## BAR HARBOR.

A Wild, Weird Tale of Love and Adventure.

BY AMOS LEE.

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hills.

ruddy, warm light.

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### CHAPTER L



9 18

51

most remarkable ever known in the annals of the island of Mt. Desert, that wonderful Maine summer resort. Bar Harbor, Its principal town, ame the Mecca of Republican politicians. Mr. James G. Blaine, then Presidential can-

be-

loved !

him like a shock.

pected it?

eyes, stood the young stranger.

didate, was there spending the heated term with his family. Newspaper correspondents by the score, wire-pullers, demagogues, stump speakers, office-seekers, together with thousands of society people and tourists, literally poured into the town and filled every available hotel, cottage and boardinghouse. So-called breakfasts, dinners, teas, luncheons, picnics, balls, parties, receptions, tennis and athletic tournaments, and what

not, were the order of the day and occupied each moment, from morn till night. Every body lived in a tremendous rush of aveitement and, although few persons retired before the morning hours, no one seemed to grow weary of this continuous

whirl of gayety. Hundreds of beautiful women set the place by the ears, and scores of belles were always surrounded by crowds of admirers. Thus, when September arrived and the

giddy throng departed, the universal verdict was: "The gayest season on record !"

Those who remained paused in their headlong career, drew breath and pulled themselves together to enjoy a few weeks of the autumn's calm and gather strength for winter's dissipation.

Just as quiet was beginning to reign, popular excitement was again aroused and popular curiosity ran wild over the sudden and mysterious appearance of a young girl whose beauty was of the most brilliant type, infinitely surpassing that of even the loveliest belle of the summer.

"Who is she and whence!" was the question asked on every side.

Not a soul knew, for not a soul had seen her arrive, or even could tell where she was staying. She always appeared on horseback, accompanied by a groom, and dashed down the roads, utterly oblivious of the open glances and loudly-uttered words of admiration that assailed her on every side.

Like a meteor she broke upon the sight, and, like a meteor, disappeared from view. Nor was the public enabled to learn any more about her, when it found that she was at "Eld-Fields," Mr. Porter's handsome country-seat which had been closed for the two previous years, during the owner's absence abroad. She absolutely refused to receive callers and spoke to no one.

The servants around the place either knew nothing whatevor with regard to her, or else refused to divulge what they did know. They were unable to ten how she came to Eld-Field's-"all we know is, when we waked up one morning, there she was, horse and all, just as if she'd been here all her life!" They knew not when, or where she was going; her name oven (for they called her "Madamoiselle"); nor, in fact, any thing at all about her.

Mr Roo whose establishment

distance, a shepherd, driving a flock of margin of the pool,-the other holding the bridle-reins, stood a young girl of marvelsheep. Whither could they have disappeared! ous beauty. She seemed scarcely older

than nincteen. Her raven-colored hair, They, certainly, had not gone on ahead. On the other hand, he had been especially loosened by the motion of riding, fell down in shining waves about her waist. Her careful to glance in the direction cheeks were flushed with scarlet, and, from which they had come. It was, therefore, beneath a brow as pure as marble, her equally certain that they could not have dark, lustrons eyes gazed with calm yet turned back, unless-here there came over him a dim recollection of certain, half-conearnest expression toward the west, where the red sun was fast sinking behind the low cealed woodpaths, or lanes, leading into the

forest. Gentleness and repose, strength and in-It was some distance from his present telligence were clearly revealed in that position to even the nearest of these lanes. wondrously pure and lovely face. The soft He was very much out of breath, and by rays of the sun lovingly threw about her a the time he reached the first, darkness golden halo, and filled all the place with its would be rapidly falling. Still, he pressed on. As he hurried past the flock of sheep She stood forgetfully, until the horse, havthe shepherd started after him, evidently ing quenched his thirst, turned his head toamazed at the sight of a gentleman running ward her, and gently whinnying, seemed to along the public road.

He soon came to a wood-path on his left. ask why they waited longer. "Ah! Medji," said she, affectionately The sheep had nearly obliterated the wheeltracks from the highway, but he was posicaressing the noble animal who delightedly rubbed his soft nose against her cheek, tive that he detected faint and apparently "Ah! Medji, you watchful old fellow! 1 fresh ruts running into this lane. had forgotten myself."

