BAR HARBOR.

A Wild, Weird Tale of Love

BY AMOS LEE.

and Adventure.

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brown. A closer inspection discovered them to be decidedly green and mottled with dots of rusty brown; and it, also, was apt to reveal the totally unsuspected fact that, far in their depths-behind an apparent frankness and boyishness that seemed to vail from observation the real motives and feelings of the heart and that invariably threw the stranger off his guard and caused him to miscalculate as to the ability and designs of his new acquaintance-behind all this lurked a strong dash of reckiessness, yet withal, determination, which a passing glance certainly would never give the owner credit for possessing. This discovery, in turn, led to the instant conviction that, when aroused, this apparently easy, good-natured fellow might develop many surprising traits-even such as the entire casting aside of conscientious scruples in order to gain

If it is asked what had been the cause of his unpleasant meditations along the highway, that is easily told.

He was an American, well-born but poor. His friends and relatives, from the first, oposed his choice of a profession, declaring the latter to be unmanly, enervating and al-together impracticable. He himself began to doubt his own abilities. His was a plaint, mpressionable nature, easily influenced by others not wholly from weakness; but, also, because his natural lack of self-confidence had been aggravated by a mistaken course of early discipline which taught him always to yield to the opinion of his elders. The constant reiteration of dismal prophecies, m strust of his own talents, and, above all, the unwilling, disappointed acquiescence of his parents in his choice-all this caused him to waver in the wish of his youth, and, at last, to abandon it.

Disheartened and imbittered at the thought of foregoing the one and only real desire of his life, he now became a drifting, unhappy man; uncertain what to do; apparently incapable of selecting a profession: soured as much as one of his happy dispositions could be; unfit for any immediate duties and, yet, obliged, in some way or other, to earn a livebhood.

He was not one to give up in despair. He tried, first one thing, then another-not from choice, but necessity, because he deemed it his duty-always hating most what he last was engaged in; and, although now not far from thirty years of age, he was still unsettled and, of course, unhappy -woofully so, at times.

Finally, realizing the seeming helplessness of his state, he lost the will and, at length, even the wish to decide. So he resolved upon the cowardly course of allowing matters to shape themselves and force him to some decision.

Yet, although he professed no longer to trouble himself as to his future, like many of those in a similar predicament, he experienced moments when his wasted life, his present aimlessness, his disappointmentsand unrealized hopes overwhelmed him in all of their dismal aspects. When thus disturbed, off he would go on some long, lonely walk, lost in gloomy reflection.

Some slight occurrence of the previous evening had brought back the old, old troubles upon him; and now, although the afternoon was far spent, he was still completely under their influence, and the reader finds him on the outskirts of a small country village, near Dinan, in Britanny-for he had managed to scrape together a few dollars and venture even upon a trip to Europesuffering from a fit of despondency, superinduced by reflections of the foregoing character.

Desnite the fact that he could lay n claim to good looks, Fairtax, when excited, gained a rather unusual color in his cheeks, and his eyes were wont to flash and sparkle with unusual brilliancy. Had he not been in such haste and so absorbed in his preparations for the ball, he might have paused a moment before the mirror to renark the transformation in his appearance. His high, full forehead, over which had dropped an unruly Napoleonic forelock; his bronzed complexion, heightened by the unusual color of the face; his long, drooping mustache, and, more especially, those, brilliant, flashing eyes that seemed to barn with fire in their sockets, made him, to say the least, rather observable.

At last, he put the finishing touches to his costume and, entering the carriage, promised the coachman extra money, if the latter would drive as rapidly as possible.

This had been a lucky day to the young American. Why should not luck continue: Might it not be possible that he should meet her there this evening? He felt almost certain that he would.

"On, as fast as you can!" called he to the driver.

That individual, aroused by the hope of reward, lashed his horses, until, tired as they were, they tore alone at a furious pace. Covered with foam, they dashed past the porter's lodge, along the avenue to the chateau, and drew up, steaming, before the entrance. Seeking out his friend, Dick Oxford, Fair-

fax asked the latter to take him to the Marchioness, his hostess. To her he made

"Pray that she may present you to the Princess," whispered Dick, in his ear. But the old lady saw fit to leave him to



LUCK HAS COME AT LAST.

handsome and physically-vigorous young English girl, daughter of the Earl of Broad-

So eager was Fairfax to discover if the object of his search were in the room that, at first, he was not even civil to the girl; paying little heed to her delightfully original and brilliant conversation.

