

TO SIGHT.

"The gods bless all things back That the daylight made us lack."—SAPPHO.

Mathias Sandorf.

JULES VERNE.

AUTHOR OF "JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH," "TRIP TO THE MOON," "AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS," "MICHAEL STROGOFF," "TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III. COUNT SANDORF.

The Magyars settled in Hungary towards the end of the ninth century of the Christian era.

They still speak their own language—a language soft and musical, lending itself to all the charm of poetical cadence.

It was on the 21st of January, 1699, that the treaty of Carlowitz gave Hungary and Transylvania to Austria.

The Hungarians had to yield to superior force; but 150 years afterwards people were still to be met with among all ranks of society who refused to acknowledge either the Pragmatic sanction or the treaty of Carlowitz.

Count Mathias Sandorf lived in one of the counties of Transylvania in the district of Fagaras.

The neighboring mines, rich in iron and copper ores, and carefully worked, yielded a considerable income to the owner of the Castle of Arsenak.

Sandorf was then in his thirty-third year. He was rather above the middle height and of great muscular strength.

One of his most striking peculiarities is worth noting. Although Count Sandorf was careless enough or what concerned only himself, and would pass lightly over any injury which affected him alone, he had never forgiven and never would forgive an offence of which his friends were the victims.

Mathias Sandorf had been highly educated. Instead of confining himself to

the life of leisure his fortune opened out to him, he had energetically followed his tastes and been led to the study of medicine and the physical sciences.

Formerly the castle of Arsenak, then, had been all gaiety, life and movement. On this rugged ridge of the Carpathians the Transylvanian hunters had held their meetings.

In those days the Countess Rena Sandorf was still alive. She was the soul of these parties at Arsenak.

During the first months of his widowhood, Sandorf never left his castle of Arsenak. He thought over and lived among the remembrances of the past.

Count Sandorf, during the year which followed, had carefully studied the political outlook, and recognized that a separatist movement might be successful.

There he became the chief centre of the conspiracy; thence radiated all its threads collected in Sandorf's hands.

At Trieste lived two of Sandorf's most intimate friends. Animated by the same spirit they were resolved to follow the enterprise to its conclusion.

Ladislaz Zathmar lived in the house discovered on the Aquedotto by Sarcany and Zirono—an unpretending place, which he had put at the disposition of Mathias Sandorf during the time he was away from Arsenak.

Stephen Bathory occupied a no less unpretending dwelling on the Corso Stadion, not far from Count Zathmar.

Stephen Bathory belonged, distantly but authentically, to the line of those Magyar princes who in the sixteenth century occupied the throne of Transylvania.

It was in Zathmar's house that the three friends had met since the arrival of Count Sandorf—although the latter ostensibly occupied an apartment on the Palazzo Modella on the Piazza Grande.



IT WAS BORIK INTRODUCING COUNT MATHIAS SANDORF.

Zathmar and Bathory were Sandorf's most devoted auxiliaries. Like him, they had seen that circumstances were favorable to a movement which might restore Hungary to the place she desired in Europe.

Three days after the arrival of the carrier pigeon whose message had been intercepted by Sarcany, on the 21st of May, about eight o'clock in the evening, Zathmar and Bathory were in the study, waiting the return of Mathias Sandorf.

During the time Sandorf was away other correspondence had been exchanged between Trieste and Buda, and many letters in cipher had arrived by pigeon-post.

These gratings are an old invention, but having been greatly improved by Colonel Fleissner, they seem now to offer the best and surest means of obtaining an indecipherable cryptogram.

In fact for fifteen years the Austrian Government, with a view of the possible loss of Venetia—a loss now realized—had been thinking of founding at Pola, at the southern extremity of the Istrian peninsula, an immense arsenal and dock yard, so as to command all that end of the Adriatic.

It would appear, therefore, that the best guarantee for indecipherability is afforded by these gratings, or by ciphered dictionaries—codes, that is to say, or vocabularies in which certain words represent fully formed sentences.

We are aware that, although Zathmar and Bathory could sacrifice their lives for their country, they could not sacrifice their fortunes, inasmuch as they were pecuniary resources were but meagre.