Onward he plodded, in a dogged, deter-Leading him to a high stone beside one of mined trot. So dark was it among the the many huge, gnarled oaks that grow trees and so dense the growth of weeds and along the way, she bade him stand still. grasses along the path that it was quite im-Medji, who seemed to have an unwonted af possible to discover whether or not the vefection for his mistress, stood obediently still at her word. Her lithe and graceful hicle had, once again, turned from its course down this lane into one of the numerous and form, whose full, rounded curves betokened still smaller by-lanes that led into it on health and frequent exercise, lightly swung either hand.

itself into the saddle. At the word of com With patience he still pursued the path, mand, Medii bore off his beautiful rider, until it becan to ascend abruptly, and ended who disappeared in the direction from which at last in a clearing. the young man had just come-a glorious

A broad, grassy plot lay stretched out becreature whom the very gods might have fore him. Beyond it was a huge mass of table-rock. Then there seemed to come a Motionless as a statue, daring scarcely to steep precipice. breathe and gazing after her with straining

He walked to the cliff's edge.

Was it a fancy? Or did he hear carriage-So deep had he been in thought, so far wheels crashing over the stones below! Surely, that was a lough that smote upon away from the present, that he had been taken at unawares. The vision burst upon his ear, just now. He listened intently. But, no! he could hear nothing, except the Had it, at last, arrived -the fatal moment? wind, sighing through the pines, and the splashing waters of a brook, babbling in the That long looked-for turning-point in his career! And that, too, when he least exvale below

The moon had now arisen in all its silvery Among those of his own kith and kin there splendor. For miles and miles around he occasionally appeared a strange, ungovernlooked over a level valley, watered by streams and dotted with lakes that glittered able spirit which, sometimes, drove its possessor to great extravagancies; or made in the meonbeams.

At his feet, several yards below, was a broad terrace that seemed to fringe the side him a man of but one overwhelmingly-ab-sorbing idea; and that idea so absurd, so impracticable that, after the spirit left him, no of the precipice its entire length, and to one could be more amazed at its evil spell form the basis of a rough carriage-road.

On the terrace, directly beneath him, lay something glittering in the moon's rays. It attracted his attention and aroused his curiosity. Slowly, he lowered himself from rock to rock, and, arriving on the terrace, started in surprise; for this time he was not mistaken. Here was the distinct and fresh mark of wheels. His heart beat more

Going to the spot where he had first seen the sparkle, he found a jewel-handled

With the inspiration of a man whose mind was on the alert, he saw all at a glance. Here it was she had been painting. Those wheel-tracks were made by the wagon that had escaped him. This was her palettechife which the careless servants had dropped, or overlooked. He wiped the dew from the bright blade and put the knife in his pocket.

left, he found, not much farther on a dainty lace handkerchief.

be upon it. He looked again at it. In the clear light of the moon he could distinguish an "N," woven delicately in the center. N!

that now descended. The brook, that he had eard in the vale below, came nearer. He had no doubt this was the stream that fed the pool where first he saw her. Turning sharply to the right, the brook then followed the windings of the principal thoroughfare. Walking briskly along, the man, as he expected, soon came to the well-

# STRENGTHENED BY FAITH.

# A Touching Case Which Occurred in the Glasgow Boyai Infirmary.

The other day a poor little waif of a boy, ten or eleven years of age, greatly emaciated and exhausted by longstanding disease, was brought up in the hoist to the operating theater of the Royal Infirmary, in Glasgow, to undergo an operation which it was thought might possibly have the effect of prolonging the boy's life. His condition, however, was so low and unsatisfactory that there was some fear not only that the operation might not be successful in its results, but that during or immediately following the operation the boy's strength might give in and his spirit pass away. After reaching the theater, which is seated like the gallery of a church, and while the operating table was being got ready, the little fellow was seated on a cushioned seat, and, looking up toward some students who were there to witness the operation, with a pitiful, tremulous voice he said: "Will one of you gentlemen put up just a wee prayer for a wee boy-I am in great trouble and distress-just a wee prayer to Jesus for me in my sore trouble." The surgeon, patting him on the shoulder, spoke kindly to him, but as he heard no prayer and saw probably

