In e ery wood I see the stand, The ruddy boughs ab we the head, And I caped in cit er slender h nd The frosted white and amber fern s, The sur sch's deep, res, leadent r d, Which like a fle y feath r buras, And over all thy happy eyes, Shining as clear as sum n r skies.

I bear thy call upon the breeze, Gay as the dineing wild, and aw et, And underneath the raillant trees, O'er li hens gray and dirking noss, Follow the trace of those light :cet Whe's never we eat fault or loss, But, by some forest instinct led, Knew where to turn and how to tread,

Where art thou, com-rde true and tried! The woodlands call for thee la vain, And sadly burns the autumn tile Before my eyes, made dim and blind By blu r ng, pazzling mists and palu; II ok before, II ok beh nd, Beauty and loss se m everywlere, And grief and glory fill the air.

Already, in t esefew short w.eks. A fundred then, s I knye unsaid. Because there is no voice that speaks In answer, and n : 1 s'ening ear, No one to care now thou art deal! And mouth by mouth and year by year I shall but mis thee more and go With half my thought untold, I know.

I do not think thou hast forgot, I know that I shall not forget, And some day, glad, but wondering not, We two shall meet and face to face. In still, fair fields un een as yet, Shall tak of each old time and place, At d smile at pain, interpreted By wisdom learned since we were dead. -Susan Coolidge, in The Congregationalist.

JULES VERNE.

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

[TRANSLATION COPYRIGHTED, 1885.]

CHAPTER IX-CONTINUED. "We'll all three go," said Sandorf. "Wait till we get out before we

separate!" Eight o'clock then struck from the clock in the town. The prisoners had

only twelve hours to live. Night began to close in-a night which promised to be very dark. Thick, almost motionless clouds unrolled themselves cumbrously across the sky. The

atmosphere was heavy, almost unbreath able, and saturated with electricity. A violent storm was coming on. Lightning had not yet passed between these masses of vapor, heaped around like so many accumulators, but distant growlings were heard along the summits of the hills that encircle Pisino.

Under such circumstances offered there was some chance of success, if an unknown gulf had not gaped beneath the feet of the fugitives. In a dark night they might not be seen. In a noisy night they might not be heard.

. As Sandorf had instantly recognized, flight was only possible through the window of the cell. To force the door, to cut into its strong planks of oak, all bound and ironed, was not to be dreamed of. Besides, the step of a sentinel resounded on the flags of the corridor. the door was cleared, how were they to find their way through the labyrinth of the fortress? How were they to pass the portcullis and drawbridges, at which there were always so many men on guard? On the side of the Brico there was no sentinel; but the Brico was a better defence to the face of the donjon than a cordon of sentries.

Sandorf then went to the window and examined it, to see if they could squeeze through it.

This window was exactly three and a half feet wide and two feet high. The gap widened as it ran outwards through the wall, which hereabouts was nearly four feet thick. A solid crossbar of iron guarded it. It was fixed in the side near the interior opening. There were none of those wooden boards which allow the light only to enter from above, for they would have been useless, 'owing to the position of the opening. If, then, the crossbar could be removed or displaced it would be easy to get through the window, which was not unlike an embrasure in a fortress wall.

But once the passage was free, how were they to make the descent down the perpendicular side? By a ladder? The prisoners had not one and could not make one. By the bed-clothes? They had only the heavy woolen counterpanes thrown on the mattresses which lay on the iron frames fixed to the wall. It would have been impossible to have escaped by the window if Count Sandorf had not noticed a chain, or rather an iron rope, hanging outside, which might aid them to escape.

The cable was the lightning conductor fixed to the crest of the roof above the side of the donjon, the wall of which

rose straight from the Brico. "Do you see that cable?" said Count Sandorf to his two friends. "You must have the courage to use it if you want to make your escape."

