

A cup of coffee, eggs and rolls
Sustain him on his morning stroll;
Unconscious of the passers by,



SARCIANY FINDS THE GRATING IN THE DESK.

There were no mysterious comings and goings about the house. But Sarcany knew what he wanted.

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 ciphered despatch arrived at Trieste, he began to ask himself if, for prudential reasons, the grating had been destroyed?

CHAPTER V.

THE MESSAGE IN CIPHER.

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lines, like those on a Pythagorean table of six ciphers, twenty-seven were shaded and nine were open—that is to say, nine squares had been cut out of the card and left nine openings in different positions.

Sarcany had to be careful to take the exact size of the grating and the exact position of the nine blank squares. And this he did by tracing the grating on a sheet of white paper and marking on his copy a small cross which he found on the original, and which seemed to distinguish the top side.

By means of this grating, which it 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 original grating among the papers, as he had found it, left Zathmar's room, left the house, and returned to his hotel.

A quarter of an hour afterwards Zirono beheld him enter the room with such a triumphant air that he could not help exclaiming: "Hallo! What is up? Take care of yourself! You are not so clever in hiding your joy as you are your grief, and you'll betray yourself, if—"

"Shut up," answered Sarcany, "and to work without losing a moment." "Before we feed?" "Before we feed."

And then Sarcany picked up a card of moderate thickness. He cut it according to his tracing so as to obtain a grating of the exact shape of his copy, not forgetting the little cross which showed the right end uppermost. Then he took a ruler and divided his rectangle into thirty-six squares, 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.

Zirono sat facing Sarcany, and watched him as he worked. He was deeply interested in the performance, because he thoroughly understood the system of cryptography employed in the correspondence. "Now that is ingenious," he said, "highly ingenious, and may be of some use! When I think that each of these 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 eye on his cash box."

"If he has the message, I have the grating!" "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 Zirono, 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 grating," 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."

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: ihualz zmenen rniopn arnuro tyree mtqsl odxlnp estley eourt neeil ennios noupyg spesdr ersur outise eedgno toedrt artuce

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 this was the result. i h n a l z a r n u r o o d x h n p a e e e i l s p e s d r e e d g n o

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: h a z r x o i r g

CHAPTER VI.

CAN THE CIPHER BE SOLVED?

Then Sarcany made a quarter turn of the grating from right to left, so as to bring the side with the cross to the right. And these were the letters that appeared through the spaces: n o h a l e d e c

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: i l r u o p e s s

which was as obscure as the others. In fact, the four words which had been discovered were: hazrxoiegr mchaledeq madnepdu jrdpessu

and these meant—Nothing. Sarcany could not conceal his rage at such a disappointment. The banker shook his head, and remarked, in a 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 Toronthal.

Sarcany, having mastered his nervous agitation, began experimenting on the six words forming the second column of the message. Four times did he apply the grating; and these are the four meaningless words he obtained: amnetnore vlesnot zbeentoe zreoneas

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 remained deep in thought.

"Confound all gratings and all who use 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: nonsuoveu glansiereu gungisieru imerpate rpysetnot

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 barbarous 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 logographi like that?"

"Write all those words in a line, one after the other," said the banker. "And why?" "To see."

Sarcany obeyed; and he obtained the following: hazrxoiegrmchaledeqmadnepdujrdpessuamnetnorevlesnotzbeentoezreoneasgungisieruimerpaterpysetnot

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, nous leveront en masse pour l'indpendence de la Hongrie. Krah."

How 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 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 critic runs thusly:

Othello, the lord high executioner of Venice, was impersonated by Benjamin J. Ford. Mr. Ford makes the part up much darker than Salvini does, and even than Gustavus Bronke was wont to do. Mr. Ford's dark make-up, however, does not prevent him from standing considerably over six feet in his thighs and giving the audience a great deal of Othello for their money. Mr. Ford has a voice which extends from the sub-bellar 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. The 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 clarinet. 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 Seymouris, 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 Iago to convince Othello that his twilight-colored 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 clef, every one knew that there was a good stout rod in pickle for Iago, and cheered Othello to the echo. Subsequently when Othello seized Iago by his little pigtail and drew his snicker-snee, while Iago flopped down upon the unyielding pine boards and "gurgled and gurgled," the applause rose to a point of wild glee.

But it was in the final act of the tragedy that Othello woke up the fullest sense 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 her from L. U. E. to R. L. E., across the stage and down the middle. He scattered the English language in about 300 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 fig was up and that she had to seek a field of usefulness in another act of better world. He then proceeded to stuff a boarding-house 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 hence more drew his snicker-snee 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 desire to behold any manslaughter, as they had seen woman-slaughter 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 her accusation, 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-breaking, therefore, she must have enjoyed one of the most delightful privileges conceivable from the point of view of a healthy 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 Spearling may be regarded as conclusive demonstration that she knows how to keep some kinds of secrets.

In his "Historical Sketches of the Town of Swanpscott" Waldo Thompson, of Lynn, states that about 1855 John M. Ives, of Salem, received two or three marrow squash seeds from a negro, 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 food.

Mathias Sandorf.

BY JULES VERNE.

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

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