

BAR HARBOR.

Wild, Weird Tale of Love and Adventure.

BY AMOS LEE.

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Mystery began to deepen.

The clever Fairfax? Observing that an abstruse padlock secured the door of the chateau, on the morning after the ball at the "Marchioness", when he arose so early, he proceeded to his study, unlocked the door with his bunch of keys upon which he had laid his hand, and found one locked. Driving through the village with two night attendants, he roused Dick, the inn, and requested Dick to hold the key. A moment later, Richard, now having listened to acquiesce, did as he was told, unlocked the door. Jean, the watching maid, was inclined to bark, but recognizing Fairfax's voice, approached the latter, waggling her tail propitiously. From a capacious pocket Fairfax produced a little basket, and, unlocking the door of the dove-cot, he placed the first inmate upon which he laid his hands, and thrust it into the night. Jean looked on with interest, and, with a look of surprise, she turned to Fairfax. In his hand he held a bundle, which she took, and saw it was a dog, and lay down contentedly to eat it. Every one was asleep, and the pair departed as they came (unobserved).

She drove toward the chateau once more, and for the first time became aware of a fact that she was extremely hungry, and, in fact, had not had a dinner.

On a hastily-prepared tea, she and Madame X. discussed the situation, and came to the conclusion that there was nothing to be done.

Meanwhile, the surrounding gentry—who had just begun to flock towards the chateau. The two ladies found themselves being an impromptu soiree. In virtue of his age and Natalie's frankness, she and the old Marquis was spokesman of the party, and, although there were as any opinions as people present, he, after discussing the several notes, and learning by thing from Lydia, succeeded in convincing all assembled that nothing could be done. The mystery surrounding the affair still hanging in the air, conversation, and it was not until long after midnight that the entire party had broken up.

It remained now was to place the matter in the hands of the detectives and notify the parents of Natalie.

CHAPTER XIII.

SCORE ONE FOR ME AGAIN!

At the head of the police-department at St. Malo received the note sent him by Lydia, and arrived perhaps a half hour earlier than that to the similar official at St. Brix.

The effect upon both men was electrical. They were rivals. Paris was a goal for the most of each, and when a successor to the post of the police-department of that great city was mentioned, the two names most prominent were those of Jean Leroy and Louvain, of St. Brix and St. Malo, respectively.

Leroy was tall and finely proportioned; a man of great strength of body and will; with a notably keen blue eye. Louvain was shorter and slender, with a mass of thick, wavy hair, crowning a remarkably well-developed head; a finely chiseled face; a pair of waxy pallor, which, at will, he rendered absolutely expressionless; a pair of brilliant gray eyes, and a personage of an iron could resist.

They were remarkable men, and each, in the extraordinary abilities of his necessary, feared the other.

Leroy seemed rather to smile upon Louvain, who, like Bonaparte, met not repining his own unusual exertions, considered himself the child of fate, the creature of destiny. Indeed, Louvain's personal appearance was remarkably like that of the Emperor—so much so that no stranger failed to remark upon the resemblance.

They were singular to English eyes, and that great lordly dame of an English mother, bore a striking resemblance to the Iron Duke.

This matter of the Princess Natalie again favored Louvain. He had recalled his note first in point of time, and in an instant perceived the windfall of good fortune to him. A Princess abducted! All France and England would be thrilled by the news, and the detective who discovered the abductors would make his name.

Orders were at once issued to keep an eye on the most extraordinary vigilance; to keep the coast clear, under his personal supervision, of all strange vessels; to inquire what boats had left or arrived within certain days, and to immediately arrest all suspicious persons.

"What for Chateau D'Or?" quoth Louvain, "what if Leroy has heard of it, too? And see there before me!"

"To Jacques!" exclaimed he, with energy as he jumped from his chair and opened the door. "Run down to the boat and bring me Mare, L'Oiseau, here!"

As he more he looked over Lydia's note again.

"The girl is right," muttered he to himself. "They must have taken their prize to sea-shore! Alas! that the storm should come just when it did! Nothing could have favored them."

Then, as he took down a map of Cote du Nord from the shelf and unrolled it, he pointed to a bay at the head of the stands Chateau Neuf.

"Mireille! Ho! Mireille!" he suddenly called.

"The lieutenant quickly appeared.

He then informed his lieutenant of what had happened.

Mireille, himself, was a remarkable man and hoped, in the advent of his chief's advent, to step into the latter's shoes. All of his work was characterized by shrewdness, care, vigilance and—more especially—persecution. His eye glowed with delight. Here, indeed, was a noble opportunity for fame. He at once departed for Chateau Neuf.

