There have been sold from Iron Mountain, Mo., 3,000,000 tons of ore. But there is in sight to-day more ore than James Harrison saw when he come here forty-odd years ago and thought necessary that women should be educated at all. Throughout the

The product exceeds 3,000,000 tons, The more exact figures are 3,085,000 times when Iron Mountain ore was lot wanted for some special work at fond husband of the present day. Peckham's Kimmswick furnace, and it The plain truth seems to be that no means \$25,000,000 for the product.

the empty one up. That was picking pledge and guarantee of innecence. up dollars. One workman Sas good for six or eight tons a day. Oce was

There were periods when the ship-000,000 gross income. "Um! um!" said old Tom Dwyer,

mountain made money."

Louis Globe-Democrat.

SHINING THE BOOTS.

ing Into Real Diamonds.

A wise man, says Spurgeon, can see

chemist, "what a remarkable and limits. But all this is changing. The unique process the blacking of a boot enlightenment of woman is destined to is? You see, we smear the boot with a work out a most remarkable change in preparation of bone black, which is en- the world's civilization, and give the tirely devoid of luster; and then, by the greatest impulse to progressive thought friction of a dry brush, make it shine and advancement that the world has like the sto. There is not another pro- yet seen. - Yanker Blade. cess like this anywhere in the arts, so far as I know, and I never read any-

what it is worth.
"The key to the mystery lies in the fact that diamond is nothing more than crystallized carbon. The blacking is most efficient methods of generating electricity, has the effect of crystallizing the carbon of the blacking. As soon as this is done, the boot is covered with millions of infinitely small diamonds, and, of course, begins to shine, as a mass of diamonds would. Of course this is not a perfect explanation of the phenomenon. What part the other ingredients of the blacking play. and especially, whole is that the blacking must be moistened, I can not tell; perhaps some one else can. But I feel pretty sure that the boot-blacks are engaged in turning blacking into dianonds."-N. Y. Voice.

TABLE ETIQUETTE. How to Act While Enjoying the Luxury

of a Good Dinner. Don't eat with your knife, for, as some writer has said, "that is a relic of barbarism."

Don't feel tha you must swallow the seeds of raisins and small fruit. That is dangerous. Don't hang your napkin to your col-

lar-button or stuff it inside your collar. It was made to protect your lap, not your necktie. When you raise your spoon to your

lips raise it laterally to the mouth. angles with your face.

Don't be in a hurry, for hurry im-

not standing by. and that you are induty bound to be as

Don't be afraid to be cheerful and Nature. happy at meals. "Cheerfulness is full of significance; it suggests good health, a year conscience, and a soul at peace will all human nature." Cheerfulness

is ie mother of good digestion. Don't be afraid to eat hard cheese with the thumb and forefinger. Of course the soft cheese will have to be of soft chaose upon your bread with the edge of your kuife, as you would butter,

is the proper way .- Boston Globs. -A New Jersey barber keeps a goat to devour the hair shorn from his cus-

THE FEMININE ERA.

Beneficent Effects of the Progressive Eng lightenment of Women.

One of the signs of the times is the increasing attention that is given to the education of wor on. It is only in comparatively recent times that it has been Middle Ages women could not read nor write. Only a hundred years ago most women were only instructed in the tons. What does this mean in dollars? simplest radiments of knowledge. The It is hard to say. But there has been extant letters of Martha Washington show a most fearless independence of worth \$10.50 a ton loaded upon the the spelling book. The letters of many cars. It is even remembered that once of the wives of the prominent men of a car-load made up of picked ore our early history show an ignorance brought \$15 a ton. This was an extra that would be deeply humiliating to a

brought an extra price. The bulk of nation has been much more than half the product has gone at \$9, \$8, and \$7, civilized until within the last one or with prices now ranging still lower, two hundred years. There have been Perhaps, for a rough estimate, \$8 a ton bations that have attained a high demight be tak n as a fair average. That gree of enlightenment as far as their mascullle portion was concerned. But Early operations were primitive, by one of the strange perversities of The ore was picked up from the crest human reason, it has been considered of the mountain in chamits, trundled anyomanly and mescaline for a woman down the mountain-side on tramways, to be highly educated. The time is not and loaded on the cars ready for ship. very far distant in the past when pratment. Pick and shovel discodged the Ping ignorance and garrulous and masses. Gravity furnished the power, thoughtless chatter were thought the for the loaded car going down pulled prowning charm of women, and the

