

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Miss Mary Garrett, of Baltimore, manages a twenty million dollar estate. —Frances McNeill Potter, a niece of President Franklin Pierce, draws a pension of twenty dollars a month. —Jay Gould receives an average of ten begging letters per day, and seven of them are certain to end with "And I will always pray God to bless you."

—Jonathan Chase, the Quaker Senator from Rhode Island, has never had a picture taken, and fifty dollars has been offered for a photograph of him, but there are no takers. —Ex-Governor Alger, of Michigan, was left an orphan at the age of eleven with a younger brother and sister to care for. He spent seven years on a farm and then read law in an Akron office, supporting himself by doing chores about his employer's house and barn.

—J. J. Cromwell, of New York, who claims to be a direct descendant of Oliver Cromwell, has in his possession a slipper worn by a niece of Cromwell at the coronation of Charles I. of England, in 1625. The slipper shows that the lady who wore it had a dainty and well shaped foot. —Dr. J. W. Porter, of Kansas City, claims to be the originator of the standard time system. He says the subject was first brought to his mind in 1878, when he was in the Coast Survey, by noting the variation of clocks and watches. He finally marked off a standard time map, and his theory was unanimously adopted.

—The man who has just become the Earl of Seafield was hard pushed to earn a livelihood a few years ago and was acting as a billiard in the New Zealand town of Oamaru in 1884, when his father became Earl and he thereby the Viscount Rosidhavan. He was "in possession" of a house in his official capacity when the news of his rise in life came, but he refused the offer of a suitable and stuck to his post for two days longer.

—Mrs. Walter Q. Gresham is a slight, delicate woman, but full of nerve and fire. When she went to Washington to live she regarded official society there with mingled astonishment and amusement. "Five hundred calls on New Year's Day," she said to a friend; "I am thankful they were gentlemen. Fancy having to return that number." But she soon found the ladies' calls about as numerous and finally exclaimed in comical despair: "I am going into social bankruptcy and shall pay only one call on the hundred."

—An Englishwoman who married an American says: "The proudest act of my life was the marrying of an American gentleman. I never could have married one of my countrymen. The women of my country I love and adore, but the men—fugh! I never loved them. They are too conceited for any thing, and they are so domineering. When I came to America I was told that I should see how Americans made queens of their wives, and I have found it so. A husband in England never tells his wife what he is doing. He thinks she has no business interesting herself about his affairs. I do not see so much of that in this country. You don't know how I like that."

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—Customs change, they're changing ever; Styles are changing all the while; But one custom changes never— Kissing always is in style. —Oil City Derrick. —Lady (at Sunday school)—"And what do you understand by the pomps and vanities of this wicked world?" The head of the class—"The flowers in your bonnet, ma'am."

—Brown—"What makes you look so blue, Mortley?" Mortley—"To tell you the truth, old man, I feel so well I'm afraid something's going to happen. This is a tough, tough world, Brown."

—Uta Observer. —"What makes you jam everybody up in this corner?" yelled a man in a crowd to a policeman. "I want to preserve order," replied the policeman as he proceeded to pound a man into jelly. —Washington Critic.

—A Wise Youth.—Big sister—"Bobby, you are wanted to do an errand." Bobby—"Tell ma I haven't got time to do it now." Big sister—"Father says you must do it at once." Bobby—"Oh, it's for pa, is it. Then I guess I had better find time." —Epoch.

—"Mamma," said little Mamma, "what makes our old auntie black?" "Why, because she is a colored woman." "Is she colored, mamma?" "Certainly. Didn't you know that?" "No, ma'am. I thought she was born that way. What is she colored with?" —Merchant Traveler.

—He (American)—"Darling Arabella, I love you." She (Anglomaniac)—"Have you evaw been aw—in England?" He—"Yes, darling, I lived there seven years." She—"Aw, to be shawl. You may come a little closer, Missaw Smith, and aw—what did you aw—wemaw?" —Town Topics.

—Smith—"You take it pretty easy, Jones; you must have a good salary?" Jones—"Hm! Yes! Pretty fair. I draw twelve hundred a year, save say the tax, and run in debt seven hundred—that's \$2,000—and if a bushel of wheat can't live on that he ought to be named of himself." —N. Y. Graphic.

