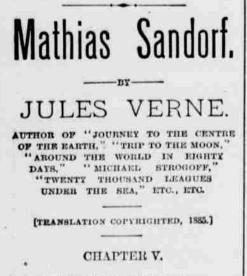
A LOUA-HUNTER

A cup of coffee, eggs and rolls Sustain him on h s morning strolls: Unconscious of the pass raby, He trudges on with downcast eye: He wears a queer o'd hat and coat, Suggest ve of a style remote; His many er is pre ecopied,-A shambling gall, from side to side, For him the sleek, bright-windowed shop Is all in vain-he does not stop. His thoughts are fixed on dusty shelves Where musty volumes hide themselves,-Rare prints of poe r. and prose, And quantly lettered follos,-Ferchance a parchment manuscript, In some forgot on corner slipped, . Or no k-illumined mi-sle bound In velium will trass clasps around; Thes are the pictured things that throng His mind the walks along.

A dingy street, a ce lar d m, With book-lined walls, suffices him. The dust is white upon his sleeves; He turns the yellow, dog-eared leaves With just the same religious look That pr ests give to the Holy Book. He does not he d the stifling air If so he finds a treasure there. He knows rare books, like precious wines. Are hid ien where the sun ne'er shines; For him delicious flavors dwell In books as in old Muscatel; He finds in features of the type A clew to prove the stape was ripe. And when he leaves his dismal place, Beho d, a smile lights up his face ! Upon h s checks a gen al glow,-Within his hand Boccaccio, A first edition worn with age, "Firenze" on the title-page. Frank Dempster Sherman, in The Century.



THE MESSAGE IN CIPHER.

Two days afterwards Sarcany was installed in the house of Ladislas Zathmar. He had been introduced by Silas Toronthal, and on his introduction had been received by Count Sandorf. The banker and his agent had become accomplices, the object of their schemes being the discovery of a secret which might cost the chiefs of the conspiracy their lives, and the result, as the price of their information, a fortune falling into the pocket of an adventurer, that it might find its way into the strong box of a banker who had reached the point of being unable to honor his engagements.

A formal agreement had been drawn np between Toronthal and Sarcany, according to which the expected profit was to be shared equally. Sarcany W38 to have sufficient to enable him and his companion, Zirone, to live comfortably at Trieste, and to meet all outgoings and expenses. In exchange and as a guarantee he had handed over to the banker the fac-simile of the message which contained-there could be no doubt-the secret of the conspiracy. It may, perhaps, be said that Sandorf was imprudent in acting thus. Under such circumstances to introduce a stranger into the house where such important matters were in hand, on the very eve of a rising, of which the signal might be sent at any moment, might seem an act of strange imprudence. But the Count had not acted thus without being obliged. It was necessary that his personal affairs should be put in order now that he was about to enter on a perilous adventure in which he risked his life, or at least exile, if he was obliged to fly in the event of failure. Besides the introduction of a stranger into Zathmar's house appeared to him calculated to prevent suspicion. He fancied that for some days-and we know that he was not mistaken-there had been spies in the Acquedotta; spies no other than Sarcany and Zirone. Were the police of Trieste keeping their eyes on his friends and him and their proceedings? Sandorf might well think so and fear so. If the meeting place of the conspirators, hitherto so obstinately kept hidden, seemed to him to be suspected, what better means of baffling suspicion could be devised than to admit within it an accountant merely busying himself with accounts? How could the presence of a clerk be dangerous to Zathmar and his guests? In no way. There was no longer any interchange of eiphered correspondence between Trieste and the other towns of Hungary. All the papers relating to the movement had been destroyed. There remained no written trace of the conspiracy. The measures had been taken; they were not intended to be taken. Count Sandorf had only to give the signal when the moment arrived. So that the introduction of a clerk into the house, which the Government might have under surveillance, was calculated to allay all suspicion. That is to say, the reasoning was just and the procaution good, had the clerk been any one else than Sarcany, and his introducer any other than Silas Toronthal. Sarcany was a past-master in duplicity, and took full advantage of the gifts he possessed-his open face, his frank, clear expression, and his honest, straightforward look. Count Sandorf and his two companions could not but be taken with him-and they were taken with him. In no way did he show or learn that he was in the presence of the chiefs of a conspiracy to raise the Hungarian race in revolt against the Germans. Mathias Sandorf, Stephen Bathory and Ladislas Zathmar seemed at their meetings to be only occupied with discussions on art and science. sore was no secret correspondence;