But all these things are gradually changing. Now no one but an ignorant worth \$9 and \$10 a ton, and 100 cars a man belittles an educated woman, and day left the mountain for the furnaces. feminine education is only antagonized by masculine boors. Women now go ments went over 1,000 tons a day, and through college by the thousands every every ton meant a \$5 bill to the stock- year. They are taking prominent posiholders. A net income of \$5,000 a tions at the bar, on the platform, in the day! A profit of \$15,000,000 from \$25,- pulpit and in the fields of journalism and authorship. They are like a new race that have come up from seridom "but those were the days when the and a kind of savagery in the last hundred years into a high estate of civiliza-And yet here stands the mountain tion and progress. It is almost as great to-day, reduced in size, scarred and a change as when the untutored Goths furrowed and tunneled, with more ore and Vandals imbibed the culture of the Is sight than there was in 1814.—St. Roman world, and those sanguinary. half-naked barbarians became the fathers of modern civilization.

The civilization of the world must An Humble Operation Which Turns Black- lake a new phase through this progress ive calightenment of woman. The laws, institutions and policies of nations wisdom in every thing, and can find in- have hitherto only been representative struction in the most commonplace ob- of one-half the population. The femjects. Few persons would think of thine element has been lacking. Wolooking for fresh knowledge in the and through the superior arrogance simple blacking of a boot: but it is of man, and through her own false nonevertheless a most interesting sub- tions of what is becoming and proper to her sex, has hitherto restricted horself "Did it ever occur to you," said a within most narrow and prescribed

A Siberian Prison Cell

The room was about 35 feet in length sult of this peculiar case is awaited by 25 in width and 12 feet high; its walls of hewn logs were covered with seler. dirty whitewash, its rough plank floor was black with dried mud and hard trodden filth, and it was lighted by How It Was Appreciated by the Directress three grated windows looking out into little more than earbon paste, and the the prison yard. Down the center of friction of a hairbrash, being one of the the room and occupying about half its width ran the sleeping bench—a wooden platform 12 feet wide and 30 feet long. apported at a height of 2 feet from the floor by stout posts. A Specian prison cell contains no other furniture except a large wooden tub for necessities. The prisoners have neither pillows, blankets nor bed-clothing, and must lie on these hard planks with no covering but their overcouts. As we entered jingling of chains, aprang to their feet, removed their caps, and stood silently in a dense throng. "How do you do, boys?" said the warden. "We wish your health, Your High Nobilty," shouted a hundred voices in hoarse chorus. 'The prison," said the warden, "is, terribly overcrowded. This cell, Cor example, has spaces for thirty-five or at most forty men, and 160 slept here last night." I looked round the cell. Thre was practically no ventilation whatever, and the air was so poisonous and foul that I could scarcely forcemnyself to breath it. - Century.

Interesting and Instructiv

An immense terrestrial globe, constructed on the scale of one-millionth, will be shown at the Paris exhibition of Don't bring your elbow around at right 1889. A place will be set apart for it at the center of the Champ de Mars. The globe will measure nearly thirteen plies confusion and disorder. If you meters in diameter, and will give some are confused you will surely upset a idea of real dimensions, since the condish either upon yourself or your neigh- ception of the meaning of a million is not beyond the powers of the human Don't "saw" your mouth with your mind. Visitors to the exhibition will napkin, and don't reach in front of see for the first time on this globe the another guest to get any thing he might | place really occupied by certain known pass you if you had asked for it, as spaces, such as those of great towns. suming, of course, that the waiter was | Paris, for instance, will barely cover a square continueter. The globe will turn Don't forget that there are other on its axis, and thus represent the people at the table as well as yourself, movement of rotation of the earth. The scheme was originated by MM. T. Vilsolicitious for their comfort as you lard and C. Cotard, and it has been would be for your own. Therefore, placed under the patronage of several don't spread yourselfall over the table. eminent French men of science .- La

Some people have a queer idea of a joke. Recently the "belle" of a little Pennsylvania town "playfully" threw a handful of peanuts in the face of a Methodist minister at an evening reception, and then laughed heartily at the "joke." The minister lay low for eaten otherwise. Putting a small piece a few days, until one morning the "bello" passed the parsonage, when he "playfully" threw a basin of soap sads on her new hat. Then he also laughed at his joice, but the belle was furiously angry and threatened to sae the minis-

AN INTERESTING SUIT.