—Auntie, my friend, said a farmer to a trader, "you've been lyin' in the pen of that fence for over thirteen years. This don't include the young men who have his bride to the Falls, with only fifty dollars in his pocket, and expects to have enough left to pay his lawyer's fees." —Narrative Herald.

AMERICAN CANDIES.

They Are Said to Be Much Better Than the Imported Article. "Yes, there are fashions in confectionery just as in everything else, and the trade is progressive," said a well-known confectioner in response to a query.

"I presume there are new styles always coming up." "Oh, yes. Since I have been in the business, which is more than thirty years, there have been many changes and great improvements made. And some new fad is continually taking hold of the customers. When I first started in the business there was nothing like the variety of goods kept on hand in the best establishments that are now seen in the ordinary retail store. We use to have plain stick, lemon, mint, wintergreen and the like, lemon and mint drops, and then the square sugar kisses with a verse of two or four lines done up in the wrapper or a sort of fancy goods. Then there were burnt almonds, jubilee paste, rock and coconut candy, peanut sticks and molasses taffy. It was good, too; pure and wholesome. It is a question in my mind whether the change to fancy goods has been any real improvement, but the public demand change and we have to meet their desires. All the fancy goods used to come from France, and there was comparatively few sold. About twenty years ago butter scotch came into the market and at once had a great run. All the girls had to have butter scotch. Then marshmallows put in an appearance, caramels came next and chocolate creams and other chocolate goods followed in quick succession. The French combinations of sugar and flavoring that melt in the mouth have been imitated in this country until there is scarcely a production from the other side that is not reproduced, and I think I may safely say made as well here. The so-called French bonbon seems to take the lead, but the American manufacturer has improved on his foreign competitor and increased the variety of combinations. The chocolate creams are made with raspberry, lemon and a variety of flavors. Cream mints made with many flavors and walnut creams seem to be having a special run now. In fact, the chocolate goods appear to be taking the lead at present, the sale of these goods having doubled in the past five years. Every season brings out some new chocolate combination. There is a great variety of jelly chocolates and nut chocolates. Soft creams which are made of nuts or jellies coated with highly-flavored creams, delicious confections which melt in the mouth, are having a great run. There used to be an idea that all fine goods were French. The truth is that most of the fine goods sold by our confectioners are American. The French are principally confined to fruits, glazes, chocolates, almonds and crystallized goods, made more for display than to please the palate, but on real attractive goods, pleasing to the taste, the Americans lead the world. Look at this nut bar. It has held its own for several years and is still popular, and now the new fad is nougat. It is nothing but honey, eggs and nuts, but though comparatively new, it is immensely popular everywhere. Every manufacturer has his own specialties in counter goods which have to be made fresh every few days, and the styles of which are always changing, but they are not on general sale. Oh, yes, the styles of confectionery are changing every year, but it is really more in form than substance." —N. Y. Mail and Express.

HUMBLE BEGINNINGS.

Low a Prosperous and Successful American began His Career. Up in Phillips about fifty years ago he scholars in a Sunday school engaged in a contest to see who could recite to memory the most verses from the Bible. Among the pupils was a thirteen-year-old boy. One Sunday a young lady school teacher beat the previous records by reciting 350. The next Sunday this boy had 528. School closed for the season soon after, but on the first Sunday of the next summer it was rumored that a boy from another part of the town was to surpass everybody by the number he had committed. The boy previously mentioned thus forewarned was forearmed. He was ready for any of them the next Sunday. He was able to recite the whole Book of Luke. After that no one tried to dispute the championship with him.

As might have been expected, this boy was not willing to stay at the foot of the ladder when he started out to earn his own living. He began this task when but eight years old, and was earning his living by taking care of horses and cutting wood when he learned the Sunday school lesson above mentioned. When he was fourteen years old, his father having moved from Weld to Seasmont, this boy, Joseph B. Stearns, by name, started to walk to his father's new home, a distance of ninety miles, with but two dollars in his pocket. The trip cost him just two cents, that sum being spent for crackers, and the peddler of whom he bought them carried him twelve miles on his cart, and gave him a sheet of gingerbread. He says no one seemed to want to take money from him. When seventeen years old he again started off to seek his fortune, with all his goods tied up in a piece of cloth, which he afterward had made up into a garment. He went to Newburyport and hired out in a cotton mill, and at the end of a year and a half had been sick eight months, and was so heavily in debt that it took him eight years to get out.

