

BAR HARBOR.

A Wild, Weird Tale of Love and Adventure.

BY AMOS LEE.

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"If Nebbitt sailed direct for America, his steam-yacht must be soon off Cherbourg. Wire some shipping company there to charter and send out immediately a tug; intercept him, and give telegram."

By this time the Paris central office, the office of the banking company and the smaller offices along the telegraph line, were thoroughly excited; as the telegraph operator at St. Malo, if these last messages had failed to reach Mr. Nebbitt, he would have torn his hair from very vexation and disappointment, so bent was he upon Fairfax's success.

Paris soon replied: "All done as you say. We await result with interest."

The hands on the dial marked ten minutes past four. No reply had come.

If any message comes before six o'clock to-night, send it to me at once. Hold all that come after that for further orders," was his parting injunction.

So saying, with firmly closed lips, but evident disappointment, he mounted his horse and had begun his headlong dash, when a yell from the rear caused him to turn his head.

There stood the youthful operator, dancing up and down in the exuberance of his joy, waving a piece of paper, and all but standing on his head.

In a second Fairfax had it in his hand. The message was from Cherbourg, and said: "Nebbitt's yacht just appeared in harbor, suddenly changed course and went back toward Havre. Have wired all ports likely to stop at, to keep watch; and have our tug in readiness, in case she appears again. Can't fail to get her now."

A sudden and transient gleam of joy shone in the stern eyes of Fairfax. His hard, set face relaxed for a moment into a faint smile, while the operator behaved like a lunatic.

Fairfax slipped a coin into his hand. He rejected it indignantly with the remark:

"I would rather have lost a quarter's salary than see you fail."

He waving the other's hands at parting, notwithstanding the assertion of the American that he would return before midnight again.

CHAPTER VI.

DOES SHE CARE FOR HIM?

It was now a quarter past four. Fairfax actually made the distance from St. Malo to the village in one hour and twenty minutes, arriving about twenty-five minutes of six. Dick stood ready with the chaise.

Look after this horse, landlord. Jeanette's all right," called Fairfax, as he leaped into the seat beside Oxford.

"Well, Mr. Richard Oxford, I've been in purgatory since I saw you last, sir, but have come out successfully," continued he, taking the reins out of his friend's hands. "And it's only a question of time and luck whether I'm successful or not in this little matter we're now going to undertake."

Dick was burning with curiosity; but awaited Fairfax's time for revealing the secret.

"I've telegraphed your bankers, and they have sent on the money. I ought to receive it to-night, when I go to St. Malo to take the night train for Paris or Havre. However," added he, seeing Dick's look of surprise, "I shall return in a day or two."

Rapidly they drove toward the flat-roofed, black all the time on fire with curiosity; while his companion was consumed with anxiety, although inwardly cool and conversing in an easy manner.

"Follow me and keep quiet," was his imperative sentence. Dick wondrously obeyed; but, as they neared the cliff's edge, forgotful," he exclaimed:

"What a stunning view!"

Fairfax turned quickly and put his finger to his lips. Dick understood and submissively followed.

"Look below, but don't let them see you," whispered Arthur, leading the Englishman to a sheltering bush on the edge. Oxford cautiously got down on his hands and knees and did look over. Drawing back immediately with what just escaped being a loud-littered word of surprise.

Taking his comrade by the arm, he led the latter farther back, to a position where they could not be heard, and surveyed him from head to foot with a comical look, partly indignant and partly pleased.

"So that's the way you treat your friends, is it? Play off innocent and guileless! O, you're a villain of the deepest dye, my boy. How you must have smiled at my advice to you about her!"

"Advice to me about her! You never gave me any advice about her!"

"Never gave you any advice about her! I'd like to know if I didn't sit up there and talk to you like a father about the interest she showed in you and the advantages of marrying such a woman. Humph! You needn't pretend to be so innocent, again."

"But, my dear fellow, who said anything about Lady Lydia? What has she to do with the present occasion? What put her into your head?"

"Arthur Fairfax, you must think I'm a blanked fool, if you believe I'm going to swallow any such gammon as that! What put her into my head! Do you imagine that, when a man goes on in the most melodramatic manner, making every one quake in his boots and each particular hair to stand on end, like quills upon the fretful porcupine, and then caps the climax by taking his friend to the verge of a most horrible precipice, telling him to look down and see a damnable seated there below—do you suppose that other fellow isn't going to have doubts of the first fellow's sincerity, if not sanity, when he asks in the most brassy manner 'What put her into your head?'"

