

BAR HARBOR.

A Wild, Weird Tale of Love and Adventure.

BY AMOS LEE.

Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.

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"Poor Natalushka! She lost her brother, recently, and has never quite recovered from the blow. Hers is a strong, affectionate nature that, loving once, loves forever..."

"But," said she, suddenly, observing how eagerly he was listening, and thinking that he had forgotten himself, "if you don't know her, why were you so disturbed at her sudden appearance on the stairs?"

"Come," said he, "let us go back." The same waitz was still in progress in the hall-room. The same entrancing strains enticed the nimble dancers to perform feats of grace and skill...

Lydia perceived the change and felt piqued at it, but was more annoyed with herself for allowing such an interest in an un-known American, so far below her in rank. Presently she said: "Let us stop and go into the hall..."

There she found her chaperon, who reminded her of the late hour. "Turning unexpectedly to Fairfax and looking him full in the face with her marvelous eyes, she held out her hand with the sweetest of smiles..."

CHAPTER IV. SHALL I DO IT?

"What a fool you were," said the polite ejaculations of Mr. Richard Oxford, as they entered the carriage and were driven away, "the most infernal ass I ever saw!"

"You are!" replied Dick, in angry astonishment. "Because the finest girl in all Europe, not even excepting the Princess—and I admit she's hard to beat—to-night showed more interest in you than she has ever shown to any man before; and she's seen every body from the biggest lord down to the smallest baronet..."

"Dick, after this tremendous burst of oratory, the perforation of which was delivered in the most tragic manner and hair-lifting tones, entirely collapsed and sank back on the seat, murmuring, softly: "O for a draft of vintage!"

"But," continued he, turning toward his companion, "what's the matter with you at this rate? I never saw a man so changed in six short hours!" "I think you are mistaken, Dick, with regard to the lady Lydia. She simply treated me as a casual acquaintance..."

"asking was you were, hang it all! I wasn't going to tell them that you were only a tutor. So I gave you a status equal to your looks and the impression you had created..."

"What! Good for you, old man! I thought you had more sense than to let such a chance slip." "You're mistaken. I haven't the least interest there." Then, observing the disappointed look on his friend's face, he added: "I have other fish to fry, and far better, too."

"That I can't tell you, now, but I want your assistance and—the first time I have ever really asked for it—the loan of considerable cash." "You shall have it, old fellow," was the eager reply.

All night Fairfax tossed feverishly about upon his bed. He scarcely slept. An absurd and extravagant idea had suggested itself to him. He put it away again and again. Each time it returned with overwhelming force. Even he, reckless as he was, felt daunted at its boldness. It drove him nearly wild. When he got a wink of sleep, his mind was full of it. In dreams, it became doubly disturbing.

"No," he would do no good to stay and try to win her. There is only one way! If I win, I'm a made man. If I lose, I'm utterly ruined! Shall I do it?" "But what was that way?" queries the same reader.

"Let the succeeding chapters tell it. It was like the man who conceived it—brilliant, but absurdly quixotic. At dawn of day, he arose and walked forth, returning just as Dick was coming down the stairs to breakfast.

He asked his landlord to secure him a fleet horse—"be sure and get the fastest you can find. I'll pay you well for your trouble, and the owner handsomely for his use. I have important business at St. Malo. If any thing happens to the horse I'll buy another in his place."

Dick could not resist his influence. He found himself beginning to be infected with a strange excitement. "Beside," he reasoned, "if a desperate game is to be played, why shouldn't I, too, have a hand in it?"

"Fairfax had conquered, and, as he took the money, knew that the die was cast." "Yes, Arthur, I'll do it. If you want twice as much, you shall have it. I'll give you my pass-word with my banker, and you can telegraph, when and for what you wish. From three to six this afternoon I will wait for you here with a horse and carriage."

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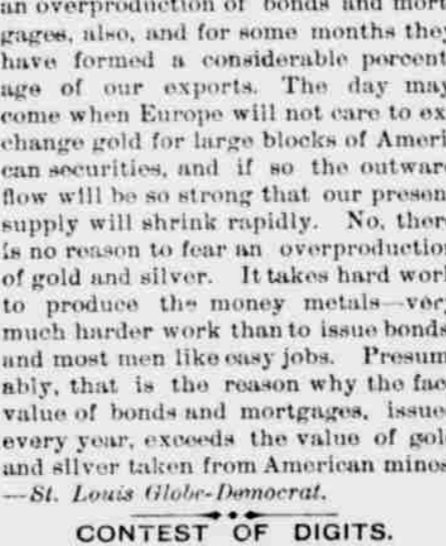
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MINES AND MINING.