Rather a discouraging beginning! But the boy is now Hon. Joseph B. Stearns, the inventor of the duplex system of telegraphy and the owner of the beautiful villa "Norumboga," at Camden. When nineteen years old he went into a telegraph office, and four years later was earning three thousand dollars a year. In 1867 he was elected president of the Franklin Telegraph Company, with headquarters at Boston, and while there invented the system of telegraphy that has made him famous. Since then he has lived much in London and has been engaged in many important works. He is a connoisseur in art, and has a library of ten thousand volumes, and his farm of five hundred acres in Camden claims much of his attention. He is but one of many instances where industry and perseverance have won success in this country. —Lexington (Me.) Journal.

BONE FOR POULTRY.

The Beneficial Effects of Ground Bone and Oyster Shells. Poultry raisers should not neglect to use sufficient raw bone, either crushed or in the form of meal. It contains lime, as do also oyster shells, but it contains animal matter which is of great value. Bone when burnt is of comparatively little value over oyster shells, but when crushed or ground raw, supplies value peculiar to itself. All classes of poultry are extremely fond of it. Care should be taken to have it pure and sweet. It is good for all classes and ages of poultry. For young chickens it should be used in the form of meal, mixing a small quantity two or three times a week with their soft food, say, one quart to a bushel of corn meal. For young turkeys it is almost indispensable to prevent leg weakness. At about the time of their "shooting the red," when their health becomes established and they grow space, the development of their frames and legs requires a more liberal assimilation of material than can be afforded by the usual articles of food. It is well to begin to mix a little bone meal with the food of young turkeys, and from the time they are four weeks old it can be used freely.

No injurious effects will follow, for it is nutritious, and strengthens the bones and legs. All raisers of young turkeys know that leg weakness is one of the evils to which they are exposed, and this is a natural and excellent preventive; and here is one of the many cases where prevention is better than cure. Brahma and other Asiatic chickens, for the same reason, are greatly benefited by its use. Raw bone has been proved by analysis to contain every part of an egg—white, yolk, and of course shell. It should be constantly kept in a special place in the pen or apartment of laying hens, as they will consume large quantities of it, and it goes chiefly to egg production. Granulated is the best form in which to place it before adult fowls, and in this shape it keeps fresh much longer than when ground into meal. Bone is one of the principal ingredients in the composition of most of the "egg foods" in the market. —E. S. Fitch, in Ohio Farmer.

—Half a pound of dynamite placed upon the top of a large "hard-head" or bowlder weighing anywhere from ten to one hundred tons will have a great effect. The rock directly under the outside will be as fine as meal, and the remainder so broken that it can readily be removed with a bar, or down out by hooves, and put into a well or otherwise disposed of. A rock that would cost ten dollars to remove in the old way can with dynamite be broken up for fifty cents. —American Agriculturist.

—The police officers at Niagara Falls have been instructed to arrest all persons who may hereafter visit there for the purpose of performing daring feats. This doesn't include the young men who have his bride to the Falls, with only fifty dollars in his pocket, and expects to have enough left to pay his lawyer's fees. —Narrative Herald.

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BAR HARBOR.

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To Lydia, the Marquis this seemed impossible. But Louvat assured them that if they would place the matter entirely in his hands he would guarantee that the story would end in a natural death.

With his usual cleverness and unscrupulousness in detecting the truth, he immediately formulated a report which, on the face of it, appeared so plausible and probably so satisfactory an explanation of the extraordinary disappearance of the Princess, that all who had heard about it once accepted it as truth, laughed at themselves for their unnecessary interest and horror, and under the supposition that the Princess was with her family at Lake Maggiore or dropped their talk and soon forgot entirely about the supposed abduction.

Natalie's family, with rare good sense, acting under the advice of the detective and of Lydia, kept the secret so well that no one outside of the palace knew any thing at all of the Princess' disappearance until some three weeks had elapsed. It was the abduction of the Princess Natalie Raczewski was a thing of the past. This was just what Jean Louvat wanted. Not a single newspaper even referred to the supposed abduction which died shortly after its birth. Louvat rejoiced.

