

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—Brazil graduated her first female physician a short time ago.

—Austria now has 380 meteorological stations, no less than nine being in Vienna alone.

—The jewelry trade in Birmingham, England, affords occupation to over fourteen thousand people.

—Immense numbers of stoats and weasels are imported into New Zealand, in order that they may destroy the rabbits which are a pest in that country.

—It is said that the shores of France are sinking at the rate of seven feet a century, and that in about twenty centuries the French capital will become entirely submerged.

—The minister of mines in Victoria, Australia, Mr. Gillies, has calculated that Australian gold to the value of £2,710,613 was mined last year, at an expense of £2,385,680. The profit in gold mining is as small as the profit in other things.

—The English farmers have turned against the sparrows as a pest to agriculture, and are offering rewards for their destruction. It is asserted that these vicious birds cause a loss to agricultural England of more than forty million dollars per year.

—The managers of the Sheffield (England) free library have adopted, in the interest of the public health, the plan of fumigating their books, after they have been out, for fifteen minutes with carbolic acid at a temperature of 150 to 200 deg.

—Regulations have been established in the coffee districts in Guatemala by which farmers are required to build furnaces on their lands, and, whenever a signal is given to indicate the danger of frost, to light in them fires of tar, pitch or other substance likely to make a great smoke and keep away the frost.

—Near the Ponte Fabricio in Rome the river-bed has yielded a great quantity of terra-cotta busts, many of which have openings and show within rude representations of the lungs, heart, etc. They are considered dedicatory gifts in thanks for a return to health, perhaps once placed in a temple of Apollo.

—The Germans recently attempted a "minor mobilization" experiment near Metz. The railroad station-master received at one o'clock an order to prepare coffee for 2,800 men at four o'clock, and a dinner for the same number at 6:30. At one o'clock 2,800 men came in, had their coffee, and took the train for another station, and at 6:30 the next 2,800 promptly appeared, dined and went to the next station, where they had coffee, and both parties returned to their quarters the next morning. The attempt was highly successful.

—The Empress Eugenie has expended £100,000 on the mausoleum at Farnborough, Kent, England. The building is constructed of Bath and Portland stone, in the French Renaissance style, and it is surmounted by a bronze cupola, which is a conspicuous object for miles around. The altar, a highly-ornate piece of work, is of Carrara marble, and the flooring is of red and white Corsican marble. There is a white marble altar in the crypt where the two coffins are deposited, above which is a large silver crucifix.

AMERICAN POTTERY.

Why It Is Inferior to the Doultons, Dresden and Gobelins.

For some reason which can not be satisfactorily explained, American art pottery does not possess that peculiar mark of perfection which make certain brands of imported ware valuable. In the matter of chinaware for use, the difference in the decoration can not be discerned by the ordinary observer, for mind you we have some very fine decorated ware in this country; but to the knowing man the defects of American pottery are easily distinguished. Factories in the East have imported clay and artisans from Europe, and yet the famous Doulton, Derby, Gobein and other ware could not be counterfeited so as to deceive the educated. It can only be said that it was a lack of skill which made the experiment a failure. This has given the Dresden and other imported wares their high values, for if something unimitable can be made it will naturally command a premium. However, American pottery is coming to the front in special lines where there is originality. The great defect is and has always been in the polishing or veneering, which is so perfect and flawless in imported goods. American polish usually has flaws and slight cracks in the surface which detracts from the decoration and displays its origin to the connoisseur. You may not have known what it was when you noticed it. Take a plate, for instance, of American make and see if there are not little breaks or cracks on the surface. This shows that the makers have not mastered the art of polishing the pottery. But perfection in this art of decoration is only acquired after several generations of careful experiment, for no great pottery has made its fame in a day or a year. The oldest hold the most perfect trade secrets. The most skillful decorators in the world are the Japanese and Chinese, with whom the art has been handed down from generation to generation for centuries. However, at the rate at which America is coming it will not be so long before it will have its brands as popular as the Doultons, Dresden and Gobelins. We have the material, and only require skill and experience.—M. E. Roberts, in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

NEW YORK'S RODENTS.

How and Where the Countless Millions of Gotham's Rats Live.