"What put her into your head? What put Lydia into my head? Why my eyes, of course, when I looked over and saw her stupid. What else?"

"What else?"

"What else?"

"What else?"

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"What! Lady Lydia there?" exclaimed Fairfax, a shade paler and leaning against a tree, in his surprise.

"Yes, the Lady Lydia there! clever master-actor! and you know it, too!"

"I give you my word of honor I didn't. I thought it was the Princess."

"Well, she is, too; but, as I told you before, she doesn't count. Lydia is reading aloud and the Princess is painting. Come and see for yourself. But I can't understand why you should be so confoundedly mysterious about it all. If I were running this affair, I'd skip down those rocks immediately, and have a sociable chat with 'em."

Fairfax shuddered at the bare idea and, taking the irrepressible Dick by the coat-collar, glared at that worthy in a way that convinced him of the necessity of secrecy, this time, at least.

When they gained the bush, Fairfax's breath came faster and harder. He half-hesitated, but only for a moment, and again stooped himself to this enjoining way of spying upon an unobtrusive and lovely being.

At a glance they took in the whole state of affairs.

Directly below sat the Princess, bending over her painting. Thank Heaven! the sketch was not yet finished.

At least two days' work upon it were necessary ere it could be taken, even in the rough state, to finish in the studio. At the expiration of that time he hoped to return, and—then?

Close beside Natalie sat Lydia, an open book in her lap, lost in a brown study.

The air was very calm, and the two spies, without much effort, could hear the slightest sound below. The Princess, bending low over her painting, was saying, in a quiet, indifferent tone of voice:

"Lydia, who was that with whom you were talking last night?"

Lydia became suddenly wide-awake, and nervously replied:

"You mean the young American with whom I was tele-gram-ing, as you came down the stairs, I suppose. Why?"

"Because," said the Princess, turning her large dark eyes toward her questioner, in a frank, ingenuous manner, "because he had so sad a face, I felt interested in him. Do you know his history?"

"I was about to ask when you had met him, Natalie, and what you knew about him?"

Fairfax's face flushed crimson at the Princess' mention of himself. Now that he had become the subject of their conversation, he could be eavesdropper no longer and attempted to pull Dick away by force. But that wide-awake individual suddenly became as obdurate as his friend. In a loud, clear whisper he said:

"If you don't unhand me I'll yell; and then your game'll be up."

Fairfax, surprised at this unexpected turn in affairs, and recognizing the fact that Richard's obstinacy had become aroused, retired in confusion.

A secret joy filled his heart. Natalie had acknowledged an interest in him—more than his wildest dreams could have realized! To be sure it was a contemplative sort of an interest, but she hadn't vouchsafed even that to any other male—at least, so Dick had said.

For the moment, the foolish young fellow gave himself up to joy, and had the effrontery to thank Heaven for his luck.

Meanwhile, the incorrigible Dick, who was now in his element, chuckled to himself and lay there listening with all his ears.

At Lydia's question, Natalie turned towards her with unfeigned surprise—every thing about this girl was genuine; she expressed nothing she did not feel—and remarked, almost dropping her painting palette:

"My dear Lydia, I never saw him before! What do you mean?"

"Then, why did you both blush so consciously when my eyes met? I never saw a man so disturbed as he was when he caught sight of you."

A slight flush suffused the face of Natalie, as she answered:

"I wasn't aware that he was disturbed. If so, it may have been at finding himself the cynosure of a staring pair of eyes. I was simply amazed at finding myself caught gazing so boldly at an entire stranger."

"That may be true in your case, but certainly not in his. No strange man ever yet could be so visibly embarrassed as he at finding himself the objective point of a pretty woman's eye," replied the wise Lydia, with a Solomon-like air. "So there, my dear, you're entirely wrong, I know."

"You may just bet on that, ma chere," said the irrepressible Richard, sotto voce from above.

"And," continued she, "to tell the truth—you and I have no secrets, you know—I'm a little curious as to the history of the fellow myself."

Here she slyly bent her head down and examined her boot for a moment. "And I'm going to amuse myself by studying him a trifle. That fly-away, Dick Oxford—Dick made a wry face and remarked aside:

"Thank you, ma'am," says he, of noble birth and can trace his lineage back to Lord Fairfax; that he is a gentleman of leisure; but, from a feeling of duty, has accepted a very high position in some department of Government."

"May God forgive me for that whooper!" muttered the pentitential Dick to himself.