SARCANY FINDS THE GRATING IN THE DESK.

there were no mysterious comings and | lines, like those on a Pythagorean table goings about the house. But Sarcany of six ciphers, twenty-seven were shaded knew what he wanted. The chance he and nine were open-that is to say, nine wanted was sure to come in turn, and he waited for it.

In entering Zathmar's house Sarcany had but one object in view-to possess himself of the grating that would enable him to decipher the cryptogram; and as no eiphered despatch arrived at Trieste, he began to ask himself if, for prudential reasons, the grating had been destroyed? This would be rather annoying for him, as all the scaffolding of his scheme was based on his being able to read the letter brought by the pigeon. Thus, as he worked at putting in order the accounts of Mathias Sandorf, he kept his eyes open; he watched, he spied. Admission to the room where the meetings took place between Zathmar and his companions was not forbidden him. Very often he worked there all alone : and then his eyes and his fingers were occupied in quite other tasks than making calculations or easting exclaiming figures. He ferreted among the papers ; he opened the drawers by means of skeleton keys made for him by Zirone, who was quite an adept in such matters.

how, quite out of sympathy. For five days Sarcany's search was useless. Each morning he came with the hope of succeeding; each evening he returned to his hotel without having to his tracing so as to obtain a grating of Sarcany could not conceal his rage at discovered anything. He feared he was the exact shape of his copy, not forget such a disappointment. The banker oing to fail after all in his criminal enterprize. The conspiracy-if there were a conspiracy, and he could not doubt that there was one-might come to a head at any moment before it had been discovered, and consequently before it fiad been reported. "But rather than lose the benefit of a discovery, even without satisfactory proofs, better inform the police," said Zirone, "and give them a copy of the letter.

And all the time he kept a strict watch

on Borik, with whom he seemed some-

and then after another quarter turn the figures 19 to 27, and then, after another quarter turn, the figures 28 to 36, it will be found that no square has two numbers, and that each of the thirty-six squares is filled in.

Sarcany very naturally began on the six first words of the message, intending to make four successive applications of the grating. He then thought of treating the next six, and then the six finals in the same way, and thus use up the eighteen words of the cryptogram.

It need scarcely be said that Sarcany had told Toronthal what he intended to do, and that the banker had approved of the plan.

Would the practice confirm the theory? Therein lay all the interest of the experiment.

The eighteen words of the message were these : ihnalz zaemen ruiopn arnuro tryree

mtqssl odxhnp estley eeuart neecil ennios noupvg spesdr erssur ouitse eedgno toeedt artuee

At first they set to work to decipher the first six words. To do this Sarcany wrote them out on a sheet of white paper, taking care to space the letters and lines as to bring each letter under one of the squares of the grating.

And th	is was	sthe	result			
i	h	n	8	1	Z	
	r	n	u	r	0	
0	d	x	h	n	p	
8	0	e	•	i	1	
8	p	0	6	d	r	
8	0	d	g	n	C	

Then the grating was placed over the letters so that the little cross was on top, and then through the nine openings there appeared the nine letters shown below, while the other twenty-seven

were hidden : hazrxeirg

CHAPTER VL

CAN THE CI HER BE SOLVED ?

position of the nine blank squares. And this he did by tracing the grating on a Then Sarcapy made a quarter turn of sheet of white paper and marking on his the grating from right to left, so as to copy a small cross which he found on bring the side with the cross to the right. the original, and which seemed to dis-And these were the letters that appeared through the spaces : By means of this grating, which it

n o h a l e d e e At the third attempt the letters visible were these :

n a d n e p e d n To the astonishment of Toronthal and Sarcany, none of these combinations gave any sense. They endeavored to read them conclusively in the order they had been obtained, but they proved as meaningless as the despatch itself. Was the message to remain indecipherable ? The fourth application of the grating resulted thus :

ilruopess which was as obscure as the others. In fact, the four words which had been

discovered were : hazrseirg

nchaledeo nadnepdu ilruopess

moderate thickness. He cut it according | and these meant-Nothing.

se leveront en masse pour l'independ. ence de la Hongrie, Xrzah.