"Manhattan Island," said a native who is an infallible authority on all things in New (and old) York, "is inhabited by 100,000,000 creatures, mostly rats." Rat baiting contests are of frequent occurrence in all Eastern cities. Harry Jennings, the celebrated rat catcher and dog fancier of this city, says that the New York rat is the largest and strongest of the species and the best fighter. He says that he could select fifty rats out of the cellars which he visits daily that would give the best dog in the world a hard fight. He thinks that the Scotch terrier is the best rat dog. The black and tan is fully as quick but not so strong. The Dachshund, a short-legged, ungainly creature, is stronger than either and slower. Their strong jaws and the life of the rat so easily that it robs the life of its interest. The genuine Gotham rodent has still a few retiring habits, and prefers secret haunts, like a hermit, but he certainly believes in fearless publicity. You meet more rats in the open streets of New York than you will find in London, or even in Paris or Amsterdam, the paradise of the race.

The miles of riverside accommodation in and around New York afford luxurious board and lodging for our nimble fellow-citizens. Between the rock and soil, and the pier piles the rat colony flourishes and keeps up the population. They intermarry just like other natives, and the infusion of foreign blood has helped to develop the rare intellectual qualities of the Empire City rat. Each river and canal boat that goes up the country in spring carries a few adventurers from New York to brighten up the rustics in Wayback County. Each foreign ship that anchors in the North river debarks a band of sturdy immigrants from European ports, which, in turn, are supplied from the interior. The Hanoverian rat is of noble, some say of royal lineage, and has had even a lion's share in populating our free and open country. The rat is by choice a vegetarian. He is not a teetotaler, or at least he insists on experiments before he decides. Watch near one of the bonded stores where wines and liquors are landed. Soar around the malted houses in breweries and you will see a sleek-coated, bright-eyed tippler saunter forth, reckless of danger, as full as a keg and as happy as a President. He shoots ahead for a few paces, stops dead, and lifts up his nose to sniff the breeze. Then you will see his sides swell out round, as if he was bursting with jollity. All of a sudden he careens over to the left, and only after a severe mental effort does he square himself up for another trot homewards.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

HABITS OF OSTRICHES.

Glimpses of the Great Birds Kept in California for Their Plumage.

It is too bad to say any thing against these magnificent creatures, but their big eyes and grinning look reveal an ugly disposition. They will strike with their feet and trample whenever they have a chance. Contrary to my expectations the ostriches are very clean in appearance, and the feathers in their natural state are beautiful and rich. They are not packed down close to the body, but very loose, so that the wind blows through them, fanning the body and keeping it cool. This shows more than any thing else that they belong to a hot climate. The chicks are plucked at seven months of age and the large birds every six months.

The head, which is wonderfully small compared to the great size of the body, is very queer, consisting of hardly any thing except two big eyes and a wide, deep bill, splitting the head back to the neck. The top of the head is flat and often sunken; there absolutely seems to be no room for brains. As authority has placed the size of the brain to be in proportion only of 1 to 1,500, while the eagle's is 1 to 160 and the parrot's is 1 to 45. Notwithstanding their brainless heads they show an intelligence that overthrows all laws of phrenology. When hatching their young they carefully break the thick shells of the eggs, and show the greatest tenderness and affection for the chicks.

Although viciously disposed they beg for food most winningly. First they toss their wings about, as if to drive off flies. They open their mouths and follow you along the fence, reaching out their long necks. If you wait a little to test their impertinence they will sit down and raise their wings, sway their bodies, and pound their heads from side to side. Now reward one by throwing him a big orange and he will quickly gulp it down whole. While it is retained in the neck, slowly working down, he will stretch his mouth with another, and so on until you can see four or five bunches where the oranges are working down his neck at the same time. They drink water in the same gulping manner, seizing it in big mouthfuls like a solid substance. Their chief food is alfalfa, given all the year round, with corn occasionally, in the proportion of a pound to each large bird. This grass is cut fresh and chopped with a revolving knife. A bushel basketful daily answers for two birds. It is also the principal food used in Australia and Africa, but known under a different name—viz., lucern, which Webster gives as the proper name for it in this country. This herb of the clover, new only in the United States, grows very rank, and, being green all the year, the ostriches, by feeding upon it, thrive amazingly.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

SAMUEL OF POSEN.

Low the Tireless Jeweled Peddler Disposes of His Wares.

