didn't open yet," and give him some house of commons. Bill and me winked, and said we'd sooner have sasprella, and all the other fellars said so, too. So the deekin said he'd jist as soon have the house of commons, and he drunk when we did, and we had a bully time. Purty soon the deekin begun talkin' faster nor a talkin' masheen, and when I askt him to sing us a song, so's to be sociable, darn'd if he didn't sing, "Mary's gone with a Coon" and the "Boyne Water." The deekin's a hot old duck, he is. But, gosh, when we went ter go, he couldn't stand up, and we had ter lift him, and there's a awful time, 'cause when he's treatin' us at the refreshment table he wanted ter kiss one of the old maids. I guess there'd a bin a grate excitement if pa and the superintendant hadn't put the deekin to sleep in a barren. All the fellars says our picnic was the best out. JOHNNY MULCAHEY.

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FOR SOME ONE.

Oh, heart, that is bruised and wounded!
And aching with hopes and fears;
Oh, hands, that are empty and helpless!
Through the barren and dreary years.
The years that have brought no blessing;
But are bearing thy youth away;
Faded, and withered and useless,
Like the leaves on an autumn day.
Sit not by the wayside, repining,
Grasp something before it goes by;
Better to struggle and suffer,
Than turn like a craven to fly.
The way has been rough and stony,
And the journey seemed all up-hill;
But one who was near in the darkness,
Shall comfort and guide thee still.
And some time in the dim hereafter:
Some time in the years to come;
Thou shalt lay down thy weapons forever,
At rest! in thy hard won home.
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AT THE DISMAL SWAMP,

WHICH TOM MOORE DESCRIBES IN "LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP."

Visited by a "Progress" Correspondent and Described by Her—The Beautiful Scenery on the Journey and the Weirdness of the Lake.

To lovers of nature, and especially of nature in her "freaky" moods, the "Lake of the Dismal Swamp" has ever held a powerful fascination, and while Tom Moore's charming ode, written in his southern visit more than three-quarters of a century ago, describes vividly many characteristics of the spot, it intensifies to an almost painful degree the gloomy appellation. "Dismal." Indeed, I imagine the swamp and lake might be in the gloom of a December twilight, and trebly dismal would its miles of endless marsh appear to the unfortunate mortal who might lose his way in its vicinity. Like most things in this world of ours, however, there are two sides from which to view it, and I want to give those who have not yet had the privilege of visiting it, a peep at Lake Drummond from the side from which I viewed it, on a bright day not long ago.

The lake is about 25 miles from Norfolk, Va., and requires a full day in order to do it justice. Leaving Norfolk at 6 a.m. in a tug, which accommodated our party of twelve, we steamed for a few miles up a branch of the Elizabeth river, and entered the Dismal Swamp canal through one of several locks along its course, rendered necessary by the fact of the surface of the lake being upwards of 20 feet above the tide water of the harbor. Two or three hours up this canal, whose banks are clothed to the water's edge with trees and shrubs of all descriptions, broken here and there by clearings, in which are pretty homesteads—and we leave the tug at the mouth of the "feeder" and betake ourselves to a large row-boat, in which we are to complete our journey to the lake. This "feeder" is a stream of only a few feet in width, "literally tunneled," as some one has aptly described it, through the dense foliage of juniper, cypress and gum trees, and the still denser thickets of tangled reeds and undergrowth of this famous swamp. The impression of beauty received as one glides along over this glassy pathway under the waving arch of varied greens is one never to be effaced from memory's tablets. All lake parties do not, it is to be hoped, pass through the "ducking" process that befell us, and yet some of our party agreed—after it was all over—that it was only a part of the fun and could not have been dispensed with. Our progress up the "feeder" was necessarily slow, and when about half way up, a sudden shower overtook us, and the heavens were surely opened. A dozen umbrellas formed but a sorry protection, serving in some instances only to direct the little rivers that flowed from their points down a neighbor's collar.