No Natalie was anywhere to be seen! All the guests seemed to be gathered in the

arge hait. The bail-room and the adjoining rooms, too, were deserted. Beside, he had seen no one on the porch when he entered. Alas! she was not here! Or had gone! He sighed profoundly; and, unconsciously, murmured

"My fate!" The English girl, who had, heretofore, never lacked appreciative listeners, felt piqued .. t his inattention and non-committal answers. She had made extra efforts to win hi interest, and now burst forth, icily,

"Mr. Fairfax, you seem to forget yourself. Thus recalled to his senses, Fairfax, after

spologizing, confessed that he expected to meet a friend there that evening, but had been disappointed. Too polite to inquire whom he meant, yet mollified by his answer, the girl resumed her talk.

Although still preserving a subdued, rather sad demeanor, that became him won-derfully well and rendered him more interesting in the eyes of his companion, who had now determined to satisfy her curiosity with regard to him, Fairfax actually found himself becoming interested in her. He gradually came to a realizing sense of the brilliant conversational powers of the beautiful creature who stood before him. Her large, deep-blue eyes beamed with intelligence, and were capable, he thought, of glowing with the passion of love, or of terrible anger. Tall, magnificent of physique, crowned with a profusion of brown hair, arranged in simple but lovely folds, her cheeks glowing with health, she reminded him of some grand Norse maiden whom the old Vikings acknowledged their princess.

As he was listening to her conversation, the light struck full upon his face from above. Anxieties had not failed to make thereon their marks. Aroused as he was tonight, and yet saddened, he appeared like a



COMING DOWN WITH STATELY STEPS.

man of intense earnestness, laboring under some great sorrow which he was bravely struggling to repress-just that sort of character calculated to awaken interest in the soul of a romantic maiden. A large stair-case wound down from

above and touched the floor a few steps beyond him. A hush suddenly seemed to come over the

noisy hall, and Fairfax, all at once, became aware of the fact that some person or persons were looking at him. Have you never felt that you were being

watched? So he, then, felt and glanced quickly upward to discover who was observ-Had it not been for his self-control, he

would have started violently. As it was, a great wave of color surged over his face, and he quickly looked down again, half turning his back to the stair-case to hide his confusion.

Coming down with stately steps and leaning on the arm of the Marquis, a courtly old gentleman of perhaps eighty, was Natalie, gazing steadfastly with her great carnest eyes at Fairfax.

Her figure was encased in a superbly-fitting dress of cream-color. In her right hand she held a bouquet of roses, white, red and yellow; while, above her lovely brow, fastened among those dark tresses, glittered a golden star, from whose center a pure diamond shot forth brilliant rays, reflected from the myriad lights below.

The old Marquis, with powdered white hair and cue, knee-breeches and antique buckles, and talking to her with the nameless grace of the French school, while he carried her long cloak on his free arm. made, with her, so charming a picture as they came slowly and with graceful dignity down the steps, that every body unconsciously ceased conversing to gaze admiringly upon the pair.

It was just at this moment that Fairfax chanced to look up and catch her eye upon him. She, too, seemed a little confused at being detected in gazing so fixedly at a stranger, and, flushing slightly, turned to her escort and asked him some impremptu

Lady Lydia, his watchful companion, perceived the confusion on the part of Fairfax with evident surprise, and said, quickly: "Ah! you have already met my friend, the

Princess, then!" Rarely thrown off his guard, and wonderfully quick at recovering himself, he answered, slowly and quietly:

"You are mistaken. If you refer to the lady coming down the stairs, I never saw her before this evening." This was quite true, for it was after six

o'clock, when she was watering her horse at the pool. Not so easily forced to retreat, Lydia determined to follow up her attack with a

coup d' etat. Easily and gracefully slipping her arm through his, she remarked: "Let me present you, then." the tender mercies of a remarkably bright, Was it intuition, timidity or a feeling that

the Princess was a being from another world and must be worshiped at a distance - what was it that caused Fairfax to start back with a look of alarm and hastily exclaim: "No. Please do not do that."

He saw his error immediately, as did Lydia. Smiling sarcastically, she re marked, in ironical tones: "You appear to be extremely disturbed at

the idea of meeting a mere stranger, Mr. Fairfax; and one so attractive, too. Just here the Marchioness entered from an adjoining room and, seeing the Princess

prepared for departure, hastened toward her, saving: "Surely, my dear Natalie, you are not going, without, at least, one song. I have stopped the waltz for the express purpose

of hearing you sing." Smiling sweetly, her charming guest re-

"Certainly, if you wish it, but it must be

only one." Going to the piano, the Princess played a few soft chords and began her song.