only a pitying smile on the faces his head away and in childish toues and words, which were sufficiently audible to those around him, he asked Jesus, his friend, "the friend of wee boys who loved Him," to be with him-to have mercy on him in his distress. And, while the young doctor year, '1888.' was putting the boy under chloroform so that he might feel no pain during the operation, so long as he was conscious the voice of the boy was still heard in words of prayer. The sur-

geon, as he stood by the table on which the boy lay, knowing that he had to perform an operation requiring some touch, felt just a little overcome. There was a lump in his throat which rather disturbed him. Soon, however, he heard the words from the assistant who was administering the chloroform, "Doctor, the boy is ready;" and taking the knife in his hand, lump or no lump, had to begin the operation. Soon the

surgeon was conscious that the prayer which the little boy had offered up for himself had included in its answer some one else, for the coolness of head, steadiness of hand and delicacy of

the operation was completed with more than usual ease, dexterity and success. On the following morning, the surgeon going round his ward from bed the little boy lay, saw from the placid, comfortable look on his face that his sufferings had been relieved, and that

all was well with him. Going up to that they are getting a big piece of the head of the bed and taking the candy for their money."-Lewiston little wasted hand, which seemed no larger than that of a bazar doll, the surgeon whispered into his ear: "The good Jesus heard your prayer yesterbrain, as he passed rapidly down the road, day." A bright, happy, contented look lit up the boy's face, and with a feeble, yet distinct pressure of the little hand, he looked up in the doctor's face and said: "I ken't He would." And then he added: "You, doctor, were gude to me, too." But apparently thinking that the doctor was on a different platform and required something and so on. She was unable, finally, to tangible for his care and trouble, in a plaintive voice he said, "But I hae nothing to gie you," and then a bright thought came into his mind, and with a little cheer in his tone, he added, "I will just pray to Jesus for you, doctor." The surgeon, before leaving of her own. She and her sister are the ward, in bidding the boy good by for the day, asked where he came from and where he had learned so much about Jesus and to love him so dearly. He answered: "I come frae Barrheid." "And you were in a Sabbath school tells them that maids must, of course there?" "Oh, yes, in the Bourock School." Our readers will be pleased to learn that the boy made a successful recovery and is now at home. - Christian Leader.

# STYLES IN CANDY.

#### Some New Favorites and Some Old Gnes That Hold Their Own.

Says an American candy maker: 'The trade in the chocolate quality of candy is coming to the front very fast. As much again of the chocolate is sold as five years ago. Peanut and cough candy holds its own through all the changes other grades are undergoing. Twice as much cough eandy is sold in winter as in summer. Cough candy sells the best in the small country villages. The farmers and villagers think nothing of going to the store for a pound of the cough candy, when the same people are seldom known to indulge in the luxury of other grades.

"Peanut candy is all the go with the children. It is likely 'twill be a long time before any thing else will be found that will take its place. The class of candy we call 'penny goods' are probably ahead of any thing else in the market as fast selling goods. Penny goods are such as the retailers sell by the cent's worth, generally speaking. Of course such goods are sold by the pound to customers, but not to such an extent as the high priced goods. In getting out this class of goods, the point is to introduce something new in style, in the make-up of the candy. Since the 1st of January, 1888, we have made a good hit in getting out broken of some of the students, he turned stick candy with letters and designs impressed in the end of each. For instance, in the two ends of a piece of caudy we make the figure of the 'stars and stripes,' and in another insert the word 'boss,' and in a third the figures which signify the present

"This style of candy sells well. I suppose there are one or two oldfashioned styles and makes of candy that will be seen and sold for years to come yet. One of them is the familiar, short four-inch stick candy, with its several flavors. It hangs in the market like the old-fashioned molasses coolness and calmness and delicacy of grade. A short time ago we thought we'd run it out of the market by getting up an attractive, long six-inch twisted stick, that would leave the old-fashioned style in the shade; but no, sir-just as much call as before our efforts to obliterate it. Another class of goods that's got the hang to them is the small lozenges put up in rolls and flavored with a variety of extracts. Still, the onward march of the wafer is making the old-fashioned roll lozenges fall to the rear.