" And the four last letters ?" he asked. "An agreed-upon signature, or something to fill up," said Toronthal. "Oh, then ! 'All is ready. At the

ence of Hungary!' That is it, is it? Well, we have got them at last !

" But the police have not got them !"

"That is my business."

"You will act with great secrecy?"

" That is my business." said Sarcany. 'The Governor of Trieste shall be the only person to know the names of the two honest patriots who have nipped in its bud this conspiracy against the empire of Austria !"

And as he spoke, the mockery of each tone and gesture betrayed the true feeling with which he attered the words. "And now I have nothing else to do,"

said the banker.

"Nothing," answered Sarcany, "excopt to take your share of the profit."

"When the three heads fall which are worth a million apiece.

Toronthal and Sarcany bid each other dieu. If they wished to gain anything out of the secret that chance had handed over to them they must be quick and denounce the conspirators before the plot broke out.

Sarcany returned to Zathmar's house as if nothing had occurred, and went on with the accounts. His work was nearly finished. Count Sandorf, in thanking him for the zeal he had shown, told him that he should not require his services after the next eighteen days.

"To Sarcany's mind this meant that about that time the signal was to be given from Trieste to the chief of Hungarian towns.

He continued, therefore, to watch with the greatest care, but so as to give rise to no suspicion, all that took place in Zathmar's house. And he played his part so well, he seemed so imbued with tiberal ideas, and had taken so little pains to hide the invincible repulsion he said he felt for the Germans, that Sandorf thought of giving him a post later on, when the rising should have made Hungary a free country. It was not so with Borik, who had never got over the first feeling of dislike with which the young man had inspired him.

Sarcany neared his triumph.

It was on the 9th of June that Count Sandorf had agreed with his friends to give the signal, and the 8th had come. But the informer had been at work. In the evening, about eight o'clock, the police suddenly entered Zathmar's house. Resistance was impossible. Count Sandorf, Count Zathmar, professor Bathory, Sarcany himself, who made no protest, and Borik were secretly arrested

Pro ne continues.

The Brahm u's Rule of Life. "Eat, dr.nk, and be merry, for to morrow we die!"-which is the exhortation of the modern materialist, as it was of the ancient Egyptians at their banquets-had no place in the great creeds of India. The soul was undving; and purity, asceticism, quietism, were the universal watchwords in the required work of spiritual liberation. The first step in this turning away from the world is when the individual begins to see through the illusiveness of life; becomes conscious of the unreality of his surroundings and of the soul's independence of the external world and or the sensations which it produces upon him through the glamor medium of the senses. It he be an orthodox Brahmin he says: "What have 1 to do with this phantasm of nature, this mirage of an external world? Why should I allow myself to be subject to the painful or disturbing sensations which it imposes on me through the senses, when in reality there is no existence but Brahm. of whom I am a part?" This last phrase is the most intelligible to a European; but what the Hindu says is, I am Brahm"-in the sense that a drop taken from the ocean is the same in substance with the ocean. True knowledge sees through the deception of Maya; it dispels the darkness from the embodied soul, and thereupon the soul seeks to liberate itself from this bondage of illusion; it comes to know that it is part of the soul of the universe, and, like the reclaimed prodigal, cries, "I will arise and go to The rule of common my father!" life, as preached by the Brahmins, was to fulfill the duties incumbent upon each one in the position in which he is born. No one was to disturb another in the discharge of his duties; he must not injure either man or beast, and he must be tender even to plants and trees. When he had set up his house, had married and begot a son; when he had fulfilled the duties of a housemaster; when he was old and had seen his children's children, then he must prepare for futurity and refire into the forest to lead the life of an eremite, and work out his "liberation." or the salvation of his soul. This was prescribed even for the common throng-although, doubtless, the injunction was but little, or very slightly, observed. It was acknowledged that it is not everyone who can become a true yogee, much less a Sannyasin or Arhat. But to all who aspire after the higher grades of liberation and spiritual existence, marriage itself was torbidden, and all sexual indulgence proh bited, as most fully retaining the soul under the bondage of the senses and keeping it from rising into the fuller and higher life which it enters upon when emancipated from the fetters of the body .- The British Quarter y Leview.

