ENDEAVOR.

A moaning cry—as the world rolls by,
Through gloom of cloud and glory of sky—
Rings in my ears forever.
And I know not what it profits a man
To plow and sow, and study and plan,
And reap the harvest never.
"Abide, in truth abide,"
Spake a low voice at my side,
"Abide thou, and endeavor!"

And even though, after care and toil,
I should see my hopes from a kindly soil,
Though late, yet blooming ever,
Perchance the prize were not worth the pain,
Perchance this fretting and wasting of brain
Wins its true guerdon never.
"Abide, in truth abide,"
The tender voice replied,
"Abide thou, and endeavor!"

"Strive, endeavor; it profits more
To fight and fall, than on Time's dull shore
To sit and ider ever;
For to him who bares his arm to the strife,
Firm at his post in the battle of life,
The victory faileth never.
Therefore, in faith abide,"
The earnest voice still cried,
"Abide thou, and endeavor!"

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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CHAPTER VIII.

AFTER THE SENTENCE.

Sarcany was taken back to the cell he occupied at the bottom of an elliptic corridor on the second floor of the donjon. Sandorf and his two friends, during the last hours of life that remained to them, were quartered in a large cell on the same level, exactly at the end of the major axis of the ellipse which this corridor made. The secret was now known. The condemned were to be left together until their execution.

This was a consolation, even a pleasure for them, when they found themselves alone and allowed to give way to feelings which they could not at first restrain.

"My friends," said Sandorf, "I am the cause of your deaths! But I have nothing to ask your pardon for! We worked for the independence of Hungary! Our cause was just! It is our duty to defend her! It is an honor to die for her!"

"Mathias," said Bathory, "we thank you for having associated us with you in the patriotic work which would have been the work of all your life—"

"As we are associated with you in death!" added Zathmar.

Then during a momentary silence the three gazed round the gloomy cell in which they were to spend their last hours. A narrow window some four or five feet high, cut through the thick wall of the donjon, let in a certain amount of light. There were three iron bedsteads, a few chairs, a table and a shelf or two, on which were a few articles of crockery. Zathmar and Bathory were soon lost in thought.

Sandorf began to walk up and down the cell.

Zathmar was alone in the world, had no family ties and no near relations. There was only his old servant, Borik, to mourn for him.

It was not so with Bathory. His death would not only prove a blow to himself. He had a wife and son whom it would reach. That wife and child might even die! And if they survived him, how were they to live? What was to be the future of a penniless woman and her eight-year-old child? Had Bathory possessed any property, how much of it would remain after a judgment which directed it to be confiscated and sentenced him to death?

As for Sandorf, all his past life returned to him! His wife came to him! His little daughter came—a child of two years old, now left to the care of the steward. And there were his friends whom he had led to ruin! He asked himself if he had done well, if he had not gone farther than his duty towards his country required? Would that the punishment had fallen on him alone, and not upon those that were innocent!

"No! no! I have only done my duty!" he said to himself. "My country before all, and above all!"

At five o'clock a warder entered the cell, placed the dinner on the table, and went out again without saying a word. Sandorf would have liked to know in what fortress he was kept a prisoner, but as the President of the court-martial had not thought fit to answer the question it was quite certain that the warder would not give the information.

The prisoners hardly touched the dinner which had been prepared for them. They passed the rest of the day talking on various matters, in the hope that their abortive movement would one day be resumed. Very often they referred to the incidents of the trial.

"We now know," said Zathmar, "why we have been arrested, and how the police discovered us from that letter which they came across."

"Yes, Ladislas," said Sandorf, "but into whose hands did that message, which was one of the last we received, at first fall, and who copied it?"

"And when it was copied," added Bathory, "how did they read it without the grating?"

"The grating must have been stolen," said Sandorf.

"Stolen! and by whom?" asked Zathmar. "The day we were arrested it was still in the drawer on my desk, whence the police took it."

This was indeed inexplicable. That the letter had been found on the pigeon; that it had been copied before being sent to its destination; that the house where the person to whom it was addressed had been discovered—all that could be explained. But that the cryptographic despatch could have been deciphered without the grating by which it had been formed was inconprehensible.

"And besides," continued Sandorf, "we know that the letter was read, and it could not have been read without the grating! It was this letter which put the police on our traces, and it was on it that the whole charge was based."

"It matters very little, after all," answered Bathory.