"The trade in wafers is what you touch all came as they were needed and might say booming. We make a dozen different flavored wafers, but the wintergreen rather takes the lead. Of the penny goods, the "molasses puff" holds its own remarkably well. This, to bed, and coming to that on which as you know, is a molasses candy, and is square in form. It is good, toothsome eating, and children and others who buy them look at it in the light (Me.) Journal.

### BRIGHT YANKEE GIRLS. How They Make Considerable Money With-

out Working Very Hard. sisters have established themselves is selected, represents Illinois. John that of lady's maid-at-large, to coin a Marshall served the longest, thirty-four phrase for a new trade. The elder was years,

### OF GENERAL INTEREST.

-Cornelius Vanderbilt's income from his capital is said to be in the neighborhood of \$1,000,000 a month. while that of William K. is not far behind.

-A Brooklyn young woman has a beautiful and most curious table cover in stripes of white and golden brown. It is woven of the shorn hair of her St. Bernard dog.

-Walker County, in Georgia, boasts of many things, but not least of a wellknown lady, who, within the last four years has presented her husband with three sets of twins.

-A blind physician of Pensacola, Fia., has a large practice, and is able to find his way, unaided, about the principal streets of the town in a way that would not discredit that popular institution, the oldest inhabitant.

-One statement in Matthew Arnold's latest remarks about the Americans is easy to believe. He says that a Paris physician notes a distinct form of nervous disease produced in American women by worry about servants. - Boston Transcript.

-Four years ago not a single barrel of petroleum was produced within the boundaries of Colorado. Now the production of the finest quality of illuminating oil is about three hundred barrels daily, and it is almost certain to amount to one thousand barrels a day within the next year.

-Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, of Boston, has an income of \$50,000 a year, which she receives quarterly, and it is said she is often penniless before the end of the quarter. She spends her entire time and fortune in charity, and that without identifying herself with the objects of her generosity.

-Bishop Spaulding arrives at the conclusion that celibacy is becoming an alarming evil in this country, and the Capital hastens to agree with him. We have frequently shown that if young men do not marry young women, they will have to meet them in competition as wage workers. — Topeka Capital.

-In a Japanese play some characteristic figures of speech are: "His attempts at lovemaking are as awkward as a puppy on a slant roof," said by one rival to another; and, "the sparrow can not comprehend the mind of the eagle," when one character asks another to explain a remark he has made.

-While the United States has a law that no immigrant shall enter this country who has already secured a situation in it, the Canadian Immigration Department has a regulation with regard to the dependent class of immigrants that none shall enter the country who has not a situation or a home already provided. - Montreal Witness.

-John Jay is the only Chief Justice that the Empire State ever produced. He was appointed in 1789 and served six years. The others were: John Rutledge, South Carolina; Oliver Ellsworth, Connecticut; John Marshall, Virginia: Roger B. Taney, Maryland; Salmon P. Chase and Morrison R. Waite, Ohio. An original business in which two Melville W. Fuller, who has just been



STOOD A YOUNG GIRL.

those of his own blood. Once or twice he had even himself experienced it, in a mild form, and had, hitherto, been victorious in his conflicts with it.

He felt the spirit's sudden awakening

now. In the first fear of his struggle with it, he groaned aloud, and exclaimed : "My God! What shall I do!"

than the unfortunate person himself. The young man knew well this sudden and always-unexpected, Berserk-like frailty of

quickly. palette knife lying in the grass.

Following the wagon-tracks towards the

"Luck has at last come to me," he said, aloud, putting the handkerchief in his pocket with the knife. Then it occurred to him her name might

For what did N. stand ! Nora. Nancy, Nan-nie, Nettie, Nelly, Natalie ! He racked his brain for all the names beginning with N, but none so pleased him as Natalie. In his excited state, this name would not away from him, and kept flitting through his

AH! WHO WAS THAT? HE season of 1884 was universally acknowledged to be the

quarters for all sorts of articles and information, declared that she was the largest and best-paying customer he ever had. which was saying a great deal. Mr. Moses, the florist, had no reason for closing his conservatory as long as she remained at Bar Harbor. The most costly and elegant lowers were sent down to Eld-Fields at least twice a day. From all sides came such expressions as the following:

"She is very rich. Who is she? The invariable answer was: "I don't know.