"Let me show you some nice collar-buttons, sir," and a bristled beard and a thrust before the eyes of a man who sat in a restaurant sipping cafe au lait. The speaker was a young man with a Hebraic cast of countenance and secular pronunciation of the letter s. Upon the card in pink ink was the cut of a horseshoe, within the circle of which was that of a dog. The words "Let me give you pointer" surrounded the horseshoe, on which, fastened at regular intervals, were a row of "snap" collar-buttons of "rolled gold," designed to prevent the band of the necktie from slipping over the collar. He planked down upon the table as he spoke a trunk-shaped valise like a doctor's medicine chest, canvas covered, and with plate corners.

The man addressed said he didn't want any, but the vender opened his valise and proceeded to exhibit other designs of collar buttons, only to revert back with a word of commendation to the "taking" card in his hand, and then giving his whole attention to point out the merits of his button. The one with a lever he sold for fifteen cents, "a reduction from twenty cents," and the other with the snap for twenty-five cents. His victim asserted that he had no use for any, but only to receive the information that his tie at that moment had crawled to the upper edge of his collar. Investigation proved the truth thereof, and a twenty-cent button was disposed of on the spot.

"Here is a blain ivory; diz iz of one, dat of celluloid, and diz of rockery," holding up to view the stock as he spoke. "Here iz some size scarf pins," holding out a matted mass of red plush forming a background and cushion for an array of pins stuck in the edge of a disk of blue silk in the center of the cross, "only thirty-five cents each."

A tray that fitted into the valise contained an assortment of cuff buttons of gold, shell, celluloid and pearl; "separable" and "lever" sleeve buttons, besides cuff links of various shapes. While these were being looked at the vender produced from his inner coat pocket a roll of white tissue paper. "Diz lot of beautiful pins are worth 50 cents each," said he, softly, as he exposed a half dozen bright shanked pins with sparkling "Alaska" diamonds or metal-coiled serpentine heads.

"Can you read dat paper?" and he slipped a pair of eye-glasses over the nose of the person addressed, who asked: "Who will buy such glasses from one who is not a regular optician?"

"Oh, I sell lot to de young men when ley go to de ball or de party. It makez lem look dignified, like de professor or de doctorate. See dat newboy dare—he looks like an ordinaire newboy—and now he lookz like zomebody elz," and he clapped a pair of glasses upon the greasy nose of an open-mouthed, unkempt urchin, with a bundle of newspapers under his arm, staring in speechless wonder at the wares spread out before him.

"My customerz are de clergerz in de torzoz and de offizez. I must work early and late," he continued, "and when I sell enough I can make a living. I support a wife and two children. Here iz zome thing which every zingle man zhozd hafe. It cost but fifteen sentz, and a button can be zown on ze rowzwer in eggzactlee von zeekund." And he pulled forth a small square paper package which contained a dozen buttons with sockets and a "needle," and illustrated the manner in which a bachelor could "in von zeekund rivet demizing button." Then he packed up his miniature trunk, and, touching his hat, quickly withdrew.—Detroit Free Press.

ABOUT BORROWING.

An Evil Practice Which Does Not Deserve the Least Encouragement.

I read this inscription in a wagon-shop the other day: "I neither borrow nor lend tools." I don't know whether borrower and lender is most to be pitied. The man who lends runs the risk of losing tools, or having them injured, or of wanting them during their absence. But he may get them back all right, especially if reputed to be cross and crabbed enough to resent an injury. But the man who borrows makes a certain loss of time, and in greater or less degree of self-respect, and he makes himself liable to lend in return things more valuable than he borrows. In Arkansas I staid over night with a man who keeps a good assortment of tools. In the morning a neighbor rode up and said: "There is your auger; I was very busy and didn't bring it back as soon as I meant to."

When the borrower was gone I asked how far he lived from there. "A mile and a quarter," was the reply. In borrowing and returning the auger he had traveled five miles; it was an inch auger, worth about seventy-five cents. The habit of borrowing naturally leads to slackness in returning; good-natured lenders often suffer serious inconvenience. Every householder ought to keep an assortment of tools, farmers quite a full assortment, and they ought to be taught in youth how to use them. Saws, augers, bits, chisels, planes, three or four each, monkey-wrench, drawshave, vice, etc., ought to be owned by every farmer. Then he can make and mend many things in less time than he would spend getting the work done at the shop. If he is level-headed he will at old times make a great many conveniences for the family and keep things in good repair.—Hugh F. Brooks, in St. Y. Tribune.