The Rights of Hald-Headed Men to Be Defined by a Kentucky Court.

A peculiar law suit has just come up before the Supreme Court of Kentucky. Some time ago Colonel E. P. Bradshaw, one of the most prominent men in Central Kentucky, was alarmed by the discovery that his hair was falling out. Perlianed by Special Arrangement with He consulted numerous physicians and made secret visits to a number of hair charmers who had established themselves in the neighborhood, but none of them brought the relief which the Colonel craved. In his earlier days he had been the proud and, you might say, vain | Marchioness'. possessor of a suit of hair that would make a cowboy envious. His hair came out so fast that-well, one morning he awoke and found it all on the pillow. He was, therefore, reduced to vantage than when suffering pain, mental er the necessity of wearing a wig. A few days ago he swore out a warrant for the arrest of R. D. Moorhouse. In court, the Colonel made this somewhat unique "Your Honor, the defendant and I Then, again, he had actually all but "cut"

have ever been the best of friends. I took him into my confidence and let him see that I wore a wig. I did this because I did not wish to have any thing concealed from him. We occupied the same room at a hotel. The other morning I got up as usual. It has been my habit during many years, your Honor, to get up at morning. My friend had dressed himself and gone out. I found my wig on the dressing-case, and put it on. Having worn a wig for some time, your Honor, I had got into the habit of putting it on. That day my friend left the city. That night I went to my room as usual. I am in the habit, your Honor, of going to my room when other places fail to attract me. I undressed, a custom which I observe just before going to bed, but when I attempted to remove my wig I found that it would not come off. I pulled at it and experienced great pain. In much alarm I sent for a physician who roomed down-stairs. He made an examination and exploded in a great and insulting horse-laugh. It was what was the matter. Finally he told me that some one and I at once knew who-had skillfully sewed a porous plaster in my wig. Judge, and you, too, gentlemen of the jury, 1 am astonished to see you chuckle over so serious a matter. Is it possible, Sentlemen, that a bald-headed man has no rights his claim upon d guity and becomes the ludierous victim or men who formerly

respected him?" "Your remarks are timely," the titnow see if bald heads are to be the butt of American practical joking. Some time next year, when your wig comes off, we will then discuss the moral

MALE ELOQUENCE.

of a Female Seminary. It was commencement day at Madame Breckinbridge's seminary. Rev. P. F. Olliot Pease had come several hundred miles to speak words of wisdom to the graduating class of fourteen young ladies, and direct their eager feet into the right paths of duty and happiness. This speech was two hours long; the hall was crowded, and the heated audience listened in breathless admiration while he poured volley after volley of red-hot advice upon the heads of those the cell, the convicts, with a sudden belpless young women. Madame Breckinbridge sat on the platform with a calm smile, through it all, and when it was over she thanked the reverend gentleman in her most gracious man-

But, after the crowd and the speaker were gone, she called the young ladies around her, and privately address them as follows:

"Young ladies, you have to-day been permitted to listen to a learned man, while he told you what he knew about young women. Young ladies, I wish to give you a proverb, which I trust you will always remember. It is this: 'A man never shows what he does not know so much as when he attempts to tell what he knows about women.'

"I should be thoroughly ashamed of any one of you if I ever heard you express such idiotic sentiments as those with which the reverend gentleman has favored us to-day. He knows not half so much about young women as you know about Gatling guns and Winchester rifles. Should any one of you follow the advice he has given you to-day, you would only prove a lamentable failure in every department of life which

awaits you. "Young ladies, it has cost me just ninety-five dollars to secure this gentleman's services here to-day. Young ladies, next year the commencement address will be delivered by some intelligent, cultured woman, who knows

whereof she speaks." Perhaps you have listened to Rev. Mr. Pease in the past commencement season.—Detroit Free Press.