The sound advice of the French ambassador, Lady Lydia, the receipt of the bulletins, whose place of mailing it was impossible to even guess at, leading to the most comforting news, told in a most chatty and confidential style, which was simply impudent—together with a dainty note from Natalie herself—all these united to produce a waiting policy.

Natalie's misadventure was short. "I am allowed," she wrote, "to say that I am well and contented quite like a Princess; although why I am a prisoner is more than I can tell." Lydia, after recovering from the excitement naturally occasioned by her friend's disappearance, suddenly became very absent-minded and distant. A very unwell, somewhat suspicious had flashed across her mind and deeply burned itself there. She held with Louvat another consultation so skillfully managed as not to awaken the clever detective's suspicions. The result of this interview was the assurance, yet almost inevitable, furnishing of a theory upon her part, a theory that her whole heart was set upon rejecting, if possible. Still she was forced to recognize it as so probable as well as plausible that peace of mind could never be hers until it was disproved.

Accidentally, one day she went to her chamber and examined a companion, a wild-eyed relative, and abruptly proposed a trip to America. The Countess stared in surprise. "My dear, what can you be thinking of? Nobody but the Princess Louise, and the

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of Natalie? And the truthful answer came fearlessly back: "No! But because, in addition, I do not wish my fears realized; I do not want to believe, or even suspect of him being guilty."

For the first time she began to appreciate the true nature of her unprecedented error. Had she been any one else but Lady Lydia, she would have indulged in a fit of crying and even begged the captain to hail the first returning steamer. But she cast aside this momentary weakness, placed up her courage and wankly confessed to herself: "He is the only man toward whom I ever felt even an attraction. But how can I bring myself to tell my suspicions to that French detective? And yet I feel that I must satisfy myself they are groundless. And, if I do not find Natalie, I may, at least, prove his innocence to my satisfaction."

Almost at the same moment a yacht was gently gliding over the waters of the Atlantic, off the coast of Maine. An hour or two after midnight, it came to anchor in Frenchman's bay that washes the eastern shores of the island of St. Desert. It was the "Nanovna."

Perhaps three-quarters of an hour after the "Nanovna" had captured her prize, while the shores of Brittany were fast receding in the distance, the Princess remained her "little quiet," she did not seem to need her attention immediately, but soon she began to restlessness, and she sprang to her feet, her cheeks flushed with indignation and her whole being quivering with anger. She saw, seated in the adjoining room, busily occupied with some duty or other, Blanche, the maid whom the steward had secured in Paris. To her she appealed in a perfect torrent of hasty words: "Why am I treated thus? Where am I? Who are you? Do you know who I am? I am the Princess Natalie."

"You are comfortably settled. I am your maid. Pray, calm yourself," complacently said the woman, a strong, hearty, red-cheeked widow of about forty. "Every one on the 'Nanovna' was carefully informed that this young girl was Fairfax's relative, whose mind had become a little unsettled by a recent illness, and that, for the sake of greater privacy, he was desirous of her to her American home for the present."

She glanced around. This was, clearly, the cabin of a steamer. She could feel the throbbing of the screw and the rolling of the boat on the waves. Yet, only ten minutes ago—at least, so it seemed to her—she had been riding among her beloved hills of Brittany, several miles from the sea-coast. She remembered the cool peasant woman and the wide grassy plain behind the horrible equation of cheating, and then—all was blindness and a blank.

She looked again. There was the pleasant and comely-faced maid, with her honest, motherly face, bending over the table in the adjoining cabin. Here was her own cabin, adorned with all sorts of lovely pictures, many of them familiar. Some represented scenes in Brittany, others in Switzerland, or Italy, and—could she believe her eyes!—there was a photograph of her own father's palace.

Electric lamps lighted the vessel. Elegant oil paintings hung on the walls, shelves, filled with books, attracted the eyes. An easel, with canvas stretched ready for use, stood in the corner, and close by were paints, a palette and brushes. A fine piano stood opposite. A song lay on the rack. Natalie started in surprise. It was, of course, again the "Addio," and—here she sprang forward and gave a cry of genuine delight. Suspended by a silk ribbon and resting against the wall, was her own portrait in life! A note was attached to it. The envelope bore the words: "For the Princess Natalie."