"On the contrary, it does matter," said Sandorf. "We have been betrayed! And if there has been a traitor—not to know—"

Sandorf suddenly stopped. The name of Sarcany occurred to him; but he abandoned the thought at once without caring to communicate it to his companions.

Far into the night Sandorf and his companions continue their conversation on all that was unintelligible with regard to these matters.

In the morning they were awakened from sound sleep by the entry of the warder. It was the morning of their last day but one. The execution was fixed to take place in twenty-four hours from then.

Bathory asked the warder if he might be permitted to see his family.

The warder replied that he had no orders on the subject. It was not likely that the Government would consent to give the prisoners this last consolation, inasmuch as they had conducted the affair throughout with the greatest secrecy, and not even the name of the fortress which served them as a prison had been revealed.

"If we write letters, will they be forwarded?" asked Sandorf.

"I will bring you paper, pens and ink," replied the warder; "and I promise to give your letters into the Governor's hands."

"We are much obliged to you," said Sandorf. "If you do that, you do all you can! How shall we reward you?"

"Your thanks are sufficient, gentlemen," said the warder, who could not conceal his emotion.

He soon brought in the writing materials. The prisoners spent the greater part of the day in making their last arrangements. Sandorf said all that a father's heart could prompt in his instructions regarding his baby girl, who would soon be an orphan; Bathory all that a husband and a father could think of in bidding a loving farewell to his wife and son; Zathmar all that a master could say to an old servant who remained his only friend.

But during the day, although absorbed in their writing, how many times did they stop to listen! How many times did they seek to discover if some distant noise was not coming along the corridors of the donjon! How many times did it seem to them as though the door of their cell had opened, and that they were to be permitted one last embrace of wife, son or daughter! That would have been some consolation! But, in truth, the pitiless order deprived them of this last adieu and spared them the heart-rending scene.

The door did not open. Doubtless neither Mme. Bathory or her son, nor the steward, Lendeck, to whose care Sandorf's daughter had been given, knew no more where the prisoners were taken to after their arrest than Borik in his prison at Trieste. Doubtless also, neither of them knew of the doom in store for the conspirators.

Thus passed the earlier hours of the day. Occasionally Sandord and his friends would talk for a while. Occasionally they would be silent for some time, and then the whole of their lives would be lived over again in their memories with an intensity of impression quite supernatural. It was not with the past, as affecting the past, that they were entirely concerned; the recollections seemed all to shape themselves with a view to the present. Was it then, a prescience of that eternity which was about to open on them, of that incomprehensible and incommensurate state of things which is called the infinite?

Bathory and Zathmar abandoned themselves without reserve to their reveries, but Sandorf was invincibly dominated by an idea which had taken possession of him. He could not doubt but what there had been treachery in this mysterious affair. For a man of his character to die without punishing the traitor, whosoever he was, without knowing even who had betrayed him, was to die twice over. Who had got hold of this message to which the police owed the discovery of the conspiracy and the arrest of the conspirators? Who had read it, who had given it up, who had sold it, perhaps? Pondering over this insoluble problem, Sandorf's excited brain became a prey to a sort of fever. And while his friends wrote on or remained silent and motionless, he strode uneasy and agitated, pacing the floor of his cell like a wild beast shut up in a cage.

A phenomenon—strange but not unintelligible in accordance with acoustical law—came at last to his aid and whispered the secret he had despaired of discovering.

Several times he had stopped short as he turned at the angle which the dividing wall of the cell made with the main wall of the corridor, on to which the different cells opened. In this angle, just where the door was hinged, he seemed to hear a murmur of voices, distant and hardly recognizable. At first he paid no attention to it, but suddenly a name was pronounced—his own—and he listened intently. At once he detected an acoustical phenomenon, such as is observable in the interiors of galleries and domes or under vaults of ellipsoidal form. The voice traveling from one point of the ellipse, after following the contour of the walls without being perceptible at any intermediate point, is plainly heard at the other focus. Such is the phenomenon met with in the crypts of the Pantheon in Paris, in the interior of the dome of St. Peter's at Rome, and in the whispering gallery at St. Paul's in London. The faintest word uttered at one focus of these curves is distinctly heard at the focus opposite.

There could be no doubt that the two or more persons who were talking either in the corridor or in a cell situated at the end of the diameter, the vocal point of which was close to the door of the cell occupied by Sandorf.

By a sign he called his companions to him. The three stood listening.