Napoleon as a Deserter.

When the first Napoleon having abandoned Moscow arrived at the ferry on the river Nieman, he asked the ferryman, who did not know him, if many

French deserters had crossed over. "No," was the reply, "you are the first."- Texas Hiftings.

-A big bloodhound attacked a livety gamecock in a yard in Columbia, Pa., e few days ago, and not only got leaten, but had the sight of both eyes destroyed by the fewl's spurs

BAR HARBOR.

A Wild, Weird Tale of Love and Adventure.

BY AMOS LEE.

THE AUTHOR.

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She, too, had been struck with the sad-

ness and fine expression of Fairfax's countenance on that eventful night at the When the man was under the influence of any unusual or thrilling excitement, as he was during that evening, his entire manner

was strikingly courteous, refined and digni-

fied. He never appeared to better adobvoical. With a woman's eagerness to solve a mystery, she desired to learn his history. She was convinced that there was some mystery connected with it. Why had he been so disturbed at Natalie's appearance!

her-not intentionally, she supposed; thus

making his action the more annoying, because of his absent-mindedness. At any rate, whatever the cause, her thoughts were continually reverting to Fairfax, and she found herself making the resolve to see more of him, and also to

farhom his relations with the Princess. But fate, in the shape of Fairfax's wilv note, had forbidden her proposed confidential fittle chat with Natabe upon this eventful alternoon.

Only yesterday Lydia had written a pleasant little note to her "fly-away" riend, Richard, inviting him to a dinner the following evening, and begging him to bring his friend, Mr. Fairfax, if he liked; for whom she also inclosed a note.

Cursing his fate and using some similar associative expressions with regard to the headstrong and obstinate Fairfax, whose inexpilcable conduct was thus wittingly casting away so magnificent an opportunity. Oxford sat down, grinding his teeth and with tears of anger in his eyes, wrote a nolite reply to Lydia, regretting that Pairfax had left for Hayre the evening previouswith the intention of sailing this re y day for America"- and that he himself was obliged "to depart in a few hours for Paris, whence he would soon leave either for England or for Switzerland."

This turn of affairs, while it annoyed Lydia, only served to make her more deter some time before he could tell me raund, and, during her ride to Dol, she cars to the constission that, if she would min any headway in learning the history of is young American, she must make he young countryman the objective point

At Dol, of course, she found no Aunt anche, and no explanation of that lady's Whereupon the energetic I administrate solving this ice reystery. Doubling off a busty telegraph message,

in this country? Is it possible that so she bade her conclumn hand it to the opsoon as a man loses his hair he forfeits crafer in the depot. That efficial the moent he gianced at Lydia's signature, gave the common a rote that he declared was at includ for his mictoresa. Te. ring open the lotter, Lydia read:

This is simply a recto draw the Lady tering judge replied, "and we shall Ladia out of the way. Her friend, the Prineens Natalle, has been abducted. Kindly make known the news at Chateau D'Or. urging the uselessness of any search for her. The inclosed note is for Madame X

To explain the letter's having been in his points of this question. We must now possession, the operator quietly handed Lydin a large envelope, bearing the address: "Telegraph Operator, R. R. Station, Dol." On a slip of paper inclosed therein was the following request:

"Please hand this envelope to Lady Lydia Brondaeres, if she comes to the R. R. Station. Otherwise, hold it for further decetions. That was all, but quite enough to en-

ghten Lydia. Horror-struck and greatly agitated, she astened back to the chateau. (Fairfax ence again was successful. He

ad not planned for nothing. Ere bidding dien to the steward of the "Namovna" be

ad placed in that reliable servant's hand m envelope, "which you will post from yea," he added. It bore the postmark of that port, as Lydia observed.) regrain whether or not she were the victim of a cruel, practical joke, the poor girl, in an agony of suspense, kept urging ner conclaims to speed the horses to their