Returning to his train of thought, Louvain continued:

"Of course, too, such clever fellows must have chloroformed her. But how did they carry her to the shore? Ah! there's the clue. The vehicle, if not destroyed, must have been hidden or returned to its usual quarters."

As to the farmer and huntsman and, in fact, all of the abductors, they were in disguise, of course. One thing is certain. It was done by persons knowing well the haunts and habits of the Princess. And, yet, none of the people about here would—or, for that matter, could have been clever enough—to have done it. Therefore, they were strangers and yet men who had studied the customs of the Princess. So they must have been seen, at some time, or other. There's the clue number two!"

Louvain was known to the world at large as middle-aged, portly and grave, but active. Little did he picture to himself this extraordinary man, undisguised, was a determined young fellow of thirty—a mere beardless youth.

"To succeed as a detective," ran one of Louvain's maxims, "one must remain unknown."

Accordingly, the real Louvain was not known.

Off he darted on "L'Oiseau," the fleetest horse in St. Malo. His plans were all concerted ere he arrived at the chateau.

Thirty minutes afterwards, Leroy, the inevitable, appeared. But in that time his rival had already succeeded in inspiring the household with the wonderful coincidence in his ability which he invariably aroused. The management of the case had been entrusted entirely to him.

Leroy perceived that fate was once more against him, but with his usual bull-dog pertinacity, instead of giving up the game and returning home, got into conversation with the inmates of the chateau and soon learned the state of affairs. He resolved to institute a search for the culprits on his own account.

Louvain, having achieved this victory over his rival, returned to Baudray's inn, where he was told that no strangers had been entertained as guests for two or three weeks; and that, furthermore, no strangers had been seen in that neighborhood for as long a time. The only guests who had lately left the inn were an American, Fairfax, and the Englishman, Oxford.

By this time, daylight was approaching and Mireille arrived with the news that no strange boat had been in the harbor. All the vessels which came in before the storm were yet there. However, some of the sailors who they had caught a fleeting glimpse of a huge boat, passing out toward the island in the harbor. And one old superannuated fisherman swore that, while he was inspecting his nets, after the storm, he had seen the lights of a steamer moving out toward the channel.

Louvain felt that the hour for immediate action was gone, and that he was a case requiring time, tact and patience. His delight increased as its magnitude and complexity increased. Clearly no conspirators of small number were concerned in it. This was a deeply-planned, finely-executed plot. Men with means and authority were its originators and executors, and were, therefore, none of the people in the region thereabout. The glory to be gained was greater, and the stakes were higher.

Louvain's spirits rose to the occasion. His enthusiasm became boundless as his ambition.

"Not only have I secured the sole management of the case—a thing I didn't expect," he exclaimed—but I have beaten Leroy!" he exclaimed he, joyously.

So the two worthies, in the most complacent and self-satisfied humor, retired for a brief rest.

The result of Louvain's careful and unremitting exertions, next day, were as follows:

A carriage had been returned to a livery stable in Dol, about four o'clock on the very morning following the abduction.

"It is a full seven hours' drive from the sea-coast to Dol. Supposing it came direct from Chateau Neuf, it must have left about nine o'clock last evening—just about the hour when the fishermen think they saw the yawl and the steamer!" the owner says it was hired late during the previous night. By whom? A link by the conspirators—another clue!"

After further inquiries he discovered that five suspicious-looking characters left the cars at Dol, on the very night when the vehicle was procured at the livery stable—two alighting from the St. Malo express to Paris, and three from the express arriving from Paris.

They had hired the chaise, Louvain fully believed. And that this was the chaise used in the abduction he clearly proved by comparing the distance between its wheels with that between the tracks cut in the earth about the old fish-house. It was an old-fashioned vehicle, with a tremendous breadth of axle. So it was quite unlikely that any other conveyance should have made those broad ruts.

The result of the detective's subsequent investigations was such as to fasten his suspicions upon Fairfax, Oxford and Roger.

But, then, to offset the suspicion that the Englishman and his servant were the interesting pair that mysteriously left the St. Malo express at Dol, the station-master at St. Malo showed a card, bearing the signature "Arthur Fairfax," requesting him "to reserve compartment for two on 8:50 p. m. express to Paris—to be called by Mr. Richard Oxford and valet."

to Paris, including Mireille, nearly at the following day, and then went to Havre—how was it that this same sleeping pair also left St. Malo at eleven o'clock the same evening, and were known to get off at Dol, went back to the village; took part in the abduction of the following day, and returned to Paris next morning? Simple enough.