BAR HARBOR.

A Wild, Weird Tale of Love and Adventure.

BY AMOS LEE.

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Laughing heartily, they could not have told why, both dashed away, two magnificent specimens of womanhood, noble-hearted girls, fearless, frank and true.

The all-observant Fairfax had noted, cautiously, one other fact—that the stone by which Natalie had mounted lay directly against the huge trunk of an enormous willow-tree.

Oxford was now all eagerness to return to the village immediately.

"Wait," said Fairfax, putting out his hand to restrain him and looking steadily in the direction whence the girls had first appeared.

They waited—perhaps ten minutes—Fairfax silent and thoughtful, revolving some scheme or other in his brain, but observant all the time; Dick, too, quiet, but chiefly from curiosity.

A carriage was heard approaching. It contained the lovers, Catherine and Dimitri, no longer more oblivious than ever to the surrounding world. There horse was, clearly, the only one of the party who had his wits about him. Being a sagacious and double beast, with a vision of oats in the distance, he was directing himself homeward with energetic steps.

After they had passed out of sight, Fairfax then motioned to his friend to follow him. Going over to the stone from which Natalie had mounted, the pair sat down.

"As I told you," began Fairfax, "I leave to-night for Havre, or for Paris, via St. Malo; and I want you to leave to-morrow night at the same hour—both of us ostensibly not to return. You will tell landlady Baudray that you are going to Paris—understand? I shall inform him, that I am going to take a steamer to America to-morrow. I want to create a firm impression that we have gone—cleared out, vanished the ranch, and are hundreds of miles away from this place."

"Now," continued he, "as to your occupation while here, my boy; first of all, let me retail to you several important items of interest. I have noticed that twice already the Princess has ceased sketching just before sunset; that the servants follow at some distance behind; that she dismounts, waters that black charger and mounts from this stone on which we are now sitting, and that your friend, Lydia, has been with her but once."

"Now," said he, speaking slowly to impress his listener, "you must ask you to take observations in my place, to-morrow. If they all agree with mine, I shall take it for granted that they indicate a regular occurrence of what I have just told you. More especially—do you hear, friend—I am anxious to learn whether Lydia will be with her again. I must positively learn that. You get these points?"

"I do," said Richard.

"Now, can that valet of yours keep a secret?"

"The rack wouldn't extract it from him, if he makes up his mind to do so."

"Will he falter; or have any qualms of conscience about taking part in a hazardous scheme?"

"He'll do whatever I tell him."

"Very well, I want his assistance, too, in this matter. I want you both to pack up, say farewell; go to St. Malo; buy your tickets to Paris—being exceedingly cautious to keep in the background, and, on no account, make known your names—send all your baggage through to that city; but get off—both of you—at Dol. I will arrive a few moments later. We will then hold a consultation together. Do you get the idea?"

"I do," replied the attentive and very much puzzled Oxford.

"Will you act accordingly?"

"Very well, then, let's join hands on it. Meanwhile I must ask you to wait longer before I admit you to my secret."

"I see and acquiesce," meekly said Dick. Upon which they got into the buggy and silently drove home to the inn, each one occupied with his own peculiar thoughts.

CHAPTER VIII.

IF THIS FAILS ME, EVERY THING ELSE FAILS, TOO!

At half-past nine Fairfax was off and away, having first taken Dick aside and made that now completely decided, but mystified individual, recite in order his various duties for the morrow. Oxford did this with so much precision as to win commendation from his friend, who added:

"Now, whatever else you may do, my boy, I want you to make it distinctly understood that you have gone away to Paris, to return 'no more, forever'—this year, at least. You observed how marked I was in my address to all, giving out 'go to St. Malo; buy your tickets to Paris'—that I was going back to America immediately?"

"At midnight he was in St. Malo, where he found awaiting him a telegram from Nebbitt himself."

"Message only just received. See you to-morrow on board 'Morna,' Havre, 10 a.m."

Fairfax smiled, and remarked:

"Persistence often succeeds where genius fails."

At the hour named he stood on the deck of the "Morna," as she lay at anchor off Havre. Nebbitt, looking as if he had just stepped from a bandbox, came forward, and with his prompt, clear-cut sentences, began the conversation:

"Good morning, Fairfax. Luckily for you, a mere whim of mine brought me back, and had I followed it out entirely, I should now have been in Southampton. I should never have waited for any other man but you. I observe you're in a hurry; I'm at your service. What can I do for you?"