Fragments of phrases distinctly reached their ears; phrases broken off and dying away as every now and then the speaker moved from and towards the point whose position determined the phenomenon.

And these are the phrases they heard at different intervals:

* * * * * * *

"To-morrow after the execution, you will be free."

* * * * * * *

"And then Count Sandorf's goods we share—"

* * * * * * *

"Without me you never would have deciphered that message."

* * * * * * *

"And without me—if I had not taken it from the pigeon you never would have got hold of it—"

* * * * * * *

"Well, no one would suspect that the police owe—"

* * * * * * *

"Even the prisoners have no suspicion."

* * * * * * *

"Neither relatives nor friends are coming to see them."

* * * * * * *

"To-morrow, Sarcany—."

* * * * * * *

"To-morrow, Silas Toronthal."

* * * * * * *

Then the voices were silent, and the sound of a door being shut was heard.

"Sarcany! Silas Toronthal!" exclaimed Sandorf. "That is where it came from!"

He looked at his friends, and was quite pale. His heart stopped beating in the grip of the spasm.

His eyes dilated, his neck stiffened, his head sank back to his shoulders—everything showed that his energetic nature was in the grasp of terrible anger, pushed to its furthest extreme.

"Those two! The scoundrels! Those two!" he repeated with a sort of a roar.

Then he corrected himself, looked round him, and strode across the cell.

"Escape! Escape!" he exclaimed "We must escape!"

And this man, who would have walked bravely to death a few hours later, this man who had never even thought of making an effort for his life, this man had now but one thought—to live, and live to punish those two traitors, Sarcany and Toronthal!

"Yes! To be revenged?" exclaimed Bathory and Zathmar.

"To be revenged? No! To do justice."

All the Count Sandorf was in these words.

CHAPTER IX.

THE DONJON OF PISINO.

The fortress of Pisino is one of the most formidable buildings which arose in the middle ages. It has a fine feudal aspect. It only wants the knights in its vaulted halls and the ladies in their long brocaded robes and pointed bonnets at its arched windows, and the archers and crossbowmen on its machicolations, its battlemented galleries, at the embrasures of its mangonels, its portcullis and its drawbridges. The stonework is still intact; but the Governor with his Austrian uniform, the soldiers with their modern weapons, the warders and turnkeys who no longer wear the particolored costume, half yellow and half red, of the old days, strike a false note in the midst of all this magnificene of the past.

It was from the donjon of this fortress that Count Sandorf was endeavoring to escape during the last hours before his execution. A mad attempt, no doubt; for the prisoners did not even know in what part of the donjon their prison lay, nor anything of the country across which they would have to journey after their escape.

And perhaps it was fortunate that their ignorance was complete in the matter. Had they known more they might have recoiled before the difficulties, to say nothing of the impossibilities of such an enterprise.

It is not that this province of Istria offers no favorable chances for an escape, for no matter what direction the fugitives took they would reach the seacoast in a few hours. It is not that the streets of Pisino are so carefully gaurded that there is a risk of being arrested at the very first step. But to escape from the fortress, and particularly from the donjon occupied by the prisoners, had up to then been considered impossible. Even the idea had never occurred to any one.

The situation and exterior arrangements of the donjon in the fortress of Pisino were as follows: The donjon occupies one side of the terrace with which the town here ends. Leaning over the parapet of this terrace the eye plunges into a large, deep gulf, whose rugged sides, covered with thick entanglements of creepers, are cut down perpendicularly. Nothing overhangs the wall; there is not a step to enable any one to ascend or descend; not a fence to halt at; not a prominence to seize hold upon in any part of it; nothing but the uncertain lines, smooth, rugged and irregular, which mark the oblique cleavage of the rocks. In a word, it is an abyss which attracts, fascinates and never gives back anything that drops into it.

Above the abyss rises one of the side walls of the donjon, pierced with a few windows giving light to the cells on the different floors. Were a prisoner to lean out of one of these openings he would recoil with terror, lest vertigo drag him into the void below. And if he fell what would be his fate? His body would be dashed to pieces on the rocks at the bottom, or it would be carried away by the torrent whose current during flood is irresistible.