Fairfax had received Nebbitt's permission to select from the banking office of La Follet & Co. any two clerks that might suit his fancy. He had found there two young fellows, one about the height and figure of Dick, and the other of his valet.

To a casual observer, who took no trouble to notice them carefully, the former, by the aid of a moustache and wig, and the latter, in short side whiskers, made a very passable Oxford and valet.

The two clerks, delighted at the prospect of a fresh world to enter, and in the opinion of the station-master they had been sent in disguise for the purpose of receiving and conveying to Paris a bundle of valuables—and the mystery and secrecy attending their journey being important only to certain prospective thieves of the coast.

The apartments engaged by Fairfax were given them, and the two took their regular trains to Paris, and returned to Paris, registered at the hotel as Richard Oxford and valet, keeping quiet during the day. The evening they went to the office of the hotel on an immediate trip to Havre and a prospective return next morning, at which time the red Oxford and servant appeared and took up the tactics of affairs where the other had dropped in, leaving shortly afterwards for England.

CHAPTER XIV.

BEFORE QUITTING PARIS, DICK WROTE perhaps the most interesting and most condensed life of his life. It was contained in a brief note to Lydia that ran thus:

"I am honored to hear from Baudray of the abduction of the Princess Natalie. What does it mean? Is it a most daring, and at the same time dastardly and outrageous, thing I have ever heard of. I have written my friend, Mr. Fairfax, about it, and, as my letter will reach him soon after his arrival in America. I see, by the way, that his name is in the list of passengers that sailed from Havre, via the 'Ville de Lyons,' on the 23rd inst.—the very day before the abduction."

"For Fairfax, I hope some day he may attain his wish—to become a man of influence. He has been a peculiarly annoying and trying neighbor. I shall often think of him far away in that quiet little village of Detroit, in Pennsylvania. Please arrange to send me a copy of a year or two again, should he say 'no.'"

This aggression in his letter upon the subject of Fairfax, the un-English Richard had no doubt to please his own valet. The first paragraph of the note was really Fairfax's own composition.

Oxford said he had observed his friend's name in the list of passengers who sailed from Havre by the 'Ville de Lyons,' on the 23rd inst.

So, too, had Jean Louvain, the detective, for that individual, failing to make any headway in his efforts to convict Oxford and the valet, had turned his attention to Fairfax.

There it stood in clear black and white—"Arthur Fairfax, Detroit, Pennsylvania." And, what is more, one of the wily officials said he himself had seen Mr. Fairfax on board at the last minute before the steamer's departure, and had observed him on the vessel's deck as it moved off.

Here again the wily conspirator's forethought had planned it to his gain. Taking the utmost advantage of Mr. Nebbitt's offer of assistance, he had made arrangements by which one of the officers of the 'Narnovna' secured passage to New York from Havre, and registered as Mr. Fairfax. At New York the officer expected to meet the yacht, a day or two after his own arrival there.

Foiled again, Louvain now turned his attention to the discovery of the vessel by which the conspirators had evidently escaped. After numerous mistakes and the pursuit of false clues, he at last hit upon what he was convinced must be the right one.

In Mr. Nebbitt's yacht, 'Narnovna,' he found it, quoth he to himself.

But, alas, for his pains, the 'Narnovna'—after Fairfax's conversation with Nebbitt—had been ordered to steam direct for the harbor of Bristol on the extreme northwestern coast of France. Leaving that port with the publicly announced intention of sailing directly westward for New York, she once again, when out of sight of Bristol, turned diametrically back upon her course and sailed for the island of Chateau Neuf, whence—as we have read—she proceeded to America with the abducted girl.

"So I can't prove it was the 'Narnovna,'" mused Louvain, sadly, "for there stands the opposing proof that she was far at sea, steaming to America, when the deed was committed."

He confessed himself defeated at all points. His penetration and instinct had shown him a plan by which he believed that the Princess had been abducted. Yet, because this theory, when practically applied, failed to work, he refused to reject it. He only confessed that Fairfax had outwitted him at every step.

In a law-court it would be quite impossible to prove any thing whatever against the latter. To convict the abductors was a work of time, Louvain saw. He must wait and work in silence. He declined to accept any other theories broached with regard to the famous case, being perfectly satisfied with his own.