"But," he added, apologetically, "he certainly is not of noble birth, and I do believe he is a descendant of the old Fairfaxes. He is a gentleman of leisure—at present, at least, until school-teaching begins. And I'm sure it was a feeling of duty to himself, to save himself from emigrating to the poor-house) that led him to accept a high position in the department of Government—ahem! of a set of spoiled youngsters. So that he's not so bad after all," added he, with a feeling of comfort.

"But, at any rate," continued Lydia, "whatever his position, or from whom descended, he has interested me as few men have."

The imaginative Dick thought he could perceive a shade of jealousy creep up the Princess' back hair and spread itself over her hat. But he could not see her face, for she bent more lowly over her work and vouchsafed not a word in reply.

"Now just look at that!" meditated Dick. "Here am I dying to fall in love with that detestable Lydia and to have her fall in love with me, been trying these hundreds of years—more, or less—he added, half-explanatorily—and it doesn't work worth a fig. Along comes this penniless Yankee—confound the dog! I can't help admiring him—and scoops in, not only Lydia, but that frigid German iceberg, without the slightest effort, or apparent intention, even. Hang it all! I can't see how he does it; still he did look deucedly well last night."

Here Natalie began humming a strain from the "Addio." Lydia interrupted her with:

"How he started when you struck into that song, last night! And I thought I heard him say: 'It points my fate!'"

Natalie laid down her palette and brush, and leaning back in her chair, turned her face curiously toward Lydia, saying:

"Do you know that is very strange! The moment I saw his face, that song, which had been haunting me more or less during the entire evening, as associated with my last night's flash, seemed to me with redoubled energy. It seemed to tell his history and fate. Now you say those were his own words. Curious, is it not?"

CHAPTER VII.

AND IF SHE DOES, HOW ABOUT THE OTHER? Dick was not a clever fellow, but he, certainly, was not a fool. He engaged to make a mental estimate of both girls, and succeeded wonderfully well.

The Princess, he acknowledged, was a woman of singularly fine, pure and lovely character, deep and strong in her affections, simple-minded and guileless, yet not devoid of what is commonly known as strong common sense.

"Deep and loving where she loves; but that she does not love, I am positive. I could swear to it!"

With all her soft womanly traits, she was too susceptible to the sin of pride. It had unconsciously become a matter of pride with her to show no interest in mankind. With no other woman, except Lydia, would she have spoken so freely; and, even with that friend, she could scarcely depart from her pretty, proud, little reserve, without a visible effort at unbending. Her blushes were clearly not because of her interest in the man, but proceeded from a sort of shame at acknowledging, and even at entertaining, that interest.

"But," said Dick to himself, "one characteristic, your interest is at present contemplative. What that interest might develop into, under the proper circumstances, I can't say. But I do say that Mistress Lydia is most decidedly interested in this young man, and that it would require but slight effort on his part to deepen that interest. And, if she loves, 'she loves forever.' Her nature's strong, but craves something upon which to expend that strength; can't exist without it. Natalie lives in the realm of her imagination and does not ask for sympathy, delighting in her arts. Lydia is strong, but looks for sympathy and love, and something upon which to expend sympathy and love, in return. She couldn't find what she wanted among those frivolous fops of society, and now Fairfax has appeared, and unconsciously touched the deep chord that never before vibrated. Well! they'd make a splendid pair, and he'd be a fool not to try for her. She's worth four of the other in my opinion, although I acknowledge that's saying a great deal."

With this sage and indisputable conclusion Richard was about to retire, by pushing himself backward, until he deemed it safe to stand upright, as he saw a movement in the camp below that indicated preparation for flight. However, his attention was arrested by a sentence, half suggestive, half timid, and altogether remarkable, ventured by Lydia: "I had thought of asking Mr. Fairfax to call with me at Chateau D'Or."

"I came here with the intention of receiving no visits but those of my oldest friends," said Natalie, frigidly; "and I see no reason why I should alter my intention. Besides, my dear Lydia, I leave Chateau D'Or in a few days, at the latest, for Lake Maggiore."

Lydia said no more, and the two girls, evidently both feeling a little uncomfortable, and yet both striving to conceal their emotion, prepared to depart.

Dick, now executing his retrograde movement, arose and found Fairfax—by this time had recovered his equanimity, and shaken off the bliss aroused by the fair Natalie's words—in the midst of some calculation or other, using his knee as a table and a leaf of his diary as note-paper.

"Have they started, Dick?" asked he, suddenly.

"No, but they are on the point of starting."

Fairfax turned to the left in the main road, and whipped up his horse to greater speed.

"Are you not going back to the village?" queried Richard.

"Wait," laconically answered the imperturbable Fairfax.