"The courage we have," said Zathmar; "but have we the strength?" "What does it matter?" replied Bathory : "if strehgth fail us we shall die an

hour or two sooner, that is all." "There is no need to die, Stephen," said Sandorf. "Listen to me, and you elso, Ladislas; do not miss any of my



DESCENDING THE IRON CABLE.

words. If we possessed a rope, we should not hesitate to hang ourselves outside the window, so that we might slip to the ground. Now this cable is bettet than a rope, because its rigidity will render its descent much easier. Like all lightning conductors, there is no doubt but that it is fastened to the wall with staples. These staples will be fixed points on which our feet may find a rest. There is no swinging to dread, because the cable is fixed to the wall. There is no vertigo to fear, because it is night and you will see nothing. Then, once through the window, we have only to keep our coolness and courage and we are free. That we risk our lives is possible. But it gives us ten chances to one; whereas if we wait till the morning, and our keepers find us here, it is hundreds upon hundreds to one that we have to die!"

"Be it so," replied Zathmar. "Where does the cable end?" asked Bathory.

"In a well probably," answered Sandorf, "but certainly outside the donjon, and we'll take advantage of it. I do not know. I only see one thing at the end of it, and that is liberty-perhaps!"

Count Sandorf was right in his supposition that the lightning conductor was fastened to the wall by staples at equal distances. The descent would thus be easy, for the fugitives could use the staples as stepping stones to keep them from sliding down too swiftly. But what they did not know was that when it left the crest of the plateau on which rose the wall of the donjon the iron cable became free, plunged into the waters of the Foiba, then swellen by recent rains. Where they reckoned on finding firm ground at the bottom of the gorge was a foaming torrent, leaping impetuously into the caverns of the Brico. If they had known this, would they then have recoiled from their

attempted escape? No. "Death for death," said Sandorf. "We may die after doing all we can to escape death."

The first thing was to clear the passage through the window. The crossbar that obstructed it would have to be removed. How was this to be done without a pair of pinchers, a wrench or any other tool? The prisoners had not even

"The rest will not be difficult," said Sandorf, "but that may prove impossible! To work!"

And he climbed up to the window, seized the crossbar vigorously with his hand, and felt that it would not require such a very great effort to pull it down. The iron bars which formed it were

loose in their sockets. The stone, split away at the edges, did not offer very much resistence. Probably the lightning conductor, before it was repaired, had been in inferior condition for its purpose, and electric sparks had been attracted by the iron of the crossbar, and had acted on the wall, and how powerful such influence would be we are well aware. This may have been the cause of the breakages round the sockets into which the ends of the bars were thrust, and of the decomposition of the stone, which was reduced to a sort of spongy state, as if it had been pierced by millions of electric points.

This explanation was given by Stephen Bathory as soon as he noticed the phenomenon.

But it was not explanation, but work that was wanted, and that without losing a moment. If they could manage to clear the extremity of the bars, after foreing them backwards and forwards in their sockets, so as to knock off the angles of the stone, it might be easy to push the iron work out of the embrasure, which widened as it went outwards, The noise of the fall was not likely to be heard amid the long rollings of the thunder which were going on almost continuously in the lower strata of the

clouds. "But we shall never get that iron work out with our hands," said Zathmar.

"No!" answered Sandorf. "We ought to have a piece of iron, a blade-"

Something of the sort was necessary, there could be no doubt. Friable as the wall might be round the sockets, the nails would be broken, and the fingers worn till they bled in trying to reduce it to powder. It could never be done

without some hard point or other. Sandorf looked around the cell, which Bathory. was feebly lighted from the corridor by the small fanlight over the door. Then he felt the walls on the chance of a mail

having been left in them. He found nothing. Then it occurred to him that it would not be impossible to take off one of the legs of the iron bedsteads, which were fixed to the wall. The three set to work, and soon Bathory called to his companions in a whisper.

The rivet of one of the metal laths forming the lattice-work of the bed had given way. All that was necessary was to sieze hold of this by the free end and twist it backwards and forewards until it broke off.

This was soon done. Sandorf thus obtained a thin piece of iron, about an inch wide and five inches long, which he wrapped around the end with his silk cravat, and with it he began to clear away the four sockets.