"Yes, I am in haste. I want to see you privately."

"Let us go into the cabin, then," said Nebbitt, leading the way into an elegant saloon, where he motioned Fairfax to a seat.

"Well, Mr. Nebbitt, it's just this," said Fairfax, and plunged directly in medias res.

Nebbitt listened with constantly increasing wonder and attention.

When the narrative was closed with the concise remark: "That's the whole thing in a nutshell," he burst forth with the exclamation:

"Most extraordinary thing I ever heard of in my life! Make a sensation greater than would the assassination of the Czar or Victoria! But how did it succeed, my dear fellow?"

"It has not been done yet, but by Heavens! it shall be!" Here Fairfax arose to his utmost height, his eye flashing fire, his nostrils dilated and his fist clenched.

"And to-morrow, too!" At the last words, he brought down his hand with such violence upon the table that the elegant Nebbitt unconsciously started.

With a sarcastic smile and a sneer curling his lip, he sat silently regarding the antics of his hair-brained visitor.

"Now," continued the infatuated young man, "I want you to help me. Without you, it can not be done. With your help, not only can it be done, but it will be a brilliant success. You yourself, a moment since, avowed that you considered it the master-stroke of the age."

"My dear fellow, there is a vast difference between a thing done and a thing undone. You are not in your sane mind, now, boy. Do you know what would be the consequence of failure in such an undertaking? It would kick up a deuce of a row; and imagine my own predicament besides."

Fairfax said that he had made a mistake, and that his task, as far as the influencing of Nebbitt was concerned, was much greater than he had anticipated. He had, he said, impossible Dick to deal with. He must talk with this man intelligently, unenthusiastically; reason with him and present his plans in an open, logical manner, stating the facts as they appeared to him, and not withholding the chances of failure.

Coolly lighting a cigarette and leaning lazily back, he began in a slow, measured, colorless tone to set forth the case exactly as it was. Cold-blooded facts were what his listener desired.

Fairfax gave him these, and having, in this way, thrown Nebbitt a little off his guard, began—yet without appearing so to do—to appeal to the element of dare-devilry and dash that he knew was latent in that man's nature. Little by little he worked on the latter, until, by and by, his now thoroughly interested auditor slapped his thigh with his hand, ejaculating:

"What a sensation it would create. Gadi the very originality and daring of the plan brings me to try it."

Fairfax said nothing, but sat silently smoking. He perceived he had gained his point.

Nebbitt rose and began pacing the saloon floor in deep thought, every now and then emitting an explosive laugh.

At last he suddenly turned, came toward Fairfax, put his hands on the latter's shoulders, and looked him straight in the eye.

What he saw there seemed to be the cause of an immediate decision on his part, and well it might. That firmly-closed mouth and dauntless eye, in which caution and daring were equally conspicuous, be-tokened unswerving persistence.

"Fairfax," said Nebbitt, "it shall be done! Your plan is excellent. Execute it in every detail as you gave it to me and success is certain. Omit one, and the chances of failure will outweigh those of success. As to your two 'heavy villains,' you may set your mind at rest about them. I have in my crew two men exactly suited to the requirements of the deed. Both understand, and are fluent speakers, French. You can rely upon their rigid and fearless execution of any command you may see fit to lay upon them; and should any unexpected emergency arise, their judgment seldom fails to direct them aright. I know them from past years," said Nebbitt, with a faint smile.

"As to your equipment and all of that fol-de-rol, give my steward a list of what you want, and he will go to Paris and attend to all of that business. As to the other matter of which you speak, Mr. Porte himself is now in Paris. I can, no doubt, secure you his Bar Harbor cottage for the autumn. You surely won't want it for a longer period?" said he, with a curious smile.

"Wait a moment," he continued, disappearing for a short time, and returning with two samurai, sharp, shrewd, daring-looking fellows.

"Mr. Fairfax, these are Jack Longshore and Davy Jones. My men, you are to go with this gentleman and be under his orders as long as he needs you. He's got a very ticklish job for you and wants your prettiest work. Understand, no liquor, now."

"Aye! Aye! sir," returned both men, delighted at the prospect of something novel and exciting.