Since the fatal moment every occurrence had been so opportune, so peculiarly and strangely appropriate, that it seemed to Fairflax as if he were in a land of enchantment, or dreaming. But six hours had elapsed since he had seen, only for a moment, and become helplessly fascinated with the most levely being he had ever beheld. Fortune had also willed it that he should not only learn the name of this fair stranger as well as the haunts of her artistic lafors, but, also, should become the present possessor of certain valued belongings of hers, while, to cap the climax, he was, now,not only in her presence, but one of his favorite ballads, that had been ringing through his brain, ever since he had read it en-graved upon the handle of the recovered knife-that very song she was actually now singing, with a voice glorious and strong; and, yet, so sweet and deeply sympathetic that it thrilled every fiber of his being with a pleasure so subtle that it was akin to pain. Many did not restrain their tears, and all were visibly affected. When she finished, no applause followed. The unusual silence was far more commendatory. A gentle pressure of Natalie's hand by the Marchioness, and a quiet: "Thank you, my dear," from the old gentleman, speke voi-

Her cloak, trimmed with white ermine, was thrown over the Princess' beautiful neck and shoulders; her own white fingers deftly encased the shapely head in its rich covering, leaving the far-shining star still Eissing the Marchioness, she turned to

the guests, who rose unanimously, and, making a pretty bow, took the arm of the Marquis and walked down the hall toward the door. As she passed by, Fairfax heard

"That song has haunted me all the evening and I can not get rid of it." He involuntarily started, for had he no

been in the same predicament! "A few hours ago," continued she, "I discovered that I had lost a precious gift that my brother gave to me, just before he died. The first few bars of that, his favorite baliad, were engraved upon it. I am very sad over its loss"

Here Fairfax lost her words. He was seized with an almost uncontrollable desire to hasten after her and restore the lost knife to its proper owner. But the Lady Lydia, who had been watching him with the eye of a lynx, remarked, sarcastically: "Surely you don't intend pursuing an en-

tire stranger, after refusing an introduc-

Recalled to his senses, Fairfax regarded his fair tormentor a moment, half in entreaty, half in defiance; then, assuming his usual bravado spirit, gave her his arm. He was filled with joy. "Otto," then, was only her brother and not a lover.

Success had crowned all the young man's efforts. He had discovered far more about the Princess than he had even dared to hope for, and-far above all!-had been henored by more than a passing glance from her. A wild delirium of joy came over him. The turn in the tide of his life had, at last,

come. He would take it. Abandoning himself to the delight of the moment, he waltzed as he had never waltzed afore and found a worthy companion in Lydia, who moved through the dance with marvelous case and grace. Neither had eyer before met with such a partner. Their dancing was so remarkable that all the others paused to watch them. The orches-

tra was inspired and the music transportingly sweet.

In the case of Fairfax, this display was simply a vent to his suddenly aroused and violent feeling-the expression of passionite joy. With the girl it was the effort of a will stirred by pique. Wealthy, titled, adnired, always accustomed to easy conquest and flattery, she was, from the first, annoved by the lack of interest which this stranger displayed. It was something new to her. Conquest bad begotten in her the ove of conquest. All men paid homage to her. She expected and liked their flattery. and yet, despised them for it. She had now to deal with a strange and mysterious type of character. This mun not only failed to admire her but, also, was scarcely civil. Her attention was immediately attracted and her love of conquest aroused. She determined to conquer; but in endeavoring to interest, she, herself, became interested, and, recognizing the fact, grew angry with herself for this weakness. She was annoyed with herself, because of the little pang awakened at the effect of Natalie's appearance upon Fairfax. She tried to laugh her uncomfortable feeling away, but in

At last, she determined to find out why Fairfax had become so embarrassed by Natalie's presence. Now that the latter had gone, Lydia's cavalier was himself again



FOUNTAINS PLAYED SOPTLY AROUND THEM.

She had no rival. He was hers-at least for the time being, and she resolved to make the most of her opportunity.

Always an admirable dancer, she put forth extraordinary efforts to outdo herself With Fairfax, all was unconscious abandonment to the moment. His spirits infected The music was ravishing. In a dream they seemed to float around the room Passing by one of the windows, he dexter ously guided her toward it, and, arm in arm, by tacit consent, they passed out, on to the balcony.

