

GERMAN ARMY SWORDS.

Process of Manufacture from the Crude Iron to the Perfect Blade. "Here you are," he said. "See if you can knock a piece out of the sword on that stone."

"I took the handle in both hands and struck the stone with all my might. But to my astonishment a piece flew off the stone, while the sword did not show even the least evidence of the blow."

"Every one of these weapons has to stand that test," I was informed, "or we do not put the mark of our firm on it. Now do we deliver it as a first-class weapon."

I went all through this factory, which employs over one thousand men exclusively in the manufacture of fine weapons. They are now filling an order for the German Government of a new bayonet. Eight hundred thousand are to be made, and the firm delivers 1,500 a day. The weapon is twelve inches long, and the Government pays six marks for each of them when finished.

Before a piece of steel is converted into such an instrument of war it has to go through quite a process. To show me this Mr. Koch took me into a large space at one end of the factory, where I at once noticed pieces of steel varying in length from ten to twenty feet, standing all around the walls. In the center of the room stood a large machine, where one man and a boy were occupied.

"This is where the steel is cut before it has received a stroke yet toward the shape of a sword, so we might call this the store room for raw material." Thus my kind informant began his explanation. The long pieces of steel, which were about two and a half inches wide, were then put under a machine, and by the turning of a crank, pieces of about twelve inches fell one after another into a basket. The boy then handed the man another piece of steel, put an empty basket under the machine, and carried the short pieces into an adjoining apartment. We followed, and from the number of fires all around I guessed that we must have arrived at the forges. And so it was. Each one of these pieces of steel was put into the fire, and when it was white with heat a man put it under a steam hammer, which struck the heated steel in rapid succession about twenty times on every particle of its surface. When it was pulled out the piece was about eighteen inches long. It was now thrown into a large barrel filled with water. Now, the world-be sword had gone through the hardening process, and a number of boys gathered them into rolling baskets to carry them to the rolling department. In the front of each of these rolls I had my attention called to a big coke fire. This fire was stirred up to an enormous heat, and then the pieces of steel were one by one put into the fire. There are two men occupied at each roll viz., the roller and his helper. As soon as the steel is hot again it comes under the roll, from where it emerges about one-eighth of an inch thick, and the eventual shape of the sword stamped on it.

Again the pieces of steel are carried off, and this time they go to the center presses, where they are put under a contrivance which cuts the margins off the steel, and when they leave here you can see that the thing looks like a sword.

Hitherto, however, you have seen nothing but a dark blue piece of dirty steel, while we now come into the departments where the metal is brightened. There is at first the "grind-mill." This is a large place which looks like a barn. From one end of the room to the other I observed rows of immense grindstones, some of them eight feet in diameter. In this factory I saw forty stones, and in front of each sat a grinder. The grinding department is the most important in the entire factory, and the grinder has to be very skillful. He has to have a keen eye, he must know when to press the steel hard against the stone and when not. A single scraping of the stone too much spoils the whole weapon, and it has to be thrown away. Most of the other work is mechanical, while here it is intelligence that does the work satisfactorily.

From the grinding stone the piece of steel comes bright and sharp. It is now taken to the burnishing-rooms. This part of the work is chiefly performed by boys, who vary in age from twelve to sixteen years. In this place there are a number of wheels, but they are very small. Some of them are of stone, others are covered with leather which, if the article has to receive a polish, is covered with a powder which lends the blade a high polish. The knob and the back of the handle are now brilliantly burnished, and the weapon is already very dangerous. But still it is unfinished. The different holes which are made in the handle the one which fastens the blade on the gun, and several others, are now bored. This is done, however, by machinery and takes but a very short time. The handle is covered with leather and, now that the blade itself is thoroughly completed, it is taken to the controlling room.

In this department we find, as a rule a number of old men who have been at work for the firm for long years. They are not able to do actual hard work, but still in this department their services are indispensable. Their duty is, in fact, to examine the article and see whether there is a blemish anywhere. As soon as he detects a flaw he knows where it was done, whether in the burnishing, the grinding, the rolling, or any other department, and the man who is found to have made the mistake has to make it good, or, in other words, he has to pay for the damage.—Or. Pittsburgh Dispatch.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

Some Lively Excerpts From a Wide-Awake Frontier Publication.

ADVICE GRATIS.—We have a word or two of advice to those people who are canvassing the town for subscriptions to build a church. Get your congregation before you get your building. We've taken the town directory and gone slap through it from cover to cover, and we haven't lighted on the name of one single individual who has got religion enough to drive a mule forty rods.

