

# BAR HARBOR.

A Wild, Weird Tale of Love and Adventure.

BY AMOS LEE.

PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WITH THE AUTHOR.

[Copyrighted, 1897, by G. W. Dillingham - All Rights Reserved.]

## CHAPTER I. ALL WHO WAS THAT?

THE season of 1884 was universally acknowledged to be the most remarkable ever known in the annals of the island of Mt. Desert, that wonderful Maine summer resort. Bar Harbor, its principal town, became the Mecca of Republican politicians. Mr. James G. Blaine, then Presidential candidate, 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 boarding-house. 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 excitement and, although few persons were tired before the morning hours, no one seemed to grow weary of this continuous whirl of gaiety.

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 disipation.

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 whatever with regard to her, or else refused to divulge what they did know. They were unable to tell how she came to Eld-Fields—"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 even (for they called her "Madame"), nor, in fact, anything at all about her.

Mr. Bee, whose establishment was headquarters 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 flowers 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 enough to contain its excited citizens, and the reporters who would have rushed thither from all parts of the province.

margin of the pool, the other holding the bride-reins, stood a young girl of marvellous beauty. She seemed scarcely older than nineteen. Her raven-colored hair, loosened by the motion of riding, fell down in shining waves about her waist. Her cheeks were flushed with scarlet, and, from beneath a brow as pure as marble, her dark, lustrous eyes gazed with calm yet earnest expression toward the west, where the red sun was fast sinking behind the low hills.

Gentleness and repose, strength and intelligence were clearly revealed in that wondrously pure and lovely face. The soft rays of the sun lovingly threw about her a golden halo, and filled all the place with its ruddy, warm light.

She stood forthfully, until the horse, having quenched his thirst, turned his head toward her, and gently whinnying, seemed to ask why they waited longer.

"Ah! Medji," said she, affectionately caressing the noble animal who delightedly rubbed his soft nose against her cheek. "Ah! Medji, you watchful old fellow! I had forgotten myself!"

Leading him to a high stone beside one of the many huge, gnarled oaks that grew along the way, she bade him stand still. Medji, who seemed to have an unwonted affection for his mistress, stood obediently still at her word. Her lithe and graceful form, whose full, rounded curves betokened health and frequent exercise, lightly swung itself into the saddle. At the word of command, Medji bore off his beautiful rider, who disappeared in the direction from which the young man had just come—a glorious creature whom the very gods might have loved!

Motionless as a statue, daring scarcely to breathe and gazing after her with straining eyes, stood the young stranger.

So deep had he been in thought, so far away from the present, that he had been taken at unawares. The vision burst upon him like a shock.

Had it, at last, arrived—the fatal moment! The long looked-for turning-point in his career! And that, too, when he least expected it!

Among those of his own kind and kin there occasionally appeared a strange, ungovernable spirit which, sometimes, drove its possessor to great extravagancies; or made him a man of but one overwhelmingly absorbing idea; and that idea so absurd, so impracticable, that, after the spirit left him, no one could be more amazed at its evil spell than the unfortunate person himself.

The young man knew well this sad and always-unexpected, Berserk-like frailty of 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 its struggle with it, he groaned aloud, and exclaimed:

"My God! What shall I do!"

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

At this moment, there fell upon his ear gay peals of laughter, floating down the road, 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 ahead, 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 unquenchable resolve to learn who she was, where was her home, and then—what! Even his extravagance did not dare say.

CHAPTER II.  
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.

distance, a shepherd, driving a flock of sheep.

Whether they had disappeared! They, certainly, had not gone on ahead. On the other hand, he had been especially careful to glance in the direction from which they had come. It was, therefore, equally certain that they could not have turned back, unless—here there came over him a dim recollection of certain, half-concealed woodpaths, or lanes, leading into the forest.

It was some distance from his present position to even the nearest of these lanes. He was very much out of breath, and by the time he reached the first, darkness would be rapidly falling. Still, he pressed on. As he hurried past the flock of sheep the shepherd started after him, evidently amazed at the sight of a gentleman running along the public road.

He soon came to a wood-path on his left. The sheep had nearly obliterated the wheel-tracks from the highway, but he was positive that he detected faint and apparently fresh ruts running into this lane.

Onward he plodded, in a dogged, determined trot. So dark was it among the trees and so dense the growth of weeds and grasses along the path that it was quite impossible to discover whether or not the vehicle had, once again, turned from its course down this lane into one of the numerous and still smaller by-lanes that led into it on either hand.

With patience he still pursued the path, until it began to ascend abruptly, and ended at last in a clearing.

A broad, grassy plot lay stretched out before him. Beyond it was a huge mass of table-rock. Then there seemed to come a steep precipice.

He walked to the cliff's edge.

Was it a fancy? Or did he hear carriage-wheels crashing over the stones below? Surely, that was a laugh that smote upon his ear, just now. He listened intently. But, no! he could hear nothing, except the wind, sighing through the pines, and the spashing waters of a brook, babbling in the vale below.

The moon had now arisen in all its silvery splendor. For miles and miles around he looked over a level valley, watered by streams and dotted with lakes that glittered in the moonbeams.

At his feet, several yards below, was a broad terrace that seemed to fringe the side of the precipice its entire length, and to form the basis of a rough carriage-road.

On the terrace, directly beneath him, lay a young man, whose well this sudden and always-unexpected, Berserk-like frailty of those of his own blood.