A short distance from the brook he reined up and drove the chaise among the trees. He then led the way to the road. The noise of clattering hoofs coming nearer, caused the pair to retreat behind the bushes that had sheltered Fairfax the afternoon previously. The were ensconced none too soon.

The two girls appeared directly, and rode to the pool, where they allowed their horses to drink. Natalie leaped to the ground and stood by Medji, holding the reins in her hands. Fairfax took note of this, and also of the fact that the servants again delayed their appearance.

"It is to be hoped," sadly remarked Natalie, "that those servants will not forget any thing to-day. Catharine has just confessed that Dimitri and she had already passed the brook and gone into one of the wood-roads to gather some wild flowers, when they suddenly missed my camp-chair, and, to save time, made a short cut through the forest, coming out by the brook where you see the opening yonder." (This made clear to Fairfax the mystery of the sudden disappearance of the servants yesterday.)

"Possibly they may have dropped my knife, although I am sure I put it in my pocket, just before starting." (Aye! so you had, fair maiden, but even Princesses have holes in their pockets.)

With that she began, absent-mindedly, to hum. But Lydia, interrupting her, gayly retorted:

"I know not what it meaneth, That I am so sad to-day; But a song of the times departed Will not from my brain away."

"You are constantly humming that 'Addio.' Do you know it, Natalie mine?"

Whereat, Natalie, infected by her flow of spirits, laughed and said:

"How absurd it all is, is it not? And, after all, what foolish creatures we are."

Lydia, not comprehending this irrelevant remark at first, stared; then, remembering the eccentricities of her friend, ventured the equally irrelevant and non-committal statement that:

"The whole sum and substance of the matter is, as Solomon says: 'Fear God and—ahem!—I add, obey your husband, when he says so.'"

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BLOOD AND DIAMONDS.

A British Soldier's Luck in Securing a Prize of Great Value.

"That cost me \$7.50," said a gentleman to a reporter, as he showed a handsome diamond ring.

When the reporter looked incredulously the gentleman said that there was a story connected with it, and then he told the story.

He said he was at one time an officer in an English regiment. While sitting at the window of a military club on St. James street, London, he looked out of the window and noticed a rather rough looking chap walking up and down in front of the window and looking at him curiously.

"Suddenly," continued the gentleman, "the man disappeared, and one of the club servants announced that some one wished to speak to me. I went to the door and there found my rough-looking customer from the sidewalk. He looked like a workman, and yet there was an indescribable something about him that pronounced him to be a soldier. He said deprecatingly:

"I want to speak to you a moment, sir. I know where there are diamonds worth £30,000 buried, and I want help to reach them, and it will only take £12 for me to get there, and I promise you to pay you back with interest many times over if you will loan me the amount."

"He said he was a deserter from the English army, and that during his term of service the battle of Umlah was fought, during the Indian mutiny, and that he was present. Immediately after the battle he was summoned by the Lieutenant of his company to follow him to a certain bungalow on the outskirts of the town, where they found about a dozen native women huddled up in a corner and guarded by a Lieutenant in a Highland crack cavalry corps. The sight that dazed his eyes was the glitter of the diamonds that sparkled on the limbs of the women."

"His cupidity was aroused, and he readily fell in with the officer's plan. They all fell on the women and slaughtered them without mercy, even going so far as to hack the arms from the bodies of the murdered women, so that the bracelets, which were soldered around their limbs, could be easily obtained. When the massacre was finished the officers made their inferior take the jewels and bury them beneath an old tombstone."

"In a battle that followed all three of the officers were killed, and the private soldier was the sole depository of a rich secret, but his regiment was suddenly called away from India."

"For years," he said, "I have tried to find some one to pay my passage back to the Eastern empire, but without success, and now I am a workman in a candle factory in Battersea."

"After thinking a moment I gave him £12, and away he went. I called in an intimate friend and told him the circumstances, getting unmercifully chaffed about my idiosyncy."

"The whole thing was soon forgotten, and it would never have occurred to me again, but one day, three years later, while in the same club, a man called upon me who looked like a prosperous tradesman. I recognized my diamond-searcher whom I had sent to India."

"Pulling a canvas bag out of his pocket he extracted a dozen diamonds from it and placed them in my hand, and insisted upon my accepting them, and even tried to make me take more, but as I steadily refused he thanked me in a dignified sort of way for the assistance given him and took his departure. I had most of the stones set for presents, and here," holding up the ring mentioned, "is the last."—N. Y. Telegram.

BORN A FOREIGNER.

An Amusing Incident in the Experience of a Shanghai Missionary.