We refused to chip in for a church, but will contribute ten dollars to get Lampas Jake, the revivalist, down here. We want him to come here and tell the people that they are the meanest, wickedest, low-down, shack-nasty lot of heathens in America, and that not one of them stands any more show of getting to Heaven than a jack-rabbit does of outrunning chain lightning. If Jake can knock any of the dirt off and get down to the cuticle and scare thimble out of enough citizens to hold a prayer meeting, we'll go in for a church building with a whoop.

SOCIETY NOTES.—Mayor Jim Gibbons and wife, of Jerusalem Hill, are vacationing in the mountains. They are the only two inhabitants who are able to take an outing this summer, and they couldn't have gone if they hadn't lodged a dozen creditors and borrowed seven dollars of us. We'll bet four to one they beat their board bill when they get ready to return.

TO THE TRADE.—The Kicker would be willing to take a column advertisement from some Eastern drug house in exchange for one hundred pounds of insect powder and one hundred blow-guns. There seems to be a nervousness on the part of our people against asking our local druggists for the stuff, but there would be no hesitation in calling at this office. As the publisher of a family newspaper we seem to beget confidence. Please leave your orders at an early date.

GO HENCE!—The lop-eared monstrosity who claims to edit the Prairie Star has been so jealous of the phenomenal success of the Kicker that he hasn't enjoyed his whisky for the last three months. In his last issue he claims that our circulation does not reach 150, and that we are carrying sixteen columns of dead ads. We hereby publish our affidavit that our circulation is 153 copies weekly, and constantly growing, and as for dead ads, that's our business. We have discovered that the people of this town can extract more comfort out of a patent medicine ad than from a two-column sketch by Trollope, and it is our business to please the masses.

A REMINDER.—Our birthday occurs next week Friday—that being our thirty-fifth—and any little reminder sent in by the public will be warmly appreciated. We stand in need of shirts, socks, neckties, collars, etc., and it has been suggested that the ladies organize and contribute to a generous outfit.

Some of our friends declare that, in view of what the Kicker has done for this locality, a purse of \$100 should be presented to us by the men. We should be thankful, of course, and more thankful, if it was made \$150. An editor should be modest, however, and we simply throw out these few suggestions without any thought of being personal. P. S. We wear a No. 15 collar and the shirts should be full in the back.

MORE WIND.—Prof. Rose, who hit this town last spring to get up a class in music, and who has been here on his uppers ever since, doesn't like our way of dealing with him. Because we suggested last week that he quit dead-beating and pick up the pick or shovel, he is around town calling us a fugitive from justice, and asking why the police don't do something.

Gently, Professor. When we left Xenia, O., the sheriff patted us on the back and lent us half a dollar. We are the only man in this town who doesn't turn pale when the stage comes in, and the only one who doesn't break for the sage brush when it is announced that the United States Marshal is here. We ain't rich or pretty, but we are good, and the Professor is barking up the wrong tree. We don't bear him any ill-will, but the Professor must retract his statements about us or we'll drop a line to Pinkerton asking if Yaller Jim, alias Prof. Rose, isn't wanted somewhere.—Detroit Free Press.

Where the Quail Belongs.

An Austin teacher was instructing his class in natural history. "To what class of birds does the hawk belong?" he asked. "To the birds of prey," was the reply. "And to what class do the quail belong?" There was a pause. The teacher repeated the question: "Where does the quail belong?" "On toast!" yelled out the hungry boy at the foot of the class.—Texas Siftings.

—There is almost as much pathos as humor in the following story of an Albany boy of tender years: Shortly after his mother's death with his father he visited her grave, being carried there by a horse which had recently been bought by the father. The husband, standing apart, was naturally in a contemplative frame of mind, and the boy, when unable to stand the oppressive silence any longer, lifted his childish voice in an interrogative tone and said: "Ma, we've got a new horse."—Albany Journal.

—The deadhead that the oater is like a successful production—he has come to pass.—Boston Bulletin.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—There are 400,000,000 cigarettes used in this country annually. The undertakers, doctors and officers of insane asylums have great reason to be thankful.—Boston Traveler.

—As a result of advertising furniture on the installment plan, a Boston furniture dealer was rather surprised the other day when a woman came in and asked for "Mr. Installment," and did not want to talk to any one else.