utmost. Alshotta accompanied by her maid, usually a great confidente, she resointery kept the news to herself, notwithstanding the auxious questions of that kindhearted body, who perceived that her young mistress was unusually distressed. Lydia's lips were firmly compressed, her cheek was very oile, and determination ap-

penced in every lineament of her face while that blue eye, hitherto so tender and meiting, now glittered with a baleful glare of suppressed unger and distress. The carriage actually arrived at the

diateau in somewhat less than two hours. The storm was fast coming on, and the belated lovers, DimitiOand Catharine, suddealy areased to the fact of its rapid approach, had his been making exertions to cain the shelter of the chatcan ere its They reached the gutes just ahead of Lydia.

The latter, subduing her agitation, in ordinary tones inquired of Catherine where her mistress was. The maid, in surprise and sudden alarm, replied that she supposed the Princess had been at the chateau for some time. Lydia involuntarily exclaimed:

Thank God! I trust it is so," and began o feel somewhat relieved. Her perturbation night, after all, be caused by some frightful lunder. She must keep the entire affair a secret until farther developments. Recovering her self-control she quietly asked Catharine to inform the Princess of her ar-

After what seemed to her anxiety an age, the beheld Catherine returning with a

enered, white face, "Oh, my lady, she is not here, and Dimitri says Medji is nowhere to be found, Where, O where can she be. And this dreadful storm coming on, too. What shall I dof Perhaps ray hady, alse went to see you. I know she was greatly disappointed when she rend your note."

When Catherine made this unnounce ment. Lydin's heart cink within her and she foll obliged to yield to the herrible certainty that the impudent missive had told

Something must be done, and that quickly,

"Call Madame X," said she. The madame entered, greatly alarmed. Already drops of rain were beginning to fall procursors of the now rapidly approceding atorm, ready to burst overhead a all its fory. The winds sang delefully brough the trees. Flashes of lightning played warningly in the distance, and spitein mutterions of thunder frequently smote pen the our.

Together, the two women permed the te that Lydia and brought from Dot. it cel un follows:

d was be, taken to prevent the slightest jury or insult to her. No ransom will be sed or necepted for her release. She will turn certainly in six mouths' time from e date of her abdretion, and in all proba-ity much some in the intervening ried she will receive the most courteous d considerate of treatment. Her favorite thors and ansacal composers will be at r hand. A maid will observe her every sh. Medji will accompany her. From

sek to week one or two notes will be ailed to her parents, stating the condition ber health and mind, exactly as they are. hould more speed; means of communicaon be found necessary, the telegraph will e resorted to. Should her family desire to ommunicate with her, let their communicaon be mailed to each one of the following ournals: The Paris Figure, the London Forms and the New York Herald. Use the

following cipher:
"Beginning with the letter G as II. H as 7. I as 13, and so on, return to A, which, of purse, will be 31; finish at F, whose number will thus be 36: e. g.: '31, 16, 16-27, 35, 16, 16'- 'All well.' "It will be utterly useless to even attempt

to learn the Princess' wherencouts. The foregoing promises will be kept solely oli and that no offert is made either to

rescue herer te discover any thing whatever with regard to her,
"As regards (max out communication, if tout be incessory, telegraph a . her-dispatch to the same papers, with the request to insert the cipher morning in their next

Both ladies were horrifled and astenished t the enormity and daring of this deeplyad plan. They could scuccely believe the evidence of their senses that such a bold afmir had actually taken place in a district so perculous and carefully guarded. It seemed in possible, and yet the proof of it lay in Natalie's absence and the two notes.

CHAPTER XIL

The stern was now raging in its full ree. The rain, in perfect torrents, was against the chateau walls. The lown the chameys. Pent after peat of cafening thunders rang through the avens, and the lightning in blinding shes seemed never to cease. The enco home was in a state of wild confum and ahirm, and each servant was hing nindessly around, questioning the

Distri and Catherine swore that the incens quitted her painting only a minutes before they themselves left torrace. They exhibited the picture,

int with freshly-land colors, as proof of work during the afternoon.

