## BAR HARBOR.

### A Wild, Weird Tale of Love and Adventure.

BY AMOS LEE.

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"Will you, gentlemen, give me your promise that you will let the matter drop! For a moment there was silence. Louvait

was the first to speak. "I will," said he, "but only upon one condition, as I consider it useless to pursue away. the business farther. And then, again, I'm anxious to learn if your story coincides with my theory."

"I will, also, Mr. Fairfax, and for the same reasons," added Leroi.

"What is your condition, Mr. Louvait!" inquired the American.

"That, if your story agrees with my theory, of which I have a copy in my pocket -if it agrees with my theory, you will promise to write it out in full, secure the signatures of all participants therein and ap-



pend your own, together with that of the proper magistrate, in order to attest the genuineness of the document which you must promise to send me. Is it not justice that I should desire to advance my reputation among those of my profession!

At the close of Fairfax's recital, Louvait vehemently struck the table with his fists and ejaculated:

"Good! My theory to a T! The theory that precisely one month ago I sent to the head of the police department.'

"What!" interrupted Leroi, "you sent your theory to Paris a month ago! I did the same thing, but only just before I left France."

"Now," said Fairfax, "I have told my story. Let me hear yours."

Whereupon both Louvait and Leroi narrated their adventures, their various haps and mishaps. It was long after midnight when the party broke up. Fairfax insisted upon his guests sleeping at Glen Gore.

There was an early morning boat, upon which, next day, Leroi and Louvait embarked. At the wharf the coachman handed each man a note, just as the steamer was about leaving. Being interested in watching the village and the bay, the two travelers did not open their envelopes until later therein a sum that more than compensated him for his exertions and outlay, together with the request that no bill of expense be

sent to the Princess' family. Louvait and Leroi were unprincipled men. but had still a little sense of honor left. Fairfax appealed to this, and with such effect that they respected his request, and never again made reference to the

Here it may be said, by anticipation, that, as a result of the promised signaturebolstered document which Fairfax afterward forwarded to Louvait and to Leroi, both of these worthies were eventually called to Paris and given prominent positions in the police department of that great city, where they are liable, at any day, to nor end. Past and future there was none have their ambitions realized.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

Gone were the detectives. Gone was the "Namovna" with her precious cargo. Gone, too, Miss Strong, the aunt; even the very housemaids, the grooms, the coachmen, each and all were gone and, now, Fairfax was alone once more in the deserted house, and to-morrow he, too, would go.

The mellow softness and golden warmth of Indian summer lay over all the land. For all the sounds that man might make, Glen Gore and Eld Field were still as death. Closed were the doors and blinds and the curtains drawn. No merry laugh, no happy snatch of song, no cheery call nor loving greeting was heard any more within those walls. Life had fled away with Love, side by side, and all within was dark and silent as the tomb, save when the black fly buzzed noisily in the window-pane, or some stray, adventurous cricket, essaying his solitary song in the death-quiet room, was frightened again into silence by the unwonted loudness of his own cry. Through the lattice of one lone, open win-

dow, half hidden by climbing vines, came the soft breath of autumn, laden with fragrance from the balsam pine, the sweet ferns or the Indian grasses. Lazy wavelets droned on the beach in slow and soothing rythm; and, far away on the hillsides, the herd-bells tinkled faintly in silvery harmony, while an army of chirping insects in the grass incessantly sang their sleepy, monotonous song. Here and there a drifting boat waved its idle wings of white on the sea, that "great sweet mother and lover of men," who gave back from her vast, slowly-heaving bosom the deep hues of a cloudless sky, blue as

the bluest-vaulted dome of dreamy Italy. Across the way stood lonely Eld-Field, empty and still. Gone, gone, were all those happy days! Never more to be recalled! Gone with the sad-eyed Princess. Gone with Dolores

and Max and Medji, far across that wide waste of waters - "Where! alas! where!" And Arthur Fairfax, leaning a heavy, sching head on tired arms that rested in the window-sill, peered vainly out into the soft sunlight. With a sigh, he turned his yes back again and relapsed into sorrowbul thought.