—Hostess (boarding-house)—"Which do you prefer, Mr. de Lean, new potatoes or old?" Mr. de Lean—"It doesn't matter about the potatoes, madam; but if you have two kinds of chicken, I will take the new."—Philadelphia Record.

—Not long since we heard a young lady complain that her "beau did talk so slow" that she most always forgot the first of a sentence before he got through, and didn't know whether to answer yes or no.

—A correspondent writing from San Francisco says that ladies of that city wear sealskin cloaks the year round, and that the sight of heavy fur wraps and overcoats at times during the summer is not at all uncommon.

—Child (at theatre during grand ballet attraction)—"Where do all the pretty ladies come from, Mamma?" Mamma—"From behind that big curtain at the back; there are many rooms there."—"O, yes; the undressing rooms."—Philadelphia Record.

—An indignant parent, in rebuking a refractory son, exclaimed: "Remember who you are talking to, sir! I'm your father!" To which the youth rejoined: "O, come now, I hope you ain't going to blame me for that."—Troy Times.

—Woman (to tramp)—"If I give you a nice dinner will you help me put up some patent self-rolling window curtains? Tramp—No, ma'am. I'll see wood, carry in coal, or dig postholes, but I wouldn't help a woman on window curtains if she gave me a Delmonico spread."—N. Y. Sun.

—Mr. Varner Hurt dropped in at the post-office in Cumming, Ga., the other day, and bought ten cents worth of postage stamps. He told the postmaster that it was the first purchase of his sort he had ever made, and that in all his life—he is over seventy-six now—he had never written or received a letter.

—"Did you bake those biscuits?" he asked at the supper table. "Yes, George; I made them expressly for you," she winkingly replied. "And yet," said George, vainly trying to pry open a biscuit, "you have always told me you loved me, and couldn't live without me!"—Norristown Herald.

—"And what answer do you make to my appeal?" he asked, as he knelt at her feet. "James, I will be frank with you," she murmured. "O, speak," he implored, "and relieve me of this agony of suspense." "Then let me say it can't be." "Why not?" "Because, James, I do not feel able to support a husband."—Boston Courier.

—Author—"You say the story has merit. Then why do you hesitate about taking it?" Book publisher—"Why, you see, sir, you have not an established reputation. You are not widely known yet. The announcement of a story by you would not of itself be sufficient to make a spontaneous demand for it." Author—"I've fixed all that. I have a friend that is a book reviewer, and as soon as my story appears he is to brand it at once as a plagiarism from one of Zola's earlier works."—Chicago Tribune.

Arsenic in Wall-Papers.

Where arsenic in quantities in wall paper is suspected, we suggest the following test. No apparatus is needed beyond an ordinary gas jet, which is turned down to quite a pin point until the flame is wholly blue; when this has been done, a strip of paper suspected to contain arsenic is cut, one-sixteenth of an inch wide and an inch or two long; as soon as the edge of this paper is brought in contact with the outer edge of the gas flame a gray coloration, due to arsenic, will be seen in the same. The paper is burned a little, and the fumes that are given off will be found to have a strange, garlic-like odor, due to the vapor of arsenic acid. Take the paper away from the flame and look at the charred end. The carbon will be colored a bronze-red; this is copper reduced by the carbon; being now away from the flame in a fine state of division, the copper is slightly oxidized by the air, and on placing the charred end a second time not too far into the flame, the flame will now be colored green by the copper. By this simple means it is possible to form an opinion without apparatus, and without leaving the room, as to whether any wall paper contains arsenic, for copper arsenic is commonly used in coloring wall papers.—Rome.

Quiet and Law Abiding.

Magistrate (to prisoner)—"It's some time since I saw you here, Uncle Rastus." Uncle Rastus (virtuously)—"Yes, sah. I've been quiet an' law-abidin' since de last time I was up befo' yo', an' dat was mo' six months ago, yo' honnah." Magistrate—Ah, yes; I remember. I gave you six months for stealing a ham. It's a year this time, Uncle.—Time.

BAR HARBOR.

A Wild, Weird Tale of Love and Adventure.

BY AMOS LEE.

PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WITH THE AUTHOR.

"I have been foolish, very foolish, dearest," said the invalid. "Have I not? I do not think I ever fainted more than once before in my life." Then, as if the same unpleasant thoughts returned, she added: "And you will help me to get away from here, will you not? I must go—now!" Here she attempted to rise from the couch, but found, to her surprise, that she felt extremely weak.