The abyss is the Brico, as it is called in the district. Through it runs a river known as the Foiba. This river finds its only outlet in a cavern which it has gradually cut out of the rocks, and into which it falls with the impetuousity of a tide-race or a whirlpool. Where does it go as it passes under the town? No one knows. Where does it reappear? Not one knows of this cavern, or rather this canal, bored in the schists and clays—no one knows the length, the height or the direction. Who can say what thousands of angles, what forests of pillars supporting the enormous substructure of the fortress and entire city its waters are dashed against in their course? Many bold explorers, when the water-level has been neither too high nor too low, have taken a light boat and endeavored to descend the Foiba through the gloomy tunnel, but the arches have been too low and have soon interposed an impracticable obstacle. In fact, nothing is known of this subterranean river. Perhaps it is lost in some still deeper cavern and enters the Adriatic below the tide mark.

Such, then, was the Brico, of which Count Sandorf did not even know the existence; and as the only escape was by the window of his cell, which opened above the Brico, he would be almost as certain to meet his death as if he stood in front of the firing party on the morning of his execution.

Zathmar and Bathory waited but for the time to act, ready to remain behind, if necessary, and sacrifice themselves to help Count Sandorf, or ready to follow him if their flight would not hamper his.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

An Interesting Scheme.

They were two traditional newspaper men.

"Any news?" asked one.

"No; the city editor is out, and I am prospecting."

"Prospecting for what?"

"A new overcoat. I'm going to try the installment plan. Ever heard of that?"

"Not in the gents' furnishing line," answered the surprised writer.

"Well, 'tis a fact," continued the other; "within a year there has been an important extension in the system. Now we have several institutions gotten up for just such a purpose. Going to one one of those institutions and naming the article you desire, you are asked, 'What have you got for references? Where are you employed? and are you employed permanently?' After answering you are asked to call again in a day or two. In the meantime your references are investigated. Should they prove satisfactory, upon you calling again the manager hands you an order and directs you to a store where the article you desire is kept, there to choose for yourself. They make arrangements with stores for any article in the furnishing line, and receive as compensation a percentage on all goods sold, and the only security these instalment institutions have is the fact that you are at work, and that you furnished satisfactory references. It may be thought that on account of this a much larger price would be charged than at places where cash payments are the rule. This, however, is not so. They claim that their price will compare favorably with any house in the city; in fact, they point to this as the reason their trade is constantly increasing. Occasionally they meet with loss by the dishonesty of some individual that they have furnished. The system is destined to become in the future of great magnitude."

"Right you are," said the brother scribbler; "guess I'll go along, too."
—*Boston Globe.*

The Krodhagara.

In the land of the Hindoos, who are a very amiable and gentle people, there is in many houses a room called the krodhagara, or the chamber of bad humor, which serves the purpose of the corner.

"You had better go into the krodhagara, my child," observes the Hindoo mother, when little Toru is disturbed in mind, "and there remain until you feel as a blessed Hindoo child ought to feel."

This apartment serves a still more important use in the family. It sometimes happens in those far-off heathen lands, strange as it may seem to us in a land where everyone is always amiable and good tempered, that the mother herself is not in the best humor; sometimes the father is positively cross; sometimes a mother-in-law is less amiable than usual, and occasionally a grandparent does not enjoy the festive morn when the gruel is lumpy.

In such cases the afflicted person goes, of his own accord, into the krodhagara, and stays there until he feels himself in benign accord with all mankind, and in particularly good humor with his own family.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Suggestion to the Preachers.

The secretary of the New England Divorce Reform league makes the suggestion that on the approaching Thanksgiving day ministers should preach on the family, the divine laws by which its purity is guarded, the dangers by which it is menaced, and the precious interests involved in the issue. There is a certain appropriateness of the theme to the domestic character of the Thanksgiving observance. We fear that the growing inattention to church services on that day forbids the hope of gathering much of an audience anywhere to receive the instruction and monition called for, but the subject is one on which there should be "line upon line, precept upon precept."—*Boston Watchman.*

THE AMERICAN GIRL.

How an English Gentleman Views Her In a Novel.

Miss Baylor, in her very clever and entertaining novel, "On Both Sides," gives us some fine, spirited, pen pictures, in which she contrasts English and American character, and be it said to her credit, with entire fairness to both nationalities.

Mr. Heathcote, and elegant and accomplished young Englishman, who having safely eluded the wiles of the match making British matrons with eligible daughters, comes to America, and in a charming family of Baltimoreans, where he is received with genuine hospitality and allowed to ride, walk and talk ad libitum with the daughter of the house, finds himself on the other horn of the dilemma.