oother man normal had seen nor hard y thing unusual. On the drive home w passed no persons, excepting some es and a wayfaring pedestrian men well known in the neighborhood, a se pursons had with good any thing are they surely would have spoken

mey! Dimitril" said Catherine, with a the prelimination; who you comempar ticing non-Ching queer?

himiri redecina a gioment. Said her Dayou mean that walnuted Yes," was her reply; "and do you re-

inher that I spoke to you about it and ic d what it wast"
"You are right," said he, "and the first

histic counded only n few moments after Princess went. Yes," continued the Cenger girl, " and

he second was blown after we left the orters and that farmer, this side of the pool. They were all fellows living about ere, going to St. Malo with vegetables for the macket to-morrow. I think they must bant the lun for shelter from the rain. You'd better jurap on your herse and run down and question them.

erried off. Lydia's common sense told her that in all probability Natable was now far beyon? caene. Something in the frankness and general tenor of the two notes led her to that no harm would befull her friend.

That it was no ordinary brain which had pehicyed the deed, she was fully convinced. Every thing went to prove this-the very dness of the scheme uself, the notes, here general tone and language. Although nearly broken-hearted over the affair, she eneved it quite useless even to institute 1

The others of the household Gore for send ing out immediately to search the neighborhood and discover some trace of the lost Princess. All the available males were accordingly pressed into the service, and sent out to scour the country in every direct descriptions of the Oranger, the hunter, ion. The first objective point, of course, was the road in the vicinity of the pool.

But not the slightest clue could there be discovered. The heavy rains had obliterated all the wheel-tracks made by the warren iato the wood, where the drincess had first been carried. Searching far and wide, they could find positively nothing in the way of a trace of their lost mistress.

Meanwhile, Dimitri returned from an interview with the earters, and these individuals all agreed in saying that they had seen a horsewoman emerge from the chif road and ride rapidly toward the village on the public road. From their description of the woman and her hoOse, it could be sone other

They met with no stranger, excepting a huntsman woo hailed them near the cliff road, and got them all into some angre lispute with regard to the land thereabouts. They, too, observed the loud whistle, but

Ere Dimitri left the inn, a farmer, also living in the neighborhood, entered. drenched through and through by storm. On his way to St. Malo, he had be come alarmed at the severity of the storm and, supposing it an all-night affair, turned back to the inu of the village.

Dimitri comembered meeting with him, just after Catherine and himself passed the

Here now was a cine. The wageners were not to be diverted

from their idea that they saw the Princess going toward the pool. Had this farmer, on the opposite side of the pool, seen herf No, he had not. He saw to one, excepting a stranger whom he found sitting by the road-side. This man and himself enjoyed a long talk about crops-a talk f porhaps one quarter of an hour in length. No woman passed them. Of that he was

referring, of course, to Catherine. He, too, bserved the sharp calls of the whistle. Lydin Estened quietly to Dimitri's story. Here, at last, was a trace to Natalfe-the usly clue, perhaps, to her disappearance.

with that man," pointing to Dimitri and

"Send for all the wagoners and the farmer, leamodiately," said she, authoritatively. The dripping band of peasants soon appeared in the half, little rivulets trickling down from their drenched garments and covering the floor with ministure ponds. They stood huddled together, awe-struck and awkward.

Questioning them, Lydia found that Nata lie must have been jour between the wagen on the other skie; and, therefore, in the "By the time Madama X. will read this beighborhood of, and very probably at the he Princess Natules will be far distant from | post Buelf; and that the stranger who Spices D'Or too far to even these of conversed with the furgor, and also the

huntsman who disputed with The carters, were, undoubtedly, accessories to the abduction for they both disappeared almost

immediately after the second whistle. The wageners said that the first call was heard just before they saw the Princess. The mystery of Natalie's disappearance

now became clear to Lydia. The huntsman-ah! would she have believed her ears had she been told who he was!-must have been on the watch for the poor girl. The warning signal of her approach toward the abductors was the first blast of his whistle. This, too, warned the outpost on the opposite side of the pool and both outposts stopped all passengers upon the road, thus preventing interference with the capture of Natalie.