Fountains played softly around them in the moonlight. The delicate, subtle per fume of flowers was wafted by, on the balmy air. The music, softened by distance, was a breath of poesy and tenderness, while the glorious moonlight glittered and shimmered through the pattering leaves

This was her opportunity. But it was his, too. Her will was no longer predominant. She was half in love with, and most decidedly interested in, this original, strange fellow. She could not decipher him; ye knew that he was worthier, better and far more to be respected than the society fops

who had hitherto surrounded her. On the other hand, he simply admired this magnificent creature. That was all. He had cold-bloodedly formed a plan. That plan required the assistance of the Lady Lydia. He was himself again; self-possessed knowing what he wanted, what were the best methods by which to obtain it; and

above all, thoroughly self-reliant. Lydia, on the contrary, seemed to have lost her usual aplomb and keenness. She realized that he was more than a match for her, and that her will must submit to his

this time, at least. With a sigh, she awaited his remarks. "So the Princess Natalie is your friend?" asked he, boldly opening the battle.

"Yes, my dearest friend," she answered. half-sadly, her large, thoughtful eyes, al the ime, quietly observing the effect of her FOR APICULTURISTS.

The Chancellor's Intimate Acquaintance How to Procure Straight Combs Without

the Use of Foundation, This is one of the first difficulties that he beginner in bee culture will meet with, if he has not some good book to refer to, and even some of these only ell how to do it by using comb foundaion. I believe I have never seen an article in any book or journal which old how straight combs could be serured without the use of foundation. Although it is the best and cheapest in the long run, it is not every beginner who has the money to invest, or wishes to purchase the article, therefore the question arises how to get along with-

The plan which I am about to give o the reader was given to me by a prother bee-keeper. I have since veriied it to my satisfaction.

When hiving a swarm, if you have already a movable frame hive containing straight combs, take out one, or better, two combs, replacing them with empty frames or division boards, Insert these frames in the new hive which the swarm is to occupy, putting hem near the center, with an empty rame between them. The boes will cluster on these two frames of brood, and will be sure to commence work on he frame between them first, and having a straight wall on each side will be ilmost certain to build it straight. - If honey is plentiful this frame will soon have a straight comb started along its op bar, but should they build any side ombs remove them. Now part these rames and put two more empty frames between, leaving the frame with the newly-made comb in the center, an empty one on each side of it, and the we finished have frames containing full combes on the outside of these.

Continue in this way until all the rames have a small straight comb started along under their top bar, after which very little attention will be necessary to insure straight combs. Until then be ever attentive, not allowing them to work more than two or turned on him with a lot of talk about three days without examining them, and cutting off all combs that may be started where you do not want them. You can get along with one full frame of | bune. comb to start with, or even without any, but in that case you must be vigilant and never allow the bees to start building the combs crosswise of the frames.

Some beginners seem to think that all they have to do is to put the bees in the hive, in the belief that they will know how to manage things. The result is, the bee-keeper has a movable frame hive in which the frames are not movable after being filled with combs. I know of a case of this kind just across the river from here. Bees, if allowed to have their own way in frames 101 having foundation starters, are, I think, ust as likely to build crosswise as engthwise of the frames.

With a little experience in this way, the beginner will soon have no trouble in securing combs as straight as can be secured with foundation. I can show plenty of such in my apiary. I might tions of the genuine mummy. Whole add: We have had the best results in rows of these articles can be seen in frames with a triangular strip of wood smoke-houses at once. When suffifastened to the underside of the top ciently dry, they are wrapped in mumbar, instead of the comb guide in com- my cloth and sold, to Americans chiefly, mon use at the present day .- S. E. bringing a high price .- Portland Ore-Miller, in Farm, Field and Stockman. gonian.

POULTRY ACCOUNTS.

How They Can Be Made of Much Value to

Those Who Keep Fowls. Poultry accounts, when accurately and regularly kept, can be made of much value to those who keep poultry. Without these, it seems to me, there can be but little satisfaction in following poultry raising as a business, because one will have only a vague idea his investment or not.

whether he is making any thing out of Every keeper of poultry should, therefore, keep a careful account with his stock, recording all the expenses incurred, and the total amount of remuneration received, on the proper sides of the sheet. If the cost of buildings, stocks, etc., is not reckoned in the account, an allowance should, of course, be made for the interest of the money invested in these things. By having such an account, he can ascertain at any time what the cost of his flock, and the return from eggs and meat are for any length of time, and he will be able to judge with accuracy whether he has been successful or

If it appears that his business has been profitable to him, he will feel safe in going into it more extensively. On the other hand, if he has been unsuccessful, his failure, if he is in earnest, will stimulate him to increased efforts in the care of his fowls, in order that he may secure more profitable results from them. He will study his business more carefully than ever before, and try to ascertain the points in which he has erred, and where he can make improvements.