OTHELLO.

flow it was Performed by a Negro Company.

There was a performance of "Othello" in New York recently which one may well believe to be "without a rival," as first signal you send us from Trieste, all well believe to be "without a rival," as of us will rise together for the independ. the Times says it was, judging from its account of the tragedy. The play, we are told, differed from that with which New York audiences are familiar in many particulars, chief of which was that the characters were all Moors. This made the rage of one Brabantio, because his daughter had married Othello, a little difficult to understand. This trivial circumstance, however, did not weigh heavily upon the minds of the Astor-place tragedians, and they proceeded to make things just as lively for Othello as if he had been common white trash. The Times

critique runs thusly: Othello, the lord high executioner of Venice, was impersonated by Ben-jamin J. Ford. Mr. Ford makes the part up much darker than Salvini loes, and even than Gustavus Brooke was wont to do. Mr. Ford's dark make-up, however, does not prevent him from standing considerably over six feet in his thights and giving the audience a great deal of Othelio for their money. Mr. Ford has a voice which extends from the sub-cellar of the base clef to the third floor, back of the tenor, and is capable of spreading itself over a large portion of the community at one time. The quality of the voice is distinctly cheerful. lower notes have much of the pathetic mellowness of the contra fagotto, while the upper notes are like the lascivious piping of the E-flat clarionet. Iago was represented by J. A. Arneaux, of whom it may be said, in the language of a classic song composed in the time of Nelsonidis Seymourus, that French ballet girls are in the shade when he puts down his shoe. Desdemona, the Yum Yum of the drama, was acted by Miss Eloise Molineaux.

The various episodes of the play were watched with deepest interest by the audience. When Othello ran away with Desdemona, and stood up like a little man before her irate papa, the spectators hailed him with loud exclamations, and when he talked business to a lot of disabled base-ball catchers, whom he called senators, the audience shouted with joy. The efforts of lago to convince Othello that his twilightcolored bride had shaken him for one Cassio were watched with intense interest, and when Othello's countenance was distorted with a "frightful, fearful frantic frown," and his voice fell all the way down stairs from high C to D flat below the bass cleff. every one knew that there was a good stout rod in pickle for Jago, and cheered Othello to the echo. Subsequently when Othello seized Iago by his little pigtail and drew his snickersnee, while lago flopped down upon the unvielding pine boards and "gurgled and guggled," the applause rose to a perm of wild glee.

But it was in the final act of the tragdy that Othello woke up the fullest ense of the situation and demonstrated that he was boss in his own house. He grabbed Desdemona by her flowingswitches and swept the splinters of the stage with her. He jerked lor from L. U. E. to R. L.E., across the

"That is what I am going to do if accessary," said Sarcany.

Of course Toronthal was kept informed of all that went on. And it was not cryptography employed in the correwithout difficulty, that the impatience of the banker was duly curbed.

Chance came at last to his assistance. On the first occasion it brought him the message, and now it came to him to show him how the message could be deciphered. It was the last day of May, about four o'clock in the afternoon.

Sarcany, according to his custom, war going to leave Zathmar's house at five. He was greatly disappointed that he had advanced no further than on the first day, and that the work he had been doing for Count Sandorf was approaching its end. When the task was finished he would evidently be dismissed with thanks and rewards and he would have no chance of again entering the house.

Zathmar and his two friends were not at home. There was no one in the house but Borik, and he was busy on the ground floor. Sarcany, finding himself free to do as he liked, resolved to go into Count Zathmar's room-which he had not yet been able to do-and then search everything he could.

The door was locked. Sarcany with his skeleton keys soon opened it and entered.

Between the two windows opening on to the street there was a writing desk, whose antique form would have delight. ed a connoisseur in old furniture. The shut-down front prevented any one inspecting what was inside.