All things reminded him of the past-"Old faces glimmered thro' the doors, Old footsteps trod the upper floors,

Old voters called him from without," Bit by bit the stealthy twilight drew near, and up from eastern waves rose a sad, pale moon-he remembered how they sat together on the rocks only the other night, silently watching its silvery beams playing over the rolling billows. Bright enough it seemed then -but now! Was she watching it, too! Would it remind her of the

A tear stole down over his cheek and, with a bitter sob, he hid his face in his hands now was,

and wept. Aes! he was crying! this great, strong fellow, who ever prided himself upon his stoicism and self-control.

Ah, ha! Arthur Fairiax, how often have you asked yourself the question: "Have I a heart, or not!" What is your answer,

The crickets still sang in the grass. An owl hooted faintly in the distance. Then flew a belated whip-poer-will and perched in a tree by the window,
"Whippoorwill!" cried

the bird.

Fairfax looked up. A brilliant path of glory lay brightening across the sea, from the moon to the beach, and, just where it ended, lay a little rowboat at anchor, rising and falling on the long, lary swell ——that boat in which the two had floated over the moon-lit waters, and dreamed the happy hours

Languidly he arose with a sigh, and, ciosing the door behind him, passed down

With thoughts still far away, almost mechanically he loosed the boat, took the oars, and slowly pulled out to sea-that vast plain which bore upon its surface his hopes, his heart, nay! his very life. Though far apart they were, did not the same waters wash their boat's keel; were not the same stars smiling down upon both?

On, on he passed, not heeding nor caring to shape his course, oblivious to every thing but his own melancholy reflections. The moon rose higher and higher. By little and little, the shores of the island

passed into the distance.

How much farther out to sea he might have gone, or how much longer rowed, none can say; but a sudden jarring of the boat's keel, a harsh grating of pebbles against its bottom betokened the fact that his onward career was ended.

Wearily raising his head and glancing about, without surprise, as if it were all a matter of course, he slowly stepped ashore with the rope in his hand, half-consciously making it fast to a large stone close by.

He looked around. Where and what was this place! He did not know and scarcely seemed to care. Perhaps an island in the barbor; possibly even the mainland. What mattered it? Either

was all one and the same to him. Onward he walked, head down, the picture of self-absorbed sorrow.

A lonely pine-tree stood back, some distance from the shore. Seating himself be-

nepth it, he buried his face in his hands. Wearied and worn out in body and soul, was it any wonder that he should pass from these gloomy day-dreams into the kindly realms of sleep! And so it was, for he slept; yet, ever and anon, mouned, or

sighed in his sleep. Stealthis the sea-tide rose. The careless knot slipped from its anchoring stone and the loosened beat slid gradually back from the shore and drifted far out to sea.

A snow-white owl whirred softly over the head of the sleeper and, by and by, startled the quiet night with her weird "Tu-whit! Tu-whu!" that echoed far among the pines Afterwards, a large red fox came boldly

up, but seeing the alarming spectacle of a human figure croucking down under the fir, turned quickly about and scurried back, in fright, to the forest. Last of all, when the moon reached the

zenith, a strange, dark bird came flying wearily toward the pine and, as if exhausted. sank down to rest on the topmost boughs. Of singular form and plumage, it looked and acted as if lost on unfamiliar coasts. Then all was silent, until the dreamer

moaned. Startled, the bird looked down and, finally, flew to a lower branch whence it could see every thing below. Agein the unhappy man moved in hts

sleep and sighed. The bird turned its head to one side with a half-human look, and with a wholly-human shrick, wild and shrill, spread its wings and flew back in the darkness to-

Awake! sleeper, awake and follow!

### CHAPTER XXX.

NOT ALL A DEEAM. Fairfax had been dreaming. He stood on a barren, rocky islet in mid-ocean. All about him was a wild, wide waste of deserted, sunlit waters-not a sail, not a cloud, net a bird, nor fish, nor any living thing in sight! Only the endless, boundless, everlasting stretch of sea and the solid, scorching rock beneath his feet.