A moment later appeared the steward, to whom Nebbitt also gave the same instructions.

Twenty minutes afterward the entire party of adventurers was on board the fast express to Paris.

The steward was so successful in executing his commissions that in the evening he was again on board the "Morna," which, at ten o'clock, had weighed anchor and was rapidly steaming out into the channel.

Meanwhile Fairfax and his two men found their limited time barely sufficient for fulfilling the many errands imposed upon each. But the trio arrived at the station just in season to board the cars for Dol, with the comfortable feeling that every thing had been done as planned.

CHAPTER IX.

MY TIDE AT THE FLOOD.

Arrived at Dol, Fairfax found Dick and his valet in waiting. The party, divided in three sections, having apparently no connection one with the other, sauntered slowly down the road, toward a rendezvous convenient, yet secluded.

Richard was then interrogated as to the result of his investigations.

"Well, to begin with," said that tired and sleepy youth, drawing himself up to his head-and-shoulders length and yawning alarmingly, "Lydia was there again; and there's no use in denying the fact that she got Arthur Fairfax on the brain-dead spot I believe. And, between you and me



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and you steamed, I'm inclined to think, too, the iceberg's beginning a little to thaw."

"Stop," said his listener, decisively, "this is no time for nonsense. Relate the events, not your beliefs."

"Well, my boy, she left at half-past six. Darby and Joan, otherwise Dimitri and Catherine, lagged behind. Your friend again watered Melj at the pool, and remounted from the self same stone. Lydia kept her horse and, before they rode off, I heard her promise to come again to-morrow."

"Hm-m-m!" said Fairfax, reflectively, "that young lady can easily be disposed of. I believe you chanced the other day to mention the fact that Lady Blanche, now in Paris, is her aunt, did you not?"

"Yes," replied Dick, wonderingly.

Fairfax took from his vest pocket a telegraphic blank, on which was written the simple word, "Send. P."

"Now, my fair charmer, Miss Lydia, I think we have you out of the way."

"Roger," continued he, calling the valet, "deliver this at the telegraph office, and then hire a horse and buggy at some livery stable. Be sure and secure a strong horse and a buggy with a rubber apron for wet weather."

In perhaps half an hour the sound of approaching wheels was heard, and Roger quickly announced himself. Finding the vehicle suited for the service which he desired to impose upon it, Fairfax called the three men together, saying:

"Go to some inn for the night. At eight o'clock to-morrow morning take the diligence that leaves here, and passes X. cross-road—only a short distance from our destination. Roger, you know that way from there to the village, and the point beyond where you went with Mr. Oxford yesterday—near where the brook crosses the road at the pool. You understand?"

"I do sir," said Roger, knowingly.

"Very well, then, you all understand. Put all your bundles in the carriage and go off for a good sleep."

The three servants were quickly on their way to the village, Roger proving himself perfectly invulnerable when bombarded with questions by the two excited and curious eunuchs.

Dick and Fairfax, meanwhile, were on their way to the village of Y, thirty miles distant. At half-past three o'clock in the morning they were approaching the well-known town, and the east was beginning to show faint signs of light.

Fairfax urged to a rapid pace the horse that quickly carried them through the slumbering village. He made a brief pause at the inn of Landlord Baudray. They drove directly toward the appointed rendezvous near the fateful pool and led the horse into the midst of a neighboring grove, where it was quite evident no one would stray, otherwise than by the merest accident.

Turning to Dick, Fairfax heaved a sigh, with the after remark:

"My friend, all is complete—every thing. Only the intervention of Heaven, now, can defeat my plans."

Then, for the first time, Oxford's curiosity as to the schemes of his friend were satisfied.

He had made up his mind, whatever might be his character, not to betray the slightest emotion on learning them; and to do him justice, outwardly he evinced no sign of the dismay that overwhelmed him as he listened to the outrageous project of his mad friend.

Although his heart sank within him, he made no remark at first. Fairfax watched him keenly, to observe the effect of his own words.

Finally, with a gravity wholly unmovable and an impressive seriousness, as the more effective because unusual, Oxford turned to Fairfax, and said:

"I promised to be with you in whatever you undertook. I will keep my word if you insist upon it. It is not too late, even yet, for you to forego this unfortunate affair. I, myself, think it unnecessary, extremely impracticable and dangerous, and, frankly, idiotic as well as wicked."