It was the first time Sarcany had the chance of getting near this piece of furniture, and he was not the man to waste his opportunities. To rummage in different drawers, he only had to force the front. And this he did with the aid of his instruments, without the lock being in any way injured,

In the four h drawer under a pile of papers, was a kind of card cut into curious holes. The card caught his attention at once.

"The grating!" he said.

He was not mistaken.

His first idea was to take it with him, but on reflection he saw that its disappearance would awake suspicion, if Count Zathmar noticed it had gone.

"Good," said he to himself ; "as I ing, and Toronthal and I can read the dospatch at our case."

The grating was merely a square of card about two and a half inches long, divided into thirty-six equal squares. Of these thirty-six equal squares, arranged in six horizontal and vertical

ting the little cross which showed the right end uppermost. Then he took a rule and divided his rectangle into thirtysix squarea, all of equal size. Then of these thirty-six squares nine were marked as they appeared on the tracing, and cut out with the point of a penknife so as to show through them, when applied to the message, whatever signs or letters were to be read.

squares had been cut out of the card and

left nine openings in different positions.

exact size of the grating and the exact

would be easy to copy on a piece of

ordinary card, Sarcany felt that he would

have no difficulty in deciphering the fac-

simile of the message then in possession of Toronthal; and so he put back the orig-

inal grating among the papers, as he had

found it, left Zathmar's room, left the

beheld him enter the room with such a

triumphant air that he could not help

"Hallo! What is up? Take care of

"Shut up," answered Sarcany, "and

And then Sarcany picked up a card of

yourself! You are not so clever in hid-

ing your joy as you are your grief, and

to work without losing a moment."

A quarter of an hour afterwards Zirone

house, and returned to his hotel.

you'll betray yourself, if-

" Before we feed ?"

" Before we feed."

tinguish the top side.

Sarcany had to be careful to take the

him as he worked. He was deeply inter- meaningless words he obtained : ested in the performance, because he thoroughly understood the system of spondence.

"Now that is ingenious," he said, " highly ingenious, and may be of some When I think that each of these use! empty squares may perhaps hold a million of money-

"And more !" said Sarcany.

The work was at an end. Sarcany rose and put the cut card into his pocketbook,

'The first thing to-morrow morning I call on Toronthal," he said.

"Keep an eve on his eash box."

"If he has the message, I have the grating 1

"And this time he will give it up." "He will give it up."

"And now we can feed ?"

"We can feed." "Come on, then."

And Zirone, always blest with a healthy appetite, did full justice to the excellent meal he had, according to his custom, ordered.

In the morning-it was the 1st of June -at eight o'clock Sarcany presented himself at the bank, and Toronthal gave orders for him to be shown into the office immediately.

"There is the gratibg," was all that Sarcany said, as he laid the card on the table.

The banker took it, turned it round and round, jerked his head first on one side then the other, and did not seem at all to share in the confidence of his associate.

"Let us try it," said Sarcany.

"Well, we'll try it." Toronthal took the fac-simile of the message from one of the drawers in his

desk and laid it on the table. It may be recoilected that the message was composed of eighteen words, each

containing six letters-the words being quite unintelligible. It was obvious that each letter ought to correspond with a square of the card ; and consequently that the six first words of the message, composed of thirty-six letters, must have been obtained by means of the thirty-six squares

And in the grating the arrangement of the blank squares had been so ingeniously thought out that for every quarter copied the message, so I'll copy the grat- turn-that is, for the four times the blank squares changed their positionthey came in a different place.

It will be seen that this must be so ; for if at the first application of the grating to white paver the figures 1 to 9 are inscribed in each blank space, and then, after a quarter turn the figures 10 to 18,

shook his head, and remarked, in slight tone of irony: "Perhaps that is not the grating !"

Sarcany simply writhed in his chair. "Let us try it again !" he said. "Try again," said Torouthal.

Sarcany, having mastered his nervous agitation, began experimenting on the six words forming the second column of the message. Four times did he apply Zirone sat facing Sarcany, and watched the grating ; and these are the four

> amnetnore velessuot etseirted zerreoucs

This time Sarcany threw the grating on the table with an oath. In curious contrast, Toronthal kept quite cool. He was carefully studying the words hitherto obtained, and re-

mained deep in thought. "Contound all gratings and all who nse them !" exclaimed Sarcany, rising. "Sit down," said Toronthal.