He knew not how he came there, nor why, To him time and space had no beginning

only one eternal now. Like the ancient mariner, he was "alone on a wide, wide sea," but with no other facts, no other data, no other knowledge of any thing save of himself, Arthur Fairfax, and this blistering, barren rock and that vast, silent, glaring wilderness of waters, met on all sides by heavens of brassy hue.

Here he stood, stony-hearted, passionless, quiet as the rock itself and as motionless, staring out over that horrible sea-salt plain, with fixed, expressionless eyes. There came no morn, no noon, no night;

but one never-ending, unchanging day. Time was not. It might have been a day, it might have

been a month, a year, a century-he knew not, nor cared-but at last there rose, far, far away on the uttermost, extremest verge of the horizon, a feeble, upward-crawling line of smoke, which came naar and nearer, and grew dense and yet more dense. On it rolled with ever-increasing rapidity, until it rushed ahead with hightning speed.

Within, and almost hidden by this mighty, roaring column, belching forth fire and smoke, he detected the outlines of a vessel Straight toward the rocky islet, straight towards himself it came, with unerring, un-

swerving course. Now he saw and recognized it. It was the "Namovna," enveloped in a raging sheet of flame that shot upwards and backwards, roaring and thundering with terrific sound, and, high in the farthest tip of the yet unscorched bow stood Natalie,

in speechless horror, her snow-white arms stretched appealingly toward him. Nearer and swifter, yet, swept on that frightful, rolling pillar of fire, the sea boiling and seething in its track and vast clouds of white steam arising and inter-

mingling with its million blazing tongues and smoke of inky blackness. With an almost incredible suddenness it stopped its headlong speed a short distance

from the rock, and at once began quickly to "Jump," shrieked Fairfax,in terror. And back over the thunderous roar rang the

piercing cry: "Save me! Save me! O, Arthur, save me!" His soul on fire, his strength nerved to utter desperation, he leaped far out from

the crags over the sea, and struck-not the water, but solid earth! In an instant he had awakened from sleep and found himself standing erect, with

nerves and muscles strained to their utmost tension, his arms extended rigid from his side, his head bent eagerly forward, like one alert from fear. Every nerve tingled with horror. And his our could have caught the faintest possible whisper. What was it! What did it mean?

cold sweat stood out in great beads over his forehead, and it seemed to him he could yet hear that piercing cry for help ringing far along the shore and in the woods. If ever a man was thoroughly awake, he

He ran to the water and glancing up and down heard or saw nothing, save the sullen waves knocking angrily against the rocks, and the chining billows, glistening in the moonlight. From the forest came no sound, but the far-away, sea-like murmur of

Nothing! nothing! nothing, at all! Only a silly dream! And, yet, that call! that cry for help! It was real! It was no delusion of sleep, for it rang, still, in his ears with too true a tone to be aught else but genu-

In terror-yet he could not have said why he stood, listening with nated breath. Hist! bark! What was that, borne by on

the passing breeze! If there was ever wail of woman for help that was one. Clear and high it sounded-" Save me! Arthur! O to die thus!"

Wild and mad with blindest rage and fear. Fairfux bounded over the rocks and fled into the wood, like one insane, as if all hell were pursuing him. On, on he dashed, heeding either bush, brier nor erag. Torn and bleeding, straight forward, towards the all, be mished. Again he heard it, and nearer still; and

igain he pa ised. "O God! have pity! Farewell, my Ar-

With a demoniacal shrick of impotent age, Fairfax tore onward through shrub and low-lying branches, calling out fiercely: "Hell and its terments to him who harms

Soon he sprang from the forest out into a broad clearing where ran a narrow, quiet cove & the sea. This time the cry sounded

as if among the rocks, Breathless, panting like a wounded deer, his garments torn to shreds, bleeding in every limb, he dashed down the slope and fell headlong on the jagged stones, tearing the flesh from his face and body. When he arose, tottering and staggering, half-blinded and dazed, his left arm hung limp and motionless by his side, but his eye, wild and haggard, shot around the glances of a man determined and desperate even to death.