"The weight of excessive eligibility suddenly slipped off him (Mr. Heathcote), like the albatross from the neck of the ancient mariner, leaving him a thankful and happy man. In a week he had established himself firmly at Mr. Bascombe's declined to accompany his uncle to Virginia, and definitely settled in his own mind that he would take the step matrimonial—the step from the sublime, well not always to be ridiculous. With this resolution he naturally thought that the greatest obstacle to success had been removed; but he was soon disillusionized. He had already come to see that American girls were very much in the habit of being gracious to everybody, and saying pretty and pleasant things, with no thought of an hereafter; also that they did not live with St. George's, Hanover Square, or its American equivalent, Trinty Church, New York, stamped on the mental retina. Miss Bascombe was 'very nice' to himself, but she was quite as nice to a dozen other men. * * It was quite clear that if there was to be any wooing done, he would have to do it—go every step of the way himself, with no assistance from Miss Bascombe. 'How on earth am I to show her that I care for her?' he thought. 'Other men send her dozens of bonnets, and box after box of expensive sweets, without end, and they come to see her continually and take her about every where, and are entirely devoted to her. I wonder what fellows do over here when they are serious? How do they make themselves understood when they go on this way habitually? It is a most extraordinary state of affairs! * * * * Nothing seems to mean anything here, it is worse than being in England, where everything means something. No, it isn't either. I vow that when I am at the Clinton's, in Surrey, I scarcely dare offer the girls so much as a muffin, and if I ask the carroty one, Beatrice, the simplest question, she blushes and stammers as if I were proposing out of hand. But what am I to do? I can't sing and take to serenading Edith on moonlit nights with a guitar and a blue ribbon around my neck. I can't push her into the river that I may pull her out again. I dare say there is nothing for it but to adopt the American method—enter with about fifty others for a sort of sentimental steeplechase, elbow or knock every other fellow out of the way, in the running, work awfully hard to please the girl, and get in by half a length if one wins at all. There is no feeling sure of her until one is coming back from the altar, evidently.'"

To have even unintentionally drawn this soliloquy from a rather conceited young Englishman, whose attitude toward the gentler sex had hitherto been, to say the least, evasive, was no small triumph for Miss Bascombe, who had succeeded in bewildering and astonishing Mr. Heathcote even more completely than Miss Bijou Brown had done his sister, when she called a young man of her acquaintance "a perfectly lovely fellow," pronounced his nose "a dream," and finally acknowledged to corresponding with twelve of his ilk, adding that she generally read these letters to "Pepper," who laughed fit to kill himself over them."

It is pleasant indeed to see the American girl placed before us in a proper light, in view of the many caricatures in both English and American fiction, in which she has played a prominent part. Miss Baylor places the English daisy, Ethel Heathcote, beside one of our own American wild roses, and demonstrates quite clearly that, with all the freedom that our social customs permit, the American girl is quite as modest, ingenuous, womanly and true hearted as her English sister, whose every action is hedged in by conventionalities, and whose every step is attended by a chaperon.

Making Dollars.

On the corner of Chestnut and Juniper Streets in Philadelphia is a square, ugly building with a bed or two of red geraniums in front, and a United States flag flying overheard. In the centre of this building, in an open courtyard, are piled-up crates covered with stout wire net, and guarded by men under arms.

These crates contain partially refined silver ore from Colorado, and the value of each is about a thousand dollars.

Some thirteen or fourteen thousand pounds of silver is melted every day, and comes out of the grimy smelting-room in glittering ingots. These long bars are held each in turn under the topping machine, which is a heavy steel shaft with a knife edge that smooths off the ends of the metal bars as easily as if it were paring an apple.

The ingots then have the shape, and a good deal the appearance, of a bar of white cream candy in the confectioners' jars. Each one is next put under rollers, like dough, and flattened out to the thickness of a dollar.

The precious dough is then heated and handed over to a gigantic cook made of revolving wheels and steel bars, who swiftly cuts it into tiny biscuit, two hundred and fifty in the minute. These little cakes are seized by another machine which mills the edges, and then pass into a trough filled with acid to wash them, and from that to a revolving tub of sawdust. They are now smooth bright discs of silver with milled edges.

The press which makes them into coins is like a monstrous dumb, intelligent creature. It is waited on by a pretty young girl who drops the discs into a long tube, from which this dumb monster (who seems to be thinking of something greater than its work) picks each one out with its claw-like fingers, places it between its lips, on one of which is a head of Liberty, and the other an eagle. The mouth shuts on it with terrific force, and spits it forth, a dollar.