"Sit down ?"

"Yes ; and go on."

Sarcany gave Toronthal a look. Then he sat down, took the grating, and applied it to the last six words of the message, as he had done to the others. He did it mechanically, as though he took no interest in what he was doing. And the words given by the four applications of the grating were :

> nonsnoveu glangisro imerpuate rptsetuot

That was all. The words were as meaningless as the others,

Sarcany, enraged beyond all bounds, took the paper on which he had written the harbarous words which the grating had yielded, and was about to tear it into tatters, when Toronthal stopped him.

"Do not get excited," he said.

"Eh!" exclaimed Sarcany, "what can you do with an insoluble logograph like that ?' "Writ all those words in a line, one after the other," said the banker.

"And why ?"

"To see.

Sarcany obeyed ; and he obtained the following : hazrzeirgnohaledeenednepednilruopessamn etnorevel esson tetse irts dzer revnes non suoven glan

gisreimerpuaterptsetuot The letters had scarcely been written before Toronthal snatched the paper from Sarcany and read it and gave a shout. It was the banker who now lost his head. Sarcany thought he had gone mad.

"Read !" said Toronthal, holding out the paper to Sarcany. "Read !" Read !"

"Yes ! don't you see that, before they used the grating. Count Sandorf's correspondents wrote the letter backwards ?" Sarcany took the paper, and this is what he read, proceeding from the last to the first:

"Tout est pret. Au premier signal que vous nous enverrez de Trieste tous

Too Good to His Family.

A former resident of Lancaster county, Fennsylvania, and now of Utah penitentiary, says in a letter to a friend: "I am serving a six months' sentence for loving, cherishing and earing for my dear families, consisting of three of the best, noblest and loveliest wives in the union, and twenty-three just as good and pretty children as ever came from heaven to sojourn for a season on this mundaue sphere."- Council Bluffs Nonpar.e'.

stage and down the middle. He scattered the English language in about 200 parts of speech all around her, and though she moved earnestly for a new trial he gave her to understand in plain words that the jig was up and that she had to seek a field of usefulness in another and better world. He then proceeded to stuff a boardinghouse pillow down her throat and sit on it, whereupon Desdemona, knowing when she had enough of a good thing, curled up in a heap and died. Then Emilia, impersonated by Miss Belle Martin, in a black dress with brass buttons down the front, gave away the deal which her husband had made, and Othello awoke to a consciousness that his friend was a bunco steerer of the lowest type. So he once more drew his snickersnee and proceeded to perform the difficult, not to say dangerous, operation of self-decapitation. The audience rose and departed. The spectators evidently had no great deare to behold any manslaughter, as they had seen womanslaughter sufficiently widespread to last them for several months.

Too Strong a Temptation.

The postmistress of Corning, Lehigh County, Penn., has been arrested under somewhat singular circumstances. The people of the neighborhood had complained for some time that their mail showed evidence of having been tampered with, and investigation revealed the fact that the lady in charge of the office had been amusing herself and adding to her stock of general information by opening and reading everybody's letters. On being taxed with this she is said to have acknowledged the truth of 'he acusation, at the same time observing that she did not know she was doing anything for which she could be punished. During her periods of innocent law-break. ing, therefore, she must have enjoyed one of the most delightful privileges conceivable from the point of view of a healthy postmistress with a naturally robust thirst for insight into the private affairs of her neighbors. That with such a fund of knowledge at her disposal she did not convert the quiet village of Corning into a Pandemonium such as was created by the diabolical ear-trumpet of Dame Eleanor Spearing may be regarded as conclusive demonstration that she know how to keep some kinds of secrets.

In his "Historical Sketches of the Town of Swampscott"Waldo Thompson, of Lynn, states that about 1535 John M. Ives, of Salem, received two or three marrow squash seeds from a negress, whose husband was a cook upon one of the merchant ships, Captain Lord, from Valparaiso. He also obtained the tomato seed in the same manner as "love apple," and, after growing them a year or two back of his store, he was told by a sea captain that they were eatable, and from that time they were used as foud."