Naught! naught! could he see! Naught, except a black, ill-omened bird of strange form and plumage. Standing motionless on a crag that overlooked the deeper part of the cove, it suddenly shricked out in those same weird, unearthly, frightened tones that he had heard before; and, spreading its wings, sailed wearily away toward the

With an execration, Fairfax hurled a stone after it. Thrown with unerring aim and tremendous force, the missile hit the creature so that it tumbled heavily to the ground, where it lay fluttering in the throes of death.

Fairfax glared at it with no other emotion than that of hate and glutted revenge. A racking pain in his forearm now attracted his attention. Glancing at himself, he, for the first time, became aware of his frightful condition.

Blood was streaming from various bruises all over his body. His clothing hung about



SHE WAS PAST REVIVING AND DEAD.

him in tatters. His forearm was broken and his shoes cut to pieces.

There was no fresh water at hand. "Salt water is better than no water at all I'll wash my wounds in that-sting though they may," quoth he, grimly shut-

The dying bird fluttered again.

With a glance of rage at it and an oath, Fairfax stumbled to the head of the cove and, tearing off a fragment of his clothing, was about to wash and bind up his wounds, when he chanced to look out into the deeper water beyond.

Uttering a cry of horror he at first recoiled, but, quickly recovering himself, sprang into the sea and swam out with strokes vigorous as a broken arm and

maimed body would allow. Was it Natalie who lay there so quietly and peacefully on the heaving water, her long, dark curling tresses streaming out far behind her in the cool, translucent wave, her pure, upturned face gleaming like marble in the moonbeams and her white-robed, thapely form rising and falling on the long

Not during to look at the race, not during to verify his horrible suspicion, Fairfax, with the deep and labored breathing of one undergoing some terrible excitement, extended his wounded arm against her figure and, striking out powerfully with his

other limbs, forced her to the shore. Touching terra firma, he lifted her bodily and, staggering woefully beneath the burden, almost fell forward upon the rocks, slippery with sea-weed.

Then, for the first time, he found courage to glance at her face. She was past reviving, quite dead, and-

she was not the Princess! Fairfax breathed a fervent "Thank God!" and, immediately, for the first and only time in his life, fell in a dead faint, beside the drowned girl.

How long he lay there, he could not say probably for three or four hours. The strain upon his nerves and strength had been something tremendous. Besides, he had eaten nothing since breakfast. When he regained consciousness, dawn

Was it all a horrible dream? No! there on the grass beside him, in the sleep that knows no waking, lay the figure of the dead maiden. Acutest pains

was faintly shining in the east.

shot through his arm, and his whole body seemed a mass of aching bruises. Faint and weak, he summoned all his strength and courage and rose slowly to his

What was to be done? This was no time for moping or for sentimental regrets. His tired energies again must act. Who was this girl, and what her history? How was she drowned, and why-here in

these remote coasts ! Scarcely more than nineteen she seemed about the age of his own Natalie. She looked like an Orient Princess. Beautiful and classic as a Greek marble, and almost

Not a wrinkle or a line showed in that fair countenance; not a frown, even. But, quiet and serenely peaceful, she slept. "I am of the house of Casar!" breathed forth from every curve and contour of that marvelous face and form to all who looked

ever shall be!" fell spontaneously from the Legislature. lips of the ravished guzer.

#### MISERY IN MOSCOW.

#### The Merciless Barriers Which Separate the Rivers Running Through Treeless Regions Poor from the Rich.

St. Petersburg is European, and halfy the things which pain one there are felt to be in some sort of association with the evils and vices of the West. But Moscow has its own miseries, and they are so intensely Russian, so characteristic of that vaster Moscow of which the in many directions. The forest acts old capital is merely the tiny center, that in becoming sensible of them one shudders, not for a community merely, out for a whole people. The contrasts contrasts mainly between things which | tries the changes of temperature are it is scarcely just to compare, between not so severely felt as in a treeless a well being which o foreign and a country, or on the open plains, and it is wealth is elder brother to poverty, yet are cool in summer and warm in winter. stands divided from it by a chasm as im- The forests not only regulate the flow passable as it is reciless. There is a of water, but they purify it. Where distinct alliance of roughness and semi- the water of a stream has been poiculture between the rich merchant who luted, as by sheep-washing, for indoes besiness daily in the White Town, stance, after having passed for a few and the wretched street vender whom | miles through a shady and dense forest, he passes on his way a dozen times; yet the water appears as clear as it was the two are farther apart than the poorest and the richest classes in Western Europe. Moreover, poverty is so unthan of any particular layer of the popanthropology be called human. The eye disentangles a face from these movfully; unless the inspection is at long the previous century while range, the nose itself is too apt to pro-The Russian summer calls innumer-