She's a mystery !" Forthwith she was dubbed The Mystery of Bar Harbor.

Had her astounding history been known, Bar Harbor would scarcely have been large snough to contain its excited citizens, and the reporters who would have rushed whither from all parts of he country.

I once made a most solemn promise never to tell this tale to any mortal being.

But something has only lately happened which is quite as extraordinary as any thing related in these chapters-something, too, which proves the truth of the old saying that nothing is probable but the highly improbable. And this event, I think-so, too, will you, if you ever hear it - releases me from my promise. And I now feel at liberty to tell the public a story whose incidents actually occurred only a very short time igo in this prosaic, matter-of-fact, ninewenth century of ours; and, yet, smack nore of remance and presumptuous improbability than do most recorded adventures of the knight-errants in the middle ages. Let me begin:

A young man was walking along a quiet, country road, his head bent down in deep thought.

Judging from the dejected look upon his countenance and the occasional profound sigh that he uttered, the subject of his meditation did not seem to be agreeable to him. In his hand he held a switch and, in a half-hearted, listless way, unconsciously struck at the stones lying in his path; or knocked off the heads of flowers growing by the roadside.

Ever and anon, the innate audacity of the man, his defiant yet careless nature, seemed to rise superior to the gloom occasioned by his sad reflections. Giving some object an energetic, almost vicious, cut with switch, he would proudly toss back his head and assume a half devil-may-care manner; sing, or whistle some jolly air; quicken his pace and appear to force himself to an interest in the charming landscape around him. But, apporently, the same unpleasant thoughts returned once more; a look of despauring submission overspread his usuall; cheerful face, and, with a weary sigh, he again resumed his slower pace and dejected air.

It may have been because of the glare of the sunlight, reflected from the brook that, just here, crossed the highway and, on the right hand, broadened out into a wide, rather shallow pool; it may have been that, at this particular moment, he had resolved to make another effort to cast off the gloom which overshadowed hirs ; but, as he turned a curve in the road, he suddenly raised his eyes from the ground and looked before

Starting back in surprise, he quickly con cealed himself behind a sheltering bush, and peered through it leaves.

Lost in deepest thought, one shapely hand resting upon the n of her coal-black steed-which was quietly drinking at the

Slowiy and with difficulty collecting his scattered senses, he was about to rush he knew not whither-augwhere to rid himself of this well-nigh irresistible impulse, that was filling him.

At this moment, there fell upon his ear gay peals of laughter, floating down the oad a bass and treble in pleasant accord. He drew further back into the bushes to conceal himself. They soon appeared-evidently servants of the more intelligent type. The woman carried, with great care, a frame on which was stretched a canvas bearing the first touches of a sketch in oil. The man had charge of the easel. The two were casting affectionate glances, one at the other; quite clearly a pair of lovers who had arrived at a happy understanding. So simple and open were they in assuming the role, supposed to be natural to young people thus affected, that their unseen watcher could hardly refrain from smiling at the various delicate little evidences of fondness each showed for the other.

They passed out of sight, but not before the young man perceived their relation to the first comer. She had been sketching, probably; and these two, no doubt were her maid and her groom. Sunset hastening on, very likely, she left her easel and sketch in their charge and mounting her horse galloped on shead, towards home.

But, who was she! Some one of high rank, evidently. He must, and would discover.

All meditation now fled from him. A fierce desire for action stimulated his whole being. The old man spirit began to awake. His previous bitter reflections, his plans for the morrow-in fact, whether there were any morrow, at all; even his contest with the dreaded insanity-every thing was banished from his mind, save one all-absorbing and burning thought, and that the irresistible desire and unconquerable resolve to learn who she was, where was her home, and then-what? Even his extravagance did not dare say.