These advantages, with others, will be experienced when proper accounts are kept. Without them, as already remarked, the poultry-raiser can never with his fowls.-N. Y. Examiner.

-A few years ago Nathan Smith, of Macon, Ga., an illegitimate negro, unable to read or write, had the Bible revealed to him one night in a dream. Next morning he took up a Bible, and, to his surprise, and to the greater surprise of his acquaintances, he could walking concordance of the Bible, and can repeat any verse from Genesis to Revelations, and can tell you the number of verse and chapter and book. All his conversation is in Biblical phraseology, and he knows of no other book than the Bible.

BISMARCK'S SCRAP-BOOK.

With Newspaper Literature.

Prince Bismarck refers to the words of the press as "nothing but printers" ink spread on paper." But no man reads the papers more diligently than he. Besides personally reading every day a dozen or more of the leading journals from various European capitals he keeps a staff of from four to six clerks constantly at work like the exchange editors in a newspaper office, scanning the columns of the hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of papers from all parts of the world, and clipping out every item that can possibly be of interest to him. These clippings, with the names and dates of the papers from which they are taken, are carefully classified, and indexed, and pasted in enormous scrap-books. These volumes form a conspicuous feature in the Chancellor's private library. There is one lettered on the back "Socialism," another "France-Military," another "France-Civil," another "Russia," another "Culturkamp," and so on. Each volume is subdivided into chapters, and all so carefully indexed that the states man can in a moment turn to what has been said by any particular paper on

This vast encyclopedia is made use of in many ways. A gentleman from Chicago a few years ago called on Prince Bismarck, armed with a note of introduction from the German Minister at Washington. The Prince received him cordially, and after a few general remarks, said: "I see that your Chicago papers are pitching into me on the pork question." And then he went on to quote the exact language the various papers had used, and replied to their arguments. "He told me," said the gentleman, "more about the Chicago papers and the pork-packing industries than I knew myself, though I have lived there all my life. And before I left in came Congressman ---, from California, and the Prince at once the silver question, and what the Pacific Coast newspapers were saying about it."-Adolf Houssage, in Chicago Tri-

any particular subject.

Making Modern Mummies.

A gentleman who has just returned from an extended foreign tour was asked why he had not brought home from Egypt, among other curios, a mummy. He said there was a great deal of fraud in the mummy business. Persons purchasing mummies, of course, like to get them as well-preserved and natural-looking as possible, and as those found are generally in a more or less dilapidated condition, vendors have engaged in the business of manufacturing bogus mummies. They bargain with tramps, beggars and such people for their defunct carcases, paying therefor a sum sufficient to make their remaining days short and sweet. These fellows are preserved and pickled, and then smoked till they are good imita-

General Sheridan's Horses

Gallant Phil Sheridan during the war rode four horses. Of these the one which Buchanan Read immortalized will live longest in memory of mankind. The animal was a large black gelding with three white feet, which was presented him at Rienzi, Miss., by the officers of the Second Michigan cavalry, of which he was Colonel. It was orginally named Rienzi, but after the famous twenty-mile ride the animal was re-christened Winchester, and thencelorth bore that honored name. It was his favorite saddle horse, and partook more of Sheridan's spirit than any he ever bestrode. He chose it to use in battle, for the horse knew as well as his master what was required of him, and never flinched at danger or faltered in fatigue. Several times he was wounded, having received a bullet in each of his fore-shoulders and was badly torn under the haunches by the explosion of a shell. This horse was ridden in the famous raid around Richmond and was in the fight at Yellow Tavern, where Jeb Stuart fell. He was in the battle at Five Forks and carried Sheridan to Appomattox on the day of the surrender.-Pittsburgh Commercial.

How to Lay Carpets.

Carpets are often badly laid down, either from ignorance or carelessness The carpet, nently folded, should be brought in and laid down as it is folded. the way the widths are to run. It must then be unfolded by degrees, not dragged open any way. When the carpet is thoroughly opened out, let the center width be laid perfectly straight from one end to the other, a tinned tack put at each end to keep it in its place, and all the other widths laid straight according to the first. When one end of the widths is straight and thoroughly be sure whether he is doing well or ill stretched, let it be tacked down with tinned tacks at regular intervals, beginning at one end and working towards the other. When this first end has been firmly fastened down, let one side, at right angles to the end nailed already, be tacked, taking care to pull it out "taut," as the sailors say. When the side and end at right angles have been fastened down, the corresponding read any portion of it. Now, he is a side and end are easily managed, and the thing is done .- N. Y. World.