"Young woman," said Lydia, very playfully, "my command is that you lie perfectly still until your lunch is brought up-stairs. It is now a trifle after one o'clock. What is your maid's name? Blanche, is it not?"

"Yes," replied Natalie, looking up at her friend with some surprise. "How came you to know it?" "Oh, I know everything, my dear." Calling out cheerfully, "Blanche! Blanche!" she soon heard from below, the answer.

"Coming, Madamoiselle." "Never mind about coming up-stairs, now. Only hurry and bring up the lunch," Blanche, wondering who was the owner of this strong but commanding voice, went into the kitchen to prepare lunch. A note soon came to her from Fairfax, bidding her be in readiness to depart "at a moment's notice." It informed her that the Lady Lydia Broadacres, hereafter, would assume the management of affairs.

"It must have been the Lady Lydia who spoke to me," said Blanche to herself, wonderingly. Lydia, meanwhile, sat down and penned a hasty line to Miss Gilmare. It read thus: "I have not only been successful in my efforts, but have found, as I was inclined to suspect, Miss Rochefort an old friend of mine. I will lunch with her and be with you later in the afternoon."

Lydia said nothing with regard to Fairfax or the abduction and, of course, Natalie did not refer to either. Gradually the color returned to the Princess' cheeks, and she came to a realizing sense of the present. But, ever and anon, Lydia observed that some chance remark would remind her of the past and that same weary, piteous look would again return to her face. For a moment she would forget herself and murmur in an absent-minded, lingering manner. This was not the Natalie of old. Where was the staid reserve? That gentle firmness? That perfect self-control and admirable dignity?

Lydia began to think over the matter. "If Natalie really loves him I must bring about a reconciliation. The effect of a union with him would, I know, be construction in and that disownment by her own family; but a disappointment to Natalie would mean gradual decline and death, I believe. I say, then, that if there is to be suffering, her family can better endure it than she.

"On the other hand, if her present depression should change to only the result of pining under confinement, or disappointment in misplaced friendship, the sooner she leaves the better."

Thus reasoned the practical, yet warm-hearted woman. And she resolved to make at least one attempt to bring them together again. But no one with any degree of certainty can lay plans for the future.

The Greeks say there is an avenging Nemesis on the track of an unfortunally lucky man, and that when he seems most fortunate the man is overtaken by his Nemesis, and from that moment begins his downfall. The Nemesis had at last caught Fairfax. Everything as before it had seemed to favor, now seemed to militate against him.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE DETECTIVE AGAIN. While Lydia and Natalie had been talking, a large steam yacht glided noiselessly down the bay and anchored off Cromwell's harbor. A boat put off from the yacht and came rapidly toward the shore.

While the yacht was coming to anchor, a man sitting moodily and dejectedly looking out of one of the windows of Glen Gore cottage raised his eyes toward the sea, beyond the point that stood between him and the shore.

He saw, or thought he saw, two masts and the extreme tip of the blackened smoke-stack of a steamer projecting up above the trees. He looked again. There off had been no vessel there in the morning, and that was a very extraordinary place for anchorage.

Taking his hat, he walked rapidly toward the shore. As he gained an opening in the wood the captain's gig was about half-way between the yacht and the landing place.

The yacht plainly enough was the "Namovna." There was no mistaking her. Only an hour or two ago he had telegraphed her captain and was momentarily expecting her. Now, here, as by magic, in all her aquatic beauty before them lay the yacht. He could scarcely believe his senses.

As the captain neared the shore, he recognized Fairfax, and, raising his hat, he greeted him with: "Good afternoon, Mr. Fairfax. I'm glad to see you again, sir." The latter returned the salute, and hastened to shake hands with his late companion in adventure. The captain, after a cordial inquiry after Fairfax's health, and some especially of that of your fair cousin—here a sly, knowing twinkle momentarily filled his eye—answered Fairfax's inquiries as to the cause of his unexpected presence, by handing him an envelope, with the cool remark: "My dear sir, your game's up. All the world will soon hear about it. At present, I and two others—beside yourself and your own confidants—are the only persons in

Bar Harbor who know the whereabouts of Natalie. These two others are Jean Louvat and Jean Leroi, the former head of the police department at St. Malo, the latter at St. Brioux. These two men are noted rivals, and letters from a friend in Havre have told me that they have been like bloodhounds in their pertinacity to discover the trail of the abductors of the stolen Princess Natalie. Now a telegram, in cipher, from Mr. Nebbitt, tells me he has just learned that both Louvat and Leroi lately sailed by separate steamers for New York.