able peasant beggars and country paupers to Moscow. In the day time they ing from time to time to beg alms or urnal quest. Many women of this class labors of the field; but some are old, canvas bag tied around the neck. At that is not so generally known. Russia altogether—such experiences as rejoicing.—Timberman. these are the lot of thousands to whom Moscow is less a place of pilgrimage than a centre of hot, weary, dusty life, a focus of burning despair.—Atlantic

### FASHIONS IN MOURNING.

#### The Caustle of Ridicule Cleverly Applied to Ludierous Customs.

There are certain aspects of "Christian burial" which have grown so discordant with our more intelligent forms of social life that they have become even ludicrous, and can, therefore, be most wholesomely treated with the caustic of ridicule. Among cultivated p ople their natural environment no longer exists. They are more or less distinctly recognized as survivals. The dignity and impressiveness they may have once possessed has passed away. ered and described by the comprehenbitterly over the fact that, just as her mise of a distant relative made it necesfect which had but the one compensating circumstance, that "black was bethe limits of which funeral fashion makes the assumption of "mourning" imperative. In all the large cities stores may be found where the mortuary expert can determine to a shade the style of dress that constitutes "full mourning," and where the length of a vail is solemnly regarded as expressive of what Mr. Mould termed "filial affection." There is "mourning jewelry," "mourning stationery," "mourning etiquette;" and I know of one gentleman who carried his loyalty to these "modes and shows of grief' to the extent of having the blue ribbons that adorned his nightgown solemnly replaced with black! But the ghastly humor reaches its clithe midnight gloom of costly crape, through the subdued twilight of "secder, in Forum.

"And no Cassar was ever thine equal, or the toughest skull is then sent to the to an artist's heart and ambition. - St.

### INFLUENCE OF FORESTS.

# Said to be Destitute of Trees.

Although scientists are not in perfect accord as to the influence that forests exert upon climatic conditions, nevertheless there is sufficient agreement among them for us to know that they do exert powerful and beneficent influences like a great sieve, and retains the fine particles of the soil, which the influence of the air and son, the frost and rain, and the action of the numberless Coots which life offer in St. Petersburg : have decomposed. In all forest counwant that is native; but in Moscovo a popular saying that the forest streams Again, it is thoroughly well estab-

lished that the presence of large tracts speakably miscrable in Moscow that it of timber has a well-defined influence seems to be the characteristic rather of upon the rainfall of the districts in a distinct species of the animal man which they are situated. Certainly parts of France which have been denuded of callot me. With this in view I submit ulation. The streets daily yield figures | their forests are subjected to disastrous which can only on general principles of floods and overflows, which occur almost annually and cause great destruction and distress, although such vising masses of rags but slowly and pain- itations were entirely unknown in forests were as yet tact. In our own country, as well, the same effects have been observed, and the destruction of forests has proceeded so rapidly in Prussia of late years that explore the city from gate to gate, halt- the Government has passed a law protecting timber. It was found that the munch the fragments of black bread climate in many districts was changing, which form the chief spoils of their di- and the rivers and lakes were becoming shallow in consequence of the wholesale are young and robust, fresh from the cutting away of wood. This feature of sylvan influence is often adverted upon, infirm, haggard. All trudge about with but there is another manner in which the aid of a staff, and all wear a rude the presence of trees exerts an influence