Each dollar is weighed, and if too light or too heavy, is rejected, and sent back to the melting furnace.

The Government is a thrifty manufacturer; the fragments, we may be sure, are carefully gathered up, that nothing is lost. The pieces out of which the coins are cut, and the silver filings from the milling machine, all go back, of course, to be melted over. The floors and walls of the mint are covered with iron grating, through which the scrapings and precious dust sift. These amount in value to thirty or forty thousand dollars a year. At certain intervals the grating itself is melted down, and yields its prey of the precious metal.—Youth's Companion.

The Blood Sucking Farm Mortgage.

A San Joaquin county, Cal., writes as follows to a local paper: "I have lived in this locality twenty-one years. During this time I have farmed from 160 to 320 acres of splendid land, within seven miles of Lodi. When I came to this country I preempted a quarter section. Twelve years ago I bought the adjoining quarter section, mortgaging the whole for $10,000 to enable me to buy it. Out of the profits of my twenty years' farming I have supported my family, fenced my lands, built a good barn and stable, and paid $2,500 upon my house, which I built five years ago at a cost of $5,200. I raised $2,700, balance on the house, on a joint note which a neighbor helped me to make.

"This is what I have accomplished. It is an honest confession. Some have done better many have failed to do as well.

"On the $10,000 mortgage I have paid 8 per cent. to a stockton bank for the past eleven years. I was figuring up what this 'plaster' has cost me in that time. Just think of it. I have paid $66.65 interest per month on that confounded, blood-sucking mortgage. Adding to the compounded interest I have paid $9,000 interest for my foolishness in going in debt to buy that quarter section. The $2,700 I owe on the joint note has cost me in interest in the last four years, at 10 per cent., just exactly $1,500, counting the broker's commission. For the glory of owning 320 acres of land, and for the comfort of living in a good house, I have paid $10,500 interest, and still I owe $12,700. I tell you, Mr. Editor, mortgages knock out more farmers financially than short crops and low prices.

"I am fifty-seven years old; grey hairs and fewer of 'em remind me that I am sliding down life's decline. If I am not old enough to learn wisdom, I must always remain a blank fool.

"I am tired of this big ranch of mine, with its big debt, its big expense and its small net profits. I'm tired of slaving for kid-gloved money-lenders. One half of my farm is for sale. I'm going to unload I will sell 160 acres of as good land as there is in this valley, all well fenced and with other valuable improvements, for just the amount of my debts. Anybody who will release me of two damnable ironclad, double-riveted promissory notes, together amounting to $12,700, can take that quarter section."

He Took Whiskey.

From the Big Horn Sentinel.

A nobby and snobbish milord of British extraction travelled from Big Horn with us and Abe Idelman on the stage coach early one week. Milord was excessively exclusive. He wouldn't be sociable, and spoke to no one except the two "John Henry" servants he had with him, and was altogether as unpleasant as hiss nobbishness could make him. At a dinner station there were a lot of jolly cowboys on a lark, and one of them "treating" everybody, asked the Englishman to drink.

Of course milord refused. The cowboy displayed a dangerous-looking six shooter and very impressively insisted on his drinking. "But I cawn't, you know; I don't drink, you know," was milord's reply. Mr. Cowboy brought the muzzle in a dangerous proximity to the knot in which milord's brains were supposed to lie hidden somewhere, and then he said he'd drink—he'd take soda water, you know.

"Soda water nuthin'," said Mr. Cowboy. "You'll take straight whiskey."

"But, aw, this American whiskey, I cawn't swallow it, you know."

"Well," said the cowboy, I'll make a hole in the side of your head so that we can pour it in." and he began to draw on milord, and milord said: "Aw, that'll do, I'll drink it."

Then the cowboy invited milord's servants to drink, which horrified him. "They don't drink, you know," he said. "Well, we'll see whether they do or not," said Mr. Cowboy. "The chances are you don't give 'em a 'hoportunity.' Come up here, you fellows, and guzzle;" and the two John Henrys, with a show of reluctance, but really glad to get a drink, came up, and the cowboy passed a tumblerful of torchlight procession whiskey for milord, and the servants poured for themselves.

Then the cowboy made the John Henrys clink glasses with milord, and all drank, and there was great fun. Milord tried after that to be very jolly, and the stimulant assisted him decidedly. But in the coach he fell back into his exclusiveness, and retained it throughout, and has probably got it yet.