"You know the glory and the reward that awaits the discoverer of the Princess's whereabouts. They have spared, and will spare, nothing in their efforts to find her. Mr. Nebbitt telegraphs me that he is convinced they know your whereabouts and all about you, and wants me, immediately on receipt of this telegram, to start for Bar Harbor and take you all off on the yacht to some remote place selected by yourself."

"Fortunately I had steam up, and all my mail in. We came up here flying, I can tell you. "If you have read the message, you will observe it says that Louvat and Leroi will reach New York on the 6th or the 7th. Today is the 7th. I know Nebbitt well enough to believe that when he says a thing is so it is so. You may depend upon it that when those men arrive in New York they will come directly here. If they are obliged to hire a steamer, you must do it. There will be a race between them. Each will stimulate the other, and neither will lose a moment.

"I know Louvat well. When he's around there's no child's play, I can tell you. He is always in dead earnest. He can talk English like a native. His geography is something wonderful; his knowledge of human nature still more so, and his ability in the direction of resources most wonderful of all. They say Leroi, although not so full of genius as Louvat, supplies this lack by patience, precision and a tremendous bull-dog pertinacity.

Fairfax's jaw had dropped during the first part of the recital; but, as the captain proceeded, he became more and more aroused. His old-time fire; his quick decision; his fertile invention, all returned to him. Retrospection, reflection and disappointment must be cast to the winds. Action, instant action, was the word.

Looking over Nebbitt's telegram (as translated by the cipher dispatch) he corroborated the captain's utterances. All dreaminess, moodiness was banished. Fairfax was himself again. "Captain," said he, "be ready to leave at a moment's notice. I shall not, for I can not, go back with you; but all whom you brought, with the addition of Lady Lydia Broadacres, her aunt and their servants, will return in the 'Namovna.' It is now two o'clock. By five o'clock precisely they must be ready to start."

"Ay, ay, Mr. Fairfax. That's business," said the worthy officer, his head nodding approvingly. But how was it that Louvat and Leroi had discovered the whereabouts of Natalie? Simply because the gentleman who had seen her at the village church the first Sunday after her arrival, and had spent the rest of the day puzzling out her identity, soon afterwards returned to his city home, and being a man of prominence, had been interviewed by a journalistic friend. In talking about his summer at Mount Desert he had inadvertently mentioned the fact of seeing some strange woman there who strongly resembled the Princess Natalie Radziwill.

"Of course," he added, laughingly, "it was only a resemblance." Nevertheless, a journalist is often at his wit's end for news, especially when it must be furnished at regular periods; and this especial journalist, at that particular time, chanced to be at that predicament. Thus it happened that his weekly letter to a London city paper contained, among others, this little item:

"A woman bearing a strong resemblance to the Princess Natalie Radziwill is at Bar Harbor, one of our fashionable Atlantic watering places. If she be the renowned beauty, she has chosen to conceal her identity under the nom de plume of Miss Rochefort."

A random arrow often hits where a well-directed shot fails. "A certain man drew a bow at a venture and smote the King between the joints of his harness." And this bow, drawn at a venture, sped its arrow straight to the mark, which was Louvat and Leroi.

Those two worthies, in their eagerness to get information relative to the mysterious case, were in the habit of pursuing all the prominent dailies. They both read the foregoing item, and immediately arrived at the conclusion that it furnished the long-desired, genuine clue.

Putting this and that together, they made keen and untiring researches, and each separately arrived at the second conclusion that no theory was so reasonable as the one that Louvat, about a month previously, had



"ATE! AY! MR. FAIRFAX."

written out and sent in to the head of the police department of the government—a theory that Leroi by dint of patient toil had evolved some time later. To Louvat it had become an inspiration. But whatever the manner in which it arrived, conviction remained with both. Each knew that he possessed the right clue, and an angel from Heaven could not have persuaded him to the contrary.

A steamer was to sail from Havre the very next day. Louvat resolved to risk all and to take passage upon her. His assistant was given sole charge of affairs during his master's absence.

Louvat went to the steamship agent, and was about to enter a fictitious name upon the passenger list, when his attention was attracted by the previous name—"Jacques Larue." He instantly recognized the handwriting, disguised as it was. It was the alias of his rival, Jean Leroi, who, in thus getting ahead of him, had "bitten off his own nose."