As soon as he came to the conclusion that it was useless to do any thing except watch and wait, fearfully long any one—Leroy, for instance—might anticipate him, he wrote a note to the Minister of Police. Upon the exterior was the direction:

"Not to be opened until the abductors of the Princess Natalie shall have been captured, being the theory of Jean Louvain as to the abduction and the abductors."

Then followed the speculation. This, in the main, so well agreed with the reality of the case, that it could scarcely have been more accurate had Louvain himself participated in the affair.

The document closed with this paragraph: "This is the theory and belief of Jean Louvain in relation to the famous Princess Natalie abduction case, of which the arch-conspirator was Arthur Fairfax, whose cleverness has won my unbounded admiration."

MRS. GLADSTONE.

Something About the Noble Wife of England's Grand Old Man.

No woman lives a more useful life than the wife of England's greatest man. Although seventy-six years old, Mrs. Gladstone has still sufficient energy to reflect the motto adopted by her when only a little girl: "If you want a thing well done do it yourself."

Her father, Sir Richard Glynn, Bart., of Hawarden Castle, was in the habit of saying that even as a child, this pot daughter evinced a remarkable talent for leadership; and subsequent events have proved that the baronet's impression was correct.

While Mrs. Gladstone is in perfect sympathy with her husband and ever ready to be of service to him, yet she is more interested in raising the moral and social standard of those around her than in any thing else. For years she has not only encouraged horticulture and floriculture among the cottagers in her neighborhood, but has personally assisted in the selection of plants and the laying out of plots.

She has an abundance of tact and in argument she is quite as logical as her husband. During a prolonged interview with a particularly combative and unreasoning woman on one occasion her husband is said to have remarked: "Well, now, this is rather unprecedented, you know. My wife usually talks over the most pertinacious of them in less time than this. But she'll beat," he added, laughingly, "for she never falls."

"Being quite domestic in her tastes, Mrs. Gladstone is highly delighted to find this talent among her friends."

In the selection of these things she is never influenced by the accident of birth, wealth or social position. Her two requirements are moral worth and brains. Thus the proudest home in England is always open to professional people.

In 1862, during the cotton famine, Mrs. Gladstone worked night and day to alleviate the misery. She established an Orphan's Home at Clapham in 1866. This afterwards became a home for incurables.

Mrs. Gladstone's social, educational and charitable projects have always been warmly seconded by her husband, who is more proud of his wife than of any thing else in the world, not excepting his own honorable and brilliant career.

The following story will illustrate this lovely woman's great heart: "O, if I could only do something for you!" a poor singer whom Mrs. Gladstone had been able to secure a great service once exclaimed.

"That is easy, my dear," the lady responded. "Easy for me to be of service to you?" the lady exclaimed, the grateful tears flowing down her cheeks.

"Yes; by doing something for some body else. A kind word, a bit of practical advice, a helping hand—even if there isn't much in it," Mrs. Gladstone replied with a smile, "will always do something for me. And more than that my child, it will be doing something for yourself and something for God.—London Letter.

THE STEWART MILLIONS.

How the Widow of the Dry Goods King Spent Her Last Years.

The moral about "the course of riches" has never been more forcibly pointed for the general public than in the proceedings to break the will of Mrs. A. T. Stewart. When her husband died the millionaire's wife, who had had but little comfort and no happiness up to that time, might have reasonably looked forward to somewhat of a royal time during the rest of her four-score years. But the poor old lady, desolate and alone, found life as hard a burden as ever. Her husband left her an estate of a dozen millions or more, yet at the end of the first year she found herself in debt, and her indebtedness kept growing to the end of the chapter.

As she grew poorer the Hiltons grew richer, and yet never for a moment did they let her out of their grasp or from beneath their eyes. The testimony of the old book-keeper tells a story of fact that outdoes any romance. He says that the day A. T. Stewart died his confidential friend and adviser, Judge Hilton, went to the office and examined his books, not waiting until the millionaire's flesh grew cold. Then he took thirty per cent. of the \$10,000,000 or \$12,000,000 at which the dead man's share in the business was valued, and proceeded to sell the latter to himself for \$1,000,000 left him as a legacy. But this \$1,000,000 was never paid to Mrs. Stewart; it was "owed" to her, and meanwhile she was brought in debt for nearly all the money she wanted. The poor old lady was helpless; she had none but the Hilton family within reach; and so she drifted on through life, hampered for money in the midst of wealth, and died a genteel pauper. Many a writer used to speak of Mrs. Stewart's great riches—of her picture-gallery, her jewels, her bric-a-brac and her lacies—and women all over the land envied the great millionaire's widow her independent position; and all the time the woman who lived under guard in her white marble palace on Fifth avenue might have been willing to exchange places with the wife of a mechanic who pushed her baby-carriage past her windows, and who lived and did her own work in a hired tenement. The hearing has not been a pleasant one for Judge Hilton. It has brought out what I have hinted heretofore in this correspondence and have been certain for five years. Stewart was a cruel man to his employees; an employe has signally avenged his cruelty.—N. Y. Letter.