-A good definition of a "Pharisee" is 'a tradesman who uses long prayers and short weights;" of a humbug, "one who agrees with everybody;" and of a yrant, "the other version of somebody's hero."

PAWNED HER SHROUD.

Queer Customers of a Ten-per-Cent-Month Philanthropist.

"Yes, we have queer people in here," said the pawnbroker's young lady, . she folded a silk dress and laid it away.

"There was one old woman who used to come in here regularly every week of a Saturday night and pawn her shroud."

"Horrible!" What kind of garment was it?"

"A brown serge habit-it was trimmed with white ribbon and she took very good care of it. Sometimes carly in the week she would come in and redeem it. I am sure she has been in here as often as a hundred times, if not more. The police knew her well."

"What became of her?" "She must have died and been buried in that habit, for it is a long time since we have seen her, and she never could keep away a single week. Many's the time she's been dragged out of the gutter too drunk to tell her name, but with that habit done up under her arm, and there wasn't an officer on the force that could take it from her.

"She could not have realized much from the garment."

"Only half a dollar. But that gave her enough to live on over Sunday."

"Here is a ring," said the pawnbroker's young lady, taking up a small circlet of gold worn to a thread, "that came and went a good many times, but at last came to stay. There is an inscription on the inside. If you will take this glass you can read it."

She handed out a lens by which the almost effaced letters could be deciphered. They were infinitesimally small: "Each for the other and both for God."

"Poor thing, I was so sorry for her?" said the pawnbroker's young lady, as she put the ring away carefully, "She was so very poor and we could give her so little for it. It is a long time since she was here and it is not likely she can ever redeem it now."- Detroit Free Press.

Bad for the Blondes.

Dr. Beddoe is responsible for a statement which is at once novel and surprising. He declares that the chances of dark women obtaining husbands are to those of fair women in the proportion of three to two; and that this conclusion is proved by statistics. Certainly this is in opposition to the general idea upon the subject. For every dark heroine of a novel there are twenty fair ones; while, although a few poets may have sung the praises of dark beauties, those who have celebrated the charms of fair ones are vastly more numerous. Among the lower classes of English, indeed, there is a general prejudice against dark-haired women, it being a fixed idea that they possess infinitely worse tempers than fair women. Were Dr. Beddoe's theory correct that three brunettes marry to every two blondes, it would certainly be found that almost every unmarried lady past the age of thirty belong to the latter category, which is certainly not the case. At the same time the fact that the hair of the people of this island is becoming distinctly darker than it was is one that can not be denied. Persons who can ook back half a century will be ready to admit the change in this respect. For every red-haired person to be seen now ten would have been met with fifty years back; and if the change continues at the same rate in another half century red-haired people will have become so uncommon that a red-haired lady will be one of the most attractive figures in a country show. From what cause this arises we are unable to say; but we can not think that Dr. Beddoe's theory that three men out of every five prefer dank women to fair is a correct one .- London Standard.

Population of Mexico

Possibly there are 1,500,000 white men, properly so called, in Mexico, and, as I have shown, they are differentiated among themselves by climate. Then there are mixed bloods to the number of about 2,500,000 approximately, and these, scattered over the republic, differ in many ways through climatic causes. Then come about 6,000,-000 Indians, some very much civilized. some semi-civilized and others barbarous. Of the barbarous Indians, some are peaceful enough, and others, like the Chan Santa Cruz Indians of the Yucatan peninsula, are fierce and warlike. The Yaquis of Sonora may be taken as examples of semi-civilized Indians. These Indian races speak different languages, though many tribes use Spanish to a greater or less extent according to the measure of their contact with the white man. -Cor. Boston Herald.

-On Pigeon Point, (the northeastern extremity of Minnesota extending into Lake Superior,) the surveyors of the U. S. Geological Survey have found a section of rocks on the surface of which curious circular spots are developed. These spots vary in size from less than a quarter of an inch to over two inches in diameter, and occur singly and in groups. The single spots are surrounded by a raised rim of a lightish brick-red color, and the groups are surrounded by a similar rim. When the spots are moistened with hydrochloria acid they effervesce with a slight evolution of gas.

-An advertisement tells "how to keep the scalp clean." Another good way is to go West on an Indian extermination expedition. The latter method is a little more heroic and painful, but it can be warranted every time. Beware of counterfeits. - Norristown Herald.