This could not be done without some noise. Fortunately the rumbling of the thunder prevented the noise from being heard. During the intervals of silence Sandorf stopped, to resume his task as soon as the storm began again. The work advanced rapidly.

Bathory and Zathmar took up their positions near the door and listened, so as to stop him when the sentry went

Suddenly a " Sh-sh-sh-" escaped from Zathmar's lips.

The work instantly stopped. "What's the matter?" asked Bathory.

"Listen," answered Zathmar. His car was again at the focus of the ellipsoidal curve, and again there was evident the acoustical phenomenon which had told the prisoners the secret

of the treachery. These are the fragments of speech which were caught at short intervals:

"To-morrow • • • set • • • liberty—" "Yes . . books closed . . .

"After the execution * * * I shall join my comrade, Zirone, who is waiting for men in Sicily."

"Yours has been a short visit to the donjon of -

Evidently Sareany and a warder were engaged in conversation. Further Sarcany had pronounced the name of a certain Zirone, who was mixed up in the whole affair. Sandorf made a careful note of the new name.

Unfortunately the last word, which would have been so useful for the prisoners to know, did not reach them. At the end of the last sentence a violent clap of thunder took place, and while the electricity followed the lightning conductor a shower of sparks escaped from the strip of metal that Count Sandorf held in his hand. Had it not been for the silk with which he beld it he would probably have been affected by the discharge.

And so the last word, the name of the donjon, was lost in a loud peal of thunder. The prisoners could not hear it. Had they known in what fortress they were confined and through what district they had to make their way, how much greater would have been the chances of escape attempted under such difficult circumstances.

CHAPTER X.

DOWN THE BRICO.

Count Sandorf resumed his task at the window. Three out of the four sockets were already scraped away sufficiently to allow the ends of the crossbar to be moved out of them. The fourth was then attacked by the light of the dazzling flashes which constantly illumined the sky.

At half-past ten o'clock the work was done. The crossbar was clear of the walls, and could be slipped out of the embrasure. It only had to be pushed forward and dropped on the outside of the wall. And this was done as soon as Zathmar heard that the sentry had reached the far end of the corridor.

The crossbar was moved along the embrasure. It fell over and vanished. At the moment there was a lull in the storm. Sandorf listened to hear when

the heavy frame struck the ground. He heard not a sound ! "The donjon is built on a high rock which rises from the valley," remarked

"The height does not matter!" auswered Sandorf. "There can be no doubt that the lightning conductor reaches the ground, because that is necessary for it to be of any use. And so we shall reach the ground without the risk of a fall.

The reasoning was right, as a rule, but it was wrong in this instance, for the end of the conductor was plunged, in the waters of the Foiba. The window being clear, the moment

for escape had come. "My friends," said Sandorf, " this is what we had better do, I am the youngest, and, I think, the strongest. It is my place, therefore, to be the first to go down this iron rope. In case of some obstacle, which is impossible for us to foresee, preventing my reaching the ground, I may have strength enough to climb back to the window. Two minutes after I have gone, Stephen, you get out of the window and follow me, Two minutes after him, Ladislas, you come the same way. When we three have reached the foot of the donjon we will act according to circumstances."

"We will obey you, Mathias," answered Bathory. "We will do what you tell us to do; we will go where you tell us to go. But we do not like your taking the greatest share of the danger on yourself-"

"Our lives are not worth as much as yours,"added Zathmar.

"They are worth quite as much in the face of an act of justice which has to be done," answered Count Sandorf. "And if one of us alone survives he will be the one to perform that act. Shake hands my friends."

And then while Zathmar went to watch at the door of the cell, Sandorf climbed into the embrasure. A moment afterwards he was hanging in the air. Then while his knees gripped the iron rope, he slid down, hand under hand, feeling with his feet for the staples on which to rest.