night, long after the last vesper has | Close observers have ascertained that died away, when the White Town is de- rivers running through treeless tracts serted and the suburban residences are of country are nearly, if not quite, desz gay with lights, with music, and with titute of fish, and that fish will desert a the laughter of the happy men and stream from which the timber has been women, this vast army of the penniless removed, although they previously and the miserable seeks its nocturnal swarmed therein. In the propagation repose Heaven alone knows where on of fish it is not enough to place the fry the forsaken field of the day's markets in the water, they must be provided in the open air, on the steps of churches | with food, and the best means to do this and cathedrals, or in the quadrangles is to preserve the border trees, and inand courts of palaces and public build- sure a steady supply of water and food ings. To be unutterably wretched and by preserving the forests whence the yet to be nightly sojourner in the "outer supply of food is derived. If new forcourts of heaven:" to be poor, and yet ests are cultivated on the barren ranges, to fall asleep with only the thickness of many a stream, now nearly empty dura wall separating one from some of the ing dry seasons, will be refilled with fish most useless and costly accumulations and food for the many. To see the conof treasure in Europe, the conversion servation and cultivation of forests, beof which into money would furnish the ginning to receive even a modicum of means for banishing acute poverty from the attention it deserves is a matter of

# BEFORE THE CAMERA.

#### A Photographer Chats About the Difficulties of His Business.

The most difficult part of our business is the posing. People are fussy in almost every case, and we have to draw largely on our patience to satisfy their whims. Of course babies are the most difficult to place before the camera properly, and we yet have never met an instance where the parents thought justice done to the little future Presi-President's wife. dent or

the babies comes stage people. You would think an actress an easy subject for a sitting, but she is in reality the most difficult to manage. For instance, the moment she takes her position as a model she falls into one of her theatrical attitudes, and The most conspicuous of these is cov- the effect in the finished picture is stiff and stagey in the extreme. To avoid ive name of "mourning." I have this result, we often spend several heard a brilliant society belle sorrowing , hours before a natural pose is effected which will be graceful in depiction. most impressive costumes were pre- Actresses, with the exception of the pared for a season's campaign, the de- ballet and the lighter drama, desire natural and simple pictures, and take sary for her to "go into mourning"-a much trouble to obtain that effect. The society girl, on the other hand, is anxious to "look like an actress," and for coming to her;" indeed this final and that reason we keep a lot of stage determining factor in the case often en- dummery, as we call it, on hand. When larges the pale of relationship, within the "regulars" come in they disappear in the dressing-room, and change there handsome costumes for the fluffy, light materials we have on hand, and then, when the dashing belies emerge in the unfinished waists and fleecy draperies, and cheap ornaments, which we fiso keep on hand, the other side of the picture is presented. I can tell one of these from the after effect when produced cleverey with the assistance of sun, camera and paper. Now that the statcary mode has gone out of fashion, and the decollette style is fast being abolished by the Parisian dictates, we have more of the street costume pictures, and less trouble in posing. We nearly almax in the contemplation of "half ways invite celebrities who come along mourning," or "second mourning." to sit for us, in a complimentary way, This symbolizes sorrow vanishing of course, and many accept. Fanny through the ministration of the milli- Davenport was formerly the most graner and the mantua-maker. It is an in- clous in obliging us in that line, and she teresting but certainly not an edifying is a superb subject. Lately, however, sight to see a blooming young widow her time is so limited that she seldom pass through those various stages of poses for a photograph. Gilmore is the grief which etiquette demands, from most difficult celebrity to induce to have his picture taken, and I believe the only time he over would submit to have one and mourning," back to the full day- made was in this city. About the ease light of gergeous color. -Rev. John Sny- of sitting men correctly? They are the least difficult to pose, as they usually drop in in their business suits, take the -They have got a novel way to settle first position they fall into, and there's disputes out in Kansas City. The two an end of it. Yes, it is easier to pose worthy citizens involved engage in a them; but, of course, women make the head-butting contest. The one that has | most beautiful pictures, and that is dear

Louis Globe-Democrat.