She opened it and read: "Do not be afraid. You can not understand. Only trust and all will be well. You will be treated as becomes a Princess. Your family has been communicated with and informed of your safety. In a few days you may expect to hear from them." She turned to look at the wall behind her. Her portrait was complete when she recognized Lydia in the elegant portrait hanging over her head. (Lydia was a noted society of the English peerage, and Fairfax had found this engraving, among others, in a Paris art store.)

She began to experience a desire to explore her prison, Blanche made no objection when she proposed going out on deck and around the vessel. As she was passing toward the bow, she heard a joyous neigh, and looking towards

CHAPTER XXVI.

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the source, herself gave a glad cry and rushed toward a stall where stood her own Medji. Natalie was overcome with delight, and wept tears of happiness over the neck of her beautiful horse, while Medji, in turn, evinced his affection by gently neighing and rubbing his nose against his mistress' face. A very pretty picture indeed, thought most Blanche and all the sailors who saw it. Forthwith "the sweet lady" ("poor soul!" they say her mind's not right,") and her own beautiful objects for the devoted admiration and attention of all the crew.

CHAPTER XXVII. I WILL BE YOUR MOTHER, LITTLE MAID! Ere the Princess retired for the evening she noticed what she had not previously seen—simply because it had been hidden by a large screen—a small bed, and in it the sweetest imaginable little rosette of a girl. Long curling lashes swept over the child's eyes, and the color in her cheeks was like the bloom on a peach. Curled locks lay around her head and set the face in the most charming frame it could have possessed. The little creature was so lovely in its sleep, so appealingly innocent, that the heart of Natalie went right out to it, and she stooped down and kissed the infant, watching it delightedly as her face again went to sleep.

It was its name, Blanche! Blanche, my dear little! What a name! Who are its pa-

"No one knows, my lady. It was found in an asylum in Paris. The matron says she has preserved its clothes and a little locket that accompanied them ever since the child was brought there." How she displayed to the gaze of the now thoroughly interested Natalie, a set of baby-clothes, marked by great coarseness of material. A woman's handkerchief, on which was interwoven an M, and a small note in delicate handwriting, were the only other articles in the bundle besides the locket. The note read as follows: "This is my daughter Dolores. She is well born. I am forced to part with her. All that she must learn of her mother is that my name is Marie. May the good Jesus watch her and forgive those who separate us!"

On the locket were engraved the simple words "Marie from Vienna" and interwoven together, were a lock of soft fine hair and one of black, rather coarse hair. So this little Dolores was without father or mother; without a local physician, or even a correct surname; for the matron had called her, as she lay so sweetly sleeping in the basket in which they found her, Dolores, the Angel.

Blanche explained the presence of the little angel with them. Fairfax had decided to tell the truth in this case, and, accordingly, had instructed her to say that those who had caused the Princess to be placed upon the yacht had out-thrown this little foundling, "who had come under their notice and excited their sympathy, with the hope that it might also arouse the interest of the Princess and induce her to give the little creature the protection and care it needed."

Was it surprising that this appeal should be effectual? Natalie's mother had died when the girl was very young. Between her father and herself (Dolores existed no longer; their sympathies were never the same). She always feared and disliked him, and, when he married again, the two became more than ever estranged in affection, if possible. With the death of her brother had been severed the bond of the only really great love she had for any being on earth.

A pretty scene was witnessed the following morning when little Dolores, waked by the bright light of the lovely face of Natalie, who lay sleeping in an adjoining stateroom. Involuntarily the child gazed in admiring awe upon the slumbering stranger. Softly she murmured, "pretty lady," and, stealing in on tiptoe to the Princess, kissed her gently.

This was quite enough to waken Natalie, who naturally was startled at seeing the little fairy-like apparition by her bedside. In a moment she noticed Dolores in her arms, and in her turn, she wondered, yet pleased child, exclaiming as she did so: "You dear little creature. No one shall take you from me." Dolores' triumph was now complete. She had captured the heart of Natalie, while she herself immediately seemed to feel instinctively that, in this woman, she had found a protector.

Thus the lives of Natalie and Dolores crossed, the one with the other, and the two were rarely separate, while the hold that the original pair acquired upon the sailors was wonderful. It may well be believed that if the voyage had lasted a day longer the entire crew would have deserted, captain and all, and offered to go into voluntary seclusion to their moved "lady and the little girl."