#### CHAPTER IL

BY HEAVEN! I'LL FIND OUT! The horse was all but walking. Swinging into an easy, but rapid, trot, he soon caught

sight of the vehicle again. Taken up with each other, the lovers failed to notice the man with set, determined face and vigilant eye following in the rear: close beside the woods that bordered the road where the shades were darkest, keeping out of their sight, yet always keeping them in his.

Luck seemed to favor him. There was no traveler in view on the road. But, unex-pectedly, an old peasant, bending beneath a bundle of fagots, came out of the forest and, as soon as the carriage had passed, turned around, with the usual rural curiosity, to look after it. So he did not observe the figure that plunged into a by-path among the trees and, a few moments later, emerged at a point some distance beyond.

"Those servants," reasoned their pursuer, 'can't possibly get out of sight, while I'm among the trees, because the road is perfeetly straight for some distance on, yet; and they're going slowly, too." What was his dismay, then, on emerging

from the wood, to see no carriage? In astonishment, he glanced up and down the road.

Nothing was in sight, except the old seasant, still toiling on with his bundle of fagots; and, far beyond the latter, in the

remembered pool. Yest here it was that she had stood beside her horse; there was the stone on which she had stept, when remounting hun, two hours before; and yonder, the clump of bushes that had concealed her unsuspected observer.

He stooped to drink, for he was thirsty, and feverish with excitement. As he rose something fell from his pocket

nto the water. It was the palette-knife. Eagerly he snatched it from the grasp of his friend, the brook, saving: "Not so fast, master brooklet. We both

may admire the same woman, but I have the prior claim upon this palette-knife." Drying it again, he was about to put it

arefully away once more, when a mooneam fell brilliantly upon the knife. Was it magination? Or did he see a bar of music, engraved upon the golden handlef

Lighting a match, he held the flame over he knife. Yes, he was right! Engraved most exquisitely, in minute characters, were the first few bars of his favorite Addio, a song that he had heard many times in America, and one that always strangely affected him. The words seemed to reflect his own monotonous life:

"Hush! a voice from the far-away! 'Listen and learn;' it seems to say;

\* All the morrows shall be as to-day."

On the opposite side of the handle, in jewled relief, were the words : "Natalie, from Otto.3 Natalie! His heart leaped. Here was proof positive that his first presentiment vas correct.

CHAPTER IIL

FOUND!

Gay in heart, rejoicing, yet conscious of an accompanying secret, and not altogether unpleasant, melancholy, he walked rapidly toward the village which, as he had conjectured, he did not reach until after ten. He found it very quiet. Many of the villagers were gone to the castle-grounds to view the festal scene. For there was in progress a ball to which he had been invited.

On a table in his room at the inn, lay a note from his friend, a handsome young Englishman, with whom he had traveled over the continent.

"Dear Fairfax," it ran, "I can't wait for you longer. Am off to the ball, but will send back the carriage for you .- Yours, DICK OXFORD.

While Mr. Fairfax is busy, attiring himself, it may not be amiss to give a brief de scription of his personal appearance and past life.

There was nothing especially attractive in the man's looks. His face had an observant, rather open and bright expression. His height was barely medium; his form slight. His features were not even regular. Dark brown hair and beard, parted in the middle, formed a fitting contrast to his ruddy complexion. He would stril e the careless observer as a fellow of c. di. ary attainments 

fire." His eyes were a study. In some lights mey looked blue; in others

#### ---HARD ON ALECK. A Watch Trick That Didn't Work to Every Body's Satisfaction.

A drummer-"I like to see a smart Aleck who goes about trying to make or other natural flowers and drop bets on a sure thing shows his place now and then. I gave one a surprise them up just where they happen to fall, myself the other day. He came up to me on the train and said:

"Bet you a dollar you can't name the figures in the order they occur on with her and pronounce her all in the dial of your watch.'

"Bet you a dollar I can."

"The money was put up, and I wroke down the Roman numbers from I. to XII., inclusive.

"'You've lost,' said the sure-thing man.

"Bet you another dollar I haven't," and two more dollars went into the stakeholder's hauds.

"'Show your watch,' said the surething man, and I did so.