### WANTED ... A BRIDE.

# The Curious Advertisement of a Wealthy Bayarian for a Wife.

The following has been extracted from a Munich journal:

"Matrimonial-I am the hereditary possessor of a domain and newly-built castle, situated in a beautiful part of the Bavarian forests. The castle, which has many fine apartments, is surrounded with mountains, lovely meadows and fields, through which rivulets wind, woods for the hunt and stronms for angling; it stands in a charming valley, wherein the town of Cham, with its many old towers, castles and ancient knights, and ruins of the remotest ages, inspires the soul with poetical feelings.

"But however delightful the spot may be to those who judge of rural life by the fables of Virgil, Horace and Delille, I think it very melancholy to behold none but myself in my fine rooms, and to see none but my owe person reflected in my looking glass. I have, therefore, resolved to marry, like other simpletons; and since it is affirmed that marriages are made in Heaven, and are but a lottery, to see what Heaven may have in store for me, and what fair creature the wheel of fortune may my views to all young ladies through the medium of the newspapers.

"The one I wish to marry must be between sixteen and twenty years of age; she must have fine hair, fine teeth and beautiful little feet. She must be born of honest and good parents. She must dress elegantly, but plainly, in either silk or velvet, but no other materials. She shall be allowed music only if she be perfect in that art, it being tiresome to listen to the bad performers who annoy visitors in so many houses. She shall be mistress of the house in all domestic matters, and I myself shall be happy to yield to her reasonable whims, being if great enemy to slavish obedience and submission, whence, in my opinion, all quarrels and discontent derive their origin; but she must accompany me in all my journeys and excursions, because it is, in my opinion, a shame that a man should go about day and night, living in splendor at hotels, while his wife is left at home alone a prey to ennui.

"I must now say something about myself. I am seventy years old according to the almanac, but I am only twenty-five judging my health and strength. I am always cheerful. I seek for pleasure wherever the strictest honor admits of it. If, therefore, there exists a handsome young girl, willing to bustle about on horseback, in traveling, or at home with an old man still hale, hearty and active, she may write to me, and I will go to meet her, to see her, and let her see me, at any place within one hundred miles of Munich. but not farther, engaging on my word of honor that her name never shall be uttered. Theodore, Baron von Holperg of Broech, Commander of the Order of St. Ann, and Captain-Colonel of the Rhine and Maese, Munich, at the Black Eagle, 15th November, 1840." -St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## THE WORKING WORLD.

Items of Interest to Wage-Workers as Well as Employers.

President Carnot of France is a carpenter. He was taught the craft when a boy and the striking carpenters of Paris have put him in an awkward dilemma by demanding why he does not attend their meetings and subscribe to their fund.

London dress-makers and milliners are heavily fined if they allow girls to work over hours in their shops. One of the best-known and most patronized dealers in mourning goods in that city was recently up in the police court on a charge of this kind.

The hand-made time-pieces of the Swiss and French, who have so long held the supremacy as clock-makers, are not now regarded superior to those of American machine make. The American machine-made watch is as finished and accurate as its foreign competitor, and is, of course, vastly cheaper.

As an example of the rapidity of the processes of American artisans the recent feat of a Georgia paper-maker is noteworthy. A tree in a forest near Augusta was cut down at five o'clock in the morning: Before night it had been converted into newspapers, which people were reading at six in the even-

A correspondent gives his brothers in the plumbing business a useful hint as to the best methods of repairing lead pipes when the water supply flowing through them can not be cut off. He recommends the use of dry wheat bread, which should be packed into the pipe in the direction from which the water is coming. The repairing should then be completed, by which time the bread will have become thoroughly soaked and will soon work out of the pipe. Pipes may be cut and spliced in the same way.

A news item of interest alike to wood-workers and potters comes from Brussels. It is stated that a German manufacturer of earthenware has succeeded in substituting clay for wood in the construction of violins. At a concert given recently in the Belgian capital the tones of these instruments were pronounced scarcely inferior to those of a wooden violin. The manufacturer, of course, is keeping his process a secret. The discovery is a novel one and it is hardly to be supposed that its author will be content to stop his experiments here. The possibilities afforded by the production of a material which can become largely a substitute for wood are illimitable. -Chicago News.