A Chinaman seems to combine with fear of spirits a marvelous faith in their stupidity, as is witnessed by the expedients he adopts to circumvent and deceive them. He apparently attributes to them, among other things, a curious incapacity for recognizing their claims upon their own people if only they can be got to enter upon their spiritual existence upon the premises of others. In such a case the penalty of any neglect will most probably be visited on these latter unfortunate persons. It is they who had better provide the funeral and pay the expense of it, lest the spirit, starved and pined, should return to the place whence he had set out to wreak his vengeance. An incident that occurred in the experience of a Shanghai missionary somewhat amusingly illustrates a bold attempt to remove altogether the risk that men ordinarily provide against by their ancestor worship: "The missionary was sitting, one cold winter evening, at his study table. A servant came in and informed his master that a dead man had been found in the garden. The missionary went out to look into the matter. Sure enough, under the wall of the garden lay a human body, loosely covered over with straw. An economical family had evidently brought the dying man and laid him there that they might save themselves the expenses of the funeral by throwing them on the foreign missionary, and the ruling passion of thrift had further dictated the substitution of a covering of straw for his personal clothing. The missionary felt the body all over and found it already cold; but, on the chance of their being life left, he had it carried indoors, where he poured down its throat a dose of patent medicine in which he had great

faith, at the same time ordering more straw to be thrown upon it. He then returned to his study. Some time later he thought he would go and see how his corpse patient was getting on. On this second examination he fancied he detected a faint sign of life in the region of the heart. More of the patent medicine was given and more straw. To make a long story short, the dead man came to life again and stood up in all the naked dignity of his manhood. Well, the missionary, who was a particularly tall and large man, rigged out the little Chinaman as best he could in clothes from his own wardrobe, and, as soon as he was well enough, sent him back to his loving wife and filial sons. As he approached the house some of the latter saw and recognized him, notwithstanding the strangeness of his garb, and, being sincere believers in the doctrine of transmigration, rushed to their mother, crying aloud that their father had come back again to earth, and that this time he had been born a foreigner."—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

HER BEAUTIFUL DRIVING.

A Humane Woman Wants to Know What Ailed Her Horse.

"Woman coming driving a horse!" The word was quickly passed along the street. Children screamed and scattered right and left, strong men shuddered and grew pale and some drew back into doorways. Suddenly she dashed around the corner. Then she was gone. A policeman crawled out of the street with a broken leg and ruined countenance.

She dashed on down the street. Those who were warned in time got out of the way; the others were borne down. The truck drivers and ice-wagon men hurried into side streets. The passengers got off a horse-car and lifted it from the track and gave her the right of way. Was she insane or any thing of that kind? Oh, no, not at all. She was all right—simply one of those ladies who "like to drive," and "can handle a horse better than any man they ever saw," "dearly love horses," and all that sort of thing.

Occasionally she turns a corner and snaps off a lamp-post or draws under a shade tree. The horse is breathing pretty hard, so to take his attention from his lungs she stirs him up with the whip. Then she comes to a hill and agitates the whip all the way to the top. She is so fond of riding fast when she drives. And this horse just loves to go if you only let him know what you want of him. She lets him know all right enough. She allows the horse to rest once in awhile of course—not long at a time, but, then, when we consider that she always stays for that purpose at the intersection of two narrow streets and right across the car-track, perhaps it is long enough. Then she always drives fast enough to make up the lost time. She's doing it now. See the steam fire engine get out of her way. There goes the wheel off a horse cart—those horse carts can't stand every thing. Then there are a few more hills and the horse again gets his attention drawn from the condition of his lungs. At Tenth street the horse lies down exhausted.

"Oh, dear," she says as a policeman approaches, "I really don't know what's the matter with my horse—I never saw him lie down this way before. I've driven him from One-Hundred-and-Twenty-third street, and he came all right to here. He must be balky or something of that kind."

"Is it a question of life or death, madam?" asks the policeman, as he approaches cautiously.

"Oh, dear, yes, pretty nearly. I am going to the meeting of the Woman's Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and I don't see what they can do if their president isn't there. Can't you poke him in the side a little with that stick you've got?"—Fred H. Carruth, in N. Y. Tribune.

THEIR FIRST DINNER.

Love, Roast Beef and Nonsense Hash for a Couple of Geese.

They had just returned from their wedding tour and were to have their first dinner in their own home.

"Well, Percy, dear," she said, sweetly, after breakfast, "what shall we have for dinner?"

"Oh, any thing you like."

"No, dear, any thing you like."

"But I shall like any thing you like, my little rosbud."