DEPTFORD MARKET.

The Largest and Finest Covered Cattle Mart in the World.

The cattle were so varied in form and character that a brief description of my visit to the largest covered cattle market in the world may be acceptable.

By the kind invitation of two German sheep dealers I went to Deptford to witness the weekly sale of beesves and sheep, and of which I shall further speak.

Deptford is a town of a most interesting character, ancient and full of historical interest. It is about seven miles from London. The place was of little importance till the time of Henry VIII., who, for the better preservation of the royal navy, established a dockyard, and incorporated the Society of the Trinity House by the title of the "Master, Wardens and Assistants of the Guild or Fraternity of the Most Glorious and Undivided Trinity, and of St. Clement in the county of Kent."

This royal dock-yard included a space of thirty-one acres and is now the site of the great cattle market. The most interesting feature of the old Deptford ship docks is that it was here that Peter the Great lived and worked and learned his trade as a shipwright.

This market has the most stringent by-laws that regulate every part of the extensive business. For instance, a dog is not allowed on the premises, and the cleanliness of the great enclosure can well be called perfect. I suppose that there are nearly 150 different buildings in this area, and of every size and adaptability. The wharves are superb, and the largest vessels from all countries come up the Thames and disembark their huge cargo of cattle without the slightest difficulty.

The morning that I was at Deptford one of the Monarch line was discharged a thousand American bees. They looked lank and miserable. I am not often ashamed of any thing that I see emanating from my own dear country, but I must confess when I saw this long troop of tired, long-horned, faint steers walk across the gangplank and up the way to the American stalls, I felt little chagrined. The American agent, however, said: "Don't fear, there are no bees that will be sold this or any other day like the American. It is the meat that is favorably taking with all classes more and more." I was glad to hear this, and, as I looked at the splendidly built Spanish bees, the beautiful black and white Dutch cattle, the Portuguese short, thick and well-lived animals, I could not believe what my guide and friend told me. Yet, when the sale came off later in the day, his prediction was positively verified.

The corporation of London makes a good thing in this business. Fifteen pence an every beef and 10d. on every sheep that are landed must be at once paid, and then not one of these animals ever go out of the enclosure alive. Most of the animals are sent on commission, and the commission agents are always on hand to take every advantage of their position. There is little responsibility on their part, and the remuneration received ought to be most satisfactory. But it is not every one who can obtain a place of this character. Each agent has his own stalls, pens and folds. There is no auctioneering; every thing is in the most quiet character. The day that I was at the market there were over 9,000 sheep and lambs sold and over 5,000 beesves, and yet every thing was conducted in as quiet a manner as at the most quiet of art sales. The butcher or the dealer in meats, will go from stall to stall and pen to pen, asking "how much?" If the price is satisfactory the number is mentioned and they are driven to one of the many slaughtering establishments, and in a few hours the clean-dressed carcasses are on their way to London. Not a hoof of any kind goes out of Deptford alive, except those of a carrier's work.

There is a fine imposed upon employes using vulgar or profane language. At the close of each day's sale there must be made a square settlement between buyer and seller. Yet there is a great deal of honesty between these two parties. I was with one of my German friends who deals very largely in German sheep. A buyer came up and pointed to a pen in which were 160 fine sheep. "How much?" "Thirty-two shillings," was the reply (of course this was for each.) "Will give you thirty shillings," said the customer. "All right," said the seller, and the bargain was sealed by a shake of the hand—no writing, no other agreement but the word of honor.

The slaughtering houses are a wonder in themselves. I have seen the same kind of work performed in Armour's establishment in Chicago, but that was with swine. Here a huge bullock is slaughtered and made ready for sale in a few moments. Nothing is wasted. One large firm in London has the contract for all the guts. These skins are sent to Germany for sausage skins, or to London to manufacture into lawn tennis bats.

Another firm receives all the hides of the beesves, and another of the sheep skins, while the perquisite to a drover is the long hair on the tails of these animals. The drover sells this to the manufacturer, who converts it into fine brushes, etc.