"The sure-thing man had indeed lost. He had counted on their being books are usually full and their charges no VL, since that 'space on most run from \$2 and \$3 well up into the watches is occupied by the second hand twenties, according to the elaboratedial. On my watch, however, there ness of the design, or the amount of happens to be a VI. I had seen that service called for. They are very parlittle trick played before, and was thus | ticular about the woman they work for enabled to give our friend a lesson from and stand upon references. They say which I hope he profited."-Jewelers' they can't afford, from a business point of view, to have any clients, whose

Weekly.

--- "Can you identify this man?" asked a lawyer of an Irishman who was prosecuting a fellow workman for assault. "Faith, an' Oi kin. That's the very same man." "How do you identify him?" "How do I oidintify him ? Do yez see the place bit out av 'is ear? Well, that's what Oi oidintify him by. I put that there maself."

-Merchant Traveler.

for many years maid to a woman of fashion and established something of a reputation for arranging the hair, draping the gown, decking it with flowers submit to the exactions of her mistress, and instead of looking for a new place struck out in a more independent line, She had something of an acquaintance acquired during her years of service, settled cosily in a pretty five-room flat, and the ladies whom they beautify know them respectively as, say Mile. Rose and Mlle. Marie. They are Down-East Yankees, but their Yankee sense be French. Is a pretty girl going to a ball, a girl who hasn't a maid, or whose maid is to be trusted for ordinary toilets only, then Mile. Rose must be to the fore. Mlle. Rose will catch together the masses of lace or tulle and put on delicate telling touches, producing effects which the pretty girl never dreamed of before. They she will take a double handful of roses them over the gown and tack making a very flower of the pretty girl herself. She will do the bud up in her wraps, ride to the scene of festivity order for conquest before the belle leaves the dressing room. Is a wedding on the tapis, then it is Mile. Marie's turn. Mile. Marie's forte is dressing a bride. Her hands can work magic when she has them on a bridal vail, and the young bought the remaining quarter, beatwife who has the orange blossoms pinned by her recommends her to all unmarried mates. Miles. Rose and a small profit. When he settled with Marie attend to the toilets and dec-

-It has generally been believed that the reduction in the average height of French soldiers which followed Napoleon's wars, due, of course, to the immense slaughter in those campaigns,

made all of those soldiers the shortest in Europe. But, according to a high medical and military authority in Russia, the minimum height of the Russian and the French conscript is about equal-five feet; while in most other European countries the minimum ranges from five feet one inch to five feet three inches. -America.

-A New York man has made a small fortune of \$25,000 in two months through an invention. He had often noticed the trouble which school children have in cleaning their slates, and he invented a little tin box, in the bottom of which is a small sponge saturated with water. In the center of the box he placed a piece of tin drilled with holes, and on the top of this another small sponge. A pressure moistens the upper sponge, and the slate can be instantly cleaned. One firm of stationers purchased ten thousand gross of the little invention, and the lucky inventor hopes to become a millionaire.

-A Rockland man who owned a cow made a bargain with a butcher to kill and sell it on commission. It so happened that the first offer the butcher received for the meat was from the owner of the cow, who did not recognize the carcass. Three-quarters of the meat was sold to him for five cents a poond, and he afterwards sold it again at a small profit. The next day he ing the accommodating butcher down on his price, and sold that quarter for the butcher for his own cow he was inorate the gowns of any number of dignant that the meat man sold it so dressy women or girls. Their order cheap, and was dumbfounded when he heard that he himself was the purchaser.-Rockland (Me.) Courier-Gazette.

### An Enormous Lobster.

An enormous lobster, caught near Roscoff, has been recently exhibited in the window of a fish shop in the Rue de Sevres, Paris. The animal measured nearly nineteen inches in length, and its enormous claws were eleven and a half inches in length, and stout in proportion. It was considered to be very aged, if we may judge from the hairs which covered its antennæ and its legs. Its brown carapace was covered with gray concretions, and a colony of mussels had taken possession of its face, so as to blind it completely. -La Nature

antecedents and present standing won't bear looking into. Rose and Marie nre bright girls .- N. Y. Mail and Express. \*\*\* -Molasses Sauce.-One cupful of molasses, one teaspoonful of butter, one-half cupful of water, one-half cupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of corn-

starch, a little nutmeg, and the juice of

one-half of a lemon. Boil till thick.