The storm burst forth again with extraordinary violence. It did not rain. but the wind was terrific. Flash overlapped flash. The zigzags crossed and crossed above the donjon, attracted by its isolated position and its towering height. The point of the lightning rod gleamed with pallid brilliancy as the electricity streamed off in a long spear point of flame, and the cable shook and swung with the furious lashing of the

The risk that was run in hanging on to this conductor, through which the electricity was traveling, to lose itself in the waters of the Brico, was terrible. Had the apparatus been in perfect condition there would have been no danger of a stroke, for the extreme conductibility of the metal compared to that of the human body, which is very much less, would have preserved the daring man who was suspended from it. But if the point of the conductor was blunted or there were any solution of continuity in the cable or a rupture occurred at any spot below a stroke was quite possible due to the meeting of the positive and the negative; and this without a lightning flash, owing to the tension of the secumulation in the defective apparatus.

Count Sandorf was fully aware of the danger to which he was exposed. A sentiment more powerful than that of the instinct of preservation made him brave it. He slipped down slowly, cautiously through the electric emanations which enveloped him as in a mist, His foot cought each staple down the wall, and for an instant he paused, and as a blinding flash illumined the abyss beneath him he tried, but in vain, to discover its depth.

When Mathias had descended about sixty feet from the window he found a firm resting place. It was a sort of ledge a few inches wide which marked the beginning of the base of the wall. The lightning conductor did not end here; it went down lower, and-unknown to the fugitive-from this point downward it was unfastened and floated free, sometimes skirting the rocky wall, sometimes swinging in mid-air, sometimes scraping against the rocks that everlung the abyss.

Count Sandorf stopped to recover his breath. His feet rested on the ledge, his hands grasped the iron cable, He saw that he had reached the first course of the masomy of the donjon. But how far he was above the valley he could not estimate.

"That must be very deep." he thought.

In fact a few large birds, dazed with the blinding brilliancy of the lightning, were flying round him with heavily flapping wings, and instead of rising sank out of sight beneath his feet. Hence he must be on the brink of a precipice which felt away, deep down below him.

As the birds disappeared he heard a noise above and by the light of a vivid flash he saw a confused mass detach itself from the wall.

It was Stephen Bathory escaping from the window. He had grasped the conductor and was slowly slipping down to join Count Sandorf. Mathias waited for him, his feet firmly planted on the narrow ledge. There Stephen could wait while he continued to descend. In a few minutes both were standing

on the narrow stone work. As soon as the thunder ceased for

an instant they could speak and hear each other. "An Ladislas?" asked Sandorf.

"He will be here in a minute." "Nothing wrong aloft?" " Nothing.

las, and you, Stephen, wait till he reaches "Agreed." A tremendaous flash seemed to envel-

"Good! I will make room for Ladis-

ope them in flame. It seemed as though the electricity coursing the cable had penetrated their nerves. They thought they had been struck. "Mathias! Mathias!" exclaimed

Pathory, under an impression of terror that he could not master. "Be cool! I am going down! You

will follow!" was Sandorf's reply. And already he had seized the cable with the intention of slipping to the first staple below, where he intended to wait for his companions.

Suddenly there were shouts from above. They seemed to come from the window of the cell. Then these words headed boarder .- The Judge.

rang out : "Save yourselves!"

It was Zathmar's voice. Immediately a bright light shot fron

the wall, followed by a sharp report. This time it was not the cable broken by a lightning flash which lit up the gloom it was not the roar of the thunder which resounded in the air. A gun had been fired; a chance shot probably from one of the embrasures of the donjon. It was just as much a signal to the guard as if has recovered his health. a bullet had been aimed at the fugitives.

The escape had been discovered. The sentry had heard some noise. He had called five or six of the warders and entered the cell. The absence of two of the prisoners had been immediately discovered, the state of the window showed how they had escaped. And Zathmar rushing to the window had given the alarm.

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed Bathory. "To desert him! Mathias! To desert him !"

A second time there came the discharge of a gun. The report mingled with the roll of thunder.

"Heaven have pity on him! said Sandorf. "But we must escape-we must avenge him! Come Stephen, come !!