Arriving at the last lock ere the heavens had ceased to weep, it was unanimously agreed to call upon the lock-keeper in his humble abode and crave shelter. Finding, however, that he was absent and the premises locked, it was deemed only a shipwrecked mariner's privilege to force a staple from the door and take possession. A blazing fire soon restored comfort to all, and having refreshed the "inner man" from our picnic baskets, we left a good dinner on the table for our unknown host, fastened up his dwelling as before, and continued our way to the lake. If the aged man who is said to reside at the lock has ever enjoyed Frank Stockton's humorous story of *The Casting Away of Mrs. Leeks and Mrs. Aleshine*, he may have been struck with a point or two of resemblance; or, which is the more probable, being a pious old soul, who had prayed in faith for his daily bread, he would return thanks for having received it—"already buttered," as one of our party remarked—and cheese and pickles added gratis.

However, we are now in sight of the lake, and all else is forgotten, as through the opening in the far end of the arch we see the little wavelets gleaming in the sunlight, and in a few moments we float noiselessly out on the bosom of this mysterious expanse of water. The lake is said to be nearly round, and about 20 miles in circumference, but is practically shoreless, as the shallow water of the swamp stretches away in all directions from its edge. Far out in the lake are standing huge cypress trees, with their pyramid-like roots exposed to view, and fragments of the gray moss waving from the gaunt limbs—a picture of utter solitude. The whole scene is weird, solemn, impressive. Birds or beasts there are none; only the fireflies abound at dusk, and one feels a deepening conviction that at the witching hour of "midnight dumpy," "the lover and maid so true" would surely appear.

To cross the lake by the firefly lamp,
And paddle their white canoe.

But, alas for our dreams! it is yet bright sunlight, and ere the fireflies light their lamps we must be well on our way toward prosaic civilization again. So, with a murmur of regret, we retrace our way through the fairy-like bower, down to the mouth of the beautiful "feeder," and embark once more on the tug for the home journey; and in the gathering twilight of the southern night, the homeward trip is made in rather more of a subdued spirit

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than that of the morning, as though somewhat of the awe of the lake still rested upon the party. By 10 o'clock our landing is reached, and we realize that we have been to and returned from the lake—the day is over, but the memory of it will last through life, and all agree that had the distance been twice as great, or the path in truth "rugged and sore," it would have still well repaid us to make once in a lifetime a trip to the Lake of the Dismal (?) Swamp. M.

"Called."

Von Doodlees—Wagg's called me a fool today, don't chewknaw.
Van Simpre—Ah, weally? What did you do, deaw chawppie?
Von Doodlees—Oh, I got even with him. I happened to have me old chestnut-bell in me pawket, and I wang it at him weal hawl, don't chewknaw.

Van Simpre—Baw Jawwe! Thawt was awful good.—Judge.

He Had a Big Heart.

A Good Little Boy—"Pa, you wouldn't care if I gave a cripple part of the dollar you sent me out to change?" "No, my son. Why?" "Because I gave fifty cents of it to the one-legged man that sells tickets to the circus."—Ez.

The Whole Truth.

Caller—Bridget, is your master in yet?
Bridget—No, sorr, he's out on bail.—*Munsey's Weekly.*

HARD LINES.

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Or, if no cradle your fate afford,
Rock your brotler's wife's for your board;
Or live in one room with an invalid cousin,
Or sew shop shirts for a dollar a dozen,
Or please some man by looking sweet,
Or please him by giving him things to eat,
Or please him by asking much advice,
And thinking whatever he does is nice.
Visit the poor, under his supervision,
Doctor the sick who can't pay a physician;
Save men's time by doing their praying,
And other odd jobs there's no present pay in.
But if you presume to usurp employments,
Reserved by them for their special enjoyments,
Or if you succeed when they knew you wouldn't,
Or earn money fast, when they saw you couldn't,
Or learn to do things they proved were above you,
You'll hurt their feelings, and then they won't love you.
Journal of Women's Work.

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Yours, very truly,
ARTHUR DANIEL,
St. John, N. B., July 2, 1899.

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