As soon as the Princess had been secured. her captors, in turn, gave the signal to their accomplices that the deed was done and the coast clear. Unless Natalie was still in the neighbor-

hood of the pool-which was highly improbable-she must have been carried toward the sea-coast; for the she and her captors did not come toward the village was quite certain from the statement of the peasants; the abductors must, therefore, have followed the opposite direction-so reasoned Lydia; and correctly. But her intuition told her it was too late now for rescuing her friend

A full hour and a half had clapsed since Natalie's disappearance, and it was now almost eight o'clock. To the sea-coast from the pool was a drive of perhaps three-quar-ters of an hour. Therefore, if Natalie had been carried thither, she was by this hour far at sea, undoubtedly.

Still, as the storm gave Orns of abating. Lydia ordered her carriage to follow, while she herself, with Dimitri and others, hastened forward on horseback to the coast.

Dimitri had always imagined his mistress a peerless rider, but found Lydia quite her equal. Do their best, the men were always some distance behind her.

They met several of the searching party. who declared that every nook and crevice had been examined-more especially in the neighborhood of the brook. and howled about the house-corners and failed to discover any thing like the faintest clue-beyond grove in which there had been a recent encampment. Bits of bread were strewn about upon the turf that bore the imprints of horses' feet, as they could see by the light of their lanterns. Lydia perceived that it had been the hiding-place of the abductors.

Onward she dashed toward the sea-coast, the men following her.

Each person with whom they met was closely questioned, but not one had seen or heard any thing unusual. No vessel had left the harbor since noon. Those that were



ONWARD SHE DARRED. Suiting the action to the word, Dimitri lying there were only fishing-smacks, all belonging to the village. No strange vessel was seen along the coast recently-certain-

> Lydia realized that the search was hope-The Soductors might have gone to St. Malo; or they might have taken the opposite read leading along the western coast. Certain it was that men who so cleverly planned and so skillfully concealed their

ly during that day,

plans would by this time have made good their escape. It was now long after nine o'clock, and Lydia's carriage had arrived. All she could do was to go back, so she wrote a hurried note to the head of the police department at St. Malo, and another to the chief police official at St. Brieux, stating clearly and concisely all she knew about the matter; giving and the Princess berseif, and setting forth

her own views of the matter. These notes were immediately dispatched post-haste to both cities, while Lydia re-

turned home. Passing once more through the village of Y., she found the place ablaze with excitement. Around the inn was gathered a large crowd. Baudray, the landlord, saw Lydia's carriage driving by, and ran out toward it, holding an envelope in his outstretched hand. Said ho:

"My little girl has a number of pet doves, which she always shuts up in the dove-cote at night. She missed one this morning, and thought it had been killed; but a few moments ago she heard a tapping at her chamber window, which looks over the roof of the porch. It was the lost Baba fluttering at the window-pane, and apparently exhausted. This little note was fastened to supposed it that of some hunter calling his the bird. It is addressed to Chateau D'Or.

Lydia tore it open. It ran thus: 'Agreeable to our promise, we send the first message. Naturally, the Princess was somewhat alarmed at the outset, but has quite recovered from the shock, and, although failing to discover why she should be held in durance vile, is reasonably happy and perfectly well, as a hearty meal has just completed, can testify. More

If not so worried about her friend, Lydia would have laughed outright. The idea of purloining a Princess, and afterwards sending comforting notes in this chatty, confidential manner was extremely abourd and well-nigh incredible. However, here was

the note, and no doubt Natalie was safe. Lydia breathed more freely, and actually began to almost enjoy the novelty of the situation. She felt inclined to lie on her oars, as it were, and await the next devel-

opment in the case. "Who could have stolen the pigeon?" asked she of Bandray. "Who has gone away from the innt

"My only guests who have left are Monsieur Fairfax and Monsieur Oxford and his valet. Monsieur Puicfax left two days ago, and sailed from Hayre to America yester day. Monsieur Oxford and his valot left last night, and after they had gone, my little one counted her birds and locked them securely in the dove-cote. They were all right in number last alght, and this moruing the door was still locked; but yet one

- A Sicsensoppi woman fell into a milldam, and when she was rescued a tenpound cathsh was entangled in her wire bustle. Her husband wanted to set bee again, but she would not consent-Norristown Heraid.