It was time. Other windows in the lower story of the donjon were being opened. New discharges lighted them up. Shouts were heard. Perhaps the warders could run round the base of the wall and cut off the retreat of the fugitives! Perhaps they might be shot ! "Come I" exclaimed Sandorf for the

last time. And he slid down the iron cable, which Bathory grasped immediately after h m. Then they saw that the rope hung loosely over the abyss. Resting places, staples, there were none. They were swinging wildly at the end of the rope, which cut their hands as it slipped through them. Down they went with their knees chafing and bleeding, without the power to stop themselves as the bull-

ets whistled past, For a minute, for eighty feet and more, they glided down-down-asking themselves if the abyss in which they were engulfed were really bottomless. Already the roar of the raging waters below them could be heard. Then they understood that the lightning conductor led down into the torrent. What was to be done? To climb back to the base of the donjon they could not; their strength was unequal to the task. And death, for death was better to chance that which waited

for them in the depths below. thunder and an intense electric glare. Although the conductor was not struck, yet the tension of the electricity was such that the iron rope grew white as a platinum thread beneath the discharge of a battery or a pile.

Bathory uttered a cry of despair-and let go.

Sandorf saw him pass him, almost touching him with his arms wide open. And then he let go the iron rope which glowed in his hands; and he fell more than forty feet into the torrent of Foiba which foamed along at the foot of the unknown Brico.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Crape-Weaving in Japan.

A Japanese correspondent writing to The St. Louis Globe-Democrat says Crape-weaving is carried on by scores of men and women working in long, open buildings, and from the reeling of the silk to the finish the whole process can be seen. When the crape is on the loom it is only a thin silk tissue, a flimsy-looking sort of material. such as they use for painting the panels for screens and kakemonos, It has a perfectly smooth, glossy surface, and the threads each way are drawn tight and even. From the loom the piece of crape, which is generally made in lengths of lifty and sixty feet, s plunged into a vat of boiling water and stirred about in the steam for a ew minutes, and this process shrinks the threads and gives the crape its wrinkled, crinkly look. When dried the crape is tossed in heaps, each length of mussed, yellow stuff twisted and tied like a skein, and but for the silky luster it looks like so many ragged and badly handled pieces of unblenched muslin. After this the crape a silver bouquet holder. When Mrs. Sherman's third daughter was married, thirty years laters to Lieutenant comes the smooth act arms with bebamboo frames to dry, when it becomes the smooth, soft crape with "a wrinkled skin like scalded milk" that every woman raves over. The twenty-yard lengths of wide crape are sold it prices ranging from \$13 to \$25, depending on the weight of the silk and ineness of weaving.

Why Women Fail as Employes ...

If women would only regard themselves as entities, put into this world for a purpose, and that purpose not matrimony alone, matrimony being but a simple incident to them as well as to their masculine companions, and having chosen a life of work to adhere to it, being quietly molded, directed, swerved as the case may be, by matrimony, as by misfortune, or by good fortune, or by one of the thousand inedents liable to happen, they would then have just as good a chance in working life as any man has, but until they learn that when they sit as receivers in a telegraph office they are not there as girls, not as women to be flirted with, to be talked to, to be joked with, to be oily haired companioned, or it in the operating room they are to be held as rigidly to account as the man who sits next them, or if in the practice of that marvelous art of stenography they sit qu'etly at their desks and do as they are told without the pretty ways, without any of those internal intentions which characterize so many women, but simply conduct themselves as the machine a true stenographer is, turning out from the hand what they take in at the ear, there is no reason why they should not succeed as well as the man who operates by their side .-Howard's letter in Boston Globe.

Prompt Piety.

"How do you like apple ple, Mr. Cross?" asked the landlady.

"Why, cut up in large pieces and served with cheese," replied the level-

Personal Paragraphs.

Old John Brown, of Ossawatomie, was hanged at Charleston, Va., December 2, 1859-twenty-six years

Mrs. Stanford, wife of the California Senator, has diamonds valued at over \$1,000,000.