Mathias Sandorf had been highly educated. Instead of confining himself to

five of the middle class and the bulk of the people. Zathmar had just turned his last despatch when there came a quiet knock at the study door.

"Your journey, Mathias?" asked he with the eagerness of a man who wished at the outset to find that all was well.

"It was a success, Zathmar," answered Sandorf. "I have no doubt of my Transylvanian friends, and we are certain of their assistance."

"Our supporters from the majority," answered Sandorf. "They will also form the new Government, to take the direction of affairs. All will go regularly and easily, for the comitates, as far as their administration goes, depend very little on the crown, and their chiefs have the police with them."

"The palatine and the council of Buda will immediately be so placed as to be unable to do anything."

"No," replied Zathmar. "Nothing is spoken of but the works at Pola, for which the greater part of the workmen have been engaged."

Everything seemed to have been done to make the enterprise a success; and all that remained was to wait for the moment of action. The cipher correspondence between Trieste and the principal cities of Hungary and Transylvania had almost ceased.

As a man who had been convicted of stealing horses and whose penalty was assessed at twenty years imprisonment, was asked the usual question by Judge Noonan, of San Antonio, who was on the bench.

"Prisoner, do you know of any reason why sentence should not be pronounced on you according to law?"

"Why, judge, of course I do. It would break me up in business," Texas Siftings.

brought his whole fortune to the help of the cause. For many months, through the agency of his steward, Leudeck, he had mortgaged his estates, and thereby raised a considerable sum—more than 2,000,000 of florins.

But it was necessary that this money should always be at call, and that he could draw it at any moment. And so he had deposited it in his own name in one of the banks of Trieste, whose character was above suspicion.

This circumstance was fraught with the gravest consequences, as will be seen in the course of this history. Something was said about this money at Sandorf's last interview with Zathmar and Bathory.

Events had so progressed that Sandorf would soon be able to give the expected signal from Trieste—more especially as this very evening he discovered that Zathmar's house was the object of very disquieting surveillance.

Prof. Jacques, as everybody knows, has been investigating physical phenomena. The professor has a brother who isn't so much interested in physical phenomena as he is.

"Sh-h, sh-h," said the professor. "don't come in—don't make a noise—there's a lady in here in a trance!"

Then he started for the library. Somebody else met him as he swung open the door.

"Sh-h, sh-h, be careful; there's a scoundrel going on, and you'll spoil the conditions if you come in that way!"

A Famous Parisian Beauty. Olympie Audouard has subsided. She was a harum-scarum beauty of a Rubens type.

Another and still more extraordinary take of honey has been secured at Winter's Hall, Bromley, the seat of George Barrett. Some men were sent to take some bees which had got between the ceiling of the coach house and the granary.

"What's that for?" asked a reporter of a waiter in a Smithfield street restaurant.

The waiter had a bag of table salt in his hand and was sprinkling the contents behind the counter and the floor where the crumbs might fall.

Scraps of bread, melon rinds, and broken meats and pieces of plates were in baskets and shelves behind the counter, but there were not a dozen flies in sight.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

The number of Women Household-holders in England is 217,000. Many of these are at the head of magnificent estates, and pay a large revenue to the Government.

Do You Know What You Look Like?

There are men, and women too, who do not remember faces at all, and who, if compelled to entertain strangers in the evening, would not know them next day, forgetting their faces as seen under a different light so utterly that evidence hardly convinces them.

They simply cannot recollect a face, though they would recollect other things they had seen quite perfectly. The look of the absent has for them perished, and they cannot call it up before them even in a general way; and this some times after much association.

Sandorf and his companion, in order to see what this might mean, boldly marched straight on to these suspicious characters, but before they could reach them they had taken flight and disappeared round the corner of Saint Antonio's Church, at the end of the canal.

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The number of Women Household-holders in England is 217,000. Many of these are at the head of magnificent estates, and pay a large revenue to the Government.

And yet they are shut out of the parliamentary franchise and cannot have a choice as to who shall represent their borough. They, however, have the municipal vote, which is most important to large landholders and taxpayers.