At four o'clock the sales of the day are suspended. Every thing must go, and then the cleaning of the entire buildings begin, and before midnight they are as clean as if nothing of the brute creation had been present. The dung is removed by a contractor, and not a vestige of this immense traffic is seen on the following morning. I doubt if there is another institution of its kind in the world.—London Cor. Spirit of the Times.

JAPANESE LACQUER.

The Evergreen Tree from Which the Lac or Gum is Obtained.

Japanese lacquer has been a familiar name to the entire civilized world for so many years that it is a matter of surprise to discover how little it is understood. Recourse to the ordinary books of reference does not repay the trouble, and only serves to give a greater realization of the prevailing ignorance. Exhibitions have shown the surface of articles from China and Japan of marvellous beauty and finish, and have afforded information in regard to their cost without being able to give the practical knowledge which an intelligent public demand. The little volume entitled "Oriental," printed for the use of visitors to the Walters galleries, has been for the last four years the most reliable source, and it stands alone to-day in the matter of exact information. The facilities afforded for a careful study of the artistic individuality in the choice collections of lacquer, to which the public have access in those galleries, bring enhanced interest to such facts as can be gleaned.

The rubs varnificera, an evergreen tree, from which the lac or gum is obtained, is cultivated in every section of Japan. As long ago as the sixth century an edict of the Emperor required every landholder to plant a certain proportion of his acreage with this lacquer tree, just as he was compelled to cultivate and maintain a certain number of mulberry trees, and but for this governmental support it is doubtful if the art, even then widely practiced, would have attained its great perfection. Every tree, when tapped to obtain its gum, died in the course of two years. The amount obtained from a tree five years old seldom exceeded three ounces. In the mountainous districts the tree was of slower growth, and was permitted to grow for ten years before the gum was drawn. The gum varied in quality according to the part of the tree which excluded it, that from the twigs being most esteemed and drying with superior hardness.

Among other uses in very remote periods lacquer served in finishing coffins, probably for ornamentation as much as because it rendered the wood impervious to moisture, but its everyday uses were those which gradually raised it more and more to a place among the arts. The gum, when applied to the prepared wood, can be prepared with either oil or water. Modern lacquers contain scarcely a trace of the true gum, and hence it comes that they do not possess either the enduring qualities or beauty of older work. True lac will not blister or peel from the wood, and does not change appearance from subjection to water or heat. The most conclusive test of this property was in 1873, when the steamer Nile, returning to Japan, with the specimen purchased for the Yeddo museum, founded in twenty-five fathoms of water. Eighteen months after divers employed by the Government recovered 200 cases from the steamer, and the ancient lacquers were as perfect in joints, color, and polish as when they left the hands of their makers.

It is worthy of note that although the woods most valued as a basis of lacquer work are not of kinds which have ever been esteemed valuable for their durability, yet, when imprisoned in the coatings of this gum, they have remained as sound for centuries as when first fashioned. And this is true of many specimens 700 years old, examples of which may be seen in the cases of the Walters galleries.—Baltimore American.

RESURRECTION PLANT.

It Apparently Dies, But Comes to Life Again When Wet.

"This is the resurrection plant," said a street peddler to a reporter, who had stopped to look at the former's stock in trade. In the middle of his table was a basket filled with dried and curled up masses of a vegetable growth. Around it were saucers of water in which plants were growing. The peddler explained that the plants so green and thrifty-looking in the saucers were the brown and apparently dead bunches in the basket after placed for a short time in water.

"They grow in Chihuahua, Mex.," said he. "The Mexicans call them siempre viva, which means, 'always life.' The plants exist in the crevices of rocks, and are subjected to long-continued and severe drouth. After a rain they open and turn green, but after the water dries up they begin to turn brown and curl up again, and in a day will seem dead. It is only after showers that they can be found readily, as when they dry they are too near the color of the rocks to see without a close search. I go to Mexico every spring and pick them by the barrel to sell through the summer."

The dried plants were each about the size of a large hen's egg, with the leaves rolled tightly in toward a common center. There was a small root of fibers almost as fine as hair, and attached to some were minute pieces of rock and traces of sand. The peddler said he never knew one so old that it would not unfold when wet for a short time. He also had several varieties of Mexican cactus, that he claimed were rare in the United States. One was diminutive in size, hardly larger than a thimble. This was said to be the smallest cactus known. Another kind was ribbed lengthwise, with long spines standing out in two directions from each rib. A third was a thick growth of short but needle-like prickles. All were small, the biggest not being over four inches tall.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.



HE LOOKED OVER LYDIA'S NOTE.