CHAPTER XXVIII. GOOD BYE, WE MUST PART! Fairfax, meanwhile, kept himself occupied so carefully that very few, even of the sailors, caught so much as a glimpse of him; while Natalie and Dolores had not the slightest suspicion of his presence. He was in a continual agony of mind lest they should discover him, or lest the voyage should be interrupted by some catastrophe. However, the passage proved exceptionally pleasant, and they came in sight of Grand Manan Island, off the eastern coast of Maine, two or three hours before sundown on the fourth day.

From Grand Manan to Mount Desert the run is generally accomplished in seven or eight hours. Shortly after mid-night on the 7th day of September, 1884—just ten days after leaving France—the "Nanovna" came to anchor off the shore of a little inlet, opposite Bald Percupin Island in Frenchman's bay. This inlet is known as Cromwell's Harbor. Word was sent to Blanche and Natalie that they must prepare to land.

Warned by a telegram from Mr. Porto, the butler had made preparations for the guests when he was expecting by conveyance or steamer. He was greatly astonished at their untimely arrival. The sailors were inconsolable at the thought of parting from their favorites. Many a furtive wipe of the eye was indulged in, and the bravest, large-chested fellows stooped up to the little Dolores and insisted on kissing the dimpled hands of the sleeping child.



THE COUNTESS STARED IN SURPRISE.



HURDING HIS NOSE AGAINST HIS MISTRESS' FACE.

wives of such officials as are obliged to go to Canada, ever set foot in that benighted land.

"Well, my dear aunt, I am sorry to disagree with you, but I am going home, and as you surely can't let me go alone, you, too, are going," said this spoiled young woman.

The Countess looked aghast and groaned feebly. She knew well the manifold whims of her niece, and the utter futility of opposing them. That young woman having taken into her head the extraordinary notion of going to America, there was really nothing to do but go.

The men required the time of departure, however, that, as a matter of course, it was so distant that there might be a remote possibility of her niece altering her mind, and leaving.

"Do, do, do," answered Lydia, in a quiet, decisive tone. "I have engaged passage for one party—ourselves, maids and grooms—in the 'Serbia.' That vessel sails from Liverpool day after tomorrow at three p. m. We must leave here early tomorrow for Cruise Castle, and the next morning for Liverpool."

The Countess sat down on the nearest bench and gazed at her niece as if she could indeed the latter benefit of her senses. But that imperious, yet shrewd maneuverer or sailed magnificently out of the room and soon her clear, firm voice was heard issuing orders as to the disposal of her belongings.

There was no mistaking it all. The Countess was in straitened circumstances, and depended solely on Lydia's warm heart for the necessities of life, and, moreover, she simply adored the girl. And, from, too, she could not let her go, and she dried her eyes and resolved to put the best face she could on the matter. In superintending the packing of the goods and chattels she soon forgot to grief, and actually began to take an interest in the coming voyage—all of which the observant Lydia took notice of with satisfaction, as she entered the room late in the time.

Next morning they left the village, too. The steamer at St. Malo for Southampton, and at six o'clock that evening were in Cruise Castle. Here they hastily set about collecting all the necessaries for a trip of several weeks or more.

Lydia had previously telegraphed her friends for letters of introduction to influential Americans. Several of these she found awaiting her.

The following day, at three o'clock, they left Liverpool for "Serbia." As Lydia sat that evening on the vessel's deck, with the brilliant light of a full moon gleaming upon the rolling waters of the Irish sea, her thoughts wandered to Natalie and then to the young American. Her heart beat faster and her cheeks became flushed as she thought of the American she was to meet. The question came—would she be?

"Are you doing this solely to see my wife

thick beard and the mustache that had long concealed his lips and chin. His appearance was so completely altered that his dearest friend would have passed him on the street as a stranger.

His face was somewhat clerical in appearance, and yet, withal, had a very stern look. The closely-shut lips, the narrow but firm jaw, betokened an ambition that the passenger of the countess had hitherto conceived.

On his coming he had found a number of New York Herald awaiting him. In each paper was a message in cipher from the family of Natalie. He read them all; then sat down and at once dispatched the following letter to his captive: "Young Mr. Fairfax, on the island of Grand Manan, off the eastern coast of the United States.