United States Senator Pike, of New Hampshire, who was recently very ill,

The Walking Skeleton of Andersonville it the title of which James Mc-Laughlin, a Deleware and Hudson canal boat Captain is proud. He re-lates that he served a longer term of imprisonment in Andersonville than any Union soldier-namely, thirteen months. On leaving the prison he weighed forty-eight pounds; he now ips the beam of 145.

The inventory of the estate of the actor Zsit, who died lately at Presbourg, disclosed among other assets more than 100,000 love letters written to the popular comedian by ladies in all classes of life during the last twenty years. They were arranged alphabetically, catalogued and annotated. The heirs, in deference to pressure brought upon them from a number of unexpected sources, made an auto-da fe of the whole collection.

At a recent marriage in Ohio the bride a Miss Morris, wore a dress that was imported from Paris in 1742, for a wedding, and has been in the family ever since, being used only on such occassions. It was worn again in 1776 as a wedding dress, but not again till the other day, when Miss Morris donned it. Not a stitch has been altered or added to it and it is in as good condition as when new.

Mrs. Mary Boyle, of Salem, Washington county, N. Y., is a rich widow. Some time ago Daniel Baker, a railroad man, made her acquaintance. He made her several presents in the shape of a gold watch and other jewelry. A short time ago the couple went to Montreal to get married. On reaching there Mrs. Boyle backed out of her bargain and returned to Salem. Baker sued to recover the presents and has secured a verdict.

Ex-Governor Horatio Seymour said recently to a correspondent of the New York Star: "I am feeeling my 75 years; I can not walk now. Ah! I used to be a great walker. While a eadet in a military school in Connecti-Suddenly there came an fearful clap of cut I visited Washington with one of my chums. John Quincy Adams was president at the time. My friend and went over to Baltimore, and missing the last train in the evening, walked back to Washington, accomplishing the feat by daylight of the following morning.

A young philadelphian was escorting his girl to see the slums a short time ago. She was top-notch society, but she put on male garb and took the chances. The vigilant police "tum-bled," and the pair went to the station-house. It required considerable firmness to save the young lady's name, and even now she has the unpleasant onscioneness that half a dozen neonle can make it distressing for her whenever they like.

St. Louis has a scandal similar to the Loud divorce case in Boston. Mrs. Amelia Coquard, the wife of L. A. Coquard, a banker and broker, has sued for divorce after leading a wretched life for eight years. Coquard is both rich and prominent. She says that three months after their marriage he assaulted and beat her, and kept it up at intervals thereafter. Once he smashed in the door of her room, choked her almost to death and said "he hoped she would live a thousand years and that her consciences would burn with flames of hell the whole time.'

Ben Perley Poore says that at the marriage of Mary Eleanor Ewing to General W. T. Sherman, in Washington, thirty-five years ago, Henry Clay stepped forward, and with a raregrace presented the bride with a bouquet in Thackara, the wedding bouquet was carried in the Henry Clay holder. At the latter wedding Senator Blaine have a set of silver fish knives and forks, with eard, on which was written: "For the daughter, with as much love as I have ever borne the mother."

An Uncommon Kiss.

The Hartford Post thus moralizes over a style of kiss that is not very common:

At the Union depot not longago, the Idler had a glimpse right out of the best family lite. A father was seeing his son off on the cars for some distant point. A little social converse between the two, perhaps a few words of such advice as a father should give a son, and the train came thundering into the depot. Just a moment to spare, and the two whose lives had so much in common with each other were to part. As the son, a tall fellow well along in his "teens" stepped on the platform he extended his hand and-his lips, to his father. There was a hearty found kiss of farewell and the two separated. There was no gush, no nonsense, no affection just the same sweet, fatherly kiss that had followed the son. day by day since he lay in the cradle-Any danger of that boy straying from the path affectionately pointed out by that father? Any danger of that father ever having to excuse that son because he is "sowing wild oats?" No, indeed. The gentle power of a mother's kiss has been sung by poets, but is there not also a wealth of tenderness and a lasting memory for good in the kiss of a father?

All this is well enough; but it is safe to say the moral effect of that kind of kiss would be weakened with the son's breath odorous of cigarettes and the father's emitting the perfume of

cloves.