Some Valuable Information Imparted by a Veteran Assayer. Since the beginning of time the base has been plentiful, the precious rare. The average ton of iron ore yields 1000 pounds of metal, of lead ore 600 pounds, of copper 200 pounds, of silver three pounds, and of gold less than one of the 32,000 ounces is shining gold.

The order of things has never been reversed, yet with a gravity that will become the colossal proportions of their veracity (?). men speak of great ledges of precious metal ores that yield 60 per cent of pure silver, or something less of fine gold, and, with a degree of credulity less becoming, other men believe, and, believing, buy shares in those mines upon which rests the ends of the rainbow. The product of fabulously rich mines is usually marketed by mail, but the output of the mines that produce the world's supply of gold and silver is moved in long trains of cars. It is true that an occasional car load of selected ore yields thousands of dollars, but the train loads yields less than \$500 per car, and possibly there is one car of the first to five train loads of the latter. Established truths are safe guides and should not be forgotten. Instance the following: The \$400,000,000 of gold and silver produced by the Comstock mines of Nevada came from ores having an average value of about \$48 per ton. The average value of Leadville ores, which have yielded \$135,000,000, was and is less than \$30 per ton. In Gilpin County, Colo., whence came more than \$70,000,000, the average of all ores, is under \$40 per ton, and the number of princely fortunes acquired in the three localities mentioned is a matter of history. Danger of overproduction. None at all. There has been an overproduction of paper money, but the men who make money dealing in that species of property don't produce much money metal. There has been an overproduction of bonds and mortgages, also, and for some months they have formed a considerable percentage of our exports. The day may come when Europe will not care to exchange gold for large blocks of American securities, and if so the outward flow will be so strong that our present supply will shrink rapidly. No, there is no reason to fear an overproduction of gold and silver. It takes hard work to produce the money metals—very much harder work than to issue bonds, and most men like easy jobs. Presumably, that is the reason why the face value of bonds and mortgages, issued every year, exceeds the value of gold and silver taken from American mines.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Two Angry Tyrolean Youthlets Settle a Dispute in a Singular Way. The spirit of emulation is one of the strongest in the human breast. In obedience to it men freely risk life, reputation, and even honor itself. A tourist in the Tyrol watched two hot-headed youths, who, having got into some dispute over money matters, had agreed to settle it by a resort to what, in that country, is called "fingerbuckeln."



THE BATTLE FROM THE BEAR CAUSED HIM TO TURN HIS HEAD.

"Brown, Bro's & Co., London," ran the first, "— pounds, Zama, per Paris agents, immediately, last address, except as. — H. OXFORD." The second read as follows: "Mr. J. G. NARBITT, CARE OF LE FOLLET & CO., PARIS: Imperative necessity demands interview to-morrow, ten a. m. Appointment of meeting. Answer at once, please, St. Malo. ARTHUR FAIRFAX." Turning to the operator he indicated that important nature of the business, to "rush" the messages with a display of energy that aroused the wonderment of the apathetic receiver at the central office in Paris.

The operator watched him curiously, admiring the pluck of the man and wondering what would be his next move. In a moment Fairfax formed his plans. Le Follet & Co. it was evident, were extremely negligent and impertinent. It was necessary that they should receive some reprimand. Time was short. It was now going on toward two o'clock, and matters were fast approaching a climax. "I rendered Nobbitt that services in the Alameda affair of '83, and shall enter complaint against you for neglect of duty. My business is of great importance. If Nobbitt didn't sail direct for America, repeat my first message to every port where likely to touch, ere leaving for good. Also, repeat Havre and ask if positively sailed. Spare no pains or money."

The operator at St. Malo now became intensely interested; those in the Paris central office actually exerted themselves to speed the message, to the detriment of others, and earlier ones. Most clearly, this man was in earnest, and earnestness generally awakens sympathy. About a quarter of three came the message. "Answer delayed. Mr. Nobbitt sailed to-day in his steam-yacht Morna from Havre for America." Fairfax's face grew white with dismay. But his discomfiture was only for a moment. Lost in thought, he arose and began pacing the floor. The operator watched him curiously, admiring the pluck of the man and wondering what would be his next move. In a moment Fairfax formed his plans. Le Follet & Co. it was evident, were extremely negligent and impertinent. It was necessary that they should receive some reprimand. Time was short. It was now going on toward two o'clock, and matters were fast approaching a climax. "I rendered Nobbitt that services in the Alameda affair of '83, and shall enter complaint against you for neglect of duty. My business is of great importance. If Nobbitt didn't sail direct for America, repeat my first message to every port where likely to touch, ere leaving for good. Also, repeat Havre and ask if positively sailed. Spare no pains or money."