Louvat looked up reflectively, apparently debating the pros and cons of some question in his mind, but in reality carefully scanning all the passengers. Not twenty feet from him stood a tall, muscular individual observing him in an apparently unobtrusive manner. He was smoking a cigarette and carelessly leaning against a pile of baggage. Louvat instantly

recognized him as an exceedingly clever fugitive. He saw, too, that the latter had penetrated his own disguise. Glancing back at the sheet of paper before him, he reflected, but only for a moment.

A steamer of the White Star line was advertised to leave Liverpool late the following afternoon. She was known as one of the fleetest of Atlantic boats, and, even if a lay later in her start, would undoubtedly overtake and pass the French vessel.

Laying the pen down, he asked, in a voice lowered apparently that none should hear him, yet so distinct that the keen ear of Leroi could not fail to catch it: "When does your next steamer go?" "Next Saturday."

"I will go then, instead of to-day. Here is the money for my passage." Forthwith he proceeded to register his name in the list of Saturday's passengers.

With an absolutely expressionless face, and softly whistling to himself, he went out, casting a seemingly careless glance at Leroi. That individual was deceived and could scarcely restrain a look of triumph.

An hour later the steamer sailed, and the favored Leroi had the satisfaction of seeing his great rival, Jean Louvat, left behind upon the docks—just as that guileless creature took good care that he should.

Now for Liverpool! Just twenty six hours behind the Ville de Brest, the German steamed out of Liverpool harbor with Monsieur Jean Louvat among her passengers.

While these events had been going on, Mr. Nebbitt was on the alert. Contrary to his expectations, Fairfax had actually abducted the Princess. Now that his young friend had been so successful in the beginning of his hair-brained scheme, he was anxious that the denouement should be fully as successful. Furthermore, his own untarnished reputation was at stake.

He knew well that both Louvat and Leroi suspected him of complicity in the affair. Each man had been imprudent enough to visit him in their official capacity with regard to the matter. And he knew them to be men of immense resources, energy and determination, and, accordingly, he took care to post himself as much as possible upon their doings.

Latterly they had both been unusually quiet. Nebbitt suspected mischief. One morning he came across a paragraph in a London paper nearly eight days old. It was the item from the pen of the American correspondent. He read it, and knew immediately what it meant. It meant that Leroi and Louvat were already on their way to America.

Putting himself in instant communication with the police authorities at St. Malo and at St. Brioux, he learned from the former that Louvat was "absent, and might not be back for weeks." From St. Brioux came a similar response as regards Leroi.

This, then, explains the fact of Leroi and Louvat being on their way to New York, and also of Mr. Nebbitt's sudden and imperative telegram to his captain.

Let us hear the adventures of these two enterprising Frenchmen. The Germanic arrived in New York harbor early one afternoon. As she was steaming up the bay another vessel, flying the French flag, followed a short distance behind her. Louvat scanned the vessel carefully through a pair of powerful field-glasses. It was the Ville de Brest, and among her passengers he distinguished the form of his rival, Leroi.

Ah! said he grimly to himself, "you are clever, my friend, but I have beaten you this time." Nevertheless, he was too cautious to presume upon Leroi's ignorance of his presence in America. Jean Leroi invariably took every conceivable precaution to ensure success, and none better than Jean Louvat knew this.

He studied the Railway Guide Book. This told him that the only proper route to Bar Harbor was via the Fall River line from New York to Boston; thence by way of either the Eastern or Western Division of the Boston & Maine railroad to Portland, Me., where he would be transferred to the Maine Central railroad, which route would lead him directly to Bar Harbor.

One of the Fall River steamers left New York at 5:30 p. m., another at 6:15 p. m. Leroi's extreme caution he knew would lead that man to sail by the former. Could he himself only take the latter, there would be just time to run down to the dock where the "Namovna" was moored, and there make a few investigations.

Again he inspected the Railway Guide. Passengers by the first boat were due in Boston at 6:50 the next morning; those by the second at 9:30 a. m.—just fifteen minutes before the famous "Vestibule" train left for Bar Harbor.

"Well, let Leroi take the first boat, if he wants to. I'll risk myself by the next, and get there in plenty of time." With that he hastened to view the yacht.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HOW, OR NEVER? But the bird had flown—the "Namovna" gone—sailed early this morning, very suddenly," said an official of the pier where she lay. "Where did she go?" "Dunno, but I think the cap'n said as how he was goin' back to France."