At his feet, several yards below, was a broad terrace that seemed to fringe the side of the precipice its entire length, and to form the basis of a rough carriage-road.

On the terrace, directly beneath him, lay a young man, whose well this sudden and always-unexpected, Berserk-like frailty of those of his own blood.

At his feet, several yards below, was a broad terrace that seemed to fringe the side of the precipice its entire length, and to form the basis of a rough carriage-road.

On the terrace, directly beneath him, lay a young man, whose well this sudden and always-unexpected, Berserk-like frailty of those of his own blood.

At his feet, several yards below, was a broad terrace that seemed to fringe the side of the precipice its entire length, and to form the basis of a rough carriage-road.

On the terrace, directly beneath him, lay a young man, whose well this sudden and always-unexpected, Berserk-like frailty of those of his own blood.

At his feet, several yards below, was a broad terrace that seemed to fringe the side of the precipice its entire length, and to form the basis of a rough carriage-road.

On the terrace, directly beneath him, lay a young man, whose well this sudden and always-unexpected, Berserk-like frailty of those of his own blood.

At his feet, several yards below, was a broad terrace that seemed to fringe the side of the precipice its entire length, and to form the basis of a rough carriage-road.

## STRENGTHENED BY FAITH.

A Touching Case Which Occurred in the Glasgow Royal Infirmary.

The other day a poor little waif of a boy, ten or eleven years of age, greatly emaciated and exhausted by long-standing 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 of some of the students, he turned his head away and in childish tones 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 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 surgeon, as he stood by the table on which the boy lay, knowing that he had to perform an operation requiring some coolness and calmness and delicacy of 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 touch all came as they were needed and the operation was completed with more than usual ease, dexterity and success.

On the following morning, the surgeon going round his ward from bed to bed, and coming to that on which 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 the head of the bed and taking the 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 yesterday."

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 guide to me, too." But apparently thinking that the doctor was on a different platform and required something tangible for his care and trouble, in a plaintive voice he said, "But I have nothing to give 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 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 Barhield."

"And you were in a Sabbath school there?" "Oh, yes, in the Bourne school." Our readers will be pleased to learn that the boy made a successful recovery and is now at home.—*Christian Leader*.

CHAPTER III.  
FOUND!

Gay in heart, rejoicing, yet conscious of an accompanying secret, and not altogether unimpaired, 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 festival 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, I ran, 'I can't wait for you longer. Am off to the ball, but will send the carriage for you.—Yours, DICK OXFORD."

While Mr. Fairfax is busy, attiring himself, it may not be amiss to give a brief description 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 strike the careless observer as a fellow of ordinary attainments and ability—light-hearted and honest, but utterly incapable of anything the Liffey on fire.

His eyes were a study. In some lights they looked blue; in others

## STYLES IN CANDY.

Some New Favorites and Some Old Ones 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 candy 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 stick candy with letters and designs impressed in the end of each. For instance, in the two ends of a piece of candy 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 year, '1888.'"

"This style of candy sells well. I suppose there are one or two old-fashioned 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 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 might say booming. We make a dozen different flavored wafers, but the wintergreen flavor takes the lead. Of the penny goods, the 'molasses puff' holds its own remarkably well. This, 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 that they are getting a big piece of candy for their money."—*Leicester (Me.) Journal*.

BRIGHT YANKEE GIRLS.

How They Make Considerable Money Without Working Very Hard.

An original business in which two sisters have established themselves is that of lady's maid-at-large, to coin a phrase for a new trade. The elder was 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 and so on. She was unable, finally, to 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, and utilized this to gather a clientele of her own. She and her sister are settled cozily in a pretty five-room flat, and the ladies whom they beautify know them respectively as, say Mlle. Rose and Mlle. Marie. They are Down-East Yankees, but their Yankee sense tells them that maids must, of course 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 toilet only, then Mlle. 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 or other natural flowers and drop them up just where they happen to fall, making a very flower of the pretty girl herself. She will do the bud up in her wraps, ride to the scene of festivity with her and pronounce her all in order for conquest before the belle leaves the dressing room. Is a wedding on the tapis, then it is Mlle. Marie's turn. Mlle. Marie's forte is dressing a bride. Her hands can work magic when she has them on a bridal veil, and the young wife who has the orange blossoms pinned by her recommends her to all unmarried nates. Mlle. Rose and Marie attend to the toilets and decorate the gowns of any number of dressy women or girls. Their order books are usually full and their charges run from \$2 and \$3 well up into the twenties, according to the elaborateness of the design, or the amount of service called for. They are very particular about the woman they work for and stand upon references. They say they can't afford, from a business point of view, to have any clients, whose antecedents and present standing won't bear looking into. Rose and Marie are 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 cornstarch, a little nutmeg, and the juice of one-half of a lemon. Boil till thick.

## 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 well-known lady, who, within the last four years has presented her husband with three sets of twins.

—A blind physician of Pensacola, Fla., 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 penitient 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 lovmaking 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. Melville W. Fuller, who has just been selected, represents Illinois. John Marshall served the longest, thirty-four years.

—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 pound, and he afterwards sold it again at a small profit. The next day he bought the remaining quarter, beating the accommodating butcher down on his price, and sold that quarter for a small profit. When he settled with the butcher for his own cow he was indignant that the meat man sold it so cheap, and was dumfounded 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 antennae 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*.