CA. II AND CAPRIOTES.

An Island in the Mediterranean Famed in Song and Story. In order to see Capri to the best advantage the traveler should make the tour of the island in a rowboat. This takes about three hours, and the rugged formation of the rocks, their variegated colors, the deep blue, or light-greenish blue, of the water, and the wonderfully beautiful grottoes, with their mysterious sounds, make these few hours seem like time spent in fairyland.

The island of Capri is composed of limestone, and these caves are formed by the chemical action of carbonic acid in the atmosphere, carried in the water, upon the carbonates of lime and magnesia. If there be a fissure in the strata through which the acidified water may make its descent. In the course of time the fissure is worn larger, and the water dissolves and bears away with it the stratum through which it passes. The action of the seawater, through the beating of the waves, assists the rain-water in enlarging the cave.

The inhabitants of Capri retain many of the peculiarities of their Greek ancestors, as well as much of their beauty. The women are celebrated for their clear-cut features, healthy, olive complexions, their dark, laughing eyes and their fine straight forms, which the carrying of burdens on the head tends to increase. Most of the men are away from the island nearly the whole of the year at sea, either coral fishing or employed in the coasting trade, and for this reason almost all labor is done by women. The Capriote of to-day is as voracious as his celebrated ancestor of the Grecian isles, and in making a bargain with him it is necessary to stipulate every thing before hand; even then he will find some excuse to increase the sum agreed upon when the time for payment comes.

Quite a number of Englishmen of good families, among them a Lord, have married Capri girls, owing, no doubt, to their beauty and winning smiles, and have settled down to a "dolce far niente" existence on this little island in the tideless summer sea. It is pleasant to see the strong, healthy looking, handsome girls toiling up the rocky paths with burdens on their heads, but laughing and chatting with infectious vivacity and casting a bewitching glance at the tourist, who has come from crowded cities, where civilization makes its iron rule felt and cramps or develops our faculties and sensations as it chooses. We can not help feeling that, after all, we, who are born to highly civilized life, have not all the good things in this world as we look back on the struggle for gain or honor among the educated, whose faces are marked with the lines of care and thought, and compare the picture of selfish life in the modern gain-getting countries with the happy "sans souci" existence of all those who have eaten the lotos and dwell on this "bright gem of the sea."—Karl Karoly, in San Francisco Chronicle.

MAKING OVER A MAN.

A Formulator Gives Away Some of the Secrets of His Art. "Formulating done here," read a sign over a store. With in sat a little stubby man, with small gray eyes, full red beard and an unctuous, flabby face. Scattered around him on the bench on which he sat and about the floor were pieces of silk, satin and serge, bundles of horse hair and packages of half-open cotton. The little man was busily stitching a blue satin quilted article that looked like a cushion of a baby carriage.

"Yes, I am what tailors term a formulator," he replied to a questioning visitor, in a thin, squeaky voice. "The word is indicative of my trade, or rather profession. My occupation is truly the latter, inasmuch as it is an art, the art of improving, embellishing or modifying the masculine figure, as the case demands. Padding? Yes, some might term it that. Didn't you know that men pad, eh? Why, bless your soul, they have been doing it since the days of Joseph."

The speaker separated a thread with a finger-nail close to the garment. Then he held the pad toward the light, scrutinizing it critically, seized his tape line and began measuring the garment, referring constantly to a small piece of paper with the measurements on it. "The man that I call patron is a creature of dissatisfaction. Nothing about his own personality or make-up contents him. He is essentially a being of observation. If he has a friend who is short and fat, while he himself is tall and thin, he forms the idea that he, too, would like to be stumpy and adipose. A tailor can do little for him, but we can. Liberal but discriminating padding will make him corpulent, and if his make-up is expertly perfected it will give him the appearance of being considerably shorter than when in his normal state. His friends will remark how well he is looking, ask how he has grown so fleshy, and the artful deceiver will launch into such a dissertation of gastronomy that the horse-hair appliances in his artificial chest will shrivel up into a double bowknot with surprise. "These forms are not limited entirely to the trunk of the subject. The calves, hips and knees all come in for its benefit. You know that the kneecap of a man's trousers in less than a month after they are made become "baggy". This necessitates any amount of running to the tailor's and having the garment pressed, if the wearer desires to be well dressed. Although constant bending of the knee is in part the cause of this eye-sore to men, the construction of the member is the principal reason of such a state of things. Now, look here," and the little man stretched one of his fat legs straight out before him. "Feel my knee; you see the knee-cap sits like a hillock over the points. Below it the limb swerves in. Now, how are you going to make a trouser leg sit smoothly here without catching? Can't say? Then I'll tell you; use forms below and above the cap, and the trousers will fit like a glove and won't bag. "You see the form being stitched to the lining of the garment makes it stiff and prevents the cloth straining. You may have noticed that the cloth never stretches at the knee cap, but above and below it. A little dressing about the too large calf and a little doctoring at this member itself is a valuable aid to the fit of the leg casement. "Fats" are made of a variety of materials and worn in a variety of ways. Chest and spinal articles are made like a sleeveless jacket of one continuous piece of material. There is a hole for the head and the garment is slipped on by extending the arms upwards and perpendicularly and letting the article fall over. Over the muscles of the chest the garment is padded to any extent desired. The small of the back is also touched up as necessity dictates. The body of the article is of silk or chamolis. The chest pads in cold weather are always worn next to the skin. By this arrangement the effect is natural and consistent, and it is almost impossible, even by feeling, to discover the artificiality of the padding's figure. Why, there is no limit to our possibilities. A good many of our business men wear padded undershirts, not particularly for the effect, but because the clothing fits more comfortably.—N. Y. Star.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Liberty the Motto Inscribed by Fashion on Her Banner of '88. The paraisols of the season are like small tents, and although in many cases made of tulle or lace draped, their huge size and ugly club handles suggest the utilities rather than the ornaments of dress.

Watered silk is still in high fashion, and is much used for short round skirts under draperies of summer silks or sheer wool fabrics; and pale-tinted moire are very fashionably employed in the construction of Directoire redingotes and elegant tea-gowns. The semi-transparent India silks have received an addition in the shape of a fabric with wide stripes of lace of the same color as the silk. The effect is very beautiful. These textiles are used for polonaise or for bodice and overdress over a skirt of like tint in plain foulard or surah. Handsome toilets are prepared this summer showing white silk skirts under daphanous polonaises or overdresses and bodices of the lace-striped India silk, in tints of roseada, vieux-rose, strawberry or apricot, over plain, demi-trained skirts of moire.

The fashions seem well-nigh established for the summer. The wise party of eclecticism has prevailed, and in consequence there is exercise for all tastes and an unlimited range both in styles and fabrics. Liberty is the motto which fashion has inscribed upon her banner of '88. In some of the "exclusive" toilets sent over from Paris for elegant evening wear this summer are some exquisite creations in cream-white camel's hair, vailing, and silk-warp Henrietta cloth, wherein stately and intricate Grecian draperies, held by silver clasps with borderings of silver embroidery, are features of these classic gowns. This style of garniture, either in gold or silver, is adopted to the exclusion of lace, flowers, or ribbon trimmings, and the effect is very unique and charming.

In fashionable summer tints, all the golden shades in fawn and brown, and many in green and yellow, are certainly predominant. In pinks there are but few shades, but those brought out are in lovely dyes for evening wear under lace, net, or transparent muslin. Primrose, apricot and corn-yellow are still much used as foundation slips under diaphanous toilets. There are also some rare shades of rosy mauve, to be used in combination with black or white lace. In grays are some exquisite tints in dove, silver and creamy pearl. In goods of fall, Irish poplin, and in cashmere, camel's hair and Henrietta cloth in fine woolen goods—these all most attractive, while the pastel shades in both grays, browns, and olives come in colors capable of producing the most artistic effects in elegant carriage and-visiting costumes of corded silk combined with moire.—N. Y. Post.

John Wanamaker's brother has been giving some reminiscences of the boyhood of the great Philadelphia merchant. His first work was done in the clothing store of Barclay Lippincott, where he received a salary of \$1.50 a week, all of which he gave to his mother. His dinner, when he had any, consisted of a piece of pie and a glass of milk, costing two cents. Each year his salary was increased, and at the time he was twenty he had saved \$200.

Hot red-pepper tea is a new remedy for the cabbage worm. It is sprinkled over the cabbage while the tea is in nearly boiling condition.